

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1982 • \$2.50

MAN AND WOMAN
PART TWO:
**WHY IS
THERE SEX?**

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW:
LECH WALESA
THE TRUTH
BEHIND THE
DRAMA
IN POLAND

**CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING! ANDY (TAXI) KAUFMAN
VS. SUSAN (MISS SEPTEMBER) SMITH**

PLUS: SYLVIA KRISTEL, SUPERLATIVE SKIING & THE YEAR IN SEX



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PLAYBILL

ROSES ARE RED and violets are blue, but our valentine issue's of multiple hue. This February's colors span the spectrum, from wrestling's black and blue to the red and white of the Polish flag. So lean back and ignore the white stuff outside. This is going to be a month of red-letter days.

Half the men in the country would like to grapple with September Playmate **Susan Smith**. But **Andy Kaufman**, in his role as the male-chauvinist prig World Intergender Wrestling Champion, found the lady hard to pin down. In *We Wuz Robbed!*, Contributing Editor **John Blumenthal** reports that our pummeling Playmate got the better of Kaufman, who won a questionable decision. The battle may not have been the pair's last tangle—Susan's willing to stage a rematch, though she thinks *Taxi*'s Latka has been womanhandled enough.

As **Tip O'Neill** and the Democratic Party lay on their backs last summer like June bugs on the President's porch, it seemed clear that the Speaker would lose his voice in American politics. ABC News correspondent **James Wooten** argues that O'Neill is a metaphor for the outdated idea of party politics itself. Wooten's article is called *A Sea Change*, and **Don Ivan Punchatz** turned in a knockout of an illustration.

Speaking of knockouts, violence in sports is nothing new. But **Mark Kram**, author of the novel *Miles to Go*, sees something even more disturbing—a three-ring circus *in the stands*. The phantom punch of fan violence—aimed at athletes and officials—is giving American sports a black eye, says Kram. In *Wild in the Seats*, he looks for the reasons. **Joann Daley** provided the menacing illustration.

Suppose you stretched the searching hand of science into the past to bring a genius, blinking, into the present day—whom would you choose? Time travel plays matchmaker for 18th Century composer Giovanni Battista Pergolesi in *Gianni*, a smooth fictive symphony by **Robert Silverberg**. **John Kurtz** paints a musical picture for Silverberg's first appearance in *PLAYBOY*.

It's impossible these days to pick up a newspaper or watch the nightly news without seeing the weathered, rustic face of the tough-willed Polish Solidarity labor leader **Lech Walesa**. If one man can change the course of a country, Walesa may be that man. Our exclusive *Playboy Interview* with him was done in Poland, in Polish, by **Ania and Krysia Bittenek**.

The world would be a different place without two sexes. There could be no Intergender Wrestling Championship, for one thing, and The Playboy Advisor would concern himself solely with stereotypes. While most of us know the importance of gender distinctions, we've learned little about the reasons for those distinctions. In the second installment of our *Man and Woman* series, **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone** examine *The Sexual Deal: A Story of Civilization*.

Skiing is a brisk winter breeze only if you do it well. Many folks have shattered dreams (and tibiae) before they ever reach the bottom of the bunny hill. But it's all smoothly downhill in Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** and Associate New York Editor **Tom Passavant's Ultimate Skiing**. This excerpt from *Playboy's Guide to Ultimate Skiing* (Playboy Press) is the best skier's aid since ski patrol. **Gary Ruddell** gave these two noted snowflakes a lift with his bracing illustration.

That's only part of the spectrum in this colorful compendium. *PLAYBOY* staffers **Chet Suski**, **Kate Nolan**, the aforementioned **Tom Passavant**, **Patty Beaudet**, **Betsy Bober Polivy** and **Gretchen McNeese** have packaged a *Year in Sex* that overflows with all the purple shades of passion. **Just Jaeckin's** camera is the prism for a crystalline pictorial on spectacular **Sylvia Kristel**, a.k.a. Lady Chatterley. And we're certain you'll agree that the quick brown **Fox** (**Anne-Marie**, that is) who jumped into our centerfold is most appropriately surnamed.

Our hearts are in this valentine's *PLAYBOY*. Violets are blue and roses are red, but the best colors lie in the pages ahead.



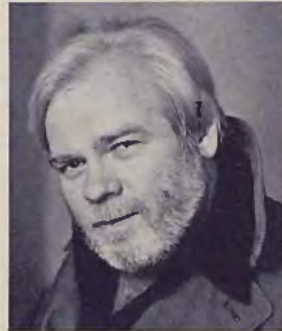
BLUMENTHAL



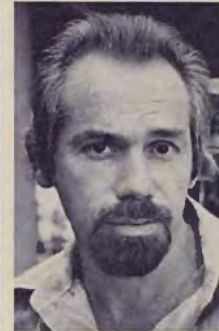
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PLAYBOY®

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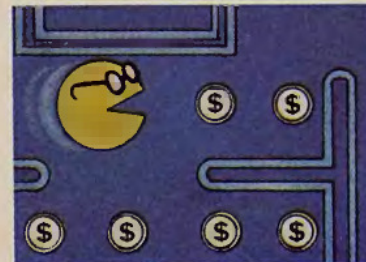
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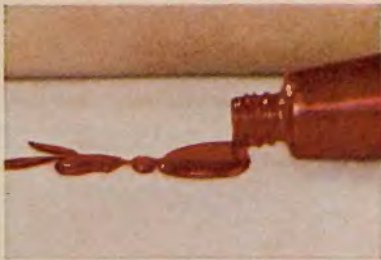
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COVER STORY

Happy Valentine's Day from Playmate Kimberly McArthur, sparkling here in hair and make-up created by stylist Barbara Camp on a cover designed by Executive Art Director Tom Staebler. We think the ruby-red Rabbit Head reflects well on Kimberly's polish.

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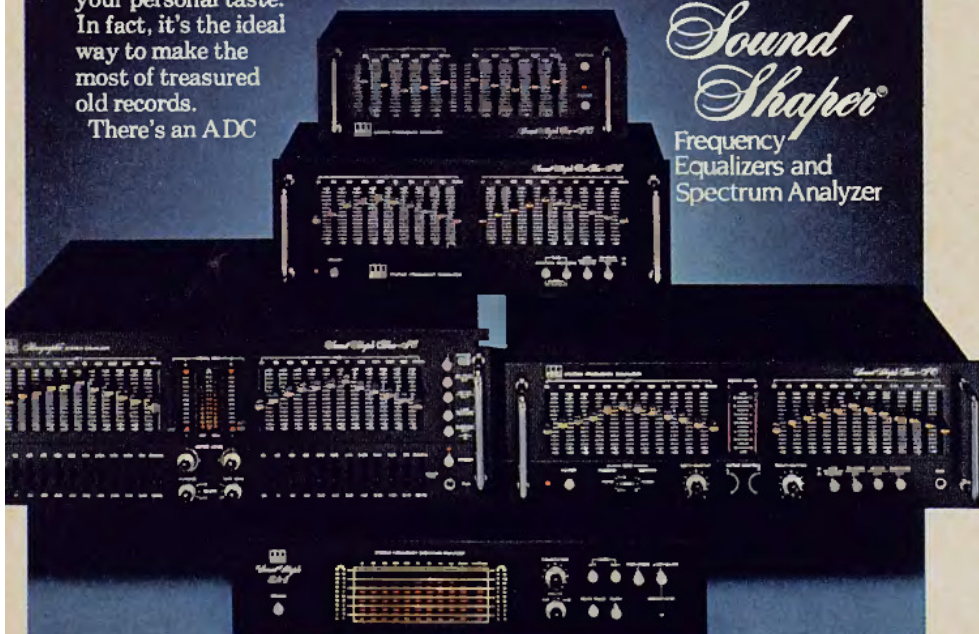
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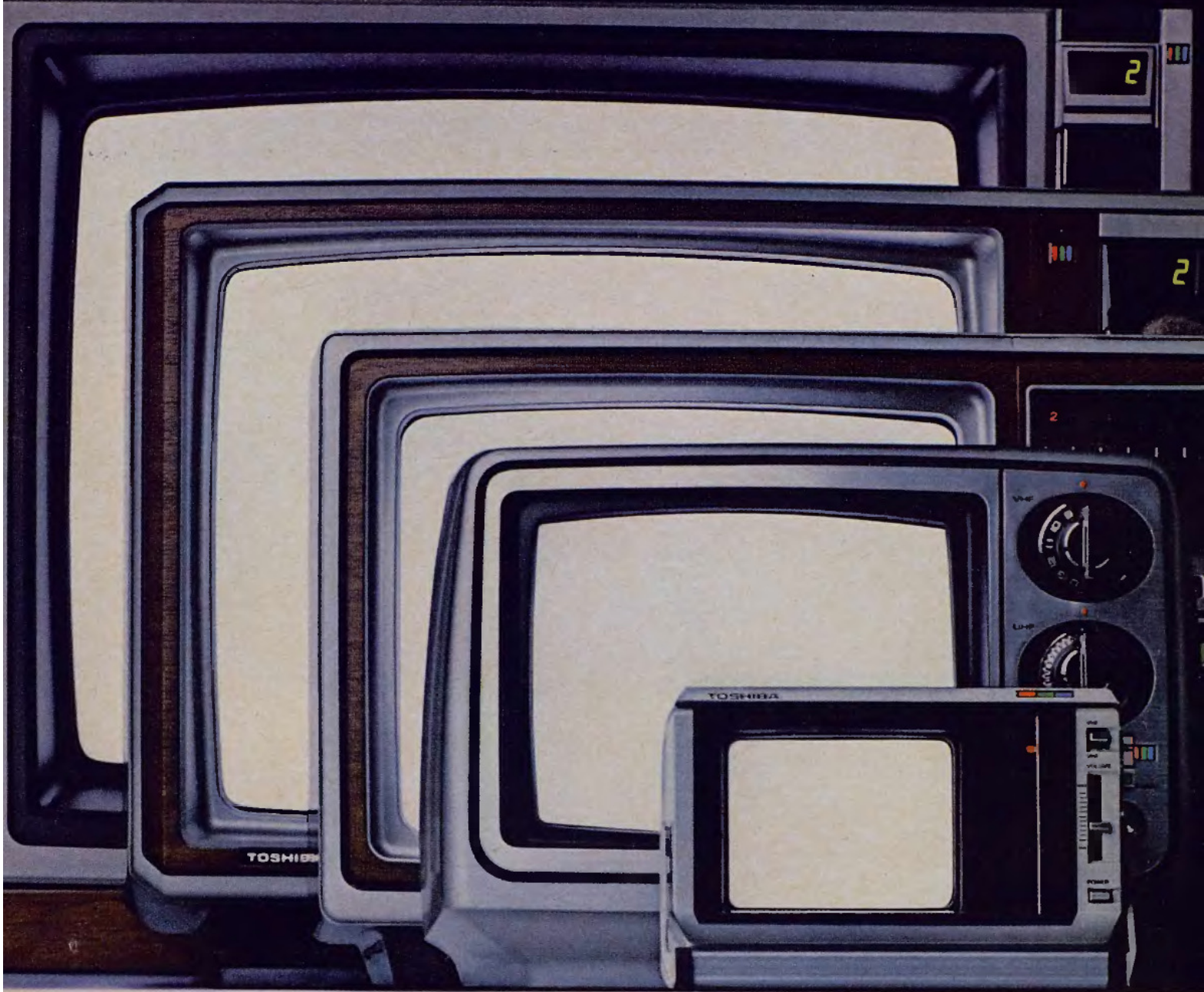
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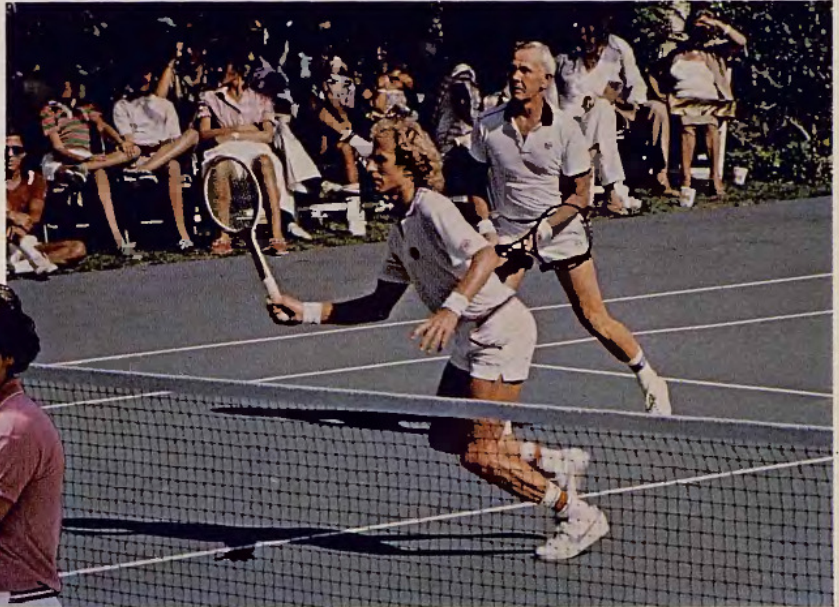
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

CELEBRITIES RACK UP

At right, Johnny Carson covers the backcourt for Vitas Gerulaitis at the Cedars-Sinai Monty Hall/Big 5 Celebrity Tennis Tournament at Playboy Mansion West to benefit Cedars-Sinai's diabetes center. Below, the celebrity line-up includes singer Ed Ames, comedian Johnny Yume, actors Bill Macy and Lloyd Bridges with the fund raiser's chairman, Dr. Harry Glassman.



AND NO HITTING BELOW THE BELT, KIDS

That's right, Hef, always lead with a right. Hugh M. Hefner extends a fistful of fingers to actress Sondra Locke, visiting Playboy Mansion West with leading man Clint Eastwood (right) to watch the closed-circuit telecast of the Sugar Ray Leonard-Tommy Hearn bout.



GRANNY'S DADDY, MEET FLIPPY SKIPPY

Below, cartoonists Buck Brown (who fathered Granny) and Skip Williamson (who has a close working relationship with Neon Vincent of the massage-parlor trade) exchange punch lines with Christie Hefner at Hudson Brown of Chicago, where their works and other PLAYBOY cartoons were exhibited.

NO, VIKKI, THIS ISN'T THE DATING GAME

If Tom Snyder looks puckish above, it's because Vikki La Motta (fighter Jake's ex-wife) has just confessed on national television, "I don't love Jake the way I love you, Tom." In addition to *Tomorrow*, the 51-year-old beauty we featured last November appeared on countless other TV shows; the shot at right enhanced *Newsweek*.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

PLAYMATE UPDATE



I SCREAM, YOU SCREAM, WE ALL SCREAM FOR MISSY CLEVELAND

Since her thrilling centerfold in April 1979, Missy Cleveland (left) has gone on to create screen roles nearly as memorable. Below is a shot from *Blow Out*, in which she plays a B-movie actress who just can't scream to, uh, save her own life.



BE BEUELL *Covers Girl*



RICK, RIC AND BEBE MAKE A RECORD

Miss November 1974, Bebe Buell, has recorded her own EP, *Covers Girl* (Rhino), produced by Rick Derringer and the Cars' Ric Ocasek. The four-cut disc includes songs by Tom Petty and Bacharach/David.

PRICE IS RIGHT FOR THIS PART



Karen Price has also made some progress in Hollywood. It may sound inflationary, but Price is definitely rising. At left, the January 1981 Playmate studies her script on the set for United Artists' new movie *Swamp Thing*, which stars Adrienne Barbeau. If that doesn't make you head for a hydrofoil, check out Karen below greeting the new year in 1981.



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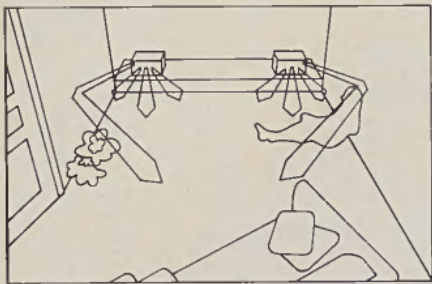
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MUSIC TO THE 4TH POWER

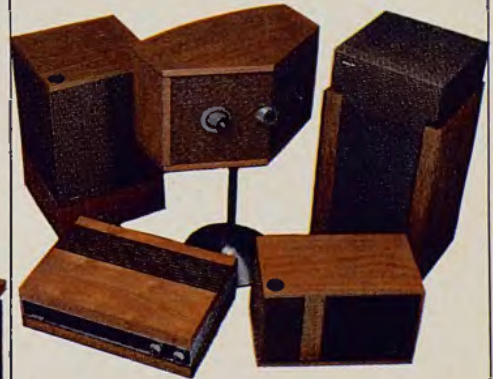


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DEAR PLAYBOY

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A LOTTA LA MOTTA

How clever and patient of PLAYBOY to wait 28 years for Vikki La Motta to



reach full bloom. *Raging Beauty* (November) is superb. The lady has it all and you are the only ones to do her justice. A friend of mine says he'd like to tell his wife his desire that she look that great in 25 years, but she'd want the same of him. I said, "So tell her if she'll look like Vikki, you'll look like Jake."

Gary Peck
Parma, Ohio

Vikki La Motta is the real champ. Forget how she looked at 15. At 51, she's even more magnificent. A tip of the top hat to PLAYBOY for featuring a truly gorgeous woman over 40. Her confidence, strength, free spirit and self-esteem shine through. Nature supplies us all with physical attractiveness in youth, but we must work hard to maintain and pre-

serve it through the years. Will you feature other over-40 beauties on a monthly basis? The world is full of beautiful, exciting, sexy older women; why not reward them with praise and recognition? Let's dissolve the old-lady image once and for all.

(Name withheld by request)
San Clemente, California

All of us at Eastern Kentucky are most grateful for November's *Raging Beauty*. We definitely have respect for our elders—would Vikki like to come visit?

The Men of Sixth Floor Dupree Hall
Eastern Kentucky University
Richmond, Kentucky

Ooo-la-la, La Motta! Holy cats—where did you ever discover that 51-year-young woman?

Dave Adams
Athens, Pennsylvania

While my roommates and I were perusing your November issue, we got into quite a discussion concerning *Raging Beauty*, amazed with the beauty of a woman whose age approaches that of our mothers. The argument centered on the various techniques employed by PLAYBOY in preparing a photograph for publication. Despite the fact that we possess limited knowledge of photography, we couldn't help wondering how much PLAYBOY uses sophisticated processes to enhance its photographs. Is what we see on the pages of PLAYBOY what Vikki La Motta actually looks like in the nude? Or are your readers presented with a spruced-up final product?

Joseph A. Harbert
University of Notre Dame
South Bend, Indiana

Seems I picked the perfect month to become a subscriber. I had to wrestle

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PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), FEBRUARY, 1982, VOLUME 29, NUMBER 2, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$48 FOR 36 ISSUES, \$34 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$18 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, \$24 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, \$31 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 WELLS, 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.

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the postman to the pavement to get hold of November's PLAYBOY. I'm sure it was because it features Vikki La Motta. Fantastic—please do it again.

Byron Rozier
San Antonio, Texas

I am a professional boxer currently rated number 16 by the World Boxing Council. I saw *Raging Bull* and have read articles about Jake La Motta but had no idea his wife was so beautiful. My compliments to Vikki for her *Raging Beauty* and to PLAYBOY for its raging good taste!

Tony McMinn, "The Irish Express"
Quapaw, Oklahoma

You have outdone yourselves. Vikki La Motta is the most stunning and vivacious woman PLAYBOY has ever featured.

Roger Peterson
Austin, Texas

Vikki is an absolute work of art, but I suspect the photos of her have been touched up a bit. There's not a wrinkle anywhere!

Ellis J. Eddy
Willis, Michigan

The overwhelming response to "Raging Beauty" knocked us out, but those suggestions about retouching make Vikki right cross. Naturally, we presented her in a flattering light, but none of the 16 photographs in "Raging Beauty" was retouched in any way. And there is a wrinkle on her, Ellis. One. We just won't tell you where.

FINE CRYSTAL

The Problem with Crystal (PLAYBOY, November)? Really! While her record companies are busy trying to categorize her music, her albums sell platinum and stay on the charts for a year at a time. Crystal's fans aren't confused at all. The only problem with Crystal is having to wait in line four hours to get tickets to one of her shows. Thanks to Chet Flipppo and to PLAYBOY for an excellent profile of a great talent.

Terry L. Roedl
Mattapoisett, Massachusetts

SCHEER FALLACI

For the record, and though I admire her extravagantly for her journalistic exploits, I'm afraid Miss Fallaci's memory of the Kissinger tape episode (*The Playboy Interview*, November) is fuzzy, just as her tape was. Bill McClure, who produced my Fallaci profile for *60 Minutes* half a dozen years ago, remembers—as do I—hearing a virtually inaudible Henry Kissinger on her tape cassette. We did not hear the famed "Lone Cowboy" exchange, and Miss Fallaci, for some reason, was reluctant to let us hear more than a snatch or two of her cassette. Having said that, I re-

iterate my admiration for Oriana. Her interviews with the shah, the Ayatollah, with Teng Hsiao p'ing et al. are superb. And as for Kissinger, her piece helped make him the media darling he became near the beginning of his time in the White House; in fact, she was in at the creation. *Ciao, Oriana!*

Mike Wallace
CBS News
New York, New York

What an interview! In a world of sell-outs and compromisers, Oriana Fallaci shines as a brilliantly candid and tough professional. Thanks to Robert Scheer for slugging it out with the irrepressible Fallaci and to PLAYBOY for presenting the most scintillating and entertaining interview ever.

Christopher L. Colcord
Bloomington, Indiana

The fact that anyone with a mental capacity above that of a soap dish would pay any heed to Oriana Fallaci is a source of amazement to me. Her opinions, unleavened by thought, coherence or originality, seem to consist solely of physiological slurs and vulgar references. She confines herself to *ad hominem* attacks against her interviewer and others. When subjected to an interview that is relatively gentle compared with what she has directed toward her subjects, she proves to be intolerant and evasive to the point of cowardice. Many thanks to Scheer for exposing a phony.

Phillip Bakken
Detroit, Michigan

I have been struck by Fallaci's words on terrorism, murder and courage. We all have our own notions about the worth of human life. Very few believe that *all* human life should be preserved under all circumstances. Many feel that a person's deeds (murder, kidnaping, etc.) can justify the taking of his or her life. Abortionists believe the social and economic conditions that mother and child will face are more important than the life of the unborn fetus. Terrorists are convinced their cause is more important than their own or their hostages' lives. Fallaci is right when she says that in some conditions one *does* take hostages and one *does* kill people.

Tom Arno
Saratoga, California

Congratulations, Robert Scheer and PLAYBOY! The Fallaci interview is a rare sampling of superlative journalism. Although Fallaci's ideas are often discomfiting, her interview proves thought-provoking. Of particular interest are her opinions of American media puppetry. We remain blind to this massive manipulation until a European like Fallaci explicates its consequences. The power of television journalism has been glossed



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over by our own professional and lay critics, but it is eye-opening to see it expressed so succinctly by an outsider. When Fallaci talks, people listen.

Daniel J. Awender
Kitchener, Ontario

As a homosexual, I find Oriana Fallaci's comments quite interesting—especially when she says she is more of a man than I am. If this is true, may I suggest she utilize her unique anatomical qualities to go screw herself?

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

Robert Scheer's fearless interview with Oriana Fallaci is your most intriguing journalistic venture to date. Bringing two of the world's most relentless interviewers together for a head-on confrontation was "Scheer" genius!

EW/3 Christopher Jones
U.S.N.T.T.C. Corry Station
Pensacola, Florida

SMOOTH CANADIAN

Please accept my congratulations for divine November Playmate Shannon Tweed. She is nearly too marvelous for words. PLAYBOY has lived up to its international reputation by capturing some true foreign beauty.

Ken Gill
Toronto, Ontario

What a relief to know there's more than one "Boss Tweed." Frankly, I wish Shannon's pictures were hanging in our Boss Tweed restaurant, instead of shots of that ugly 19th Century mayor.

Sandy Newman
Boss Tweed, Inc.
Linden, New Jersey

If given the time and space, we could go on all day complimenting you on the November PLAYBOY. The pictorials on Playmate Shannon Tweed and Vikki La Motta exemplify PLAYBOY's continuing expertise in finding many of the finest-looking women of the world. Miss Tweed is one of the most beautiful women we have ever seen. Stand assured that nowhere are your magazine's many talents more appreciated than in the military. We, a few good men, thank and salute you for the outstanding entertainment PLAYBOY brings us.

Headquarters Battery, Tenth
Marine Regiment
Second Marine Division, FMF
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

My father was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, and his branch of the family emigrated to the States 50 years ago. I paid a *Roots*-type visit there in 1979 and mentally congratulated my grandfather for leaving that naturally beautiful but remote and backward

province. Now I have to doubt his judgment. Shannon Tweed does for "Newfie" jokes what Pope John Paul II does for Polish jokes—disproves them.

(Name withheld by request)
Neptune City, New Jersey

Shannon Tweed worries that she might be "just too tall." Nonsense! Being 6'4", I dream of dating tall women and would love to have the opportunity to tell Shannon she's definitely not "Too Tall Tweed." Please, one more (full-length) look at that long, lovely woman.

Michael Tillich
Chicago, Illinois

That's a tall order we're happy to fill, Michael. There are those who believe



our fashionable Tweed is the fairest of them all. We've caught Shannon here in a reflective mood.

SWING SHIFT

Your jazz taste buds (in *Playboy After Hours*, November) are out of sync if you think Joe Jackson's *Jumpin' Jive* is anything to jump about. Try a little *Rockin' in Rhythm* with the Widespread Jazz Orchestra for the real thing in swing. It's too bad the famous can get so much attention for straying lamely into new territory, while true artists go unnoticed and unacknowledged.

Beatrice Loos
New York, New York

CHRISTIAN MANIFESTO

I must respond to Whit Snyder's criticism of liberals in November's *Dear Playboy*. He is sure that liberals are leading our nation down "the road to socialism." All too often, any idea that someone disagrees with is labeled socialistic. The people who attempt to force their ideas down our throats have the nerve to call those of us they feel are socialists "godless," because that's another name that scares people. But in reality, who is godless? My religion teaches me that there is one God, who alone created the universe, and who sent the prophets, none higher than Jesus. Jesus said that as we feed and clothe the hungry and the naked, so we do unto

him. And that's what we want to do. Jesus also said to honor your father and mother. We say our capacity to destroy all forms of life on earth does not honor our Father, God. We say nuclear power plants and strip mining do not honor our mother, Earth. If trying to live within the guidelines Jesus taught makes us socialists, then so be it.

Patrick R. McElligott
People Engaged in Action
to Conserve Our Earth
Masonville, New York

ODDS AND ENDS

Of course, the point of James R. Petersen's *Genuine Risk* (PLAYBOY, November) is that we can't worry about the inherent risks we take every day. But there are those of us who can't help but look at his figures and realize that the odds of becoming a flat-footed, impotent, alimony-paying homosexual with V.D. who gets caught in an extramarital affair and subsequently commits suicide are a frightening one in 868 billion.

Steve Yastrow
Chicago, Illinois

COOL CHANGE

Someone just told me that Tula Cossey, one of the models in your *For Your Eyes Only* pictorial (PLAYBOY, June), is really a guy who's had a sex-change operation! If you'll confirm or deny this, I promise to keep quiet about it. Still, it would be great to get a second look at (pick your pronoun). I remember the picture. They sure looked real to me.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

As a cosmetic surgeon may have said to Tula herself, "Let's make a clean breast of this." It seems the lady was,



indeed, once just one of the boys. Maybe we should have suspected something when informed that Tula's favorite game of tennis was mixed singles.





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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



PIE IN THE SKY

An Army explosives ordnance disposal expert at Fort Ord, California, says Australian farmers, plagued by the problem of fertilizing their sparse pastures, feed their cattle a photosensitive chemical. After a cowflop flops, the sun causes the chemical in the manure to explode, shooting fragments of cow patty over a wide area.

All of which means that although the possibility of being caught in a mine field of meadow muffins is only ludicrously frightening, the idea of all the bullshit in the Army exploding at once is something else.

The *Indianapolis Star* reported on a police investigation centering on a homosexual murder. One officer opined: "There's not much question that it was gay-related." Police detained one suspect but did not arrest him. Chief Bill Burgan summed it up: "Nothing came out of that. It was fruitless."

READ BETWEEN THE LINES

Just in case you still haven't found out everything you always wanted to know about sex in one volume, you might try checking out this title presented at the Fifth World Congress of Sexology in Jerusalem: *Anthropomorphic Cosmogony from Primitive Times, Studies on Original Sources and in Painstaking Highlighted Metaphysical Aspect of Erotic Legends, Folklore, Sex and Sex Rites of Different Societies to Present Times with a Special Reference to Marriage, Sex Preference, Sex Predetermination, Disputes and Peace*. Suzanne Somers will star in the ABC spin-off series.

IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?

Attention, Nobel Prize judges: A French doctor visiting Geneva recently ate a dish of poison mushrooms in order

to prove the effectiveness of a home-grown antidote. Dr. Pierre Bastien, 57, chomped on nearly three ounces of "death cap" mushrooms fried in butter to publicize his special cure. Following his meal, he downed his secret potion. After two days, to prove that he was well on the way to recovery following his surely fatal dose, he jumped out of bed, crouched on all fours and began barking like a dog. Sounds as if Carlos Castaneda catered that affair.

This classified ad comes from California's Monterey Peninsula *Exchange*: "Large kitchen table, six chairs and middle leaf, 40 fucks or trade for sofa of good quality." Presumably, that is one man's answer to chronic backaches.

And from our *Call 'Em As You See 'Em Department*: As we go to press,



porn star John C. Holmes is still in hiding, fearing for his life because he is alleged to have witnessed a brutal gangland murder. Sharon, his wife of 17 years, told a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times* that although she has filed for divorce from Holmes, a.k.a. Johnny Wadd, "I still love him, schmuck that he is."

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MONSTROUSLY SUCCESSFUL

The town of Port Henry, New York, has discovered that monsters are good for the economy. The village, located on the southern tip of Lake Champlain, had suffered through stories about a local sea serpent for years before noticing that the town of Loch Ness was making a pretty penny exploiting its finned phantom.

So, a while back, the town began capitalizing on its secretive serpent. First, a law was passed stating that no one was allowed to harass the beastie, dubbed Champ. The tourists, hearing the news, began to flock to the town. The myth began to hype itself.

In the past 12 months, says Mayor Robert Brown, at least three dozen people, including "17 people in a Bible class," have sighted the creature.

With the visitor population on the upswing, cash is beginning to flow. But

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RALEIGH LIGHTS

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is all this hubbub having a negative effect on the town? When asked if the villagers were your basic weirdo types, the kind of oddballs who claim to see UFOs periodically, the mayor smiled and replied, "You won't believe this. I hate to tell you, but I saw UFOs twice!"

Sounds like a great place for a Dennis Hopper film festival.

CHECKING IN

By the age of 20, the former Roy Fitzgerald of Winnetka, Illinois, had been a mailman, a World War Two naval aircraft mechanic and a Los Angeles truck driver. Nine years later, after much coaching, numerous bit parts and a change of name, Rock Hudson emerged as America's number-one male box-office attraction. Today, Hudson remains one of this country's most durable—and least interviewed—stars. Sam Merrill caught up with Hudson at his \$11,000,000 Beverly Hills estate during a brief hiatus between shooting a two-part TV movie about World War Three and preproduction on his new TV series, "The Devlin Connection," in which he and top male model Jack Scalia play father-and-son private investigators. Merrill tells us: "Although he has other interests, Hudson's favorite subject is films. He's a genuinely gracious host; and he's also extremely tall."

PLAYBOY: You're the last major star to emerge from the Hollywood studio system. Do you think that was a better system for producing stars—and pictures—than the one we have now?

HUDSON: No question. When I was under contract at Universal, I was paid a weekly salary just to study. I took acting, fencing, horseback riding, diction—I had this high Illinois twang, so they taught me to lower my voice. I even studied ballet. And while I was learning, they'd use me in bit parts: a gas-station attendant, a night-club doorman. Katharine Hepburn once told me that under the studio system the only thing she had to be concerned about was her performance. She said, "If I didn't like the house I was living in, the studio found me another house. If I didn't like my maid or my butler, the studio found me a new maid or butler. We didn't have to worry about the gas bill or getting the car tuned up—the things that occupy so much of our time in normal life." And I think that was pretty good. I know it made for better pictures.

PLAYBOY: Despite the riding lessons, you didn't make many Westerns. But there was one, *The Undefeated*, a fairly dreadful horse opera now memorable because it was the only time you and John Wayne worked together. What sort of experience was that?

HUDSON: I never liked Westerns, because

of the locations. You're always out in the boondocks somewhere. We shot *The Undefeated* in Durango, Mexico. If the earth had an asshole, it would be Durango, Mexico. But working with John Wayne was very interesting. After the first day's shooting, he kept making suggestions to me. "Why don't you cock your head this way while we're talking?" "Why don't you hold your gun across your chest for that tight shot?" Things like that. They seemed like good ideas, mostly, so I went along with them; but that night, I began to think maybe he was playing some kind of head game with me—trying to upstage me or establish dominance. So, the next day, I began making suggestions to him. That surprised him, but he tried everything I suggested. And the bits he liked, he used. When shooting was over, he said, "I



appreciated your help out there today. Nobody tells me anything anymore." Well, after that, we had a great time together.

PLAYBOY: Some people who worked with Wayne now say he drank too much on the set. Was he ever drunk during shooting with you?

HUDSON: Sometimes he would hurt himself a little after shooting. But when the cameras were rolling, the Duke was ready. In fact, John Wayne had better concentration than any actor I've ever seen except James Dean. Wayne was fun to work with, and maybe that bothered some of the people who have become his detractors now.

PLAYBOY: How about yourself? What are your drugs of choice?

HUDSON: Alcohol has always been my old stand-by. I've tried coke. I was on location somewhere and when I got back to my room late at night, totally smashed, the guard was taking a couple of good-sized hits through a dollar bill—which I've always thought was appropriate. He offered me a snort and I said, "Surrrre." But it was terrible. Sobered

me right up. Marijuana isn't my idea of a good time, either. I may be old-fashioned, but when I entertain, I never let people use grass or coke in my house. I mean, it is illegal, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Aside from booze, what are your other vices?

HUDSON: I don't consider them vices.

PLAYBOY: What do you do for relaxation?

HUDSON: I ski and sail and swim and water-ski. But for real relaxation, career decisions and working out new roles in my head, there's nothing like gardening. Planting, watering; sometimes I'll just pull weeds for hours and be totally lost in my thoughts.

PLAYBOY: Are there any recent films you like?

HUDSON: I'll tell you one movie I thought was wonderful. *Electric Horseman*. A marvelous film with marvelous strong characters. Jane Fonda and Robert Redford. Now, there's a great screen couple. They should do more together.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of great screen couples, have you seen Doris Day lately?

HUDSON: We're very close friends. So close that we don't have to see each other. Doris has taken herself out of circulation a bit, but not because she's disillusioned or become a recluse, as some people have said. Doris is comfortable and the last time we talked, she said she just didn't want to work anymore. Which is unfortunate, because she's a brilliant comedienne. You know, Doris and I got to the point where we couldn't look at each other without bursting into shrieking, hysterical laughter. After *Pillow Talk*, we never looked at each other on the set. I think that's partly why those pictures were successful. Because the sparkle was there.

PLAYBOY: What were the biggest mistakes of your career?

HUDSON: I turned down *Ben Hur* and I chose *A Farewell to Arms* over *Sayonara*.

PLAYBOY: As a 6'4" movie legend, you're a fairly intimidating presence. Who intimidates you?

HUDSON: The most intimidating for me was J.F.K. We met at a fund-raising banquet where he was the guest of honor. There was an extra chair at every table so he could make the rounds during dinner and chat with everyone. I couldn't imagine what I might say to him that would be the least bit interesting. But then I thought, My name is Fitzgerald, and so is his, and we've both spent time in Ireland. So I'll just open with that and go from there. And then I relaxed, finished dinner, and eventually the President arrived at my table. The first thing he said was, "Your name is Fitzgerald, and so is mine, and we've both spent time in Ireland." My mouth fell open. I couldn't say a word. He must have thought I was a complete idiot.

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CLASSICS OF THE OLD WEST

New from
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BOOKS

Larry Woiwode's new novel, *Poppa John* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), is not easy to read. It revolves around an elderly actor known for his soap-opera role as Poppa John. He was let go from his job and has been unemployed for a year. Most of the novel takes place two days before Christmas, when Poppa John and his wife, Celia, go out to shop for Christmas presents. They are poor and, in many ways, desperate. Woiwode lets us see how Poppa John's life is coming apart at its seams, and he does this as if he were peeling an onion. The reader's orientation apes Poppa John's and we learn things about him as he does about himself. The book ends on Christmas and in a very Christian manner. There is redemption, pain, forgiveness, violence, hope and the kind of writing craftsmanship that urges us to care.

Wilfrid Sheed writes about his friend of 32 years in the biography *Clare Boothe Luce* (Dutton). Sheed chooses his anecdotes well; but with a subject as fascinating as this multicareer woman (writer, politician, Ambassador), he really couldn't miss.

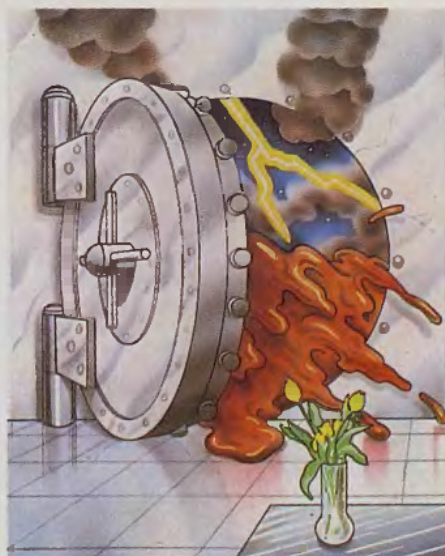
The bank that sends you a credit card and says it's your friend is very possibly lending immense sums of money to countries that may not be able to pay them back. If this international house of cards ever comes tumbling down, taking us with it, we can't say that Anthony Sampson, author of *The Money Lenders* (Viking), didn't warn us. This first-rate book (by the author of *The Seven Sisters* and *The Arms Bazaar: From Lebanon to Lockheed*) examines banks such as Citibank, Chase Manhattan, Barclays and others and finds that "the personalities that lie behind them" have certain patterns of thinking and dealing that may be dangerous to our financial health. "There's comfort in being one of the herd," Sampson quotes one of the financiers from ChemicalBank as he tries to explain why numerous loans were being made to the shah of Iran in the final days of the pseudo monarch's power. That's only one of many examples Sampson presents. Whether he's describing the psyche of the money men or the shaky loan structures they have created out of habit and history, he gives us a detailed, authoritative and exciting account of where the money comes from, where it goes and why one day it might not come back.

Yellow Rain (Evans), by Sterling Seagrave, refers to the fatal yellow powder sprayed from airplanes over the villages



Who's Poppa?

A new novel from Larry Woiwode; Anthony Sampson takes on the banks.



Banks: When will they blow?

of the Hmong in Southeast Asia—powder that caused massive bleeding and death. Seagrave believes that tactic is part of a new Soviet offensive in chemical and biological warfare, used by them in Yemen, Afghanistan and China as well. The U.S.A. has its own problems in the control of nerve gases and other exotic killing devices, as Seagrave describes, and he thinks we "have little time left to turn matters around before we pass the point of no return in the poisoning of the planet." Worth reading.

With formula thrillers rolling off the presses in staggering numbers, it's a special treat to find one that's not

only literate but original—in spite of its title. In *Savage Day* (Delacorte), Thomas Wiseman first entertains with a suspenseful account of the first atomic-bomb test and the combination of genius and anxiety that went into it. Then, post-Hiroshima, he begins turning his scientists and their wives inside out through the investigations of an intellectually misplaced security officer trying to investigate what may or may not be accidents and treasonous behavior. The bomb itself is merely the detonator, setting off a chain reaction of recriminations, introspection, infidelity and deftly delivered surprises. True to its theme, the story ends with a bang, not a whimper.

Our scientific understanding of the origins of homosexuality can best be summed up by a joke that was making the rounds a few years back: "My mother made me a homosexual!" "Gee, if I gave her enough wool, would she make me one, too?" There was a large body of psychoanalytical theory that attributed homosexual behavior to weak fathers, dominating mothers, unresolved Oedipal conflicts, early labels of "sissy" or "queer." Enough already. *Sexual Preference: Its Development in Men and Women* (Indiana University Press), by Alan P. Bell, Martin S. Weinberg and Sue Kiefer Hammersmith, is a landmark study that challenges all of our assumptions about sexual preference—both straight and gay. Working through the Alfred C. Kinsey Institute for Sex Research, the authors interviewed almost 1500 men and women of all sexual persuasions in the San Francisco area. They found that the old stereotypes did not hold up. Their most important conclusions: "By the time boys and girls reach adolescence, their sexual preference is likely to be already determined, even though they may not yet have become sexually very active. . . . The homosexual men and women in our study were not particularly lacking in heterosexual experiences during their childhood and adolescent years. They are distinguished from their heterosexual counterparts, however, in finding such experiences ungratifying." The bottom line: "You may supply your sons with footballs and your daughters with dolls, but no one can guarantee that they will enjoy them. What we seem to have identified . . . is a pattern of feelings and reactions within the child that cannot be traced back to a single social or psychological root; indeed, homosexuality may arise from a biological precursor (as do left-handedness and allergies, for example) that parents cannot control." This is a fascinating and important study.



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MOVIES

Before seeing *Ragtime* (Paramount), one might have wondered whether a viable movie could be made from such a huge, sprawling hunk of Americana. E. L. Doctorow's best-selling novel covered everyone and everything from Houdini and racism to show business, love triangles and family life in old New York during the early part of the 20th Century. To invent an original screenplay of this complexity, crowded with overlapping characters and incidents, would be sheer madness. There's enough going on in *Ragtime* to fill several full-length features. Well, now I've seen it and my hat's off to director Milos Forman and adapter Michael Weller (who also did the brilliant adaptation of Forman's underappreciated *Hair*) for simplifying, jazzing up and generally re-creating Doctorow with such exuberance that the film seems—as much as anything—a loving paean to the joys of cinema. Well along in *Ragtime*—after Stanford White has been shot by Evelyn Nesbit's jealous husband, after a black piano player named Coalhouse Walker, Jr., has taken over the J. P. Morgan Library by force—there's a beautiful scene in which an immigrant sidewalk sketch artist (Mandy Patinkin) who has found his future in film making proposes, in broken English, a toast to that historic discovery. "For a couple pennies, people see in a short time the whole life of the world, how they live, how they fight, love." That's what *Ragtime* is really all about.

Forman's work is so obviously a labor of love that he seems to have cast a charm over everyone associated with him. Randy Newman's moody, humorous musical score and the sumptuous period production are matched by a whole batch of perfect performances; there's no way to single out every one. Of course, James Cagney in his comeback role as New York's police commissioner is predictably feisty, plump, well aged and engaging. As the proud, lovable urban terrorist Coalhouse Walker, Howard E. Rollins is tremendous, as well as a sure bet to become a star overnight. The other major revelation is 19-year-old Elizabeth McGovern (she played the hero's high school sweetheart in *Ordinary People*) in a deliciously comic performance as model-showgirl Evelyn Nesbit, who's got a Gibson-girl body and nary a brain in her head. James Olson and Mary Steenburgen, as Father and Mother, plus Brad Dourif as Younger Brother, whose unlikely crush on Evelyn helps connect the parallel subplots, are all excellent, and so is novelist Norman Mailer in a brief role as the famous gunned-down architect Stanford White. As in Doctorow's book, many of these are real people recycled for fiction. The



Cagney's back and *Ragtime*'s got him.

Finger-snapping *Ragtime*;
Burt shines in *Machine*;
Truffaut does it again.



Bernie Casey, Burt cogs in *Machine*.



Ardant, Depardieu *Next Door*.

movie's melodramatic climax at the Morgan Library is easily interpreted as a statement about America's oppression of its minorities. That's the duller literal interpretation, however. When they

make 'em as good as *Ragtime*, you can throw away the book. **YYYY**

Having his third shot as a director and simultaneously delivering one of his strongest performances since *Deliverance*, Burt Reynolds pushes all the right buttons to make *Sharky's Machine* (WB/Orion) an exciting, hard-boiled action drama. Filmed with stark but stylish realism in Atlanta, where Reynolds feels right at home, the movie based on William Diehl's novel (screenplay by Gerald Di-Pego) combines bloody violence—maybe a bit more than necessary toward the end—with some moody romantic byplay that suggests we've been summoned to see Mike Hammer meet *Laura*. It's the story of a soft-centered tough guy who has a whore under surveillance and falls half in love with her, then watches helplessly when a hit man comes to blow her away. Burt's title role has him staked out in a high-rise, where he's supposed to monitor traffic directly across the street in the luxurious apartment where a spectacular callgirl code-named Dominoe entertains her clients. Among them are an important political candidate (Earl Holliman) and a ruthless crime czar (Vittorio Gassman), who seems to have the town, including most of the police department, in his pocket.

Burt is always smart about surrounding himself with heavyweight talent. Here—besides Gassman, Brian Keith, et al.—he has a sensational, husky-voiced bundle from Britain named Rachel Ward, a former model who plays Dominoe to win and has already been signed for an upcoming movie with Steve Martin. *Sharky's Machine* is hard-edged, not for the squeamish: Witness a harrowing sequence where Sharky slaughters a team of Oriental thugs who have just coolly severed two of his fingers. Sweat through that, then Reynolds and Rachel make the rest worth while. **YYY**

It all begins quietly, in French, in an alpine French village. A young happily married couple with a child notes that the house across the lane has been rented to newlyweds. We don't learn immediately that the contented husband and father, Bernard (Gerard Depardieu), and the settling-in bride, Mathilde (Fanny Ardant), are former lovers who have not seen each other in the seven or eight years since their affair ended. Soon, though, François Truffaut's *The Woman Next Door* (UA Classics) begins to tick away like a time bomb. The couple resumes clandestine meetings at a hotel in a nearby town, but their fever charts are out of sync. When Mathilde is cool and wants to quit the risky relationship,

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Bernard goes momentarily berserk. When he simmers down, ready to face reality, she freaks out. In the hands of most directors, *Woman Next Door* would be an absolutely commonplace tale about a crime of passion, the kind of tacky domestic tragedy that might grab headlines in a cheap tabloid newspaper for a day or two at most. In the hands of Truffaut, the same story seems classically graceful and low-key, an almost Victorian essay on *amour*. He uses a dispassionate narrator (Veronique Silver) from the local country club to set the tone, then balances Depardieu's contemporary bullishness against Ardant's somewhat horsey sensuality to bring off this small, typically Gallic triumph of good taste over morbid trivia. ★★★

Somebody must have convinced Ellen Burstyn, one of the best actresses around, that *Silence of the North* (Universal) would be a splendid vehicle for her. The true story of a woman. And a real woman, who says, "My husband was a roamer and a dreamer, so I roamed with him and shared his dreams." Up and away into the subarctic wilderness of northern Alberta half a century ago. This lady proves herself the kind of pioneer who keeps a man's world warm, by God. Always smiling, nearly always, even though she's pregnant again, there's nothing to eat, the dogs are dead, she's surrounded by hungry bears and marauding maniacs or the cabin's on fire with the temperature down to 40 below. Oh, my, there's been nothing to beat this since the Gish sisters in *Orphans of the Storm*. Tom Skerritt, as the ne'er-do-well husband, and Gordon Pinsent, as a sort of back-up suitor who's there when needed, are both excellent. I blame director Allan Winton King for letting Burstyn seem such a noble simp whilst she suffers nonstop calamities that would make the trials of Job sound like a weekend at the Waldorf. ♪

There's beguiling lunacy in *Time Bandits* (Avco Embassy), traceable for sure to producer-director Terry Gilliam and his co-author, Michael Palin. Both are *Monty Python* regulars (maybe irregulars would be more accurate), and their weird little s-f comedy plays like a Disney movie gone decadent with a dandy cast—Sean Connery as King Agamemnon back in ancient Greece, John Cleese as Robin Hood, Ralph Richardson as Supreme Being, David Warner as Evil Genius, Shelley Duvall as Pansy. The hero is an English kid next door named Kevin (Craig Warnock), who tags along with six loathsome little dwarfs as they rampage through history, looting and pillaging, then escape into an earlier century where their crimes are not yet on the books.



Burstyn, Skerritt up North.

Burstyn shoulda stayed at home, but the Python gang has a high old time.



Palin, Duvall in *Time Bandits*.

Seems they've stolen a map from God (called Supreme Being "to avoid libel suits," according to Gilliam) that indicates all the holes in time and space. Proceed with caution if you're not already a Python freak. Among my favorite bits was Cleese's Robin Hood ("Have you met the poor? Charming people"). All very Britishy, from the let's-throw-everything-into-the-hopper-because-some-of-it's-bound-to-work school of comedy. The special effects are more clever than spectacular. Maybe I'm feeling that I shouldn't have enjoyed *Time Bandits* quite as much as I did, but to hell with that—its freshness outweighs its flaws. ★★★½

Our 1981 Playmate of the Year, Terri Welles, lookin' good as a beautiful girl who wants plastic surgery to make her beauty flawless, adorns the eerie opening sequence of *Looker* (WB/The Ladd Co.), by writer-director Michael Crichton. Shortly after, Playmate Jeana Tomasino shows up as one of the gorgeous

models doing TV commercials, consulting Albert Finney—as "the best plastic surgeon in Beverly Hills"—and then being bumped off. The reasons why really don't hold up, after a while. *Looker* looks like a wan recap of Crichton's *Coma*, a much better work. Finney, his talents wasted, runs around a lot with Susan Dey, trying to figure out what the devil's going on. It's all so contrived and dumb that you don't much give a damn by the time they tell you. ♪

Some private eyes meet some incredibly pretty faces in writer-director Peter Bogdanovich's *They All Laughed* (PSO/Moon Pictures), a romantic comedy that's practically all charm and gossamer. There's almost nothing to it, but what there is is choice, with Ben Gazzara and Audrey Hepburn heading a company of actors to which the late Dorothy Stratten brings a radiant presence along with the inevitable, rueful reminder that she was not just another gorgeous blonde. Here was a winsome, vulnerable dream girl who obviously had a big future until tragedy cut her career short. *They All Laughed* also has model Patti Hansen as a flaky cabby, Colleen Camp as a country singer and John Ritter as an investigator assigned to trail Dorothy—and risking love at first sight. Ballads sung by Camp are mixed with Sinatra standards on the sound track to give *Laughed* some of the warm, urban ambience of Woody Allen's *Manhattan*. It's a game of change-partners, a latter-day *La Ronde* mounted like a crisp, rhythmic travelog full of beautiful women, eager men and post-card views of Gotham in love. ★★★

Polish director Andrzej Wajda's *Man of Iron* (UA Classics) is less a sequel than a companion piece to his earlier *Man of Marble*, both made during the early labor strikes in Poland. No drama with more immediacy could be torn from the headlines; this one is so plugged in to today's events that Solidarity leader Lech Walesa (this month's *Interview* subject) appears as himself and as best man at the hero's wedding. There's a lot of docudrama-style footage during the first part of *Man of Iron's* nearly two-and-a-half-hour running time. I'd begun to think it was the evening news until the rebel worker Tomczyk (Jerzy Radziwilowicz) encounters the documentary film maker (Krysztyna Janda) who loses her job, marries him and winds up in prison on his account. Through these two, fact and fiction fuse unforgettably, especially in the performance by Janda—a gaunt, unconventionally beautiful blonde whose emotions are quicksilver, so close to the surface I could not take my eyes off her. She must be the Garbo of Warsaw, and what she does would win her an Oscar here. ★★★—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Absence of Malice** Sally Field is bad news for Paul Newman. **YY½**
- All the Marbles** Two lively wrestling ladies on tour with Peter Falk. **YY½**
- Beau Pere** Incest in a spirit of fun, à la française. **YYY**
- Chanel Solitaire** Stylish French soap opera with Marie-France Pisier as that famous designing woman. **YY½**
- Chariots of Fire** Great movie about Great Britain's runners in the Olympic games in Paris, 1924. **YYY**
- The Disappearance** Second-string suspense drama with Sutherland. **YY**
- Gallipoli** An intimate sort of war epic from Aussies' Peter Weir. **YYY**
- Looker** (Reviewed this month) Albert Finney as a plastic surgeon losing lots of beautiful patients. **Y**
- Man of Iron** (Reviewed this month) The Polish crisis dramatized. **YYY**
- On Golden Pond** Two Fondas and the one-and-only Katharine Hepburn in a tearjerker that just won't stop. **YY½**
- Priest of Love** Bookish but brilliantly acted bio of D. H. Lawrence and his women, with Ian McKellen. **YYY**
- Prince of the City** Sidney Lumet's saga about New York's finest, with Treat Williams as a corrupt cop. **YYY½**
- The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper** Treat on the other side of the law, sort of, hijacking a plane for profit. **YYY**
- Quartet** Maggie Smith, Alan Bates and Isabelle Adjani painting Paris back in 1927. **YY½**
- Ragtime** (Reviewed this month) E. L. Doctorow's novel done to a turn by director Milos Forman. Go. **YYY**
- Sharky's Machine** (Reviewed this month) Burt's best in a while, with watchable Rachel Ward. **YYY**
- Silence of the North** (Reviewed this month) Burstyn badly used. **Y**
- Southern Comfort** Some summer soldiers playing war games in the bayous, with Keith Carradine, Powers Boothe. **YYY**
- They All Laughed** (Reviewed this month) To Dorothy with love in N.Y.C. **YY**
- Ticket to Heaven** Deprogramming an apparently Moon-struck youth. **YYY**
- Time Bandits** (Reviewed this month) S-F concocted by Python men. **YY½**
- Whose Life Is It Anyway?** The stage play about a paralyzed man who'd rather die; fine work by Richard Dreyfuss. **YYY½**
- The Woman Next Door** (Reviewed this month) Nice Truffaut trifle. **YYY**
- YYY** Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it



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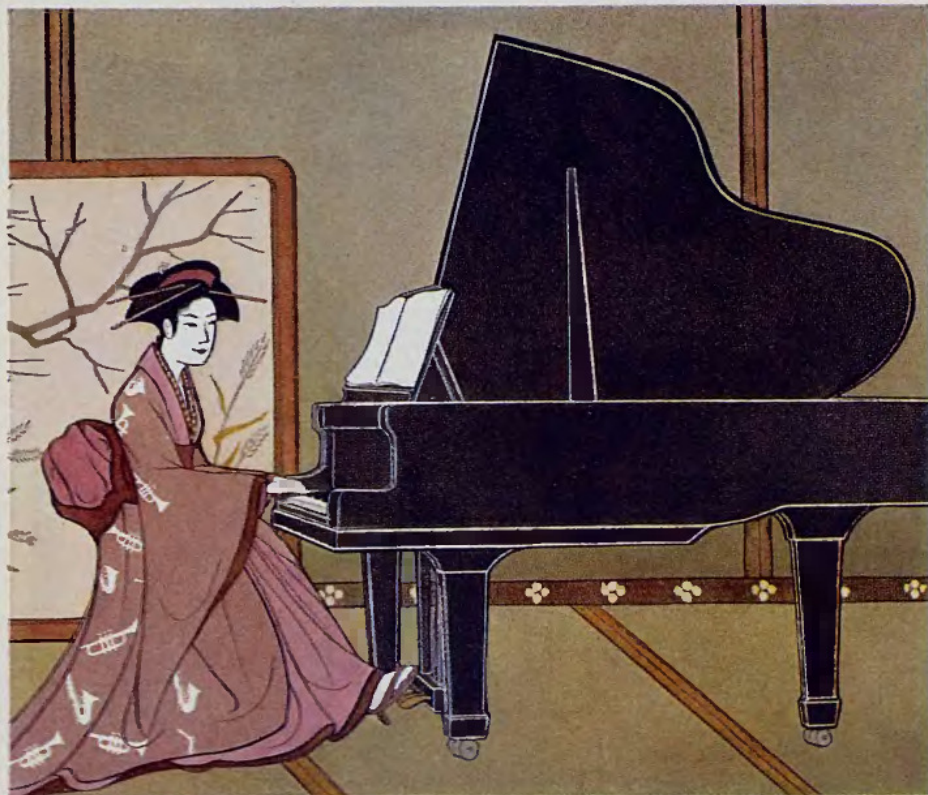
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SWINGING: The Toshiko Akiyoshi / Lew Tabackin Big Band is a wonderful improbability. It combines a Japanese pianist/composer who was born in Manchuria, a virtuoso tenor-saxophone/flute player from Philadelphia—who is also the composer's husband—and jazz infused with traditional Japanese folk music. An unusual chemistry that somehow comes together in the most critically acclaimed and exciting band to hit the scene since Sun Ra discovered space travel. Up to now, the band has existed to perform the music of Akiyoshi, who is its conductor.

"The band is her vehicle," said Tabackin. "It's my responsibility as the featured soloist to try to express what she has written and to add whatever I have to offer." Perhaps that isn't such a bad way to operate a marriage.

Now, after ten recordings of her own music, Akiyoshi has turned the tables. For the first time, on *Tanuki's Night Out* (JAM), the band plays Akiyoshi's arrangements of Tabackin's compositions. The album is a sweet abstraction of a sexy old Japanese legend.

"It's a gesture of my appreciation to Lew for putting up with me for all these years," his wife confessed. "He encouraged me, and that was how the band was formed." She paused. "I think he writes happier tunes. He doesn't have a nervous, neurotic side like I have," she giggled.

"We didn't really expect the band to evolve into what we're doing right now," continued Akiyoshi, whose relaxed, good

humor hints neither at her "neurotic side" nor at the power and intricacy of her music.

The band began nearly a decade ago as a weekly jam in a Los Angeles musicians' union rehearsal hall rented for 50 cents. The players donated their services. Slowly, Akiyoshi and Tabackin put together a live concert and an album deal to try to make some money for the musicians. Their first album, *Kogun*, became a big hit in Japan and later in the U. S. Since then, they've been as successful as a big band can be—awards, record dates, tours—but survival is tricky for a jazz band. It's expensive to keep it going. Symphony orchestras have patrons and matching grants; jazz bands don't. Consequently, there aren't many outward signs of success.

But it's an institution. "We've been rehearsing Wednesday mornings at the musicians' union since 1973," said Tabackin. And whenever they play, they're ready.

—HERB NOLAN

REVIEWS

Marianne Faithfull's comeback album, *Broken English*, was all about rage. Her latest, *Dangerous Acquaintances* (Island), is about grief and loss. It's one hell of a record. The lyrics are strong and her voice is bluesy—and human again. You can also dance to it. Really. You don't have to be hip to Marianne's past Rolling Stones connection to get into these songs, but it helps. The best example of that is *Intrigue*. The tune has a distinct touch of *You Can't Always Get What*

You Want and the sentiments she expresses sound to us like an answer to one of Jagger's best ballads, *Wild Horses*. Other cuts that deserve special notice include *For Beautie's Sake*, written with Steve Winwood, *Easy in the City* and *Truth Bitter Truth*, which begins, "Where did it go to, my youth/ Where did it slip away to?" We're pretty sure that when Faithfull figures it out, her audience will be the first to know. Buy this one.

"It's not that I've exactly calmed down my songwriting—I've just tried to write more about general subjects like sex and drugs." That's how the Who's premier bassist, John Entwistle, describes his latest solo project, *Too Late the Hero* (Atco). Of course, this is a man who's had the chance to observe high-level rock-'n'-roll high-jinks from an intimate vantage point. Now that he's let that side of his experience emerge, the results are sometimes startling. *Talk Dirty*, for instance, deals with a subject that, Entwistle says with a chuckle, "comes up in everybody's life—when a girl would rather talk about politics and religion than sex and getting down to it in the here and now." Elsewhere, the album covers an assortment of mainstream rock styles and subjects to great effect. Backup by the Eagles' Joe Walsh, on guitar, and by drummer Joe Vitale makes for creative and energetic cuts.

When Carly Simon sings about being unlucky in love, a lot of people listen. So it seems natural that she try her hand at an entire album devoted to torch songs, titled, appropriately, *Torch* (Warner Bros.). The music owes its style and substance more to Forties and Fifties jazz than to rock, and Simon comes across as a powerful *chanteuse* whose emotional feet are firmly planted in the Eighties. Her bigmouthed, clean voice can wrap itself equally well around songs by Hoagy Carmichael, Rodgers and Hart or Stephen Sondheim. She is so good at this style that she may acquire a whole new following that has had little use for her previous albums. And *Torch* also suggests that Simon is such an accomplished vocalist that she can do pretty much what she wants to and pull it off every time.

Delbert McClinton, the great Texas-born blues/country/R&B singer, called us not long ago from Birmingham, Alabama, where he and his band were smack-dab in the middle of a little warm-up tour prior to the release of their new album. "You know," McClinton confided, "we're playing all the

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The left side of your brain, recent investigations tell us, is the logical side.

It figures out that $1 + 1 = 2$. And, in a few cases, that $E = mc^2$.

On a more mundane level, it chooses the socks you wear, the cereal you eat, and the car you drive. All by means of rigorous Aristotelian logic.

However, and a big however it is, for real satisfaction, you must achieve harmony with the other side of your brain.

The right side, the poetic side, that says, "Yeah, Car X has a reputation for lasting a long time but it's so dull, who'd want to drive it that long anyway?"

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To the left side of your brain, Saab turbocharging is a technological feat that retains good gas mileage while also increasing performance.

To the right side of your brain, Saab turbocharging is what makes a Saab go like a bat out of hell.

The left side sees the safety in high performance. (Passing on a two-lane highway. Entering a freeway in the midst of high-speed traffic.)

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The left side considers that *Road & Track* magazine just named Saab "The Sports Sedan for the Eighties." By unanimous choice of its editors.

The right side eschews informed endorsements by editors who have spent a lifetime comparing cars. The right side doesn't know much about cars, but knows what it likes.

The left side scans this chart.

Wheelbase.....	99.1 inches
Length.....	187.6 inches
Width.....	66.5 inches
Height.....	55.9 inches
Fuel-tank capacity.....	16.6 gallons
EPA City.....	19 mpg*
EPA Highway.....	31 mpg*

The right side looks at the picture on the opposite page.

The left side compares a Saab's comfort with that of a Mercedes. Its performance with that of a BMW. Its braking with that of an Audi.

The right side looks at the picture.

The left side looks ahead to the winter when a Saab's front-wheel drive will keep a Saab in front of traffic.

The right side looks at the picture.

The left side also considers the other seasons of the year when a Saab's front-wheel drive gives it the cornering ability of a sports car.

The right side looks again at the picture.

Getting what you need vs. getting what you want.

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The left side of your brain is your mother telling you that a Saab is good for you. "Eat your vegetables." (In today's world, you need a car engineered like a Saab.) "Put on your raincoat." (The Saab is economical. Look at the price-value relationship.) "Do your homework." (The passive safety of the construction. The active safety of the handling.)

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900 3-Door	5-Speed	\$10,400
	Automatic	10,750
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900S 3-Door	5-Speed	\$12,100
	Automatic	12,450
900S 4-Door	5-Speed	\$12,700
	Automatic	13,050
900 Turbo 3-Door	5-Speed	\$15,600
	Automatic	15,950
900 Turbo 4-Door	5-Speed	\$16,260
	Automatic	16,610

All turbo models include a Sony XR70, 4-Speaker Stereo Sound System as standard equipment. The stereo can be, of course, perfectly balanced: left and right.

