

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1982 • \$2.50

COVER GIRL
**BARBARA
CARRERA**

IN A HOT
REMAKE OF
"I, THE JURY"

THE WALL STREET
WISDOM OF
LOUIS RUKEYSER

EXOTIC NEW
FICTION BY
JERZY KOSINSKI

FINALLY, A
SENSIBLE ARTICLE
ABOUT GUNS

HOW THE
EXPERTS WIN AT
VIDEO GAMES

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
PATTY
HEARST

MAN AND
WOMAN,
PART THREE:
THE SEX
LIFE OF
THE BRAIN





PM 5:08



FUEL
RESERV

NEUTRA

FUEL



TURBO

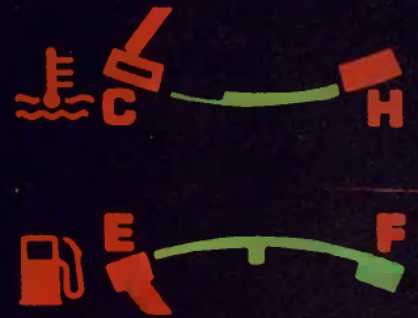
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HONDA



A lot of companies can make a motorcycle.

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You are looking at motorcycle history in the making.

The 1982 Honda CX500 Turbo. Five years in intensive development. And now, quite literally, the most advanced production motorcycle ever built.

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But unlike most turbocharged motorcycles, the CX500 Turbo was designed from the very beginning with turbocharging in mind. Not modified as an afterthought to keep up with advancing technology.

It is water-cooled. Because Honda engineers have determined that the benefits of turbocharging are maximized in a water-cooled engine. And because water-cooling, by stabilizing operating temperatures, can greatly extend engine life.

The CX500 Turbo is fuel injected, rather than carburetted like most motorcycles. And the fuel injection and turbocharging systems are controlled by an incredibly sophisticated, high capacity digital computer.

The chassis which supports this magnificent

engine is equally advanced. Its Pro-Link™ rear suspension is the first of its type in the world, constantly reacting to road and load conditions as you ride. The resulting improvement in handling characteristics has to be experienced to be believed.

The CX500 Turbo is fitted with three highly efficient twin piston caliper disc brakes. And revolutionary Torque Reactive Anti-Dive Control™ for added stability in hard braking situations. The all aluminum ComStar™ wheels were designed specifically for this machine.

Even the futuristic fairing was wind tunnel designed and tested for aerodynamic efficiency as well as beauty.

If by now you're getting the idea that the CX500 Turbo is a rolling showcase of motorcycle technology, that's no surprise. But what might surprise you is that this is not some impossible to obtain show machine.

Although its numbers are limited, the CX500 Turbo is actually available. It is clearly the first of a new generation of motorcycles. And it was developed and built by the only motorcycle company in the world with the facilities and technology to do it.

HONDA
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20 CIGARETTES

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100's

RICH
TASTE



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world's largest selling Irish Whiskey.

PLAYBILL

EIGHT YEARS AGO this month, **Patty Hearst** was abducted from her apartment. What then happened seemed like a leftist public-relations-man's dream: Spoiled little rich girl sees the political light and robs banks to finance the overthrow of the state and maybe get back at mom and dad while she's at it. So many questions about her involvement persist that we sent Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel** to get some answers. Adding to Hearst's *Playboy Interview* is a portion of her book, *Every Secret Thing* (Doubleday), written with **Alvin Moscow**.

Novelist **Jerzy Kosinski** plays a hardened revolutionary in *Reds*. It was his first acting assignment, and his appearance in our pages marks something of a first as well. He has never permitted his novels to be excerpted. Until now. *Pinball* (Bantam Books), a section of his novel of the same name, is a kinky story; **Edgar Clarke's** illustration is appropriately eerie.

And if you think sex is just in your head, you're right—but in a way you may not have expected. **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone** explore—in part three of our series on *Man and Woman*—the recent research that suggests that the male brain and the female brain are chemically different.

Just as many of the differences between men and women are beneath the surface, many are wonderfully apparent. And **Barbara Carrera** is a stunning example of *la différence*. Others responsible for making her look so good in our pictorial are photographer **Marco Glaviano**, West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski** and make-up artist **Richard Adams**.

Which brings us to a subject close to our hearts and minds: balls, nuts, *cojones*, *The Family Jewels*. **Roy Blount Jr.** gives us a laconic inventory of the facts and fictions of this sensitive subject. **Parviz Sadighian** created the accompanying sculpture.

Raising our sights and, we hope, our net worth, **Louis Rukeyser** answers *20 Questions* about money and what people should do with it. **Warren Kalbacker** cornered television's most-watched financial prober and they let the blue chips fall where they may. **Andrew Tobias**, no slouch himself when talking about money, offers *Three Horribly Unfair Jokes You Can Tell About Lawyers*, excerpted from his forthcoming *The Invisible Bankers* (The Linden Press/Simon & Schuster).

Money and its pursuit can bring out the bleakest in people and their surroundings. The new gold rush—for shale oil and coal—has produced modern boom towns. We shipped **Craig Vetter** to Gillette, Wyoming, to survey the granddaddy of them all in *Boom Dreams*. **Alan E. Cober** contributed the appropriately gritty illustration.

There's another rush out there—it tempts our young people and leaves them groping for small change. Senior Staff Writer **Walter Lowe, Jr.**, combed the nation's video-game arcades and, after months of research, he is able to reveal how to beat those machines and save the universe. *How to Survive in the Video-Game Jungle* cost us thousands of quarters. For playing around of an entirely different sort, short-story writer **Laurie Colwin** offers *My Mistress*, in which we learn about an affair to remember.

Mention gun control these days and you'd better be willing to suffer through a long and heated discussion. In *The Trouble with Guns*, Senior Editor **William J. Helmer** argues a position that is sure to offend extremists on both sides.

And for those of us who wouldn't be caught dead in last year's look, Fashion Director **David Platt** offers *Playboy's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast, Part I*. Hint: The 1982 look is slightly more tailored.

Lastly, we have a gaggle of pretty girls who should jumpstart your heart even in the coldest of late-winter winds: Playmate **Karen Witter**, actress **Pia Zadora** and **Melani Martin**, who delivers telegrams in which the real message is always Melani. Check out **Ken Marcus'** pictorial and you'll see that Melani's news is very good, indeed. Welcome to March!



KOSINSKI



CLARKE



GROBEL



DURDEN-SMITH, DE SIMONE



ADAMS, GRABOWSKI, CARRERA, GLAVIANO



BLOUNT



SADIGHIAN



KALBACKER



TOBIAS



COBER



LOWE



COLWIN



HELMER



PLATT



MARCUS

PLAYBOY®

vol. 29, no. 3—march, 1982

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COVER STORY

Photographer Marco Glaviano shot beautiful Barbara Carrera and she's more alive than ever. She stars as a sultry seductress in the remake of the movie *I, the Jury*. You'll find more of her fine features in a sumptuous pictorial on page 148.

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Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

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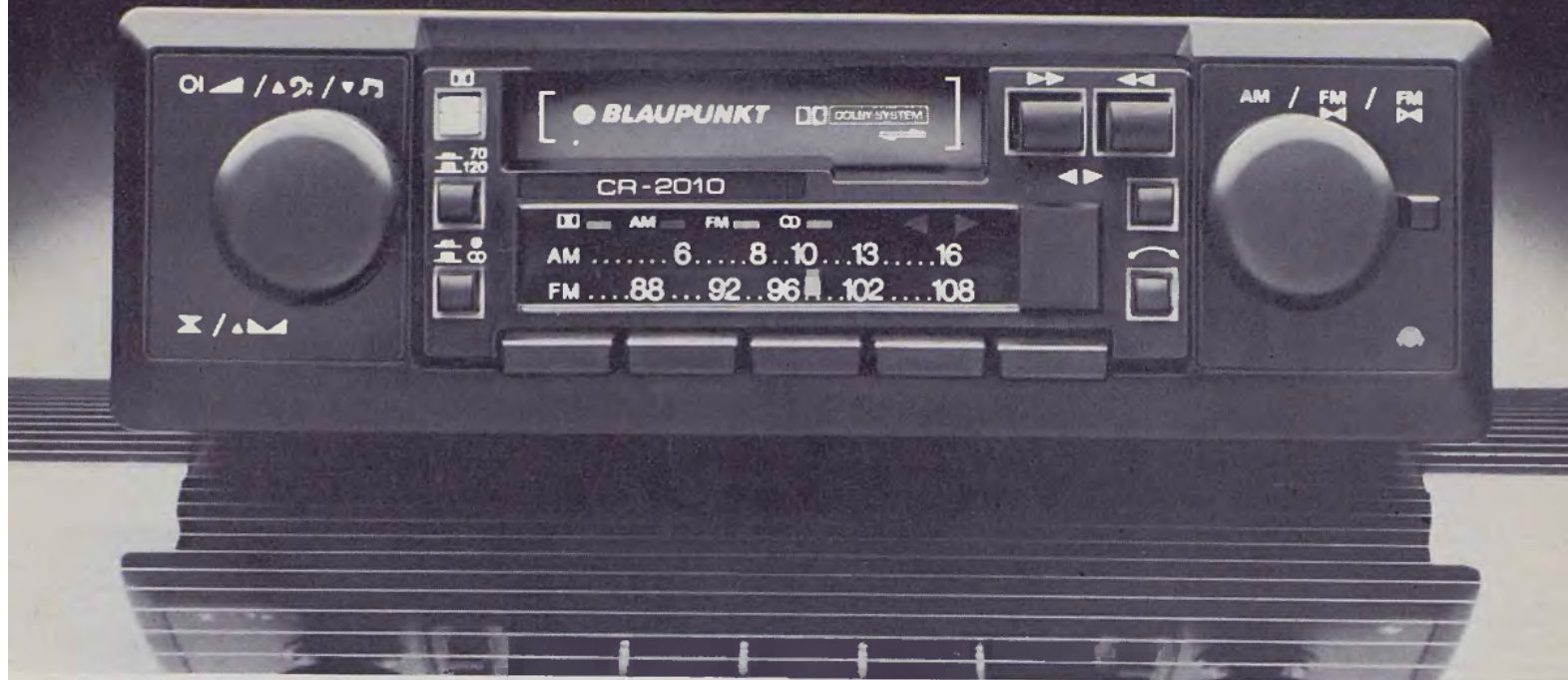
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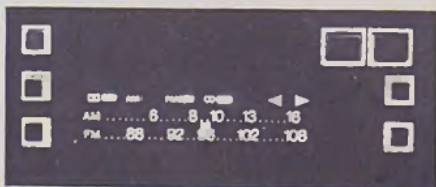
The Blaupunkt CR-2010. Richer, purer sound than you ever thought possible in a moving vehicle.