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Together, they see the 1982 Saab Turbo as the responsible car the times demand you get. And the performance car you've always, deep down, wanted with half your mind.

*Saab 900 Turbo. Remember, use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length, and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options desired by either side of your brain.

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SAAB

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friendly towns and colleges that just *love* to see us coming." It turns out that *Plain' from the Heart* (Capitol/MSS) is reason enough to love the band. It's a startling mixture of new McClinton songs and impassioned versions of classics, including Otis Redding's *I've Got Dreams* ("There's always a place for an Otis tune," said McClinton), a couple of tunes written by the soulful Scottish rocker Frankie Miller ("That guy's a singing, songwriting son of a bitch") and even a kick-ass rendition of the Wilson Pickett burner *Midnight Hour*. McClinton told us his criterion for success: "The main deal is to do this kind of music because you feel it—then, when it's good, there ain't nothing like it." And that's how it works on this record.

Handel's *Water Music* is such a staple in everyone's classical background that it's hard to make an unpalatable rendition. Popular since its very first performance in front of King George I—who ordered it played three more times that evening—*Water Music's* very popularity often keeps the piece from sounding fresh; however, Gerard Schwarz and his very good Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra do just that on *The Water Music (Complete)* of *George Frederic Handel* (Delos). In this digital recording (by Soundstream, Inc.), Schwarz makes his small orchestra produce the work with an enormous sonic clarity. Horns and strings come through with equal presence while maintaining their delicate textural differences. The recording itself is also a ringing endorsement of the digital method; the production is bright and full without being "cold." Schwarz and the L.A. Chamber Orchestra may become America's answer to Neville Marriner, Christopher Hogwood and their chamber orchestras in England. As consumers, we can only hope that they continue to try to outdo one another.

SHORT CUTS

Tim Weisberg / *Travelin' Light* (MCA): He's not kidding. A major new contribution to elevator music—Flutezak.

Barry White / *Beware!* (Unlimited Gold): Mr. Love Orchestra remains in heat with strings 'n' things. An *après-singles*-bar groove.

Ultravox / *Rage in Eden* (Chrysalis): A dose of devo Moody Blues. Maybe we are slipping backward.

Michael Schenker Group / *MSG* (Chrysalis): Don't they know that stuff softens things—like brains? This is *definitely* devolved Led Zeppelin.

Triumph / *Allied Forces* (RCA): A Canadian power trio? Isn't that devo by definition?

Devo / *New Traditionalists* (Warner Bros.): And here's the real stuff from the originals. Tender tunes for making love to that sexy Space Invaders game or the willing Xerox machine of your choice.

FAST TRACKS



GETTING DOWN WITH MEL: Watch out, Kurtis Blow, Mel Brooks is coming to get ya! Mel Brooks? You got it. His new single, *It's Good to Be the King of Rap*, is being released at the same time as his movie *History of the World—Part I* opens in Europe. It occurred to a smart record producer that the original rapper was Brooks's famous 2000-Year-Old Man. The catch is, that same smart guy didn't think we Americans were ready for the Jewish answer to The Sugar Hill Gang. So they're not releasing Mel's rap to us here in America. And that's not cool, fool.

REELING AND ROCKING: Dave Clark, as in the Dave Clark Five, has written a science-fiction movie called *Time*, which he hopes to produce in the U. S. Clark has already interested John Travolta in playing a part. . . . Mick Jagger is set to appear in a film of Gore Vidal's novel *Kalki* (you read it in PLAYBOY in 1978). . . . Steve Leber and David Krebs, who produced *Beatlemania* on Broadway, are talking to tennis ace John McEnroe about playing the lead in a movie version of the comic strip *Archie*. Bringing back the Filties one more time.

RANDOM RUMORS: Even if it's not true, we love it: Princess Di has reportedly bought a Sony Walkman to block out the shotgun blasts from Prince Charles's hunting forays. Di's listening to ABBA, we hear. . . . It seems that the Republican Presidential Task Force is staying current. Bluesman Furry Lewis, after his death, received a letter asking him for a contribution. It read, "What shall I tell our President, because he's personally asked me to find out why you're holding back?" Signed, Bob Packwood. Dear Bob, only God knows.

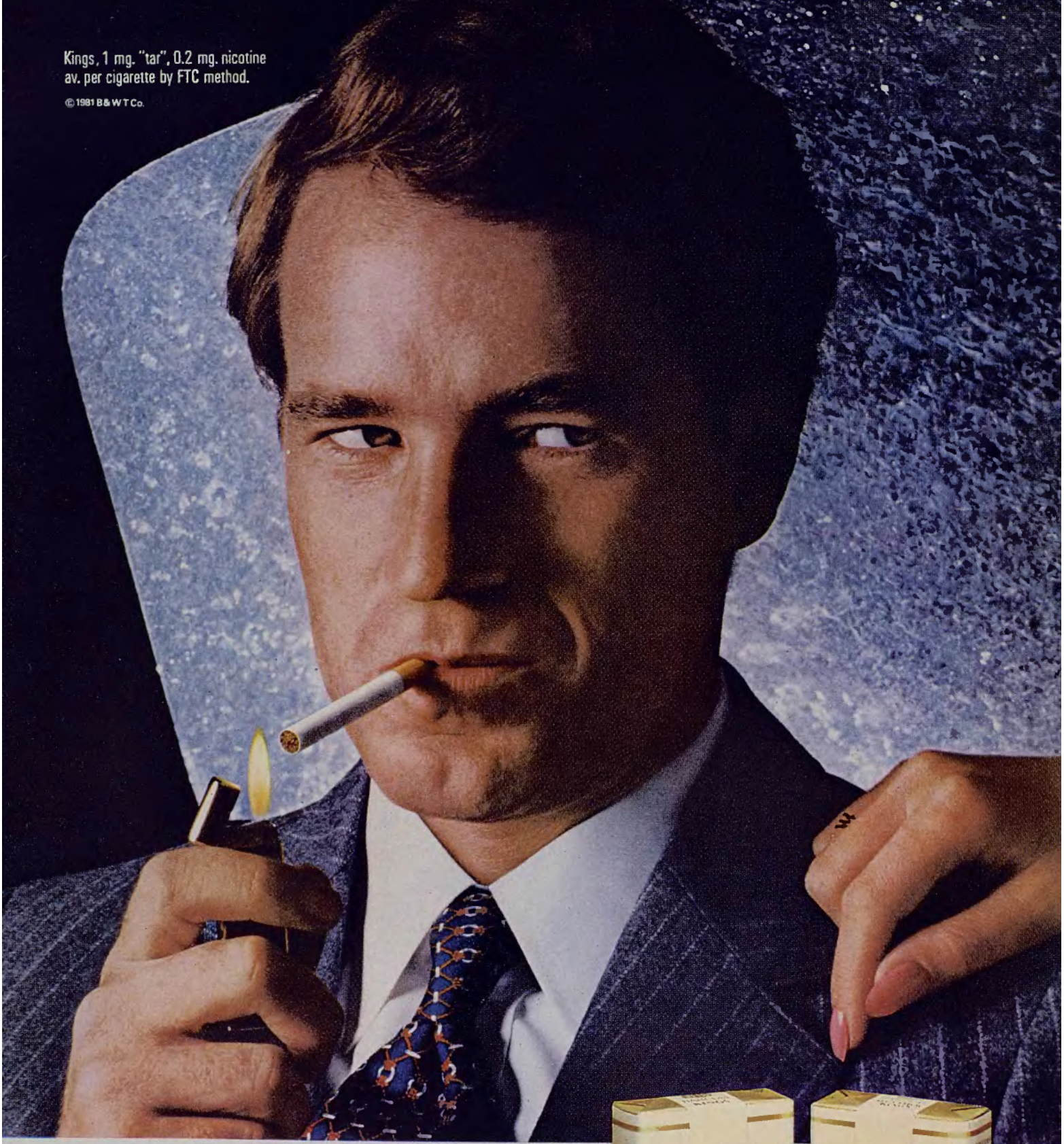
NEWSBREAKS: Stevie Nicks is planning her future to include an autobiographical novel and transforming the Fleetwood Mac hit song *Rhiannon* into a ballet. She says, "I don't want to have to try and stay 18 forever." . . . Peter Allen plans to take a starring role in the PBS presentation of *The Pirates of Penzance* and to do another one-man show in New York's Radio City Music Hall. . . . London's Victoria and Albert Museum has paid \$2000 for Sex Pistols posters and promo material. The museum says, "Pop music is as important as opera and ballet." . . . Sotheby's in London

is planning to auction off the following: John Lennon's Steinway and one of his old black-leather jackets, one of Elvis' old watches and Buddy Holly and Jimi Hendrix mementos. . . . Pavilion Books has recently published *Paul McCartney, Composer/Artist*, his first book of drawings. . . . Todd Rundgren has become the first rock star to develop a mass-marketed computer system called *The Utopia Tablet System*, and it's being sold by Apple Computers. . . . *We Get Letters Department:* To accompany a promo copy of Rhino Records' *Malibooz Rule!* by The Malibooz, came this note: "Aside from the obvious hooks—Walter Egan on guitar, Lindsey Buckingham and Dean Torrence on vocals—there is also something resembling a Playboy Rabbit Head painted on the cover shot." The promo guy calls it the first surf revivalist vocal band. And to think we thought it was only rock 'n' roll. . . . The world is *not* ready for this one: Allen Ginsberg, the poet, is making a double album of his poetry set to music. Ginsberg has appeared live with The Clash (that's not a typo, folks) and says rock is easy, "just like singing in the bathtub." Roll over, Chuck Berry. . . . *Under Pressure*, the song composed and produced by Queen and David Bowie, is included in the U. S. and Canadian versions of *Queen: Greatest Hits*. Bowie's only previous recording with another artist was with John Lennon on *Fame* in 1975. Queen has never worked with anyone else before. . . . Kenny Loggins has finished his first TV special for CBS. Stay tuned for an air date. . . . Speaking of John Lennon, Albert Goldman, Elvis' biographer, plans to do a more respectful book about him.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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TELEVISION

Among the major events of the new year in television will be *Brideshead Revisited*, a meticulous adaptation by John Mortimer of Evelyn Waugh's 1945 novel, already a huge success at home in England. Beginning January 18 as part of the PBS "Great Performances" showcase, *Brideshead* is a sumptuous 11-week epic, almost a page-by-page playback of Waugh's book about an aristocratic Catholic family over a time span of two decades. Jeremy Irons (the brilliant actor who nearly stole *The French Lieutenant's Woman* from Meryl Streep) plays Charles Ryder, who first visits Brideshead at the invitation of his wayward Oxford school chum, Sebastian (Anthony Andrews). The acting throughout is English classic: Laurence Olivier and Claire Bloom as Lord and Lady Marchmain. Sebastian's estranged parents; Diana Quick as his sister Julia; John Gielgud as Charles's father (in several of the driest deadpan comic bits between father and son I have ever witnessed). It's all quite civilized and literary, aimed at the highest brows, but scintillatingly wicked.

Even when prestigious TV drama isn't made in Britain, there seems to be an English complexion to the enterprise. Of ABC Television's first big trio of filmed specials for 1982, the initial offering was Bernard Pomerance's award-winning play *The Elephant Man*, co-starring Philip Anglim and Kevin Conway from the original Broadway cast. If you miss it, watch for the reruns. This is the moving, imaginative version in which Anglim, as England's John Merrick, acts his repulsive deformity without special make-up, a theatrical trick that takes getting used to but works surprisingly well on TV. Superior in every way to the 1980 film with John Hurt.

Subsequent ABC presentations, due early this year though still not time-and-date listed as we go to press, include Somerset Maugham's *The Letter*, starring Lee Remick, and *The Victims*, with Kate Nelligan, both from Warner Bros. Why anyone would remake the Maugham tale, a 1940 Bette Davis classic directed by William Wyler, is a mystery to me. What's new this time around is that the script, altered to suit today's freer moral climate, makes the heroine about as likable as a tarantula, a murderous, conniving bitch with few redeeming qualities—and there's no hedging, either, about the casual, inbred racism of British colonists in Malaya circa 1939. Though always a good actress, Remick is a little foolhardy to take on this particular golden oldy. The strong Maugham story helps her a lot, but com-



Andrews, Olivier, Irons at *Brideshead*.

Coming up on the tube:
PBS' *Brideshead Revisited*,
three big ones from ABC.



Remick in *Letter* slot.



Aird, Mills in *Flame Trees*.

pared with Davis' extra-special delivery of *The Letter*, Remick's reasonable facsimile looks like regular mail.

ABC's *The Victims*, another effort to dramatize the trauma of rape, brought England's Nelligan (excellent opposite Donald Sutherland in the suspense film *Eye of the Needle*) to play a role that doesn't strike me as making her trip worth while. This woman *knows* her assailant and joins forces with other female victims to trap him because the law seems to favor the criminal (played by Howard Hesseman of *WKRP in Cincinnati*). Ken Howard plays Kate's boyfriend, who loses patience with her. So did I, and *Victims* winds up rather muddled, an apparent warning to violated women that they'd better think twice before exacting vigilante justice.

Masterpiece Theatre's seven-part special, *The Flame Trees of Thika*, runs from early January through mid-February in the usual Sunday-P.M. time slot (check local listings for repeat telecasts). British colonials raising coffee in Kenya before World War One are the subject of Elspeth Huxley's memoir adapted for TV by John Hawkesworth (already known for *Upstairs, Downstairs* and *The Duchess of Duke Street*). It's interesting to see former child star Hayley Mills, now a warmly attractive woman of 35 or so—ye gods—playing Mom to a child actress (Holly Aird) who does precisely the sort of thing little Miss Mills used to do. Although it sometimes smacks of Disneyish blandness, with natives right out of *National Geographic* laying on local color against breath-taking African landscapes, this child's garden of animal lore has witch doctors, and worse, in the wings. There's even a bit of illicit lust and extramarital passion under the tropic sun when Ben Cross (charismatic star of the film *Chariots of Fire*) shows up as a great white hunter-horse trader doggedly wooing a planter's capricious young wife. *Flame Trees* is mild-mannered but exotic throughout—well-schooled English reticence at war with untamed nature.

PBS' new *American Playhouse* series, airing from January 12 through June, is an ambitious potpourri of Americana, with presentations varying in length from one to two hours. The promising opener is an original John Cheever teleplay, *The Shady Hill Kidnapping*, with George Grizzard starred. Satirizing TV itself, as well as the soap-opera nothingness of life in suburbia, which is Cheever country, *Shady Hill* concerns a stray tyke whose family *thinks* he's kidnaped, a mini-tragedy that scarcely seems more important than shopping for bargains at the

(A public service of the Liquor Industry and this Publication.)



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mall. The crisis is interrupted regularly by bogus TV commercials—these written by Cheever, too—with Celeste Holm peddling Elixircol, “the true juice of youth,” a costly substance that she believes has caused cancer in lab animals. It’s hit-or-miss comedy but may be a sign of better things to come. After *King of America*, a Greek immigrant story, and *Seguin*, an epic about a 19th Century Texas patriot who became mayor of San Antonio and was later ostracized by his fellow Texans, *American Playhouse* plunges into February with a trio of comedies: Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.’s *Who Am I This Time?*, with Susan Sarandon and Christopher Walken, followed by Ray Bradbury’s *Any Friend of Nicholas Nickleby Is a Friend of Mine*, directed by Ralph Rosenbloom, formerly Woody Allen’s film editor. Next is *Come Along with Me*, a bit precious, from an unfinished Shirley Jackson novel, co-adapted by Joanne Woodward, who also makes her directorial debut with a cast headed by Estelle Parsons, Barbara Baxley and Sylvia Sidney. The end of February and the start of March bring two Broadway adaptations to TV: *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf* and the musical based on Studs Terkel’s best seller, *Working*. Also scheduled is a fair-to-middling two-hour presentation, *Carl Sandburg—Echoes and Silences*, with John Cullum. The fare looks rich, varied and—for a change—indigenous.

Beginning January 25, Public Broadcasting inaugurates an 11-week “aesthetic joy ride” for purists—particularly for music lovers—who need more to sustain them than TV dramatizations of Great Books. *Bernstein/Beethoven* will offer Leonard Bernstein conducting the Vienna Philharmonic and Amsterdam’s Concertgebouw Orchestra in all nine Beethoven symphonies, along with the *Missa Solemnis* and other works. If you don’t already love Beethoven (and I am an eager but untutored ear in the world of classical music), you will by the time Bernstein is through with you. While he calls himself “a compulsive teacher,” he is refreshingly free of pedantry, noting that “it would not be disastrous if you missed one or two programs.” When Bernstein’s not wielding his baton or imparting insights, Maximilian Schell fills the gaps with Beethoven biographical notes and anecdotes.

Another of those globe-trotting educational epics offered by PBS, *Life on Earth* has writer-narrator David Attenborough (actor Richard’s brother) in 13 weekly episodes beginning in mid-January. This fact-packed series, judged from a sampling, is painstakingly photographed, ambitious, informative—a short course in evolution abrim with quaint and curious data about “elephant shrews, owl monkeys and star-nosed moles,” to cite but a few. *That kind of thing.* —B.W.

Update:

DOROTHY STRATTEN THE LEGEND BEGINS



Dorothy.

On August 14, 1980, our reigning Playmate of the Year, Dorothy Stratten, a beautiful and talented woman, was killed by her estranged husband, Paul Snider, who then killed himself.

The press coverage was intense and varied, ranging from the objective to the perversely speculative. We told the story, accurately and in detail, in our May 1981 issue. We got an astonishing number of expressions of sympathy.

Others in the media saw in Dorothy’s story dramatic potential for films and books. A lovely actress had been killed by a man she could not love; it was a classical plot with contemporary embellishments.

In November of last year, NBC-TV aired *Death of a Centerfold: The Dorothy Stratten Story*. The facts in the script by Donald Stewart were familiar: Dorothy’s teenage life in Vancouver, her relationship with Snider, her introduction to PLAYBOY and *Hefner*, her subsequent successes and her tragic death in a house in West Los Angeles. Jamie Lee Curtis made a noble attempt to portray Dorothy but did not convey the sense of innocence that was at the center of her personality. Bruce Weitz, of *Hill Street Blues*, played—tautly and effectively—the frightened little man who could not make Dorothy love him. The supporting cast, including an understated Mitchell Ryan as *Hef*, were conscientious but limited.

Glimpses of Dorothy emerged: her kindness, her modesty, her unflinching sense of loyalty. But Curtis could only look attractive while Dorothy was stunning. And, in the confines of soap-opera theatrics, she could not grow from a real

girl to a real woman as Dorothy had.

There are others ready to take on the Dorothy Stratten story. Among them: Bob Fosse. His version, to be titled *Star 80* (Snider’s license plate), will not, he told us, be the sort of “crude and exploitative” effort that the NBC-TV film was. It will be impressionistic rather than strictly biographical—an approach that he used effectively in his autobiographical film, *All That Jazz*.

“I find Dorothy’s whole story fascinating,” he said. “Everyone seems to know *who* she was, but each has a different idea of *what* she was.” Working from his own script, Fosse will start shooting this May for a projected 1983 release (by The Ladd Company).

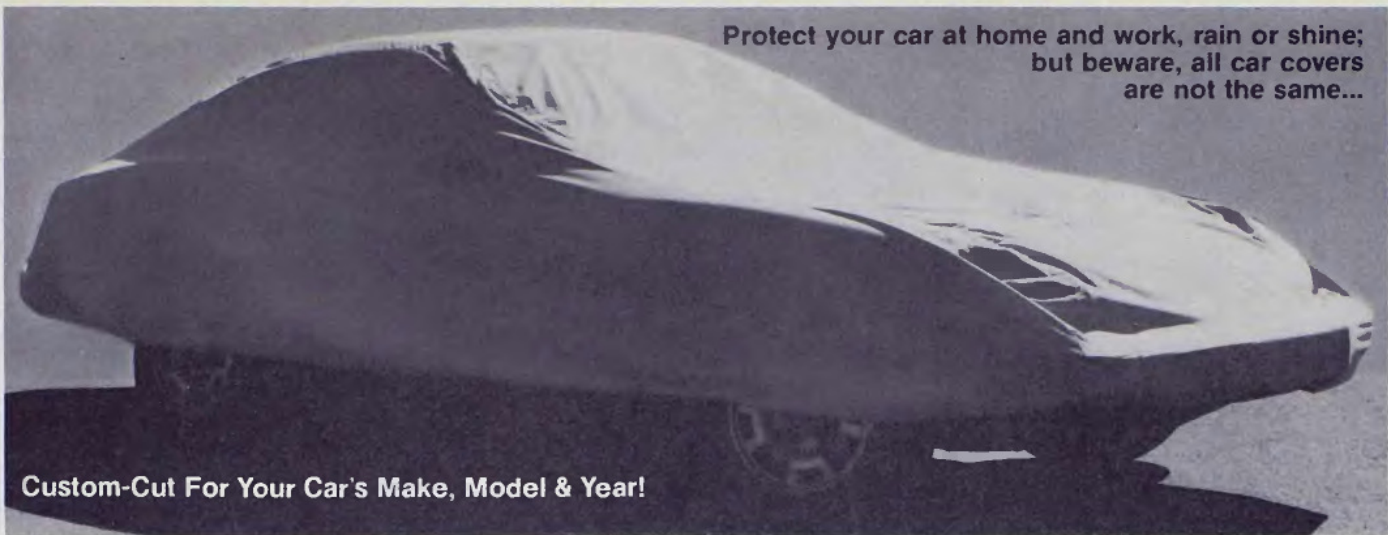
Another director, Peter Bogdanovich, has a special stake in the ongoing fascination with Dorothy. Their relationship, in the final months of her life, was the most productive one she had ever experienced—both personally and professionally. Bogdanovich directed her in her final film, *They All Laughed*. He purchased the movie from the company that financed it and is distributing it himself. Bruce Williamson reports that Dorothy’s screen presence is “radiant”; see his review on page 32.

Bogdanovich is also at work on a book, tentatively titled *D.R.S. 1960-1980*, about his relationship with Dorothy. William Morrow plans to publish it in the fall. The proceeds will go to Dorothy’s family.

It is clear that a legend is taking form, one that will grow. We will continue to monitor it—to guard the integrity and artistry of the friend we lost.



Jamie Lee as Dorothy.



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| Bobcat | Spyder, 500, | Saab |
| Capri | 1100, 1200, 1500 | Scirocco |
| Celica | Convertible | Simca |
| Chevette | Fiesta | Skyhawk |
| Cobra | Fox | Starfire |
| Colt | Gremlin | Subaru |
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| Corona | Horizon | Sunbird |
| Cortina | Isella | Tiger |
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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Mackenzie (*One Day at a Time*) Phillips' much-publicized bout with drugs will be dramatized in an NBC telemovie now in the development stages. Miss Phillips will probably play herself. . . . Bo Derek's *The Sea Mistress* (produced by Bo and directed by hubby John) has been retitled *Pirate Annie* and put on hold. Next, Bo will top-line and produce *Adam and Eve* (originally titled *Eve and That Damned Apple*). . . . Bruce Jay Friedman's script *Detroit Abe* is finally in serious development after years of circulating around Hollywood. The tale of a college prof who takes over a pimp's business and restructures it for efficiency, the flick will be directed by Michael (*Some Kind of Hero*) Pressman. At presstime, Dan Aykroyd was the principal choice to play the lead. . . . United Artists' *National Lampoon Goes to the Movies* (previously discussed in this column) may never make it to the big screen. The film was shot in near



Phillips Derek

record time last spring and set for a summer of 1981 release, but a preview screening reportedly produced such negative audience reaction that UA execs have decided to temporarily shelve it. A pay-TV release is being considered. . . . Mary Tyler Moore is prepping two film projects, *Prisoners* and *Finnegan Begin Again*. The former concerns a housewife whose volunteer work leads to an involvement with a prisoner; the latter is about a woman who has an affair with an older man.

NO MICKEY MOUSE OPERATION: Walt Disney Productions is once again becoming a force to be reckoned with in Hollywood, with several big-budget films in production and projects aplenty in development. Now rolling full blast at Disney studios is a \$15,000,000 adaptation of Ray Bradbury's *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, a fantasy about a traveling carnival that brings horror and misery to a small Midwestern town in the Thirties. In spite of rising production costs, the Disney folks aren't scrimping—currently under construction on their back lot is a \$3,000,000 replica of a town—the largest, most elaborate Hollywood set since *Hello,*

Dolly!. The flick stars Jason Robards, Jonathan Pryce and Diane Ladd. Now in the development stages at Disney is



Ladd Robards

Return to Oz, a film based on several of L. Frank Baum's classics. "We have owned all of Baum's Oz books except *The Wizard of Oz* for 30 years," says Disney president Ron Miller. "This will not be a sequel or a continuation of MGM's 1939 film but will draw on characters in situations from other books, a totally new story with an entirely different look."

ALL ABOUT STEVE: Since last reporting on Steve Martin's film in progress, *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*, a bit more detail has come to light. To wit: Martin, whose hair has been dyed dark for the role, plays the consummate Forties detective Rigby Reardon, hired by ingénue Rachel Ward (she was the Mercury Cougar girl in TV commercials) to find her missing father, a noted "scientist and cheese maker." Alas, Pop turns up dead (in plaid) and Steve proceeds to uncover a labyrinthine conspiracy involving something called the Carlotta Lists. The film, I'm told, is shot entirely in black and white in the tradition of *film noir*—only slightly askew; Martin is meant to appear incongruous against



Ward Martin

the serious tone of the *noir* style. Moreover, the producers have taken great pains to give the film an authentic Forties texture, even hiring veteran Edith Head to duplicate costumes she designed decades ago. Why the mania for authenticity? I'm told Martin actually appears onscreen with such oldy detective players as Humphrey Bogart, Alan Ladd and James Cagney and carries on conversations with them. Although

the film makers are keeping mum as to how that is being achieved, I'd venture a guess that a little creative splicing is going on in the cutting room.

LOVE TRIANGLE: Billed as "a comic yet penetrating look at personal relationships," *Second Thoughts* stars Lucie Arnaz, Craig Wasson and Ken Howard (Wasson, whose name is not yet readily familiar, also stars in *Ghost Story* and *Four Friends*. Hollywood savants have labeled him a "comer"). Arnaz plays a gutsy attorney with two men vying for her affections—an intense street musician (Wasson) whom she is constantly bailing out of predicaments and her ex-hubby (Howard), a bank president with a distinctly Eighties outlook and



Wasson Arnaz

lifestyle. Naturally, neither suitor knows about the other and the conflict reaches a head when Arnaz becomes pregnant. A September release is scheduled.

SHORT HITS: In George Romero's *Creep Show* (based on the Stephen King novel), Leslie Nielsen plays what he terms "an electronic cuckold." Catching his wife and her lover *flagrante delicto*, he sedates, then buries them up to their heads on the beach, portable TVs and video cameras nearby, so that each can watch the other being devoured by voracious crabs. Nice guy. But Nielsen gets his—the lovers come to get him . . . after the crabs have done their work. Yech. . . . In spite of all the controversy about her career, Suzanne Somers seems to be keeping busy. In addition to a TV special and a U.S.O. show for the tars aboard the U.S.S. Nimitz, she's got a series set to air soon on CBS. Penned by ex-*All in the Family* writers and coproduced by Norman Lear, the show is about a flight attendant (Somers). Her character, she says, is patterned after Dick Clark's wife, who is very bright but has what Suzanne describes as a "circuitous route to logic"; e.g., she apparently once stated that things were quiet around town because it was that Jewish holiday Sha Na Na.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL





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PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

IT WAS a few minutes after sunrise and the two guys looked like the "before" half of an ad for a hangover remedy. The two young women with whom they were strolling along the Acapulco beach clearly could have used some sleep, too.

"What time do the tennis courts open?" one of the revelers shouted, looking as if the exertion of even a single serve might put him into intensive care.

"You sure you wanna play tennis?" asked a concerned beach boy.

"You betcha," said the unsteady traveler. "We've still got six hours!"

It took only a little research to discover that this dawn patrol was from a club called the Skylarks, out of Atlanta, Georgia, a travel club that had come all the way to the west coast of Mexico for little more than a long weekend. Asked why, most Skylarks said simply, "It was just too cheap to resist."

Now, American travelers are not normally very enthusiastic joiners, and they rarely take advantage of the lower prices that traveling en masse allows. But one notable exception is the travel club, which offers a combination of social incentives, extraordinary mobility and delightfully low prices, that's causing lots of folks all over the country to join up.

The travel clubs to which I'm referring actually own their own aircraft. Their members, whose social lives and vacation plans often revolve around their club's itineraries, participate in a varied menu of tempting trips.

The clubs were initially a bit of unanticipated fallout from the beginnings of the jet age. As the airlines converted to jets in the early Sixties, a huge mass of propeller planes were left parked on backwater airfields, quietly gathering dust. In 1964, a group of Washington, D.C., businessmen purchased a superfluous, propeller-driven DC-7 from National Airlines and formed the Emerald Shillelagh Chowder and Marching Society, the first recorded "country club of the air." In October 1964, they took off on their first airborne jaunt—to Montego Bay, Jamaica—a weekend air trip that cost \$57 a seat, round trip.

The success of the Shillelaghs was widely imitated, and between 1965 and 1967 more than 100 travel clubs were formed. The sky seemed to be the limit until 1968, when the Federal Aviation Administration began requiring the clubs to conform to the same maintenance and safety strictures as commercial aircraft; this caused the vast majority to fold.

Today, six sizable travel clubs survive and prosper—offering members anywhere from three dozen to 300 trips in



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the course of a year. The Skylarks of Atlanta, in fact, boast a membership exceeding 11,000.

The six clubs communicate often, and all recognize the importance of the social side of their operations. The Washington Shillelaghs are generally considered the most social of the lot, though the Detroit Nomads hosted 1200 members at their annual brunch last year. Not all club members reside in the city where the club is based. Camaraderie and travel savings seem to make a long drive worth while.

All of the leading travel clubs offer ground packages—hotel rooms, meals, transfers and the like—in addition to bargain air transportation. Staterooms on prime cruise ships are also booked, and a club member may choose the exact mix of elements he desires.

Would these savings offset the club's initial membership fee, along with annual dues, if you were planning to travel only once or twice a year? It's a little tough to create exact comparisons when commercial air fares are in such an unsettled state, but here are a few recent club offerings from which you can judge:

The Ambassador club of Indianapolis offered its members a trip to Maui in Hawaii for the Thanksgiving holiday. The air-fare portion was \$419 per person, round trip, and the best regularly

scheduled round-trip excursion fare I could find for that holiday week was \$752.20 to Honolulu. Furthermore, the Ambassador plane was headed for Maui *nonstop*; a conventional commercial passenger would have had to fly from Indianapolis to Chicago, catch a flight from Chicago to Honolulu, and then transfer to Hawaiian Airlines or Aloha Airlines for the short hop to Maui.

Hotel rooms at the Maui Intercontinental were available at savings as well. All together, a couple traveling with Ambassador paid a total of \$1436 for the holiday. That same duo traveling without club affiliation would have paid about \$2185 for the same package.

The Shillelaghs headed for St. Kitts in the Caribbean over the long Thanksgiving weekend. This particular trip, by the way, illustrates the general travel-club pattern of frequent and relatively short jaunts. For a \$310 air fare, Shillelagh members left Washington at one A.M. and arrived in St. Kitts six and a half hours later, ready for a full day in the sun. A round-trip commercial flight not only costs \$586 but would have taken 12 hours—Washington to Atlanta to San Juan to St. Kitts.

European trips also are subject to the same economic advantages. The round-trip air fare for a Skylarks' trip to Portugal over the New Year holiday was \$755, while the holiday-period fare (when nearly all discounts are blacked out) on a commercial carrier was \$886.

All of the main travel clubs require an initial membership fee, ranging from the Skylarks' \$125 for a single to the \$395 for a family membership in Ports-of-Call. Annual dues range from \$25 to \$125. The rule of thumb is that these fees can be amortized if you plan to take at least two domestic or one international trip each year; any other additional travel provides some real gravy.

For more detailed data:

Shillelagh Air Travel Club, 152 Hillwood Avenue, Falls Church, Virginia 22046. Telephone 703-241-7595.

Atlanta Skylarks Air Travel Club, 789 Oak Street, Hapeville, Georgia 30354. Telephone 404-763-8100.

Ambassador, Inc., 2410 Executive Drive, P.O. Box 41619, Indianapolis, Indiana 46241. Telephone 317-247-5141.

Nomads, Inc., Nomads World Terminal, 10100 Middle Belt Road, Detroit Metropolitan Airport, Detroit, Michigan 48242. Telephone 313-861-3604.

Ports-of-Call Travel Club, 2121 Valentinia Street, Denver, Colorado 80220. Telephone 303-321-6767.

Jet Set Travel Club, P.O. Box 80443, Seattle, Washington 98108. Telephone 206-762-6300.





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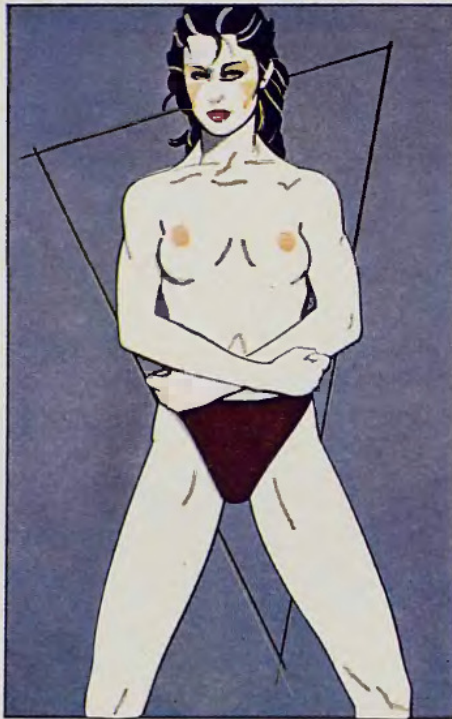
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

If you read sex manuals, you get the impression that everybody is doing everything and enjoying it all. Yet I've found that, inevitably, my partner likes some things better than others. Are there any general guidelines for sexual preferences?—H. G., Los Angeles, California.

We tend to avoid generalities, but we came across an interesting claim in "The Book of Sex Lists," by Albert B. Gerber. According to the Association for Research, Inc., the ten sexual activities preferred by heterosexual women (in order of preference) are: "(1) Gentle cunnilingus (on the clitoris) by a man (much emphasis on the gentle); (2) gentle finger stimulation of the clitoris (gentle!) by a man; (3) sexual intercourse on top of a man; (4) sexual intercourse in a variety of changing positions; (5) receiving cunnilingus (gentle, of course) while performing fellatio (sixty-nine); (6) massaging a man all over; (7) masturbating a man; (8) being petted, kissed and stimulated manually and orally by two men, culminating in intercourse with one man while the other finger-strokes alternately gently the clitoris and the nipples; (9) masturbation; (10) performing simple fellatio." The key word, in case you missed it, is gentle. We can see Billboard publishing a weekly chart: "And #5 with a bullet. . . ." For comparison, the list of ten sexual activities preferred by heterosexual men, in order of preference, are: "(1) Fellatio by a woman to orgasm; (2) intercourse with a woman in a variety of positions, changing from time to time; (3) nude encounters with two women in a variety of activities, changing from time to time; (4) petting the breasts of a woman; (5) anal intercourse with a woman; (6) performing cunnilingus while the woman is performing fellatio (sixty-nine); (7) performing sadomasochistic acts (mild, not severe) upon a woman; (8) being masturbated by a woman; (9) performing simple cunnilingus; (10) masturbation." Our suggestion: Show this list to your lover and find out her particular ranking, then work your way to the top.

For a year now, I've had to wear suits to work. I really don't mind the idea so much; it's just that suits are dull—especially since I'm required to stick to conservative styles and colors. Any suggestions for a guy about to disappear right into the wallpaper?—L. D., New York, New York.

Got the blue-suit blues? You're a member of a very large club. But it's not an insurmountable problem. Remember, you have a few options in what



you wear with the suit. Shirt color, for instance, can change the look of a suit completely. Collar styles and tie patterns can be varied. And now that French cuffs are back, you can add a little sparkle with cuff links. Also, many men these days are opting for a pocket square, those decorative handkerchiefs that go in the breast pocket of your suit. They come in a wide range of colors and patterns, adding both dash and dressiness to an otherwise bland outfit. Some men like to grab the square in the center and stuff the points into the pocket, leaving just a puff of color exposed. Others take the trouble to fold it so that one or more points are sticking out of the pocket. That has a tendency to look fussy, though, so we recommend the more casual look. The next time you're out tie shopping, pick up a few squares along with them (they must coordinate). It's a subtle fashion statement you can make, and every little bit helps.

My mate and I have been together for almost two years, and after a previously unhappy marriage for each of us, we feel very lucky to have a second chance with someone so compatible. Our relationship is based on mutual respect and honesty. And speaking honestly, my man needs "a little strange" now and then. We had a threesome with a friend of mine (female) about a year ago, and it was wonderful for us. We have not heard from her since. We would like to have another experience of that nature

with someone willing. My mate would rather I participated also, though I do not object to his having a one-night stand if he needs to. (I am very secure in our relationship, because I'm all that he needs in all important ways.) If that sounds contradictory, let me say that our sex life, though great, was at its peak for a month after our "orgy." I must admit that I get a lot of enjoyment from being a voyeur as well as a participant. While I am heterosexual, I am not opposed to performing with another female for the enjoyment of my mate. Our problem—where do we find willing ladies, or couples, who would enjoy this as much as we do? You can't just approach a stranger.—Mrs. R. S., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Why not? This column receives a lot of letters from people who have engaged in a ménage à quatre once—and who seem unable to make it happen a second time. Maybe it's the shock of all that astonishing sex. What did you say to your friend in the first place? Try the same approach on other friends or strangers. In a sense, trying to find a third requires the same etiquette as regular dating. You don't proceed immediately to the proposition. Rather, get to know the person in a neutral setting. Suggest a get-together, with no strings attached. It is very easy to sound out a person's feeling on this subject without committing yourself to scandal or fiasco.

At a recent business lunch, one of my companions pointed out that since the bill was served on a tray, we should pay at the table. He said that if the check were simply left on the table, we would pay the cashier. Is that a real piece of wisdom?—T. L., Los Angeles, California.

Believe it or not, yes: If the waiter leaves your check on a tray, he expects a credit card or cash. If he leaves the check on the table, he expects you to pay at the cash register. For the life of us, we can't figure out how that information got passed down from generation to generation. It was not one of the topics covered in the sixth-grade "facts of life" confab.

I have been having a little problem with my new boyfriend (of five months) regarding morning sex. He is not at all interested on weekdays because he feels dead. I can understand that, but I am very frustrated. I am especially interested in sex in the mornings because my former boyfriend (of two years) was an avid morning lover. What kind of solution do you suggest? I have considered

just jumping on him without any warning, but then I'd feel like I was raping him for my own satisfaction. I have tried licking him when I want to play, but he just says no, and sometimes it drives me a bit mad. As far as other times when we have sex, it is just fine. On the average, we have sex twice per day, so by no means am I neglected. It is just that in the morning I am especially aroused. Please advise.—Miss K. A. D., Oslo, Norway.

Avodah K. Offit, a New York sex therapist, once wrote in an essay on the joys of morning sex: "One of the reasons people like to live together is to be able to have sex more as a spontaneous gesture and proof of affection than as an event requiring preparation." That sounds like a great idea to us. However, we suspect that your boyfriend thinks he's in one of those Peter Sellers "Pink Panther" movies, with the valet jumping out from behind doors. Every now and then, fine, but to have to be in a state of continuous preparedness can get to be a drag. Maybe he likes to take his time and would rather forgo a quickie than blow it. Talk to him. You might try to vary the pattern. One other word: You may overrate the importance of your initial arousal. Sex is not just what you bring to the event; it's what happens once you get there.

What's going on with prerecorded tapes? After buying about ten of them to use on my new cassette recorder, I found that about half have so much noise they're a pain to listen to. Since I've never dealt in prerecorded tapes before, I'd like to know if that's normal.—L. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

No, it is not normal. In fact, finding that percentage of unlistenable tapes is highly unlikely. We suspect that you've been caught in the dread "Dolby bind." If you look on the front of your new tape deck, you will find a Dolby Noise Reduction System logo. It's not there because Mr. Dolby has a very good lawyer, though he obviously does. It's because the system is so good it is practically indispensable to tape recording. Now, if you look on your cassette tapes, you will find another Dolby logo—though in your case, you will probably find it on only half of the tapes you bought. And that's where the problem is. All your Dolbyized tapes should be played with your deck's Dolby switch on, the rest with it off. Your machine cannot tell the difference; you have to switch it yourself. Dolby tapes played without Dolby circuitry will lose some of the high frequencies. That is true whether you have Dolby B, Dolby C (the latest and most efficient noise-reduction system), Dolby HX (which extends high-frequency headroom) or dbx, which is a rival system found on some of the newer

cassette decks. Usually, a recorder with dbx will also have Dolby circuitry. The fact is that you can't just insert a tape into the recorder anymore without checking to see how it was recorded—a fact that makes Mr. Dolby very happy and very rich.

What happens to a man's orgasm after he has had a vasectomy? Does he still ejaculate?—K. D., Detroit, Michigan.

According to Dr. Michael Carrera, author of the recent "Sex: The Facts, the Acts and Your Feelings," a vasectomy should have no effect on your sex life at all. "You will get erections as before, you will ejaculate as before, you will feel all you felt before. Desire and performance are in no way reduced. The only difference is that you cannot cause a pregnancy, because your semen no longer contains sperm. . . . Sperm makes up a very small part (about one percent) of your ejaculate. The other 99 percent is fluids from the seminal vesicle and prostate gland, which are unaffected by the vasectomy. They keep producing their fluid and that is what continues to leave your penis when you come. Incidentally, only examination of your semen under a microscope would reveal that you had had a vasectomy. The color, amount and consistency remain as before, so no one could tell." There you have it.

A few days ago, I fell hopelessly in love with a woman who got on the elevator with me in our building. My question is this: Given my lack of objectivity, the total, uncontrolled exuberance of my immediate undying love, what is the appropriate first step?—K. R., Detroit, Michigan.

A lunch date. You can find out about each other, give or take, over a light repast, without the pressure of an evening date. Later, you can judge the woman's interest: If you ask, "When can we get together?" and she suggests lunch, it means one thing. If she chooses dinner, it probably means something else. But not always. We live in difficult times. There is no clear-cut etiquette.

At a friend's house recently, I was served a very good white wine. Unfortunately, the way it was served, you couldn't tell. It was ice-cold and served in old fashioned glasses. I'm not a real stickler on wine ceremony, but I think that was carrying things a little too far. It just seemed a waste of good wine. Don't you think so?—L. B., San Luis Obispo, California.

Part of the fallout from white wine's increased popularity is a breakdown in the ceremony. Currently, it's being consumed almost in the same way a cocktail or a soft drink is. The problem with serving wine ice-cold is that it restricts

both its taste and its aroma. The same problem exists with the glasses. Usually, wines are served in small, 9-to-12-ounce tulip-shaped glasses. The shape helps trap the aroma and the wineglass stem gives you a handhold that won't transmit the heat of your hand to the wine. Naturally, the larger the party, the less you're able to adhere to the ideal. In other words, it just may be impractical to serve wine at optimum temperature and in the right glasses throughout a party. Usually, an hour in the refrigerator or a half hour in the freezer will chill a white sufficiently. But as soon as you take it out, it begins to lose its chill. Handling in the wrong glasses can further raise the temperature. But you have to start somewhere. So we'd advise ignoring those small transgressions. At some time during the party, the wine will be right, so enjoy it then and save the rules for home consumption.

My fiancée has a great body and I love her very much. We enjoy a great sex life, but she could arouse me even more if it weren't for her inverted nipples. When she gets excited, the outer part of the nipple gets hard, but the nipple itself remains inverted. She is very sensitive and it really turns her on when I touch or kiss her breasts. She knows that I get turned on by women whose nipples stand out, and she wants hers to be that way also. We would like to know what can be done about inverted nipples and what kind of doctor would be able to perform an operation on them. Also, is it painful or dangerous and would it affect nursing a child? Any information you can give us will be greatly appreciated.—D. M., Dallas, Texas.

There is a problem here, but it is not one that can be cured by an operation. Inverted nipples are completely normal and, indeed, in their own curious fashion, delightful. You've made your fiancée self-conscious, and we're not sure of your motive (are you perfect except for three square inches of your body?). Erect nipples are a sign of excitement. The fact that inverted nipples don't react visually in the same way doesn't mean that the excitement is any less. We think you're being ridiculously selfish—her nipples, inverted or otherwise, don't exist to maximize your arousal. Think of her. Change your taste. Have you ever gotten off on an erect clitoris?

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

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Would a bunch of guys
really go at it this hard
just for a beer?



Well, consider...
they're playing for Michelob Light,
a rich, smooth taste you can
compare to any beer you like.

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DEAR PLAYMATES

We asked our Playmates a difficult question this month. We're interested in finding out about sexual signals—the verbal ones and the silent ones, as well. Just how do they pass those cues on to a man whom they find sexually exciting?

This month's question is:

What kind of signals do you give a man when you are interested in having sex with him for the first time?

I don't give out verbal signals, just subtle ones. I'm usually so nervous on a first date that I rarely give out any signals at all unless I really care for the guy and I know it right away. That doesn't happen too often. Once I were in a relationship, I'd expect him to know by the way I was acting. But I'd be cautious. I wouldn't want to be too direct, in case he wasn't interested. I wouldn't want to open myself up for that kind of rejection.



Lisa Welch

LISA WELCH
SEPTEMBER 1980

They know! With me, they know! It's some old-fashioned Southernness. I do my little girl—it's really not an act, but it comes over me at appropriate times. And men seem to respond to the little girl in a woman; at least the men who have been interested in me have responded to it. Maybe it has something to do with Lolita. You know, batting the eyelashes, head on the shoulder, lots of touching, lots of body language. Usually, it works. At least it works for me.



Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

I think it's a very delicate moment and for the most part my own signals are nonverbal. I'm not exactly forward, but I am very affectionate. Those feelings don't "come over me" at any certain time in the evening. So whenever I'm feeling emotional or sensitive, I just show it. Some men feel threatened by a forward woman and some women are worried about being too forward. Those are mixed signals. Or a man can get so wound up trying too hard to impress that he doesn't see how the woman feels—if she's turned on or off. Both sexes need to relax.



Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

My signals are generally nonverbal and usually eye contact and attitude. Men aren't stupid, they can figure it out. Then it's up to him to find out if I want to go home with him. I've run into very few men who haven't caught on to my personality. The few who have read me wrong were too busy trying to figure out how to get me home. You have to get to know a woman first. Men tend to overlook that fact, because they get so excited by the possibilities that they forget to focus on the present, and then, of course, they miss a lot of signals along the way. Of course, there are moments when a man and a woman have walked into a bar or a restaurant, seen each other, had immediate verbal or nonverbal vibes and both known that they were there for the same reason. I just feel if you sit and talk to someone, then when it hits, it hits you much stronger.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

I just leap on him. I don't say much. In fact, every boyfriend I've ever had has said I'm always the first one to initiate things, from necking to whatever. Even when I've fought with men, they'd usually say I started it. Before the first date, I'm the sort who says, "He looks interesting; I want to meet him." I've always been the aggressive one. I'm sure some readers will wonder why no woman has ever jumped them, but I can tell you there are a lot of women out there with my attitude.



Jeana Tomasino

JEANA TOMASINO
NOVEMBER 1980

I usually start unbuttoning his shirt. I'm pretty direct, but there is another side to me. As a good little girl born in the Fifties, I was raised to know how to charm a man and make him feel like he was making all the moves, when I know that I can stop him or start him anywhere along the way. But I want to shy away from the kind of manipulation training little girls get. If I'm getting fired up and sex is a possibility, then there has been an undercurrent of signals playing all the time. And 90 percent of that time, the actual physical intimacy is up to me.



Vicki McCarty

VICKI MC CARTY
SEPTEMBER 1979

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.





American Creme.
That creamy, expensive taste you love.
At last, at an All-American price.

While American Creme and the most popular imported cream liqueur both offer you a rich premium taste, American-made American Creme is only about half the price. So why pay the difference if you can't taste the difference?

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

RACIAL REALISM

In the September 1981 issue's "Forum Newsfront," a judge in New York decided to let off some guy whose dog crapped in the wrong place and who thereafter gave an arresting officer a bad time. The judge's reasoning was, essentially, that some little dog-walking wimp probably ought not to be sent to the New York State prison where he would be instantly raped or killed or both. Because the defendant was white, that judge got jumped on as a racist, because the implication was that a young white boy wouldn't last long in a prison populated mostly by blacks. The judge himself was black, if I recall.

If that is not an example of racial equality gone out the window, I don't know what is. That judge was simply being realistic. How stupid and even insane it is to pretend otherwise. The fact that blacks commit more crimes and more often end up in prison for lack of good lawyers is a simple fact of life. It's not a matter of genes or race or anything else. There simply are more poor and violent and criminal black people because of economic class differences: A race prejudice contributes to the problems of the black community but does not alter the basic current crime statistics. One interesting fact about black criminality that white people often ignore is that most crime by blacks is *against* blacks, who also receive the least police protection.

Where racism occurs, it's the inability of white law-enforcement personnel to distinguish between the black population that is desperately trying to live honest and productive lives and the black assholes who prey on their own people because they are convenient targets and because the black criminal knows that white cops don't really give a damn what happens to the "niggers" in their own neighborhoods.

Jim Haber

Los Angeles, California

An Illinois circuit judge got himself in a similar bind by admonishing a defendant to get his act together because "the facts of life are you're a slight white male. And the prisons are full of big black people." That may be a fact, as you say. And, as you also imply, the problem with law enforcement may be the unwillingness or inability of frustrated cops to concern themselves with crime when it occurs in a black community. Most cops aren't trigger-happy

killers. Most blacks aren't cop-hating criminals. But we've seen no community leadership in any city attempting to get the "good guys" allied together against the "bad guys," regardless of race.

LOYAL READER

PLAYBOY is one of the few magazines readily available to those of us Americans

*"He found what
must be the granddaddy
of all vibrators. . . ."*

in foreign medical schools. And since very few other magazines, to my mind, steer such a clear and enlightened editorial course, PLAYBOY is doubly appreciated. After hearing about all the craziness back in the States, it's nice to know that you people are still carrying on the fight for intelligent laws, civil rights and sanity in general.

Douglas S. Arneson
San Pedro de Macoris,
Dominican Republic

SEXPLAY

My boyfriend and I both have a sense of humor—fortunately—and enjoy teas-

ing each other and occasionally playing practical jokes. He works at it a lot harder than I do, but I enjoy the attention. For my birthday last year, I received, among other things, a ridiculous "bust developer" that he'd ordered out of some magazine. Since I'm almost overly endowed, it couldn't be taken as a hint or an insult, so we both got a laugh. For his birthday, I retaliated by getting, from the hospital where I work, several of the little rubber finger gloves that doctors use for rectal examinations, bought three prophylactics in aluminum containers and did some careful repackaging with a razor blade. Since he's quite well hung, those finger-size rubbers also went over well. Last Christmas, he naturally had to retaliate. In an antique shop, he found what must be the granddaddy of all vibrators—a bomb-shaped metal job about three inches in diameter that resembles a Forties vacuum cleaner. I laughed, but I haven't decided whether that's funny or not, and I'm trying very hard to think up an appropriate revenge. If your readers have any truly brilliant ideas, I need to find them out before next October. I think I'm behind in the contest.

(Name withheld by request)
Taos, New Mexico

SODOMY SQUAD

We in the nation's capital have witnessed one of the great perversions of everyone's right to perversity, in the form of a Moral Majority onslaught against the lawmaking powers of the one city in the land still not entitled to write ordinances without interference from constituent-minded Congressmen from the hinterlands.

The District of Columbia was simply and belatedly rewriting its sex code. But because that opens discussion of such old taboos as sodomy and fornication and the rights of consenting adult homosexuals, it became ready fodder for the Moral Majority and its dozens of loony-fringe allies, all of whom just happen to have offices close to the Government that Reagan runs.

They had a field day. Mobilizing their pink-faced minions, they virtually ran amuck in the halls and on the switchboards of Capitol Hill, making it virtually impossible for many progressive-minded Representatives to do anything but oppose the bill when it was forced to a floor vote by the House District of Columbia Committee. Members



spoke of receiving 700 calls in a single day warning them that a vote to approve the carefully drafted new District code (the city council had worked on it for several years) would spark a wave of publicity against them in their home districts.

With visions of "SUPPORTS SODOMY" and "PUTS GIRLS AT MERCY OF TEACHERS" headlines, they voted down the D.C. reform package—even though many have in the past supported just such reforms (I am told) in their home states. It's just that there was no Moral Majority then.

The leader of all this, of course, was the good old Reverend Mr. Falwell. This is the best microcosmic example to date of his skill in mobilizing mass demagoguery as an extension of his individual demagoguery. One shudders to think what it could do if carried to a national scale.

Peter Ross
Washington, D.C.

EVOLUTION

Would you believe that our Oklahoma legislature has shelved fundamentalist efforts to require the teaching of Biblical creationism in public schools? I'm not sure exactly how it happened, but the winning argument against the proposed bill was that it would require giving equal time to Darwin!

I also don't know whether this was a clever maneuver by some enlightened Oklahoma statesman (which seems a bit unlikely) or the realization by some backwoods lawmakers that most Oklahomans probably have never heard of Darwin and should not be confused by any exposure to evolutionary theory.

Either way, this may be a good tactic for holding off efforts to cripple education with theology. Let parents raise bloody hell that teaching superstition will require their schools to give equal time to science and common sense.

Bob Fuller
McAlester, Oklahoma

RIGHT TO BE WANTED

The Playboy Forum continues to take up valuable (to me, at least) space with the pros and cons of abortion. In lieu of debates on the right to life, the arguments should be about the right to be loved and wanted. Every child born needs to be wanted and loved, lest he or she in time becomes an unhappy menace to the community. A random sampling of those incarcerated in our prisons and mental institutions will reveal that most were unwanted, unloved children.

More than 1,000,000 youngsters abandon their homes and families in this country each year—or are themselves abandoned. In Third World countries, millions of children yet unborn face starvation. India, with one of the highest

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

DOUBTING DARWIN

FORT WORTH—T. Cullen Davis, the Texas millionaire who declared himself a born-again Christian after being acquitted in highly publicized murder and murder-conspiracy trials, has announced that he will give \$100,000 to anyone who can prove the Darwinian theory. "I feel my money is absolutely safe," Davis says. "I invite any professor engaged in teaching evolution to come forward with his evidence. . . . I know they can't do it." Davis first posted a reward of \$2500 and then began



increasing the amount when no one took him up on his offer.

In California, a survivor of a Nazi concentration camp has sued to collect \$50,000 offered by a right-wing group to anyone who could prove that the holocaust actually occurred. A judge has already affirmed that point, ruling that the murder of millions of Jews was "a fact and not reasonably subject to dispute," but took under consideration other arguments concerning the validity of the offer.

ABORTION REJECTED

OKLAHOMA CITY—Complying with her mother's wishes, a pregnant 12-year-old girl has reportedly agreed to bear the baby conceived after she was raped by three unidentified youths. Earlier, the Oklahoma Supreme Court had ordered that abortion be made available to the girl over her mother's religious objections, citing her age and possible danger to her life. The mother's attorney announced that doctors

have since found the girl capable of safe delivery and said that she would carry the pregnancy to term. The rape also led to her contracting a venereal disease.

In Kalamazoo, Michigan, a county circuit-court judge rejected an attorney's motion that would have permitted an abortion for an 11-year-old girl made pregnant by a man who had been living with her mother and who has been charged with first-degree criminal sexual conduct. The mother refused to permit the abortion and the court refused to appoint a temporary guardian for the girl, who became a ward of the state.

POT-POURRI

SOUTH YARMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS—Thieves gained entrance to a state police barracks, bypassed an alarm system and made off with nearly two tons of marijuana being stored as evidence from one of the biggest drug cases in the Cape Cod area. At a news conference, embarrassed police officials would tell reporters only that the dope was missing—50 bales out of 137, weighing up to 70 pounds each—but a week later, a county grand jury indicted four persons, including a 17-year veteran of the state police force.

Elsewhere:

- In New Orleans, a 59-year-old filling-station operator has been arrested for allegedly giving customers a free marijuana cigarette with every purchase of a tank of gas. Police said that the station's booming business attracted their attention and that officers seized some 79 joints after staking out the place.

- Los Angeles police seized 196 pounds of marijuana plants after being called to a residence because of a "domestic dispute." The angry woman complainant led the officers to her live-in boyfriend's back-yard pot garden.

- Near San Gregorio, California, state narcotics officers found three Bengal tigers and a leopard protecting a marijuana patch in the hills outside town.

RATING SYSTEM UPHELD

EAST LANSING—Michigan's court of appeals has rejected a challenge to the national movie-rating system that restricts children from seeing certain films. The case arose when an East Lansing couple were not allowed to

take their four children, ranging in age from five to ten, to see the R-rated "Animal House" unless they remained with them in the theater. The suit argued that parents, not the movie industry, should determine what shows children attend and that the theater was engaging in age discrimination. The court held that the admission policy was a "reasonable method of seeking to comply with the juvenile obscenity statute and with the common-law duties imposed on those who make entertainment available to children."

SEX FOR SINGLES

TAMPA—Student leaders at The University of South Florida have decided to challenge a new state law by formally advocating sexual relations between unmarried persons. The law was passed as an amendment to the state's budget and prohibits public funding of schools that charter, recognize or aid "any group or organization that recommends or advocates sexual relations between persons not married to each other." To test the amendment, the USF student senate passed a resolution sanctioning sex for both married and unmarried couples and endorsed a student's speech advocating premarital sex. Several student leaders then filed an application to form an organization whose express purpose would be to promote sex between unmarried adults. The group would be called Sigma



Epsilon Chi, the initials of which spell SEX in the Greek alphabet.

Meanwhile, in Tallahassee, Florida State University officials retreated from their earlier demand that teachers of sex-related courses indicate compliance with state law by signing statements that they would not "recommend or advocate" sexual relations between unmarrieds. The teachers objected, one

spokesman saying that "signing the statements would be like signing sexual loyalty oaths."

FATHERHOOD BY FRAUD

NEW YORK—A man tricked into fathering a child by a woman who falsely told him she was taking birth-control pills should not be required to pay child support, a Manhattan Family Court has ruled. A woman judge found that the mother's "planned and intentional deceit bars her, in this court's opinion, from financial benefit at respondent's expense," but added that some support would be ordered if the mother's means were insufficient to meet "the child's fair and reasonable needs." The woman had argued that law requires a father to support his child regardless of the circumstances of birth, while the man—in this case, ex-New York policeman Frank Serpico of book and movie fame—contended that deceit relieved him of the obligation and that his right not to father a child had been infringed.

Meanwhile, a Wisconsin appeals court has held that a sterile man who insisted that his wife become pregnant through sexual relations with another male is responsible for the child's support. The court ruled, "A husband who participates in the arrangement for the creation of a child cannot consider this temporary relation to be assumed and disclaimed at will."

CHANGE OF HEART

LANSING—The Michigan Court of Appeals has decided that changing one's mind in the middle of a crime can be a legitimate defense. The court noted the "traditional view" that a crime has been committed once a person intentionally engages in an overt illegal act. It decided, however, that a person who voluntarily abandons the crime can use that fact in his defense and ordered that a would-be robber be granted a new trial. Court records indicated that the man had approached a clerk at a liquor store and demanded money, then refused to take it on the grounds that the woman clerk was too good-looking to rob and that he was only joking. The state is appealing the decision.

CUSTODY QUESTION

BOSTON—The Massachusetts appeals court has ruled that a father cannot be denied custody of his child simply because he is living with a girlfriend. In a lengthy decision that upheld awarding a divorced man the custody of an eight-year-old boy, the court said that trial judges "should avoid making

moral judgments on the lifestyles of the proposed custodial parents, recognizing that such judgments are appropriate only when it can be shown that a parent's lifestyle has a direct and articulate adverse impact on the child, or where there can be no real dispute that the behavior of the custodial parent is related to his or her parenting ability."