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Of course, you get Dolby Noise Reduction—but for FM reception

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The CR-2010 retails for only \$396.00** and is the latest in a full line of Blaupunkt AM/FM stereo cassette radios priced from \$290.00**

CR-2010 Features

- 4 channel (4 x 7.5W)
- Autoreverse Cassette
- Sendust Alloy Tape Head
- Auto Hi-Cut Filter
- Soft Mute
- Soft MPX
- Night Illuminated Controls
- Dolby Noise Reduction Circuit

**Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

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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



LITTLE KIDS GET BIG HELP

The rich and the famous crowded Playboy Mansion West for the tenth-anniversary Rainbow/Amie Karen cancer benefit. The fund raiser, held for the fifth time at Mansion West, helps support the Amie Karen Center for Children at Cedars Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles. Below, among the guests, nearly newlyweds Valerie Bertinelli of the CBS-TV show *One Day at a Time* and Eddie Van Halen of the rock group Van Halen.



Above, Hugh M. Hefner shares a few moments with Dinah Shore and Henry Winkler. Shore premiered her new night-club act during the entertainment segment; Winkler was master of ceremonies and honorary chairman of the event. Others attending included Billy Crystal, Bonnie Franklin, Linda Lavin, Michele Lee and Vic Tayback.

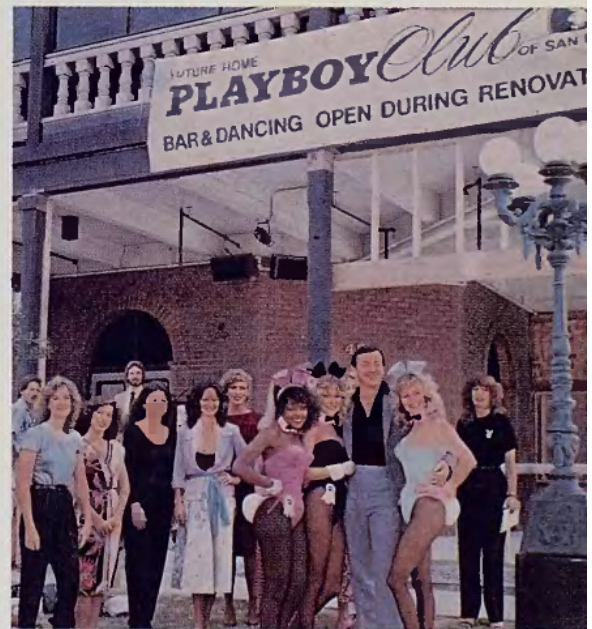


AND SOME GUYS ACTUALLY HAVE TO WORK FOR A LIVING

At right, Los Angeles Bunnies join arms with the owner of our new San Diego Playboy Club, Carroll Davis, pausing for a photo in the midst of a three-day Bunny hunt aiming to staff the new hutch, now open for business. Beside the Bunnies and Carroll are just a few of the 1596 applicants who showed up to claim the 70 available positions. The impressive turnout came on the heels of a multimedia advertising campaign.

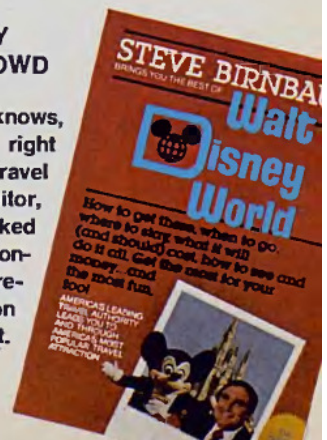
EVERYBODY'S GOTTA BE A CRITIC

Sylvester Stallone lands a f.i.s.t. on LeRoy Neiman in front of Neiman's *Rocky III*, part of a Playboy-sponsored show at the Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art featuring portraits by Neiman and Andy Warhol.



FIND THE PLAYBOY EDITOR IN THIS CROWD

As any travel writer knows, the secret of traveling right is knowing whom to travel with. Our Travel Editor, Stephen Birnbaum, picked the lively bunch of consorts at left to help prepare his new book on Walt Disney World, right.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

PLAYMATE UPDATE

EVERYTHING'S DANDY FOR CANDY

It didn't surprise us a bit when the editors of *Complete Woman* magazine chose our perfectly executed December 1979 centerfold, Candace Collins, as the cover girl for its debut issue (below center). After all, she has starred on our cover, too. At left, Candy as she appears on her very own poster, published by Pro Arts, the same people who previously made splashes with likenesses of Farrah Fawcett, Cheryl Tiegs and Elvis, among others. Below right, the complete and unexpurgated Candace in a 1979 shot.



GAIL STANTON: TOP-NOTCH SOLAR ENERGIZER

These days, Gail Stanton is holstering Tahitian Sun tanning lotion. Below, our June 1978 Playmate suits up for an ad that we suppose instantly converted many who saw it into sun worshipers and at least 50 percent into Gail worshippers. We figure this kind of thing could help the solar-energy lobby enormously.

THE ART OF LOVING

Photographer George Obrenski records 25th-Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving's latest high-jinks, below, as she poses for a forthcoming issue of our sister publication *Games*. Candy dressed in a pun-filled getup that figures in a dazzling puzzle in the magazine. Above, Candy in an even better pose.



Nationwide taste tests prove it! Windsor Canadian beats V.O.!



Five hundred serious Canadian Whisky drinkers coast-to-coast just compared Windsor Canadian to the higher-priced Seagram's V.O.

Windsor was preferred.

So try a sip of Windsor and a sip of V.O. and prove to yourself what the taste tests just proved.

With Windsor, you can't beat the taste.

And you sure can't beat the price.

WINDSOR 
ONE CANADIAN STANDS ALONE

Shown with optional equipment.

OH
WHAT
A
FEELING!



THE 1982 TOYOTA DIESEL TRUCK

TOYOTA

YOU ONLY KNOW IT'S A DIESEL AT THE PUMP.

The Toyota Diesel Truck. It won't remind you it's a diesel when you start it on cold mornings. The dependable Toyota Diesel has two heavy duty batteries for extra cranking power! No other small diesel truck does.

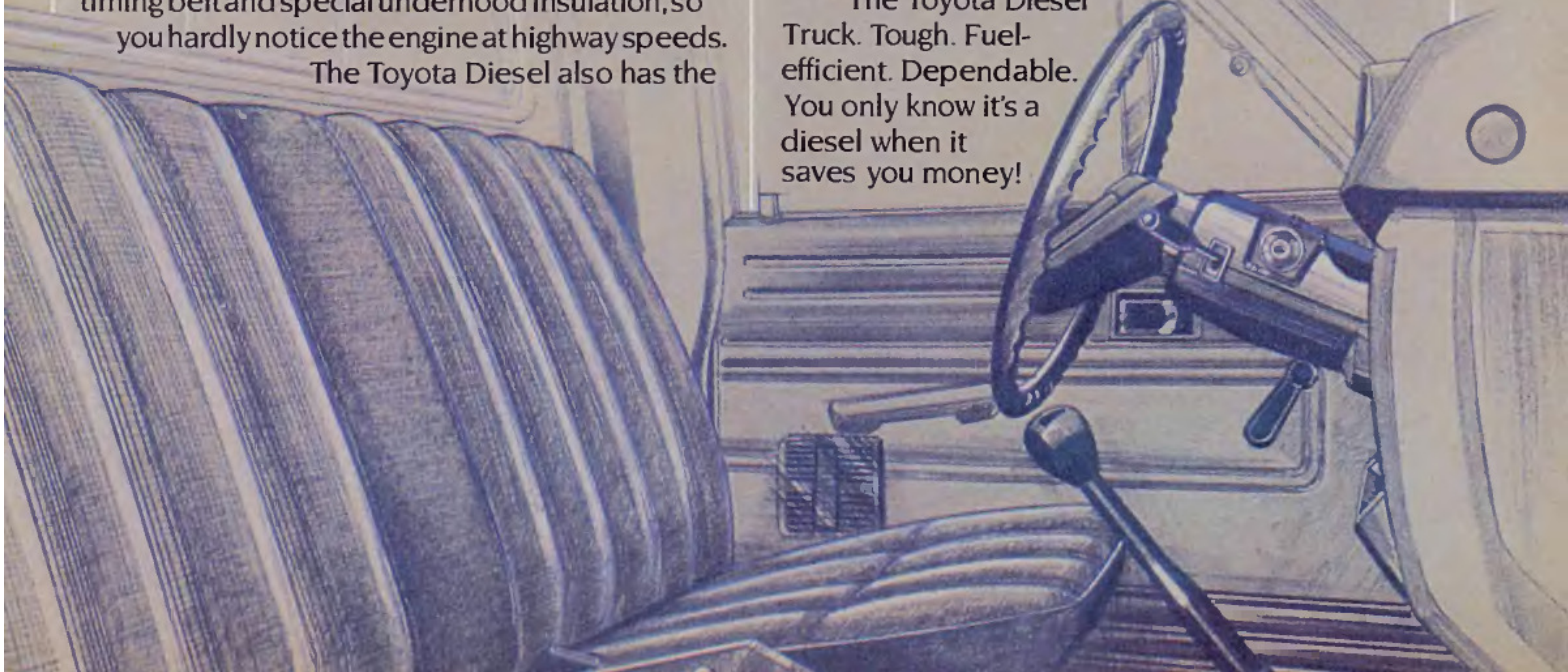
And you won't know it's a diesel by listening as you drive. The Toyota Diesel has a fabric/rubber timing belt and special underhood insulation, so you hardly notice the engine at highway speeds.

The Toyota Diesel also has the

features you want as standard equipment. Like a 5-speed overdrive transmission. A 7-foot cargo bed, not 6-foot like some. And a separate, rugged frame (like an 18-wheeler has) so Toyota's Diesel Truck carries a full 1100 pound payload.

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The Toyota Diesel Truck. Tough. Fuel-efficient. Dependable. You only know it's a diesel when it saves you money!





DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY
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ON GOLDEN FONDA

As one who was associated with Henry Fonda in Alfred Hitchcock's *The Wrong Man*, I had the extreme pleasure of getting to know the man behind the legend. Fonda is just as wonderful in real life as in December's *Playboy Interview*.

Stanley K. Grayson
Cochecton, New York

I've been reading the *Playboy Interviews* for more than five years. Henry Fonda's ranks among the top three. Being interesting doesn't always mean being flashy. Honesty and warmth come across in his interview, just as they do in his acting. Fonda is one of the best.

Nancy Muller
Brick Town, New Jersey

What an excellent interview with the legendary Henry Fonda. Last summer it was my privilege to interview Fonda for my newspaper, the *Laconia Evening Citizen*, while he was in our area filming *On Golden Pond*. He praises his son, Peter, in your interview as being a great fisherman. What he fails to mention is that he too is an expert. He spent most of his off hours during filming fishing for bass and lake trout. He did quite well—took home some beauties, including a nine-pound trout. All of us here are looking forward to the release of *On Golden Pond*. We know it will be brilliant.

Gordon D. King
Laconia, New Hampshire

I've been an admirer of Jane Fonda's for both her work and her good looks for years, while her father was just a man who made the GAF commercials. But since Lawrence Grobel's fine interview with Henry Fonda, I feel I may have missed out on the work of a great actor. I'm going to go down to the

corner video store, rent *The Grapes of Wrath* and see who that man Henry Fonda is.

Vincent L. Kelly
Hermosa Beach, California

ATLANTA BRAVED

James Baldwin's *Atlanta: The Evidence of Things Not Seen* (PLAYBOY, December) is by itself worth the money I paid for my subscription. Baldwin took me from my prison cell in Oklahoma and showed me Atlanta as it is. I use the stamp that could be on a letter to my people to thank him for it.

Michael Hopper
Oklahoma State Penitentiary
McAlester, Oklahoma

James Baldwin's scathing *Atlanta: The Evidence of Things Not Seen* is about the author's capacity for seeing racial conflict lurking behind every tree, but it contributes little to understanding the nature of the murders themselves. Part of the difficulty is that Baldwin's article seems to have been written prematurely, in the heat of passion, without knowledge of later developments. The Georgia Psychological Association formed a bi-racial Ad Hoc Resource Committee on Atlanta's Murdered and Missing Children to look into the matter. On October 30, 1981, the committee adopted a 23-page report to GPA/American Psychological Association. I quote from it:

Some of us, in talking with people around the country, were appalled to learn that . . . they were treating the murders in strictly racial terms. Polls soon began to reflect the same sentiment, as if by casting one's vote for a certain opinion, the murders would somehow take on the characteristics of that particular kind of action. This kind of abandonment of intellect to

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it could be dropouts. White dots and dashes that spell trouble for your video investment. Before you blame your video deck, think about this. Tape passes over video heads that spin 30 times a



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SUPER AVILYN

primitive emotional bias was a sad comment on our social progress. . . . We do know, by heinous parallel example, that the events in Atlanta are not tied to blackness or to poverty, for even as we write, there is a string of child murders in the beautiful city of Vancouver. This time the children and the suspect are white.

Those who worked in and near the investigation were unable to see the events in racial terms. Was the Vancouver murderer also "someone who has been driven mad by the double inheritance of house nigger and field nigger, of genuine bondage and promised freedom"? Being torn in two by opposing economic and social forces is a human condition, not a uniquely black condition. Come on, Mr. Baldwin, join the human race.

George B. Greaves, Ph.D.
Head, Subcommittee for Forensic Issues
Georgia Psychological Association
Ad Hoc Resource Committee on Atlanta's Murdered and Missing Children
Decatur, Georgia

The true victims in Baldwin's article are not the murdered children and their families but an entire city and state of exceptionally fine people—black and white, rich and poor—who are proud of the progress made in overcoming generations of injustices. It is regrettable that in publishing one man's opinions, PLAYBOY was a party to the insult and injury of many more.

James F. Touhy
Dalton, Georgia

DEAR PRAYBOY

Bravo! The *Prayboy* parody in December's PLAYBOY was stunning and brilliant. Keep on giving 'em hell (no pun intended)!

Shari York
Toledo, Ohio

I have been a happy subscriber to PLAYBOY for many years because of the class it exhibits in all areas. I am left with a bad feeling, however, when I find articles such as *Prayboy* in your Christmas issue. If the editors of your publication are not in agreement with organizations such as the Moral Majority, wouldn't it be in better taste for them to use their literary talents to tell their readers why, instead of spending a lot of money on a layout like *Prayboy*?

R. Wilt
Akron, Ohio

December's *Playboy Viewpoint* ("Georgia on Our Minds"), by Kevin Cook, leads me to believe that *Prayboy* wouldn't

get past the Georgia House of Representatives, but couldn't you provide an uncensored peek at "Mrs. December" for those of us who live outside Carter Country?

J. C. Heyer
Kodiak, Alaska

Our "Prayboy" centerfold was not censored at all, J.C. Mrs. December is just a far-righteous woman—those black squares are right on her body.

BUSTED, MISTRUSTED

I'm a radio personality here in Los Angeles. We've never talked about your centerfolds before, but Patti Farinelli (PLAYBOY, December) is from Los Angeles, so I thought it would be in line to give her a little plug on my show. We couldn't believe the response from our listeners! Patti's going to be a hot item for months to come.

Andy Barber
K-West Radio
Los Angeles, California

Has anyone else noticed that December's Patricia Farinelli's eyes are electrifyingly beautiful? No adjectives can describe the beauty of the lady.

Elmer Renner
Carmel, California

Abbondanza is right! Patti Farinelli jumps right out of December's gatefold.

James R. Tumino
Bridgman, Michigan

What a super job of photography on December's Italian *paisana* of the month. Patti Farinelli certainly fills the page. Her gatefold is a tribute to all Italian-Americans. How about her data sheet? I would estimate that that bust measurement is four inches too small.

Peter DeSalvo
North Syracuse, New York

My December PLAYBOY was, as usual, fabulous. But I have one question: Beautiful Patricia Farinelli says her measurements are 36-25-36; did she fill out the data sheet when she was 13?

Tom Guza
Whittier, California

We at Michigan State University would like to extend our applause to the most well-endowed 36-inch bust we have ever seen. However, there is a slight debate here concerning Patricia Farinelli. Several students among us, claiming experience in the field, insist that her stated measurements are misleading. Please give us one more look at Patricia to settle the argument and allow us to go back to studying.

McDonel Hall
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

Hit the books, men—here's another dollop of our saucy Italian, dressing. To

We think everyone in the picture, should really be in the picture.



Sunpak 422 D



Vivitar 3500

They don't seem to agree.

Seen here are two pictures taken with the same camera and same lens on consecutive frames of the same roll of film. The time between shots, only the few seconds it took to change from the new Sunpak Auto 422 D dedicated flash to the Vivitar 3500.

Both were taken from 45 feet away, which is two feet less than Vivitar's recommended maximum auto distance.

Yet the difference in the two pictures is remarkable. Looking at the Sunpak picture, you can clearly see the young woman in a pink shirt at the extreme right side of the picture. Even make

out the graffiti in the background.

In short, the picture enjoys the advantage of full light coverage from edge to edge. And is about a stop brighter over all.

You buy dedicated flash for the light it delivers. And it's obvious which unit has the power edge.

The same is probably true of any other shoe-mount flash you might be thinking of buying.

So before you make a choice, compare all of the specifications.

The difference in Sunpak will be as easy to see as it is here.

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get to more weighty matters: Patti's body doesn't hold much back. That's



how she can have a 36-inch bust measurement and still explode sweaters.

SONGS OF BERNADETTE

Thank you for bringing a great beauty to your cover. Seeing Bernadette Peters in *Beguiling Bernadette* (PLAYBOY, December) puts sex back into ladies' undergarments. Bob Mackie and PLAYBOY have excellent taste in lingerie and in women. As for Miss Peters, she can model for me any time!

Stephen Duban
Columbia, Missouri

Congratulations to Tom Staebler for his fabulous cover photo of Bernadette Peters—it is the sexiest I've ever seen.

Nicholas Belperio
Knoxville, Tennessee

I think that you have a cover line on the December PLAYBOY reversed. Instead of "BERNADETTE PETERS SHOWS OFF THE LINGERIE THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF," it should read, "LINGERIE SHOWS OFF THE BERNADETTE PETERS THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF."

Edwin G. Scott
Raleigh, North Carolina

Seven years ago, I was sure Bernadette Peters should be on the cover of PLAYBOY. I actually felt the contours of her beautiful body when I appeared with her in *W. C. Fields and Me*. It was one of the more pleasurable but difficult parts I have had to play. During rehearsal I was lying on top of her for three or four minutes while the crew set up the lights and camera. On cue, Rod Steiger (as W. C. Fields) broke into a dressing room where I was "making love" to Miss Peters. We had to jump up from the

couch, and it was difficult for me to stay on my feet. You see, my part called for me to wear a pair of roller skates at the time. Bernadette was charming to work with, and I am glad to see she made the cover in December.