TOUGH MOTHER

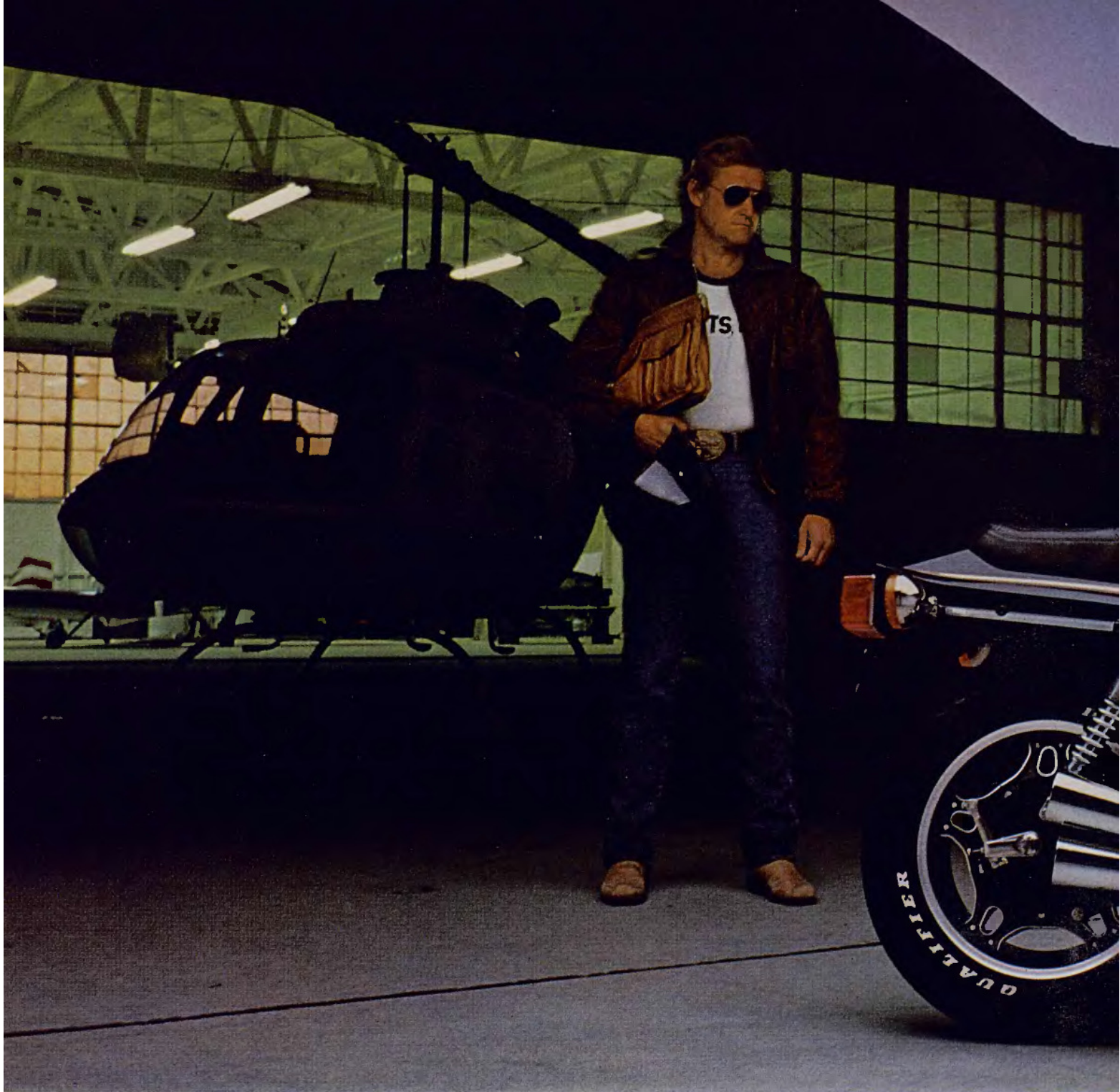
JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICA—A bride was left waiting at the altar twice in one week because the groom's mother locked him in the bathroom while



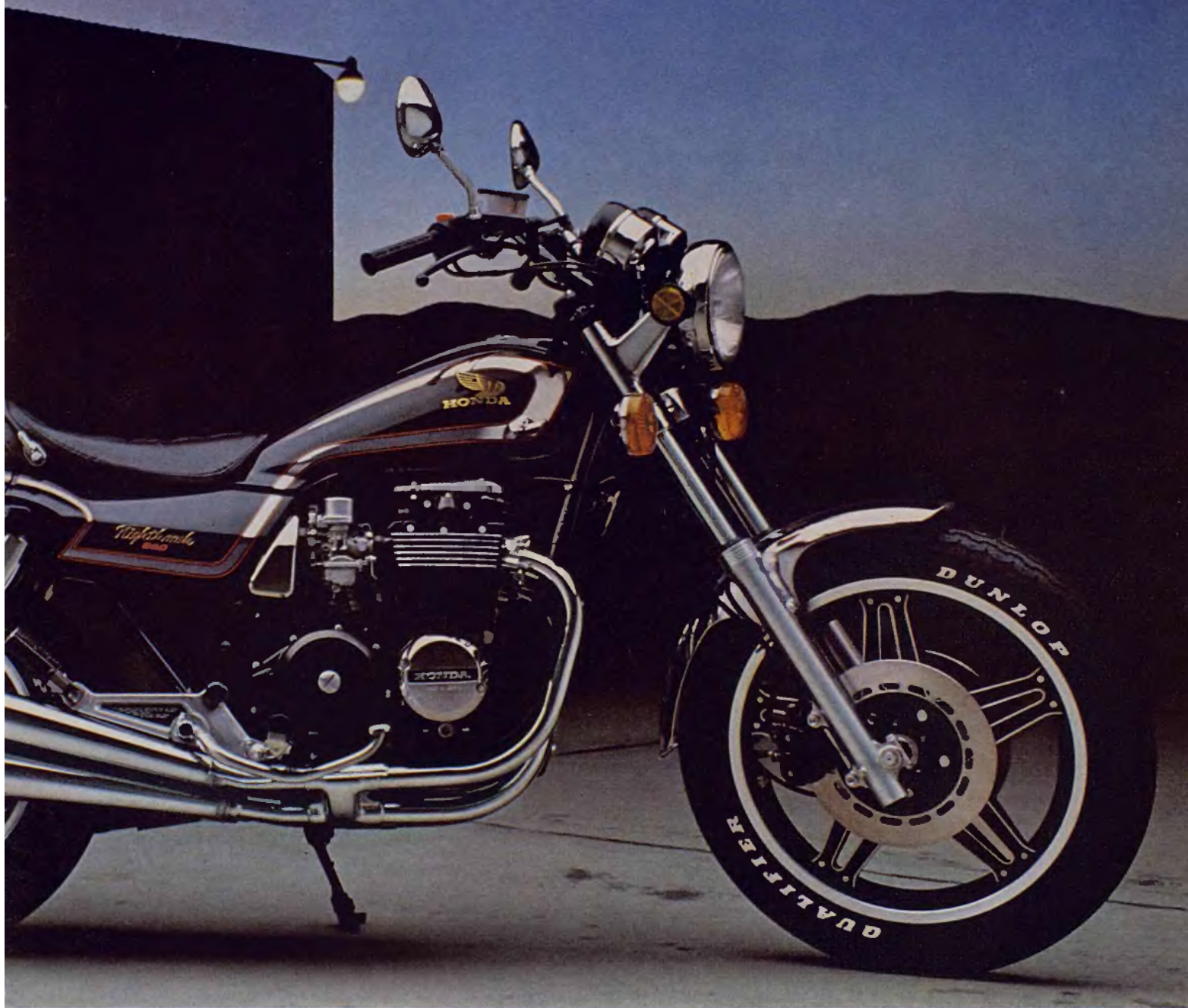
he was getting ready for the ceremony. The first time, the 28-year-old man escaped after two hours, but the wedding already had been canceled. The second time, the mother not only locked him up but also hid his suit and wedding ring. The couple's minister explained that the mother was adamantly opposed to the marriage and that the couple had decided to postpone the ceremony until "circumstances have changed."

¡OLE!

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Narcotics officers managed to surprise and arrest a suspected major heroin dealer and four alleged customers by dressing up in a bull costume and charging the suspect's parked car. The officers seized about \$20,000 worth of heroin, \$6800 in cash and a stolen pistol, arresting the five men without resistance. "The whole point was to psychologically devastate these guys," one cop explained. "We had time to get in there, make the arrests and get out before they knew what was going on." The assisting officers wore badges made from malt-liquor cans.



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A motorcycle that is not for just anyone.

Perhaps it's the look of the machine that sets it apart. The

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Perhaps it's the rumble of the black, high-performance four-cylinder engine. The flash of the dual front disc brakes. Or the polished ComStar™ wheels and fat, low profile rear tire.

Whatever it is, the Nighthawk is clearly too unique, too distinctive, to be the right bike for everyman.

But then, we didn't build it to be.

HONDA
FOLLOW THE LEADER

education rates among the group, and despite massive efforts at teaching and assistance in birth control, has a population growth of about 14,000,000 annually—equal to the population of Australia!

So, please, let us start planning ahead to give our descendants a fair chance to survive and to continue to try to help those less fortunate.

Ezekiel Barber, Ph.D.
Union, New Jersey, and
New Delhi, India

RIGHT TO LIFE

The bill to define human life as beginning the moment of conception is based on the truth that a fertilized egg has the whole complement of genetic information, as does each cell of the final individual. That same genetic information is carried by a human being's dandruff. The most obvious difference is that a fertilized egg is a live cell, whereas the cells in dandruff are dead. That difference can be carried further.

Each and every individual cell of a human body just deceased retains life. Is the sum total any less dead? We must seek the answer to the question of what constitutes the difference between a dead human and a live one.

Harry A. Shamir
Newton Center, Massachusetts

ABORTION

There seems to be a presumption that abortion is legal in this country. It may be legal as a point of law, but that doesn't mean it's legally available in any meaningful way. Ask any pregnant teenager who isn't street wise in some large city or who isn't the daughter of a prosperous family with the right connections. Thanks to the anti-abortionists, the one group of young women who are becoming pregnant and bearing

move over, saint valentine

HERPES DAY

Suffice it to say that sex in the Eighties has become not so much liberating as dangerous. You can get all you want; but do you want what you get? For those who have itched, squirmed, medicated and confessed (in the interests of social hygiene), the answer is no. That is why we are emboldened now to take a daring, not to say desperate, step toward revisionist romance.

We must consecrate a new symbol for lovers.

Faithful (as well as faithless) readers know that we've been harping on herpes since we were able to stop growing hair on our palms. But talk is cheap. Unless we wish to make this the final decade of sex in America, there must be a concerted effort to bring this *subjet d'amour* out of our underwear and onto calendars.

Why herpes and not some other product of lust, such as gonorrhea or syphilis, you ask? Call it a rooting for the undergerm. The clap and the syph already have their own historic legendry, their own drugs, even their own rating with the Federal Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. Herpes is without such asuagements. As yet, it has no cure, no statistical record. It has not been immortalized in fiction and usually musters no more than a smirk or a groan when the subject comes up in conversation.

Unfair, we say, and downright misleading. Herpes is as common as the common cold. It's as much a feature of modern male-female love affairs as divorce, living together and prenuptial consummation. It's damn near as prevalent as the hickey.

So give herpes its day. Any dismal cluster of 24 hours will do. Or, better yet, let Herpes Day replace that old



canard, Saint Valentine's Day, which is nothing more than a mishmash of something Pope Gelasius thought up in 496 A.D. to commemorate one Bishop Valentine and compete with a Roman festival honoring Faunus, a rendition of the Greek

god Pan, who was heavily into sex.

Herpes Day eliminates that murky religiosity. Herpes derives from the Greek word for creeping and should not be confused with the mythical Greek monster Harpy, half woman and half bird, who was into snatching and grabbing. With a Herpes Day there should be no pressure to buy candy in boxes shaped like something from Frederick's of Hollywood.

Herpes Day could become a rallying point for those who have survived the mill of American romance all the way from the Fifties, when rubbers were sold FOR PREVENTION OF DISEASE ONLY, to the Sixties, when sex was as easy to come by as a tie-dyed T-shirt, through the Seventies, when copulation was useful to career advancement and disco entrepreneurs, and to today, when sex can be hazardous to your health.

Incorporation of Herpes Day into the culture requires nothing more than a few letters to your Congressman, who most likely understands the situation, anyway; to a valiant and crusading publication, like, say, this one; and to a bent executive at Hallmark.

It's a small dream, yes, but one with a future. It's got potential, if for no reason other than that herpes represents everything modern sex has become: surprising, repetitive, dangerous, vindictive and amenable to small groups.

Go for it.

—ROD DAVIS AND DICK J. REAVIS

CENSORSHIP REPORT

In December 1981, the "Forum Newsfront" reported a nationwide survey of escalating efforts to censor or ban books from public school libraries, as well as increasing timidity on the part of educators and administrators in dealing with this problem. This report, titled "Limiting What Students Shall Read," is the joint effort of the Association of American Publishers, the American Library Association and the Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development and is the most comprehensive study of its kind. Copies are now available at five dollars each from the Office for Intellectual Freedom, American Library Association, 50 East Huron Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

children are those who are the most lacking in good sense, parental ability and economic opportunity. I find it hard to believe that those who oppose abortion, and especially welfare abortions, evidently want themselves outbred and overrun by the very same people they consider scum. There's simply no understanding people who place theological principles above social reality.

Arnold Wells
Wichita Falls, Texas

I cannot bring myself to share the anti-abortionists' concern for "preborn human life." Preborn is the sort of semantic gibberish you expect from used-car dealers, as in "pre-driven." By whatever name, what we have are used cars and gestating fetuses.

May the good Lord in His wisdom and sense of justice arrange that those unwanted fetuses, upon reaching the age of 16 or so, when they may well be living off the great welfare teat or supporting



What separates Presidente from other brandies? 7,000 feet.

Presidente's unique aging process begins at 7,000 feet, on a cool plateau of the Sierra Madre Mountains. There, while still in white oak barrels, the century old Solera method ages Presidente Brandy to the peak of perfection. The result is a brandy rich in character, mellow in taste. *Pedro Domecq*

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AM/FM stereo radio with an advanced cassette player capable of playing metal tape. So you can listen to stunningly accurate sound anywhere.

The Allsop 3 is the only cassette cleaner endorsed by Sanyo and other leading manufacturers. For a good

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Just moisten with our special cleaning solution and insert. In 20-40 seconds it's as clean as a whistle. As Sanyo says, "Keep it clean." Swab your decks with Allsop 3.

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WE KEEP IT CLEAN



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themselves through free criminal enterprise, stick their pistols in the tummies of card-carrying right-to-lifers by way of demonstrating their appreciation. And may the good Lord inspire those same underprivileged fetuses to lay the hell off people like me whose primary concern is for the welfare of society and its *postpartum* members who are not merely the regrettable by-product of horniness and stupidity.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

GUN CONTROL

I would like to thank PLAYBOY for running our advertisement urging a stop to America's handgun violence. The ad has sparked considerable interest in our organization's legislative program.



Handgun Control, Inc., supports common-sense legislation to make it more difficult for the criminal and the crazed to acquire handguns—the favorite tools in violence. Our organization supports the Reagan Task Force on Violent Crime's proposals to combat handgun crime. Specifically, the Task Force recommended that anyone using a handgun in a crime be given a mandatory sentence; that handgun purchasers be checked out to make sure they don't have a criminal record; that we stop the importation of Saturday-night-special parts; and that handgun owners be required to report the theft or loss of a weapon. Those recommendations were characterized by Associate Attorney General Rudolph Guiliani as "enforcing present gun laws as stringently as possible—to cut down the opportunities for convicted felons to possess handguns."

Our advertisement encouraged many Americans, including gun owners, to write to Handgun Control, Inc., giving us an opportunity to explain that we do *not* support the confiscation or banning of handguns. Others have written asking

for copies of our poster, which are available for three dollars each from our offices in Washington.

Pete Shields, Chairman
Handgun Control, Inc.
810 18th Street N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006

Normally, I would not write a letter to a magazine complaining about an advertisement. However, PLAYBOY's donation of a full page to Handgun Control, Inc., amounts to a \$50,000 endorsement of that organization's message and deserves some response.

Handgun Control's ad message is misleading and indicative of its peculiar view of crime in America. Handguns, strictly speaking, did not and do not kill anyone. *People* with handguns killed more than 10,000 Americans last year, and people with other weapons killed another 10,000. Too often, handgun-control advocates forget that we are dealing with a problem of 20,000 murders, not merely with the fact that 10,000 of the killers chose handguns with which to commit their crimes.

It is true that a number of major nations have strict gun control and few murders. It does not follow that those controls are the cause of the low homicide rate. Crime is a function of the culture and of the people in the society. Foreign countries prove it.

Switzerland and Israel have few murders compared with the United States, yet both have among the highest rates of firearms ownership in the world. As the ad states, Japan is also blessed with a low murder rate. But is that due to its strict gun controls? A look at Taiwan, another small, crowded island nation with strict gun controls, would suggest that Japan's tranquillity has some other cause. Taiwan's murder rate is greater than that of the U.S. and many other countries.

Any discerning reader knows that nearly anything can be "proven" through the selective use of statistics. The truth is that the only thing that international comparisons prove is that crime varies by nation according to the culture, not the availability of guns.

John D. Lewis, Public Affairs Director
Second Amendment Foundation
Bellefield Office Park
1601 114th S.E., Suite 157
Bellevue, Washington 98004

I cannot quite understand how gun control fits into the Playboy philosophy, which has always defended the right of privacy and the rights of individuals. As long as I do no harm to a fellow human being, what right does anyone have to tell me I can't have a gun, handgun or otherwise, in my own home or place of business for the defense of myself, my

family and my property? The only fellow human beings I might harm would be those who would take it upon themselves to threaten what I hold dear. *Those* fellow human beings I'll be most willing to put bullets through.

Tom Gallagher
Chicago, Illinois

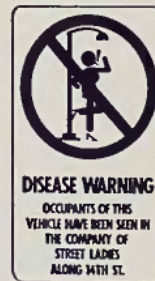
Sounds like we've put ourself right in the middle of an ideological holy war between the progunners and the antigunners. We supported the Committee to Control Handguns only because it seems to be the most sensible reform group—one that recognizes that the country has a serious violence problem in which handguns figure much too prominently, but one that does not consider the answer to be abolition or confiscation. Unfortunately, the rhetoric on both sides has made the expression gun control nearly synonymous with gun prohibition. We don't buy that simplistic solution any more than we think tougher drug laws will correct that national problem. Consider "The Playboy Forum" now open to debate on the issue, but please—both sides—spare us statistical clichés and righteousness and suggest some solutions. Next month, we'll be publishing an article titled "The Trouble with Guns," by William J. Helmer, who examines with some dismay the irrationality that seems to characterize the extremists on both sides of the issue.

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Please enjoy the enclosed sticker, which has been used to *terrorize* certain otherwise respectable citizens of our nation's capital. The fact is, I have never claimed respectability. In my circle of disreputable friends, this sticker plastered on my car's windshield was equivalent to a military decoration for gallantry in action. I was so proud. I parked my car in the very midst of all the pimps and hookers, just around the corner from our infamous 14th Street, in the company of my girlfriend. She is now a bona fide prostitute and would like you to return the sticker if possible.

(Name withheld by request)
Alexandria, Virginia

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



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LECH WALESA

a candid conversation with the charismatic leader of poland's solidarity

By now his story has taken on the trappings of a legend. An unemployed Polish electrician named Lech Walesa scaled a fence at the Lenin Shipyard in Gdańsk, Poland, to join striking workers who were occupying the plant. Within days, he had become the leader of the strike and was demanding that the Polish government give workers the right to form free trade unions, unprecedented in an Eastern European Communist country. Six months later, Walesa had become one of the most powerful men in Poland, leader of the 10,000,000-member Solidarity union. By December, he was on the cover of Time and spotlighted in its "Man of the Year" coverage for 1980. Time called him "one of the Communist world's most charismatic figures," and noted that "from his first appearance in the striking shipyard last August, Walesa showed an instinctive ability to inspire crowds and win their trust . . . [mesmerizing] audiences with a mixture of folksy quips and dead-serious admonitions."

In the months since Walesa's rise to international fame and unprecedented power in Poland, the world has watched him lead his Solidarity union into a series of tough confrontations with Pol-

ish leaders. It has also watched the Soviet Union mass thousands of troops and artillery along the Polish border in a not-so-subtle reminder of what happens to Russian satellites when they stray too far from the socialist orbit.

Throughout it all, Walesa (his name is pronounced Lek Vah-when-sah) has maintained a careful balance in his public image of international media celebrity interviewed by Walter Cronkite and humble, deeply religious Polish workingman. When he appears in public in Poland, he is the object of adulation, signing autographs and traveling with a squad of bodyguards. Yet his favorite response to admirers is often "I am not your master, I am your servant." To factory workers he has been known to say that "anyone who turns his head as I walk by isn't doing his job."

Walesa has also managed to become adept at both public speaking and political infighting. In front of mass audiences who sometimes chant "Long live Walesa," he is calm, understated and given to parables and simple anecdotes that enhance his image as an average Polish worker with little formal education. Yet he has been able to motivate an entire country to stand up to Soviet

domination and has become a symbol of Poland reborn. Within a few weeks after his rise to power in Gdańsk, he engineered a major strike that brought Poland to a standstill for exactly one hour. In public, he seems to draw out of all Poles latent feelings of both patriotism and Catholicism. He rarely misses daily Mass. He wears a medallion of the Virgin Mary in his lapel. When he appears in public to speak, a large crucifix is installed on the wall near him.

Recently, however, Walesa has become considerably more moderate and conciliatory and has taken a softer line on strikes. "Let us stick to what we have already achieved for the time being. Otherwise, we might lose everything," he told a group of workers who threatened another strike. "There is a danger that they might reply with tanks and rockets," he added, with no need to state who "they" were.

In negotiations with Polish officials, Walesa is known as a bargainer who speaks softly but carries enormous clout. In addition to fighting for free trade unions, he has managed to get government concessions for increased wages, less media censorship and even radio broadcasts of Sunday Mass. He is always



PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS NIEDENTHAL / BLACK STAR

"In the past year, we survived. This is the greatest accomplishment of all. We signaled to them what we wanted. Next year, we should be able to pursue the dream of this Poland we have imagined."

"Poland was always a rather free country. We hobnobbed with France, England, America. Suddenly, we were ordered to love something else. We have freedom in our blood; no one can hold us captive!"

"We cannot overthrow the [Communist] Party, for that would be a disaster for all of us. Do you think that without the party I wouldn't push myself for president? We'd all shoot each other down!"

careful to deny that he is "antisocialist," insisting that he is a union man out to better the lot of the worker. Bringing down the government is not his aim, he maintains.

At the age of 39, Walesa seems an unlikely figure to be articulating a country's unhappiness with its rulers. Although he has been active in union activity in Poland since 1970, he seems to have come out of nowhere. The son of a carpenter, Walesa is an electrician by trade, who happened to be working at the Gdańsk shipyard in 1970 when bloody riots over the high price of food erupted and at least 45 people were killed. Six years later, he was fired from his job at the shipyard for protesting too vigorously that the government hadn't made good on concessions granted to workers after the rioting. It was not the last job he was to lose for his labor activities.

However, by 1978, a Polish Pope had been installed in the Vatican and the climate seemed better for Walesa's ideas. He was instrumental in the formation of a small free trade union on the Baltic Coast, and by 1980, another government decision that raised food prices led to another protest at the same Gdańsk shipyard and Walesa's climb to fame.

In private, Walesa strikes yet another balance between simple living and the accouterments of power that have fallen to him. Critics say he has become a demagog, interrupting others to voice his opinions and expecting them to be followed. The trappings of celebrity have piled up. He often travels by government-supplied helicopter, and a pipe or a cigarette, symbol of hard-to-get tobacco in Poland, is ever present in his hand. He and his wife of 12 years, Mirosława, and their six children have moved to a six-room apartment from their former two-room flat, and Walesa's wardrobe now includes four suits in addition to the wrinkled one he invariably wore only a year ago. His salary is now \$333 per month, about average for a shipyard worker in Poland, and it is drawn from the Solidarity union he has been instrumental in founding.

If his own personal life seems relatively sound, he is deliberately vague about where he intends to lead his country. He once told an interviewer that he had a vision for what he wanted Poland to become; but when asked to describe it, he replied, "Not in an interview." Even though he is a man of very little formal education, he has surrounded himself with some of the ablest advisors in Poland. With food shortages seeming to bring Poland to the very brink of catastrophe in recent weeks, Walesa is being put to perhaps his severest test yet. So far, he has managed to strike a balance between the hard-line radicals who want more reforms faster and the Russians

who may be becoming increasingly restless.

To obtain an interview with one of the most significant figures in postwar Europe, PLAYBOY sent Ania and Krycia Bittenek to Warsaw in October. The sisters are American journalists of Polish extraction (both speak fluent Polish) who have had extensive contacts with Solidarity officials in the past tumultuous year.

The sisters first obtained a commitment for an in-depth interview from Solidarity's press spokesmen. But when they arrived in Warsaw, the confusion surrounding daily wildcat strikes, food shortages and a totally disorganized bureaucracy resulted in a wait of almost three weeks before they finally met Walesa.

Ushered abruptly into his presence at the drab union headquarters in Warsaw, the Bitteneks were told they would have only ten minutes with an obviously tired Walesa. As he sat down to speak, at least two, and sometimes four men, variously introduced as aides or bodyguards, were in nervous attendance. Walesa, despite his fatigue, seemed the most convivial person in the room.

"This revolt is not a challenge to the Soviets but to ourselves. We are responsible for this mess."

The questions asked by the Bitteneks were evidently provocative enough to Walesa that the "ten minutes" stretched to more than an hour, during which many topics, both light and serious, were covered. The journalists had other questions to ask and pressed Walesa hard for more interview sessions. But time was precious because the Solidarity Congress was in progress, and the pressure was increased by an announcement that Walesa would meet with Prime Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski and Archbishop Jozef Glemp, the first such three-way political summit in Poland's history. The days of waiting for a follow-up interview session stretched into weeks, until it became clear that there was no assurance Walesa would see the PLAYBOY reporters again before the end of the year.

A look at the first session's dialog, however, as transmitted to PLAYBOY's New York office by telex, was enough to convince us that what we received was worthy of publication. It more than makes up for its brevity by being a rare and revealing look at a man under nearly impossible pressure; the often-frantic quality of the conversation and the abrupt switches to dark humor and folk-

tale parables add up to a portrait of a man we have not seen depicted elsewhere.

Interestingly, the transmission of the text of the interview was halted when one of Walesa's translated answers dealt with the actions of the police in Poland. It picked up shortly thereafter, presumably after censors had reassured themselves as to the nature of Walesa's remarks.

PLAYBOY: We've been waiting nearly three weeks to speak with you. Obviously, you've had many important things to do, but other journalists have been in and out. Do you have a problem with PLAYBOY?

WALESA: I'm not prejudiced against the magazine. I just don't have time. For now, I'm giving you ten minutes because you have been persistent. I am so tired, both physically and psychologically, that I want you to finally give me some peace. I'm giving you your ten minutes, so take advantage of them. You've already spent two minutes. Such is life. I can't satisfy everyone.

PLAYBOY: Then it wasn't a bias against—

WALESA: Who told you that?

PLAYBOY: One of the men in your press office.

WALESA: Jesus, the man is crazy. You can tell him I said so. I have never had a bias against anyone. You've now spent almost three minutes.

PLAYBOY: Seven more minutes is certainly not what we came to Poland for, nor what your people promised us, but we'll do what we can.

WALESA: Look, please understand, today I have a more important goal. I respect you. After all, the press made a star out of me. That makes me happy. I owe you a lot. Without you, I would be nothing, it's true. But I have my main priority. Now you've used up four minutes.

PLAYBOY: Here's our first question. Do you—

WALESA: All right, I take it all back! You can start over with ten full minutes. Let's see what will happen.

PLAYBOY: Fine. You're an interesting breed of political leader. You are at the head of a democratic process, which is new for Poland, but some of your tactics are those of a dictator. Do you consider yourself something of a benign dictator?

WALESA: No, I'm a democratic dictator.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean?

WALESA: Well, I know that I ascertain our goals in a democratic way: We agree on a framework together. But the realization of this framework, of these goals, is my business. I handle them in a dictatorial way. Do we understand each other?

PLAYBOY: Do you establish any restraints for yourself? Do you just bludgeon those in your way?

WALESA: No, I do not wage war, I do not

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conduct some great battle. For the time being, I do not shoot to get things done. I select my advisors. I rely on them. I use tricks, devices in order to accomplish the tasks I am given.

PLAYBOY: Given the fact that you established this framework of Solidarity a year ago, why has it taken so long to realize your goals?

WALESA: Come on. This is a movement that is 10,000,000 strong. You must realize what our geographical and political position is. You realize where we are.

PLAYBOY: All right, but that's true only as far as tactics go. We'll keep it general and ask you simply: What is your goal?

WALESA: My goal: for Poland to be Poland.

PLAYBOY: Meaning what?

WALESA: Meaning that Poland will be Poland when we shall speak what we think. We shall be richer than the Yanks, for instance. Because we *can* be. We are no stupider than you. Certainly not. We just live in a country that brought us up with different social models to follow. So we had to assume different attitudes. We learned *despite* our models, so that is why we are actually stronger, better off than you are. Still, one has to make the most out of what one is given. Whether we will or will not is a question. But I think we will.

PLAYBOY: How can you hope for that kind of prosperity, and especially that kind of freedom, as long as Poland is part of the Soviet bloc?

WALESA: We have attained one tremendous accomplishment: In the past year, we have survived. This is the greatest accomplishment of all. We survived for a year. This year we also showed them our hand, our aims, our goals. We signaled to them what we wanted. Next year, after this [Solidarity workers'] congress, we should begin to realize those aims. Then we shall be able to pursue the dream of this Poland that we have imagined.

I see two Polands: I see the one we dream of and, at the same time, I see the present Poland, beset with difficulties. I see the games each side plays, I see the variants of those games. But I am—we are—capable of winning every single variant of every game! I know, it sounds like phenomenal conceit [laughs], but there you are.

PLAYBOY: Given the pressures on you, how, specifically, do you intend to accomplish even a few of those goals?

WALESA: If I were to tell you that—
[An aide interrupts.]

AIDE: Don't reveal your tactics.

WALESA: I would help those who don't wish us well. So I won't do it.

PLAYBOY: All right, we'll go back to more general themes. You say you have a dream of what your ideal Poland would be. Can you describe it? What would your Poland be like?

WALESA: Independent, self-governing.

[*An aide again interrupts.*]

AIDE: Self-financing!

WALESA: A Poland in which one can speak, one can write, which one can leave, to which one can come.

PLAYBOY: In which military or trade agreements are made by free choice?

WALESA: No, no! The military does not concern us at all! We want to fight with the same weapons we are using now. With those weapons we can smash tanks, cannons, neutron bombs. And smash them we will!

PLAYBOY: For all your rhetoric, Poland is a shambles as we speak. What are your specific ideas for rebuilding the country economically?

WALESA: You must realize one thing: I lead this movement and my main task is to keep the movement together. We may quarrel and fight, but we must stand together. It is my job to keep it tight and strong. But I am not the alpha and the omega, the be-all and end-all. Specific problems will be solved by those I lean on, people who are wise, advisors, experts, people who really have something to say. I must choose the best ideas after discussing them in a democratic manner. Specific problems will be solved by people in specific fields; for example, education, commerce, foreign trade. I would be some sort of peasant philosopher if I were to take all that on myself. I know nothing of such things. All I know is that Poland must be different from what it is today, based on sound laws and principles of profit. It is this I will squeeze out of the groups whose task it is to think about these things.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid that despite your popular support, people will get tired of this struggle? After all, it's been more than a year and from a practical standpoint, things have gotten worse in Poland.

WALESA: One can get tired of many things. Even making love can tire you. So you should make an effort to concentrate on things that are both pleasure-giving and useful. Work can also be love, you know.

PLAYBOY: As it should be—

WALESA: And vice versa. Love can be nothing but work. [*Laughs heartily*]

PLAYBOY: We were in Poland last year and one of the things that have struck us most during this visit is that people on the street have stopped being afraid. Do you agree with that?

WALESA: Let me reflect on that. . . . I once heard about some kind of sea animal that commits suicide by swimming right up on the beach. I have this dread that it might be that we are doing a similar thing. You cannot just disregard realities and become happy and euphoric without wondering if it all might be wrong, this euphoria. And it would be tragic if it turned out that way.

But, at the same time, yes, we are *not* afraid. Because we have a soul. It is not a soul so much in the religious sense as in the spiritual sense. We have a goal. We know that man does not live by bread alone, that he's not automatically content when he's well fed and he has a lot of dollars. We know, somehow, that inner satisfaction is worth more, that there is nothing to be afraid of. We shall *all* go one day, anyway. You know, we have something that you people have less of. You have some of it, but not much.

PLAYBOY: And so you are afraid of no one?

WALESA: No, of no one, of nothing. Of God alone. I believe that.

PLAYBOY: Then, is it fair to say that since the formation of Solidarity, the threat is larger but the intimidation smaller?

WALESA: Let me put it differently. Someone could say that because Christ was crucified, it means he lost. He lost because he was crucified. But he's been winning for 2000 years. The fact that I lose today because someone breaks my jaw, or hangs me, does not mean I lost. It only means I lost physically, as a man. But the idea, whatever happens later, may prove to be a greater victory.

I can say that our victory is certain. Certain! I do not know how long it will take or how high the price will be, but we shall smash a few things over in *your* country. Because this is nearly the 21st Century, and we can no longer think in the same old terms. Even you still think in such terms—threats, tanks, one worker killing another worker. If small things go my way, in 50 years I am convinced that someone could order us: Fight with this woman soldier. But we will kiss.

PLAYBOY: How would you like to be remembered? What would you like school children to read about in history books?

WALESA: It would be best if they left me alone, if they did not bring flowers to my grave. For it would all be artificial. Someone would have ordered the school children to be there, someone would have proclaimed it Walesa Day or something. The person brings flowers because he was told to, because someone praised me, when, in reality, the person never really knows whether I deserved the praise. No one ever got to know a man to his very depths and no one ever will.

PLAYBOY: You seem to have an ambivalent opinion of yourself. How do you see yourself as a leader? Are you a prophet? An accident?

WALESA: I see myself as a very unhappy man. A very unhappy man whom fate—with some help from me—has thrown into this position of leadership. I fell into it and only then looked around. Leadership *seemed* interesting, stimulating—until I saw what goes on behind the scenes. Once I learned all of that, I didn't like it at all. But, at the same

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time, I cannot get out of it. It would look bad and be wrong. If someone were to throw me out, I would thank him personally. When I am absolved of responsibility, I shall be a happy man. I would live differently.

PLAYBOY: What would you do?

WALESA: Fish, write books. I'd write books and earn money. Earn a lot of money. See other countries, travel all over the world in a big bus with a bathroom and everything. I'd like to have a lot of money, because now I can't—no, I'm *not* interested in money! I'd write, fish, travel, sight-see, make love, and so forth.

PLAYBOY: You say you'd write books, but you don't read much, do you?

WALESA: I'd like to, but I don't have the time.

PLAYBOY: It's been rumored that you've never read a book; is that true?

WALESA: No, it's not true. For instance, I did read my primer in kindergarten. [*His aides laugh.*]

PLAYBOY: We'd better get back to our political questions.

WALESA: We are way over your ten minutes, but you are so nice I shall talk to you some more.

PLAYBOY: You're pretty charming yourself.

WALESA: Of course I am. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Putting aside the daily headlines, do you think you could put your revolt into a historical context?

WALESA: Well, some say that the history of the world turns in circles. I find that to be a bit so, a bit not so. People and conditions are different. If someone wanted to speak generally, he would insist that history turns in circles, but we are different because our grandmothers were different.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

WALESA: Oh, come on. They were different from us because we have travel and communications that let us get anywhere, hear anything, in a flash. But we still don't communicate or get there on time. Our grandmother could climb into a horse and buggy, make her trip and still find time for fun. We take a plane and are late.

PLAYBOY: We meant what differences were there with regard to your being Polish? Is there something about the Polish experience specifically that affects *this* period of history?

WALESA: As Poles? I answered that indirectly already. From bad examples we learned good things. Therefore, we are wiser than you, because you learned good things from good examples. We had a bad school in which to learn, but from ideology alien to us, we learned a new and splendid ideology.

Poles are best at everything! Although I don't know history, for I didn't study—as you may have noticed. I don't know my dates, and so on—I do know one

thing: The system that was put into place here is as if you took someone to a place where it was very hot and dressed him in a heavy sheepskin. Poland was always a rather free country. To a large extent, we are democratic. We hobnobbed with France, England, America and others. All of a sudden, we were ordered to love something else. We have freedom, justice, and so forth, in our blood and no one can hold us captive! Many a time we paid an awful lot. After all those payments that have been made, now we have figured out something so as not to pay this time.

PLAYBOY: We read somewhere that you had the worst marks in school in history; now, here you are, creating history yourself. Doesn't it frighten you to be playing at these high stakes with your limited background?

WALESA: No. You have to look at me from a different standpoint. I was very gifted until the seventh grade—damn gifted! I just glanced at the material and learned it. But as more and more material piled up, I felt less and less like opening the books. I was always interested in something else: *not* in what was assigned to me, but whatever I wanted to learn. I always reached the same goals in a different way. But later I felt too proud to return—I had driven myself into a corner. So it isn't good to be *too* gifted, because you lose certain normal opportunities to get ahead. But I would still say it is better to be a bee that knows it has the ability to collect honey but does not rush immediately for the big beehive, where it can fall in and get stuck.

PLAYBOY: That's interesting, but it doesn't answer our question: How much do you trust yourself and your abilities as you make these historical decisions?

WALESA: I don't trust myself at all, that is the truth. I'm never convinced completely that what I'm doing is right. Everything can be turned around. What we imagine today to be exactly right, in 50 years people might say: What fools they were! Why did they do such and such? They could have done it differently! They didn't realize that the situation was favorable toward them. We punch someone in the jaw today and later on someone will say: Damn it, they were irresponsible! They could have gotten their way quietly. They could have made gains more slowly, less violently. You cannot say that this is the way or this *isn't* the way. You cannot! What seems right today, tomorrow may prove wrong. It's like with some writers: Some book is dismissed today, and later they dig it up. *Jesus and Maria*, how wise it is now! Why was that book ever banned or burned?

PLAYBOY: Do you think one of *your* books might meet that fate?

WALESA: Me? I don't know how to write.

PLAYBOY: What about all those books you're going to write when you retire?

WALESA: Who? Me? I'll talk the way I'm talking now. I'll say to someone, "Listen, write this down." And out of it should come a book. But not a boring one. It has to be interesting. It has to overturn the old theories. And, at the same time, describe them, restore them in order to overturn them. Ha! Such exactly is life—strange and paradoxical.

[*An aide again interrupts.*]

AIDE: You people asking about education and such cannot go beyond a certain viewpoint—

WALESA: No, no. They cannot leave their circle.

PLAYBOY: Our editor wanted us to ask about your personal background—

AIDE: People from the West, in general, think this way.

WALESA: Exactly—and, again, even this editor, who has more learning, more letters in his head than I do, who *should* know more, even he knows nothing. Practically nothing. Let your people finally understand that we Poles really have a damned good education—historical and otherwise. We are all doctors! At least, I'm already a doctor many times over [honorary university degrees].

AIDE: He has six doctorates!

WALESA: Exactly. And I make mistakes. [*Laughs*]

ANOTHER AIDE: Seven! Already seven!

PLAYBOY: For a man with a lot of weight on his shoulders, you obviously stay relaxed. How do you do it?

WALESA: I collapsed an hour ago, slept for an hour and now I am relaxed. But in another hour, I'll collapse again. I'll talk with you a while longer, but then I'll be finished. I put *everything* into these efforts.

PLAYBOY: Have you studied the labor movement in the U. S. and in the West generally? And, if so, what are the major structural differences with Solidarity?

WALESA: I am a spy of life. I spy on everything. I study all. Whenever I have time for it, of course. Now, I don't deliberate on American trade unions, because I can more or less deduce what they are like. Since America is a capitalist state, its interests are different; therefore, the unions are different. Some adhere to one party, others to another, still others say everyone else is doing things the wrong way. So I can imagine how and what things are over there. And I shall probably be right, provided I think logically: Take the conditions that they have, see the limits they have, who is in charge, what's at his disposal, etc. So I can imagine it all, provided that I concede it is a country with a different system of government.

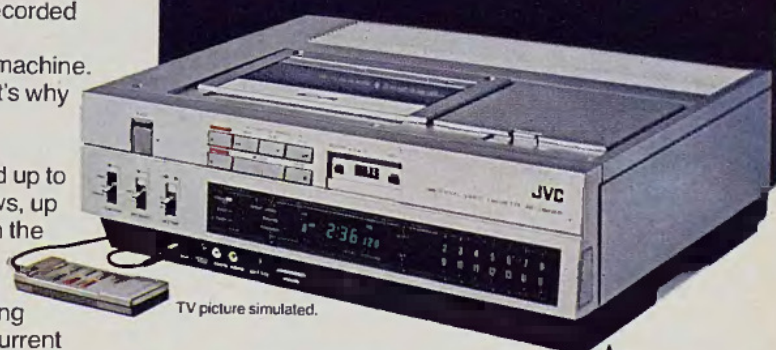
PLAYBOY: Of course, but does that knowledge about unions in the West help you



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Country



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you get a lot to like.

in any way work out the Polish model?

WALESA: It helps me avoid the mistakes that Western unions—in my opinion—make.

PLAYBOY: What are some of those mistakes?

WALESA: The American model cannot be directly compared with ours. Here we have one party, a monopoly in government, in administration, in money, in *everything*. In the United States, it is somewhat different, as it is in all other capitalist countries, so their models do not apply to us.

PLAYBOY: You don't see any possibility of securing a multiparty system in Poland, do you?

WALESA: Perhaps differently, if we do not limit ourselves to names. A number of political parties? No. But it could be accomplished differently. There can be a strong and vigorous organization of canary breeders, for example, who would be so strong, so beautifully efficient that it could rally people, close down stores. But it would not be political by name.

PLAYBOY: It would be a political force, in other words—

WALESA: Yes. That canary breeders' union would publicize its views that its elections are wrong—because the canaries aren't participating in the elections, for example [*the aides laugh*—and they will say, "Now, hold it, what sort of elections are these? Is this supposed to be democracy?" Yes, indeed. So the point is not in the words political party. For as soon as it is a "political party," it immediately wants to take over the government—or so they claim here. But our canary breeders, by forcing new elections through publicity, do the same job.

PLAYBOY: And you wouldn't want to have the job done in a more formal, more obviously political way?

WALESA: No, no. Why bang your head against the wall when you can take a hammer and smash it against the wall?

PLAYBOY: We know this question may be loaded, but who or what is your bigger enemy in Poland—the party or the Russians?

WALESA: Neither. The enemy, our most vicious enemies, are ourselves. That's the answer. We must understand one another better. We must stop being so suspicious of one another. To trust one another and, at the same time, trust nobody—this is a complex problem. So we are our own greatest threat. We threaten ourselves when we fight among one another for executive position, tripping over one another as we run for the most important chairs.

PLAYBOY: To rebuild economically, what do you see as your greatest roadblock: the internal Polish system or—

WALESA: I find *no* roadblocks. There is no obstacle that cannot be removed.

Everything can be surmounted, everything can be conquered—everything! It only depends on your choice of weapons, your choice of means, on the degree to which you are blinded by rage. I used to make such damn blunders! That is, I used to act this way [*looks pugnacious and stubborn*]: "What? No? Oh, no!" And I would get it straight on the jaw. Finally, I came to the conclusion that that wasn't the way. Since I lost, it means I wasn't right. So now I turn it around and I think: Aha! I cannot defeat you today. OK, bye. Let's try it from another angle. And another. Then another still. And if I do not succeed, it means that I am not clever enough or am incapable of choosing the correct weapons.

To recapitulate: There are *no* obstacles that we cannot surmount. Of course, I don't mean such theoretical obstacles as reaching Jupiter in one jump or bringing the sun down with a rake, no. Only the realistic obstacles, the ones that you meet in everyday life, under normal conditions.

PLAYBOY: These are certainly not normal conditions. Why do you think the Russians still allow you to carry on? After all, for 36 years, things were done their way, and this is a very different situation for them.

WALESA: Because we outsmarted everyone. We learned from their models, we are their students, and no teacher can outsmart a good student.

PLAYBOY: You mean their tactics ricocheted? [*Walesa and his aides laugh.*]

WALESA: That's right.

PLAYBOY: As in the case of the farmers, perhaps? In Geneva, the Russians voted in favor of a farmers' trade union but later, in Poland, claimed that there was no legal basis for forming a union of individual farmers. Is that one example?

WALESA: I'm very tired now.

[*There is an interruption and the question is not answered. The interview resumes later.*]

PLAYBOY: There are other reasons, to be sure, but isn't the labor unrest at least partially responsible for all the shortages and for inflation?

WALESA: Of course it is. How could it be different? If I don't bake any bread and later say, "Give me bread!"—that is illogical. A baker cannot logically go on strike and then make a fuss because there is no bread. So, certainly: yes. But, at the same time, it is necessary to get to the root of why this bread disappeared, or why it was badly managed or badly distributed. This problem needs to be examined from several angles. We always hold that our work is wasted, destroyed, badly sold, etc. And in this, we see the main cause for the losses or shortages. We do not think it is because of how we work. We do not

because, indeed, our work has been destroyed for many years—by building plants in the wrong places, by doing what was not needed, etc. This went on for such a long time that today we want to take care of these matters first. That way, we can get different results. Am I saying it right? Yes, I think so.

PLAYBOY: This question could only come from a country with food surpluses, such as America, but if consumers in cities go on strike or won't pay higher meat prices, doesn't that hurt the farmers who raise the livestock?

WALESA: No. You have to move in a real world, the one that we live in. But let's put it differently—in ten or 20 years, when we establish international contacts, when factories establish contacts with other factories, and so forth, I don't rule out the possibility that we would eat American meat instead of Polish. Because this or that manufacturer or processor will decide. No, they won't buy from Polish farmers, for they don't do it as cleanly or as well as the Americans. So the theoretical problem you raise is possible, but for the time being, there's no such danger.

PLAYBOY: This is a commonly heard criticism in the West: Walesa can get people to go on strike, but he can't get them to work. Why not?

WALESA: No, no, no! As I've told you, everything *can* be done, I can do *almost* everything! However, in order to play the game, one needs cards. Take the "free Saturdays" issue, for example. [*The government required Poles to work on Saturdays. Solidarity successfully fought for revocation of the edict.*] If during talks with the government I had been given the cards I wanted—and I did ask for them—the game could have been much more interesting and strong. But I wasn't given them. I did say officially: "Give me a card; I want to play."

PLAYBOY: We don't understand—you mean if the union—

WALESA: No, not the union, the government in this case. I cannot be more explicit. I needed cards, some cards that in the end we got anyway. But once again, the government party's pride wouldn't let them give us the cards just like that: "Here you are. You've got the better of the government—once again." The idea was not to give it to us.


PLAYBOY: "It" meaning more freedom for the union?

WALESA: No . . . we'll enslave ourselves on our own. [*Laughs*] No, at that moment, we needed the following: to supervise the storehouses that the government claimed were empty. We wanted to check them and say, "Yes, indeed. The storehouses *are* empty." What other card did I want? I wanted something else, I can't remember right now. . . .

(concluded on page 162)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

Certainly not the sort who'd forget a day like Valentine's—PLAYBOY readers send 20 percent of the flowers wired to American women. So her roses bloom patiently on the table as they survey the snowscape. She knows he reads PLAYBOY, to keep up with its view of a kinetic culture and to marvel at its procession of fine women. She knows that soon they'll close their window on the world, to conceive a midwinter night's dream of their own. 

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*when they
scooped him
out of the
18th century,
he was a
neglected
musician.
now, with a
new audience
for his music,
he hoped to
become the
most famous
man in
the world*

fiction by
**ROBERT
SILVERBERG**





ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN KURTZ

BUT WHY NOT Mozart?" I said, shaking my head. "Schubert, even? Or you could have brought back Bix Beiderbecke, for Christ's sake, if you wanted to resurrect a great musician."

"Beiderbecke was jazz." Dave Leavis said. "I'm not interested in jazz. Nobody's interested in jazz except you."

"And people are still interested in Pergolesi?"

"I am."

"Mozart would have been better publicity. You'll need more funding sooner or later. You tell the world you've got Mozart sitting in the back room cranking out a new opera, you can write your own ticket. But what good is Pergolesi? Pergolesi's totally forgotten."

"Only by the proletariat, Sam. Besides, why give Mozart a second chance? Maybe he died young, but it wasn't all *that* young, and he did his work, a ton of work. Gianni died at 26, you know. He might have been greater than Mozart if he'd had another dozen years."

"Johnny?"

"Gianni. Giovanni Battista. Pergolesi. He calls himself Gianni;

come meet him."

"Mozart, Dave. You should have done Mozart."

"Stop being an idiot," Leavis said. "When you've met him, you'll know I did the right thing. Mozart would have been a pain in the neck, anyway. The stories I've heard about Mozart's private life would uncurl your wig. Come on with me."

He led me down the long hallway from the office, past the hardware room and the timescoop cage to the air lock separating us from the semidetached motel unit out back where Gianni had been living since they scooped him. We halted in the air lock to be sprayed. Leavis explained, "Infectious microorganisms have mutated a lot since the 18th Century. Until we've got his resistance levels higher, we're keeping him in a pretty sterile environment. When we first brought him back, he was vulnerable to anything—a case of the sniffles would have killed him, most likely. Plus, he was a dying man when we got him, one lung lousy with t.b. and the other one going."

"Hey," I said.

Leavis laughed. "You won't catch anything from him. It's in remission now, Sam. We didn't bring him back at colossal expense just to watch him die."

The lock opened and we stepped into the monitoring vestibule, glittering like a movie set with bank upon bank of telemetering instruments. The day nurse, Claudia, middle-aged, plump, was checking diagnostic readouts. "He's expecting you, Dr. Leavis," she said. "He's very frisky this morning."

"Frisky?"

"Playful. You know."

Yes. Tacked to the door of Gianni's room was a card that hadn't been there yesterday, flamboyantly lettered in gaudy, free-flowing baroque script:

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PERGOLESI

Jesi, January 4, 1710—Pozzuoli,

March 16, 1736

Genius at Work!!!!

Please, Knock Before You Entering!

"He speaks English?" I asked.

"Now he does," Leavis said. "We gave him tapesleep the first week. He picks things up fast, anyway." Leavis grinned. "Genius at work, eh? Or *genius*. That's the sort of sign I would have expected Mozart to put up."

"They're all alike, these talents," I said.

Leavis knocked.

"*Chi va la?*" Gianni called.

"Dave Leavis."

"*Avanti, dottore illustrissimo!*"

"I thought you said he speaks English," I murmured.

"He's frisky today, Claudia said, remember?"

We went in. He had the blinds tightly drawn, shutting out the brilliant January sunlight, the yellow blaze of acacia blossoms just outside the window, the enormous scarlet bougainvillea, the sweeping hilltop vista of the valley and the mountains beyond. Maybe scenery didn't interest him—or, more likely, he preferred to keep his room a tightly sealed little cell, an island out of time. He had had to absorb a lot of psychic trauma in the past few weeks: It must give you a hell of a case of jet lag to jump two and a half centuries into the future.

But he looked lively, almost impish—a small man, graceful, delicate, with sharp, busy eyes, quick, elegant gestures, a brisk, confident manner. When they fished him out of the 18th Century, Leavis had told me, he was a woeful sight, face lined and haggard, hair already gray at 26, body gaunt, bowed, quivering. He looked like what he was, a shattered consumptive a couple of weeks from the grave. His hair was still gray, but he looked healthy and energetic and there was color in his cheeks.

Leavis said, "Gianni, I want you to meet Sam Hoaglund. He's going to handle publicity and promotion for our project. *Capisce?* He will make you known to the world and give you a new audience for your music."

He flashed a brilliant smile. "*Bene*. Listen to this."

The room was an electronic jungle, festooned with gadgetry: a synthesizer, a telescreen, a megabuck audio library, five sorts of data terminals and all manner of other things perfectly suited to your basic 18th Century Italian drawing room. Leavis had said there was something scary about the speed with which he was mastering the equipment, and he was right. Gianni swung around to the synthesizer, jacked it into harpsichord mode and touched the keyboard. From the cloud of floating minispeakers came the opening theme of a sonata, lovely, lyrical, to my ear unmistakably 18th Century in its melodiousness, and yet somehow weird. For all its beauty, there was a strained, awkward, suspended aspect to it, like a ballet performed by dancers in galoshes. The longer he played, the more uncomfortable I felt. Finally, he turned to us and said, "You like it?"

"What is it? Something of yours?"

"Mine, yes. My new style. I am under the influence of Beethoven today. Haydn yesterday, tomorrow Chopin. I try everything, no? By Easter I get to the ugly composers, Mahler, Berg, Debussy—those men were *crazy*, do you know? Crazy music, so ugly. But I will learn."

"Debussy ugly?" I said quietly.

"Bach is modern music to him," Leavis said. "Haydn is the voice of the future."

Gianni said, "I will be very famous."

"Yes. Sam will make you the most famous man in the world."

"I was very famous after I . . . died." He tapped one of the terminals. "I have read about me. I was so famous that everybody forged my music and it was published as Pergolesi, do you know that? I have played it, too, this 'Pergolesi.' *Merda*, most of it. Not all. The *concerti armonici*, not bad—not mine, but not bad. Most of the rest, trash." He winked. "But you will make me famous while I live, eh? Good. Very good." He came closer to us and in a lower voice said, "Will you tell Claudia that the gonorrhoea, it is all cured?"

"What?"

"She would not believe me. I said, 'The doctor swears it,' but she said, 'No, it is not safe, you must keep your hands off me, you must keep everything else off me.'"

"Gianni, have you been molesting your nurse?"

"I am becoming a healthy man, *dottore*. I am no monk. They sent me to live with the *cappuccini* in the monastery at Pozzuoli, yes, but it was only so the good air there could heal my consumption, not to make me a monk. I am no monk now and I am no longer sick. Could you go without a woman for three hundred years?" He put his face close to mine, gave me a bright-eyed stare, leered outrageously. "You will make me very famous. And then there will be women again, yes? And you must tell them that the gonorrhoea, it is entirely cured. This age of miracles!"

Afterward, I said to Leavis, "And you thought Mozart was going to be too much trouble?"

Leavis said to me, back in his office, "He didn't sound so cocky when we first got him. He was a wreck, hollow, burned out. He was barely alive. We wondered if we had waited too long to get him." If he had died, Leavis told me, the whole project would have been scrubbed, because they had no budget for making a second scoop.

"Why did you pick someone who was nine tenths dead, then?" I wanted to know.

Leavis said, "Too risky otherwise. You know, we could have yanked anybody we liked out of the past—Napoleon, Genghis Khan, Henry VIII—but we had no way of knowing what effects it might have on the course of history. Suppose we scooped up Lenin while he was still in exile in Switzerland, or collected Hitler while he was still a paper hanger. So, from the start, we limited ourselves to scooping only somebody whose life and accomplishments were entirely behind him, somebody so close to the time of his natural death that his disappearance



"No rest for the wicked. . . ."

wouldn't be likely to unsettle the fabric of the universe."

"But why Pergolesi? He was your special choice, wasn't he?"

Leavis nodded. "I lobbied for months to scoop Pergolesi. Not just because I happen to like his music, though I do. But because he was considered such a genius in his time and died before he had a chance to hit his real stride. I wanted to see what such a person could do, given a reprieve. I had my way, finally. We got him out eighteen days before his official date of death. Once we had him, it was no great trick to substitute a synthetic cadaver, who was duly discovered and buried, and as far as we can tell, no calamities occurred in history because one consumptive Italian was put in his grave two weeks earlier than the encyclopedia used to say he had been."

"Did he understand what had happened to him?"

"Not a clue. He wasn't sure whether he had awakened in heaven or hell, but whichever it was, he was alternately stunned and depressed. When he was conscious at all. It was touch and go, keeping him alive. Those were the worst days of my life, Sam, the first few after the scooping. To have planned for years, to have expended so many gigabucks on the project, and then to have our first human scoopee die on us anyway—"

He didn't, though. The same vitality that had pulled 15 operas and a dozen cantatas and who knows how many symphonies and concertos and Masses out of him in a lifespan of only 26 years pulled him back from the edge of the grave now, once the resources of modern medicine were put to work rebuilding his lungs and curing his assorted venereal diseases. Within days, Leavis told me, he had been wholly transformed. It must have been almost magical. I wish I had been part of the team in that phase. Yet there was no real magic in it, just antibiotics, transplant technology, microsurgery, regeneration therapy, routine stuff. One century's magic, another century's routine.

Leavis spent those early days wavering between anxiety and ecstasy. Obviously, he had more than just his scientific reputation riding on this. Dave has no kids of his own, and he's old enough to be Gianni's father. Some kind of relationship began to develop. Leavis was completely involved in giving Gianni back his life—more than that, in giving him the life he *should* have had. He was hovering over Gianni, pulling for him, praying for him, protecting him, mothering and fathering him, almost from the start.

And there were other complexities. The pallid, feeble young man struggling for his life in the back unit was surrounded, for Leavis and other connoisseurs of music, with a radiant aura of

accumulated fame and legend built up over centuries. He was *Pergolesi*, said Dave, the miraculous boy, the fountain of melody, the composer of the *Stabat Mater* and *La Serva Padrona* and a lot of other great things that I had never heard of but that the music buffs revered. Leavis told me that in the years just after he died, he was ranked, for a time, with Bach. When they revived his comic operas in Paris 20 or 30 years after he died, they inspired a whole genre of light music right down to Gilbert and Sullivan and beyond. But all that fame was only in the eyes of the onlookers. Gianni's own view of himself was different: a weary, sick, dying young man, poor pathetic Gianni, the failure, the washout, unknown in his life beyond Rome and Naples, getting no acclaim for any of his serious music, only the comic things that he dashed off so fast—poor Gianni, burned out at 25, destroyed as much by disappointment as by t.b. and V.D., creeping off to the Capuchin monastery to die in miserable poverty. How could he have known he was going to be famous? But we showed him. Leavis played him recordings of his music, both the true works and those that had been constructed in his name by the unscrupulous to cash in on his posthumous glory. He let Gianni see the biographies and critical studies and even the novels that had been published about him. I was surprised at how many there were. He was thrilled, of course. Indeed, for him it must have been precisely like dying and going to heaven, and from day to day he gained strength and poise, he waxed and flourished, he came to glow with vigor and passion and confidence. He knew now that no magic had been worked on him, that he had been snatched into the unimaginable future and restored to health by ordinary human beings, and he accepted that and quickly ceased to question it. All that concerned him now was music. In the second and third weeks, they gave him a crash course in post-Baroque musical history. Bach first, then the shift away from polyphony—"Naturalmente," he said, "it was inevitable, I would have achieved it myself if I had lived"—and he spent hours with Mozart and Haydn and Johann Christian Bach and entered a kind of ecstatic state. One morning, Leavis found him red-eyed with weeping. He had been up all night listening to *Don Giovanni* and *The Marriage of Figaro*. "This Mozart," he said. "You bring him back, too?"

"Maybe someday we will," Leavis said.

"I kill him! You bring him back, I strangle him, I trample him!" His eyes blazed. He laughed wildly. "He is wonder! He is angel! He is too good! Send me to his time, I kill him then! No one

should compose like that! Except Pergolesi. He would have done it."

"I believe that."

"Yes! This *Figaro*—1786—I could have done it twenty years earlier! Thirty! If only I get the chance. Why this Mozart so lucky? I die, he live—why? Why, *dottore*?"

Leavis said to me, "You don't know much about classical music, do you, Sam?"

I shrugged. "I can tell Bach from Tchaikovsky, if that's what you mean. But neither one really speaks to me. I guess I've always been mainly into pop stuff. Is that all right with you?"

"Why not? But I want you to understand at least what kind of experience it was for me to see this great 18th Century composer discover everything that had happened after him. After Mozart, he went to Beethoven, who I think was a little too much for him, overwhelming, massive, crushing. And then the romantics, who amused him." Leavis imitated Gianni's high-pitched voice: "'Berlioz, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, all lunatics, *dementi, pazzi*, but they are wonderful. I think I see what they are trying to do. Madmen! Marvelous madmen!'—and quickly on to the 20th Century, Mahler, Schönberg, Stravinski, Bartók."

"I bet he didn't like them," I said.

"He found them all ugly or terrifying or simply incomprehensibly bizarre. He couldn't see where they were coming from, you know. And the later composers! Webern and the serialists, Penderecki, Stockhausen, Xenakis, Ligeti—"

"Never heard of any of them."

"I'm not surprised," said Leavis. "Gianni just turned up his nose and shrugged them off, as though he barely recognized what they were doing as music. Their fundamental assumptions were too alien to him. Genius though he was, he couldn't get a handle on their ideas, any more than Escoffier could have enjoyed the cuisine of some other planet, you know? He finished his survey of modern music, and then he returned to Bach and Mozart and gave them his full attention."

And it was *full* attention. Gianni was utterly incurious about the world outside his bedroom window. They told him he was in America, in California, and showed him a map. He nodded casually. They turned on the telescreen and let him look at the landscape of the early 21st Century. His eyes glazed. They spoke of automobiles, planes, flights to Mars. Yes, he said, *meraviglioso, miracoloso*, and went back to the *Brandenburg Concerti*. "I realize now," Leavis said, "that the lack of interest he showed in the modern world was a sign neither of fear nor of shallowness but, rather, only

(continued on page 94)

*"lady chatterley's lover," the story they thought
could never be published, let alone filmed, comes to life with sylvia kristel
as the lustful lady of the house*

AT LONG LAST, LOVER



GAMMA / LIAISON

D. H. LAWRENCE himself was sure the novel he had just written would never be published. It was 1927. People did not speak the word sex aloud, much less use explicit language to describe the act. Even the story line went against all that was sacred: A nobleman's wife, denied the pleasures of marriage because her husband had been injured in the war, takes up with the gamekeeper on her husband's estate. It was scandalous, immoral, obscene and provocative. And Lawrence was right. No established publisher would touch it. Even though he published the novel at his own expense in 1928, it couldn't be sold legally. The world learned of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* mainly through two expurgated versions released, with his widow

From her film debut in *Emmanuelle* (left) to her recent box-office success in *Private Lessons*, Sylvia Kristel has searched for the perfect role. *Lady Chatterley*, with her elegance and vulnerability, may be it.



On these pages, scenes from the film—in which British actor Nicholas Clay plays the titular lover (far right, below)—plus exclusive portraits by Just Jaeckin, who was a fashion photographer before he became a director.



SYGMA



Frieda's authorization, after Lawrence's death in 1930. It was not until 30 years later, in 1960, that the famous Penguin edition of *Lady Chatterley* went to press, touching off what was to be a classic censorship trial. After much deliberation, the courts in England decided the book was not obscene and *Lady Chatterley* entered the common consciousness as a literary classic. Right up there with Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.

Now it is 1982 and the book that caused the world to blush is a movie. (Actually, a screen (text continued on page 159)



SYGMA



SYGMA



SYGMA



SYGMA

Above, Kristel in action as the love-starved wife of an impotent nobleman (played in the film by Shane Briant) who finds happiness in the arms of his gamekeeper, Mellors (Clay). The picture was filmed at 4000-acre Wrotham Park, the \$40,000,000 estate of the late Admiral John Byng north of London. Because her contract gave her a share of the film's profits, Kristel was able to choose her own director: Jaeckin, the man who in 1972 plucked her from the stage where she won the Miss TV Europe contest and starred her in his film *Emmanuelle*.





Section C & D
Right Aisle 1



WILD IN THE SEATS

article **By MARK KRAM**

there's a new breed of sports fan these days, and their hunger for violence is turning athletes from heroes to prey

WITH THE SULLEN ASPECT of a blackjack, Sonny Liston sat amid the predawn drone of a Las Vegas casino. Six years had passed since the sorry loss of his heavyweight title to the young Cassius Clay in Miami Beach, five since he had fallen finally and pathetically to that "phantom punch" in their rematch in Maine. Sonny had been a labor goon and an ex-con of ferocious repute. He had a right hand that could crumple a cathedral pillar. The white public saw him as evil, a naked example of unconsolable black hostility; to almost all, his second loss to Clay was nothing less than a symmetrical half gainer into the tank.

"Sheeet, man," he said in Vegas, "there weren't no fix up in Maine. That phantom punch, it stun, that's all. I coulda got up. I just didn't want to. Clay and them Muslims were crazy. Like that nut I ran into in Texas. Who needed it?" Liston had been badly spooked by the crowds at their Miami fight, by threats from the Muslims and by his own certainty that Clay was certifiably mad; but it was a stranger, a white Texas fight fan, who had once struck the terror in him that softened his predatory nature and made him feel vulnerable for the first time in his life.

It had happened in 1960, on a night when he'd made quick and brutal work of a white Texas heavyweight named Roy "Cut 'n' Shoot" Harris. Sonny had celebrated late after the fight, returned to the empty lobby of his Texas hotel and lounged into a half-nod and boozy reverie. Heavy sleep was near when he suddenly heard the creak of boot leather behind his ear. He began to turn and a voice said, "Don't turn aroun', nigger."

Sonny started to turn and heard the clicking of a large gun behind his ear, felt its end up against the back of his head. "What you want, man?" he asked. "I got a couple hundred. That what you want?"

The man drawled, "You made a fool out of Roy in there tonight. Ohhhhh, you're a bad nigger, aren't you?"

"Just a fight, man," Sonny said. "Me or him. No more 'n that."

"I got one bullet in this here Colt. I'm gonna pull this trigger till you tell me to stop."

Sonny said, "I ain't done nuthin'. You crazy."

"I stop," the man said, "when you tell me you're a no-good, yeller nigger."

"Shee-eet," Sonny smiled nervously. "Git lost. You ain't got no bullet in there."

A metallic crash split the silence. Sonny flinched from the sound in his ear. "Now," the man said excitedly, "just say you're a no-good, yeller nigger!"

"Fuck you," Sonny said, hoping someone would come through the door. Once more the sound of metal. The sweat popped on Sonny's face.

"You scared, nigger?" the man laughed. "Let's—"

"Wait!" Sonny yelled. He hesitated, then blurted, "I'm a no-good nigger."

"A yeller nigger. Say it!"

"Yeah, a yeller one," Sonny said. He listened. He heard the Colt being uncocked, then only the heavy breathing of the man and himself.

"Don't turn aroun'," the man warned, and slowly the creak of leather moved off from behind the soon-to-be heavyweight champion of the world.

Now, so many years later, Liston ended his story in Vegas. "I've heard that creak ever since. I was on my way to bein' finished before I got to Clay in Miami." It took only Clay's wild monologs and lurking Muslims to drive him over the edge.