Jacques Foti
Los Angeles, California

SHEL GAME

"Shel Silverstein's work's been in PLAYBOY / For at least 20 years, maybe more / And the cartoons he's drawn and the tales that he's told / Have never, not once, been a bore / But in your December PLAYBOY, Shel got carried away / He's got 35 people at *Rosalie's Good Eats Café* / Now I've been around in many a town / Eaten at many a late-night café / But 35 people at two in the mornin'!!! / Take that artistic license away!"

Jeff Stewart
Santa Ana, California

Having just read *Rosalie's Good Eats Café*, I'd swear I had sat in that very same diner at two in the morning on Saturday night. Shel Silverstein has remarkable wisdom and insight. Please give us more poetry of this caliber.

Gina Anderson
Tignall, Georgia

HOORAY FOR "HOLLYWOOD"?

My husband reads PLAYBOY every month—I read the articles and interviews. Never has a story such as *Confessions of a Cocaine Cowboy* (PLAYBOY, December) moved me so deeply. What really impresses me is that Thomas Henderson had the guts to ask for help. I'm not a religious person, but I give God the credit for helping Thomas. I think He will also be responsible for helping him every day for the rest of his life to conquer the habit that almost cost him that life.

J. Peterson
Edmonton, Alberta

The article on Thomas "Hollywood" Henderson was very well written. But the guy's such a bullshit artist, I couldn't finish his *Confessions*.

Marty Stillwell, Jr.
Queens, New York

This is to hail Thomas Henderson and Walter Lowe, Jr.'s, *Confessions of a Cocaine Cowboy*. Adolescents mesmerized by the "glamor high" of the Eighties should read this article for all the insight it provides. Unfortunately, it took me, as well as many other silent tooters and basers, too long to realize cocaine is not the clean drug we were sure it was. Although I am a firm believer of moderation in everything, coking is potentially destructive; danger exists from that first elated high onward. I

say more self-help would be very useful for all of us, not just for Hollywood. I'm not against drug use, merely its abuse.

David Kline
Macomb, Illinois

Confessions of a Cocaine Cowboy is fantastic! Good luck to Thomas Henderson. I hope he eventually gets to play more football and makes it to the Hall of Fame—not only for his ability but also for his character, strength and will.

Doug Skipper
Marked Tree, Arkansas

TALL TAILS

Anson Mount's observations on recruiting in *Playboy's College Basketball Preview* (December) make one wonder whatever became of the American tradition of playing sports for the sheer joy and fun of it. Soon we will probably be hiring neat, polite athletes to do our jogging for us.

William A. Holman
Largo, Florida

Hey, Anson Mount, what's it take to get mentioned in *Playboy's College Basketball Preview*? Granted, Pan American University sounds like a training school for flight attendants and our coach isn't quick with the one-liners (Abe Lemons moved to the University of Texas from Pan American), but our basketball team is consistently a winner. Last year, we knocked off Wichita State, perennial powerhouse Marquette and eventual N.C.A.A. champion Indiana.

Lawrence W. Miller, Ph.D.
Pan American University
Edinburg, Texas

It must have been a tall order finding tuxedos for PLAYBOY's All-American basketball team. But why did you put them all in gym shoes, making the country's best ballplayers look like well-dressed waiters at a track meet?

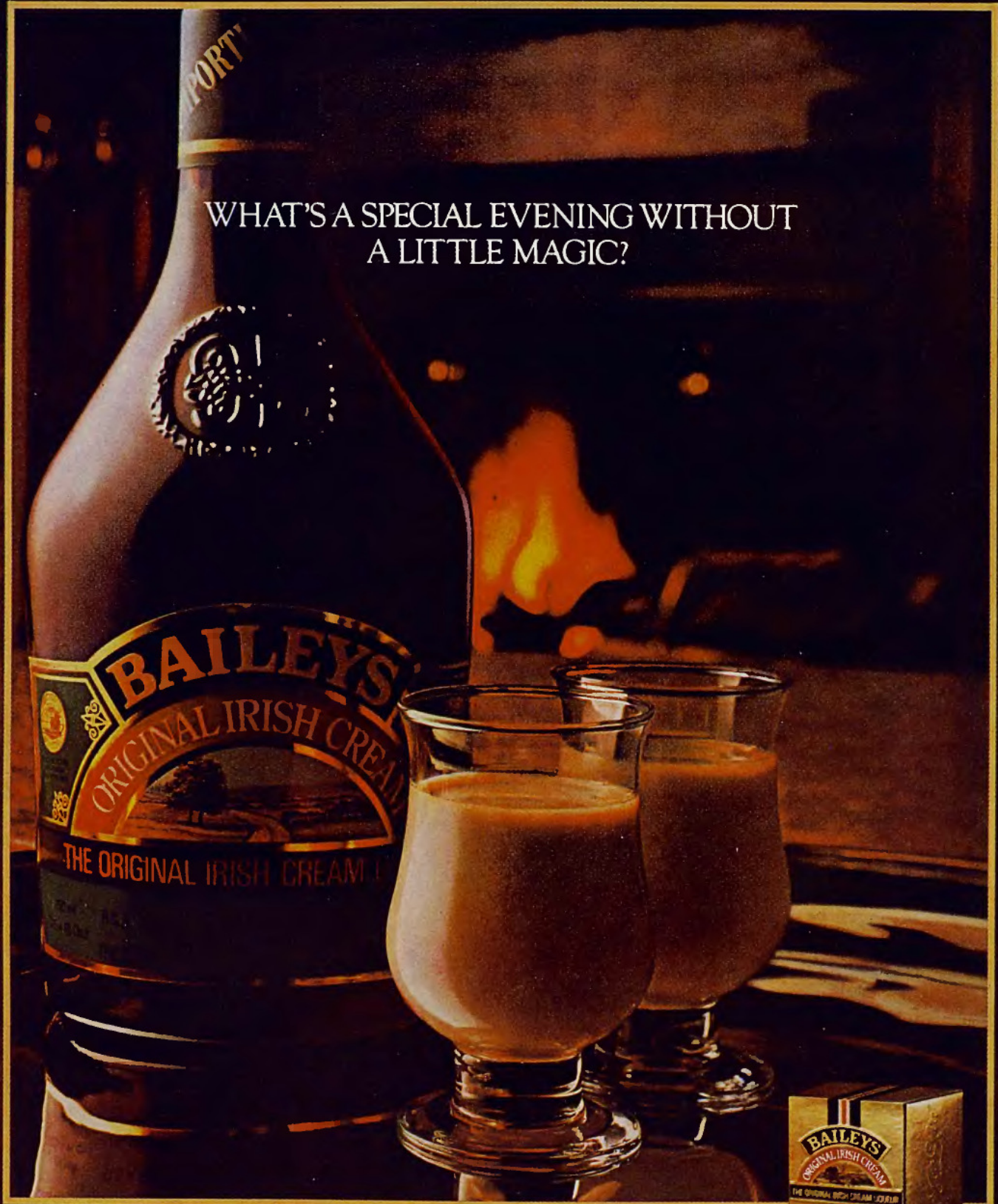
(Name and address
withheld by request)

Gingiss Formalwear provided those terrific team tuxes and (as you can see



here) dress shoes. But the guys felt more at home in basketball shoes, and they're bigger than we are.

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In short, a fine American-made
shoe with your kind of style. At your
kind of price.

Because that's Dexter's style.



Dexter
Shoemakers to America



THE COLUMN I'LL BE WRITING AT THE END OF REAGAN'S TERM

By RICHARD REEVES *we asked this national political pundit to look into the future—and to file his copy a few years early*



January 21, 1985

SANTA BARBARA—Ronald Reagan laughed most of the way home. Half of the five-hour flight from Washington to California was filled with joking toasts and one of them brought the former President to his feet.

"With me in the lead!" he cracked when his old friend Jack Wrather proposed that he forget published memoirs and do the first Presidential movie. Then the former President—former for less than eight hours—looked out the window of Air Force One, lent to him one last time by President Glenn. He raised his glass in the general direction of Iowa and said: "To the American people. God bless 'em—they're an ornery bunch."

They were, indeed. After he decided not to seek re-election, Reagan told a couple of friends that the folks out there had tricked him. They cheered his tough, homey talk about free enterprise and self-reliance—about not being pushed around anymore by godless Commies or welfare mothers. Then, after the cheering died, they told George Gallup and Louis Harris that they would vote for almost any Democratic candidate in 1984.

Well, they did love what he was saying. But they didn't believe it—and he did.

What Reagan didn't get was that

modern Americans are only theoretically conservative. They are operationally liberal. Have been for quite a while—in the Fifties, Lloyd A. Free and Hadley Cantril did surveys for Nelson Rockefeller and concluded that most Americans talk about wanting government spending cut but are opposed to any reductions in Social Security payments. Reagan learned that in the summer of 1981—too late. His Presidency—or at least his political future—was probably doomed when he tried to dismantle the welfare state everyone was complaining about.


Very modern Americans, Reagan also learned the hard way, are not particularly interested in going to war—or in even talking about fighting and dying. For more than 20 years, he had traveled America, promising to make us strong again and to make the world safe for its betters—American businessmen and their customers.

Big, vague talk. People loved it. But it was different when a President with power to do more than talk began dropping hints about giving "them" a lesson in El Salvador, Poland or West Germany. He should have gotten the message when his popularity ratings slipped around the middle of 1981 with the Administration's talk of sending America's sons to El Salvador. He should have noticed that one out of five

of the young men who were supposed to register for the draft that year didn't bother to show up.

He also never tried to deal with the fact that he never really had the support of the American majority—women. In 1980, women voters had divided about evenly between Reagan and Jimmy Carter, while men favored the Republican by almost 20 percentage points.

Women voted against him then, surveys indicated, because he seemed too militaristic. He was—and every time it showed, he lost female support. He did not understand that new antimilitarism. As a survivor of the Battle of Burbank—he acted in training films as an Army captain in World War Two—he seemed to have the impression that after wars, soldiers got up, wiped off the cat-sup and went out for a few beers. He scared the hell out of people—particularly women and children.

So it's back to the ranch. Ronald Reagan thought democracy could be used to turn the affairs of the nation back to men of business. He wanted to use the American people. They wanted to use him—and they did—to stop the choking growth of government. Democracy worked—not for a President but for people who wanted to pursue happiness, which might be defined as peace and personal welfare. 



Introducing the 1982 Scirocco: Shaped for the wind.

Aerodynamics isn't just for the birds. It affects everything that moves through the atmosphere. The better the shape, the better the performance. And, the better the efficiency. Especially true for the 1982 Scirocco.

Using a wind tunnel, VW fine-tuned their sportscar's outline to slice through the most formidable headwinds with greater ease. Its 1.7-liter fuel-injected engine rips from 0 to 50 in 8.5 fleet seconds.

In the process, VW reduced front-end

lift by 30%. And increased rear-end road huggability (with VW's patented spoiler) a whopping 60%. So the front-wheel drive Scirocco now has greater stability on open roads and surer handling to weave through tight curves.



Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

Forward visibility has been improved with a lower nose and a more sharply raked windshield. And you can see more of what you leave behind with a larger, curved window in back.

Additionally, the newly designed

Scirocco has more interior room and a quieter ride.

And, with less air resistance as you go breezing down the highways, VW has reduced yet another drag to owning a sportscar these days. Excessive gas guzzling.

EPA estimated 41 highway mpg and an estimated **28** mpg. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparisons. Your mileage varies with weather, speed and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Gold Rum instead.

Ronrico Gold Rum is a lot more than just provocatively flavorful. It's also smooth, mellow, and terrifically mixable.

Try it and chances are you'll be happily forsaking your traditional bourbon, blend, and Canadian—not to mention your Scotch, in virtually no time at all.

Look, it takes some courage to try something just a little bit different, but how will you know what you're missing if you never take a chance?

RONRICO GOLD RUM & CLUB SODA

1½ ozs. of Ronrico Gold
Canada Dry club soda
Place 2 or 3 ice cubes in an 8 oz.
highball glass. Add Ronrico Gold.
Fill with club soda. Stir lightly.
Garnish with a slice of lime.



RONRICO GOLD RUM

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



'JUANA BEER?

It retails for five dollars a bottle and packs the kick of a goat—a high-country goat. Made of “all natural ingredients,” this brand of beer, Hi-Brew Beer, is also known as “The Wacko One.” And indeed it is wacko, for along with purified water, sugar, yeast, malt, Irish moss and citric acid, this product of San Francisco also contains a healthy element of marijuana.

Allegedly, a couple of sips could send one soaring, or so maintained the purveyors of the drink when narcotics officers busted the brewmaster. The gold label that carried instructions on drinking Hi-Brew noted: “Chill contents, have glass ready. Remove cap gently, pour contents into glass, leaving sediment in bottle. Do not drink sediment.” A Madison Avenue slogan seems to explain it all: “When You’re Having Only One.”

A Peoria, Illinois, police officer angered the local humane society when, acting on a complaint, he went after a bat with a tennis racket. Apparently, the police officer bragged he had eliminated the mean mammal “in three straight sets.” The humane-society spokesman said, “Our policy does not condone that sort of treatment.”

In the San Francisco Bay Area, some Army officers' cars are sporting bumper stickers that ask, HAVE YOU HUGGED YOUR PRIVATES TODAY?

Attention, shoppers! This classified ad is from a Florida paper: “Peter Meter. Measures circumference, width and length. Measures up to 6” in circumference, 14” in length and 4” in width. Separate attachments for measuring balls, accessories for soft head clamps, any size head—soft or hard.” Yes, but

what safeguards do we have that this product won't fall into the wrong hands?

NUMBER TWO WITH A BULLET

State Representative Mike Martin wasn't winning any popularity contests in the Texas state legislature and decided to do something about it. The best way to garner sympathy these days is to get shot—preferably by someone working for the Forces of Evil. Charles Manson couldn't get out, so Martin enlisted his cousin, Charles Goff. Martin, who tells us that he ran for office on the *personal* advice of Jesus Christ, is a born-again Christian but apparently didn't want to try for a third time: Goff was instructed to inflict only a flesh wound. The injured politician maintained he was ambushed by a satanic cult known as the Guardian Angels of the Underworld. Clouds of suspicion threatened to sully Martin's martyrdom, however, and he chose to go into seclusion. Law-enforcement authorities found him se-



cluded in a large stereo cabinet in the home of his parents. We'd bet our bottom Bible we know what his defense will be: “The Devil made me do it.”

HANKY-SPANKY

New York newspapers couldn't resist headlines such as “CHEEKY TAXMAN WAS PHANTOM SPANKER!” and “CAUGHT RED-HANDED!” when a balding IRS tax collector was arrested and charged with fraud involving unfulfilled movie contracts with young, attractive women whom, police say, he spanked on camera. Some 200 women have complained to the Manhattan D.A.'s office that 42-year-old Stephen Davidson lured them to a rented “audition” studio, put them over his knee and spanked their bottoms 25 times in search of “the perfect scream” for a movie. The taxman's wife, at home in New Jersey with the couple's two children, refused to bail him out.

Gee, that makes us about even. This from *The Daily Dispatch* of Moline, Illinois: “About 1000 employees of the John Deere Davenport Works will be laid throughout January.”

Here's 81-year-old film director George Cukor reflecting on his past: “Oh, yes, I've had regrets. Luckily, I no longer remember what they are.”

MARRYING UP

Psst! Want to know how to marry a millionaire or an heiress? According to Joanna Steichen, a shoemaker's granddaughter from Brooklyn who grew up to become the wife of rich and famous photog Edward Steichen, it's nothing that can't be learned in one easy lesson. For a measly \$26, New York's Network for Learning will enroll aspiring goldbrickers in Steichen's crass course, “How to

Marry Money." The secret, she tells her standing-room-only audiences, is simple: "To marry money, act rich."

You need not be embarrassed to practice the art of snuggling up to cold cash by making the snooty salesclerks at Tiffany's let you touch the diamonds or by browsing at Bergdorf Goodman for the simple pleasures of feeling expensive furs. There is also required reading for

would-be Messrs. and Mmes. Megabucks. Stephen Birmingham's *The Right People* and Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, for instance, or the short stories in *The New Yorker*—highly recommended by Steichen for "a sense for how wealthy people talk or how they look at things."

Whether you're doing it for security, status or plain old ordinary greed, you

have to at least *try* to stalk your prey with subtlety. Don't ask how much things cost and don't grouse about how tough it is to pay the rent. And for heaven's sake, forget about binding ties with old-line blue bloods, who, according to Steichen, "have their own compounds, their own sheltered lives."

If all else fails, she advises lowering your sights and marrying for nothing but love. Why? Because "there probably won't be enough [of the filthy rich] to go around."

LET'S MAKE A HEIL

Hey! Eva Braun of Berlin, Germany! Come on down and make a trade!

That's exactly what American car buff Tom Barrett is proposing if she is still alive. Recently, a new investigation of the Hitler bunker site revealed that the body assumed to be Braun's probably wasn't. She may still be alive and living in seclusion. So Barrett is offering to return her metallic-gold 1938 Mercedes Benz, valued at \$500,000.

"It would be a hell of a gift, if we could get her to come out of hiding," says Tom.

Should Eva show up and refuse the car, second and third prizes are a date with the Unknown Comic at a Mexican restaurant of her choice in Los Angeles and a trip to exotic Argentina, chaperoned by Bill Cullen.

HOG WILD

And you thought *your* neighborhood had problems. Citizens of Augusta, Georgia, were recently plagued by a "big, mean, wild hog" that pigged out in their streets. The 300-pound razorback fatally gored ten farm animals and frightened townsfolk during a two-day rampage before it was cornered and shot to death by a professional hog hunter. Just why did the hog go ape in the first place? One local game warden explained that the porker may have panicked after a nearby farmer sold his herd of 30 female hogs. "That destroyed this fellow's sex life," the warden concluded.

Opera fans with serious personal problems, take note: Mezzo-soprano Claudine Carlson sang favorite arias from Sigmund Freud's era for 300 psychoanalysts at Chicago's Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

SCOUT'S HONOR

In Ann Arbor, Michigan, Explorer Scouts have been acting as undercover operatives for local police busting nasty bar and restaurant owners for selling beer to underage space cadets. The police send the scouts into stores and bars and have them ask for hooch. If the salesman or bartender serves them, the police pounce. In the first six months

REAL-LIFE TAXI DRIVER

James Pridaux is 26, but the lines beneath and at the sides of his eyes suggest an older man. He drives a yellow cab in Manhattan 70 hours a week, lives in the Bronx and hopes one day to own his own taxi.

On a chilly recent afternoon, as Pridaux wheeled his cab around the corner of 42nd Street and Seventh Avenue into Times Square, he inclined his head toward the back seat.

"You're new in town, ain'tcha?" he asked.

The business-suited young man said, "Yeah, I am."

"OK by me. Out-of-towners are better tippers."

The young man shifted nervously on his wallet. Pridaux honked his horn and shouted at a motorcyclist, who quickly got out of the way. Then he smiled into the rearview mirror to include his passenger in the victory.

"I can tell. New Yorkers stick their arms straight up and holler for a hack, but out-of-towners just kind of wave a little and hope somebody stops.

"A cabby knows who to look for. Me. I look for the younger folks and such. They feel like it's their duty to tip pretty good. Folks who ain't from New York are usually good tippers, but sometimes they don't tip at all. Where they come from there's no cabs, I guess. You know who the *worst* tippers are? The blacks. It don't matter if they're all dressed up coming out of a show or standing on a corner in Harlem. Won't tip you nothing. Maybe they're still mad about being lynched and such, I don't know."