"Folks 're violent," Sonny said. "It got to be a torture for me . . . bein' public. Like bein' the only chicken in a bag full of cats." Soon after—on another Las Vegas morning in the early Seventies—Sonny Liston was found dead, with heroin in his body that some believed he did not inject himself.

Poor Sonny; for all the sinister Muslims and white racists back then, who would have believed his Texas story on that odd morning in Vegas? But now the image of a cocked Colt playing Russian roulette with his head does not seem as

stark and bizarre anymore. He'd finally have a jury on his side for a change: psychiatrists, sociologists, social critics and many athletes in every sport. They might now bear witness to his credibility in this age of celebricide and growing fan violence, and they might understand his fear of "bein' public." That isolation, the fear of the crowd and the vagrant psychotic, the sense that grievous bodily harm—even death by random and calculated violence—is now a matter of eerie fact to the world's modern athlete.

Back in 1975, few wanted to accept the noisy theme of *Rollerball*, the movie written by William Harrison and directed by Norman Jewison. The futuristic sport in the film combined elements of roller derby and the Roman circus cast in a high-tech environment. The new game thrived on the violent nature of humanity and a world corporate state. The critics gave it the back of their hand: too absurd, too pretentious and laughable. Seven years later, those descriptions seem glib and myopic. Today's sports subculture—the crowds, players and owners—is making *Rollerball* a movie of authentic vision.

Dread of peripheral violence now permeates every stadium and major sport in the world. A ride on a New York subway is a breeze compared with going to a hockey game, standing at ringside after a fight and an "unfair" decision, or leaving Yankee Stadium after a game, where the prospect is likely that you will get a beer keg rolled down on your head or lose some teeth to marauding gangs.

But the American problem is still not the equal of South America's, where moats separate the fans from the field. Or go to England—long admired for its manners and civilizing influence—and take a position on one of its gloomy soccer terraces (no seats, just high ramps), where the bobbies always frisk the *Clockwork Orange* gangs and find an arsenal of pliers, hammers, switchblades and vegetable knives. The problem has even penetrated the command-oriented society of West Germany, where guard dogs surround the field, high wire fences separate the fans of each team and police stare into electronic apparatus that monitors the crowd. The conditions for violence in those countries seem to be primed by the fans' custom of traveling en masse—with their own colors in headgear and their carefully sculpted territorial hates—from city to city with their teams.

The climate in the United States is more incendiary and less organized. The country is too large, the leagues too sprawling for huge migrations of hometown fans, and the glut of teams seems to dilute emotion rather than fuel it. Even so, there have been some memo-

rable incidents of crowds here running amuck. Think back to the scary outbreak at a baseball game on Dime Beer Night in Cleveland, for instance, or to the Eastern-St. John's high school football game in 1962, which erupted into close combat, leaving 500 injured, with 13 broken noses, 16 knife wounds and 54 serious head injuries. Then there was the Foxboro riot in 1976 after a New England Patriots game; its quality of infamy was notable for the scene of a few slobs urinating on a heart-attack victim who was waiting to be loaded into an ambulance. Foxboro continues to stand out as an actuarial nightmare for the N.F.L., but other cities seem intent on blurring its dreary relief. During this season's first five *Monday Night Football* games, more than 100 fans were arrested, mostly on assault-and-battery charges stemming from confrontations with security guards; on two occasions, a knife and a baseball bat were used.

Fan violence is not a new horror. It was called rowdy behavior back when Ty Cobb worried about being lynched during barnstorming tours, or when George Halas was giving birth to pro football. But it is new because of its spiraling frequency, its character and its constantly darkening presence during a time when people talk about space shuttles, envision miracle drugs that will let them live to be 100 and generally want to believe that the baser primitive instincts have been leached out of the human system.

A quaint notion, of course. Ignoring the debris from what we do to one another on the world stage as nations, the past two decades have seen a nasty rise in fan violence. If the full-scale sports riot is still not commonplace in America, the symptoms of fan unrest and the will for violent engagement are all too clear to sports officials: disruptive field invasions by packs of fans who are cheered by the rest of the crowd; the throwing of darts, ball bearings and hot pennies onto hockey ice; the abusive language that has nothing to do with a player's game; the assaults and death threats on more athletes than ever before. On and on it goes; the rap sheet on fan violence could fill an archive.

These signs have motivated precautions. Dime Beer Night has gone the way of the free lunch. The San Diego Chicken—and others like him—is an act that is intended to entertain, to distract and defuse volatile emotion. Go to Comiskey Park in Chicago—known along with Fenway Park for its vicious, sudden brawls in the stands—and you're likely to be searched when entering the gates. Then there is the recent addition of the Plexiglas backboard in hockey rinks to

keep fans from players in the penalty box—a step that has led some to suggest, in the vein of the futurist, that sports will soon be played under special bullet-proof domes. When guard dogs were used, in a disquieting show of force, to keep fans off the field during the 1980 world series in Philadelphia, it inspired a good deal of dark humor: Today the dogs, tomorrow the lions. Amusing—until you look at the faces, listen to the crazed venom around you in a stadium or arena.

Trying to capsulize the general mood of the sports crowd today, Los Angeles psychiatrist Dr. Arnold Beisser says, "The old fan used to yell, 'Kill the umpire!' The new fan tries to do it."

"Of the seventeen thousand fans in this place," said Fred Shero, then coach of the Philadelphia Flyers, "I'll bet a thousand of them aren't all there. They let their emotions get to them. Some night a guy is going to come in here with a loaded gun." The architect of the old and evil Flyers, Shero seems, over the past few months, to have become as prescient as Dr. Beisser: An attendant found a handgun under a seat in Madison Square Garden after a recent New York Knicks game and—like the last Apache—a fan with a blackjack in his pocket took a serious run at third-base umpire Mike Reilly during a Yankee play-off game last fall. So who's laughing? Not Don Meredith, former Dallas Cowboy quarterback and now a *Monday Night Football* announcer.

"The whole psychology of crowds . . . it's really wild," Meredith says. "You can get them turned one way or the other and you never really know what's going to happen. Maybe I'm exaggerating a little, but I occasionally do fear physical harm when we do those games."

Collective madness by the crowd rattles the athlete, yet it is the silhouette of individual violence—on and off the field—that truly alarms. The atmosphere now isn't the same as it was when the old and blustering bare-knuckle king John L. Sullivan used to go into a bar and roar: "I can lick any man in the world." Today, if he didn't look up suddenly into the snout of a Saturday-night special, there would be no lack of defiance to his challenge, most likely in the form of a blind-side bar stool applied to his head. The modern athlete fears exposure as if he were naked on a Siberian tundra.

They all know what Pete Gent, ex-Cowboy and author of the insightful *North Dallas Forty*, means when he talks about the fear of being "skylighted," a hunting term used to describe prey when it is in full view of its predators: all athletes have to deal with it. The

(continued on page 88)

OCT. STOLEN SWEETS 25¢



WE DO OUR BEST



*a noted cartoonist shares his hobby—collecting cover girls
from the era before the camera replaced the paintbrush*

FRANCIS SMITH, better known as Smilby, is a fastidious and talented English cartoonist whose work has appeared in *PLAYBOY* for many years. When he is not at the drawing board, he is out collecting vintage cover girls. Playboy Press has recently published *Stolen Sweets* (named for a magazine of the Thirties), a loving look at Smilby's collection. Smilby writes, "The aim of this book is to share my interest and pleasure in the drawings of the cover girls of what, for want of a better name, one must call the girlie magazines of the first third of this century. For this was their heyday—the days from the turn of the century until the mid-Thirties, when photoprinting in color finally became technically good enough for the photo-



The French invented *l'amour*, but Americans invented glamor. *La Vie Parisienne* was the original magazine for sophisticated men. *Reel Humor*, *Spicy Stories* and *PEP!* were cheap pulp spin-offs; *Snappy* was one of the few large-format magazines of the period.

graph to replace the drawing. . . . These paintings are as fresh, as lively and lovely as the day they were painted."

During the Depression of the Thirties, America had the greatest cheap-magazine industry in the world. We took the notion of the French girlie magazine and gave it a unique twist. Smilby writes, "For if France had invented *l'amour*, America had invented glamor—one of the two curiously opposed images that she created and contributed to the girlie world. The first of these, the polished beauty, all flaws retouched, was the glamorous, unattainable movie-star dream girl. And the second—the one so often revealed in this book—the cheerful, happy-go-lucky, fun-loving girl next door. . . . The fundamental difference between the French and the American girl in this genre can be summed up by one broad generalization: The sophisticated Frenchwoman is *consciously* pleasing, whereas the great American invention, the girl next door, is *unconsciously* pleasing. . . . [These girls] positively glow with rosy-cheeked extroverted normality. They swim, they dive, they roller-skate, they throw balls. They're active, athletic, bursting with enthusiasm and those old American virtues—vim, vigor and vitality. Real get-up-and-go girls. . . . When popular art, for whatever reason, is at a high level of achievement, the cheap and vulgar can be lifted above itself. Good artists can lift a tawdry product to a level where some degree of critical appreciation is possible." It is nice—for Smilby and for us—to be able to pay respects to our roots.



Girlie magazines in the Twenties and Thirties ran the gamut from *PEP!* and *Frivolités* to *Movie Humor* and *Film Fun*. The latter were filled with stills of such stars as Ginger Rogers and Joan Blondell, often in elegant undress, witty captions and two-line gags.





The success of *Film Fun* spawned several imitators—among them *Movie Merry-Go-Round*—all centered on tales of Hollywood starlets. *Silk Stocking Stories* catered to the leg man. It was filled with photographs of curvaceous cuties, carefully posed for maximum exposure of calves and shapely onkles. The *Tattle Tales* cover below is noteworthy for its tasteful, elegant nudity.



WILD IN THE SEATS (continued from page 84)

"A crowd is a device for indulging ourselves in temporary insanity by all going crazy together."

golfer Hubert Green knew the feeling when he received a death threat a few years ago at the U. S. Open. So did tennis star Bjorn Borg. Before his final match against John McEnroe at Forest Hills last summer, Borg got two death messages from the same caller. Ringed by detectives, he left the grounds later by a back stair well.

Athletes handle exposure in various ways. Some become reclusive; others, such as Georgie Best, the English soccer star, Joe Namath and El Córdobes, the bullfighter, layer themselves with expensive entourages. The most loved of them all, Muhammad Ali, even had his own mini security force that carried more armor than an infantry patrol. And George Foreman seemed always like a bear pursued by a pack of wolves; finally, like a Florentine prince, he grew afraid of being poisoned and added a food taster to his inner circle.

Look at the face of the Phillies' Pete Rose as he stands in the middle of a screaming mob of autograph seekers. It is not the same joyous face that was there when he broke in back in 1964, the face that remained for most of his career. Pugnacious and always infuriating to some fans, Rose has been shot in the neck with a paper clip ("I bled for three innings") and once, after sliding into second base on Frisbee Night in Atlanta, looked up on his way back to the dugout and felt the fury and wild energy of a single collective will raining down on him—fortunately, in the form of "ten thousand Frisbees." His face is worn now and his eyes are nervous, with a trace of flight in them as they scan the pack, the rolled-up newspapers and score cards. Rose can read; he knows how John Lennon got it.

"You know what they say about sleeping dogs," says Rose, smiling weakly, when asked about violent fans.

A great pall of reticence has fallen over some athletes as the weight of the evidence has mounted; obviously, *something is going on out there*. It's not really the language that is steadily directed toward them, the intense, personal kind that drove Astro Cesar Cedenó up into the stands after a couple of fans who kept calling him a "killer" (Cedenó was convicted of involuntary manslaughter—but not jailed—in the Dominican Republic several years ago). Cedenó's counterattack was the first in a series of poststrike confrontations in baseball between player and fan. Later,

Reggie Smith, of the Dodgers, was fined \$5000 for going after fans in the stands; Gary Templeton, of the Cardinals, was suspended and fined heavily for giving the finger to his critics on Ladies' Day in St. Louis; and even the gritty Rose went after a pair of hecklers in St. Louis (he was given a summons for disturbing the peace). Prior to these episodes, this strain of retaliation had been seen only among hockey players and thespian wrestlers. The upshot seems to be that the chasm between athletes and fans is now long and deep—and imminently dangerous.

Personal abuse frustrates the player, but it is the steady portents of real danger that shadow his hours on and off the field: death threats, intimidating phone calls, the strange face seen too often in the hotel lobby. Hardly paranoid, athletes feel sharply the reality behind the gathering cloud of incidents. They know that fans shot the dog of ex-Green Bay coach Dan Devine because his team wasn't winning enough. They remember when even Billy Martin became rattled after a death threat and donned a bulletproof vest in Comiskey Park. And they know what Pirate Dave Parker must have felt when he bent down one night in Philadelphia and picked up two .38-caliber bullets.

That kind of symbolism is not lost on Oriole outfielder Ken Singleton, who will usually talk his head off eloquently in front of a TV camera but says curtly, "I have no comment on fan violence. I feel the less I say about it, the less I'll be picked out and made a target."

Singleton's teammate pitcher Dennis Martinez is wary and angry, but not intimidated. He says he has brought charges against a Chicago fan over an incident last April. His head keeps turning over his shoulder—with good reason. "I just couldn't understand it. I've been good to fans. I sign autographs, go over and talk to them. But now I'm scared." He slams the ball into his glove. "It was during a rain delay. Real dark and cold. As I came out of the dugout, I saw this shadow coming over my head. And when I turned, I saw stars. I got it right here"—he parts his hair to show the scar—"but luckily, the bottle didn't break. I took four stitches and was dizzy for three days."

Up in Saratoga, Angel Cordero, a Picasso on 1000 pounds of horse, finishes a ride out of the money and makes his way through the crowd, his eyes full of fear and his tiny feet moving

at a frantic pace. He ducks a thrown carrot and reaches the jockey room, where he wipes the track dirt from his face. "It's quiet up here," he says, "but down in the city, in New York, it's dangerous. Down there, I've been hit with ice, pieces of glass, horseshit . . . everything. The fans come right up to me and shout in my face, 'Cordero! Your mother's a whore!' I try not to listen. But it gets to you. They spit on me like I'm an animal. People, they get weird in crowds."

The crowd? Politicians try to play it like a Stradivarius. Madison Avenue spends millions trying to unlock its dark and whimsical passions. Crowd mentality has brought forth everything from Pet Rocks to the frenzy of tulip mania in old Holland, from the bloody Crusades to the witch-hunts of Salem. The poet Schiller thought about the subject and wrote, "Anyone taken as an individual is tolerably sensible and reasonable—as a member of a crowd, he at once becomes a blockhead." Thick books have been written on the behavior of crowds, but after all the maddening jargon, each seems to say in so many pages: A crowd is a device for indulging ourselves in a kind of temporary insanity by all going crazy together.

By that definition, the panorama of American sports has become a permanent fix, far removed from the days when athletics were seen as purely good, as wholesome, competitive play. Listen to Lee Walburn, a former Atlanta sports executive (hockey and basketball): "I think hockey and football will be more violent in the year 2000, because we may be such a sedentary society that we need some release for our emotions. It'll be a matter of psychological therapy to have violent sport. We may not see men fighting to death, but we could see animals killing each other . . . cockfights, pit bulldogs, maybe even piranhas eating each other to death on television." Quite serious, Walburn seemed to be saying this: Welcome to the new Rome.

Rome as historical example of excess and dissolution has had to carry a lot of high weight when scholars have searched for an analogy to contemporary Western ills. It has been used to color the drug problem, sexual freedom and free-for-all materialism. Now it is sports violence, a strain of diversion the emperors may have discovered but left for the 20th Century to refine into a major industry that worries perceptive men and threatens to make us all less than equal to our promise as human beings. The once "sylvan glade" of sports is under siege—both the games themselves and what they do to the masses who consume them like chunks of tossed raw meat.

(continued on page 198)

NEXT OF SKIN

attire **By DAVID PLATT**

polished leathers and suedes have come in from the cold, turning wardrobes into year-round animal acts



FASHION'S favorite fabrics at the moment aren't even fabrics; yet today's moguls of menswear are treating polished leathers and suedes as though they had the versatility of textiles. As can be expected, this liberated attitude toward skins has led to results the Hell's Angels wouldn't touch with a ten-foot Harley—including leather and suede formalwear and swim trunks. Colors, for the moment, are understandably on the safe

On this and the following pages, we've captured a bird's-eye view of the leather threads featured in the inset photos. Here, our guy has combined an aniline leather cardigan jacket, about \$600, with pigskin suede pleated slacks, about \$375, a broadcloth shirt with knit collar, about \$80, all by Andrew Fezza; and a hand-woven silk/cotton rep striped tie, by Jeffrey Aronoff, \$65.

side, sands and browns being the most popular. Mixed with other subtle shades, they give off an air of cool sophistication; combined with items in bolder colors, their effect is surprisingly sporty. But we

Right: You'll walk tall—and soft—in a suede long-sleeved shirt with barrel cuffs and a breast pocket, about \$385, that's shown with white cotton corduroy pleated slacks with belt loops, quarter top pockets and straight legs, about \$48, both by Calvin Klein; plus a split-cowhide belt with brass buckle, by Buxton, about \$10.





predict that as the variety of skin styles becomes absorbed into the fashion mainstream, more adventuresome colors will crop up. Just avoid too much of a good thing and keep your skin selection to

Left: This fellow's leather fashion look is clean and uncluttered, as he's opted for combining a simple cotton knit pullover with rib trim, about \$65, with suede double-pleated lined slacks that have belt loops, double-entry side pockets and straight legs, about \$395, both by Gianni Versace Design. Look, Mal No shirt!

two items per outfit. Even something as simple as a skinny suede tie on a soft flannel shirt with a favorite corduroy jacket can be effective. Remember, too, that animal skin can feel damned good against

Right: If you want to get this guy's goat, you'll have to shop for his goatskin suede zippered jacket with stand-up collar, by Jean-Paul Germain, about \$525; that's teamed with polyester/rayon triple-pleated slacks, by Cotler, \$35, including a metallic belt; and a cotton placket-front short-sleeved shirt, by Gant, \$25.





our skin. (Try a soft suede shirt with nothing on underneath and you may become your own best friend.) And if leather is a sensuous turn-on for us, think of the effect it's having on the opposite sex.

Left: There's little chance this chap will be headed off at the pass, what with his coming on in a Western lambskin suede long-sleeved pullover with tab button closure, drawstring waist and flap patch pockets, by Robert Comstock, \$295; and a pair of ultracomfortable corduroy jeans with straight legs, by Wrangler, about \$20.

"Dr. Brandon carried her full armamentarium of sedatives and tranks ready, in case Gianni freaked out."

a mark of priorities. What Mozart accomplished is stranger and more interesting to him than the whole technological revolution. Technology is only a means to an end, for Gianni—push a button, you get a symphony orchestra in your bedroom: *miracolo!*—and he takes it entirely for granted. That the *basso continuo* had become obsolete 30 years after his death, that the diatonic scales would be demoted from sacred constants to inconvenient anachronisms a century or so later is more significant to him than the fusion reactor, the interplanetary spaceship or even the machine that yanked him from his deathbed into our world."

In the fourth week, he said he wanted to compose again. Leavis was in 11th heaven. Gianni asked for a harpsichord. Instead, they gave him a synthesizer. He loved it.

In the sixth week, he began asking questions about the outside world, and I realized that the tricky part of the experiment was about to begin.

I said to Leavis, "Pretty soon we have to reveal him. It's incredible we've been able to let quiet this long."

I had a plan. The problem was twofold: letting Gianni experience the world and letting the world adjust to the idea of time travel and a man from the past. There was going to be the whole business of press conferences, media tours of the lab, interviews with Gianni, a festival of Pergolesi music at the Hollywood Bowl with the premiere of a symphony in the mode of Beethoven that he said would be ready by April, etc., etc., etc. But, at the same time, we would be taking Gianni on private tours of the L.A. area, gradually exposing him to the society into which he had been so unilaterally hauled. The medics said it was safe to let him encounter 21st Century microorganisms now. But would it be safe to let him encounter 21st Century civilization? He, with his windows sealed and his blinds drawn, his 18th Century mind wholly engrossed in the revelations that Bach and Mozart and Beethoven were pouring into it—what would he make of the world of spaceways and slice houses and overload bands and freebase teams when he could no longer hide from it?

"Leave it all to me," I said. "That's what you're paying me for, right?"

On a mild and rainy February afternoon, Leavis and I and the main physi-

cian, Nella Brandon, took him on his first drive through his new reality. Down the hill the back way, along Ventura Boulevard a few miles, onto the freeway, out to Topanga, back around through the landslide zone to what had been Santa Monica, and then straight up Wilshire across the entire heart of Los Angeles—a good stiff jolt of modernity. Dr. Brandon carried her full armamentarium of sedatives and tranks ready, in case Gianni freaked out. But he didn't freak out.

He loved it—swinging round and round in the bubbletop car, gaping at everything. I tried to view L.A. through the eyes of someone whose entire life had been spent amid the splendors of Renaissance and Baroque architecture, and it came up hideous on all counts. But not to Gianni. "Beautiful," he sighed. "Wondrous! Miraculous! Marvelous!" The traffic, the freeways themselves, the fast-food joints, the peeling plastic facades, the great fire scar in Topanga, the houses hanging by spider cables from the hillsides, the occasional superjet floating overhead on its way into LAX—everything lit him up. It was wonderful to him. None of those dull old cathedrals and *palazzi* and marble fountains here—no, everything here was brighter and larger and glitzier than life, and he loved it. The only part he couldn't handle was the beach at Topanga. By the time we got there, the sun was out and so were the sun bathers, and the sight of 8000 naked bodies cavorting on the damp sand almost gave him a stroke. "What is this?" he demanded. "The market for slaves? The pleasure house of the king?"

"Blood pressure rising fast," Nella said softly, cying her wrist monitors. "Adrenaline levels going up. Shall I cool him out?"

Leavis shook his head.

"Slavery is unlawful," I told Gianni. "There is no king. These are ordinary citizens amusing themselves."

"Nudo! Assolutamente nudo!"

"We long ago outgrew feeling ashamed of our bodies," I said. "The laws allow us to go nude in places like this."

"*Straordinario! Incredibile!*" He gaped in total astonishment. Then he erupted with questions, a torrent of Italian first, his English returning only with an effort. Did husbands allow their wives to come here? Did fathers permit daughters? Were there rapes on the beach? Duels? If the body had

lost its mystery, how did sexual desire survive? If a man somehow did become excited, was it shameful to let it show? And on and on and on, until Leavis had to signal Nella to give him a mild needle. Calmer now, Gianni digested the notion of mass public nudity in a more reflective way; but it had amazed him more than Beethoven, that was plain.

We let him stare for another ten minutes. As we started to return to the car, Gianni pointed to a lush brunette trudging along by the tide pools and said, "I want her. Get her."

"Gianni, we can't do that!"

"You think I am eunuch?" He caught my wrist. "Get her for me."

"Not yet. You aren't well enough yet. And we can't just get her for you. Things aren't done that way here."

"She goes naked. She belongs to anyone."

"No," Leavis said. "You still don't really understand, do you?" He nodded to Nella. She gave him another needle. We drove on and he subsided. Soon we came to the barrier marking where the coast road had fallen into the sea, and we swung inland through the place where Santa Monica had been. I explained about the earthquake and the landslide. Gianni grinned.

"Ah, *il terremoto*, you have it here, too? A few years ago, there was great earthquake in Napoli. You have understood? And then they ask me to write a Mass of Thanksgiving, afterward, because not everything is destroyed. It is very famous Mass for a time. You know it? No? You must hear it." He turned and seized my wrist. With an intensity greater than the brunette had aroused in him, he said, "I will compose a new famous Mass, yes? I will be very famous again. And I will be rich. Yes? I was famous and then I was forgotten and then I died and now I live again. And rich. Yes? Yes?"

Leavis beamed at him and said, "In another couple of weeks, Gianni, you're going to be the most famous man in the world."

Casually, I poked the button turning on the radio. The car was well equipped for overload and out of the many speakers came the familiar pulsing, tingling sounds of Wilkes Booth John doing *Membrane*. The subsonics were terrific. Gianni sat up straight as the music hit him. "What is that?" he demanded.

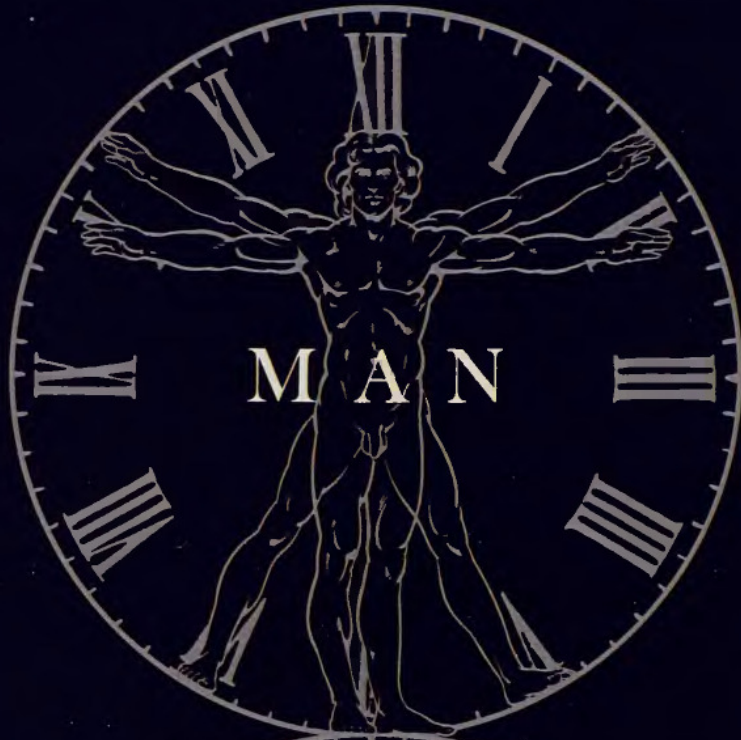
"Overload," I said. "Wilkes Booth John."

"Overload? This means nothing to me. It is a music? Of when?"

"The music of right now," said Nella.

As we zoomed along Wilshire, I keyed in the colors and lights, too, and the whole interior of the car began to throb and flash and sizzle. Wonderland

(continued on page 169)



part two

MAN and WOMAN

from the frontiers of sex and science,
an unprecedented playboy series on what makes
man man and woman woman

THE SEXUAL DEAL: A STORY OF CIVILIZATION

*if females don't need males for reproduction, then why do
males exist—and, for that matter, why is there sex at all?*

article

By JO DURDEN-SMITH
and DIANE DE SIMONE

H

OMO SAPIENS. *Types: male and female. Age: about 400,000, with known ancestors of 3,500,000. Distribution: virtually entire surface of planet Earth. Societies: agricultural and industrial, with a few primitive hunter-gatherers. Mode of reproduction: sexual. Nearest living relative: chimpanzee. Characteristics: intelligent, dominant, highly sexed. Question: Why?*

A visitor from another galaxy who materialized here with limitless funds would have a hard time explaining to her distant bosses why human men and women dominate the earth. Where would she begin? We're not the biggest species, after all—the blue whale is 1000 times larger. We're not the longest-living—a bristlecone pine can outlast 150 human generations. We're not anything like as numerous as birds. And we don't reproduce particularly fast—other species can do in 20 minutes what takes us nine months. Only two things, in fact, combine to make us in any way special. The ratio between our brain weight and our body mass is the highest on earth; and we are by far the sexiest creatures on the planet.

Our closest cousins are chimpanzees, with whom we share 98.5 percent of our genes. And scientists agree that a cross between a chimp and a human being is entirely possible; the Chinese are said to have tried it before they were rudely interrupted by the Cultural Revolution. How they went about it, before the days of test-tube babies, no one knows. And what the sexual behavior of the result might have been fairly boggles the mind. For a chimp's sex life is a pretty sorry business compared with ours. Chimp males, it is true, may be said to have an advantage

over us human males—their testicles are three times larger than ours and they produce huge amounts of sperm. But that's only because they have to compete with one another all the time. Male chimps have sex only when an individual female comes into heat—after two or three years, if she's pregnant or nursing an infant. They usually have to queue up for it. And when the time comes to do what they've been waiting for, the whole thing is over in seven seconds.

By contrast, we humans have fun. And we look as if we were designed for it: All the necessary equipment is carried up front, permanently on display. We're hairless, for maximum visibility and sensitivity. We tend to copulate face to face, to have as much personal contact as possible—though there are as many variations on this theme as there is human ingenuity. And we do it more often. Human beings aren't hidebound by breeding seasons and breeding cycles, as are chimpanzees and the rest of nature. We have sex not only for reproduction but for pleasure as well.

That's something our intrepid intergalactic anthropologist would notice very quickly. And she'd notice, as she scanned the species, two other things that humans characteristically do that seem to be related to all this sexual delight. First, we're basically monogamous, unlike almost all other primates

except the gibbon and the siamang. And, second, we have a division of labor between the sexes; there seems to be an agreement about who does what.

Of a total of 224 societies listed in George Murdock's *Ethnographic Atlas*, 158 list cooking as a strictly female activity and only five say it's exclusively male. Hunting is done by males in 166 societies out of 179 and never exclusively by females. And it's the same story with other jobs about the house and hut. Males are almost always responsible for lumbering, metalworking, fishing and the making of musical instruments. And females, by and large, take over weaving, clothes making and the preparation of drinks and narcotics. This sort of division of labor is unique in nature, except among birds.

Having understood this much, our visitor from outer space would want to try to put two and two together for her report. Large brains, pleasure, monogamy, sexiness and division of labor: Could those explain why human beings have come to dominate the planet Earth? Could sex and sexuality, after all, be at the heart of it? And if she wanted to answer those questions, she'd have to go a long way back in history: past our first settlements a mere 15,000 years ago, past our first tools and past our beginnings—backward in evolutionary

time and out into nature, to the species that have been around for millions and even billions of years, long before our arrival. And there she'd have to ask two further questions that are basic to who we are, questions that the population of her galaxy—all female—are desperate to have answered. Why does sex exist? And why do males exist?

Sex may be fun, but it isn't necessary. Consider, for example, the many species of lizard biologist David Crews keeps in his laboratory at Harvard. Three of them are particularly interesting; for when a female of one of those species is about to ovulate, she is mounted by another lizard and what looks a lot like sex takes place. There is much biting, lashing of tails and juxtaposition of sexual organs.

It is not, however, sex—at least not in the way we usually think of it. Because all lizards of those three species are female. Like at least 24 other species of reptiles and like the people of our imaginary visitor's galaxy, they specialize in virgin birth—parthenogenesis—and have single-parent families of female offspring exactly like themselves. The sex they have has a function. It makes them lay more eggs more often. But it has nothing to do with fertilization. They reproduce on their own, without any need for help from males. They have done away with them and will never need them again, even if Crews manages to make some males by injecting their eggs with male hormones.

Pity, then, the poor male lizard. And take warning. For the same thing could conceivably happen in humans. Some biologists believe that were the gene for parthenogenesis to appear in any long-lived species that inhabits a stable environment, as we do, it would take over and eventually consign both males and sex to oblivion. We would become like dandelions, bananas, pineapples, Washington navel oranges and the occasional turkey—as well as like our female observer and Crews's lizards. We would be born without benefit of sex and in our case, too, all female.

Some feminists would argue that the world would be better off that way; and if you look at males in most of nature, you'll probably agree. For males in nature are by and large rather useless creatures, good only for one thing. They contribute far less to the reproduction of their species than females do. They're usually smaller than females (the largest creature on earth is, in fact, a female blue whale). They almost never help out with the kids. They die young (only human eunuchs live as long as human females) and when they're alive, they behave in extremely foolish ways.

They fight among themselves—male

mites battle to the death—for the privilege of a mating. They also expose themselves to predators when they strut their stuff—for example, only male fireflies take to the air for a flashing session; the female is safe in the underbrush. Males commit themselves to hopelessly elaborate evolutionary strategies, such as the swagger matches of reindeer and their massive investment in useless antlers. And very often, males have no clear idea of who or what to date. A male fly will try it with a raisin; a male butterfly, with a falling leaf. And male frogs and toads will optimistically attach themselves to a rock or a stone or a passing boot.

Being a male, in other words, is in most species a difficult, dangerous, nasty and hit-or-miss business. Nature has designed males to do *anything* to achieve reproductive success; that's all nature is interested in. And the price for that success is sometimes very high. Male marsupial shrews, for instance, get a fatal dose of steroid hormones when they copulate. Male Neotropical frogs virtually starve themselves to death as they wait weeks or even months on the back of a female for her eggs to mature. And male angler fish, just to perform their reproductive duty, commit an awesome form of suicide. They latch on with pincers to the body of a female, become a part of her skin surface and circulatory system, lose their eyes and fins in the process and end up becoming about a hundredth of her size. All that for one tiny moment of glory, when the female releases her eggs into the water to be fertilized.

It's no wonder, then, given the rotten time most males seem to have of it, that those few males that have the option—some coral-reef fish, for instance—actually fight with each other for the right to become female.

The majority of males don't have that option. Like humans, they're locked into whatever evolution gave them—from the 18 different patterns in the courtship dance of the American grasshopper to the bull elephant's unwieldy 60-pound penis to whatever lurks in the collective psyche at a big-city singles bar. They're locked into the evolved expression of their male sexuality. All of which may come as something of a surprise to human males who think of themselves as varied and sophisticated, newly arrived and in the game only for pleasure.

But we, too, evolved a long time ago. And we, too, are subject to this basic law of nature: that the only way a male can reproduce himself and pass on his genes to the next generation is to find a mate, compete for her and do whatever she thinks necessary. If males, including human males, don't do this—if they don't make it through the struggle and

don't come up to snuff with the female—then they're on a one-way ticket to reproductive oblivion. And whatever genes they carried that produced their particular disability—their choice of pleasure over conception, their urge to stay home and not bother, their weakness, their muffing of the courtship dance or their lack of attractive pizzazz—will disappear from the population.

Only the genes for whatever it took to survive and reproduce with a female will remain: the biggest, the bravest, the most persistent, the most punctual and the most colorfully decorated. That is the way the world turns, for males. With the female in charge of the manufacturing end of reproduction, males are only in the service business and they must jump to the female's tune.

Irven DeVore, a Harvard anthropologist, is certain about this. "Males," he says unequivocally, "are a vast breeding experiment run by females."

The question is, though: What on earth for? It's clear that the existence of sex is of vital importance for males in nature; without it, they wouldn't be around. But what's in it for females? Sexual reproduction, after all, takes time and energy (in flatworms, which can reproduce with or without sex, it takes 15 percent more time and 25 percent more energy). And it also presents a female with several serious problems.

First, she has to find and risk having close to her a potentially dangerous partner. Second, she has to find a way of making sure she's mating with an individual of the right species. And, third, she has to take a gamble on whether or not the male's sperm will enable her to produce fit offspring. Some of the winnowing out of males has already been done, of course, by the rigors of the environment and by male-male competition. But a female's eggs are still more expensive to produce than a male's sperm—in birds, the egg can represent as much as a quarter of a female's body weight; and in humans, men can produce in half a second more sperm (the smallest cells in their bodies) than a woman can produce eggs in her whole lifetime.

A female, then, is forced to be more choosy than a male. In humans, a moment's indiscretion with the wrong sperm can cost a woman an egg that would have been better invested elsewhere, not to mention nine months of pregnancy and a lot of bringing up baby.

All that, you would think, would encourage the female of the species to find some other means of reproduction. And there is an even stronger and more important reason why she should. It is that, quite apart from all the inconvenience and fuss, sex—evolutionarily speaking,

(continued on page 186)



D. Edini





FOXY LADY

anne-marie is in great shape to be miss february

ANNE-MARIE FOX is eager to get on with the business of being Anne-Marie Fox. Her life so far has been all preparation. Now she wants to *do* something. Early on in her 19 years of life, Anne-Marie was sentenced to a Catholic girls' school (though she's not Catholic). She got the full treatment: No boys *ever*, no unexcused tardiness to class, uniforms must be worn at all times—you know the routine. Anne-Marie not only survived, she flourished, finding direction in discipline.

"The expectations," she recalls, "were for you to be totally moral, a perfectionist, hard-working . . . which aren't bad

qualities. It's character building and I needed that when I was growing up. Besides, everyone was very concerned with you, so you got a lot of attention. I didn't mind the uniforms at all. I was such a free spirit I needed some restrictions in my life."

For a while, it looked as if Anne-Marie could get a parole: Her mother went to Germany to study and took Anne-Marie along. But it was out of the frying pan and into the strudel.

"I definitely went into culture shock in Germany," she declares. "The schools are extremely strict and if you don't live up to their high standards, you're an outcast. You had



In these four photos, it's clear that the rigors of the dance are vital for Anne-Marie Fox, who believes a well-tuned mind belongs in a well-toned body. She augments her physical education as an instructor at a men's health club. Inexplicably, she intends to cover up her handiwork by embarking on a career in fashion modeling.



When she can no longer belly up to the bar (left), Anne-Marie makes a pit stop at her home in Malibu. Her version of the Beverly Hills Diet apparently is to feed most of the fattening stuff to the cat. It does seem to work, though. She describes her ideal partner this way: "I'd like a man who's successful at whatever he's doing . . . as long as it's legal. And he'd have to be honest—I want to know what's going on. He'd also have to be sensitive and gentle and intelligent, and if he doesn't have a sense of humor, I will not be seen with him. I like to joke around. I've always believed you've got to keep things light to keep things flowing."







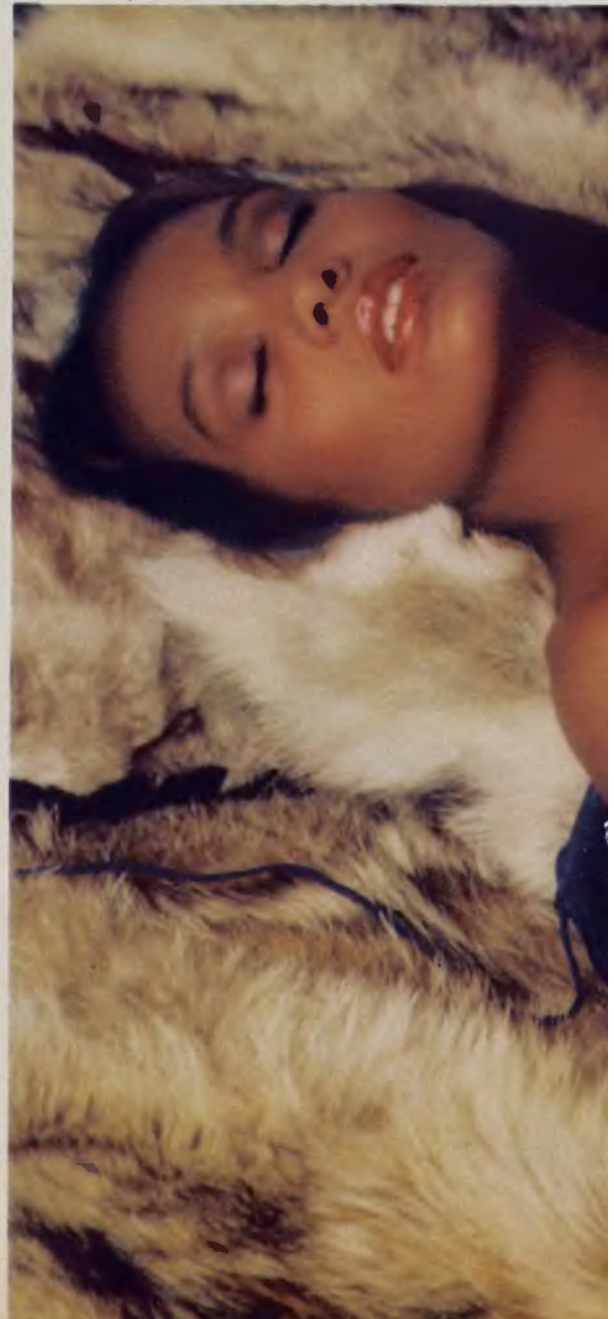
to excel or you weren't accepted. For fun, kids in Germany study and take music lessons.

"Plus, all my classes were in German, naturally, so I had a bit of a handicap. I managed to pick it up pretty quickly, just by being around the other kids, but the first three months were pretty rough. I still keep up on my German, but I don't run into many people I can talk to here."

Here, for Anne-Marie, is Malibu, where she finds the lifestyle considerably different. Now the discipline is self-imposed. Fitness is king on the beach and Anne-Marie is fit.

She even teaches other people how to be fit in her job at a men's health club in West Hollywood, and for the past eight years has been

"You know, it's ironic," Anne-Marie recalls, "when I was a schoolgirl in Germany, I used to read PLAYBOY all the time, just to look at the pretty girls. I used to think then, I wish I had a body good enough to be in PLAYBOY!"







studying ballet as well.

Anne-Marie hopes to parlay all that body work into a future in fashion modeling.

"It's funny, because I remember having my portrait done as a child, and I *cried*. Now I love it. Just like my poetry, it's a way of expressing myself. Sometimes I get so into it that everything around me disappears, and I just get into the camera, one on one."

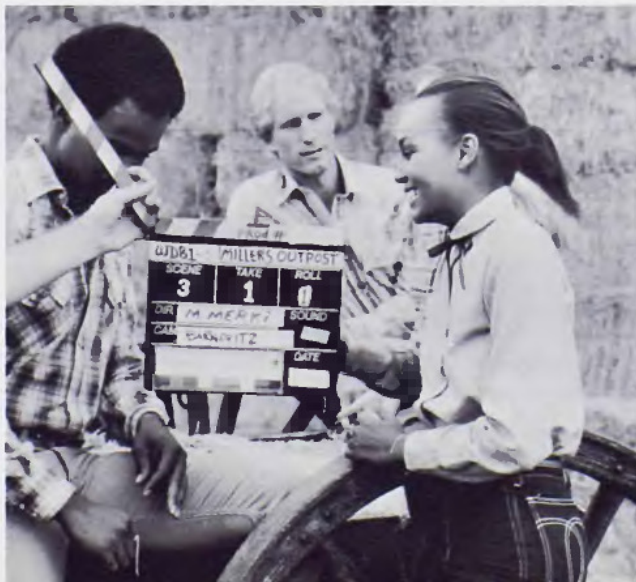
Long-term, Anne-Marie wants to be an architect. For now, she is content to enjoy the Malibu sun. "I love it here, the ocean and the mountains. I look forward to going home in the evening."

When she does get home, Anne-Marie turns reflective, writing poetry or making entries in her diary. She's also a music lover, playing piano and violin and listening to classical and rock.

And if she had an extra wish, one she could just blow: "I've always wanted to be in a James Bond movie."



Looking at the pictures above, we can't decide if it would be inspirational or discouraging to have an instructor like Anne-Marie, but, judging by the smiles in the Sports Connection workout room, she makes the hard work fun. "I'm a perfectionist myself, but I don't try to lay that trip on anybody else." At right, Anne-Marie does a quick change for television.



The independent Miss Fox says, "I'm not into women's liberation at all. Women are equal; we don't have to dwell on it. I like being a lady . . . and I like being treated like one."

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY
BY PHILLIP DIXON

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



para: Maria Est

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Anne-Marie Fox

BUST: 32 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 112 SIGN: Libra

BIRTH DATE: 9-28-62 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles

IDEAL MAN: Successful, creative, honest, sincere, intelligent, sense of humor, protective.

TURN-ONS: Yellow roses, delicate jewelry, white lace, diamonds, big eyes, well-toned bodies

TURN-OFFS: Waiting, liars, spiders, snakes, traf- fic, being sick, manipulators, concert

HOBBIES: Writing poetry, diary, dreaming, ballet, dancing, talking, calligraphy

FAVORITE MOVIES: Bond movies, The Darling Post, Tess, Animal House

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Bach, Vivaldi, Journey, the Cars, the B-52's, Goldie Hawk

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: The Tonight Show, Dance in America, Live from Lincoln Center

IDEAL EVENING: Conversation, laughter and affection.

6 months



I still sleep like this

16 years



Free dress at Catholic school

17 years



The real me.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

This amusing guy I hit it off with in a singles bar referred to his male organ as a swizzle stick," the girl reported to her confidante, "so I played along by calling my female parts a loving cup."

"Tell me—what happened?"

"Before the night was over, I'd become stir crazy."

Maybe you've heard about the apprentice massage-parlor girl who quit her job because she was tired of playing second fiddle.



Have you discovered a cure for my persistent erection?" the worried knight inquired of the royal alchemist.

"Not yet," answered the pseudo scientist, "but I have spoken to the king about a more suitable assignment for you."

"What's that?" asked the knight, adjusting his chain mail.

"You've been named His Majesty's sundial!"

We suppose that successful masturbation by a 90-year-old man could properly be termed miracle whip.

In simple, layman's terms, what characterizes the manic-depressive psychosis?" the psychiatrist was asked.

"Easy glum, easy glow," was his reply.

A semipro girl who sometimes worked the bar circuit was propositioned one night by a drinker who said he'd pay \$20 for her favors. "Look, mister, you can't buy my bod with a crude offer like that," she responded, "but how's about betting me a twenty I won't put out for you?"

While purchasing some condoms, the young man remarked with a smile, "I'm giving my girl a birthday present tonight."

"Yes, sir," smiled the drug clerk. Then he added, forcing a straight face, "Would you perhaps like these gift-wrapped?"

"That wouldn't make much sense," said the customer. "They're the gift wrapping."

When a man who was convalescing from a heart attack couldn't persuade his wife to let him have intercourse with her, he asked his physician to send him a statement to convince the woman it would be permissible, and so the doctor wrote, "Dear Mrs. Brown: This is to certify that my patient Harry Brown is fully capable of having sexual relations."

The next week, Brown telephoned the medical man and said, "Doc, that note as you wrote it just didn't work with my wife, so I wonder if you could maybe send me an amended version."

"What change would you suggest?" inquired the physician, who wanted to be helpful.

"Instead of that 'Dear Mrs. Brown,' just address it 'To Whom It May Concern.'"

*There once was a sperm cell named Lou
Who dreamed that an egg tryst was due;
But his dream proved a dud,
For his swinging host's pud
Trusted off in the mouth of one Sue!*

Oh, boy, that was like, you know, a religious experience," sighed the young man as he and the girl drove away from the motel. "Was it that way for you, too?"

"Well, almost," sighed the girl. "I was hoping for a second coming."



Asby Newman

Why wouldn't you let your father and me see your costume before you left for that fraternity masquerade party?" the coed was asked on her return home that night.

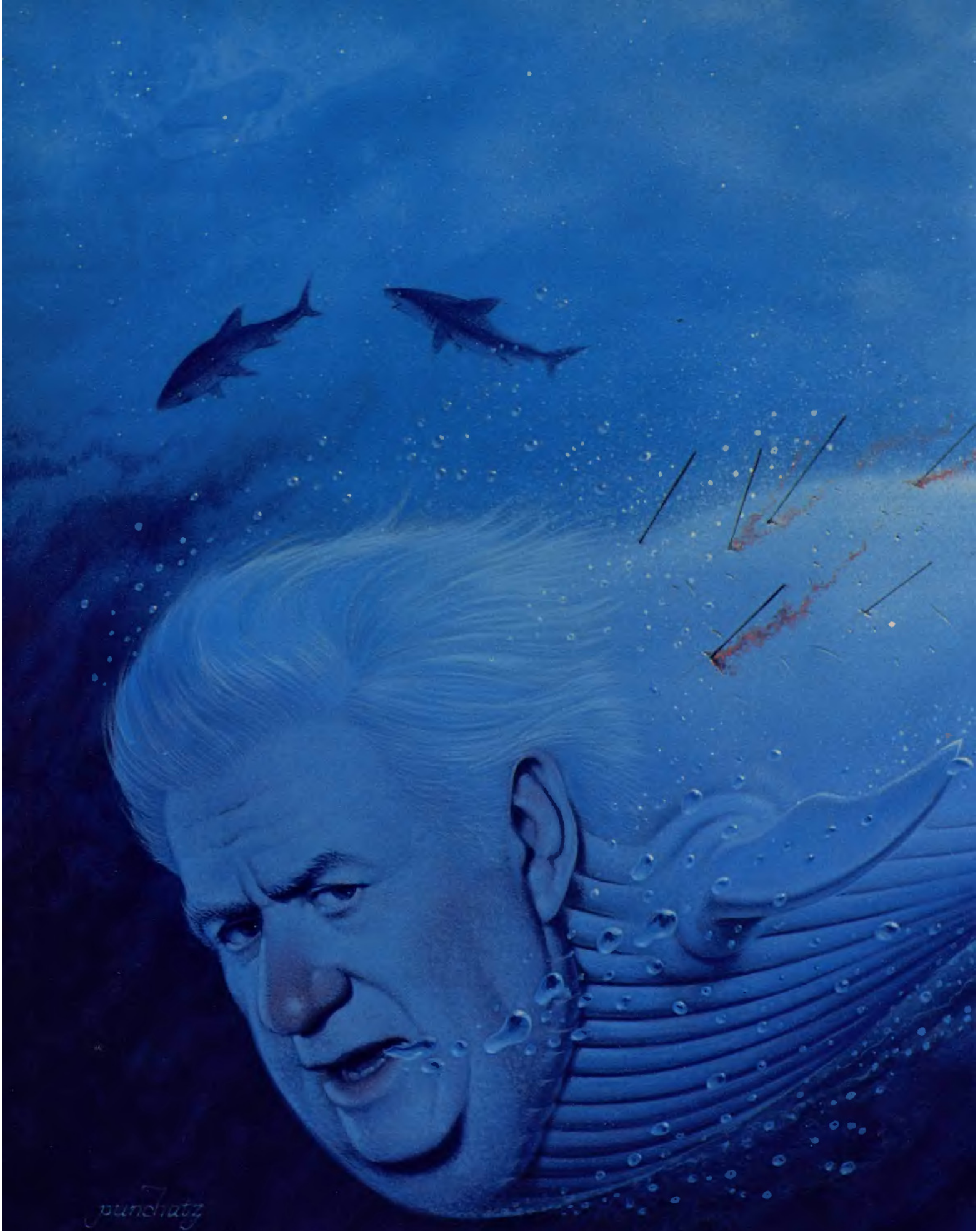
"Because I felt a little silly in it, Mom," the girl answered. "Look—I went as a bee!"

"You come right over here, young lady!" her mother demanded sternly. "I want to check your breath for pollen."

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.



*"As a matter of fact, Mother, you did interrupt us.
Rick was just about to have his orgasm."*



punchatz



A SEA CHANGE

the lesson of tip o'neill vs. ronald reagan is finally this—party politics is a thing of the past

article By JAMES WBBTEN REMEMBER that marvelously effective little television commercial from the campaign wars of 1980—the one in which a burly, white-thatched actor hired by those devilishly clever Republicans so unmistakably caricatured the most powerful and prominent Democrat in Congress, the similarly burly and white-thatched Speaker of the House of Representatives, as an arrogant glutton who neither knew nor cared that his big, black, gas-guzzling automobile was rapidly running out of fuel until it did?

I asked him—the Speaker, not the actor—about it at the Democratic Convention that year, suggesting cautiously that perhaps

the Republicans had made a metaphor out of him.

"A what?" he muttered, clearly irritated by the inference.

"A metaphor, sir," I reiterated. "A metaphor. Doesn't that bother you a bit—being a metaphor, I mean?"

Somehow, challenging and then defying all natural law, his impressive hulk of a body enlarged itself to even more formidable dimensions—a great white whale filling its massive lungs.

"*The Speaker of the House is not a goddamned metaphor,*" he growled malevolently, glaring down at me as though I had launched Ahab's harpoon. "*I never have been a metaphor and, God willing, I never shall be.*"

Then he stalked away, mad as hell, and from the fire in his baleful eye and the edge in his gravelly voice, you'd have thought I'd asked him about the dreaded Tongsun Park.

Thomas P. O'Neill is now into his 70th year (he would, no doubt, deny with equal vehemence being a septuagenarian), having spent nearly 50 as a pisser of a politician—scratching and scrambling his way up from the back streets of Boston into the very mainstreams of the American political process, to national prominence and prestige as well. Yet now, almost half a century after he began his remarkably upward career standing on tiptoe to ring doorbells around the old neighborhood in behalf of Al Smith's Presidential candidacy, he faces the distinctly unpleasant but very real possibility that he could be remembered in the years to come not as the *politician* he has been but as the *metaphor* he may have become: the personification of the fading Democrats, a vibrant political force surviving past its prime, sputtering along on its last few ounces of relevance, coasting finally to a stop beside the highway, dead in its tracks, safely out of the flow.

No wonder he was so testy.

Even before the 1980 election, they were beginning to say *that* about him—him, of all people—and 1981 served only to increase the volume of such libel to such a strident level that, by the end of the year, he could, perhaps, already envision the words chiseled so cleanly into the final granite of his repute:

THOMAS PHILLIP O'NEILL, JR.
A GODDAMNED METAPHOR

And the Speaker's soul was sorely vexed, and there was no joy in him whatsoever, neither was there pleasure to be found.

Yea, and only travail.

The blues.

•

Here is what he wailed to friends one evening last spring:

"My problem, by God, isn't Republicans. My problem, by God, is *Democrats!*"

Bite thy tongue, Mr. Speaker.

It's as though he had confessed to them, with no apparent remorse, that he had voted for Richard Nixon. Twice. It was utter blasphemy—and yet it was quite understandable.

Consider the context.

O'Neill grew up with the Democratic Party, hardly realizing or recognizing the existence of any other throughout much of his youth and even into his early manhood. Like the Church and his name, the party came with the territory, the thickly Irish neighborhoods of North Cambridge, Massachusetts, just beyond the elegantly erudite fringes of Harvard. In such precincts, the consistent ratio of Democrats to Republicans was, roughly, one to zero, a balance that had held steady since the waves of Irish immigrants had begun flowing ashore at Boston Harbor in the latter part of the 19th Century. The local Democrats, outnumbered but fiercely ambitious, courted the arrivals with an ardor genetically repugnant to the Cabots and the Lodges and the rest of the Republican establishment of the day. Consequently, it was the Democrats, seeing in the Irish a potential constituency of vast promise and power, who found places for them to live and jobs at which to work and help when they needed it most desperately. It was richly fertile soil. The Irish became Democrats, and as their own power increased with the proliferation of their numbers, it was principally they who perpetuated the very concepts of the party that had attracted them to it in the first place—all the doing and helping and giving and lifting and underwriting and subsidizing that had drawn them unto its bosom in the beginning. The Irish did not regard themselves as *liberals* or *conservatives*. There were, for them, no separate wings of the party, no ideological shadings within its embrace. There was simply *the party* and they were simply Democrats.

The Speaker's father was just such an Irishman and just such a Democrat—and an important pillar of the local party, at that. He had held a seat on the Cambridge City Council for several years before becoming the sewer commissioner, a post with such sweeping powers of patronage that he soon came to be known as *Governor*—and on Sunday afternoons, after Mass, his house in North Cambridge would be jammed with all manner of politicians, saturated with their talk of politics, all Democratic, of course, and the *governor's* son and namesake was absorbing it all, an eager sponge of a boy crowded into the corner of the parlor, listening to the stories flow, loving the legends and

the lore, becoming a Democrat in the same way he had become a Roman Catholic. He was a bright, receptive youngster, eager to please, and he happily embraced the Democratic Party and its principal concepts precisely as they were offered to him, as they were postulated in his father's parlor on Sunday afternoons, as they were practiced week after week in the neighborhoods of North Cambridge. He endorsed the party's candidates without question long before he could vote for them and he worked for them twice as hard because he could not; and when he himself came of age, fresh out of Boston College, he joined their lists and ran beneath their banners for a seat on the city council. He lost by a whisker, but he was bitten beyond recovery.

As politics had been his father's passionate vocation, so it would become his own. Flashing the lopsided grin that would become the everlasting mark of his presence, he ran again and this time he won a seat in the Massachusetts General Assembly, dominated for a century by the good, gray Republicans—and before he left for Washington 15 years later to take John F. Kennedy's seat in the House of Representatives, the young O'Neill had engineered a Democratic take-over of the state legislature and, naturally, he had become its speaker.

Those who worked with him and against him in Boston during those formative years of his political career quickly learned what made him tick. It was, of course, *the party*. As he had risen, he had taught himself and had been taught by others along the way the essential catechism of his life's work: the rudiments of power (if one is thought to possess it, one does) and the basics of legislative leadership (there is none without party loyalty and there is no party loyalty without party discipline), and he learned his lessons so well and practiced his craft with such patient and long-suffering diligence both in Boston and in Washington that eventually he began to stir some public notice, here and there; and finally he came to a certain popular pre-eminence. "Mr. Democrat," they called him, the "Politician's politician." He was one of the good guys, it was similarly written, who helped carry those dire days over the nefarious black hats of the Watergate conspiracies.

In Washington, now, they like to call him "the Tipper." It is the city's way of screwing up anything good you might have gone there with. His nickname, as most everyone still recognizes, is Tip. It came from a gentleman named Edward O'Neill, a member of the St. Louis Browns, who amassed one of the highest batting averages ever simply because,

(continued on page 177)

MODERN SCREEN ROMANCE

*video's sexy second generation of cassette recorders, disc players, cameras
and stereo tvs is a seductive sequel that's a sure tune-on*

article by ROBERT ANGUS



IF YOU WERE TEMPTED to buy a video-cassette recorder years ago but held off until the industry got the bugs out, refined the styling and dropped the prices, resist no more. Today's VCRs are easy to operate, gorgeous to look at and no more expensive than a top-notch stereo receiver. It's no wonder that there are currently 3,500,000 recorders in operation, with sales graphs going through the roof. And that figure

doesn't include the action in video-disc machines, satellite receiving systems and large-screen-projection units.

Although the first generation of TV products introduced within the past five years opened our eyes to the wonders of video technology, the second generation has demonstrated that mass production brings lower prices, better performance and more profitability, among other improvements. To

You ought to be in pictures, and with the latest video cameras, it's a snap. Above left: Sony's lightweight HVC-2200 (Beta) color camera can shoot in low light without loss of color fidelity or clarity and features a motor-driven zoom/macro lens, \$1300. Next to it is Sanyo's VCC545P (Beta) lightweight color camera with an electronic view finder, \$1000. Nestled by the little lady's leg is a supersensitive Technicolor 412 camera that goes with the small CVC-format tapes, weighs less than five pounds and also features remote control, \$950. The lady herself is holding a JVC GX-88U (VHS) camera featuring an optical view finder and a zoom/macro lens, \$1050. Last, Hitachi's pro-quality VK-C800 (VHS) camera weighs in at about seven pounds and can be operated easily from switches located on the handgrip, \$1450.

help you separate the wheat from the chaff, we've taken a close look at the various video components available (VCRs, disc players, cameras, etc.) in light of their excellence and expectations in today's market.

TVS SOUND OFF

Stereo sound was an integral part of the first laser-optical video-disc players, introduced by Magnavox and Pioneer more than two years ago. It is now becoming a factor in video-cassette recorders and top-quality television sets. (Don't expect your local TV station to begin stereocasting soon, even though the Federal Communications Commission has moved a little closer to adopting a dual-channel stereo system for TV sound.) More importantly, prerecorded video cassettes and discs carrying stereo sound tracks will augment the Public Broadcasting System's stereo simulcasts and cable TV's 24-hour video and stereo rock marathons.

Although Akai introduced the first stereo video recorder, a VHS model, more than a year ago, it hasn't been until re-



Even though the economy is sluggish, home-model VCR sales are tearing up the track. Above left: Sharp's VC-8500 (VHS) is for the person who wants economy and versatility without skimping; as it has basic remote control and because the cassettes are slot-loaded from the front, it's the ideal unit for bookshelf storage, \$960. Above center: Panasonic's PV-1770 (VHS) features a full-function wireless remote control, \$1595. In the foreground: Sanyo's VCR 4300 (Beta) is programable seven days in advance, \$845.

Right: The fun of recording is making for an entirely new generation of portable VCRs. Akai's VPS-7350 (VHS) recorder and tuner-timer at top left is the first unit with Dolby stereo sound, \$1695. Top right: Hitachi's VT-6500A (VHS) and VT-TU65A tuner/timer feature a corded remote control that includes variable-speed advance and tracking adjustments, in addition to other fancy features, \$1600. In the foreground: Technicolor's 212 (CVC) cassette recorder, one of the smallest and lightest on the market, \$995.





cently that the VPS-7350 (\$1695) became available. Now there's a second model, the HR-7650 from JVC, priced at \$1595; and a flood of stereo models is likely because the leading Japanese manufacturers already are producing stereo recorders for use in their country, where stereo telecasting is a reality. So far, there is no Beta equivalent, though both Advent and Marantz have announced plans to pursue it.

Akai was also the first to offer Dolby noise reduction in a video recorder. JVC's HR-7650 followed suit and there are a number of other new models that will include Dolby or some other form of noise reduction. Even the video disc, with its very high-quality digital audio tracks, is pursuing additional noise reduction; Pioneer, RCA and several other manufacturers have expressed interest in CBS' new CX noise-reduction system for video-disc players, which will be introduced later this year.

Sony's new Profeel video receivers are perhaps the first to introduce the component concept to television. Instead of the familiar one-piece TV portable or console, Profeel



Whoever said Sony's video products are the living end was right on the button. The units in the large photo, above center, include: A 19" KX-1901 Profeel monitor, \$850, which is controlled by the VTX-1000R access tuner, \$520, that's sitting atop it, and the hand-held RM-705 wireless remote control, \$65. On either side of the KX-1901 are Sony's SS-X1A side-mount stereo speakers, \$80 the pair. In the foreground is Sony's lightweight portable Betapak SL-2000 recorder, \$1150, and TT-2000 tuner/programable timer, \$350.

Attention, video-disc-player jockeys! At the rear of the photo above right is Pioneer's VP-1000 LaserDisc, which plays a virtually indestructible computer-coded stereo disc; the unit features a remote control that allows you to show a program in slow motion, fast motion, still frame and scan, \$800. Next to the VP-1000 is RCA's CED-format disc player, which reads and shows a video disc without your having to remove it from the protective jacket; speed scanning in forward and reverse is another feature, \$500.

includes a monitor screen (your choice of 19-inch or 25-inch at \$850 and \$1500, respectively), a component TV tuner (the VTX-1000R, for \$520) controlled by an infrared remote unit that can feed a high-quality audio signal to your existing stereo system or power a pair of tiny acoustic-suspension SS-X1A \$80 speakers.

Profeel is only one approach to the problem of hi-fi video. The giant Matsushita Electric Company (Panasonic's parent company) recently unveiled a TV with a picture that compares favorably with the sharpness and detail of 35-millimeter film and another that features a 3-D picture created by the use of special glasses.

But don't ask your dealer for any of that just yet. Matsushita isn't promising consumer models in the foreseeable future. However, other manufacturers not only are promising better TV receivers, they're actually delivering them. The improvements generally fall into four areas: multichannel tuners designed for cable connection that eliminates the need for the unattractive cable box; stereo audio; an array of input and output jacks to allow for connection with other audio and video components; and high-definition receivers that dramatically reduce the amount of video "noise" in the picture.

CHEAP THRILLS

Sanyo led the way toward less expensive video recording with a no-frills low-cost Beta video recorder (Model 9100A, \$695). While the new economy models from Sears, Sharp, Sony, Zenith, RCA, Magnavox, Panasonic and Quasar aren't inexpensive, they all have suggested retail prices of \$1000 or less, which means that some are discounted in stores to as little as \$600. Generally, these cheaper sets are minus long-term programers (most can be preset to tape only one show in a 24-hour period), electronic tuning, etc. And there are no fast- or slow-motion modes, no visual search and no freeze frame.

Sony, Zenith and Sharp budget models also feature front slot loading, such as is found on some audio-cassette decks. These models can thus be housed on bookshelves with low headroom or stacked with other components.

YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU

Canon, Sony, JVC, Panasonic, Akai and other battery-operated portable VCRs are getting smaller and easier to tote. The Canon recorder and camera together weigh less than 11 pounds, including batteries; and Sony's new SL-2000 recorder weighs only nine. The Canon unit is virtually identical to

the lightweight portable VCR system introduced by Technicolor and uses the same quarter-inch CVC format tape, which is roughly the size of an audio cassette.

In general, the new portables from RCA, Panasonic, JVC, Akai and the rest are a pound or two lighter than the models they replace and shave several cubic inches off the size.

HOME BODIES

For many of us, the most adventuresome piece of video equipment is the one-piece recorder/tuner/timer that sits close to the television set and does our bidding. These models make up the biggest chunk of the video market and their sales have been very brisk. The newer top-of-the-line entries from RCA and Panasonic feature freeze frame, single-frame advance and a wireless remote control so you can order your machine from across the room without accidentally tripping over the cord. But whereas last season's goodies introduced long-term programability, this season the emphasis seems to be on fast-speed visual search. It allows the machine to advance or rewind the tape at nine times normal speed while the tape is still in contact with the heads—hence, you can preview an entire hour program in just a few minutes. More importantly, you can also speed through taped commercials. Magnavox, Hitachi, Panasonic and RCA all have incorporated fast visual search on their new models. The Beta version available on Sony, Sanyo and others is called Betascan and does virtually the same thing. In addition, Panasonic's new PV-1770 (\$1595) has four heads instead of the usual two, which makes for sharper pictures, particularly in the superslow, six-hour recording mode.

FOCUSING ON CAMERAS

Video-camera prices have taken a tumble since the days when black-and-white models sold for \$900. This season, a compact, lightweight color camera (the Sharp QC-30) will cost \$599, with similar easy-to-use portables from Magnavox, JVC, Panasonic, Sony, Hitachi and RCA.

Cameras are not only smaller, lighter and cheaper; they're also easier to use. The Akai VC-XI (\$1295), for example, is to videography what the Instamatic is to still pictures—a virtually foolproof shooter that turns in professional-looking results effortlessly, thanks to micro-computer-controlled automatic focus and adjustment.

THE NEW DISCOGRAPHY

We've already mentioned the video disc in our section on digitally recorded

stereophonic sound. Actually, there are two video discs—the laser-optical variety introduced three years ago by Magnavox and the CED model, an RCA product that may lack some of the high technology of the laser type but which sells for a significantly lower price. The laser system, besides offering audio stereo, has the ability to locate an individual frame, to be digitally indexed and to perform such stunts as slow motion, reverse and single-frame advance.

CED players, available from Sears, RCA, Sanyo, Hitachi and Toshiba and others, all cost about \$500 and produce pictures of striking quality. The discs—there are approximately 150 titles in the catalog so far (sorry, no X-rated entries)—cost from \$15 to \$28, with a typical feature film priced at less than \$20. Unlike laser discs, which look something like conventional audio discs except for their metallic color, CED discs come in a plastic sleeve or caddy that is inserted into the player along with the disc. The idea of the caddy is to avoid dust and fingerprints on the playing surface.

There's a third form of video disc waiting in the wings—VHD, a project of Matsushita, which includes Panasonic, Quasar and JVC. VHD combines some of the best features of the existing systems, including multichannel digital audio, economy of manufacture and CED's caddy idea. It's due for introduction sometime this year.

PICTURES FROM OUTER SPACE

When the cable-TV industry harnessed space technology in 1975 to distribute feature films for pay-TV, many Americans regarded it as science fiction. Four years later, Neiman-Marcus featured a satellite-TV receiver as the ultimate Christmas gift, at a price of \$36,500. This year, satellite TV is becoming a practical reality for thousands of Americans living outside metropolitan areas.

The new generation of satellite receiving equipment includes a number of budget systems priced as low as \$4000, plus the entry of some familiar names into a business heretofore dominated by mom-and-pop manufacturers and makers of professional antenna equipment. Four thousand dollars is about half of what similar systems sold for a year ago. (Next month, PLAYBOY will cover the satellite phenomenon.)

LARGER-THAN-LIFE TV

When the first large-screen and projection TV systems appeared a few years back, many of us wondered why anybody would want one at any price, *(concluded on page 158)*



"He's not only a wonderful human being, he's a great ape as well."

WE WUZ ROBBED!



ANDY KAUFMAN



SUSAN SMITH

sports By John Blumenthal ANDY KAUFMAN was in trouble. The self-proclaimed Intergender Wrestling Champion of the World had been flipped, jackknifed, half-nelsoned, arm-barred, leg-dropped and mauled steadily for the past ten minutes, and now the Challenger, Playmate Susan Smith, was positioned atop his limp body, her knees grinding into his shoulders. Red-faced and drooling, his shirt ripped and blood-stained, Kaufman just lay there like a corpse, exhausted, beaten, ready to (text continued on page 130)

*in one corner, a playmate;
in the other,
the intergender wrestling
champion of the world.
but who really won?*



Although well versed in karate, Susan had no wrestling experience, so we enlisted the help of trainer Jim Stephan. Above, Stephan and Smith go to the mats for a prebout workout. Sun-lamp meditation (SLM), an ancient Hindu discipline known principally to the natives of Malibu, helped Susan psych up (below left), while a diet of raw steak (below right) brought out those hitherto latent animal instincts.



Kaufman claims that women fall for him (to the mats, that is) because he's got superior mental capabilities. How does he keep that mind fit? "The reason I'm able to beat women in wrestling," he says, "is because of my intense concentration and power of the mind. I practice transcendental meditation and yoga and that's how I keep in shape." Below, the Champ demonstrates a few of his preparatory moves.





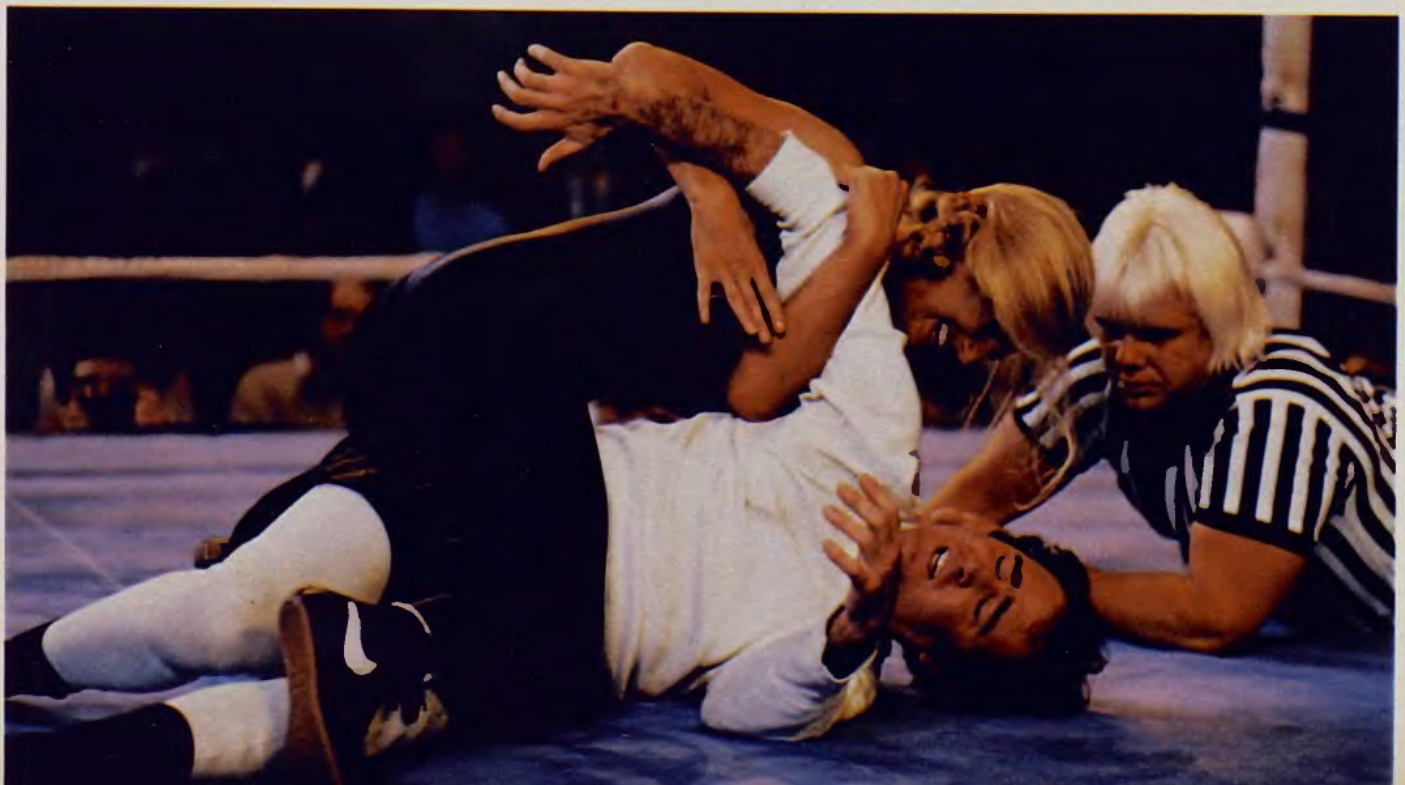
Prior to the official weigh-in (above), Andy and Susan had never met. After the weigh-in, Susan wished they never had. Kaufman was hostile, accusing his opponent of being infatuated with him, baiting her with low-blow insults. But Susan's unwavering poise ultimately caused the Champ to lose his cool and he stooped to violence, only to be held off by referee Bob Zmuda (above center). "I know more about wrestling in my little finger than you do in your whole body!" Kaufman shrieked as he was carted out of the room (above right).



Clockwise from left: Susan "Killer" Smith (36-24-36) stands confidently in her corner, ready to do battle with the self-proclaimed Intergender Wrestling Champion of the World, Andy Kaufman. Having heard rumors that the Champ occasionally resorts to choking, kicking and hair pulling when under the threat of defeat, the Challenger thought it wise to have her ample tresses securely tied before mixing it up. With referee "Pretty Boy" Larry Sharpe officiating, the two anxious moulers start off with a standard arm-interlock grapple. The grudge match of the century was under way.



Clockwise from above left: The Challenger soon demonstrated that she knew her stuff. The Champ soon demonstrated that he had little grace as a human kite. On their first encounter, Susan flipped him backward to the mat. Kaufman responded with a standard headlock, only to discover that his opponent not only knew how to extricate herself but could flip him in the process. Later, a much-womanhandled Andy offered a phony peace gesture, but the Challenger, sensibly, declined.





NEIL LEIFER



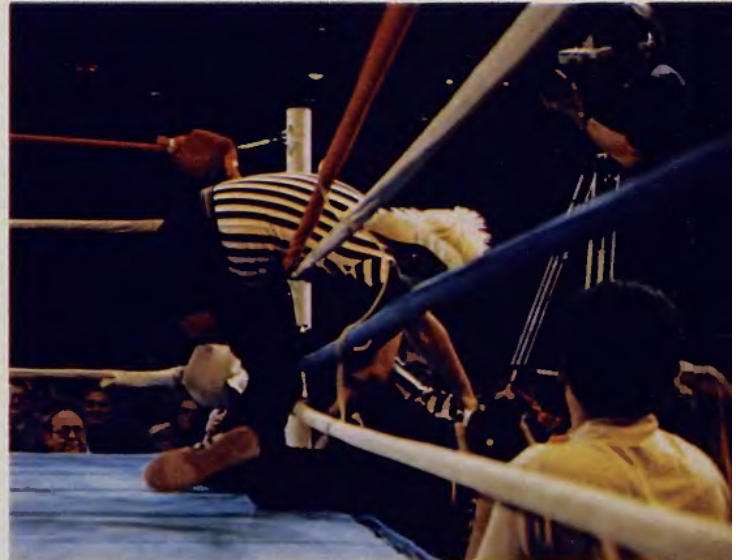
NEIL LEIFER



Left, top to bottom: Trying desperately to reach for the legal safety of the ropes, Kaufman is held back by his wily opponent, as referee Sharpe looks on. By this time, the match had proceeded a good ten minutes and Kaufman had had his shoulders pinned for several two-counts, while Smith had managed to keep out of serious danger.



His energy sopped, his shirt ripped to shreds, the Intergender Chomp lies down on his back for a short breather, shoulder blades touching the mat for an easy three-count (above). Unfortunately for Susan, referee Sharpe wasn't paying attention at the crucial time.



With Sharpe off arguing with Zmuda, who had illegally stepped into the ring a few moments before, Kaufman regains his energy and turns Susan over (above left). Meantime, Sharpe grabs Zmuda by the arms and legs and rudely flings him out of the ring (above right).



Although Susan's shoulder blades were clearly not both touching the mat (above left), Sharpe returned briefly to give her a fast three-count and Kaufman emerged victorious and still champion. Above right, Kaufman beams while referee Sharpe continues to reprimand Zmuda. 127



Don't let the smile fool you—Susan Smith is not infatuated with Andy Kaufman. In fact, the only reason she's holding Andy's picture in this particular manner is to alert him to the following announcement: "I am the Intergender Wrestling Champion of the World," she says. "I won that match at least twice, maybe even three times. It's on video tape and when it's broadcast, the whole world will know." Did you get that, Andy?





"Yes," Susan Smith says, "there's the possibility that I would agree to a rematch with Andy Kaufman, but only if his referee, Zmuda, is kept away from the ring and only if they hire a totally impartial ref. Under those conditions, Kaufman wouldn't last a minute."



throw in the towel. His shoulder blades were touching the mat for one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five full seconds, and pandemonium had broken out in the crowd.

But something was wrong. The referee, "Pretty Boy" Larry Sharpe, a professional wrestler hired by Playboy to ensure a fair fight, had turned away from the action during the crucial few seconds. By the time he noticed what was happening in the ring, it was too late.

It was to be the proverbial battle of the sexes. Man against Woman in a test of physical strength and intellect. Beauty versus the Beast. "It's impossible for a woman to beat a man in wrestling," Kaufman had taunted. "They may have the brawn, but they don't have the

"I was the neighborhood tomboy," Susan says, attempting to explain why she even agreed to wrestle Kaufman in the first place. "I always liked anything that had to do with beating people up. . . . Not really, just kidding. Actually, I'm a pacifist."





brains." For the past couple of years, one of the mainstays of Kaufman's act has been to challenge women in his audiences, offering \$1000 and the Intergender Wrestling Championship title to any female who could pin him in three minutes. He had a trainer, an ex-pro wrestler named Buddy "Nature Boy" Rogers, and his own referee, Bob Zmuda. Miraculously, after more than 300 matches, Kaufman had never been beaten.

But he'd never been challenged by anyone other than audience volunteers, women who had come to their local theaters for no other reason than to see a night of comedy featuring the man who plays Latka on *Taxi* and a robot in *Heartbeeps*. Although he had battled women of all shapes and sizes, Kaufman had never wrestled a woman of real athletic prowess. What would happen if he did?

To find out, Playboy challenged the so-called Intergender Champ to a bout with Playmate Susan Smith. Susan had appeared on our September 1981 gatefold and, her natural physical charms aside, she is one tough cookie. She is a karate expert. She is a self-proclaimed tomboy. She is the type of woman you would not be surprised to see arm-wrestling a truck driver in a smoke-filled barroom. And winning.

With only the slightest trepidation, Kaufman accepted our challenge, but he was quick to point out that wrestling was something he took very, very seriously. "This is not comedy," he told us. "This is not satire. I'm a serious wrestler. There'll be no hocus-pocus, no hodge-podge. It's got to be totally on the level." He was so adamant about the seriousness of it all that he refused to pose for any mock photos and sternly vetoed our idea of playing the *Rocky* theme song when Susan entered the ring.

And so we agreed to what we thought was to be a legitimate wrestling match, to be held on October 11, 1981, at Playboy's Atlantic City Hotel and Casino. A regulation ring was built. Susan began training twice a week with wrestling coach Jim Stephan. Posters were printed. Publicity releases were sent out. Contracts were drawn up and signed. The Playboy Channel On Escapade decided to tape the bout for its new cable-TV operation. There would be a weigh-in before the match. Six preliminary bouts with volunteers from the audience would precede the main event. Kaufman's own referee, Zmuda, would oversee the prelims, but Playboy would hire its own ref for the championship bout.

We weren't taking any chances.

"Who, uh, is she training with?" Kaufman inquired over the phone. "Is she

training with professionals or what?"

"No, no, no," we assured him, as one would placate a nosy ten-year-old. "Her trainer's just a high school coach. Nothing to worry about."

"I was, uh, just curious."

Curious is the word, all right. In the weeks preceding the match, Kaufman must have asked us that question ten times. Somehow, we were not convinced that his professed earnestness about wrestling was 100 percent on the level. He was, at best, a bafflement.

"Andy's not a comedian," his press agent had told us. "He's an entertainer."

We first noticed him on *Saturday Night Live* several years ago, when his "act" consisted of beating on two steel drums and singing a Calypsolike tune in gibberish. Other times he simply lip-synched to scratchy recordings of *Old MacDonald Had a Farm* and the *Mighty Mouse* theme song. And on yet another occasion, he read aloud from *The Great Gatsby*.

Perhaps his most controversial act involves a character called Tony Clifton, an obnoxious lounge singer who tells lousy jokes, wears an ill-fitting toupee and insults the audience. Kaufman claims that he and Clifton are two different people. He even goes so far as to arrange for separate parking spaces at theaters in which Clifton is performing—one space for Tony, the other for Andy.

Time magazine called Kaufman one of the new crop of "Post-Funny" comedians. *Rolling Stone* cover-lined an article "WHY ANDY KAUFMAN IS NOT FUNNY." But others see him as an absurdist of the first order, a talented improvisational actor who is able to take a character—whether it's Tony Clifton or a wrestling male chauvinist—and immerse himself so completely in the part that you never know for sure if he's acting. Kaufman wants you to think that he's crazy. He often succeeds.

And so it suddenly became important for us to see what would happen if Susan Smith actually beat him in wrestling. How would he react? Would he break out of character? Would the real Andy Kaufman emerge? Was there a real Andy Kaufman?

"Feel this," Susan said in a low, taunting voice. "Go ahead, feel it."

She was sitting on a high barstool in the Playboy Hotel and Casino's Tahitian Room, making a muscle bulge in her wrist. We all took turns feeling it for perhaps the fourth time in two days. It was an impressive muscle, no doubt about it.

"She's in great shape," said her trainer. "She knows her stuff."

"I heard he fights dirty," said one of the photo assistants. "He pulls hair and kicks. What are you going to do if he starts fighting dirty?"

All eyes turned to Susan, who had been sipping unenthusiastically at a tall fruit drink. Without a word, she flattened her right hand into a karate mode and slammed it down on the surface of the bar.

The glasses jumped.

Andy and Susan had never met. The weigh-in would be their first confrontation. Kaufman, we had heard from one of the hotel managers, had arrived in Atlantic City the night before, accompanied by his manager. His mother, his father and his brother arrived the same evening.

Susan, arms folded protectively, was waiting for her opponent in the weigh-in room. Mrs. Kaufman, a diminutive lady with short, stylish hair and an inscrutable expression, sat on a camera case outside. Her husband was inside, busy snapping Polaroids.

Suddenly, Andy, accompanied by Zmuda, rounded the corner and stormed into the room. The cameras began rolling and clicking away as he scrutinized his female opponent. The weighing-in ceremony proceeded (Susan registered 138, Andy 161), and then a member of the press asked Kaufman what he thought about his challenger.

"I don't think she has too much up here," he said, putting a finger to his temple. "That's how I feel about all the PLAYBOY Playmates. They're all airheads; she's no exception."

"How can you seriously think you're gonna beat me?" Kaufman asked. "I don't understand how someone who is basically an airhead can learn the holds, the strategy that's required in a wrestling match."

"You did," Susan replied.

"He's got a big weight advantage," someone said from the side lines. "How do you feel about that?"

Susan shrugged. "The bigger they come, the harder they fall."

"She's just talking in clichés," Kaufman said angrily. "I am the Intergender Wrestling Champion of the World! I have never been beaten in over 300 matches! I have a belt to prove it! I've never lost a match!"

"You're infatuated with me, aren't you?" Kaufman ranted at his opponent. She shook her head. "Is it because of my talent onstage? Or my good looks?"

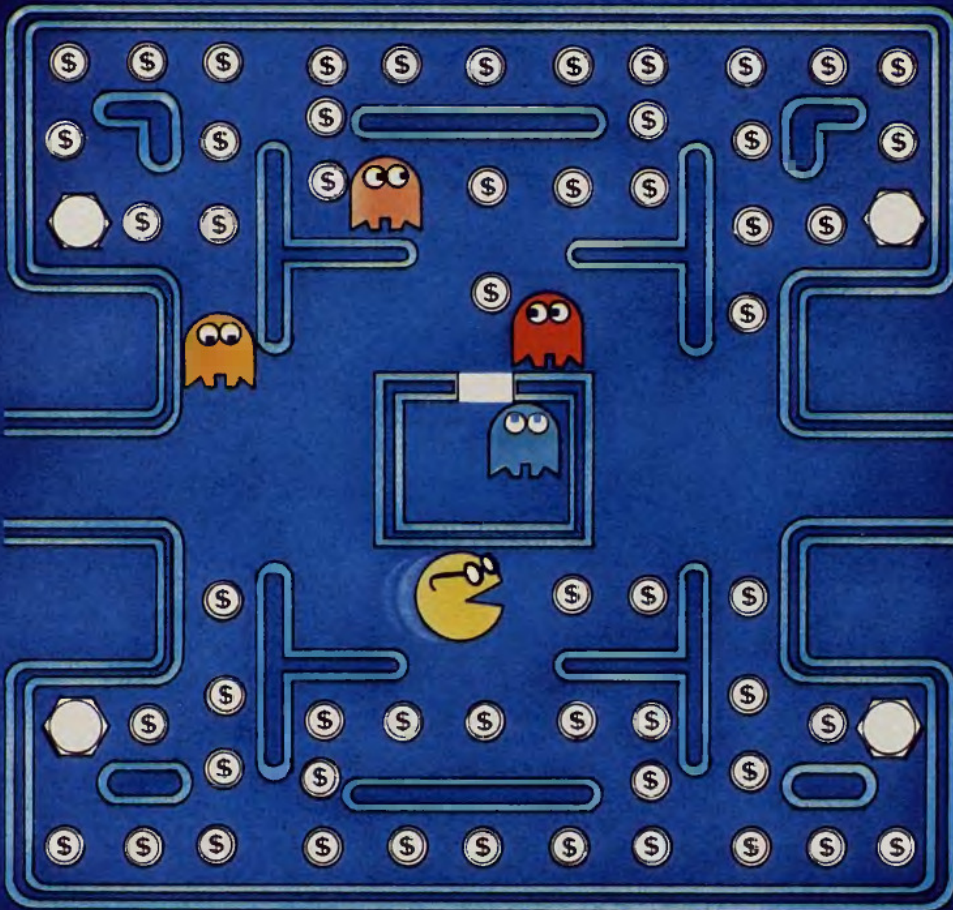
"I'm not infatuated with you."

Kaufman persisted. "How does it feel that you're going to actually get to have

(continued on page 164)

STOCKMAN

a video game for the oval office




Since video games are the jelly beans of the mind, we suspected that Ed Meese might rent one for the Gipper. One of our editors, disguised as a gardener, slipped into the Oval Office through the Rose Garden. An obviously startled President Reagan looked up from the national controls and said, "As good as I'm getting at this, those poor folks out there had better start playing Defender."

- BIG BUSINESS
protect it
- THE G.O.P.
elect it
- THE MILITARY
resurrect it
- PERSONAL WEALTH
let it trickle down

- LIBERALS
fold New Dealers
- LABOR
abort labor pains
- MINORITIES
floor the poor
- THE ELDERLY
who needs 'em?





ULTIMATE SKIING

*a tale of fast times and high adventure in the best
ski resorts north america has to offer*

sports **By JAMES R. PETERSEN and TOM PASSAVANT**

Editor's Note: A little more than two years ago, the authors of this article—both PLAYBOY staffers—convinced some soft touch in this corporation's book-publishing arm to commission them to take the winter off and embark on a quest for the ultimate ski experience. They would spend their days skiing the best slopes on the continent and their nights sampling restaurants, bars and whatever else they might run into. Their hard-working colleagues back in Chicago could at least take comfort in the fact that these bozos weren't paid overtime. Here, adapted from the book they produced, are the

high points of their account—which is not paid in full, no matter what they think!

CRESTED BUTTE

We crouched/huddled with five passengers in a tiny single-engine Cessna, attempting a commuter flight from Denver to Crested Butte, Colorado. God willing, no intermediate stops. The front range of the Rockies loomed outside the window like the upturned blade of a rip-saw. The pilot, a young woman who would be carded in any self-respecting bar in the country, sucked on a plastic tube that dangled from the

ceiling. Government regulations require that pilots flying over the front range in unpressurized aircraft maintain a reasonable supply of oxygen. Passengers are left to their own devices. Panic. Remembrance of things past. Against all odds, the plane made it through (as opposed to over) the mountain pass and began to descend toward an airfield nestled against a peak that looked ridiculously like a vanilla Tastee-Freez cone. We noticed the wreckage of a small plane lying askew in the mud surrounding the gravel runway. "Oh, yeah," said the pilot, "we lost one a couple of months ago. It happens. No problem."

The plane landed and we found ourselves in Crested Butte, the small resort co-owned by Bo Callaway, the former campaign manager for Gerald Ford. A great place to practice our professional-journalist act. We were met by a bearded PR agent who explained that Crested Butte was populated by eccentrics, bull-goose loonies and refugees from Aspen. It was the home of the Ski-to-Die Club, roller racquetball, the Miss Grubstake pageant and a concoction called Flaming Gorilla Tits. The accepted way to catch a waitress' attention in a bar was to yell out "Nurse!" We were on our own.

Twenty-four hours later, we found ourselves surrounded by locals at one of the several world-class restaurants down in the tiny Victorian gold-rush town. Crisp table linen, candles, crystal, the works. At the end of the meal, one of our companions asked for a clean white plate. While the waitress poured coffee, the woman chopped up a gram of coke on the plate and passed it around the table. Passavant asked, "Are we outside the twelve-mile limit?"

"At least," replied Petersen. "I think I've died and gone to Hollywood."

The next day, we were sharing the Silver Queen chair with two of the many Nordic skiers who zoom along Crested Butte's downhill trails. Their motto is "Minimal equipment, maximum man," with a maintenance dose of mind-altering drugs. The chair lift broke when we were 80 feet above the ground. The cross-country skiers shouted to one another, "You want to get out here?" They explained that they always carried complete evacuation kits in their backpacks. Reconsidering, they decided to stay with us—the perfect hosts. One guy filled a pipe with marijuana, then asked his partner in the lead chair for a match.

"I have a match. Why don't you pass the opie up here?" came the reply.

"No, I have the pipe, why don't you pass the matches back here?" the first insisted.

A voice interrupted from the chair behind us: "I have a pipe and a match. Why don't you come back here?"

We asked who the guy in back was. Our guide looked over his shoulder and calmly remarked, "The town sheriff." We asked if we could borrow the evacuation kits.

Two days later, we escaped—barely. A Med-evac helicopter flew us over Pearl Pass into Aspen. Somewhat wiser, we sucked on oxygen tubes in a vain attempt to clear our hangovers. Had we peaked too early?

ASPEN

Our first impression of Aspen—drawn from the executive jets with custom paint jobs at the airport—was that this is where Learjets come to mate. Other impressions caught up fast. A Mellow Yellow Taxi transported us to our lodge, where we noticed two beautiful women climbing out of a Jeep Renegade. They looked as though they had been fur trapping for six months: Each wore an endangered species on her back, with two extras over each arm. "Oh, that's my first wife and my soon-to-be-ex-wife number two," our host explained. Current live-in number three, maybe the most appealing of the lot, frowned but didn't complain.

Cruising the town later, we spied a sparkling green Bentley parked in the local Husky gas station. The Bentley had white-sidewall snow tires. It was very late by the time we had dinner that night, but we're pretty sure that the silver-haired matron at the next table turned to her companion and complained, "You know, our maid stole the best dope we ever had." Welcome to Aspen.

It used to be that after a day of skiing in Aspen, people would sit around and talk about drugs, sex and the carved turn. Now they talk about drugs, sex and real-estate deals. Escrow. Points. Three-year balloons. Aspen is like a poker game where someone has just raised the table stakes to an astronomical sum in order to drive out the amateurs. The game is the same, only it costs a lot more. The best-selling T-shirt in Aspen proclaims: COCAINE, CASH AND CAVIAR. The town has gone from backpacker to pocketbooks. You're never sure if you're dealing with a vacationer from back East who's saved all year for the trip or with a trust-fund refugee who lives here because he likes the company of other rich folks. You'd best play it safe and always assume the latter. Don't, for example, be surprised when the woman who works as a hostess at the airport tells you that she has just sold her house for \$350,000 or that her friend, who is *really* rich, just landed a job flipping hamburgers at the Highlands cafeteria.

Most of the locals work for a living, and they are generally competent and industrious. They have to be: The fast town of legend belongs to the 18-year-old waitress away from home for the first time, and to the superrich who drop in for two months before moving on to the islands (any islands). The locals have the savoir-faire to deal with the rich Texan who, when he found out he couldn't rent a four-wheel-drive vehicle in town, muttered darkly about turning around and going home, except that he'd already sent his pilot back to Lubbock with the plane. The story goes that he then went out and bought his own jeep and found someone in town willing to drive it back to the ranch when he was finished with it. We kept trying to separate the myths from the realities of Aspen: but every time we stood alone in a lift line and yelled "Single!" someone took it as a proposition. After a week or so, we stopped worrying about those distinctions and finished our Christmas shopping.

We skied with a local merchant on his day off. Why, we asked, had he chosen to live in Aspen? This is what he said: "There's an unofficial rating system for days at Aspen, from 1 to 100. Good snow and a clear day is an 80 or so. Ten inches of new snow and a day warm enough to ski without a jacket is in the mid-90s. Add good friends and some good wine and smoke and you hit 97. Ten inches of new snow, good friends, drink and smoke, plus a woman on the chair with you performing carnal acts on your body, is 98. If the woman on the chair is Cheryl Tiegs, you have a 99. My average day here is about a 95. That's why I like Aspen."

On perfect days, two local, unofficial ski clubs—the Flyers and the Buckaroos—gather at the top of the ridge of Bell Mountain. Like fighter planes peeling off formation, the club members sweep through the bumps playing follow-the-leader. They hit the smoother runs in the gully, synchronize Astral-tunes and cruise, skiing in each other's tracks. Riding the last chair of the day, they can make out their groove—it catches in the setting sun and glistens brighter than the random tracks of the crowd. We asked our guide—the chef at the Crystal Palace—how one becomes a member of the club. "The only requirement," he said, "is keeping up." If there is a motto for Aspen, that's it.

SUMMIT COUNTY

When we arrived at the Keystone Lodge in Summit County, Colorado, Passavant told Petersen, "You'd be a fool not to invite your girlfriend here. This place is instant memories. Women

(continued on page 202)



"Watch out! He gets you laughing and, zip, he's under your skirt!"

THE YEAR IN SEX

once more, into the breeches: our informal survey finds bigots behind every bush but love (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) still making the world go round

DRAW THE WAGONS into a circle, boys, the prigs are on the attack! That is hardly news to those who've been following the antics of the Moral Majority or its sisters under the skin, the unsmiling Women Against Pornography. What is surprising is the lengths to which some of those holier-than-thou fringe groups will go or the pusillanimous behavior exhibited by segments of the media in bowing to their demands. We have a lot more respect for Jayne Kennedy, who—when a church group, after seeing her partly unclad photos in *PLAYBOY*, canceled her scheduled speaking appearance—kept the date, anyway. Paraphrasing *Matthew VII:1*, she reminded her audience: "You can't judge me. Only God can do that." Behind much of the effort to censor TV is a Mississippi Methodist minister, the Reverend Donald Wildmon. He had 4000 monitors watching TV for the merest hint that sexual intercourse had occurred, in or out of marriage. Denying prudery, Wildmon told *Time* he had four kids, and "you don't get four kids by picking blackberries." Apparently, now that he's got his, everybody else can head for the briar patch. Although some see this repressive climate as emanating from Washington, it's really business as usual on Capitol Hill. Remember Liz Ray and Fanne Foxe? This year we had the Jenrettes, Paula Parkinson, Mississippi Representative Jon C. Hinson (caught with a black man, not a constituent, in the men's room) and the Director of the Federal Education Department's office for the gifted and talented (honest!) busted on charges of arranging filmed sex acts. Finally, even protests in 1981 had their lighter side, or, rather, their backside. Turn to the last page of this feature and see how a coalition of Swiss, French and German activists expressed its opinion of a nuclear power plant. Cheeky, we call it.

BLUENOSE SPECIALS:



Adult Film Association of America execs wouldn't let porn star Carol L. Connors (above) appear on the Hollywood Palladium stage minus pants (nudity's a liquor-law no-no in California), so she brandished them outside during the Erotica Awards.



Feminists, objecting to its bondage theme, got the movie poster above removed from New York subways; Italian authorities had a documentary about prostitute Veronique (below) banned from television, an unprecedented action in that hitherto liberal area.





We suspect that it was really the tobacco lobby that got Brooke Shields's antismoking message (above left) temporarily lifted from TV, but the grounds cited were that her movie nudity made her an unfit role model for kids. Some papers found 007's *For Your Eyes Only* movie ad too cheeky for publication and painted on hotpants (that's the before and after, a.k.a. the long and the short of it, above); meanwhile, those busy folks at Moral Majority measured the sexiness of television fare and took aim at, among others, Morgan Fairchild (see *People* magazine cover above right).



Feminist ire locked up a Brown University photo show of assaulted Barbie dolls (above); Women Against Pornography picketed *Lolita* (with Donald Sutherland and Blanche Baker, right); but Maryland Moral Majority's attempt to bust gingerbread folks (below) was half-baked.



Never a dull moment for Wendy O. Williams of The Plasmatics (above left), busted in Milwaukee and Cleveland on obscenity charges. Even squeaky-clean Phil Donahue (below left) had to defend himself on charges by women from the National Federation of Decency, who decried his shows as too sexy. Pressure from distributors caused the publisher to change a magazine title twice (below center), though its content remained unchanged; and Moral Majority gripes forced model Irena Ferris to drink Diet Pepsi from a glass instead of a straw on TV (below right).



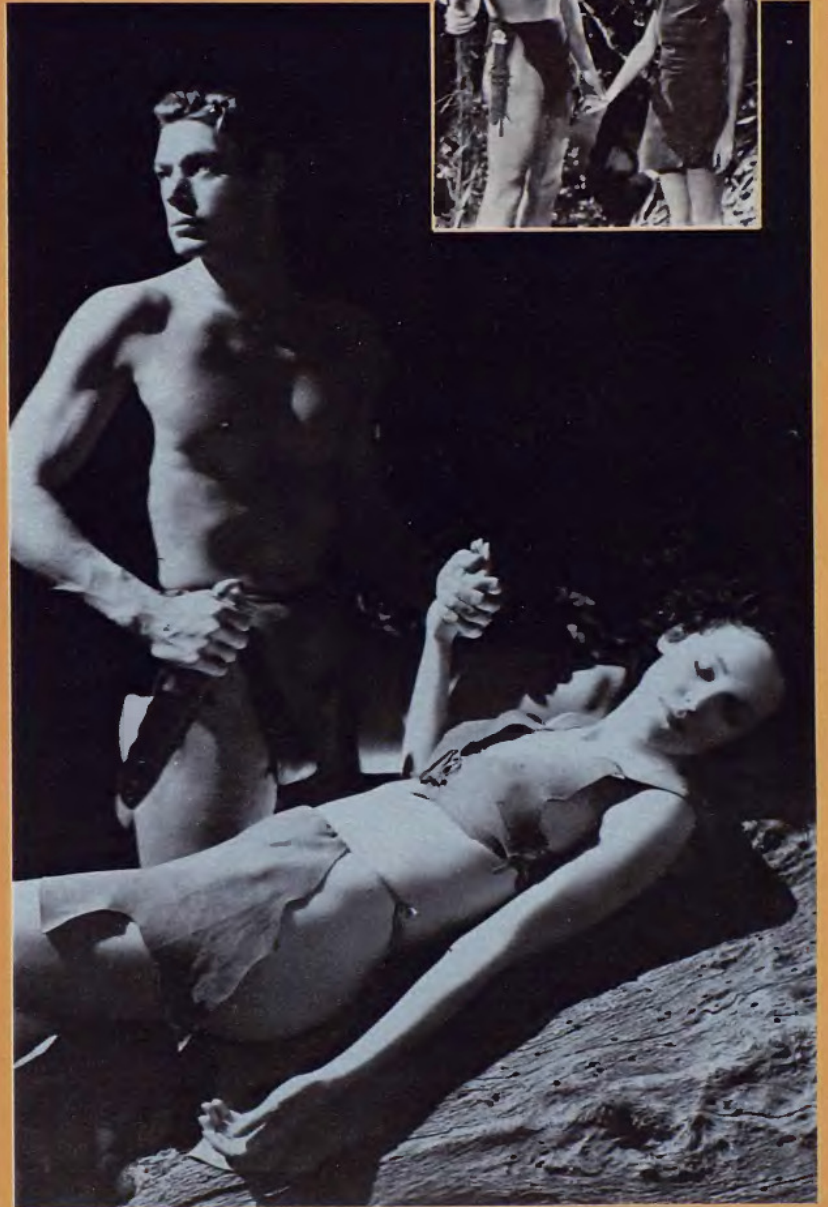
MONKEY BUSINESS:



Ever-vigilant trustees of the Edgar Rice Burroughs estate got a judge to scissor some three minutes of John and Bo Derek's remake of *Tarzan, the Ape Man*; the Dereks protested (above) but MGM complied and the show went on (that's Bo with silent Miles O'Keefe as Tarzan below).



Actually, Tarzan had run afoul of censorship before; after a baring of teeth by the Hays Office, Maureen O'Sullivan bared less for Johnny Weissmuller in 1936's *Tarzan Escapes* (right) than she had in 1934's *Tarzan and His Mate* (below).



Least lucky of all were the publishers of *High Society*, whose July 1981 issue was enjoined from sale at the behest of the Burroughs attorneys, who convinced a judge that its undraped parody "Monkeying Around with Tarzan and Jane" was degrading.



YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT:

Right, contestants at the Second Annual Chili Cookoff at the Treehouse Fun Ranch, Devore, California, added their own spice. Rules: no beans in the chili, good character for the contestants. Below, birthday greeting in questionable taste from The Erotic Baker in New York City.



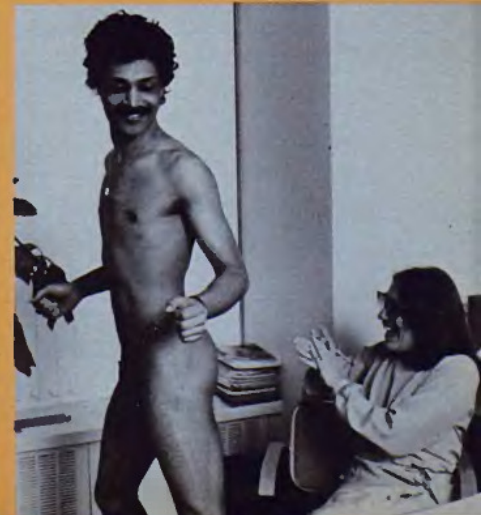
Business at Dennis' Truck Stop Rest'Ront in Palm Bay, Florida, picked up 60 percent after its bill of fare became a skin game (below). Diners aren't allowed to touch the menus. At far right below, a sign noted at Manhattan's Ninth Avenue International Festival speaks for itself.



THE MEDIUM'S THE MESSAGE:



Western Union was never like this: Female and male messengers peel for New York's Strip-A-Gram service (right). A similar outfit, Bumps & Grind-a-Gram, operates around Los Angeles.



GOOD SPORTS:



If every female athlete dressed like the topless boxers in Marseilles (left) or the mud wrestlers at New York's Great Gildersleeves (below), the manufacturers of women's sportswear would be out of business. Actually, there's a new wrinkle in the wrestling business: They're replacing mud with salad oil and even chocolate pudding.



Will half time in the Ivy League ever be like this again? Tune in your favorite college-football telecast. Yale president A. Bartlett Giamatti has vowed to drive "smut," to quote *The Wall Street Journal*, off the field; the results remained to be seen as we went to press.



JOCKS & JILLS:



Sports celebrities joined the usual crowd of politicians and movie stars in news-making hot water this year. Tennis star Billie Jean King was sued by former secretary-lover Marilyn Barnett (that's the pair in happier days, at Forest Hills in 1973, at left). A furor struck golfer Jan Stephenson for posing sexily (below) in *Fairway*, the official publication of the L.P.G.A. tour.



RAW RIVALRY:

Spring break is alive and well at Fort Lauderdale, as college students on vacation flock to Florida beaches for such events as wet-T-shirt contests (below). Across the country, entrants in the Miss Tush contest at the Hollywood Palladium—all wearing panties—describe their qualifications to emcee Regis Philbin (right).



Here she is, Ms. Nude America—fitness counselor Beckie Kyle of Roswell, New Mexico, chosen at a pageant staged in the Center for the Performing Arts in San Jose (above).



We've heard of mooning over Miami, but topless bull riding in Fort Lauderdale? It happened at a place called Cowboys; see for yourself (above). At right, contestants in the Miss Nude Galaxy pageant at Ponderosa Sun Club, Roselawn, Indiana; the winner, from Indianapolis, styles herself Hyapatia Lee.



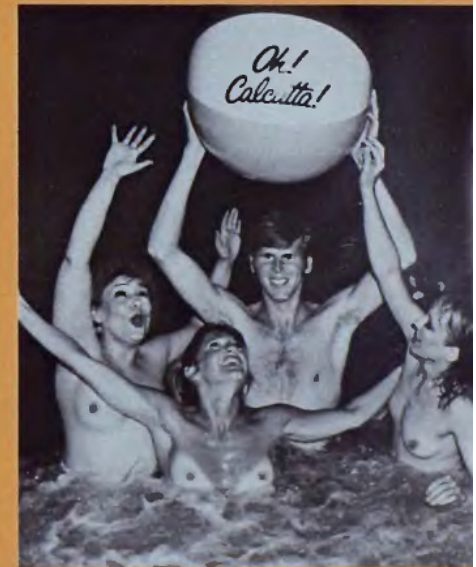
TAKE IT OFF, TAKE IT OFF:



DRESS OPTIONAL:



Above, guests at the Erotic-Exotic New Year's Eve Ball staged in San Francisco by perennial nude candidate Louis Abolafia.



Above, a little splash party honored the 12th anniversary of *Oh! Calcutta!*, the long-running nude musical comedy on Broadway.



A sex-discrimination suit may spoil girls' fun at Chippendales in L.A. (above left) if it invalidates its women-only audience rule for male strippers' shows. At right above, an inventive French advertising campaign reads, from the top: "September 2 I'll take off the top," "September 4 I'll take off the bottom" and, finally, "Avenir, the billboard company that keeps its promises." Below, a stripper at San Ysidro, California's, Main Attraction.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND:



You'll read more about the wedding below, at New York's Belle du Jour, in a future *PLAYBOY*, the magazine that keeps its promises.



We inaugurated *The Year in Sex* with Congressional high-jinks of 1976. In 1981, Representative John Jenrette's wife, Rita (above), made headlines. At right, a breeze betrays Liz Taylor, stepping out with hubby Senator John Warner.



First Wife Nancy Reagan (above) told Barbara Walters she ate bananas, not apples, in bed so as not to wake Ron. Less thoughtful: Paula Parkinson (below), who blew the whistle on Congressmen.



Typical of the so-called fuckerware marital-aids parties (below) is this one staged by an outfit called Nice and Naughty in New York.



GIVING THEIR ALL FOR ART:

Erotic Rarities 1760—1980

New York's Erotics Gallery has produced a new catalog of rare paintings, sculptures and artifacts to appeal to the best of the beast in us (left and below).



More contemporary fare at Erotics are these humorous "fantasy sculptures" (above) by Steve Gabor, who once upon a time was a Hungarian film maker. At bottom is painter Elaine Marinoff Good with one of the oil paintings featured in her Erotic Series exhibit, which was displayed at the Vorpal Gallery in Laguna Beach, California.



FOREIGN AFFAIRS:



In Bangkok, Mechai Viravaidya, a Thai family-planning director, dispenses contraceptives at a vegetable stand (above). He also sent Ronald Reagan a card good for a free vasectomy.



Spain, too, has nude beaches, the one above on Formentera. Doctors on another Balearic isle, Majorca, blame this phenomenon for an increase in middle-aged-male heart attacks. Below, ladies of the street defer to signs on lamp poles in Amsterdam.



Antinuke activists drop trou on the Franco-German border to show what they think of nuclear power (right). Last year, a publicist sent us a picture of this lady called Tina (below), but a witless staffer lost the particulars. In 1981, we were delighted to re-encounter this bounteous Briton in *Fling's* "Every Inch a Lady," with a portfolio of John Xavier photos.



*Münchener*s are noted for letting it all hang out at Oktoberfest, but burghers have been less than amused by hordes of nude sun bathers in Munich's 600-acre *Englische Garten* park (right). So far, no busts—by the police, that is. Below, in a somewhat more conventional display of beauty in the buff, Julia Perrin is crowned Miss Nude Europe in Paris.





"I'll say one thing for you, Morton—you're the only man I know who can complete the whole action at F/6 in 0.5 seconds without moving!"

While Sitting in Church (1880)

*The Betsy that I used to know
When she was three times five
Had eyes that lit an amorous glow—
The prettiest girl alive.*

*Behold her now, a married dame,
Huge, burly, fat and coarse,
A butcher's face, a wrestler's frame,
Hindquarters of a horse!*

*Her sister, Athenais, sits
Beside her in the pew.
I wonder if that lass forgets
What once I used to do.*

*When she was young, I put my hand
Into her frock behind
And stroked her little fairyland
While she was so inclined.*

*She'd giggle, smirk and wince about,
Then quiet to subduedness.
She eyes me kindly—she no doubt
Remembers all that lewdness.*

*Yes, eyes me most luxuriously,
With glances bright, beseeching.
How pleasantly the moments fly
While Mr. Cotterill's preaching!*

*I see she flees an amorous smart,
Thinks on the wiles of men,
Combining in her virtuous heart
Some thoughts of now and then.*

The Sound Country Lass (1719)

*These London wenches are so stout,
They care not what they do;
They will not let you have a bout
Without a crown or two.*

*They double their chops and curl their locks,
Their breaths perfume they do;
Their tails are peppered with the pox,
And that you're welcome to.*

*But give me the buxom country lass,
Hot piping from the cow,
That will take a roll upon the grass,
Aye, marry, and thank you, too.*

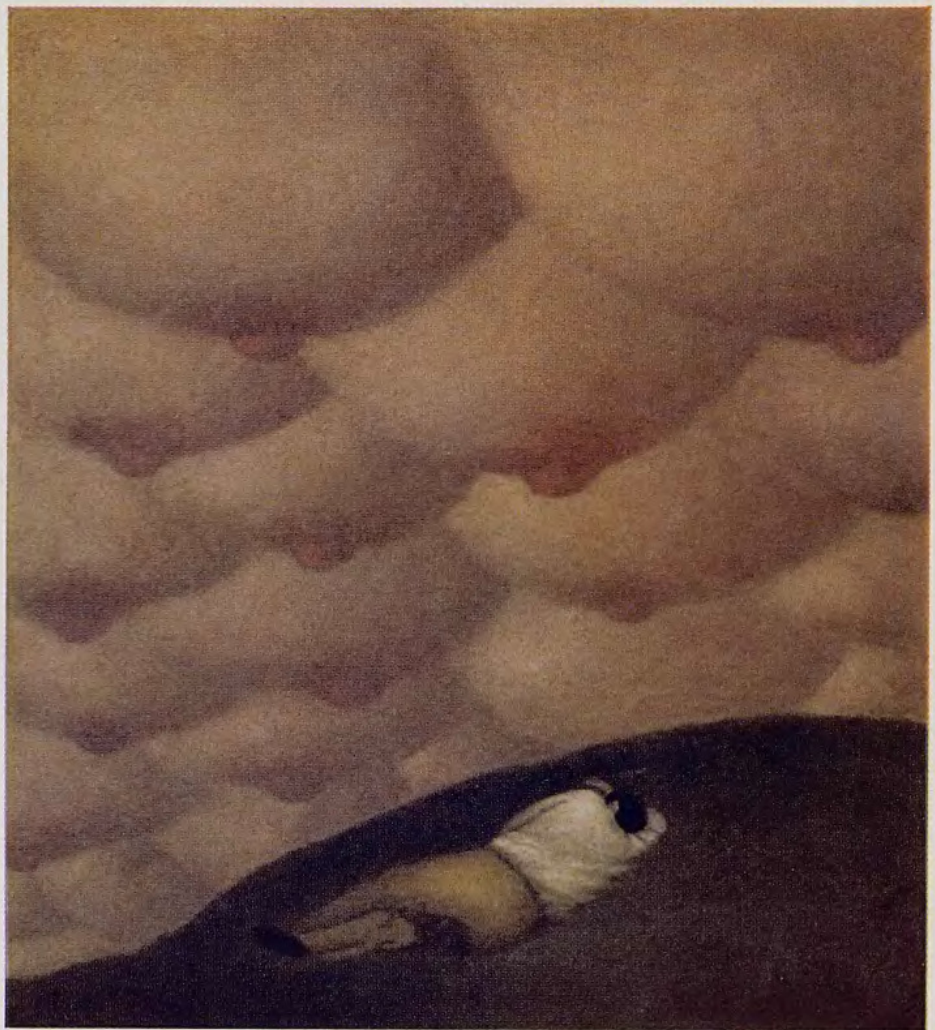
*Her color's as fresh as a rose in June,
Her temper as kind as a dove;
She'll please the swain with a wholesome tune
And freely give her love.*

Good Susan, Be As Secret As You Can (17th Century)

*Good Susan, be as secret as you can;
You know your husband is a jealous man.
Though you and I do mean no harm nor ill,
Yet men take women in the worst sense still,
And fear of horns more grief of heart hath bred
Than wearing horns hath caused an aching head.*

Busts and Bosoms Have I Known (20th Century)

*Busts and bosoms have I known
Of various shapes and sizes,
From grievous disappointments
To jubilant surprises.*



A Maiden's Denial (1656)

*Nay, pish; nay, phew! Nay, faith, and will you? Fie?
A gentleman and use me thus? I'll cry,
Nay, God's body, what means this? Nay, fie, for shame,
Nay, faith, away! Nay, fie, you are to blame.
Hark! Somebody comes! Hands off, I pray!
I'll pinch, I'll scratch, I'll spurn, I'll run away.
Nay, faith, you strive in vain, you shall not speed.
You mar my ruff, you hurt my back, I bleed.
Look how the door's ajar, somebody sees!
Your buttons scratch. In faith, you hurt my knees.
Look, sir, what you are doing I disown;
You mar my clothes, you tear my smock. Had I but known
So much before, I would have shut you out.
Is this a proper thing you go about?
I did not think that it would end in this,
But now I see you took my smile amiss.
I merely hoped we'd be the closest friends.
And how you've used me now! Please make amends.
Hold still, I'll wipe your face; you sweat amain:
You've won a goodly prize with all that pain.
Alas, how hot I am! What will you drink?
If you go sweating down, what will they think?
The time has come when we must say adieu—
Doubtless, ere long, I'll take a kinder view.
If any man but you had used me so,
Would I have put it up? In faith, sir, no.
Nay, go not yet; stay here and sup with me,
And then, at cards, we better shall agree.*





20 QUESTIONS: KAREN ALLEN

america's newest cinema sweetheart talks about men, religious cults and snakes she has met—especially the ones in "raiders of the lost ark"

Contributing Editor David Rensin met with actress Karen Allen in her Los Angeles hotel room. The plucky, comely star of last summer's box-office smash "Raiders of the Lost Ark" was in town to tape the "Fridays" show. Says Rensin: "As wonderful as Karen Allen looks, our conversation revealed that there's much more to this woman than meets the eye. She has done years of theater work, as well as movies such as 'The Wanderers,' 'Cruising,' 'A Small Circle of Friends' and 'National Lampoon's Animal House.' Her latest film, 'Captured,' is about religious cults. Frankly, if there were a Karen Allen cult, I wouldn't mind approaching strangers in airports on her behalf."

1.

PLAYBOY: In one article we read, the reporter was so obviously snitten that his descriptions of you were rhapsodic. How can you tell when someone's falling in love with you?

ALLEN: I was really surprised when I read that piece, because when I sat down with him at the restaurant, I immediately knocked my drink on the floor and thought, Oh, God, this is going to be disastrous. Actually, we had a very nice conversation. As for someone falling for me, well, I think I'm guilty of not being astute in that way. That's what some of my friends tell me. Unless we're falling in love simultaneously, I'm unaware of it. Sometimes it's love at first sight—you know, seeing someone across a room, feeling that incredible attraction that you want to dismiss as *only* an incredible attraction. But it's all you have to go on.

And you have to trust that instinct, which will sometimes lead you astray, because people are not always what they appear to be. And then there are times when it happens with someone you've known for a long time as a friend. And then, all of a sudden. . . .

2.

PLAYBOY: Which do you prefer?

ALLEN: I think the second way is the healthier of the two, because then the love is on top of some foundation. One of the strangest changes that have occurred between men and women is all this freedom of sexuality. You have people immediately jumping into bed

together—it's like fast food. What happens, often, is that you experience a kind of intimacy with someone before you know anything about him. Then you try to catch up. And when you can't catch up, it's usually detrimental to the relationship.

3.

PLAYBOY: Has that been a problem?

ALLEN: For me? Years ago. I'd been with one person for about four years until recently, so I was experiencing a totally different side of things. But I think it was a problem for people I knew when everyone went "Yippeee! We're going to do exactly what we want to do and be impulsive and instinctive!" It created a whole new set of problems that nobody really understood.

4.

PLAYBOY: In your movie about college life in the late Sixties and early Seventies, *A Small Circle of Friends*, you're involved in a *ménage à trois*. The arrangement seems very sweet, charming and natural. Now, looking back, would you say that kind of experience was easier then?

ALLEN: I guess the answer is yes. It seems harder to have an experience like that today than it would have ten years ago. But I don't know if it's just because you go through certain experiences and then move on to others or if they're just not that interesting now because they're familiar. When I'm around college-aged kids today, it doesn't seem as if that experimentation exists. Everyone seems to have become very bookish, competitive. Fraternities are back. Dress codes are back. Things we fought to get rid of.

5.

PLAYBOY: Is romance making a comeback in the Eighties?

ALLEN: It's on the upsurge. Maybe it's a different kind of romantic approach, though. Things are more complex today because of changing attitudes about sexual roles. No one knows how to act. I've always led an individualistic life; in a way, spontaneous and impulsive. Sometimes it has made men insecure. It made it difficult to have consistent or long-term relationships. But a lot of things are changing for me right now. I'm feeling as though I'd like to be a little more

stable. Strangely, about a dozen people I know are suddenly getting married. Others are now having their first children. On the other hand, because of the decision to postpone marriage for so long, some people have become harder to coexist with. They're not as flexible. I have three men friends—just friends—who go on and on about the women they see. And it's just like Woody Allen's *Manhattan*. These men wish they could find one perfect woman who combined certain qualities found in each of the many women they currently see. These people are limited because they believe things will never change; that if a woman is lacking in one quality or another, that's it. People grow. A good friend once said that eventually you love people—friends or lovers—because of their flaws.

6.

PLAYBOY: Your newest movie, *Captured*, is about religious cults and the deprogramming process. The subject is both controversial and full of contradictions. What have you learned about cults from making the film? Do you see anything positive in them?

ALLEN: In the film, the cult is a utopian kind of environment that's very modernistic and self-sufficient. Everyone in the community is chaste. There is *no* sexuality, to the extent that a lot of women have stopped having their periods and the men have stopped having to shave. The cult goes out into the world and tries to bring in the healthiest, most intelligent and most productive people in society. What makes these people vulnerable is that they've gotten to a point in their lives where they lack direction. And, strangely enough, it is usually the most intelligent people who join these things. There are 2,000,000 people in this country in religious cults and some are Harvard and Yale graduates. The film doesn't take sides. The cult is not portrayed as a horrible, weird place, and the parents are not portrayed as villains or good guys. And the deprogrammer has an ironic point of view about what he's doing. There's a total lack of spirituality in this culture. Many of the people I met who had gone into these cults were normal. They came from both extremely wealthy homes and from the streets. And the one thing (continued on page 207)

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENTS **T/A** HIGH TECH RADIALS™



IN A SERIES OF TECHNICAL REPORTS FROM BFGOODRICH

OBJECTIVE: Develop a tread compound with high traction and low hysteresis levels, to fulfill handling and high speed performance criteria.

SOLUTION: Optimize compound properties through advanced testing and thermography.

The tread of a high-performance radial tire must provide cornering power, while generating both accelerating and braking traction. At the same time, it must resist heat buildup that could affect the tire's ultimate durability.

To develop the combination of physical properties specified by the design engineer, a tread compound must contain the proper proportions of component materials that, working together, develop these properties.

Every rubber compound is basically composed of four classes of materials: a Polymer System (type and amount of rubber); a Filler System (carbon blacks and processing oil); Age Resistors (antioxidants, antiozonants, etc.); and a Cure System (sulfur, accelerators, retarders, etc.).

These materials work together as a unit, and any alteration of their proportions can result in a dramatic change in a tire's performance qualities—such as handling, traction, rolling resistance, wear, and durability.

COMPOUNDING: TRADE-OFFS AND TESTING
In the initial design phase of a tire, goals must be set for the desired performance characteristics. These performance goals then determine the required physical properties of the compound.

Achieving the desired balance of physical properties in a compound often presents the Compound Engineer with an extremely complex equation to solve: Often, materials that have a positive effect on one performance characteristic will have a negative effect upon another. For example, two characteristics of a high-performance radial are excellent traction and low hysteresis (heat buildup). The traction coefficient contributes to the tire's handling and performance. A lower hysteresis level helps the tire perform at high speeds—a crucial characteristic since tire failures at high speeds are often caused by excessive heat buildup.

Some polymers inherently have a low hysteresis level. However, these same polymers may also reduce the tire's traction capabilities, due to their low traction coefficient. Meanwhile, another component—carbon black, provides good traction characteristics, yet can increase a tire's heat buildup due to higher hysteresis levels.

Therefore, a trade-off of both materials must occur, until a proper combination of polymers and carbon black yields an acceptable balance of low



Compound for tread must have good traction coefficient for handling and low hysteresis to reduce heat buildup.

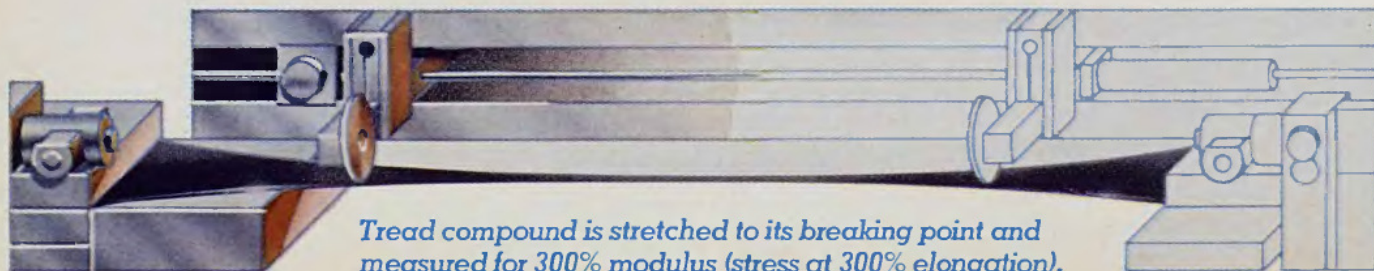
hysteresis and excellent traction capabilities—ultimately fulfilling the tire's two major desired characteristics.

After any compound change is made, BFGoodrich tests this compound in the lab, utilizing several types of sophisticated equipment, until it meets the designer's specifications.

To test the compound's strength, we use an Instron® machine, which measures the force needed to stretch the compound to its breaking point, and computes its modulus.

To measure the compound's hysteresis, a cured compound pellet is placed inside a chamber that maintains a fixed temperature, and is subjected to a cyclic stress for a fixed time period. The rate and amount of heat buildup in the pellet indicate the compound's hysteresis or heat generation properties.

The compound is also tested for hardness, tear and ozone



Tread compound is stretched to its breaking point and measured for 300% modulus (stress at 300% elongation).

BFGoodrich



Our Chromatic Color Graphics Computer System displays the distribution of temperatures throughout the tire.

resistance, rebound—or resilience characteristics, cross-line density (to determine the amount of sulfur bonded in molecular cross links), and tread extrusion properties.

Engineers compare the computerized results of these tests with the designer's specification for material physical properties. Any further trade-offs needed are then executed and retested for final evaluation.

When this phase of the developmental process is completed, prototype radial tires are built. In these tires, the compound now functions as part of a structural system, and the system is now tested to determine if all its parts work harmoniously to attain the tire's original performance goals.

THERMOGRAPHIC TESTING OF PROTOTYPE TIRES.

Our prototype tires will be subjected to a series of Thermography tests, which will determine the heat buildup that the tire experiences under high speed running conditions.

The Thermography test apparatus consists of a tire running on a road wheel, opposite an Infrared Thermal Scanner which measures the radial's surface temperature profile. This

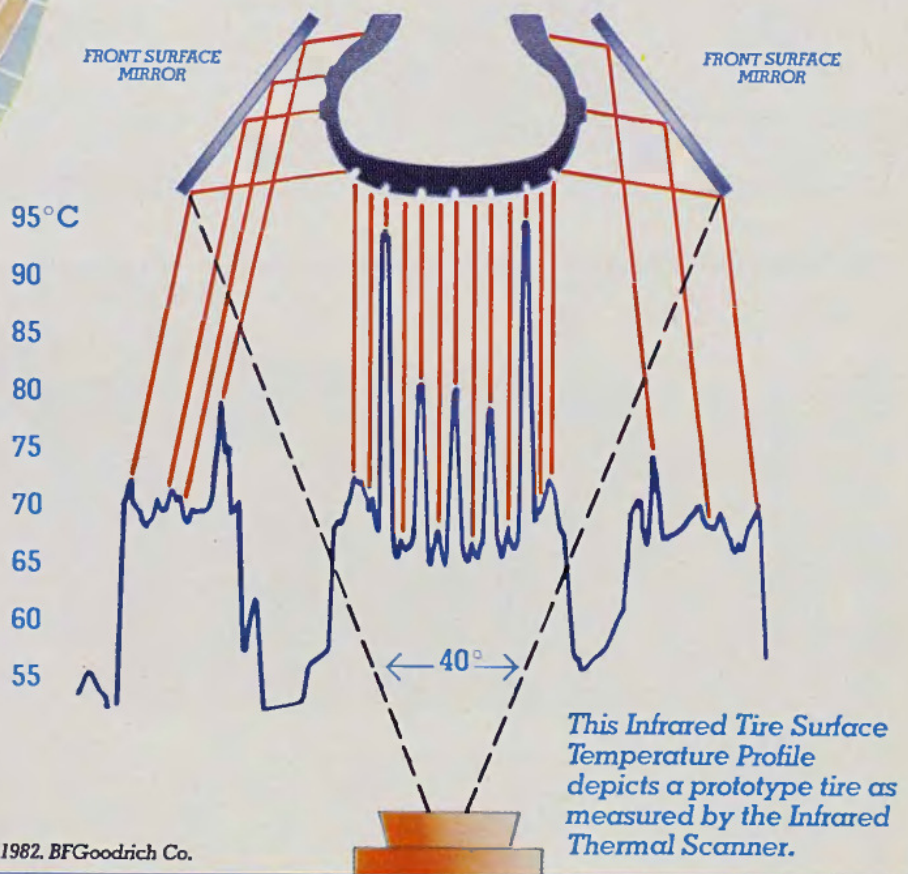
temperature data is pictured on a Chromatic Color Graphics Computer System. It's the only thermographic system of its kind in the world, and is used exclusively by its sole developer—BFGoodrich. This computer performs a thermal analysis on a tire rolling at 50 mph, and can isolate down to one square inch of tread, or divide a full or half-tire section into as many as 300 individual segments. Within these segments, 7,000 temperature elements

Therefore, the total tire's ability to handle heat buildup under various conditions can be determined.