He accelerated and changed lanes to cut off another cab.



"I'm from the Bronx. Been driving a hack seven years. Make about 61 cents a mile. I figure in five more years I can maybe get me my own medallion and marry my girl, Anna Marie. She lives in Brooklyn, but it's OK, since she's from the Bronx. I could buy a couple hacks and hire guys to drive for

me, and be a regular cab baron."

His passenger wondered if he had driven any celebrities.

"Oh, sure. Lauren Hutton, for one. She's got a hole in between her front teeth. And Richard Thomas, and Fred Stanley of the Yankees. But one of these days, I'm gonna pull around a corner and there'll be Jimmy Hoffa flagging me down. Then I'll tell all the papers and get famous.

"Weather ain't bad today. You know what time of year I like best? The summer. Summer weekends. I can roll my window down and stop and eat a sandwich in the park. People don't get mad as much then, and they tip better, too. Wish it wasn't so cold today."

He pulled curbside and flicked the meter off.

"OK, here we are. Listen, flag me down next time you're in town—see how I'm doing."

The visitor paid the fare and added a dollar. He said he didn't know when he'd be back in the city.

"That don't matter. I'll still be here."

Pridaux put the car in gear and squinted into the late-afternoon sun. "Probably won't be a cab baron. Probably I'll just be driving this same hack, going home to drink a few beers—you know, waiting for the summertime."

—KEVIN COOK

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THE NEW COLLECTIBLES

Want to plan ahead for your financial well-being? Do you think it's too late to invest in coins, stamps, gold, antiques? Relax, Bunkie. Andrew Feinberg has assembled this bumper crop of untouched possibilities. Start your collections today.

Celebrity Shopping Lists—Utterly candid and disarming, these most intimate personal statements sometimes tell us more about our heroes than we really care to know. Among the most prized lists are those of Shelley Winters ("10 lbs. steak, 15 cans ravioli, 3 dozen eggs, 32, 64, 87 Twinkies, 2 men") and Gerald Ford ("Band-Aids, gauze, Ben-Gay, Band-Aids, hydrogen peroxide, more gauze, helmet, crullers, job").

Ancient Male Contraceptives—Take your friends on a stroll into the prophylactic past with a collection that includes a sun-bleached and tapered raccoon bladder, a lubricated rattlesnake skin, hollowed-out pine cones, Saran Wrap, tree bark, clothespins and a painting (by Velázquez) of Countess Marie Theresa della Dewlap.

Bizarre Ice Cream Flavors—Such fantastic concoctions may appreciate dramatically in coming years because the Food and Drug Administration has ruled that none of them can ever be replicated. The banned and coveted flavors include Clams Oregonata, Cheddar Ennui, Red Wine Hangover, Wendy, Lox Medley and Landfill on My Mind.

Autographs of Italian Prime Ministers Since World War Two—Fascinating field, but you have to stay on your toes. Display space could prove a problem.

Classic Chamber Pots—Before the flush toilet was even a gleam in Thomas Crapper's eye, such lovely receptacles kept people happy. Lucky collectors throughout history have made millions from possessing rare and shimmering examples, a circumstance we have come to know as pot luck. Many of these nifty thunder mugs are beautifully decorated in styles ranging from Romanesque High Relief to Art Drecko, including such vigorous examples as Rembrandt's breath-taking *Self-Portrait After Bran Festival*.

Indiana—For years the smug sophisticates have been collecting tacky objects bearing the stamp of New Jersey, a hobby requiring more endur-

ance than discrimination. As a result, collectors have been ignoring remarkable treasures from one of the most exciting states bordering Illinois, Ohio and Michigan. Our favorite pieces include Happy Hoosier Flypaper, swank swizzle sticks from the Evansville Holiday Inn and soft Indy 500 I'M FASTER THAN A. J. FOYT boxer shorts.

In-Flight Gastrointestinal Ultra-Turbulence Pepto-Expulsion Bags—Collect the colorful receptacles from overseas airlines so that when friends come over to dine on your fantastic *Sauerbraten*, you can use a Lufthansa Heave-Ho trencher sack as a centerpiece. Among the snazzier international designer bags are those from Qantas (fur lined to approximate a kangaroo pouch); an appropriately greenish Aer Lingus dingus; a witty SAS S O S bag; and the quintessential El Al "See what happens when you eat like a bird?" bag.

Found Underwear—If you often ride in taxicabs, we assume you already have a sizable collection. Don't be bashful; go for it. Swap 'em, stroke 'em, wear 'em. Put some fun in your buns. (It's best to be discreet about this hobby around your ladyfriend, if she is a sighted person.)

Rejection Letters—These are actually very rare, because most recipients have been in such a hurry to incinerate them. Among the most renowned surviving documents chronicling the heartbreak of the famous is one received by William Shakespeare: "Yes, I agree that it's the best play ever written about Denmark. Big fuckin' deal! When will you learn to stop being so highfalutin equivocal? Either the prince should sleep with his mother early on or you should drop that subplot like a hot potato. This brilliant prince of yours may not be able to make up his mind, but I can. No sale, big guy."

Exotic Soup Tureens—The problem here is that most owners wisely deny having them, so it is difficult to assess how many exist in the world. Among our favorites is one with handles cast from Napoleon's feet; another is a charming reflectable with mirrored sides that, remarkably, makes any user resemble Zachary Taylor or Yvonne DeCarlo, depending on one's height.

of the program, 62 warrants have been issued. What some scouts won't do for a merit badge.

THE INSCRUTABLES

The Japanese are in the middle of a love affair with the English language, though it's clear that many do not understand the subtleties of the mistress. Status in Tokyo is a T-shirt, handbag or other item displaying a printed English phrase, regardless of the message. For instance, one elderly woman was seen carrying a shopping bag that in fine script said, LET'S FUCK. A teenage girl was spotted in a T-shirt imprinted with HOT MILK right over her breasts.

One particular T-shirt, however, has become legendary among Americans living there. Some have seen it, and all hope to. Who knows if the Japanese understand LET'S SPORT VIOLENCE ALL DAY LONG? Who knows if *we* do?

A STIFF COLLAR

While pawing through the clothing in Thomas Simons' luggage, the San Francisco International Airport Customs agent grew suspicious. And why not, when the shirts and pants were laced with enough starch to hold a cadaver upright? Only it wasn't starch but two pounds of pure heroin.

Simons, a 27-year-old professional skier from Los Angeles, claimed he was bringing the \$2,000,000 worth of smack to an addicted friend—strictly for the friend's personal use. But a U. S. Attorney pointed out that the friend must have been stockpiling for the long run, as that much heroin would last an individual 70 years. The judge agreed and sentenced Simons to three years in a Federal pen, where, presumably, he could work in the prison laundry.

A news item in the York County edition of the Portland, Maine, *Press Herald* declared that the Maine Lumberjacks basketball team had to postpone a game and headlined the item: "JACKS OFF UNTIL JAN. 3."

GAILY TRIPPING

The West Coast edition of *Gayellow Pages* is a compendium of resources most useful to the peripatetic gay. For the limp-wristed traveler to San Francisco, we suggest the following itinerary, culled from its pages: Check into the Brothel Hotel on Sutter Street or, if your preferences run in that direction, the South of the Slot Hotel on Folsom. Then you'll be ready for the bar scene. Best to visit Oil Can Harry's before going on to End Up, finishing up with the White Swallow. Before blowing town in your vintage VW, have it tuned by the specialists at, of course, The Buggery.

MUSIC

BAND ON THE RUN: The gig was in New York. The band was down in Philly. What was called for, obviously, was to move the band.

Sounds simple enough. In practice, though, it was a lot more complicated than you might expect, because the band we're talking about is the **Philadelphia Orchestra**, some 120 members strong, weighed down with everything from copper-bellied kettledrums to Chinese gongs to industrial-sized glockenspiels. Even when the orchestra travels *light*—for a Carnegie Hall one-nighter like this one, say, as opposed to a three-week tour of the Orient—its baggage consists of roughly 20,000 pounds of instruments valued at well over \$1,000,000, enough tuxedos for an affair of state, a small library of sheet music, a crated battalion of music stands and stools, even its very own conductor's podium and lectern. Suffice it to say they don't just throw the stuff into the back of someone's van and hit the road.

How, then, *do* they get all that equipment and all that personnel from one place to another? We were curious enough to spy on this herculean *schlepping* that is done in the name of art. The stars of this show are the orchestra's stage crew—three gentle giants named Ed Barnes, Jim Sweeney and Ted Hauptle, who look as if they could bend tubas with their bare hands but who have the grave delicacy to handle violins that market for roughly \$15,000 apiece or more and in some cases are older than the U.S.A.

To get a feel for what these guys do, we started in Philadelphia on the afternoon before the New York City gig. On that day, the band had a recording session at Philly's old Metropolitan Opera House while the stage crew got ready to move. It set up the 56 enormous trunks in which most of the gear is toted. It prepared the strangely humanoid double-bass cases that looked like something from *Fantasia*. Outside, a 45-foot trailer took up half a block of curb space.

Starting about 30 seconds after the recording session's final chord, a stampee of musicians came charging up the aisles, slapping fiddles into cases, yanking trombone slides out of sockets and heading for the door: *Their* day's work was done. For the crew, it was just starting. Barnes was checking and locking the trunks—brand-new and representing a cool \$33,000 in luggage. Hauptle, in defiance of the laws of physics, was maneuvering a bass drum up the aisle on a hand truck and finessing it through a doorway that looked narrower than the drum itself. Sweeney disappeared behind a double bass that then seemed to float along under its own power. Timpani

that weighed in at more than 200 pounds each were lifted into the trunks as if they were made of Styrofoam. Half the woodwind section's instruments were expertly packed into a single crate. The crew moved with such economy, such timing, such unforced camaraderie, that it could have been an ad for Miller Time.

Exactly 53 minutes and 17 seconds after the end of the recording session, the job was done. Every scrap of material the orchestra would need was in the trailer. And every inch of space had been used—in all, some 3000 cubic feet had been filled by the apparatus the orchestra would use to calm the savage breast. Still, Barnes seemed a little embarrassed about the job his crew had done. "We're not used to these new trunks yet," he said. "We usually load in about 40 minutes."



Next day, the band itself traveled to New York on a special train, a two-car charter. The nonsmoking car had the sort of ambience that you might expect if you believed the stereotypes about symphonic musicians—there was a highbrow dullness in that car, a thick sincerity that suggested the slowest movements of Mahler. People read good books and ate wholesome snacks out of brown-paper bags. Some stared soulfully out the window at New Jersey. The *smoking* car, on the other hand, most closely resembled Saturday night in a union hall somewhere on the outskirts of Detroit. Cigar smoke hung heavy in the air. The noise level was fortissimo. Men argued politics, rhapsodized about Monday-night football, cheerfully maligned each other's ethnic backgrounds. Izzy Schwartz, 66 years old and with more than three decades' tenure in one of the world's great violin sections, was holding forth on the fine art of handicapping thoroughbreds. A quartet of assorted string players had found a gigantic hunk of cardboard that, laid across their knees, made a dandy poker table.

By the time the musicians, still in their motley traveling clothes, straggled up to Carnegie Hall, the stage crew had

been there for a couple of hours. Instruments and music had been laid out. Chairs and stands had been arranged in a graceful crescent.

By concert time, eight P.M., a certain flawless illusion had been created—of perfect order, calm and dignity, which, by tradition, at least, is the *sine qua non* for the presentation of classical music. The orchestra was resplendent in white tie and sober expression—no one cracked wise and there wasn't a stogie in sight. The stringed instruments gleamed with a rich patina and the brass glistened under the lights. So perfect was the tableau that, by the time conductor Eugene Ormandy raised his baton, it seemed that the Philadelphia Orchestra had been sitting there, poised, for all eternity. There was not the slightest suggestion that it was, after all, a band on the run. And what higher compliment can one pay the stage crew than to say that, at performance time, when it counted, their labors could be neither seen nor heard?

Barnes and Sweeney and Hauptle sat in the wings and waited. Within an hour of the final chord, they'd have the trailer loaded and heading back to Philly. —LAURENCE SHAMES

REVIEWS

Before he gained national fame as Dr. John, the Night Tripper, he was Mac Rebennack, the much-sought-after Louisiana session pianist. It's that earlier part of his career that Dr. John delves into on *Dr. John Plays Mac Rebennack* (Clean Cuts). Although Dr. John's playing is competent enough technically, the thrill of this music is something transcendent, ephemeral, the stuff from which legends spring. Here, Rebennack pays homage to most of the piano greats from his native New Orleans, including Professor Longhair, Fats Domino and Huey "Piano" Smith, plus Bloomington, Indiana's, Hoagy Carmichael, whose *The Nearness of You* merits the only vocal treatment on the album. This is a beautiful solo effort, nicely recorded and produced by one of those young, independent labels. Don't let that fool you—it's at most record stores.

A veteran of the classic L.A. teen-slut band The Runaways, Joan Jett began a solo career last year with a hit LP and a sultry sound that was one part rock and one part black leather and chains, nailed down by her band The Blackhearts. Now with the release of *I Love Rock 'n Roll* (Boardwalk), her career is in full swagger and, despite her form-fitting onstage outfits that drive the little boys wild, she seems to be establishing herself as a more or less genderless rocker. Her voice, something along the lines of the

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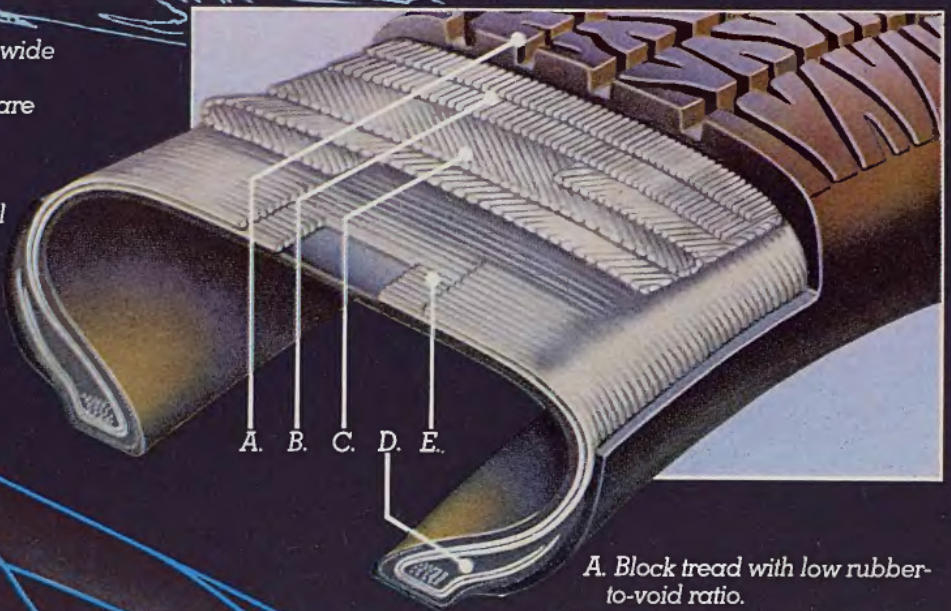
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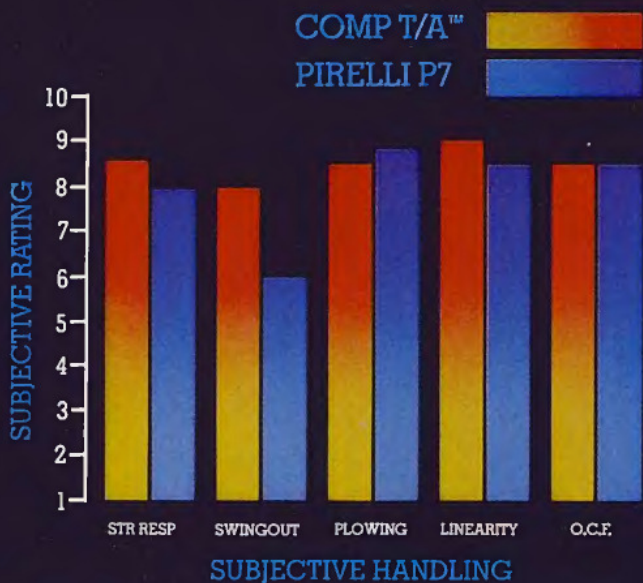
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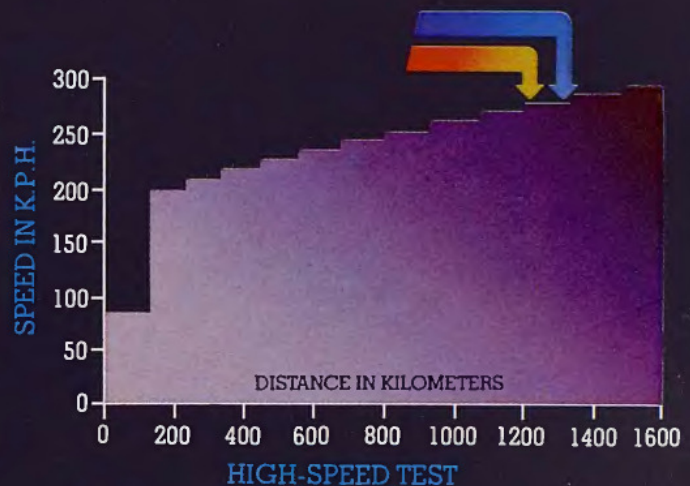
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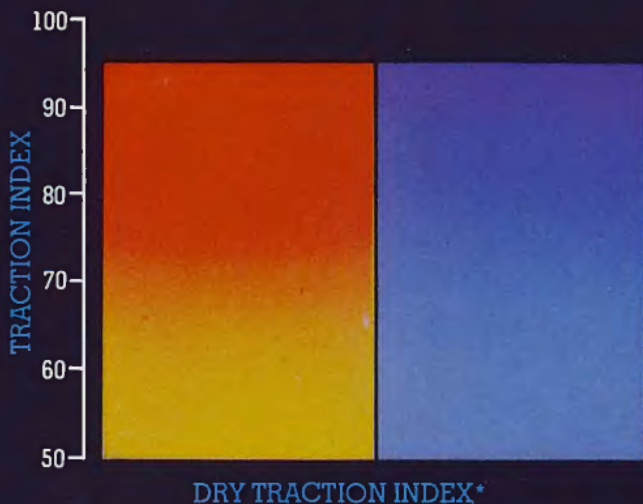
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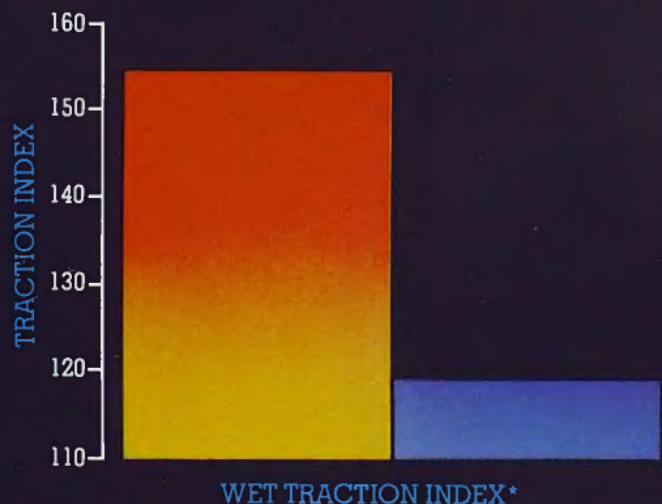
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- (1) Vehicle: Porsche 924 Turbo, tire size: 205/55VR16, cold inflation pressure: 29PSI front, 36 PSI rear.
- (2) Tire size: 225/50VR16, load: 549 kg, cold inflation pressure: 234 kPa.
- (3) Tire size: 225/50VR16, speed: 40 MPH, inflation pressure: 36 PSI, surface: ASTM 81 skid number.
- (4) Tire size: 225/50VR16, speed: 60 MPH, inflation pressure: 36 PSI, surface: ASTM 30 skid number.