Our Thermography Scientists are in constant communication with our Compound Development Engineers. This ensures that any needed changes in the tire's compound—as indicated by Thermography results—are made.

Compound trade-offs and Thermography testing will result in a radial with excellent handling and speed capabilities.

Infrared Thermal Scanner Profile



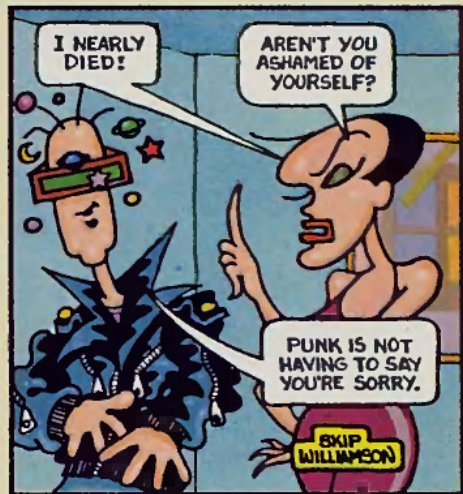
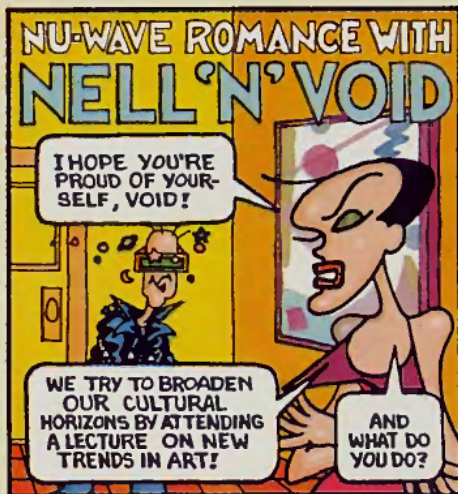
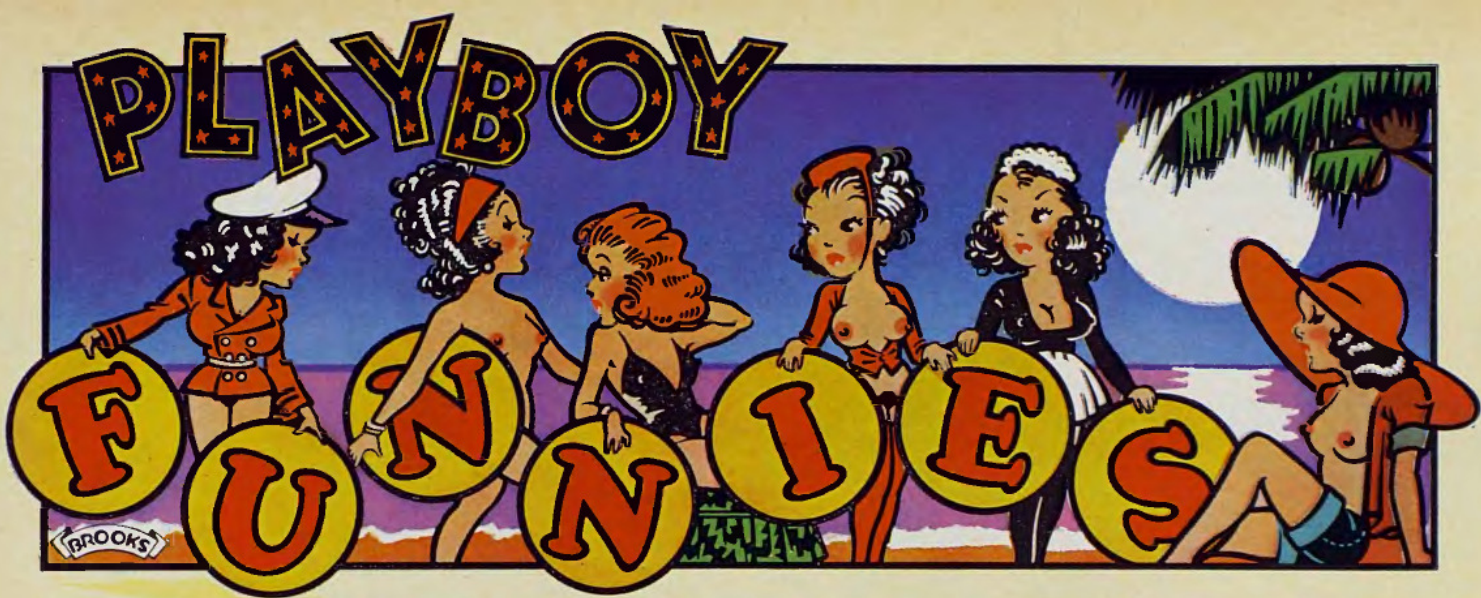
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are analyzed for minute fluctuations of 1/10 of a degree.

This technique detects and measures variations in the heat emitted by various regions of the tire, affected by conduction, convection, and radiation. It also detects flaws in the tread, resulting from failures under stress.

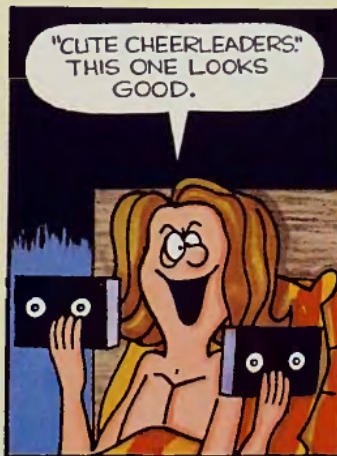
All this is made possible by the technological innovations and thorough research methods employed by BFGoodrich.

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



THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



REG'LAR RABBIT

by E N O S



annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed

By Craig Messel



MARRIED LIFE



THROUGH SPACE AND TIME
WITH
**SCHWIMMER
AND
JONES**

THIS MONTH: "BATTLE FEVER"

by Randy Jones...
George Allen Schum



TODAY WE FIND OUR HEROES ON THE FLAGSHIP OF THE TENTH FLEET, WHERE COMMANDER STANG IS BRIEFING THEM ON A MISSION OF GREAT IMPORTANCE. A MISSION FROM WHICH THEY MAY NOT RETURN!



SO YOU CAN SEE THAT ONLY WE STAND BETWEEN THE TRIGELLIANS AND THE KROPAK SYSTEM! WE MUST PREVAIL!



WE MUST STRUGGLE FOR KROPAK! FOR THE CONGLOMERATION! FOR VICTORY!
OH DARLING! IF ANYTHING SHOULD...
DON'T WORRY! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO...
ZZZZ



THE ATTACK WILL BE LED BY... SCHWIMMER AND JONES!
ON THE OTHER HAND...



THAT NIGHT... MARLA... I DON'T KNOW ANY FANCY WORDS... BUT I WANTED YOU TO KNOW... IN CASE I DON'T COME BACK... WELL... I THINK YOU'RE A NICE PERSON...
SLURP! SLURP!
SLURP!

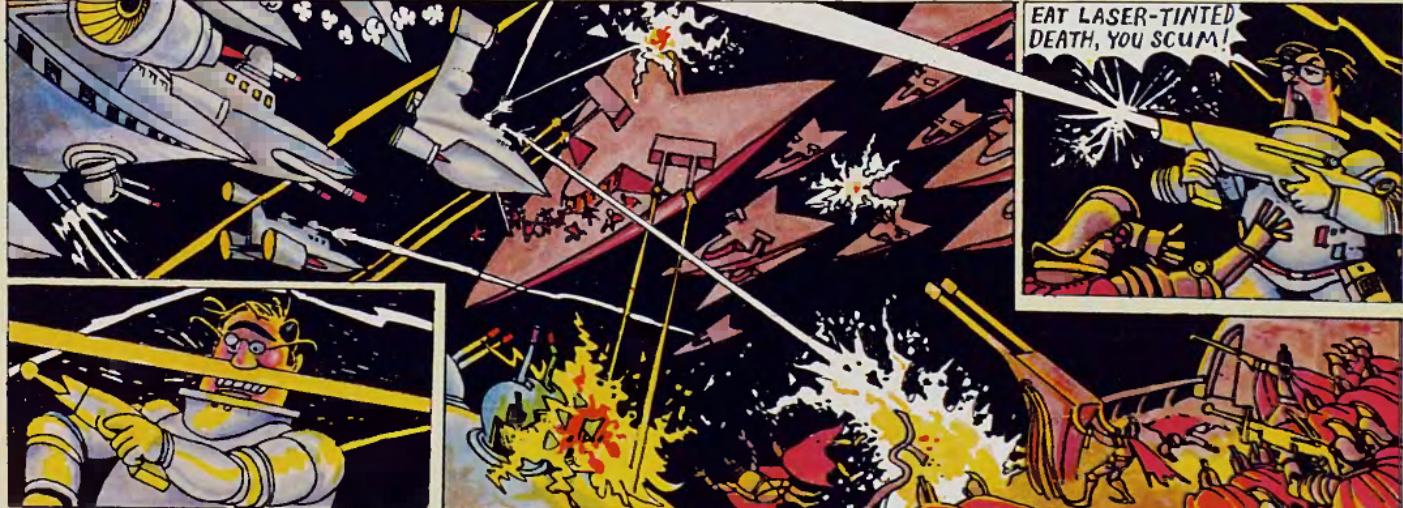


NEXT MORNING...

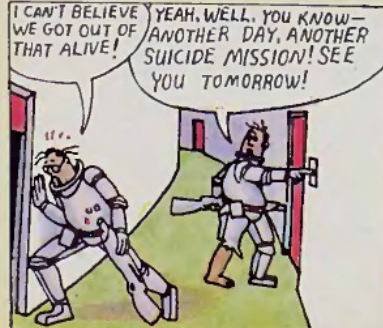


DO YOU THINK HE SUSPECTS?
WHO? SCHWIMMER? NAW— HE'S TOO STUPID!

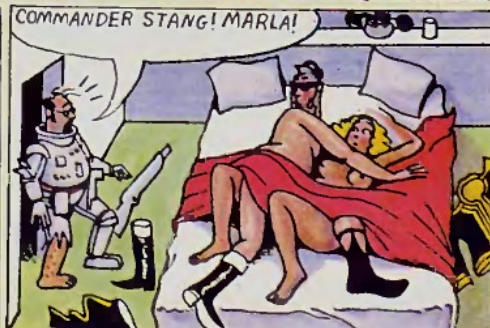
THE BATTLE IS LONG AND THE GRIM VISAGE OF DEATH PEERS CONSTANTLY OVER OUR HEROES' SHOULDERS! NONETHELESS, THEY ACQUIT THEMSELVES ADMIRABLY!



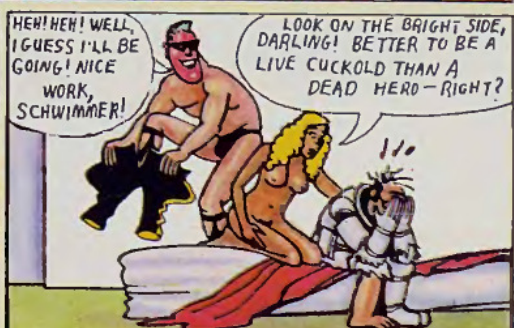
EAT LASER-TINTED DEATH, YOU SCUM!



I CAN'T BELIEVE WE GOT OUT OF THAT ALIVE!
YEAH, WELL. YOU KNOW— ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER SUICIDE MISSION! SEE YOU TOMORROW!



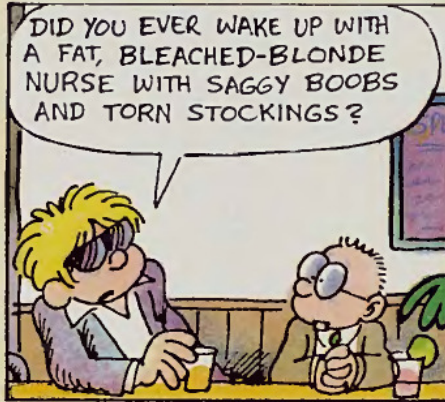
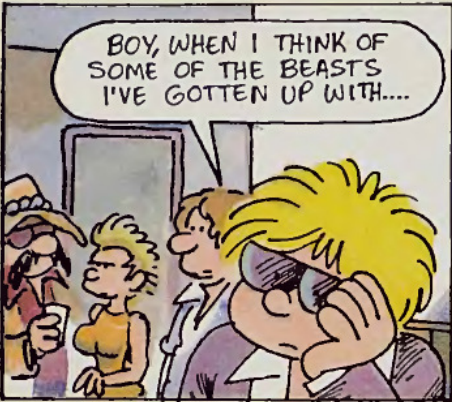
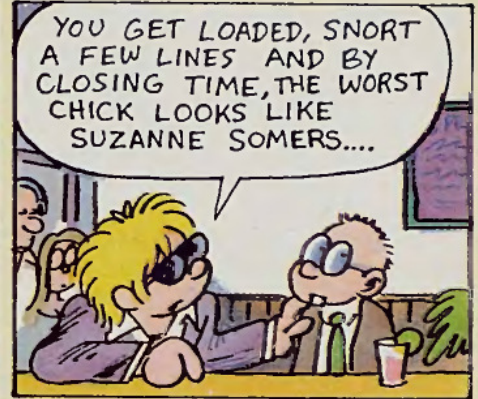
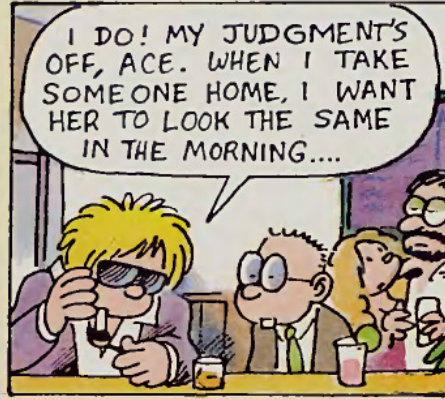
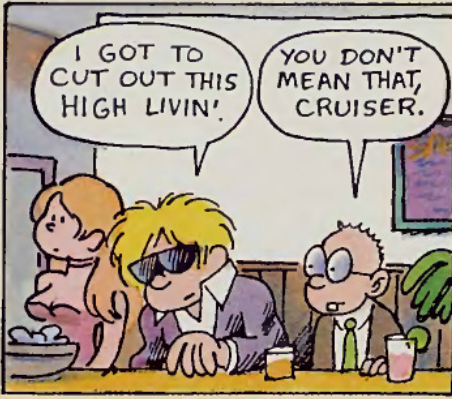
COMMANDER STANG! MARLA!



HEH! HEH! WELL, I GUESS I'LL BE GOING! NICE WORK, SCHWIMMER!
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, DARLING! BETTER TO BE A LIVE CUCKOLD THAN A DEAD HERO— RIGHT?

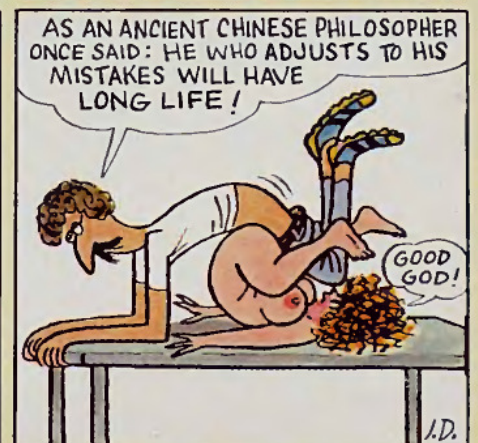
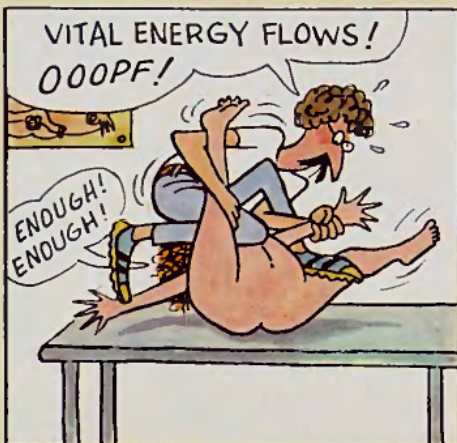
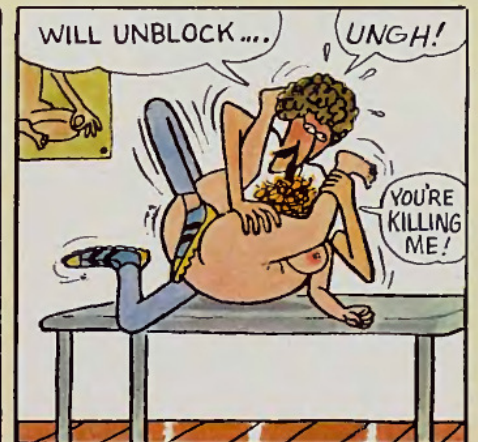
CRUISER

Christopher Browne



holistic harry

By J. DELMAR



MODERN SCREEN

much less at a cost of \$4000 or more, because of poor imagery and color register. Well, prices haven't come down, but pictures—and sound—have improved dramatically. Zenith's latest rear-screen projector is stereo ready and comes with a screen that appears or disappears at the touch of a button. Mitsubishi's entry is a rear-screen system with stereo amplifier and a pair of built-in loud-speakers. And for the ultimate in darkened-room projection, Kloss has a ten-foot screen, overhead-projection system, priced at \$3750. Its resolution is so good it can be viewed from almost any angle.

On the horizon is a totally different concept in large-screen TVs. Last year, Toshiba introduced a prototype of a thin liquid-crystal hand-held television,

(continued from page 120)

whose technology is theoretically applicable to much larger models. Light-emitting-diode (LED) models are being worked on as well. What that means, in the rosy, distant future, is that we could have panels thinner than an inch cut to whatever wall size we wanted that would then serve as our television monitor.

There is a small, dark cloud, however, hovering over the video business. Last fall, Walt Disney Productions and Universal City Studios won a decision in Federal district court against the Sony Corporation, its distributors and dealers, over the taping of copyrighted material. There were many issues raised by the case, but the one most salient to most of us involved the right of individuals to tape material from their TV screens for

their private use in their home. The court found that this was a violation of copyright. As you might expect, the entire home-video industry has an enormous amount at stake if the ruling goes unchallenged. And Sony has promised a no-holds-barred appeal. Whatever happens in the court, we suspect very little will change in the millions of homes that have made the wide range of video products a part of their routines.

And it's no wonder. The current crop of video products is tailored to complement our changing lifestyles. Video's second generation brings us an exciting range of possibilities and at prices we can actually afford. These refinements and technological breakthroughs make video more accessible, more seductive and more fun.



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Winston L

AT LONG LAST, LOVER

version of *Lady Chatterley* was made in France in 1955, but the current film, unlike it, is based on the original, unexpurgated Lawrence novel.) Directed by Just Jaeckin and starring Sylvia Kristel as Lady Constance Chatterley, the current picture is faithful both to the atmosphere and to the sexuality of the time.

Sylvia exploded onto the screen in 1974 as the sensuous Emmanuelle; this, however, is her first truly major role, and it's been a long time coming.

The Dutch-born actress currently lives in a Los Angeles apartment of modest elegance two floors down from the home of Bette Davis. It was there that we met with her to discuss her career and the impact of her latest role. She was in a good mood, because her film *Private Lessons* was doing great at the box office and she felt it would be the perfect lead-

(continued from page 79)
in to *Lady Chatterley*.

She is tall, 5'9", moves with grace and is every bit as sexy as she appears in movies. It is a special kind of sexiness, though, one that gives the impression she could do anything on screen and still maintain her dignity. She's somewhere between a virgin and a prostitute with a Ph.D. She also has a reported I.Q. of 164 and speaks five languages: Dutch, German, French, Italian and, luckily, English. She lives in the U. S. to be close to the American film industry and to be as far away as possible from a certain tax man with a French accent. That little problem should be cleared up shortly; Kristel has a piece of the action on *Lady Chatterley*.

She is very anxious to dispel any notion that she is the same woman as Emmanuelle, and, indeed, she is not.

"I was at one time categorized because of the films I had done," she told us. "People did not want to give me good parts. They'd go to Isabelle Adjani or Marie-France Pisier or actresses with stage backgrounds. But bit by bit this is changing. I did a film with Claude Chabrol, then another with Roger Vadim. That was a nice breakthrough. I also did a comedy in which I didn't have to undress, and, in America, I did *The Concorde—Airport '79*, a very important part, and, would you believe, *The Nude Bomb*, with Don Adams. I guess I did *Nude Bomb* because you have to work, you can't just sit in your apartment. Besides, I like Don Adams. I thought, It's a small part, but maybe I can learn something; for instance, timing. Don has great timing. And it was fun. *Private Lessons* was a nice little comedy, though I found it annoying.

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this undressing and seducing of a 15-year-old. I felt vaguely exploited at first, but then, when I saw the completed film, I thought, no, it was all right.

"Exploitation is just being used for your physical aspects. People should be appreciated for those aspects, but then, why exclude your intelligence? It's not that I have an Einsteinlike intellect, but to be considered, well, stupid up front just because I'm playing a seductress . . . I would much rather play a witty, smart girl, a Katharine Hepburn part, or even like Ingrid Bergman in *Arch of Triumph*. But, as my ex-manager used to say, 'You ain't Meryl Streep.'"

The moviegoing public has certainly seen a lot more of Kristel than of Streep. Does all that nudity in her films bother her? "Yes," she says. "I don't mind that so many people know what I look like nude, but then they assume that I'm like the roles I play.

"For a nude scene, I always ask for a closed set, so that no one who is not involved will be there. Then I treat it just like choreography. Before the scene starts, I want to know exactly what I will be doing from position to position, so one doesn't need to go into wild improvisations. Once you have that down in rehearsals, it's no longer an emotional experience; it's trying to get the light right and the people where they're supposed to be. Of course, it's important to have a good relationship with your acting partner. To see that he is at ease with certain movements.

"With some male actors, that is difficult because they are so nervous. It's more

difficult for a man to be naked onscreen than a woman. It's not a very erotic situation and I doubt that you will find many actresses who will say that it is. I think you have to be a kind of exhibitionist to enjoy it. I guess over the years I have become very expert at it. Can you imagine such expertise?

"What I don't like is some of the sounds directors want you to make, orgasmic sounds after maybe five seconds of kissing. I always refuse. Then I say, OK, I'll compromise; I'll open my mouth from time to time without sound—and I'll dub it in later."

As anyone familiar with the genre will tell you, it's very difficult to make a genuinely erotic scene. Kristel has filmed enough of them to give her definite ideas about how it should be done.

"You need a good story with a nice build-up. You have to let the audience wait awhile; then, when the sex finally happens, it's much better. The one scene I myself found erotic when I saw it was in *Rocky*, when Stallone and Talia Shire were in his apartment and they embraced in front of his door. It is erotic because she was so shy and had given up any thought of being admired or thought sexy, and then to just give in like she did, it was very nice.

"The idea of sexuality is much different in the U. S. than it is in Europe. In Holland, for instance, sex is freer, and so it's depicted with more naturalness than it is here. When Americans started to produce erotica, it was always too much and it was not done believably. American directors like to work more,

shall we say, technically. In Europe, a director will sit with the actor the night before and discuss the *feeling* of the scene. In America—Alan Myerson, for instance, in *Private Lessons*, did all the emotional guiding for Eric Brown and left me totally alone, because he does not know how to handle women. That is frustrating. You feel abandoned and ignored, particularly if the part itself is not fun.

"American directors, I don't know, they came into sexuality so late. I was in the very fortunate position in *Lady Chatterley* of being able to choose my director, so I went with Just Jaeckin, because he identifies with women so well. He has a lot of feminine aspects to him without being effeminate. He is very sensitive. I think European women are very different from Americans. They are much more vulnerable and require special attention, which I think American men find very annoying."

We reached Jaeckin, who was Sylvia's director in the first *Emmanuelle*, in Paris by phone. He's very high on Kristel. "Sylvia proves in *Lady Chatterley* that she is a good actress," he told us. "She can do anything onscreen because she has a rare combination of sensitivity and naïveté; nothing she does is dirty! In this film, she has to express a lot. She has to be cold and intelligent. She has to be romantic and passionate. She has to play many different women. This is a beautiful love story and I love love stories. When you do a love story with a classic actress like Sylvia, you have a winner on your hands."

In truth, her performance surprised Kristel herself. "I'm always amazed at the different person I am on the screen. It's like the camera falls in love with me. My face is so open and transparent, with so many emotions happening at once. A good night's sleep really pays off!

"The other parts I have done were always kind of easy, a walk-through. This one was tough. *Lady Chatterley* is a very romantic film. The love scenes are very passionate. D. H. Lawrence was very much ahead of his time. After all, *Lady Chatterley* was one of the first really liberated women. For a woman to leave her husband and settle down with another man for love, rather than status, was really quite something."

Kristel is, in fact, a lot more like a *Lady Chatterley* than an *Emmanuelle*: elegant, sophisticated, used to philosophical conversation and the company of artists. Because of that, she is not really at home in the movie capital, with its outdoor life and sunshine. "I am very quiet, very much an indoor person," she says. "I like to be alone to write, to draw, to do a little correspondence. I feel very limited here in California. When I lived in Paris, I would go out in the street, buy a newspaper



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and sit at a café to observe the people walking. Here no one walks. I love Paris; the architecture is so beautiful and the light is so special. The light is different from any other city I've been in. Particularly at five o'clock. They call it the 'blue hour.' It lifts me.

"This city is totally oriented to film and music. I prefer an atmosphere like New York's, where there are more kinds of people. Sometimes, in L.A., I'll go to the opening of a new art show and I'll find the people at the gallery discussing the latest film, not the art they came to see. It is very dull and superficial. But maybe there is more here that I don't know about. Maybe I don't go out enough."

Kristel has a son, Arthur, who'll be seven in February; Belgian writer and Nobel Prize nominee Hugo Claus, from whom she is divorced, is the father. "I miss my son very much," she laments. "He is in school in Holland, because I decided I didn't want to make him a circus child and cart him all over. He needs to have a very basic, solid education and I think because he's Dutch, that that should take place in Holland. He is being raised by my mother and my sister, so he has a nice family life. He is loved, almost spoiled. Still, I don't think I would win an award for mother of the year."

She is currently searching for another mate—she wants her son to have a brother—but she finds the search difficult. "It is almost impossible to have a relationship when one is an actress. I do have a relationship now with a French producer, but he travels more than I do. He called me this afternoon and said, 'I'm in London now.' I said, 'I thought you were in Munich!' He said, 'Yes, I was in Munich this morning!' He will be back in ten days, which will be nice, but then he's off to Paris for a couple of weeks. It is not as intimate a relationship as I would like, if you know what I mean. I would like to have a partner with whom I could discuss everyday things and who had similar tastes... but you can't have everything, I guess.

"When I'm working, though, it's fine. I don't know what my next project will be. I've heard I will be shooting a film in Germany in a couple of months. I'm waiting to see what happens when *Lady Chatterley* comes out here. To see if it will awaken the interest of American producers. It could be that I will have to take lessons to erase my accent, which will be a shame, because I think it's kind of charming. I suppose once we get over the current trend toward violence and horror films and finally get into romance, my turn will come. Porn is so boring. I don't find it exciting at all. I'm a romantic."



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"I'll help the party once it starts to collapse. There are no other realities here."

Anyway, had I got them, oh, that would have been beautiful, but they didn't give me any. Or, rather, they did, but not by dealing over the table, on the table, but *under* the table. Do you understand now?

PLAYBOY: Somewhat. Let's suppose the party discredits itself further at some point—

WALESIA: I don't want that. I'll help the party once it starts to discredit itself or collapse. There are no other realities here. We cannot overthrow the party. We cannot take the power away from it. We have to preserve it. At the same time, tame it, and let it eat with us, so that it will relish what we create.

PLAYBOY: What then, if the party is still just as weak?

WALESIA: I'll join the party.

PLAYBOY: You'll join the party? [*Nervous laughter among Walesia's aides*]

WALESIA: We cannot let the party become very weak. We know that with control, with constant prompting of our wishes and with help, this party will do a good job and people will be happy about it. But we have to create the proper conditions for this party. The conditions it had up until now were *no* conditions. And that's why we have to educate the party. Under no circumstances can we overthrow it, for that would be a disaster for all of us. Therefore, we want it to subsist and, at the same time, we want to control its activities. We want to live. We want the party to serve us—and it will serve us. We'll teach it to.

PLAYBOY: By disaster, do you mean the Russians would not stand by any longer?

WALESIA: No, no, no. Not the Russians. We would shoot *each other* down!

PLAYBOY: Without any party, you think Poles would shoot each other down?

WALESIA: Yes! Do you think that without the party I would not push myself for president? Or that my friend Jacek Kuron wouldn't also? Or [*Leszek Moczulski*] Oh, come on! [*Laughter around the room*] We would all shoot each other down! We have no programs, we have no programs!

PLAYBOY: You can see no alternative to the party? The parliament? The courts?

WALESIA: The parliament would fall apart, too. Everything would fall apart. No, ma'am. Right now, the arrangement is such that the party watches everything. But later, if there were no party, everything would just scatter. It's as if you brought us a basket of ants. In

the basket, the ants stay together; but try to empty the basket, and, *Jesus*, we'd never hold them!

PLAYBOY: What about Prime Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski? Would he be an obvious candidate to become president?

WALESIA: I don't think so. Although it's hard to say. Hardly anyone who has tasted some power as I have tasted it, who understands it and who wants to be honest about it, when faced with the possibility of giving it up, will give up power that easily. He will not want to. I don't want power anymore. Although I'm not saying that I would not accept something . . . but I really don't like it. If you *knew* how much I dislike it . . . but, poor me, what can I do? What other choice do I have? None.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that a workers' revolt is the one thing that genuinely challenges the Soviet system of control, since the Soviet system is supposedly based on the consent of the working class?

WALESIA: I don't agree with that at all. The workers' movement does not challenge anyone. We ourselves challenge one another with this revolt. Who is responsible that things in Poland got to where they are? We are! Like a flock of sheep, we went to the polls, we applauded and shouted our support for each new policy. I shouted, too. When someone announced a meeting with a deputy or a councilor, we were the ones who didn't go. We went out for a beer instead. We elected decent people. At some point, I was even elected somewhere, and spat upon two days later. So this revolt is not a challenge to the Soviets but to ourselves. *We* are responsible for this mess. When some director did something wrong, all these people who looked on—where were they? So let's examine this revolt and we will find that we were the guilty ones. I was, too.

PLAYBOY: How serious is the split between the moderates and the radicals in the union? Have you become too much of a moderate for your hard-liners?

WALESIA: No, no. This is a great misunderstanding that I will try to straighten out. I am damned radical, but not suicidal. I am a man who has to win, for he does not know how to lose. At the same time, if I know that I cannot win today because I don't have a good enough hand, I ask for a reshuffling and then check whether I have gotten a bet-

ter hand. I never give up. I'm damned radical, I repeat. But I don't walk into a stone wall with my eyes shut—I'd be a fool. There are some such fools, but not me. If I see that I cannot win today, I ask myself: Damn it, why is he stronger than me? Is there any other way I can get at him? And I try the other way.

In Bydgoszcz, some of our supporters were beaten up, and that made a lot of people think. Some party members, who are also people, thought, This is a bad affair—someday I could be beaten up as well. And so they end up supporting us. There was also a police— [*Here the transmission of this interview from Warsaw to New York by telex was halted, from the Warsaw end. After a pause of several minutes, transmission resumed.*] precinct that hadn't known about the beatings, and they supported us, too. So there is much evidence that in the end, we'll win, and here is my radicalism, a sensible one. I don't want to pay. I don't like to pay. I like to satisfy my appetite, but I don't like to pay.

PLAYBOY: How does your religion and the reality of a Polish Pope influence your decisions and actions?

WALESIA: I believe in God. As a matter of fact, if not for my faith, I would not be here. I would have walked away a long time ago. What do I need this for? As things were, I lived like a human being. Now what do I live like? It is all so hard, so thankless, that it's beyond my strength. But I am religious, and thus I endure. And there's beauty in everything. Even in pain. One can enjoy everything. One only has to know how to enjoy.

PLAYBOY: Even if you cannot always be home for supper?

WALESIA: Of course. So I am *enjoying* the fact that I didn't eat today.

PLAYBOY: We talked to your wife and she worries—

WALESIA: She understands me less and less. My wife does not understand me; I don't know whether anyone at all understands me. . . . It's late now. I've given you so much time. I must go.

PLAYBOY: Just one thing more. Would you ever like to live in the United States?

WALESIA: [*Mockingly imitates a Polish-American accent*] No, no. I like Poland and I am here. I will go, of course, because there are interesting things in America, pretty things, many snobs. [*Laughs and returns to his normal pronunciations*] I want to get to know all people, I want to go to the States, for we owe them a lot in general. . . . I'll check it out a bit, see how things are there, though I almost know. I know quite a lot.

She's alone and frightened.
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WE WUZ ROBBED!

(continued from page 132)

physical contact with me tonight?"

"Disgusting."

Kaufman continued, trying to bait her. It was a bravura performance—he was venomous, spitting his words at her, lunging several times, only to be pulled away by Zmuda. For many of those present, whatever demarcation existed between reality and fantasy was quickly disappearing.

Not for Mrs. Kaufman, though. She'd been sitting placidly outside the room, watching with a conspicuous lack of interest.

"What was he like as a child?" we inquired, hoping for a little off-the-cuff insight. After all, who would know him better than his mother?

"Andy?" she said eagerly. "Oh, Andy was always the master of the put-on, even as a child. He's really not anti-woman, you know."

Noises emanating from inside interrupted us. Kaufman was screaming at the top of his voice, lunging at Susan, attempting to slap her.

"You're going to be humiliated tonight, my friend!" Kaufman bellowed. "You're going to be humiliated! You're going to be humiliated! You think I'm disgusting?!"

Almost immediately, he calmed down. There was a friendly, if not mischievous, look on his face. He extended his hand to Susan. "Come on," he said. "Let's have a group photo. Come on. A little group photo. Just one."

Falling for it, Susan shrugged, then moved closer to him. Kaufman put his arm around her. Suddenly, he turned his clasp into a rough headlock. Caught unawares, Susan tried to struggle free. Kaufman actually slapped her. Zmuda dashed forward and pulled him away.

"Two minutes, I give ya!" he shrieked as Zmuda tried to drag him out of the room. "Two minutes! You'll see how pretty you'll be tonight when I get through with you! Come on! Come on, baby! Why don't you go home and wash your dishes and raise your babies and mop your floors, huh?! 'Cause that's all you're good for!"

Susan stood there, stunned, as Kaufman was pushed out of the room. "This guy is sick," she said, shaking her head in awe. "Sick."

"It goes like this," Kaufman said at his post-weigh-in interview. He raised the palm of his hand a foot over his head.

"God."

He lowered his hand.

"Man."

He lowered it further.

"Woman."

Lower.

"Dog."

By 7:30 that night, the arena was packed. Six hundred fans had each paid \$7.50 to see six preliminary matches and the main event. Bunnies glided through the aisles, carrying drinks. The atmosphere was raucous. The room was filling with smoke.

A bell sounded and announcer Frank Shain, who had appeared in *Raging Bull* as himself, stepped into the ring, holding a mike. "The main bout of the evening," he crooned, "is the Inter-gender Wrestling Champeecenship of the World."

Zmuda, bespectacled and unshaven, took the mike and held up a handful of bills. "I have in my hands here fifty, one hundred . . . two hundred . . . three hundred . . . one thousand dollars. Cold cash." He called for volunteers from the audience. "One thousand dollars to the young lady who can come up here and pin Andy Kaufman's shoulders to the floor for the count of three."

A low rumble erupted from the crowd and four girls paraded one by one into the ring. One of them must have weighed at least 300 pounds. Another, a 6'1" Bunny named Cheree, received a smattering of applause. The four of them stood along the ropes uneasily for a moment or two, until Zmuda, looking toward a stage door, announced, "There he is, ladies and gentlemen! Andy Kauffffmannnnnnn!"

Boos, catcalls, and a cheer or two followed Kaufman as he strutted through the audience and slipped into the ring. He looked over the line-up of volunteers and sighed. "I see that there aren't too many volunteers tonight," he said to the audience. "Whatsamatter? Ya chicken?"

He leaned on the ropes and made cackling noises at a section of the audience. Boos began erupting with slightly more vehemence. "I don't feel it's possible for any woman to beat a man in a wrestling match," he said. "Sure, they can lift the weights, but they just don't have the *minds* to wrestle. I do recognize that they are mentally superior when it comes to certain things like washing the carrots, peeling the potatoes. . . ."

It was working like a charm. The audience was in a frenzy of Kaufman hatred. Four more girls strode purposefully toward the ring.

Out of the eight preliminary contenders, six were chosen to wrestle the Champ. Audience reaction was the gauge and, predictably, they opted for the biggest and feistiest challengers. Including, of course, the 308-pound Casino employee, Sandy Massina.

Aided and abetted by Zmuda, Kaufman pinned the first three with little

difficulty. Number four, the 6'1" Bunny, Cheree, gave Kaufman a run for his money when she grabbed his leg, dropped him and positioned herself atop his chest; but Kaufman managed to sneak a hand out of the ring and Zmuda ordered them to break. Number five, a tall, leotarded black girl named Mink, got the audience to its feet when she managed to get Kaufman down for a two-count. But Andy wriggled free and turned her on her back. It was then that some members of the audience began to notice something about Zmuda's refing: Whenever Kaufman was being pinned, the count was agonizingly slow. When Andy finally had the girl on her back several moments later, the count was rapid-fire.

That left one more preliminary contender—Sandy, the 308-pound behemoth. This was the match the audience was looking forward to. All she had to do was sit on him and it would be all over.

Warily, Kaufman backpedaled as the female Gargantua stalked him. But he knew more about the rules than she did and, besides, the ref was on his side. Each time it looked as if Sandy had backed him into a corner, Andy stuck his hand out of the ring and they had to retire to their corners. When Zmuda reprimanded him about sticking his hand out, Kaufman proceeded to stick his foot out, with similar results. This continued for the apportioned three minutes. The audience was beginning to smell a rat.

And so was Sandy. "I can't win," she confided to Zmuda.

"Why not?" he asked innocently.

"Because it's rigged."

"Rigged?" Zmuda replied with convincing incredulity. "How can it be rigged?"

It appeared, for a few moments, that Kaufman had managed to fake his way through the one preliminary match that actually posed a threat. But Zmuda, who has worked with Kaufman for years and understands the unique pacing of the show, suddenly took an adversary stance toward Kaufman. "You'll wrestle her for another three minutes," he said angrily, "and if you put your foot out of the ring, that's it for you, buster."

The audience bought it. A howl went up. Sandy would get her chance. Kaufman looked as if he'd been betrayed. The bell clanged for round two.

Sandy stalked him again. Feigning fear, Andy took a couple of short steps backward, then suddenly jumped his 308-pound opponent and got her in a headlock. They grappled. They fell to the floor with a thud. Somehow, she had

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managed to fall on top of him and the crowd went bananas. But Kaufman wriggled to a safe position. Now, suddenly, Sandy was lying on the mat. She looked winded. Kaufman couldn't quite pin her, but at least he'd gotten out from under her considerable bulk. It looked as if it would be a draw. The clock was ticking away. Sandy had used up a lot of energy stalking him in round one. She was breathing hard. Zmuda bent down to talk to her.

"She's forfeiting the match, ladies and gentlemen," he announced.

Kaufman got to his feet and gloated. Then, while his 308-pound challenger was still prone, Kaufman proceeded to deliver four vicious kicks to her lower back.

"I think I just proved once again the old adage," Kaufman said victoriously. "The bigger they come, the harder they fall."

While Kaufman paraded around the ring, proudly displaying his leather-and-brass Intergender Wrestling Championship belt, two chants were bellowed from the aisles: "New ref! New ref! New ref!" and, from another section, "Bullshit! Bullshit! Bullshit!"

Amid the din, a beefy, platinum-blond man wearing a referee's uniform climbed into the ring. This was Pretty Boy Sharpe, the man hired by Playboy to oversee the main event. His job was to ensure impartiality. He was on *our* payroll.

"I will call the match," Zmuda insisted. "We know nothing about this guy."

"I do not wrestle unless Zmuda is the referee," Kaufman swore.

At that, Kaufman walked out of the ring and into the audience. Was he really quitting or was this just another part of the show?

"Look at your contract!" Sharpe shouted after him. "Look at your contract!"

But Kaufman wouldn't hear it. He was angry. "I demand to speak to a representative of the Playboy Club!" he shouted, pushing his way through the audience. A Bunny stood in his path, carrying a tray of drinks. Kaufman grabbed her, then took one of the drinks and threw it at her. They grappled. Two security guards in green jackets tore them apart and stood between them.

"Andy Kaufman misread his contract," announcer Shain proclaimed from the ring. "Playboy's Larry Sharpe will be the referee!"

Kaufman stormed back into the ring and ran around the ropes, screaming, "I demand to see a representative of the Playboy Club!"

None came forward.

Sharpe grabbed the mike. "Susan Smith, come to the ring," he said. "I will personally guarantee that I'll ref this match. It'll be fair and unbiased. And if Mr. Kaufman stalls much longer, I'll take a piece of him myself."

The crowd, believing every word, was on its feet.

When Susan Smith climbed into the ring, it looked as if Kaufman's wrestling career would soon bite the dust. She was in tiptop shape, the referee was clearly on her side and Kaufman was tired after nearly an hour of preliminary bouts. The odds had been altered. Tension filled the air. The audience was ready.

Kaufman looked worried. "Zmuda is staying in my corner," he cried to Sharpe, "and there's nothing you can do about it."

But Sharpe wasn't having any. "You will automatically forfeit this match," he told Kaufman, "and your one thousand dollars, if Zmuda steps into this ring!"

The crowd cheered. Zmuda retired to Kaufman's corner. Susan slipped out of her silver wrestling robe and faced her wily opponent. The bell clanged.

It lasted 18 minutes and 35 seconds. Within the first minute, Kaufman realized that he was dealing with much more than he had bargained for. This lithe, athletically built blonde bombshell was a worthy adversary. Susan knew her holds. She knew how to get out of his holds. And she was stronger. Or so it seemed.

After the first grapple, she leg-dropped him with professional aplomb. Suddenly, Kaufman was on his back again, but he managed to wriggle over. Susan tried to turn him, using head and arms, but was not successful. They broke. Kaufman charged her, got her into a headlock. Expertly, Susan flipped him over her shoulder and onto the mat. The crowd leaped to its feet. This girl was *good!*

Two aborted headlocks later, Kaufman started walking around the periphery of the ring, befuddled. His repertoire consisted of only two holds, and neither of them had proved effective. Stalling for time, he got to his knees and extended a hand toward Susan. She ignored the phony peace offering, circling him cautiously. Kaufman rose to his feet and charged her, but Susan was ready. Ducking, she grabbed his shin and performed a perfect backward leg drop. Kaufman crashed to the mat.

The crowd screamed encouragement. Kaufman was on his back! His shoulders were pinned to the mat!

Sensing trouble, Zmuda leaped into the ring, challenging Sharpe's forfeit threat. Kaufman's shoulders were still down for one . . . two . . . three . . .

But Sharpe had turned away to chase Zmuda out of the ring. He was not there to make the count. The audience screamed for his attention. Susan looked



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who wrote my book says I couldn't stand
Field Marshal Montgomery, then I couldn't stand
him, and that's that."*

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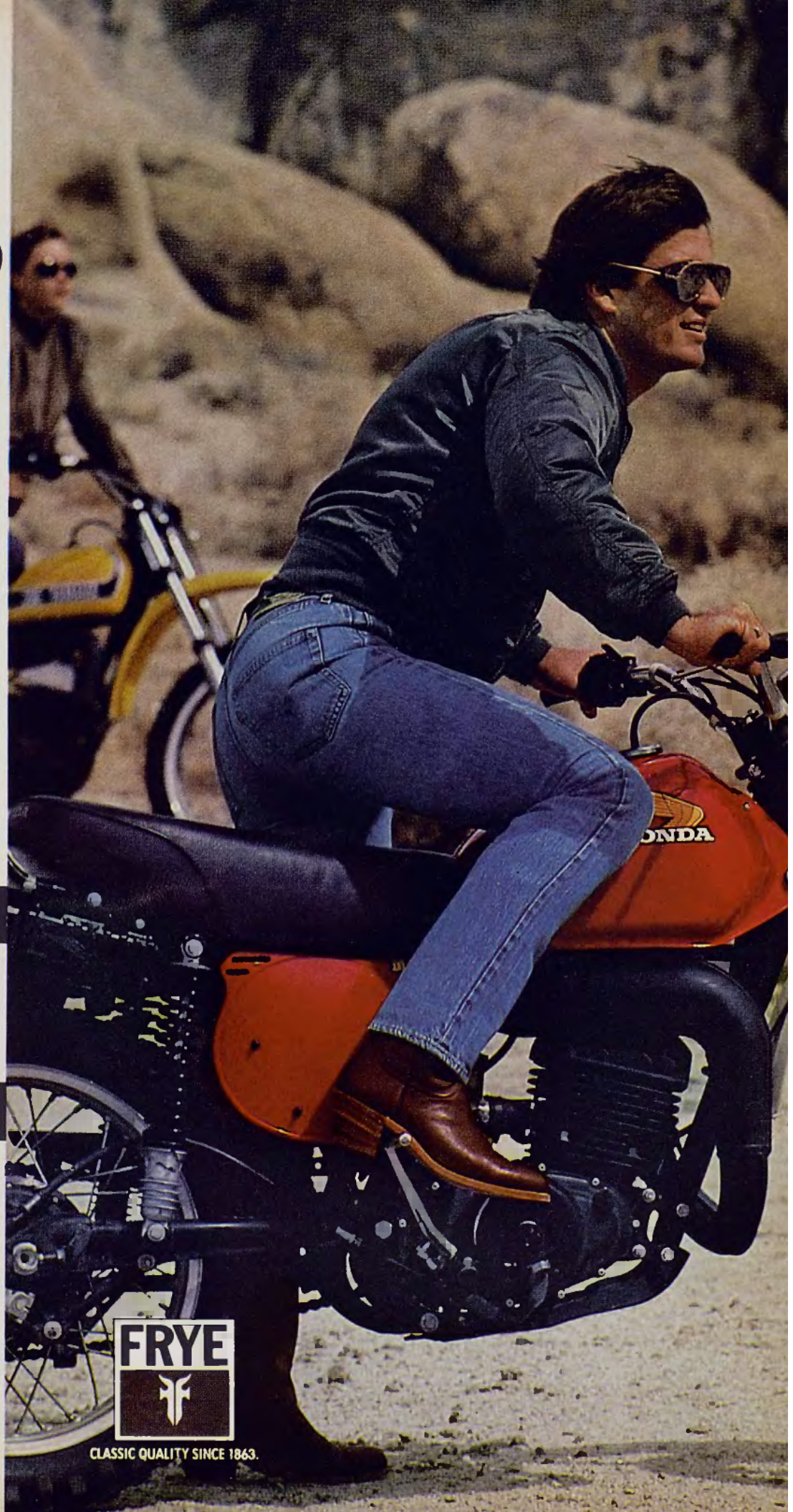
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up incredulously. She had just won, was, indeed, still winning, since Kaufman's shoulders were still down. But Sharpe was ignoring the whole thing.

"Get out the ring! Get out the ring!" the crowd bellowed at Zmuda. But it was too late. Andy had wriggled free.

The bout continued. Andy twirled Susan around his back and dropped her to the mat. Instead of falling on top of her, he backpedaled a few paces and rushed her. Anticipating a body drop, Susan raised her legs in the air and flipped Kaufman across the ring and into the ropes. Dazed, Kaufman got to his feet and rushed in for a second helping. He got it—Susan raised her legs again and this time flung him out of the ring.

The audience loved it. Kaufman climbed back in. They circled. Susan leg-dropped him again. He was on his back. He was tired. His shirt was ripped at the shoulders. He was drooling. Susan slammed her knees onto his shoulders and pinned him again. Sharpe counted one . . . Andy wriggled a shoulder up. Sharpe counted one again, then two. . . . Again, Andy struggled free. . . .

But Zmuda was back in the ring again. Sharpe saw him and chased him to the far corner. This time, they scuffled. Sharpe picked him up and literally dumped him outside the ropes.

Meanwhile, Susan had pinned the Intergender Champ for an easy four seconds. By the time Sharpe was done with Zmuda, Kaufman had taken advantage of Susan's confusion and turned her on her back. Miraculously, Sharpe fell to his knees in front of the wrestlers and, before anyone knew what was happening, slammed the mat for the fastest three-count in athletic history.

Suddenly, it was over. Kaufman had won. Susan sat there in absolute disbelief. The crowd boomed with sustained resentment.

We'd been had.

At the press conference that followed, Susan was speechless with anger. She had been led to believe that she had a chance to win, that Kaufman could, indeed, as he claimed, be both a comedian and a wrestler. But Kaufman had done more than win the match. He had once again proved his bizarre genius.

Looking back over the preparations and the event itself, we can't help feeling that we were pawns in a Dada event. But we can't be sure what was part of the hoax and what was real. We've seen the video tapes of Kaufman in serious trouble, with Susan pinning his shoulders to the mat. But did she really? Or did Kaufman, knowing full well that Sharpe was distracted, allow her to pin him, all for

the betterment of the show? Or was Sharpe, despite the fact that Playboy hired him, in cahoots with Kaufman? Those of us who spent hours with Kaufman during the negotiations, promising him a *real* match, were we taken in, too? We'll never know how much of what went on was real and how much Kaufman and his cronies fully controlled. Perhaps that's the ultimate tribute to Kaufman's talent.

There did seem to be a certain gleam in Kaufman's eyes after the match. Reporters crowded around him while he barked at Susan and was insulting to the crowd.

One reporter asked him if he knew that the proceeds were being donated to charity.

"Charity?" he asked angrily. "Nobody said anything about charity. I want my money. I earned it. If you want charity, go get Jerry Lewis."

A final note: We did not see Kaufman again for the remainder of the weekend, but we did manage to spot his mother.

"One last question," we asked. "Who is Tony Clifton?"

The diminutive lady with the inscrutable smile was quick to respond. "Tony Clifton?" she said. "Tony Clifton is somebody else."



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"In a few days, he was utterly transformed: He became the perfect young Angeleno."

for Gianni again. He blinked, he pressed his hands to his cheeks, he shook his head. "It is like the music of dreams," he said. "The composer? Who is?"

"Not a composer," I explained. "A group. Wilkes Booth John, it calls itself. This isn't classical music, it's pop. Popular. Pop doesn't have a composer."

"It makes itself, this music?"

"No," I said. "The whole group composes it. And plays it."

"The orchestra. It is pop and the orchestra composes." He looked lost. "Pop. Such strange music. So simple. It goes over and over again, the same thing, loud, no shape. Yet I think I like it. Who listens to this music? *Imbecilli? Infanti?*"

"Everyone." I said.

That first outing in Los Angeles not only told us Gianni could handle exposure to the modern world but also transformed his life among us in several significant ways. For one thing, there was no keeping him chaste any longer after Topanga Beach. He was healthy,

he was lusty, he was vigorously heterosexual—an old biography of him I had seen blames his ill health and early demise on "his notorious profligacy"—and we could hardly go on treating him like a prisoner or a zoo animal. After a talk with Leavis—and I had to be firm—I fixed him up with one of my secretaries, Melissa Burke, a willing volunteer.

Then, too, Gianni had been confronted for the first time with the split between classical and popular music, with the whole modernist cleavage between high art and lowbrow entertainment. That was new to him and baffling at first. "This *pop*," he said, "it is the music of the peasants?" But gradually he grasped the idea of simple rhythmic music that everyone listened to, distinguished from "serious" music that belonged only to an elite and was played merely on formal occasions. "But *my* music," he protested, "it had tunes, people could whistle it. It was everybody's music." He couldn't understand why serious composers had abandoned melody and made themselves inaccessible

to most of the people. We told him that something like that had happened in all of the arts. "You poor crazy *uomini del futuro*," he said gently.

Suddenly, he began to turn himself into a connoisseur of overload groups. We rigged an imposing unit in his room and he and Melissa spent hours plugged in, soaking up the wave forms let loose by Scissors and Ultrafoam and Wilkes Booth John and the other top bands. When I asked him how the new symphony was coming along, he gave me a peculiar look.

He began to make other little inroads into modern life. Melissa and I took him shopping for clothing on Figueroa Street, and in the Cholo boutiques, he acquired a flashy new wardrobe of the latest Aztec gear to replace the lab clothes he had worn since his awakening. He had his prematurely gray hair dyed red. He acquired jewelry that went flash, clang, zzz and pop when the mood-actuated sensoria came into play. In a few days, he was utterly transformed: He became the perfect young Angeleno—slim, dapper, stylish, complete with the slight foreign accent and exotic grammar.

"Tonight Melissa and I go to The Quonch," Gianni announced.

"The Quonch," Leavis murmured, mystified.

"Overload palace," I explained. "In

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Pomona. All the big groups play there."

Leavis looked upset. "We have philharmonic tickets tonight," he said irritably.

Gianni's eyes were implacable. "The Quonch," he said.

So we went to The Quonch. Gianni, Melissa and I. I was the chaperon. Gianni and Melissa had wanted to go alone, but Leavis wasn't having that. He sounded a lot like an overprotective mother whose little boy wanted to try a bit of free-basing. No chaperon, no Quonch, he said. The Quonch was a gigantic geodesic dome in Pomona Downlevel, far underground. The stage whirled on antigrav gyros, the ceiling was a mist of floating speakers, the seats had pluggie intensifiers and the audience, median age about 14, was sliced out of its mind. The groups performing that night were Thug, Holy Ghosts, Shining Orgasm Revival and Ultrafoam. I could imagine Leavis asking, "For this I spent untold multikilogelt to bring the composer of the *Stabat Mater* and *La Serva Padrona* back to life?" The kids screamed, the great hall filled with dense, tangible, oppressive sound, colors and lights throbbled and pulsed, minds were blown. In the midst of the madness sat Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736), student of the Conservatorio dei Poveri, organist of the royal chapel at Naples, *maestro di cappella* to the Prince of Stigliano—plugged in, turned on, radiant, ecstatic, transcendent.

Whatever else The Quonch may have been, it didn't seem dangerous; so the next night we let Gianni go there just with Melissa. And the next. Leavis reluctantly gave in. He had to start letting him move out on his own a little. But Leavis was starting to worry about my campaign. It wouldn't be long before we broke the news to the public that we had a genuine 18th Century genius among us. But where were the new symphonies? Where were the heaven-sent sonatas? He wasn't producing anything visible. He was just doing a lot of overload.

"Relax," I said. "He's going through a phase. He's dazzled by the novelty of everything and, also, he's having fun for maybe the first time in his life. If we have to, we'll delay the campaign a little. But sooner or later he'll get back to composing. Nobody steps out of character forever. The real Pergolesi will take control." I hoped so, for Leavis' sake.

Then Gianni disappeared.

Came the frantic call at three in the afternoon on a crazy hot Saturday with Santa Anas blowing and a fire raging in Tujunga. Nella had gone to Gianni's room to give him his regular checkup, and no Gianni. I went whistling across town from my house near the beach. Leavis, who had come running in from



"I'm assuming that was merely the tip of the iceberg."

Santa Barbara, was there already. "I phoned Melissa," I told him. "He's not with her. But she's got a theory."

"Tell."

"They've been going backstage the past few nights. He's met some of the kids from Ultrafoam and one of the other groups. She figures he's off working out with them."

"If that's all, then hallelujah. But how do we track him?"

"She's getting addresses. We're making calls. Quit worrying, Dave."

Easy to say. I imagined him held for ransom in some East Los Angeles dive. I imagined swaggering *machos* sending me his fingers, one a day, waiting for 50 megabucks' payoff. What Leavis was going through must have been ten times worse. I paced for half a dreadful hour, grabbing phones as if they were magic wands, and then came word that they had found him, working out with Shining Orgasm Revival in a studio in West Covina. We were there in half the legal time and to hell with the California Highway Patrol.

The place was a miniature Quonch, electric gear everywhere, the special apparatus of overload rigged up and Gianni sitting in the midst of six practically naked young uglies whose bodies were draped with readout tape and sonic gadgetry. So was his. He looked blissful and sweaty. "It is so beautiful, this music," he sighed when we collared him.

"It is the music of my second birth. I love it beyond everything."

"Bach," Dave said. "Beethoven. Mozart."

"This is other. This is miracle. The total effect—the surround, the engulf—"

"Gianni, don't ever go off again without telling someone," I said.

"You were afraid?"

"We have a major investment in you. We don't want you getting hurt, or into trouble, or—"

"Am I a child?"

"There are dangers in this city that you couldn't possibly understand yet. You want to jam with these musicians, jam with them, but don't just disappear. Understood?"

He nodded.

Then he said, "We will not hold the press conference for a while. I am learning this music. I will make my debut next month, maybe. If we can get booking at The Quonch as main attraction."

"This is what you want to be? An overload star?"

"Music is music."

"And you are Giovanni Battista Pergo—" An awful thought struck me. I looked sideways at Shining Orgasm Revival. "Gianni, you didn't tell them who you—"

"No. I am still secret."

"Thank God." I put my hand on his arm. "Look, if this stuff amuses you, listen to it, play it, do what you want.

But the Lord gave you a genius for real music."

"This is real music."

"Complex music. Serious music."

"I starved to death composing that music."

"You were ahead of your time," Leavis cut in. "You wouldn't starve now. You will have a tremendous audience for your music."

"Because I am a freak, yes. And in two months I am forgotten again. *Grazie*, no, Dave. No more sonatas. No more cantatas. Is not the music of this world. I give myself to overload."

"I forbid it, Gianni!"

He glared at Leavis. I saw something steely behind his delicate and foppish exterior.

"You do not own me, Dr. Leavis."

Leavis looked as though he had been slapped. "I gave you life."

"So did my father and mother. They didn't own me, either."

"Please, Gianni. Let's not fight. I'm only begging you not to turn your back on your genius, not to renounce the gift God gave you for—"

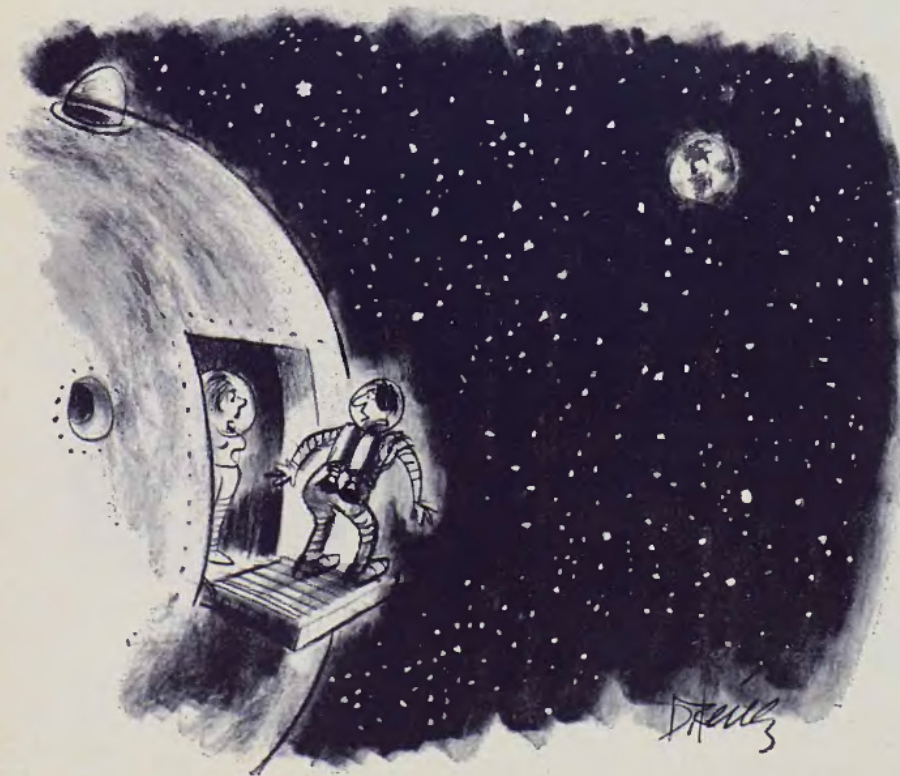
"I renounce nothing. I merely transform." He leaned up and put his nose almost against Leavis'. "Let me free. I will not be a court composer for you. I will not give you Masses and symphonies. No one wants such things today, not new ones, only a few people who want the old ones. Not good enough. I want to be famous, *capisce*? I want to be rich. Did you think I'd live the rest of my life as a curiosity, a museum piece? Or that I would learn to write the kind of noise they call modern music? Fame is what I want. I died poor and hungry, the books say. *You* die poor and hungry and find out what it is like, and then talk to me about writing cantatas. I will never be poor again." He laughed. "Next year, after I am revealed to the world, I will start my own overload group. We will wear wigs, 18th Century clothes, everything. We will call ourselves Pergolesi. All right? All right, Dave?"

He insisted on working out with Shining Orgasm Revival every afternoon. OK. He went to overload concerts just about every night. OK. He talked about going on stage next month. Even that was OK. He did no composing, stopped listening to any music but overload. OK. "He is going through a phase," I had said. OK.

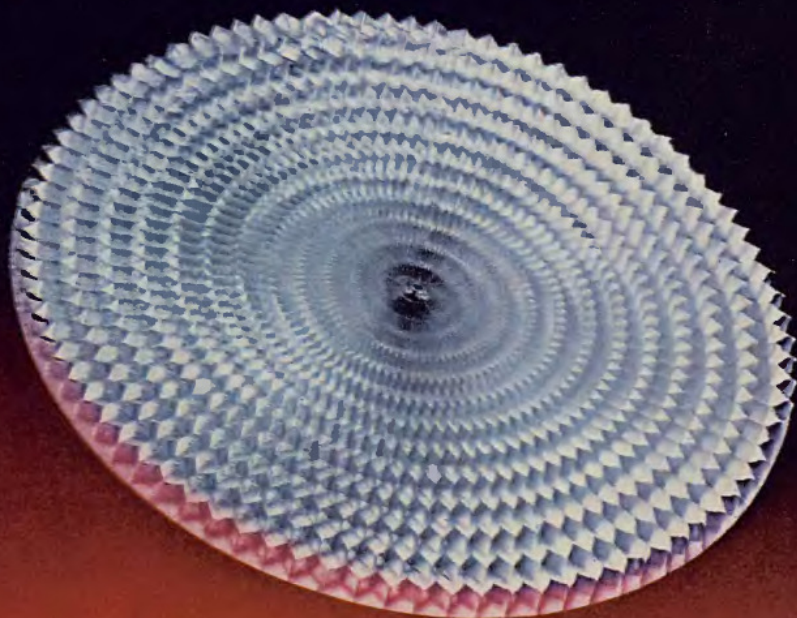
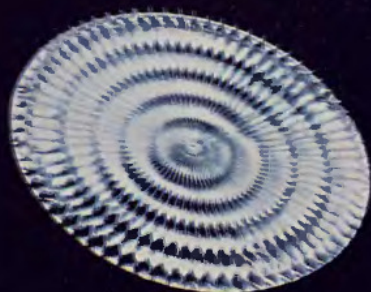
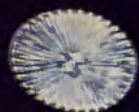
"You do not own me," Gianni had said.

OK. OK.

We let him have his way. Leavis hated it, but he was helpless. I asked Gianni who his overload band mates thought he was, why they had let him join the group so readily. "I say I am rich Italian playboy," he replied. "Remember I am accustomed to winning the favors of kings,



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princes, cardinals. It is how we musicians earn our living. I charm them, they listen to me play, they see right away I am genius. The rest is simple. I will be very rich."

About three weeks into Gianni's overload phase, Nella came to me and said, "Sam, he's doing slice."

I don't know why I was surprised. I was.

"Are you sure?"

She nodded. "It's showing up in his blood, his urine, his metabolic charts. He probably does it every time he goes to play with that band. He's losing weight, corpuscle formation dropping off, resistance weakening. You've got to talk to him."

"All right. Don't say a word to Leavis," I warned.

I went to him and said, "Gianni, I don't give a damn what kind of music you write, but when it comes to drugs, I draw the line. You're still not completely sound physically. Remember, you were at the edge of death just a few months ago, body time. I don't want you killing yourself."

"You do not own me." Again, sullenly.

"Nobody owns you. I want you to go on living."

"Slice will not kill me."

"It's killed plenty already."

"Not Pergolesi!" he snapped. Then he smiled, took my hand, gave me the full treatment. "Sam, Sam, you listen. I die once. I am not interested in an encore. But the slice, it is essential. Do you know? It divides one moment from the next. You have taken it? No? Then you cannot understand. It puts spaces in time. It allows me to comprehend the most intricate rhythms, because with slice, there is time for everything, the world slows down, the mind accelerates. *Capisce?* I need it for my music."

"You managed to write the *Stabat Mater* without slice."

"Different music. For this, I need it."

He patted my hand. "You do not worry, eh? I look after myself."

What could I say? I grumbled, I muttered, I shrugged. I told Nella to keep a very close eye on his readouts. I told Melissa to spend as much time as possible with him and keep him off the drug if she could manage it. I said nothing about any of this to Leavis.

At the end of the month, Gianni announced he would make his debut at The Quonch on the following Saturday. A big bill—five overload bands, Shining Orgasm Revival playing fourth, with Wilkes Booth John, no less, as the big group of the night. The kids in the audience would skull out completely if they knew that one of the Orgasms was 300 years old, but, of course, they weren't

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going to find that out, so they'd just figure he was a new sideman and pay no attention. I was already starting to think about a new PR program. The publicity would be something else, once we got the whole bit into view and let the world find out that the newest overload star had been born in the year 1710.

Leavis seemed groggy and stunned. I knew that he felt left out, off on another track. The situation was beyond his control. I was sorry for him, but there wasn't anything I could do for him. Gianni was in charge. Gianni now was like a force of nature, a hurricane.

We all went to The Quonch for Gianni's overload debut.

There we sat, a dozen or more alleged adults, in that mob of screaming kids. Fumes, lights, colors, the buzzing of gadgetized clothes and jewels, people passing out, people coupling in the aisles, the whole crazy bit, like Babylon right before the end, and we sat through it. Kids selling slice, dope, coke, you name it, slipped among us. I wasn't buying, but I think some of my people were. I closed my eyes and let it all wash over me, the rhythms and subliminals and ultrasonics of one group after another, Toad Star, then Bubblemilk, then Holy Ghosts and, finally, after many hours, Shining Orgasm Revival was supposed to go on for its set.

A long intermission dragged on and on. And on.

The kids, zonked and crazed, didn't mind at first. But after maybe half an hour, they began to boo and throw things and pound on the walls. I looked at Leavis, Leavis looked at me, Nella murmured little worried things.

Then Melissa appeared from somewhere and whispered, "Dr. Leavis, you'd better come backstage. Mr. Hoaglund. Dr. Brandon."

They say that if you fear the worst, you keep the worst at bay. As we made our way through the bowels of The Quonch to the performers' territory, I imagined Gianni sprawled backstage, wired with full gear, eyes rigid, tongue sticking out—dead of a slice overdose. And all our fabulous project ruined in a crazy moment. So we went backstage and there were the members of Shining Orgasm Revival running in circles, and a cluster of Quonch personnel conferring urgently, and kids in full war paint peering in the back way and trying to get through the cordon. And there was Gianni, wired with full overload gear, sprawled on the floor, shirtless, skin shiny with sweat, mottled with dull purplish spots, eyes rigid, tongue sticking out. Nella pushed everyone away and dropped down beside him. One of the Orgasms said to no one in particular, "He was real nervous, man, he kept slicing off more and more, we couldn't stop him, you know—"

Nella looked up at me. Her face was bleak.

"O.D.?" I said.

She nodded. She had the snout of an ultrahypo against Gianni's limp arm and she was giving him some kind of shot to try to bring him around. But even in this century, dead is dead is dead.

It was Melissa who said afterward, through tears, "It was his karma to die young, don't you see? If he couldn't die in 1736, he was going to die fast here. He had no choice."

And I thought of the biography that had said of him long ago, "His ill health was probably due to his notorious profligacy."

And I heard my own voice saying, "Nobody steps out of character forever. The real Pergolesi will take control." Yes. Gianni had always been on a collision course with death, I saw now; by scooping him from his own era, we had only delayed things a few months. Self-destructive is as self-destructive does, and a change of scenery doesn't alter the case.

If that is so—if, as Melissa says, karma governs all—should we bother to try again? Do we reach into yesterday's yesterday for some other young genius dead too soon—Poe or Rimbaud or Caravaggio or Keats—and give him the second chance we had hoped to give Gianni? And watch him recapitulate his destiny, going down a second time? Mozart, as I had once suggested? Benvenuto Cellini? Our net is wide and deep. All of the past is ours. But if we bring back another, and he willfully and heedlessly sends himself down the same old karmic chute, what have we gained, what have we achieved, what have we done to ourselves and to him? I think of Gianni, looking to be rich and famous at last, lying purpled on that floor. Would Shelley drown again? Would Van Gogh cut off the other ear before our eyes?

Perhaps someone more mature would be safer, eh? El Greco, Cervantes, Shakespeare? But then we might behold Shakespeare signing up in Hollywood. El Greco operating out of some trendy gallery, Cervantes sitting down with his agent to figure tax-shelter angles. Yes? No. I look at the scoop. The scoop looks at me. It is very, very late to consider these matters, my friends. Billions of dollars spent, years of work, Leavis a broken man now, everything in chaos, and for what, for what, for what? We can't simply abandon the project now, can we?

Can we?

I look at the scoop. The scoop looks at me.



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A SEA CHANGE (continued from page 116)

"In Gaelic . . . O'Neill means champion; but in Washington, O'Neill means a story."

in those days, walks were computed as base hits. Ed O'Neill was the Heifetz of foul tips—get it?—quite capable of fouling off every good pitch that came his way until the pitcher was exasperated or tired or angry or all three and lost his cool and his control and threw him the fourth ball.

Tip, he was called by his teammates and by the sportswriters. And far away in Boston, the kid who seemed to have the most patience with life and with all things picked up the name.

In Gaelic, which our Tip O'Neill studied as a boy (didn't every kid in North Cambridge?), O'Neill means champion; but in Washington, O'Neill means a story. Never has a single name, with the exception, perhaps, of Paula Parkinson, stirred so many tales in that town. They flow like the Shannon, like the whiskey at an Irish wake—and the one I like most about him is the following one, made even better because it's true.

Now, O'Neill's a good poker player, see, and when he comes to Washington in the early Fifties, he gets into a regular Wednesday-night game with a couple of other Congressmen and Senator Karl Mundt, the Republican from South Dakota, who happens one night to bring along his good friend, the Vice-President of the United States—and they deal Richard Nixon in.

What do you know? He's not much at the table.

O'Neill says to him, "With all due respect, Mr. Vice-President, you are definitely going to lose your ass at this table every Wednesday night, because you can't play poker worth a shit."

So Nixon, who apparently enjoys being pummeled, asks O'Neill about Republican politicians in Massachusetts who might help him in his 1960 Presidential campaign, and O'Neill says he should forget it, because Jack Kennedy's getting in and Massachusetts will be Kennedy's.

"Fuck Kennedy," says Nixon. "We're running against Johnson." And so O'Neill says fine, and he gives him some of the best Republicans in the state, because he feels that is the only right thing to do, having taken so much money off the V.P. up to that point. And then Nixon says, Is there anybody else? And the Speaker says, Yes, there is this one guy who's really a whiz, according to everybody, and the Vice-President says, Yeah, yeah, who is it? And O'Neill says his name is Charles Colson—and

Nixon says, Yeah. I'll get him.

Now, that story shows what sort of politician Tip O'Neill really is. He wants everybody to have the best, which makes the game as even as it can be. It's like choosing up sides, you know. You can just send every skinny-assed kid out to right field and hope nobody hits out there, because you know goddamned well everybody's going to hit out there, and then the game's over even before the final put-out—and the kids all pick up their gloves and go home before their mothers come to pick them up.

But O'Neill didn't have a mother to come for him. Rose Tolan died before his first birthday, and so the bond between him and his father was made even

stronger than it might have been. In fact, it was his father who encouraged him to run for office the first time and encouraged him to try it again after he had lost—and who taught him over and over, again and again, about power: getting it, using it, keeping it, avoiding its abuse.

O'Neill has been, over the past quarter of a century, a fairly bright and stable beacon for American liberalism—of which there are damned few examples—and he has done so while maintaining a strikingly high political profile. While it is true that for much of his career such an identification was painless for him (given that overwhelmingly Democratic ratio in his district), he was always a man who could get it up morally.

For instance, when he began listening to his five children at home (he went home every weekend until he became the Speaker, back to the same house in which the *governor* had held his political



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salons every Sunday afternoon), he reasoned that their logic on the Vietnam war was at least as meritorious as those positions taken by his colleagues on the floor of the House, and he moved against the war—knowing all the while that his constituency was persuaded that he'd gone out of his mind.

O'Neill's position, the product of his children's debates at the weekend dinner tables, was simple: Why were all these kids getting their asses shot off, these kids from his district, from the little towns outside Boston, from the neighborhoods where not many young men matriculated to Harvard and where those who did didn't have to go to Vietnam to get their asses shot off? Why, he wondered—and he heard his children ask, with painful incassancy, why?—and he finally decided that something was wrong, that the basis of the Administration's pursuit of the war, national security, was quintessential bullshit, and so he broke with the President and with the mainstream of the party, and it was as though he had suffered a hernia.

He could not understand how a party in power with the weighty tradition and muscle of the Democrats could wrap itself so tightly in such a strategy—and, what is even more significant, he could not understand how Lyndon Johnson could so passionately embrace a war that was robbing the party of its constituency: the young, the black, the disadvantaged, the impoverished. "You're sending only Democrats to Vietnam," he told the President—ever the politician's politician—and Johnson had simply shook his head and said sadly that he understood that not all his old friends could always be his friends.

O'Neill had been where he had intended to be on all the issues that mattered most to him—with the people, he thought, in the midst of those who kept electing him to Congress year after year, no matter what his views on this or that might be, even on Vietnam. They gave him some static on that, of course, but he effectively countered with his intransigent defense of their inherent right to a piece of the pie. They believed it when he said that "the Government must be responsive and if it is not, it is not a government. It is then an imposition. A government ought to do what is necessary for the people it governs—all the people it governs—and if it doesn't, it's no longer fit to govern."

He was a son of Franklin D. Roosevelt, as much as of his father, and from 1953 until 1977—the span of his service in the House before he was elected its Speaker—he had remained true to that legacy. He was firmly persuaded that the energizing factor in a democracy is the least of the brethren—what they need, what they require, like the Irish immigrants to Boston: education, food, mon-

ey, guidance, jobs, health care—an elevating hand reaching down. It cost only a bit more out of the grand Federal bank roll and, besides, if it didn't go to them, you could be goddamned sure it would go to those who didn't need it—and they would be Republicans, by God.

Anyway, that's how Tip O'Neill saw it. And in 1977, his position was reinforced, even vindicated. For in January 1977, after 24 years in the Congress, without a single vote cast against him, Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., became the 47th Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States of America—second in the sequence of succession to the Presidency itself (no matter what Alexander Haig might read into the Constitution), one of the most significant personages in the great Federal population and the direct heir to the rich tradition of such giants of the American kingdom as Speaker Clay and Speaker Reed and Speaker Cannon and, right up there on everybody's all-time all-star team, of course, Speaker Rayburn.

Speaker O'Neill.

For years, though not always, he had wanted nothing more—and nothing less—and when he finally held it in his big hands, it was beyond him even then to escape those Sunday afternoons in his father's parlor. He was, he said quite simply, his father's son, politically as well as biologically—a pure product of the party who would not have risen to such heights without the party and could not be expected to further achieve without the party. It was, he said, as simple as that.

And so he began.

Mistuh Speakuh!

The House will be in order.

Mistuh Speakuh!

The clerk will call the roll.

Mistuh Speakuh!

The gentleman is recognized for three minutes.

Mistuh Speakuh!

For what purpose does the gentleman rise?

Mistuh Speakuh!

Will the gentleman yield?

Mistuh Speakuh!

The gentleman does not yield.

Mistuh Speakuh!

The gentleman is not in order.

Mistuh Speakuh! Mistuh Speakuh!

Mistuh Speakuh!

God, how he loved it—how he came so quickly to love it all: the polished gavel and the big chair at the center of the action, the grand suite of offices and the corps of aides and underlings, the limousine and the chauffeur, the deference and the respect, the attention and the acclaim—but what it all amounted to for him and what he cherished above all else was the power, the sheer, unadulterated muscle that was his and his alone, vested in him as Speaker by his

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fellow Democrats, the majority in the House.

He had often said that without power, all politics is bullshit and, as in all things in O'Neill's life, the power he so deeply treasured became in his hands a tool of the party he equally loved—a means of translating into law and legislation those principles and concepts he had learned so long ago in his father's house in North Cambridge, the legacy of the Democrats: Roosevelt's New Deal, Harry Truman's Fair Deal, Jack Kennedy's New Frontier and the Great Society of Lyndon Johnson.

That's what power was for, the Speaker thought—to facilitate the American dream, to help it along, to reach down and lift up, to feed and clothe and house and hire. No one in Washington was more elated by the power that had passed into his hands than Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., unless, of course, it was James Earl Carter, Jr., who spoke well of those same legacies and traditions but who seemed to the Speaker to have come from a different land than his own. O'Neill was respectful of the new President, in public, but he sensed, nevertheless, that there was a distance between them, a gap in their common experience. "The thing I don't like about Carter," the Speaker once told a pal, "is that he doesn't like me. I don't mind that he doesn't like me but that he doesn't

like me because I'm a politician. He doesn't like politicians. That's why I don't like him. Hell, I like politicians, don't you?"

In the evenings, he would recall a story for those gathered around his big old desk that once belonged to Grover Cleveland, a story about James Michael Curley—the Boston mayor and Congressman who had gone to jail for his shortcomings—who had come to O'Neill a long time ago to ask for a pension from the state of Massachusetts, not for himself, he said, but for his wife, the woman who, he strongly suggested, was soon to be his widow. There was no better approach to O'Neill than that. He knew it was poison all along. He knew he could get murdered if the slightest hint of his fingerprints were found on the bill—but he did it anyway, and he did it because he thought it was a party matter.

The party was like the Church and marriage. It was forever. So what if the Pope smokes Cuban cigars? What does it matter if your wife watches *Death Valley Days*? The important thing is that here was a party man in trouble, so where was the party? What could you count on if not the party? Where was the strength of your life, if not in the sinews of the party? Loyalty was his strong suit—and, just as he'd anticipated, the Curley pension bill caused problems for O'Neill. That they were not major prob-

lems he attributed to the strength of the party.

And what he knew as well was that Jimmy Carter did not have any idea—no earthly idea at all—as to why the Speaker would have thrust his old wazoo right out there on the old chopping block for such a grizzled old turkey as James Michael Curley, and there was finally no longer anything between them, the Speaker and the President.

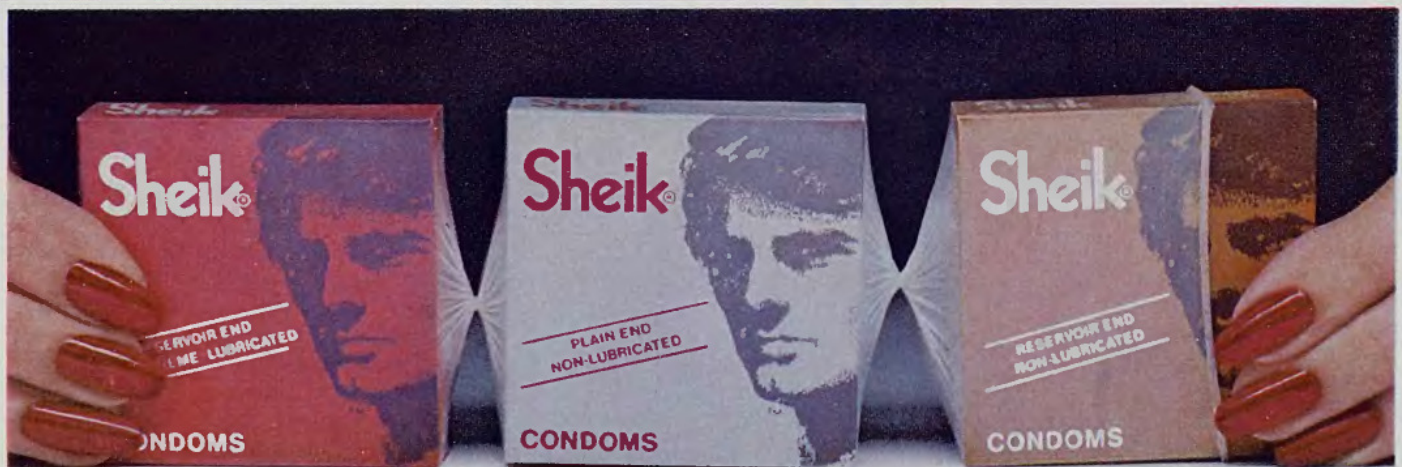
Except that the Speaker was mightily grieved when the most inept Democratic Presidential candidate in years, with the exception of George McGovern, whom the Speaker declined even to discuss, lost the White House to this—this movie star who seemed to take such pleasure from saying that he was not a *politician*.

He would have him for breakfast, the Speaker thought.

It was no wonder, then, that as 1981 began, O'Neill could turn to Ronald Reagan and with much innocence and little guile welcome him to Washington as the "big leagues" of politics. "It's fun," he said. "You're going to love it."

And why not?

After all, no matter what manner of catastrophe may have befallen his fellow Democrats in the Senate, his Democrats in the House were still in a comfortable majority as the year began and he was, after all, still very much their leader. If



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Sheik
The strong, sensitive type.

this new boy in town thought he could translate his campaign rhetoric into laws and legislation that would shape a government outside the Democratic matrix, he had quite a lot of learning to do.

He didn't tell Reagan that, of course. In fact, in the early days of 1981, the Speaker was all lopsided grins and bear hugs and hearty handshakes at the White House, offering broad assurances of cooperation between the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. O'Neill didn't threaten Reagan. He didn't have to. He had the votes and the votes gave him the muscle.

But something happened—to the

Speaker and to the party traditions he cherished so deeply. By the latter stages of spring, with damnable regularity, week after week, in the papers and on the evening news, in vote after vote on the floor of *his* House, the new boy in town—and a fellow Hibernian, at that—was handing the Speaker his Irish ass, and he was doing it with Democrats.

And that is the context of his wailing: *My problem, by God, isn't Republicans. My problem, by God, is Democrats.*

He called them Schmemocrats, but he seemed confused by what was happening. Reagan was winning all the big ones—on the budget, on taxes, on every-

thing—and, try as he might, the Speaker's reading of the votes could not persuade him that it would soon change. Whatever had overtaken his colleagues, it would not soon pass, he reasoned, nor was there much he could do to cure it—and so in the spring, he simply shrugged and went off to New Zealand to play golf, which further eroded his hold on *his* Democrats.

Even some of the loyalists were brittle by then, and a few were whispering snide asides about him—all off the record, of course—while others were planting little rumors around town about his waning effectiveness and competency and legitimacy as the Democratic leader in Congress, hinting around those grand marble halls that, what the hell, he would soon be retiring, anyway. And when he came back from down under, he seemed more addled than ever.

Something had happened, and he could not quite, by God, get a hold on it.

This former thespian who, for Christ's sake, claims he isn't even a politician and promises never to allow politics to influence his White House decisions or behavior—this guy who, for Christ's sake, is from California and likes to ride horses and likes to wear, get this, likes to wear *jodhpurs* and likes to eat, get this, likes to eat avocados, for Christ's sake, and doesn't even know what the hell *parity* is—this guy is consistently doing it to him. This guy wants the guts cut out of the New Deal and the Fair Deal and the New Frontier and the Great Society and, by God, that's what he gets—in the Speaker's House, by God, with the Speaker's Democrats. This new guy is scrambling and scratching and wheeling and dealing and sweetening every pot within reach like he came right out of Boston politics, for Christ's sake, and everybody is on the Speaker's sweet Irish ass, clamoring at him to do something, and the Speaker, perhaps for the very first time in nearly half a century of politics, doesn't know what the hell to do.

There's this Congressman from Alabama, for instance, Flippo, Ronnie Flippo, that's his name—and he's a Democrat, see, one of the Speaker's guys, right? So there's this pretty big vote coming up and, naturally, with the way things have been going for him, the Speaker calls up this guy Flippo to see where he is and the guy says, sure, sure, he's with the Speaker, and then Reagan calls him up and all of a sudden, Flippo is not such a Democrat anymore, and he votes with the President.

"I've never seen anything like it in my life," the Speaker moans. On this particular evening, he is wearing a tie emblazoned with large American eagles. He is, perhaps, inspired by them. "These are the times that try men's souls," he says, looking as deeply sad as



"First, understand that from up here you all look like a bunch of ants."

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WHEN IT'S TIME TO QUIET DOWN
AT THE END OF THE DAY, EVEN A FIRE
TURNS TO RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.



anyone can ever remember seeing him. "Truly, these are trying times."

And the Republicans, for Christ's sake, are laughing at him, and a few of his Democrats are snickering up their sleeves.

Something had happened and he just couldn't get a handle on it.

He no longer had the votes; ergo, he no longer had the power that had been his grail—the muscle to make the law that shapes the Government in the image of Roosevelt and Truman and Kennedy and Johnson—and, what the hell, even Carter. He had become the *politician's politician*, and now they were laughing at him. For nearly 50 years, he had been at the table, winning some, losing some, playing the cards he'd been dealt, always according to Hoyle—and suddenly, Hoyle had dropped dead and the rules had changed. Aces didn't beat jacks and two pairs would take a full house and everything seemed to be wild and the game had gone straight to hell.

For years and years, when he had been asked about an upcoming vote in the House in which he had a particular interest, the Speaker had always patted his coat pocket, as if to say it was right there.

But it wasn't there anymore.

Try the Gipper's coat.

O'Neill's friends came, singly and in small groups, trooping into his gymnasium of offices, bringing, like the ancient Magi, gifts of golden optimism, sweet-smelling hope and pungently promising assurances that the cards would sooner or later turn for him, that the innings left were more important than the innings played. The Speaker had gladly received them all, like the widow at an Irish wake, and he had listened sympathetically to their well-meaning poker and baseball analogies, always making certain the bar was open for them, grunting occasionally from his big, high-backed leather chair, wanting rather desperately to believe they were right.

But, somehow, he sensed that they were wrong. This guy, this Reagan, had struck a chord across the country and it would be reverberating for years, he believed. Over the Fourth of July holiday, he had gone home to Massachusetts—to his summer cottage on Cape Cod, not far from the Kennedy's at Hyannis—and one morning he had opened *The Boston Globe* and found a cartoon that seemed to have been published especially for him. In the first panel, a pollster asks an average citizen what he thinks of the President's policies—cutbacks in funding for programs that affect the poor combined with generous tax breaks for the upper classes—and the guy lets loose with a stream of obscenities, indicating his pronounced displeasure. In the next

panel, the pollster asks what the fellow thinks about Reagan personally, and he says, "Well, actually, he seems like a helluva nice guy."

There it was. Everybody liked Reagan. For Christ's sake, even *he* liked Reagan. The President is a politician, after all, and the Speaker loves all politicians. There he was, drilled in the lung by some miserable, frazzle-minded kid in love with a teenage actress, and he was making jokes on the way to surgery. Not bad jokes, either. "Honey, I forgot to duck," he said. And to the doctors leaning over his wounded body, "Geez, I hope all you guys are Republicans."

And after that, it was simple. Reagan had put together the old Roosevelt coalition, substituting the new wave of young, middle-class, conservative-leaning whites in the South and the Southwest for the blacks of the old South and the urban North, and he had translated that electoral chemistry of 1980 into the Congressional muscle he required to screw the Speaker in 1981, putting the hammer on the Democrats from those same Southern districts, making a few deals—but not many—here and there (sugar imports, for example, and windfall tax exclusions for the oil folks), and they all came arunning. They were afraid not to be there, with the Gipper, the new messiah of supply-side economics, afraid he'd come down South in 1982 and campaign against them, beat the dog out of them in their own districts. He had them by the *cajones*—though it should be pointed out that very few of them felt the same way about the old New Deal that the Speaker did.

"It's the people who matter, not the parties," Reagan told them, passing out pounds of jelly beans at the White House (a mess of modern pottage), "and the people want me to do these things. I know that. This is what the people want and you've got to help me."

He did not say, or else!

The President didn't have to threaten. He had the muscle by then—or so it was perceived to be, and, as the Speaker had learned, if they think you've got it, you've got it.

My problem is Democrats, O'Neill moaned, but there was nothing he could do. After Watergate, the Congress had run amuck with reform. Seniority had become a curse. The power was passed around like unemployment checks, and with the passing of experience as a means to power, so also went the basis of discipline, and as the Speaker had learned, without discipline, there was no real leadership.

God, how he yearned for the old days when Speaker Rayburn would have cut their balls off if they went against him; but now, if he tries to strip them—these Schmemocrats—they'll probably just become Republicans, and if enough of

them become Republicans, what the hell has he accomplished? The end of his power, by God, that's what. You make Republicans out of the Schmemocrats—the boll-weevil Democrats going down with the Gipper every time—and, presto, you give away the Democratic majority and there goes the Speakership.

The talk in Washington now is that the Speaker is finished—and there are moments when by the emptiness in his Irish eyes and the flat tone in his voice, that talk seems right on the money. It is possible, of course, that Reagan's over-reaching in terms of even deeper budget cuts and the awkwardness of his positions on the AWACS deal with Saudi Arabia may have heartened O'Neill.

What is probably closer to the truth is that he will make one more race this coming fall and hope that he doesn't spend his last term in the House as the minority leader. It is a race he deems personally precious, since it will allow him to participate politically in the same campaign with his son, Tommy, now the lieutenant governor of Massachusetts and a certain gubernatorial candidate this year. With the clout that the elder O'Neill has accumulated over the years, his muscle will be a significant factor in the governor's race, and seeing Tommy as governor would be a culmination of an aging dream for the Speaker.

During his tenure in Massachusetts politics, both as a member of the Democratic minority and later as its leader in the legislature, everyone talked about how really perfect he would be as governor—and there was always in the back of his mind, even after he went to Washington, the possibility that he would come back and make that race. He never did. Millie, his wife of 40 years, was always thankful that O'Neill never decided to try for the governorship. He is the sort of man, she has told friends, who would have tried to help everybody and, in the process, would have helped no one, least of all himself. He, on the other hand, always regretted that he did not run. Now, vicariously, he has a shot at it through his son—and he has more or less decided that he will be the most assistance to the younger O'Neill by seeking another term in the House.

But whatever may happen in Massachusetts in the autumn, in one O'Neill race or another, the really significant truth about the Speaker is that, God willing or not, he may have become that metaphor he dreads.

O'Neill's power has always resided in the reality of the party—its existence as an entity of ideas and ideals, concepts and policies, dreams and goals. He is the Democratic Party inculcate—a congregation of sons who must pay for the sins of their fathers, the spitting image



mike wisnans.

"Bless you."

of all those liberals who do not yet understand that the world around them is changing so fast as to defy their powers of comprehension, not to mention their political instincts. He is the embodiment of a Democratic Party that has somehow lost its constituency. Even the Speaker understands a part of that truth.

"You look back," he said after the first six months of 1981. "and you say to yourself, Who gives a damn what happened to the budget, and who really cares what happens to the tax structure in this country? And you say to yourself, The unions do, don't they?—and the blacks do, don't they?—and all the basically liberal groups in the country do, don't they? But what you quickly discover is that they don't, and that is the legacy of the party. We've done too good a job for all of them."

That is most siraplistic, yet it is closer to the truth than any pile of empirical evidence or mathematical probabilities anyone might bring before him. The fact of the matter is that there is no longer *any* party. Ronald Reagan and the right-wingers might believe otherwise, given the sweet smell of their success in the polls and in the legislature—but the Speaker is right. The Democratic Party has done much too good a job. Its constituency has begun to drift away—the lower class becoming the lower-middle class, the lower-middle class rising upward into the middle class, and so on, ad infinitum. Only the great array of black Americans at the very bottom of the pile, because of racism so deeply etched into the soul of the country, are still instinctively Democrats—they and the upper-class liberals whose primary concern is foreign policy dictated and determined as they see it.

What the Speaker has not yet grasped, despite his impeccable instincts, is that so very few people in the country agree with him that the Government should be a vehicle of progress for its least brethren. That is no longer a question of any significance. The Reaganites have gone on to such explorations as how to open up the Republican Party to poor and disadvantaged black people who have been *screwed* by the Democrats, who promised more than they could deliver. The liberals have begun to focus simply on human rights, an essentially bipartisan issue, the guts of which can be argued pro and con no matter who is in the White House. Big Labor is looking only for an extension of inflation, realizing that within the rank and file there is not yet one single card-carrying union man or woman who would dare to speak up and out against the deadly spiral of wages and prices. Not a single one that anyone has yet been able to discover. There is no more party—not for the Speaker and not for the President—there is only a broad array of

narrow, economic interests, spiced with such pseudomoral splinters as abortion, pro and con, tits and ass on television, pro and con, Federal money for parochial schools, pro and con, the inherent virtue of the Panama Canal as an American enterprise and the inherent evil of anyone whose first name is Ayatollah. The issues are simple: the price of gasoline at the pump, the price of hamburger over the counter and the price of government, wherever it's paid—which, of course, is everywhere.

The Speaker's party is dead, and so is the President's. Neither will be glad to hear that, and both will vehemently deny it. Both will, in fact, over the months to come, insist that the traditions on which they have built their careers—one over the long term, one as a Johnny-come-lately—will resurrect themselves, will pull themselves back to a level of acceptance and respectability that will assure the continuum of the republic as they have come to know it and love it.

I think they're wrong—but what is even more grievous is that the Speaker probably understands and cannot adjust, will not adjust, because there is no room in his concept of the party to make that adjustment. You can damn well count on the hot numbers of 1982 and 1984 to adjust—even the old dragons of the party in the House who will go home to face a constituency beggared in by that grand master of persuasion, the host of *Death Valley Days*, and who already will have begun to trim their sails before their plane lands on the district terra firma; and the guys who see the White House in their future will begin talking about a *new* Democratic Party, more responsive to the needs of all those old Democrats who voted for Nixon and Ford and, in spades, for the Gipper, the old Democrats who can't seem to understand that much of what has made the country good is a product of the Speaker's party, because what they see are gas pumps that are not even capable of registering the true price of their purchase and must deal in half-truths, like much of everything else these days. But the Speaker? The Tipper? He's going to galumph along as always—the old party man, his father's son, James Michael Curley's posthumous hurrah, and the boll weevils will continue to cut his balls off—the supreme reversal of roles, Nixon's ultimate revenge for the Charles Colson reference.

It was the close of a rather spectacular day in late September, and as the bells of the Washington Cathedral pealed a crystal vespers from high atop Mount Saint Alban, the capital of the United States of America settled itself in for the evening—taking a load off its Federal feet, pouring itself a gener-

ous drink, setting its tables for dinner and quietly basking in the burnished glow of an amazing sunset that was working its magic democratically all across the city, from the cluttered enclaves of Georgetown to the stately rise of Capitol Hill to the grit and the grime of the ghettos, painting its steeples and statues, its ruins and relics, its monuments and memorials a soft and subtle pink.

The moment had finally arrived—that marvelous and unmistakable moment when the changing of the seasons becomes nearly palpable, that annual but unofficial and unrecorded solstice when summer and autumn merge at some pleasantly indefinable cusp, mutually accommodating the best the other has to offer, blending endings and beginnings into a smooth, rich mix of both: the last batch of gin and tonic, for instance, with the first faint whiffs of wood smoke.

On Connecticut Avenue—just a block away from the sidewalk where the crazy kid shot the Gipper—the limousines were waiting sleekly at the curb, their drivers passing the time of day, polishing, rubbing, standing, reading. Inside an old apartment building, much of the city's liberal bloc had gathered in the 18-room sprawl of a *salon* owned by Jane Dawson, said to be in hot pursuit of the Perle Mesta label, to pay homage to Senator Paul Tsongas, the *other* Senator from Massachusetts, on the occasion of the publication of his new book on the future of liberalism in America. Kennedy was there, and so was Frank Church and almost everybody who's anybody in that easily identifiable crowd—and so was the Speaker: looking incongruously gaunt for his strapping frame, a little tired from the wearisome task of guiding a party without party discipline.

Besides Kennedy, it was O'Neill who got the most attention. Smoothly, almost languidly, he turned compliments back on themselves, remembered the names of people he hadn't seen in months and put a fatherly arm around Tsongas, the son of a Greek immigrant, when the pictures were taken.

And when he was leaving, and stepping into the glow of the early evening, he was asked whether or not he might himself write a book.

"About what?" he muttered.

"Well, what about Tsongas' subject?" the interviewer said. "The future of liberalism?"

"Science-fiction, huh?" the Speaker said. No smile.

And in that magnificent light of the merging of the seasons, Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., himself turned pink. One more Washington monument painted by time.



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MAN and WOMAN (continued from page 98)

"Billions of years ago, there must have been a switch to sex and it must have stuck. Why?"

from the point of view of her genes—is a bad option for her. For if she has survived up to this point, after all, she has very good genes; they've traveled down to her, from the year dot, *only* through reproductively successful organisms.

So why should she want to break up a winning combination? Why should she want to throw away half her genes, shuffle them up in the process and take another shuffled half from another individual, usually a perfect stranger? Why should she give up the reproductive edge her genes have already got? And why should she waste time and resources producing males?

"It's no use saying, 'Well, it's for the good of the species,'" says Martin Daly. Daly is a Darwinian psychologist, now at McMaster University in Canada, who has long been interested in why he exists.

"The female doesn't know anything about species and she doesn't do anything at the beck and call of evolutionary theorists," he says. "No, there has to be something in it for *her*. That's all she's interested in, herself and her offspring; or, put another way, that's all her genes are interested in, themselves and their continuation. Selection takes place at the level of the individual. And *that's* where we have to look for whatever advantage it is that sex brings. By choosing sex, you see—as George Williams of Stanford has pointed out—the female has on the face of it put her genes at a 50 percent disadvantage; only half of them are transmitted. So we have to find a corresponding 50 percent advantage that sex must offer. What can that advantage be? It has to be something enormous. She's at a 50 percent disadvantage, remember, and we know that the genes for even a *one* percent disadvantage will very quickly disappear from any population, other things being equal."

Daly and his wife, Margo Wilson, a research associate at McMaster, recently wrote a book called *Sex, Evolution and Behavior*. In it, they come to no firm conclusions about the origins of sex, but they do suggest what it's good for—adaptation in the face of bad times.

"Look, all we've got to go on is what's in nature," says Daly, a dry, funny man in his late 30s who delights in bringing us humans down to size by calling us "H. saps." "And, luckily, nature has given us an unbelievable variety of life, from bacteria all the way to H. saps. Bacteria aren't much use, because they don't use sex very much, even though

they're about 6000 times older than we are and the most numerous and most successful organisms on earth. And H. saps aren't much use, because they're already committed to this thing we're trying to explain.

"But between them are a number of species that are sometimes sexual and sometimes asexual. And they seem to have one overriding thing in common. As long as the going is good, as long as there's not too much competition, they put all their money on the asexual option. They produce females. But if there's overcrowding or they're faced with an imminent collapse, they opt for sex. They produce males."

Just like human beings in wartime, in other words, who take sex wherever they can because they may not survive, so a whole host of creatures switch to it when their way of life is threatened. For females in nature, hard times are responsible for the fact of sex, as well as for the act of sex. Males become necessary. In species where there is an option of being either male or female, males are almost always found where the environment makes survival tough going.

So far, so good. O people of the galaxy. But why is there so *much* sex on this planet? Birds do it. Bees do it—actually, only *some* bees do it. Even uneducated little fleas do it. We do it. And we and they do it *all* the time. Somewhere along the line, a few billion years ago, there must have been a switch to sex and it must have stuck. Why?

Put it this way. Males are a pretty good idea when it comes to females' competing against an uncertain future. Males are usually smaller, they mature faster and their sex cells are cheaper to produce. So, from a female's point of view, males are an efficient way of storing their genes when resources are scarce. And they're also a good way of making sure that copies of at least some of those precious genes are passed on to the next generation.

Males, after all, produce enormous numbers of sex cells—with the female parent's genes inside them. And so, if they survive to maturity, there's a good chance that at least one of those little gene loads, and maybe more, will find a home in an organism that has retained the option of being female. That is a much better prospect for her genes than simply continuing to make 100 percent copies of themselves; she's not doing well in the environment she's got and they're

not going to do any better. A much better plan, then, is to make males, have sex, mix up genes and start again. For the next generation will all be different from one another, and there's a chance that some of them will have what it takes to cope and carry on.

But that still doesn't explain why females took up sex full time, rather than keep it for an occasional option. We, for example, don't seem to have been faced with a continuous chain of emergencies throughout our history. Nor does any other sexual species that we know of. So why don't *human* females simply make clones of themselves and keep men in reserve, in case of disaster?

For an answer, we have to go back in time, back to how the idea occurred in the first place. The search takes us to the primordial ooze, by way of a tall question mark of an Englishman named William Hamilton. A biologist at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, Hamilton believes that the only way a sexual population can beat out an asexual one is for it to be permanently under threat from outside—from parasites.

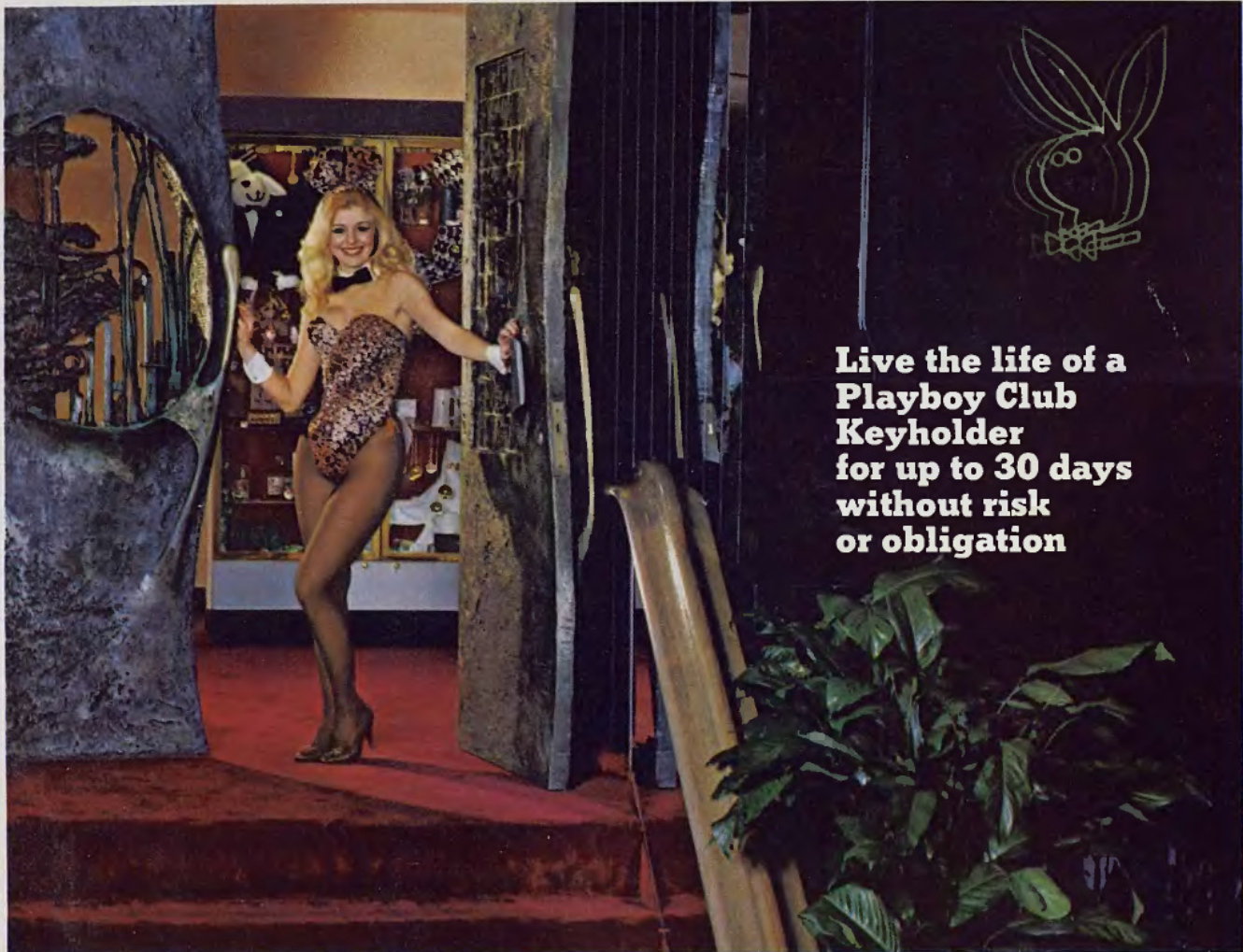
"Men and women," Hamilton says carefully amid the clutter of his university office, "are descended from the first multicellular organisms. And I've always been puzzled by how those organisms could survive. They're at a distinct disadvantage against their smaller enemies. They're more complicated, so they grow and reproduce much more slowly, which makes them vulnerable, evolutionarily speaking. Because when one organism is trying to figure out a way into another, and the other is trying to figure out a way to keep it out, evolution favors the one that breeds quicker. Mutations will give it better ideas faster, and it will win. Unless, and only unless, the bigger organism can figure out a new genetic trick to level the odds.

"And I think that trick was sex," Hamilton continues, "the mixing of genes between two of the organisms to make new arrangements—new passwords, perhaps—to keep the parasites out. That would now give the multicellular an edge in this evolutionary game of catch-up, but only a small edge. And so, as it gets larger, all the way down to us, sex would constantly be selected for. Sex would have to go on.

"All right. That's maybe why there is sex. But why are there sexes? Exchanging genes, after all, doesn't necessarily mean that there should be any difference between the two exchangers. When bacteria use sex, for example, there's no difference that can be found.

"Well, here I think science does have an answer. When the evolutionary step toward sex is taken by a multicellular organism, cells specifically for sex will tend to be produced. But there's an inherent instability that acts against the

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always being of the same size. And the pressures of competition will begin. Those pressures will favor slightly larger sex cells than usual. And those, in turn, will make for cheats, smaller sex cells than usual, produced in greater numbers to compete for the bigger ones. From then on, the pattern becomes clearer and clearer. The small sex cells become more and more competitive—they become highly mobile, they learn to swim—while the large sex cells become immobile and fixed. The cheats become sperm and the cells for which they compete become eggs. And that's what we end up with. Sperm and eggs. Small investors and large investors. Cheats and straight shooters. Males and females."

This may not seem very romantic, but from it all blessings flow. For now you has sex. Now you has males. And now you has all the incredible, teeming variety of sex in nature: male mites that fertilize their sisters while still inside their mother, and so die before they are born; the female scorpion fly that insists on a titbit from her prospective lovers, and her transvestite brother—in drag—that tries to con poor unsuspect-

ing males out of their nuptial gifts; the ingenuity and elaborate pleasures of human beings. Not to forget what British researcher Tim Clutton-Brock has called the "sneaky fucker strategy" in red-deer stags. Among those animals, the dominant males spend a great deal of time showing off their wares to one another. Less dominant males will have none of that; instead, while the big boys are quarreling, they sneak around back and get it on with the females. In nature, it doesn't matter how you play the game, as long as you win.

Reproductive success is the name of this game, and the table is almost always run by the female. With a much bigger investment now at stake, it's up to her to be choosy about what genes she accepts into her eggs. That's why the delay of courtship suits her purposes well. Males, characteristically, have a different strategy. Their sperm costs little and they can have multiple matings. So it is in their interests to spread their genes across as many females as possible—to go all the way on the first date and then move on.

That would be fine, if there were always more females than males in the

population. But genetic rules ordain that there will always be, roughly speaking, equal numbers. Which means that males will have to compete with one another; some can be big winners in the game and others will have to be losers. If a king can take 3333 wives, after all, as he could by law in one African nation, then there'll be roughly 3332 other men left without any. The same is true in nature.

On the face of it, this system—this rat-race polygamy—may look as if it works to the disadvantage of the female. But, remember, she's interested only in the successful reproduction of her genes. So the system actually works *hugely* to her advantage. Because if the males spend their time competing—sorting out the toughest, most ambitious and most resilient genes from the weaker and less capable—it makes her job of selection that much easier. She wants resources, after all, sometimes just the resources of good genes, and so fair play is the last thing on her mind.

In many species, in fact, perhaps including our own, females actively encourage all the *Sturm und Drang*. In sand bees, females remain resolutely below the surface, so that a male will have to dig down to them while fighting off other males. In coyotes, females will deliberately delay mating until a large number of males have arrived. And in the Uganda kob, the handsomest of the African antelopes, females stroll through the stamping ground, where the males are fighting and jockeying with one another; the females are inspecting the goods, as if in a sexual meat market. (Think again of the singles bar, gentlemen, and reconsider who's really in charge.)

If you think this is pretty antisocial behavior on the part of all concerned, you're right. "Sex," as E. O. Wilson, one of the founders of sociobiology, wrote, "is an antisocial force in evolution." In a sense, it is also the most deadly for males. For in all of this, males, even human males, die young: not because they kill each other off, and not because they are forced to become conspicuous, though both help, but because selection is interested only in their reproductive ability and not in any genes that might help stave off their death after reproductive age. The males in most species aren't involved, as we've said, in bringing up the children. So once they've done their duty to Mother Nature, they are expendable.

While they're alive, of course, they have one other task demanded of them by the female: to court her. Courtship in nature takes many forms, and sometimes it works to protect males, who can find out in the process whether or not a female has already been inseminated (a long engagement will always tell).

But, for the most part, courtship is no



"Can't get a hard-on in a blizzard, eh?"

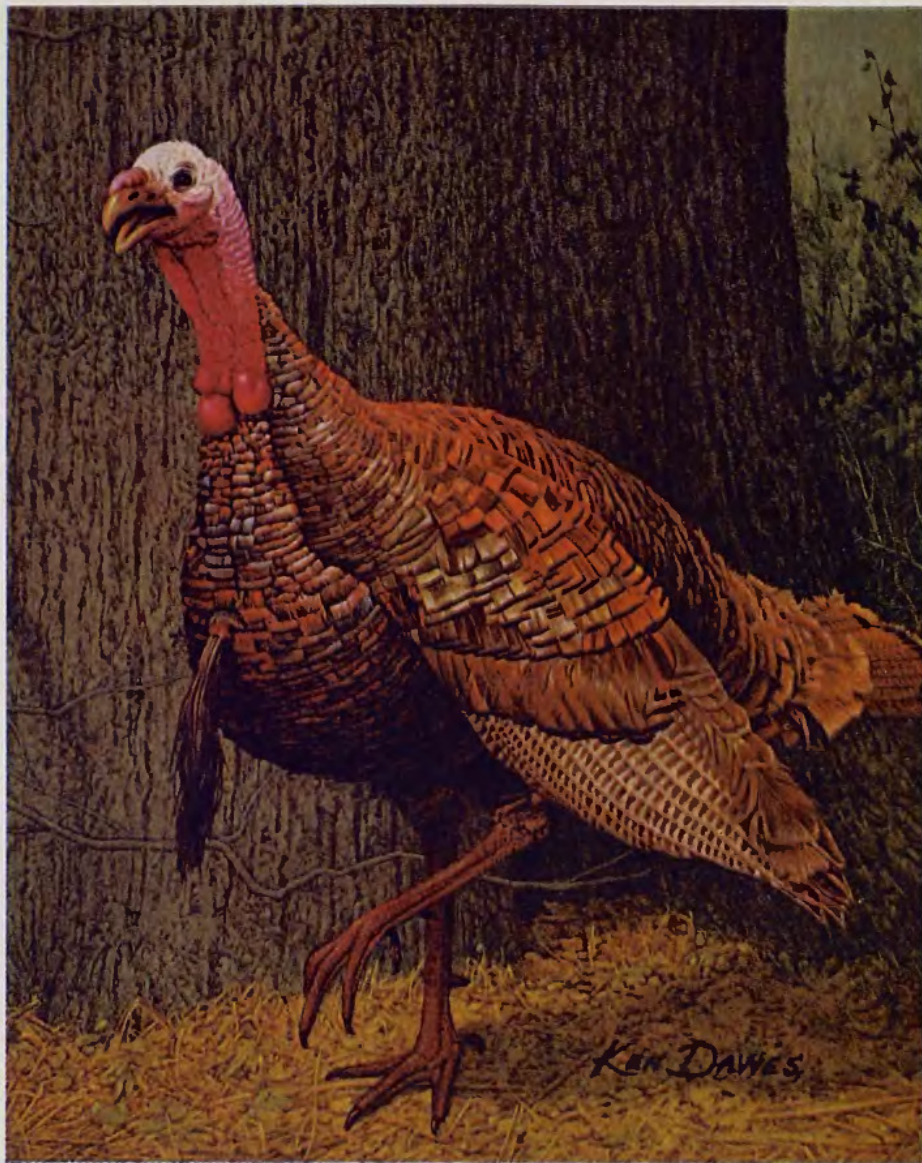
more than a job-application system designed by the female employer. First, is the applicant of the right species? ("Are you my type?") Second, can he perform the foreplay necessary to bring the female to ovulation? ("Can you make nice?") Third, can he do anything else to demonstrate that he has good genes? ("What's so special about you?") (Nature—and human society—is full of demonstrations of resources, chases, forced journeys and other tests imposed on the male by the female.) Fourth, and most interestingly, perhaps, is the applicant aesthetically pleasing? ("What's your wardrobe like?") Males in nature are almost always more exotically colored and elaborately ornamented than females. And it's clear that those features have been selected for by females, other things being equal, for their own enjoyment. *Males are a vast breeding experiment run by females.* And females have not only designed them, they have also, by being in charge of reproduction, ordered the kinds of society in which they'll live.

Take the king of beasts, for example. No, take the queen of beasts; lionesses run faster and do most of the hunting. A pride of lions consists of a number of lionesses, usually interrelated, and two larger males, unrelated, who are needed for protection against other lions that might invade the pride and kill the females' cubs. One lion isn't enough for this job. How, though, to avoid competition between those two males? How to make them work together?

Simple. Whenever the females come into heat, they do so *all* at the same time. From then on, for two or three days, they *all* require copulation every 15 or so minutes. And by the time the mating session is over, the males are too exhausted to know which is whose, what is why or which end is up. Result? Peace at home and protection guaranteed. The females get what they want.

They always do. Selfish females never allow equally selfish males a say in the way their society operates unless the environment demands it, or unless they have successfully bred males to do something more useful to themselves and their offspring than just provide sperm. Male and female strategies will always make for male-male competition, polygamy and disposable, interchangeable males, unless males can be encouraged into a line of work that has a direct effect on the females' reproductive success. What is that line of work in primates, the creatures closest to us? The protection racket. What is that line of work in man? Male parenting.

The quality and intensity of paternal care that a male human gives to his offspring sets him off from all the other primates. It has also been his salvation,



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for male parenting rewrites the rules of the relationship between males and females. It equalizes the unequal struggle between the sexes. And it is almost certainly the one thing that will save human sex and human males from the dark waters of forgetfulness, if the genes for parthenogenesis—virgin birth—ever reappear in the population of Daly's H. saps. Since the days males first came into existence—prodded by parasites, if Hamilton is right—male parenting in return for female-male monogamy has been the best deal they've ever made.

To understand why, we have to look where Daly told us we should look, for an advantage at the individual's level. What's in it for a man, or, rather, for his genes? For, obviously, they now face a giant disability: What with feeding the wife and taking care of the kids, they can't spread themselves all over the place as they once could, given a certain amount of perseverance and luck. So what's the new benefit they receive?

Well, in the old days of competition, "sneaky fuckers" and multiple mating—which may well survive within us in some form—who knew whose sperm was getting through to whose egg, to deliver up the genetic goods? At least now the male, by committing himself to a female, can have some confidence that her offspring are also his, because she'll want what he provides enough not to screw around. This means that competition with other males now becomes counterproductive: A male who leaves home for a fling can't ever be sure that there isn't another male knocking at *his* door. It means that a male will live slightly longer, since nature now has an interest in his survival through child-care years. And it means that a male can now give the 50 percent of his genes that are in his children a far better chance of surviving to pass them on. His children can be carefully prepared for the environment in which they will find themselves. They can stay young and dependent longer.

That, of course, makes male parenting the best show in town as far as the female is concerned. Consequently, it's in her interests to promote it with the full force of her genes, because now she can get back the advantage she lost when she was forced to abandon asexual reproduction and take up sex. She gives up her independence, it's true. She can't make a date on a whim with the best new genes available. And she has to put up with the burden of her male mate's needs. The advantages, however, far outweigh those costs. For, with male assistance and resources, she can perhaps double the number of her offspring and the number of genes she personally can contribute to the next generation. And, like the male, she can make sure they

get off to the best possible start in life.

Sexual access and some guarantee of paternity, in exchange for more resources than the female can command herself, all for the good of the children; that is the basic trade-off involved in monogamy. Ninety percent of birds have made it. Gibbons and siamangs have made it. And Owen Lovejoy, professor of anthropology at Kent State University, believes that in our species, not only was that trade-off made millions of years ago by our ancestors, it was also responsible for human civilization.

"Anthropologists have always argued," Lovejoy says, "that it is the use of tools that separates man from all the other primates. Tools, big brain, language and upright posture; they all somehow come together in one evolutionary bundle. And I think that's nonsense. For me, there's only one thing that can explain all the things we want to have explained: walking on two legs, intelligence, culture, dominance. And that's the mating and parent-care pattern that evolved in our species—the division of labor for greater reproductive success. Monogamy. We'll never find it in fossil form, of course, but I believe it is absolutely fundamental to human evolution. Right at the core."

Lovejoy is a bearded, tough-minded man in his 30s, another of a new generation of scientists bucking old assumptions and facing up to old unanswered questions. He holds positions in human anatomy and orthopedic surgery, as well as in anthropology. He has worked in close association with Donald Johanson, the discoverer, in Ethiopia, of Lucy, the skeleton of the earliest-known upright-walking hominid. And the day we meet him, he has been confirming for the sheriff's department the identity of yet another skeleton, a human one he calls Joey, the headless, handless victim of a recent gangland slaying in nearby Ash-tabula County.

We talk for several hours in an off-campus restaurant, a favorite haunt of Lovejoy's. "Look," he says almost as soon as he sits down, "I'm an early type. And we early types aren't interested in what's gone on in the past 400,000 or 500,000 years. *We're* interested in the long haul of human evolution. And that's what makes Lucy so fascinating. Because she presents us with a problem. First, she's three and a half million years old—older than any tools or human culture we know of. Second, she's not very smart—she has a primitive skull much like an ape's. But third—despite all that—she had a body that was fully upright and she could walk in exactly the same way you walked in here. Now, why would she need to do that? To hunt? To avoid predators? No. She'd be much better off on all fours: Upright humans can

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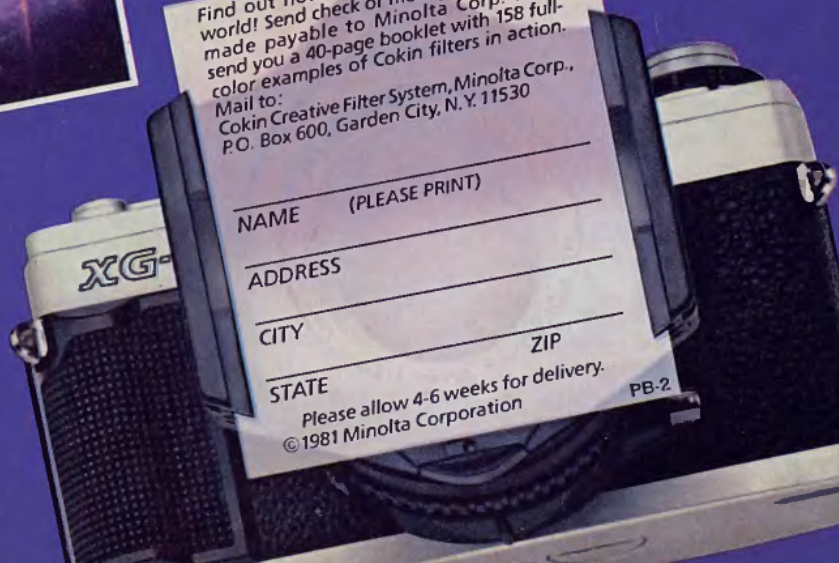
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do only about 40 percent of the speed of the patas monkey; they can only just outrun a fast snake; and their walking speed's about the same as a chicken's. Hardly what you'd want in the dangerous open grasslands hominids are supposed to have evolved in after they left the forest. To feed? No. The teeth of Lucy's species show they were generalist eaters. And you don't need upright posture in the savanna on *that* diet. Why, then?"

Lovejoy leans on the question. "The answer is simple, it seems to me. Lucy's species—*Australopithecus afarensis*, our earliest known ancestors—were food carriers. And long before they moved out into the open, they carried food to one another.

"No big deal, you might think. *Very* big deal. Because, to exist, an adaptation as big as this has got to show a reproductive advantage. The enormous anatomical change necessary for this behavior *must* have to do with survival and reproductive success. It's not just early men suddenly deciding to be nice to one another for no reason. Where would be the incentive? Well, there obviously *was* an incentive. And I propose that it was the result of a new deal between males and females and a new way of bringing up offspring—the whole thing cemented by sex.

"The best way to see what I mean," Lovejoy continues, "is to look at chimps, our nearest living relative. Chimps mature very slowly, just like humans. They have biggish brains, and they use rudimentary tools and weapons and they walk upright once in a while. But the one thing they *don't* do is forage for one another. A mother, carrying and often dropping and damaging her infant, has to fend for herself. That means that a female chimp can only *manage*

one infant at a time. Her birth rate is very low. And the result is that chimps are barely able to maintain their population—they're becoming extinct. They've never been able to leave the forest where they evolved."

Lovejoy chomps on a hamburger as the spirit of our intergalactic explorer hovers somewhere overhead. "Early man, you see, faced the same problem. And evolutionarily speaking, there's only one way round it. Put up the calorie intake of the female," he says, waving lunch, "and allow her to spend more time parenting—preferably in a protected spot—so that she can take care of more than one infant at a time. The male, in other words, has got to start providing food. How can he do that? He can't carry it in his mouth, as foxes and birds do. He has to walk upright and use his hands. Why should he do that? What does he get in return? Reliable sex and reliable care for his genetic investment."

There are two essential differences between human females and the females of all other species. Humans don't advertise or announce when they are fertile—their rear ends don't go red. And they are continuously sexually receptive. A woman can and will take on a man more often than once a month. Lovejoy believes that those, too, were very early adaptations and that they must have appeared as part of one evolutionary package about the same time as male provisioning and general upright posture. And that would make good sense.

For if the female could find a way of concealing when she was fertile, she could manage to do two things: She could force her male to stay with her throughout her cycle, if high on his agenda was successfully producing children. And, at the same time, she could

discourage strange males from competing with him and undermining his confidence in his paternity. Being willing all the time can now be added to this strategy as a reinforcer. For if the committed male can get it regularly enough from one source, he will give up any catting around he might still be inclined to do and concentrate on bringing home the necessary bacon to where he can get it. That is the beginning of recreational sex; and it has nothing to do, evolutionarily speaking, with its later history of philandery and one-night stands. Quite the contrary. It is the gilding of the lily, the final setting of the seal, on the bed-centered nuclear family.

And from it, all that we think of as human flows. "This new arrangement," continues Lovejoy, "is extremely democratic; with one on one, most males can now find mates. It enlarges the social group—which is a huge advantage. It's highly socializing, rather than antisocial, because you now have double parents, families, kinship systems: Everyone knows who belongs to whom. It allows for an extended infancy, which allows for a gradually developing brain. And it frees the hands, encourages the adoption of devices for carrying both food and babies and prepares the ground for later weapons and tools. It's also more fun. Because all those things that make for the *enjoyment* of sex are now selected for anything that reinforces the long-term pair bond: the prominent penis; female breasts permanently on display; face-to-face copulation; hairlessness; the pleasure of orgasm. All of those would serve to keep the male and female together and help their children become smart enough to survive."

We're smart because we're sexy. We're sexy because we're smart. And we're both because, 3,500,000 years ago, we divided up our labors and started down the road of monogamy together.



"I had been pressing for deep, meaningful relationships, but recently I've been settling for recreational sex."

Virgin birth to parasites to sex to males to competition to different reproductive strategies to polygamy to division of labor to monogamy: This will have to do for our intergalactic female's first report. But it isn't quite the end of the story, as we'll be seeing later in this series. For human males and females are today less constant, and human societies are less monogamous than this scenario might suggest. There is more competition for sexual and other resources than there seems to have been at the dawn of the Pleistocene era. On the ground, in practice, we seem as various as those other monogamists, the birds: We have rapists, bigamists, adulterers, sneaky fuckers of both sexes, polygamists and even, in a few cases, the keepers of several husbands. For all this, though, we are basically monogamous—as most birds are. And it is from this that most



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A human being is a sex cell's way of surviving to make more sex cells. Put another way, a human being is a gene's way of surviving to reproduce itself. And it is at the genetic level that the process of evolution must be understood. Each individual is a living test bed for a particular combination of genes, a particular mingling of DNA, a genetic stab in the dark. If the combination of genes is successful, then the individual survives to reproduce the genes, which can then continue the evolutionary game into the next round. But if it is not, and the individual has some disadvantage that keeps it from reproducing, then the genes are withdrawn from the game and disappear.

Evolution works through survival to gene reproduction: Genes governing the urge to have offspring will always outlast and dominate, by definition, any combination of genes governing the urge to remain childless. We are all of us children of children, back hundreds of thousands of generations. The genes that favored an absence of children have left no progeny. It is in this sense, then, that the drive toward reproduction is a fundamental one. And it is in this sense, too, that the female drive to power, inasmuch as it is genetically based, can succeed only if those who have it have more children than those who do not.

That sobering thought should remind us that the processes of Darwinian evolution take a long, long time. And genetically we are still the hunter-gatherers who roamed the thinly populated earth until 50,000 years ago. If human life is a day, then our movement into settled communities was 16 and a half minutes ago; the Industrial Revolution, which has unalterably changed the patterns of our lives, was 14 seconds back; the rubber condom and the computer were invented just as you got to the end of this sentence. And that is not enough time for any fundamental genetic change. Just as the heart hasn't changed in 15,000 years, neither have the instincts and qualities that were selected for in human men and women in the 1,000,000 or more years that preceded them. —JO DURDEN-SMITH AND DIANE DESIMONE

of the sexual attitudes in humans derive.

Women are concerned with the extent to which a man can provide (a recent study asked working-class women what they found sexually attractive in their husbands, and the dominant themes in their answers were money and food). And they almost always marry an older man. Men, by contrast, want youth—for reproduction's sake—and fidelity; the primary motive in the killing of women by men is—in both Africa and the United States—reported to be suspected or actual female infidelity. That may seem like an imbalance, but those qualities have been selected for by both males and females for hundreds of thousands of generations: size, strength and ambition in men, and constancy, mothering abilities and nurturance in women. It is, in fact, a very delicate balance. How delicate can be seen in two species of birds, Wilson's phalarope and the jaçana. In both, the males have been bred by the females to do much more than their fair share of parental care and in the case of the jaçana they are kept in male harems. The females are the winners, you might think. But they are also the losers. For they are forced into competition with one another—now there aren't enough *males* to go around. The females have become larger, they are now in the protection business and they've become more brightly decorated than the males—at the aesthetic whim of their mates.

Later in the series, we'll be looking at how all this may affect—and effect—current relationships between the sexes. "If you want to examine a *really* primitive society," says Lovejoy, "look at the West." But, for the moment, we want to leave you with this: If you think human, think old. If human life is a day, then the invention of the condom, let alone the pill, was less than a second ago. And if you think human, think rather of two sorts of human, bred over a succession of generations to express different skills and different abilities. Men and women are specialists. And in their differences lie the roots of their cooperation. In their cooperation lie the roots of our civilizations. We are as necessary and complementary to one another as the first egg and the first sperm.

But what are those differences? Some of them can be found in our bodies: We are specialists for different reproductive functions, specialists for one another's pleasure. But some of them can be found much deeper, at the heart of our behavior, in the organ that is fundamental to the biological inheritance that makes us who we are. In next month's issue we'll be looking at the most important sex organ of all: the brain. Are our brains as different as our bodies?



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MOONS OVER MIAMI

Look! Up on the wall! It's not a bird or a plane but a 13'8" x 8'8" photomural of Saturn and three moons that's taken from images beamed back to earth by Voyager I. Environmental Graphics, 15295 Minnetonka Boulevard, Minnetonka, Minnesota 55343, sells the mural for \$45, postpaid. (It's one of 16 strip-pable ones that range from Saturn to a Florida room.) Golly, the last time we did it, I saw stars; this time, it's only oranges.



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Sheiks in Saudi Arabia play tennis on a rubber-surfaced RoyalDek court that won't rot or fade—and they even save petrodollars to boot. A 60' x 120' court costs only \$14,400 (plus installation expenses), as opposed to really big dough for the asphalt version. The moral of the story being that if you're a tennis buff, Professional Modular Systems, 15 Spinning Wheel Road, Hinsdale, Illinois 60521, can keep you swinging anywhere from the roof of an apartment building to a swamp.

THE MOANIN' AFTER

Eddie Condon's remedy for a hangover was to "take the juice of two quarts of whiskey. . . ." If hair of the dog isn't your morning-after poison, order a softcover copy of *The Hangover Handbook*, by David Outerbridge, that's available from Harmony Books, Department 893, 34 Englehard Avenue, Avenel, New Jersey 07001, for \$4.95, postpaid. Mountain oysters, moose milk and less potent chugs are all there. Or you can take Dean Martin's advice and "Stay drunk."





TINTING TONIGHT

The eyes definitely have it: Not only are they windows to the soul but now, if you use soft contact lenses, you can change your orbs' color quicker than it takes to say Permatint. Custom Tint Laboratories Inc., 3800 Electronics Drive, Raleigh, North Carolina 27604, does the tinting, and if you contact your local eye guy, he should know about the process. Prices are about \$90, and noncorrective lenses are even available for people who just want to change the color of their eyes. D. B. Cooper, for example.

TAKE IT FROM THE COLONEL

Yes, Virginia, there is a genuine Army-surplus store left in America and it's deep in the heart of Texas. The Strand Surplus Senter at 2202 Strand, Galveston, Texas 77550, boasts about 20,000 square feet of everything from Mercury Space Capsules for \$3000 to British Gurkha pants (\$18). And Foreign Legion tunics (\$23). And if you don't find that oddball item you've always wanted on its latest mail list (it costs one dollar), write to or call Colonel Bubbie, the leader of the Senter, and tell him your heart's desire. No, it doesn't stock surplus Playmates.



ROLLING THUNDER

Roller-coaster freaks are a breed apart: Mention the late Riverview's Bobs, Coney Island's Cyclone, Great America's American Eagle or Kings Island's The Beast and they'll wax ecstatically about g forces that twist lips like pretzels and the times they almost tossed their cookies on a double helix. If that is your kind of action, American Coaster Enthusiasts may be your kind of club. Membership is \$15 annually (or \$25 for a couple) sent to A.C.E., Box 8226, Chicago, Illinois 60680, and includes a quarterly newsletter that's a scream.

RULE, VICTORIA!

Reaganomics aside, the hearts and minds of more than just a few Americans appear to be rooted in the late 19th Century. So, for them, there's *Victorian Homes*, a new magazine published quarterly for \$9 a year out of P.O. Box 61, Miller Falls, Massachusetts 01349, that's about as *avant* as an antimacassar. Articles in the first issue include inside peeks at some great Victorian pads. If that's too exciting, there's also a story on how to repair a rocker.



MY LITTLE CHIQUITA

With everyone getting plugged into personal cassettes, it's nice to see an alternative source of portable sound in the form of Chiquita, a miniguitar that comes housed in a velour-lined case that also holds a battery-powered amplifier and a jack cord. Chiquita is available in red, yellow or blue from International Music Corporation, P.O. Box 2344, Fort Worth, Texas 76113, for \$290, postpaid. It's an easy way to travel with amplified good pickin's.



barns full of dry firewood waiting for the gas can and a single match.

The comforting idea of catharsis or "drive discharge" has been around a long time and many learned men have found it seductive. Nero might even have been able to articulate it as a reason for the games when the citizens grew hostile and restless. Bertrand Russell thought that sports were an antidote to man's innate "savageness." But it was the ethologist Konrad Lorenz who brought catharsis into full focus after a lifetime of studying the habits of birds and animals. The most important function of sports, wrote Lorenz, "lies in the furnishing of a healthy safety valve for that most indispensable and, at the same time, most dangerous form of aggression that I have described . . . as collective militant enthusiasm."

Robert Ardrey later popularized the theme in *African Genesis* to the extent that even football players were familiar with Lorenz' findings. Jack Lambert, of the Steelers, must have read it; he once said that "if we could suit up the whole world, maybe we wouldn't have any more wars."

Former San Diego coach Harland Sware seemed to agree. After being howled off the field, he noted cheerily that violence was moving "off the front pages to the sports pages. Football is a safety valve for these people."

Winning now seems only a by-product of the new packaging in sports. The violent nature of the games—far from Roosevelt's bromides about the rewards of "pluck and endurance" from competition—is the vital sell. No part of the sports argot speaks more brutally of box-office intent than the term enforcer, the hard man who settles scores and intimidates the opposition. Without any real talent, the enforcer becomes a superstar because of his special psychopathy, his willingness to destroy and be known for it; he flourishes on all teams and he symbolizes the product—what Dr. Beisser calls violence as an end in itself.

Or, as Fred Shero liked to say: "If they want pretty skating, let 'em go to the Ice Capades."

Talking about football, the novelist Irwin Shaw once noted, "If the players were armed with guns, there wouldn't be stadiums large enough to hold the crowds." That seems to catch the essence of most modern sports. Hockey is only a cut above a blood sport. ("We're going to have to do something about all this violence," Conn Smythe, a legendary hockey owner, once cracked, "or people are going to keep on buying tickets.") Covered with the veneer of high technology and martial language, football is nothing less than hedgerow warfare, according to the television pitch of the N.F.L. and to Woody Hayes, the onetime Patton of college football. The

balletic game of basketball, too, has eroded into a monotony of aimless running, push and shove, the well-placed elbow and foot. Even baseball—pastoral and cerebral in design—struggles to retain its dignity in the face of the beanball and team brawls.

Don Atyeo, the Australian authority on carnage in athletics around the world, once asked an N.F.L. spokesman about the appeal of his sport. "It's what society wants," the official replied. "It goes back to the gladiator days. Instead of fighting with swords, we're fighting with padded bodies." Clarence Campbell, former head of the N.H.L., told a Congressional committee on violence that a hockey game without bone-crushing contact "is like a harness race—when you've seen one, you've seen them all. It's a mechanical process, a lovely thing to watch. But it won't win hockey games, and it won't draw fans."

While promoters and owners seem to think they deserve public-service medals for relieving national tension, the fan—anonymous and sad brute that he is, if you believe what others say he desires and must have—takes the full swack of social criticism. He thirsts for violence, and when he does not get it, he can become a zombie searching for an adrenaline fix that sometimes turns him into a barbarian. If that seems to be the rough picture of the massive waves of people who roll amoebically in and out of stadiums, then Dr. Stanley Cheren adds some dimension to the cutout.

Dr. Cheren, an associate professor of psychiatry at Boston University, once testified at hearings in Washington on the possibility of a Sports Violence Act. He sees the current atmosphere as a "vicious cycle" that is linked to the mob's desire to see other people hurt. Using as an example the notorious injury of the Steelers' Lynn Swann—sapped by Oakland's George Atkinson—Cheren cites the phenomenon of jadedness to show what happens to our sensibilities.

Says Cheren, "For fans to respond, the fallen player has to demonstrate something more impressive and gruesome than pain. If he does not move a muscle—in other words, if he looks dead—then some ripple of reaction runs through us; otherwise, we just want the guy off the field. It takes that hushed sense of the ultimate stroke to make us tense up. A broken bone won't do it anymore. We want the real thing, and we want to see it close up. Nothing personal in all this, we just will not accept anything less than authentic horror; and when we have seen enough of that, we will need something still more extreme."

The fan has company on this vicious cycle in the person of owners and players. Of course, no owner would recognize his place there. On the way to making

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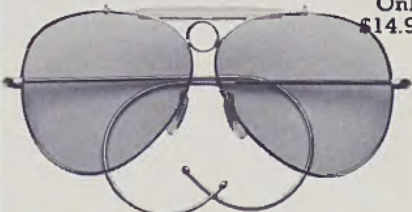
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money, he will insist that he is merely providing escape for the public, no different, say, from a good detective story or rock concert. Pressed, he will talk about the need for strict crowd control and will reiterate the strong measures he will take against the use of drugs by his players—the prime boost (usually provided by team doctors) for violent and “inspired” play on the field. Beneath the words, the rule of thought is basic: Pay the players twice a month, give them a fistful of amphetamines and keep the circus rolling.

The player, it seems, is caught in the middle, knowing full well what the front office expects of him, but also understanding better than anyone what Cicero meant, speaking for all fans: “We hate those weak and suppliant gladiators who, hands outstretched, beseech us to live.” He knows that the nature of his work is sometimes to lift sadism and violence to a fine art. “The harder I hit people, the better I like it,” defensive end Tim Rossovich once enthused. “When you hit a guy and he hits the ground hard and his eyeballs roll and you see it and he looks up at you and he knows you see it, then you’ve conquered him. It’s a great feeling.”

Such comments are not confined to the frankly vicious world of pro football. Baseball players often talk about the shaking knees of a batter after a white blur lifts the chin; and hockey players speak reverently of the power of a stick that’s used like a scythe. It’s just another day in the armada galley for them and they know the bill won’t come due till later: the old injuries that return in the form of daily pain; the mental problems that come from a life of keening rage and competitiveness suddenly scaled down to a faceless, everyday kind of existence. R. C. Schneider, a neurosurgeon, wrote in 1973 that “there is probably no better experimental or research

laboratory for human trauma in the world than the football fields of our nation.”

Dr. Arnold Mandell, a psychiatrist, spent three years in that lab with the San Diego Chargers, one of those years on the side lines and close to the action. Dr. Mandell was no stranger to blood and violence; he had worked as an intern in an emergency room. But he was never the same after his first close-up view of the “big hit” in pro football. “When I ran through the details,” he says, “I became aware that they had actually accelerated into each other before they hit. Two hundred and 20 pounds hitting 220 pounds while accelerating. Mass times speed equals kinetic energy. Kinetic energy is the force that dents cars on collision. My nervous system never really recovered from that first hit until close to the end of the game.”

Mandell also found himself in the middle of something like a battle station of drugs. “The most important influence creating the violence in football,” he says, “is high-dose amphetamine. The baseball player who has to be sharp will take five milligrams. Now, that’s different.” He says that the dosages the Chargers were taking were massive. “You actually become for the peak effect of the drug . . . crazy. And it’s the most murderous type of crazy we know. It’s the paranoid psychotic, the killer of Presidents.”

From Mandell, it now seems like a long and shaky leap to the theoretical escape hatch of sports as catharsis, the up side of sports violence. Like head-breaking Dave Schultz of the old Flyers, we all supposedly become amiable and civil after a stadium bloodletting—player and fan alike. (“Dave is a pussycat off the ice,” his wife delighted in saying.) But many studies in the scientific disciplines are beginning to cast a large

shadow over the idea that sports free tensions and quell our call-of-the-wild instincts.

The work of anthropologist Dr. Richard Sipes, for one, disagrees with the torchbearers of cathartic experience. Dr. Sipes studied ten warlike societies and ten peaceful ones, then looked at U. S. history from 1920 to 1970, in addition to that of 133 other nations. His conclusion was that “aggressive behavior is best reduced by eliminating combative or conflict-type sports.”

Even the pioneer Lorenz seems to be having second thoughts. Writing in *Psychology Today*, he said, “Nowadays I have strong doubts whether aggressive behavior even in the guise of sports has any cathartic effect at all.”

So who really wants to agree with Sipes? Very few of us, to be sure. From pee-wee leagues on up, we have been taught that sports are healthy and constructive, that they will bring out the best in us, despite the meanness of spirit that is always present around them because of parents and coaches. And then there is the mythic quality of the memories: the work of Mays and Aaron with a small bat against a hissing, snaking circle of white; the diamond-cutting precision of a pitcher like Warren Spahn; the thrills given to us by Johnny Unitas; the splendid grace of a Jerry West; the way the Montreal Canadiens could sometimes turn their game into a pretty dream. They all seemed to give us a vision of ourselves, to mark the road in the long, uncertain journey of human existence.

The urge is strong to ignore honest criticism of sports, to see much of it as psychiatric rhetoric and wrongheaded research. Yet it is not that easy. The mind travels back to the dreary evening after the traditional Celtics-Ranger soccer match in Glasgow when the mobs turned the streets into a jungle night. It also focuses on little newspaper reports: Denver man shot by friends in bar because he turned the jukebox up during a Broncos game on television; man kills wife with blow to the head when she switched channels during a Mets-Cubs game; or this wildest image of all from a wire-service report in 1978: “A school football coach in Florida has been accused of inviting his pupils to kick a chicken to death in order to put them in a fighting mood for a competition game. ‘He painted the chicken with gold and asked his team to think of it as an eagle,’ said Mr. Sam Foly of the American Humane Association. ‘Then he told them to see it as a member of the opposing team. The boys took him at his word, chased the chicken around the field and kicked it to death.’ The coach was also accused of biting the heads off frogs as part of his pre-game pep talks.”

Something, indeed, is going on out



C. Barzotti

“Oh, thanks very much,
but what if I get postcoital depression on top of
postholiday depression?”

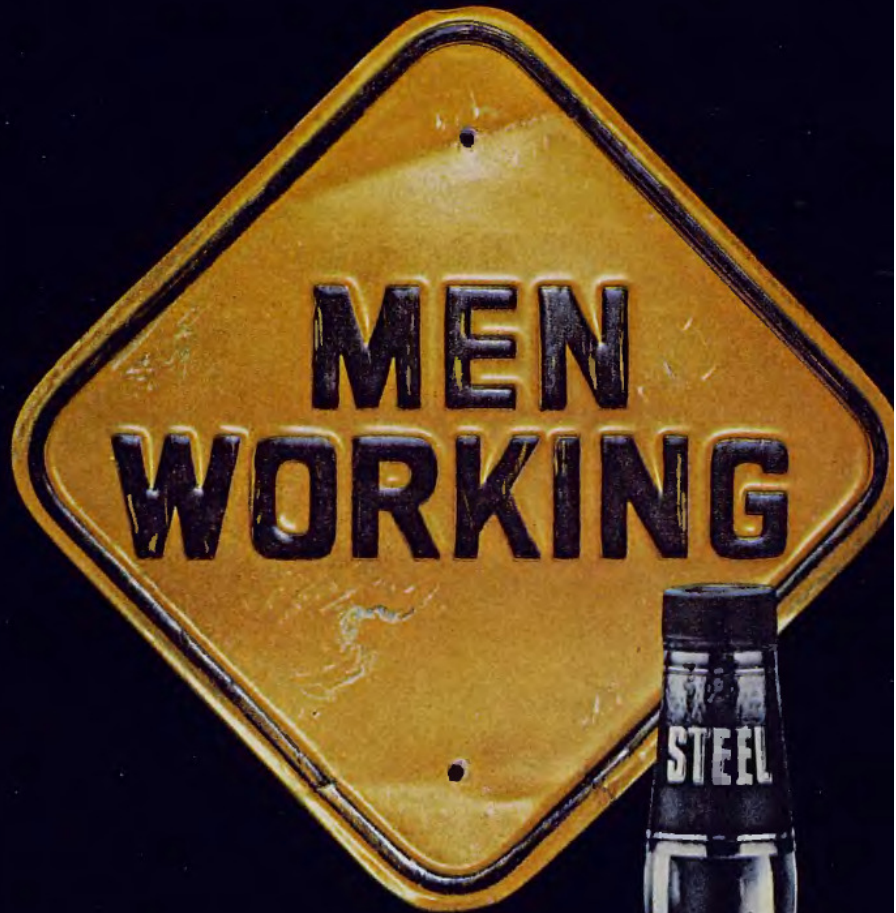
there. But protectionism from Washington or the idiocy of, say, a sports Moral Majority is, in the words of George Leonard, a "foolish vanity." Leonard is a cool and wise social critic, a pioneer of new games. "The structure provided by sports," he says, "is especially crucial in a time when every other structure seems uncertain. The way of being, the lifestyle gained from a mythic commitment to football, say, may have certain dangers in these times, but it is probably less dangerous than no way of being at all. Rather than simply attacking conventional games, we might better work for reform and change of emphasis in certain attitudes."

That will take long evolution. The fans, the essence of games, seem much closer to Lee Walburn's speculation about piranhas eating each other on television. Fan consciousness seems inured to violence, its old sense of sports totally brutalized by manipulative owners, by players who seem to have contempt for the public, and finally by the fan's own demands on a given sport; more is never enough. Bringing to the arena a whole grid of pressures from a rampant technological age, from a callous and swiftly changing society in which a scrap of recognition is primary, the fan is far from those who used to measure the hero the way Carlyle did: "Like lightning out of heaven; the rest of men waited for him like fuel, then they too would flame."

The fan's own complicated life, his envy of the players' style of life and salaries, the stone-hard mercantile profile of sports, have all helped dim the hero as a flame. But the fan still pays his money, for there is no release or escape from the cratered landscape of his own dreams in an office or a factory, or in the eyes of the family that demands so much of him. That is the cosmology of sports: titillation, belonging, losing one's self and identity through common purpose. Like all good surfaces, this hides the roiling underside, the observable fact of violent kickback that steadily darkens the heart of sports.

And what will come of it all? A grenade thrown on the field? A high-powered rifle aimed at a football huddle? Or will it be that most familiar of modern scenarios: the lonely, thwarted hunter of fame, armed with a pistol, trailing his idol-villain from city to city?

With a ticket in our hand and a turnstile only a few miles away, we give a quick gaze toward Carlyle's sky and, seeing nothing, we turn back and wait for the only drama that now seems capable of reaching our ravaged sensibilities—the creak of boot leather behind Sonny Liston's ear; only louder, please . . . much louder.



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"I told my date that the accepted first aid was to climb naked into a sleeping bag. We practiced."

love the grand gesture." This is Peter- sen's report:

"The call was made. She gave same-day service. Riding the elevator at Stapleton International Airport, we read a sign that said: FOR SECURITY REASONS, CONVERSATIONS IN THIS ELEVATOR ARE MONITORED. We flipped the off switch to stop the elevator between floors and engaged in some heavy petting. Somewhere, someone got an earful. Later we engaged in some serious fooling around in the car, in the parking garage, while an automatic voice intoned: 'The white zone is for loading and unloading only.'

"The next day, we made our way on cross-country skis to a ghost town. At an abandoned mine, we found a rusted cart, frozen in its tracks, standing guard outside some broken-down shacks. We had chocolate bars, apricots and cider in our packs. We leaned our skis against the wall and ate lunch. I explained the dangers of high-mountain recreation, specifically hypothermia. I told my date that the accepted first aid was to take off your clothes and climb naked into a sleeping bag. We practiced. We were a million miles from nowhere, a hundred years from now. A definition of paradise: to be in the middle of nowhere, with a Jacuzzi 30 minutes down the road."

JACKSON HOLE

If Aspen is where people go to show off wealth, Jackson Hole, Wyoming, is where they go to hide. There are dozens of millionaires in a town of 5000 residents, and they make a point of being inconspicuous. Instead of wearing fur coats, these superrich work for the volunteer fire department. Still, one local shop does sell a T-shirt that reads: THE MAN WHO DIES WITH THE MOST TOYS WINS.

The supreme distraction at Jackson Hole is a day (or a week) spent with High Mountains Helicopter Skiing—our introduction to the ultimate skiing experience. We had signed up with High Mountains and, because the weather had closed in, we were put on its waiting list. The next day, while we were standing in line to get lift tickets, the woman behind the counter said, "Oh, High Mountains called. Today you get to go helicopter skiing." We looked out, at Rendezvous Peak, covered with two feet of fresh powder.

The skier in line behind us said, "Life is full of tough choices, isn't it?"

Within a half hour, we had joined the group at the take-off point behind the Americana Snow King hotel. A Hughes

attack helicopter lifted us up into a valley called Cache Creek. We thought of the scene in *Apocalypse Now*, the helicopters flying into battle to the sound of *The Ride of the Valkyries*, Robert Duvall saying, "If I say it's safe to surf this beach, it's safe to surf this beach!"

The copter set down gingerly on a peak where mortal men wouldn't have had room to pitch a tent and we dropped over the cornice in pairs. The snow was meaty, gorgeous, *filet mignon* powder. We started making turns, getting used to the consistency. The one thing no one tells you about powder is this: Learn to do one turn in it and you've got it licked. Repeat the motion a few hundred times and you're back at the 'copter, out of breath and ready to do it again. The first run was a bit awkward. A few of us made contributions to the beer fund (anyone who falls down antes up). One of us qualified for the hard-alcohol fund. Gradually, we got the hang of it and sailed along the perfect, natural terrain through glistening glades, down avalanche-carved chutes and over meadows covered with 20 feet of snow.

THE CARIBOOS

The Jackson Hole lesson served us well for the trip to Blue River, British Columbia, for a few days of helicopter skiing in the Cariboods. Truly the ultimate ski experience! What was it like?

The nylon web belt encircled our waists and pulled us down in the cramped cabin of the Bell helicopter. The noise was deafening. The helicopter skied up the face of a cliff, then began to descend toward a ridiculously confined crag. In the blowing snow, we could see an orange-tipped stake outside the window. The engine idled. We unbuckled, climbed out onto the ridge and crouched, covering our eyes against the maelstrom. The guide pulled skis out of a basket attached to one of the skids. The pilot lifted off and suddenly there was silence. We were alone, with eight companions, on top of a mountain, in an ocean of mountains.

When we stepped into our bindings, the solid click of equipment was reassuring. We followed the guide down a ridge to the edge of a bowl. He told us to wait and pushed off, moving down the fall line through two feet of powder with a style as methodical as touch typing. We thought of John Skow's description: "He is making a movie of himself." In slow motion. We watched him make each turn, each frame of the movie. He

was as slow and graceful as a pendulum, as regular as clockwork. He did not rush. He was balanced, fluid, efficient.

At the guide's signal, we pushed off. Never mind the details, we were in it, up to our eyeballs in powder. At the bottom of the slope, we turned and confronted our track. It was unique, as inescapable as our handwriting. Good enough. Nothing to be ashamed of. Far fucking out.

On the second run of the day, we stopped on the edge of a ridge. Across the valley, we could see the tracks from our first run shining in the sun. A neon signature, a sine wave. The glowing pattern of vital signs on an oscilloscope. The tracks were etched across a snow field that shimmered with surface tension. In slow motion, a cloud of white billowed and rolled down the face of a rock cliff. The sound reached us a few seconds later. Avalanche. We turned a whiter shade of pale.

Helicopter skiing is the whole ball game in the Cariboods. For patrons of this sport, *après-ski* might as well be the French phrase for "go to sleep." At night, we sat on the porch and listened to the owner's son tell knock-knock jokes. We watched the town dog relieve itself on the town fire hydrant. We seriously considered following a lawyer from Georgia on a journey to the post office. He was going to buy stamps, and he promised entertainment: "I'll lick them real slow," he said.

This wasn't life in the fast lane as we knew it. We listened to stories about the girl from England who danced topless every night. The group from California—both male and female—who ended the week by taking off their clothes and holding a Venice Beach disco party in the ski shop. Pictures of the event are kept in a shrine. Locals pay their quarter, pull the curtain aside and contemplate the decadence of the outside world.

TELLURIDE

Telluride, Colorado, is a former boom town, the site of one of the richest gold mines in American history. Butch Cassidy robbed his first bank here, and The Senate Bar still has on its wall the wooden roulette wheel that ran nonstop for 34 years (all bets in gold or silver only). The whole town was declared a National Historic District in 1964, so very little, especially the exteriors, will be changing.

The ghosts of old miners seem to flash in the air, and the town attracts its share of eccentrics and non-Equity character actors. We walked into a local bar and saw a picture of the Flying Epoxy Sisters on the wall—three guys who ski on a single pair of skis at the same time, wearing dresses. When the trio came to town, one of the locals apparently took offense. He cornered an



"Ma'am, the sheriff's department frowns on messin' in these lovers' spats. And besides that, there ain't no such thing as assault with a dead weapon!"

Epoxy Sister in a bar and began to question the virility of a guy who liked to wear dresses. The Epoxy Sister looked him in the eye and said, "You can throw a punch. You can buy me a drink. We can have fun any way you want." John Wayne would have worn a dress to deliver a line like that.

People who feel out of sync with the real world come here to play in America's attic, this town full of old clothes and old buildings and new kitchenware boutiques. When we asked a Responsible Person about Telluride's marketing strategy, he thought for a while and said, "We want to attract as many rich single women as possible." A few nights later, we stumbled into the Jacuzzi at our lodge sometime after midnight and ran into a naked woman cavorting with three naked men. They casually adjourned to her room while we soaked our muscles. The marketing plan seems to be working, at least for some.

To skiers, Telluride is known for the steep—The Plunge and its neighbor, the Spiral Stairs (known locally as the Spiral Scares). These runs are the Super Bowl and the world series of bump runs. Each trail plummets 2200 vertical feet (emphasis on *vertical*) and is cut about three skiers wide through the trees. As for the moguls, you can't figure out how they managed to park all those snow-covered Volkswagens on such a steep incline. About a third of the way down, your knees surrender. Your lower body is abused, and if you cross your tips, even for an instant, the engine of fear kicks into overdrive. You worry about tumbling directly into the pool of the Telluride Lodge a half mile below. Two thirds of the way down, you hit a flat section and think, Thank God, it's over. You relax your concentration.

Then the whole front of the mountain drops away and there, now a mere 1000 feet below, staring you in the face through the gun sight of your ski tips, is the town. Your breath sounds like a Darth Vader sound track. Your body becomes a heat pump that is rapidly pushing toward meltdown. You make a pact with your knees—Just get me out of this alive and I promise not to make love in the missionary position for six months. Honest.

When you reach the bottom, you realize what you've done. You've passed one of the ultimate tests of American skiing. The memory is like mental muscle tone. It's a take: The silent movie that resides in your mind is there for the asking, and it'll get you down every bump run you'll ever encounter. This is the nature of confidence. You'll never be less than the person who skied The Plunge.

WHISTLER

Early in the season, when the sun is low, the people who run Whistler Mountain in British Columbia will park a jeep with its headlights aimed at the lift lines, so that early birds can find their way to the gondola or the Olive Chair. We met one guy who couldn't wait for that. He camped out at the top of the mountain, sleeping overnight in a snow cave, so he could have the first run down the mountain in the morning. No one thought he was crazy. Such extreme behavior seems perfectly logical and acceptable when you have a mountain that offers this much.

At the very top is a series of enormous bowls, one of which has Whistler Glacier nestled inside it. We skied with a guide who led us past Harmony Bowl and Whistler Glacier, over a ridge into Whistler Bowl, which is technically out

of bounds. We were alone, sheltered by the cliffs, with our laughter echoing off the rock walls. We cut figure eights, then dropped through a forest of pine and fir and cedar and hemlock, eventually reaching a marked trail far below. It was wilderness, pure and simple. Canada has a relaxed attitude about ski-area boundaries: You can hang it out anywhere you want, but you sure as hell had better be prepared to reel yourself back in. Don't expect the ski patrol to baby-sit if you need a Band-Aid out beyond the boundaries.

One day we caught a glimpse of another acceptable use of the property as we were skiing across Whistler Glacier. This vast wave of powder had been etched with the usual figure eights, the linked furrows. In the middle of the coils of tracks, three or four skiers packed down a run that was as straight as a plumb bob. What rational skiers had taken in 40 turns they were going to schuss.

"We do it to get used to going fast," they told us. "If you're going to race downhill, you've got to get comfortable at this speed. Then you can learn the subtleties, like how to turn." The next generation of kamikaze kids.

They asked us if we wanted to try a run. Petersen strapped on long skis and a helmet, and crashed and burned at a highly inflationary rate of speed. Time slowed. Between bounces, he took a complete inventory of his body. He noticed that one of the skis, cartwheeling, had slashed his forearm. "Far out," said the Canadians. "You looked like the opening to *Wide World of Sports*."

In the ski-patrol shack, someone applied bandages. The patrolman filled out a form. "How old?" he asked.

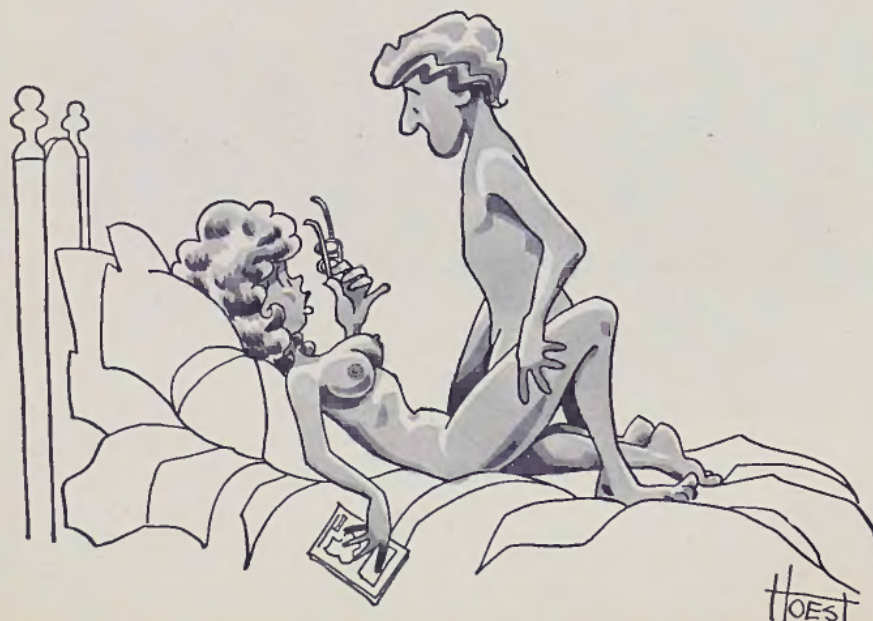
"Thirty-two," said Petersen.

The kamikaze kids just stared. "How can someone that old be that crazy?" one of them asked.

The patrolman corrected him. "How can someone that crazy have gotten to be that old?"

SQUAW VALLEY

A hostess volunteered to show us the top of a steep bowl called Sun Bowl at the California resort of Squaw Valley. We began by side-stepping up an icy ridge barely wider than our skis were long. On one side was a 100-foot cliff. Two inches in front of our skis was an equally steep precipice that ended in a tumbled mass of jagged rock. We became totally involved in the miracle of edging, concentrating on the tiny acts that would keep us from sliding to an unfortunate and untidy demise. Our lives wanted to flash in front of our eyes, but the film was jammed in the projector. The ridge terminated at the base of a cliff. We took off our skis, balanced them on our shoulders and, with our free hands, began to climb an orange ladder,



"Will it bother you if I read?"

which we assume was fastened securely to the rock. The ladder gave way to a cable stretched taut across a sheet of ice. We pulled ourselves to the summit. The scenery was magnificent. The Sierras stretched for miles. The sunlight ricocheted off the waters of Lake Tahoe, doing something that light had never done to water before.

The only way down was the other side of a cornice; we wondered if we could call a taxi. We could hear the gun click behind us because the hostess had already pushed off—and we were supposed to be following. It's her duty to show newcomers the easiest way to the bottom. Here that means the skier slips over the edge, at an angle to the headwall.

With great care, we slid over the edge. We established contact with the slope, planting our poles, pulling ourselves into the center of the turn. The first one was cautious. We overedged. Gradually, we let the skis slide, stroking the mountain as we would calm an animal (Down, boy). We focused on completing each turn. The price of freedom is eternal vigilance.

We stopped at the bottom of the slope, giddy with adrenaline. This is another take, another silent movie that will last for the rest of our lives. We recall the details: the lichen on the face of the cliff, the layers of rock, the orange flecks of paint, the sheen of the ice, the exact size of the mark in the snow made by the toe of a boot.

Having broken the laws of gravity, we looked at the hostess. We were certain that sex, should it occur, would be incredible. Suddenly, a part of the mountain loomed over our shoulders. It was a member of the ski patrol, her boyfriend, 6'6" or so. "Um, you guys OK?" he asked. "I was worried. We got a report that someone fell off the cliffs."

We both looked at our escort and then at her boyfriend, and each of us had the very same thought: We may take risks, but we're not stupid.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SPRING SKIING

When spring rolls around, everyone in ski country acquires an altered state of consciousness. The grins become four feet wide. The snow still falls, the sun still shines, but the tourists are long gone. People indulge in controlled substances or reasonable facsimiles thereof. We heard one story that describes the skiing subculture perfectly. It seems that some degenerate phoned in a bomb threat to a ski area. A search uncovered several sticks of dynamite in a locker in the base lodge, and the management was faced with the problem of clearing the cafeteria without panic until the bomb squad arrived. They sent the scruffiest character they could find through the line. As he moved past the French fries and hot chocolate, he

*It was the music
that moved us*



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THE ULTIMATES OF ULTIMATE SKIING: AN ECLECTIC GUIDE

Best Night Life: 1. Aspen, Colorado. Still crazy after all these years. 2. Vail, Colorado. Not as high-toned as Aspen, but lots of action. 3. Sun Valley, Idaho. Partying is a tradition here. 4. Stowe, Vermont. Not as highly publicized, but very lively. 5. Crested Butte, Colorado. Tops in the Small Resort Division. Most night life per capita.

Toughest Runs: 1. The Plunge and the Spiral Stairs, at Telluride, Colorado. A tie for tops in sustained depravity. 3. High Rustler, at Alta, Utah. The ultimate in exposure, like skiing off the edge of the earth. 4. Gunbarrel at Heavenly Valley, California. Bumps—so many bumps. 5. The Starr and the Goat (tie), at Stowe, Vermont. Thin as toothpicks, with trees on the sides and moguls in your way.

Best Saloons: 1. The Million Dollar Cowboy Bar, Jackson, Wyoming. Real cowboys. Real cowgirls. Real fistfights. Real saddles on the barstools. 2. The New Sheridan Bar, Telluride, Colorado. Wonderful Victoriana and gold-rush atmosphere. 3. The Senate Bar, Telluride. A place where you wouldn't be surprised to see a guy pay for his drink with gold dust. 4. Hotel Jerome Bar, Aspen, Colorado. Legendary gathering spot.

Prettiest Girls: Mammoth Mountain, California. Charlie's Angels go skiing. Thousands of them.

Prettiest Women: Sun Valley, Idaho. The women here wear clothes they couldn't get away with anywhere else. Pro-race week is mind-boggling.

Best Expert Terrain: 1. Snowbird and Alta, Utah (tie). Unrelentingly steep and deep. 3. Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Thousands of acres of challenging wilderness. 4. Stowe, Vermont. You climb for the best. 5. Taos, New Mexico. 6. Whistler, British Columbia. Above and beyond, Canadian style.

Best Intermediate Terrain: 1. Snowmass, Colorado. Intermediate heaven. 2. Vail, Colorado. Vast choice of runs for all skiers. 3. Sun Valley, Idaho. A huge mountain for solid intermediates. 4. Park City, Utah. Wasatch powder on fun trails. 5. Killington, Vermont. Biggest in the East.

Best Outdoor Pool: Sun Valley Lodge, Idaho. Float through the mist. Soak in the romantic vibes.

Best Brunch: Penelope's, Crested Butte, Colorado. Be sure to reserve a table in the glass-enclosed back room.

Fresh pastries, fruit daiquiris, unusual egg dishes.

Best Dessert Menu: The Phoenix Restaurant, Sugarbush (where else?), Vermont. The waiter's description of the treats is fattening all by itself.

Most Expensive Areas: 1. Aspen and Vail, Colorado (tie). You don't really *have* to spend much at these places, but it's fun. 3. Stratton, Vermont. *Tout* New York parties here.

Least Expensive Areas: 1. Mammoth Mountain, California. Surprisingly affordable housing and meals of high quality, plus California wines. 2. Alta, Utah. Ten-dollar lift tickets and a couple of inexpensive lodges.

Most Romantic Lodges: 1. Aspen Ski Lodge, Aspen, Colorado. Compact and modern, with superb taste and attention to detail. 2. Sun Valley Lodge, Idaho. The *grande dame* of American skiing, full of charm and memories. 3. Aspen House, Snowmass, Colorado. Only four suites and very expensive, but worth it. 4. Irwin Lodge, near Crested Butte, Colorado. Isolated, rustic and wildly romantic. 5. Christmas Farm Inn, Jackson, New Hampshire. Everything a New England inn should be.

Best Saint Bernards: Summit Lodge, Killington, Vermont. Often disguised as mild-mannered buildings. They even snooze in front of the fireplace.

Best Approach to a Ski Area by Car: The drive to Mammoth Mountain, California, from the Reno airport. Forests, mountains, deserts, Mono Lake—nature's greatest hits in four hours. A close second is the drive to Whistler, British Columbia, from Vancouver, between the towering green mountains and the blue fiords.

Best Approach by Air: Denver to Crested Butte, Colorado. Tiny Colorado Airlines flies over and occasionally between peaks of the front range of the Rockies. It'll leave you breathless.

Best Winter Carnival: Steamboat Springs, Colorado. They stage it for themselves, not for the tourists, so the fun is genuine.

Best-Dressed Skiers: Sun Valley, Idaho, and Stratton, Vermont (tie). Both have fashion shows that are stunning, with Stratton leading in the eye-shadow and make-up department.

Best Place to Go Shopping: Aspen, Colorado. Three stars for conspicuous consumption. Great selection of high-quality goods. —TOM PASSAVANT

whispered, "It's a bust." Within five minutes, the base lodge was empty.

Even without drugs, the attitude readjustment in the spring is worth noting. At Squaw Valley, the lift attendants set up a charcoal grill and serve barbecued chicken to those most deserving—i.e., everyone having a good time. At Banff, the locals celebrate a religious holiday in honor of Saint Donini—the patron saint of a popular jug wine of the same name—by consuming large quantities of the stuff. At Mammoth, there are picnics, costume parties and bikini parades. Amen. At Vail, the management sponsors something called Mountain Madness. The locals dress up in gorilla suits, banana suits, Tinker Bell suits, etc., and take to the mountain. At Snowmass, skiers construct a jump near one of the swimming pools at the base. At the end of the day, they cruise down, hit the ramp and launch themselves into the pool—boots, skis and *bota* bags. At every mountain that is still open, skiers strip down to T-shirts and bikini tops to catch some rays. At Keystone, a chalk board near one of the lifts sums up the feeling: SMILE. EVERYONE WILL WONDER WHAT YOU ARE UP TO.

At Stowe, we encountered some locals who told us about the gondoliers—people who've had sex on the 12-minute ride in the enclosed cars. The quarters are cramped and your time is limited, but, hey, skiers have to plan their positions in advance. They start taking off their clothes in the lift line. The crew at the top of the gondola used to applaud the cars that arrived with steamed-up windows. Then somebody got the bright idea of rubbing no-fog cloths on the Plexiglas for a better view. We asked a couple of gondoliers if 12 minutes left much time for foreplay. "What's foreplay?" they asked.

We could go on forever—about skiing the trees at Steamboat, exchanging business cards with a beautiful young lady in an avalanche chute at Mammoth, about our day on the Outer Limits at Killington, about climbing to the top of Mt. Mansfield and skiing down through the miniboos, about the death crud on the Hobacks, about heated swimming pools, white-outs, the day we invented a new drink called a Jacuzzi sunrise, the perfect day at Taos. The day that Jenny and Cheryl took off their tops to ski bare-breasted past the camera at Alta, through two feet of fresh powder. Cruising at Sun Valley, while a sailplane hung against the clear-blue sky. Ten inches of powder at Stratton. Moonlit tours across a high meadow near Aspen the night of a meteor shower.

As we told our colleagues when we got back to Chicago: It was a dirty job, but somebody had to do it.



KAREN ALLEN

(continued from page 151)

"Having money is still overwhelming. It's incomprehensible that I don't have to worry about the rent."

they had in common was that the cult gave them a sense of spirituality. They had ecstatic spiritual experiences that didn't match anything they'd encountered. And even after they'd been deprogrammed, it was the one thing that kept coming back to them.

7.

PLAYBOY: Cultists are also portrayed as fanatic. What are you fanatic about?

ALLEN: Physical exercise. I'm very vulnerable to physical tension, and maybe it's because I have so many conflicts inside me all the time. Maybe it's just from living in New York. So I do as many physical things as I can, every day, whether it's running or playing tennis or working out in a gym. It's the only way I can feel relaxed.

8.

PLAYBOY: You had some real physical experiences doing *Raiders*, especially with snakes. Have you since learned to like them?

ALLEN: I never hated them. The worst

thing about it was how totally undressed I was in those scenes. I mean, I had nothing on my feet, and nothing on my legs, and this dress with no back on it. The first few days, the snakes did bother me a little, because there were so many of them and because they moved so quickly out of the shots, and so the people working with them had to throw them back into the shot—at me. So I would be standing there, getting hit by hundreds of snakes in order to get them around my feet and make the shot look scary. I actually started to like them and be able to pick them up. I only minded the ones that bit, but of all of them, we had only about 50 pythons. I never got used to them. The others were sort of cute.

9.

PLAYBOY: One thing *Raiders* did for you was increase your bank account. What do you spend your money on?

ALLEN: Actually, I've been pretty restrained. Well, I produced a play in New York with my own money—actually

coproduced it, so the money wasn't all mine. I guess I'd like a house in the country and horses; some place outside New York that's far enough to be away but from which I could still travel back and forth. Having money is still a little overwhelming to me. I sometimes think of myself as I did earlier in life, when I was on my own and had no money at all. It's a little incomprehensible that I don't have to worry about paying the rent. It's not a totally familiar state to me yet to think I have enough money to be extravagant.

10.

PLAYBOY: What do you do to blow off steam?

ALLEN: I play music with a lot of friends. We get together and jam. I play the guitar a little and the piano, but lately I'm into the harmonica. I'm a pretty mad harmonica player, though I wouldn't say I excel. But it's become my fascination in the past couple of years. Besides, it makes me feel great. It gets me really high, like anything that makes you push your breathing to the extreme. And since I smoke, it's necessary that I have something to balance that out.

11.

PLAYBOY: We understand your father was in the FBI. What's it like to grow

The advertisement features a large, condensation-covered glass of Molson Golden beer on the left. The glass has 'MOLSON' printed at the top and 'GOLDEN' at the bottom. A white paper sleeve with a gold leaf pattern is wrapped around the glass, and a central window shows a scenic view of a snowy mountain range with evergreen trees. To the right, a smaller bottle of Molson Golden beer stands next to a glass filled with beer and a thick head of foam. The background is dark, making the glass and bottle stand out.

Thirsting
for the best of
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Make sure it's
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BREWED AND BOTTLED IN CANADA; imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y.

up with a G man for a dad?

ALLEN: I always found it kind of intriguing. First of all, because I didn't really know what he did. He could never talk about his work. But I always thought that whatever he did, it must have been fascinating. It's like your father being a minister or something. There's a certain sense of responsibility you grow up with. You feel you have to live up to a certain standard. When I was 18, 19, 20, during the years when all the demonstrations were going on, it had its biggest effect on me. I figured that if I got myself in trouble, it would have some effect on him. The FBI is very tough about who it takes on. My dad was very hard-line FBI—though he's not with them anymore—and he thought the world of J. Edgar Hoover.

12.

PLAYBOY: What do you read or watch?

ALLEN: I'm pretty seriously addicted to *Time* and *Newsweek*. As much as I like reading a newspaper, I just don't find the time to do it. Besides, those magazines also avoid going into all the gory things that go on in New York as some of the papers do. I don't like to read about murders and child abuse and all that. It really depresses me. It's not that I want to blind myself to what's going on, but you take in all that stuff and it tends to scare you. All of a sudden, you're afraid to go out by yourself.

13.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've traveled extensively. What do your trips tell you about where you live?

ALLEN: Every time I leave this country, I'm reminded of our enormous affluence.

People who haven't traveled have no idea of the number of choices we have. It's unbelievable the way people live in Tunisia, where we shot *Raiders*. It was fascinating, because I'd never been in a Moslem culture before, where you see women walk ten steps behind men. And they never touch in public. I had a chance to talk with a woman who spoke English who, at the age of 18, had decided not to wear the veil. She was ostracized from her community and eventually left for Paris. In Tunisia, if you're an American, you're the scum of the earth. And picture me, running around in my little white dress, shooting this film, surrounded by thousands of Moslem men. They looked at me like the worst kind of evil.

14.

PLAYBOY: Any problem with sexual advances?

ALLEN: No, but they probably thought I was a whore or something. I never had a chance to talk with one and really find out. And I don't know if they even would have told me. They were really aghast at a woman on the crew, working in 125-degree heat, dressing in shorts. It was like they were among sin. They had a saying: "Men are for love and women are for babies." That's their philosophy of life.

15.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like you had a good time. What's your philosophy of life?

ALLEN: It's just believing there's a purpose to life and that we all have a task. That doesn't necessarily mean doing one job your entire life. It's just an attitude. The task is *living* life, accepting it. I

remember something my father told me when I was a kid. One of the happiest people he knew was this guy whose job at the FBI was to change the rolls of toilet paper. He would go around this huge building and put new rolls of paper in each day. That's all he did. And my father envied this man because he was always singing and whistling and always had a kind word for everybody. My philosophy is giving as much of yourself as you have to give; it's appreciating anything you do well. And the same must be the secret of relationships.

16.

PLAYBOY: What sort of man need *not* apply to Karen Allen?

ALLEN: I don't like role playing in a relationship. There are still men who expect women to perform certain tasks. I find that very irritating. It drives me crazy to think the man can be messy or chaotic and the woman is supposed to run around after him, cleaning up and straightening out his life.

17.

PLAYBOY: In *Raiders*, your character, Marion Ravenwood, is introduced in a drinking scene and comes across as a woman with a cast-iron constitution. Is that you?

ALLEN: I don't drink much. Maybe wine and stuff, and then mostly with dinner. I like cognac, too, and that's about it.

18.

PLAYBOY: Where do you hang out in New York?

ALLEN: I like to go hear music, so I go to those kinds of clubs. I like the Ritz a lot. They've developed a wonderful atmosphere there. And they have interesting bands. I'm fascinated by the punk and New Wave music. I think they're doing some really wonderful things.

19.

PLAYBOY: Now that we have a beautiful, intelligent, independent woman captive, would you please tell us what is so attractive about Woody Allen?

ALLEN: Well, the obvious things are his incredible wit and his ability to laugh at himself. And there's also his verbal sensibility. He's a sensitive man, yet that doesn't shut down his ability to express the irony of life. You know, he sees all around. At the same time, it's obvious he doesn't think of himself as attractive. There are a lot of contradictions in who he is as a person that are fascinating.

20.

PLAYBOY: When did someone last ask what your sign was?

ALLEN: God! Just the other day. Does it still matter?

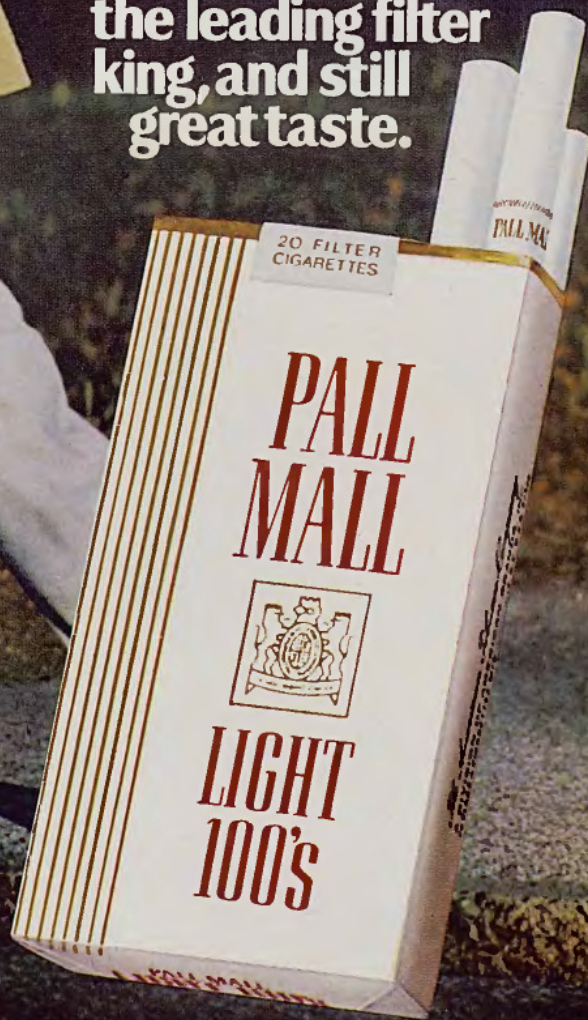


"It doesn't do you any good to sit in the hot tub, Willard, if you sit in the hot tub and worry!"

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A third less tar than
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great taste.

Pall Mall Light 100s	10mg. tar 0.8mg. nic.
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka: The spirit of the Czar.

Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka.
The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka



PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

OFFICE

MAKE IT YOUR BUSINESS

Not long ago, it was a key to the executive washroom that turned an upwardly mobile executive's eyes green with envy. Today, it's more likely to be a crackerjack copy machine that takes up no more space than a microwave oven or a desktop dictation/transcribing system that's so hip it shows you the

length of each letter or memo before it's typed. And the latest office chairs are so comfortable that even Ebenezer Scrooge would trade in Bob Cratchit's rickety stool for a pneumatic one that can be airlifted to the sitter's choice of heights. If office equipment gets any slicker, we may actually look forward to going to work.

The High Chair (near right) features two pneumatic controls that let you pick a seat height from 24" to 32" and adjust the angle of the back, \$404; while the Classic Drafting Stool next to it has a pneumatic lift and a comfortable chromed-steel footrest, \$199, both from Charvoz-Carsen, Fairfield, New Jersey. At center is an EP 320 copier measuring only 21" x 22" x 12" that will duplicate just about anything from letterheads to transparencies at the rate of 18 a minute, by Minolta, \$3995. The electronic typewriter below it is a Praxis 35 portable with 44 alphanumeric keys (100 printable characters) and 16 function keys, by Olivetti, about \$750, including a carrying case. The machine at bottom right is a DCX III Dictation Dictating / Transcribing System that includes a desktop transcription unit and an ultralight microcassette portable recorder; the desktop unit features a visual display that shows the length of each letter and a device that will permit changes or insertions without erasing a word, by Dictaphone Corporation, \$625.





POWER STYLING DATSUN 200-SX

Now that gas mileage is the hot button, few cars boast about their styling. The new Datsun 200-SX, Hardtop SL is a brilliant exception. Look at the integrated, wrap-around bumpers. The new louvers on the hood. The classic blacked-out grille. Inside: real comfort and the ultimate in sophistication. This car actually "talks" to you. A voice calls your attention to six vital functions like... "Right door is open." On the road a more powerful 2.2 liter fuel-injected engine propels

you along without sacrificing economy: EPA estimated 26 MPG, 38 estimated highway. Use MPG for comparison only. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less. The thrilling 200-SX: proof positive that no one marries performance and styling like Datsun.

DATSUN WE ARE DRIVEN

Product of NISSAN



FASHION

DIGGING BLACK GOLD

The image of style you project is not based solely on the clothes you wear. Your accessories and other personal touches—including even the type of pen you carry—are weighed in the balance by others. And, today, with the world's preoccupation with matters financial, one sure-fire way to convey your message to the big boys in the board room is through the wealth of per-

sonal items available in black and gold and combinations thereof. From a gold-stripe-on-black umbrella to a gold-banded black-velvet hat, the effect is far from somber. And it's also elegant in a simple, classic manner that conveys understated authority and a background of good breeding. Best of all, many black-and-gold accessories—including the mother lode pictured here—don't cost a fortune.



Above: Black and gold goodies to dig include (clockwise from 12): a leather shoulder bag, by Peter Barton's Closet, about \$420; that's atop a black chenille muffler, by Jeffrey Aronoff, \$75. Next to it, black leather gloves, from Pierre Cardin for Elmer Little, about \$35; a black nylon and gold broly, by Mespo for Pierre Cardin, \$30; and a black felt hat, by Makins Hats, about \$50. Proceeding clockwise: gold-plated black onyx cuff links and studs, by After Six, \$25; black matte collar bar, by The Collar Company, \$8; gold-plated pocket knife, by Pierre Cardin for Swank, \$16; gun-metal/gold-plated key chain, by Christian Dior, \$22.50; and a Gemline black obsidian/rose-gold-plated lighter, by Alfred Dunhill of London, \$340. To the left, gold-plated cuff links, \$28, and a tie bar, \$14, both by Pierre Cardin for Swank. Below them, a black fountain pen, by Mont Blanc, \$210. Last, a gold-plated money clip, by Christian Dior, \$20; a black lizardskin wallet, \$40, and key case, \$32, both by Arpiel Leather Goods.

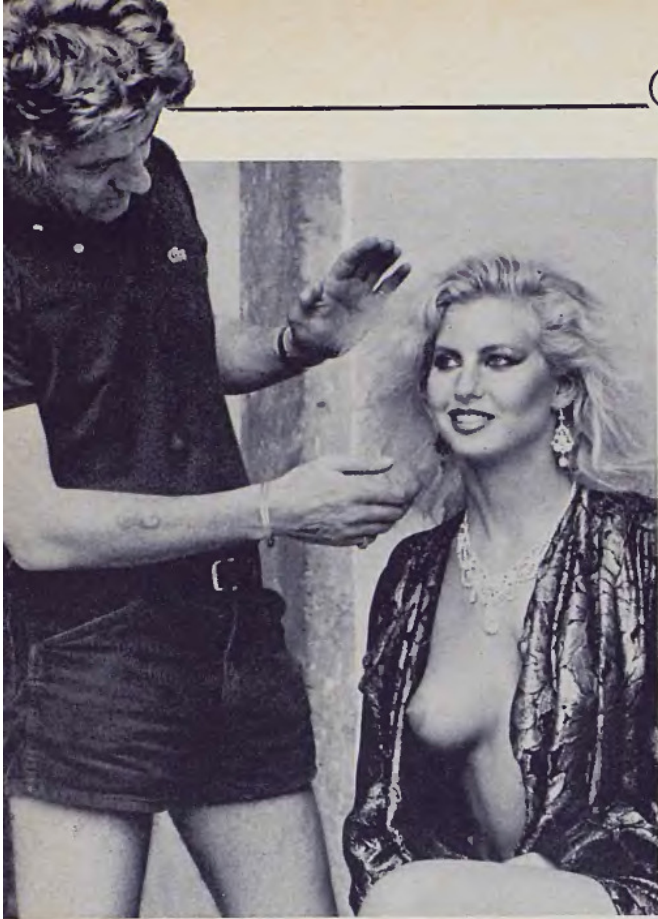


PHOTO: BRENDS

Touch Up

In keeping up with British royalty this month, we present a lord, PATRICK LICHFIELD, and a lass, known only as ROSS. The lord, a cousin of the queen, took many of the Prince Charles/Lady Di wedding pictures. The lass is posing for a calendar. We haven't investigated her blood lines, but we know a celebrity breast when we see one.



© 1981 JOHN BOGA / LSI

Main Squeeze

In December's PLAYBOY, we brought you the word on PETER BEARD and CHERYL TIEGS. Now you get the picture. We salute the quiet moments in a celebrity marriage when it's just the twosome, alone on a balcony, with nothing between them except a little fabric and a camera.



© 1981 ROBERT A. MATHIU

The Jackson One

We do hope that the night MICHAEL JACKSON greeted his fans with this gesture of warmth was not the night Katharine Hepburn chose to attend. Hepburn was concerned that the music would be too loud. Is this the 'sign for turn down the amps'?

A Teenager in Love

We're going to give this story to you the way we got it. This photo is an exclusive and the people who sent it swear by their story. Are you ready? This, folks, is Her Royal Highness PRINCESS DIANA, taken in the days before history found her, removed her shower cap and changed her life forever. Even if this turns out to be a hoax, we've had a few laughs, so what the hell?



TONY PATTO, INC.



© 1991 ROBERT A. MATHRU

Hynde Over Matter

CHRISSIE HYNDE, seen here revving up for the continuation of The Pretenders' American tour, needs to have a few words with her tailor. After a fitting, she and the band finished a video tape to accompany their new single, *I Go to Sleep*, written by the Kinks' Ray Davies.



PAUL PASQUARELLO/DOVIERE EXPRESS

Hold On, I'm Coming

Let's see, the Stones' tour grossed about \$40,000,000. *Tattoo You* hit the top of the charts. Their faces have appeared in or on the covers of most publications. You've had the rest, now you get the best. Here's MICK searching, successfully, we hope, for the fountain of youth.

The Breast Is Yet to Come

Are you ready for a brief history lesson? ELSA MARTINELLI used to appear in *PLAYBOY* regularly. Her first pictorial for this magazine was in October 1963. Film director Vittorio De Sica said of her then, "She looks as if she had been painted in oils." She co-starred with an impressive group of Hollywood biggies, such as John Wayne, Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum and Tony Perkins. The years have passed, but nothing has slipped, except her dress.



OUTTHERE/ANGELU

ANNIE'S BEEN WORKING ON THE MIDNIGHT SHIFT

Suppose a male boss and his female employee begin a flirtation, sparks fly and eventually they have an affair. Suppose, then, that the woman decides to call it quits and the boss fires her. Is that sexual harassment?

In the opinion of a New York civil court, the answer is no. In the case in question, a woman claimed to have been fired from her job because she'd stopped sleeping with her boss. Charging sexual harassment, she sued to get her share of commissions. The defense argued that if her motion were granted, any future employee who had sex with a boss would be guaranteed permanent employment. Perhaps that's a possibility the Unemployment Administration may want to explore, but the case is definitely one that cries out for a clarification of the term sexual harassment.

That proved no problem for Manhattan Supreme Court Judge Paul Bookson, who ruled that once the employee



RICHARD KLEIN

This snipped-V lapel pin indicates that the wearer has had a vasectomy. It comes with a T-shirt and vasectomy certificate for \$20, from G.T. Ltd., P.O. Box 271-A, Mt. Gilead, Ohio 4333B. It pays to advertise.

bound to arise. The ultimate Eighties juggernaut: Sexual Harassment Meets Fucking Your Way to the Top. One might think the two terms were mutually exclusive, and that's apparently just the way Bookson intends to keep it. In any case, we can thank the judge for a new employee-pays-later approach to sex on the job. Now, any boss who thinks he's in line (or out of line) for a harassment suit ought to work fast, be irresistible and have eyewitnesses when the ultimate act occurs.

SEEDY ART

You might say artist Barton Lidice Benes is dabbling in *conceptional* art. Benes wanted to create a work to celebrate male fertility, so he mailed off cards to 100 male friends and asked them to stain them with their own sperm. Only five friends complied, but the undaunted Benes mounted their stained cards on hospital-type slides, priced the set at

\$600 and placed them on sale at a New York gallery. If you're interested, we'd like to tell you about some choice lots in Florida.

SEX NO RX: POPPING THE ZIT MYTH

Once again, it is our duty to clarify, to edify, to assault ignorance full-scale on a matter pertinent to sexuality. We're talking about that blemish on all social interaction, that curse on prom night, the lowly pimple. For many

years, the belief has persisted that skin eruptions spring from an inactive sex life. Now dermatologist and researcher James E. Fulton says no evidence supports that belief. What's more, he says, chocolate and French fries are equally innocent of complexion debauchery. It's all genetic, and your personal habits don't have much influence on the situation, though a good dose of tetracycline occasionally helps. Just think, now here's something teenagers can actually blame on their parents and make stick.

SO YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT PROBLEMS, FELLA

Changes in sex roles seem to be a growing cause of stress among men. *Sexuality Today* recently published a list of common male conflicts prepared by James M. O'Neill, a University of Kansas psychologist. Just in case you think you've got nothing to worry about, here's a partial list of O'Neill's selections: fear of femininity, fear of emasculation, fear of being vulnerable, fear of failure, homophobia, limited sensuality, restricted sexual and affectionate behavior and treating women as sex objects and inferiors, low self-esteem, work stress and strain, restrictive



APESTEGUY/GAMMA-LIAISON

Above, the French newsy transacts a sale of *L'Echo du Macadam*, the printed mouthpiece, so to speak, of prostitution in Paris. The monthly is sold to the general public and is edited and published by the ladies of the night.


"however reluctantly" gave in to her boss's sexual requests, she surrendered her rights to claim harassment. According to the Judge Bookson decision, it seems a boss can be found guilty of sexual harassment only up to the point when he/she manages to score. Thereafter, the employee had better fall back on old habits and possibly into the nearest Eames chair and continue to put out or move on and forget the harassment claim, because his/her claim will not be valid.

It seems to us that the judge has stumbled upon a conflict that was



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emotionality, restrictive communication patterns, obsession with success/achievement, socialized power needs that restrict self and others, socialized competitiveness that restricts self and others, and socialized dominance needs that restrict self and others. We recommend that you clip this list, carefully fold it and keep it in your wallet for the next time someone asks what's bugging you. 



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