FAST TRACKS

sound you would make if you could clench your throat instead of your jaws, occasionally slips into a well-inflected yelp and even an occasional sweetly melodic phrase. But, hard-ass androgynous rocker that she is, Jett still pays homage to that original girl-rock impresario Phil Spector.

The Cars are a little like Studebaker's Avanti in the Sixties—sleek and very self-consciously modern. This year's model, *Shake It Up* (Elektra), is no exception. Their market-proven formula of icily layered synthesizers, deadpan rhythm tracks and Ric Ocasek's tortured-but-cool lyrics about lust, fulfilled and otherwise, still carries an air of mystery; while Roy Thomas Baker's tiered production never sounded better. The Cars probably can't get much more polished without wearing a little thin, but for now, the band is still one of the slickest contemporary models on the road.

If you like cars with tail fins, you'll love Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony's rendition of *Gustav Mahler, Symphony Number 8* (Philips Digital). Such sweep, such grandeur, such sheer unabashed size! The *Eighth*—nicknamed the Symphony of a Thousand because no fewer than 1030 musicians and singers participated in its premiere back in 1910—is scored for two mixed choruses plus a boys' chorus plus eight soloists plus a gargantuan orchestra that includes everything from mandolin to organ. Mahler marshaled the heavy artillery for this one mainly because he used for his text nothing short of Goethe's *Faust*—the holy of holies for a German romanticist. The result of all this manpower and mythology is a transcendently stately and enormous piece of music—the 1959 Caddy of the symphonic literature.

SHORT CUTS

McCoy Tyner / *La Leyenda de la Hora* (Columbia): The piano colossus goes Latin for an LP that is typically free-fingered but atypically down to earth.

Diana Ross / *Why Do Fools Fall in Love* (RCA): Lady Di gives the glossy treatment to the Frankie Lymon classic and Brenda Lee's *Sweet Nothings*—which pretty well describes her hotcha! zebra-stripe outfit on the cover.

The Knack / *Round Trip* (Capitol): Well, they weren't the new Beatles—but they may be the new Monkees.

Jimmy Cliff / *Give the People What They Want* (MCA): Power to the people, sweet reggae style, from an all-star line-up and a voice like a gentle avenging angel's, warning of dark things to come.

Neil Diamond / *On the Way to the Sky* (Columbia): He's like *sushi*—a prized delicacy or yucky raw fish, depending on your taste.



A REAL SHAGGY-BIRD STORY: You may have heard that the Man in Black, Johnny Cash, keeps a flock of ostriches in the back yard of his Nashville home. Well, one of those alleged pets went on a rampage and kicked out the jams—Johnny's jams, that is—and fractured three of the singer's ribs. We think the bird should get a black belt in karate and go on the road as a bodyguard. Then, if some drunk got really rowdy, the bird could drop-kick him into the next county.

REELING AND ROCKING: The Stones picked *Hal (Coming Home) Ashby* to make the film of their recent American tour. . . . Olivia Newton-John will star in a film version of D. H. Lawrence's *Kangaroo* with *Breaker Morant*'s Bryan Brown. . . . Debbie Harry will play the lead in a new horror film, *Videodrome*. . . . The Blues Brothers, John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, are making yet another movie together: *Sting Man*, a comedy based on the Abscam scandals. . . . Barry Gibb plans to star in a remake of Errol Flynn's famous *Captain Blood*. . . . And speaking of Flynn, Wayne Newton says he definitely plans to portray the great swash-buckler on film. That's going to take some getting used to. . . . George Harrison, who produced last winter's fantasy movie *Time Bandits*, decided not to sell the picture in person in America. Why? Harrison said, "The low profile I maintain in the United States is why I'm alive today." . . . You will be able to see *A Hard Day's Night* again this spring in a theater near you. It has been re-recorded in Dolby.

NEWSBREAKS: Robert Altman, who recently directed a couple of off-Broadway plays, has another project in the works, a play called *Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*, and he hopes Cher will be taking one of the main roles in it. . . . Kiss plans some concerts this year after finishing work on its concept album, *The Elder*. *The Elder* has been written so that a sequel can be recorded. . . . Why didn't we think of this first? A new cassette magazine called *S-F-X* is now available in England. It's an hour long and features music, interviews, record reviews and advertising. The Brits can buy it

at newspaper stands for just under a dollar. . . . Broadway may soon be getting a first—a rock ballet that will be based on Kit Williams' best-selling book *Masquerade*. . . . We like David Lee Roth's description of the new Van Halen album: "It's going to be a religious disco concept album loosely based on flamenco music." See, rockers do have a sense of humor. . . . A new Fleetwood Mac album is expected next month. . . . Neil Diamond's lawyers have cut an incredible deal with Columbia Records—a reported \$30,000,000 for eight albums. . . . News flash! Barry Manilow admits what we've known all along, that he's a boring guy. Says Manilow: "There's nothing much to spend money on. I'm not into yachts, Rolls-Royces, drugs or wild parties." He did, however, compare his music to that of Led Zeppelin. "It's as important and as good as anything they've done." Say good night, Barry. . . . Who's Ted Nugent's dad's favorite musician? Lawrence Welk. . . . The Memphis State University Library has received a substantial collection of rock memorabilia from writer Jerry Hopkins. Hopkins has written about Elvis and Jim Morrison and is currently doing research on Jimi Hendrix.

RANDOM RUMORS: We love the two following stories, true or not: Convict Robert Wayne Leath broke out of the Maine State Prison and went 160 miles down the road to play lead guitar with a country-music band. The patrons got mad when the police arrived to take him back into custody. . . . There is a church in San Francisco that venerates the late jazz great John Coltrane. Parishioners bake bread with Coltrane's picture on it and sell it to schools.—BARBARA NELLIS

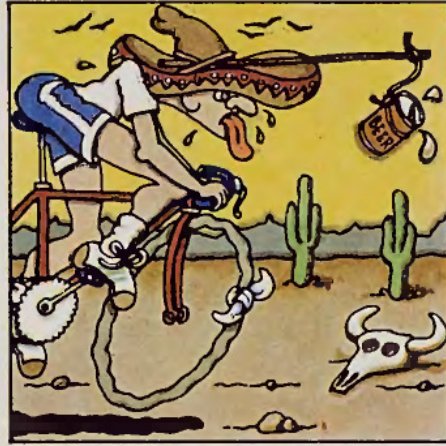
ADVENTURES

The sun-bleached skeleton of a long-horn steer lay sprawled beside the heat-cracked road like a corny omen in a Ron Reagan Western, but few of the 7000 or so cyclists stampeding past it seemed to notice. Pumping and panting, they climbed the first long hill leading out of the Mexican border town of Tecate, hell-bent on pedaling 72.8 miles through high desert and rugged ranch land to the Pacific Coast port of Ensenada. According to the rules, the bicyclists had seven hours to reach their goal, where a full-blown tequila blitz was already raging in their honor. The organizers dubbed the event the 1981 Tecate to Ensenada Fun Bike Ride, but by the time the vultures started circling, even the handful of punksters in the multifarious mob—kids who on another weekend might amuse themselves by worming and head-banging to the Plasmatics—were wondering aloud about this unique application of the word fun.

But Baja California has always been a land of novel entertainment opportunities for a certain breed of true-grit gringo and gringa. Four-wheel-drive fanatics were the first to go down en masse onto that infamous appendage that dangles 800 miles into the Pacific, and their bone-rattling, terrain-traumatizing Baja 500 and Baja 1000 are still yearly affairs. Then came yacht regattas, motocrosses and airplane derbies.

Thirteen years ago, some Yankee promoters who call themselves Monday International, Inc., dreamed up Montezuma's latest form of revenge, and their grueling bike ride has become the most popular, and most peculiar, test of *machismo* on the cactus-covered peninsula. Co-sponsored last spring by Budweiser and Baja California's state secretary of tourism, the springtime cycling spree attracts a demographic hodgepodge of doctors, students and free-lance lunatics from across the U.S.—and even a few curious *mejicanos*.

As soon as the brown-eyed Baja beauty queen launched the ride with the word "Go," a sincere-looking official wearing a tax jacket, shorts and tennis shoes grabbed the mike and started pleading: "Remember, this is not a race! Please ride safely!" Perhaps his appeal was overwhelmed by the spirited version of *La Bamba* blasting from a loud-speaker and rebounding off Tecate's plaster storefronts, because at least a few hundred of the cyclists who'd crammed their ultralight machines into position behind the starting line had clearly forgotten they were supposed to be off for a pleasant Sunday jaunt. Their eyes glazed with competitive blood lust, they ram-paged out of town beneath a cloud of balloons, two dogfighting news-copters



On the Baja trail
with a bunch
of crazed cyclists.

and a flurry of feathers from the pigeons some local kids were yanking from a cage and hurling into the air.

Tight packs of no-nonsense racers stuttered over the first of several molybdenum-mangling dirt stretches, then followed the narrow strip of asphalt into the hills. Behind them came those riders who hoped only to survive, their athletic aspirations summed up by a guy who pedaled with a stick protruding from his cap. Dangling from the stick, just beyond his grasp, was a beer can.

Hitting the top of the first hill, Cecil Mays, a soft-spoken, 49-year-old manager of real-estate portfolios, sprinted into the lead with two hard-core young racers right on his tail. In fact, right on his bike—a lightweight, triple-seat, experimental screamer he'd had specially built with the Baja ride in mind. Aggressively stomping the bike's three sets of pedals, the team galloped away from the two-legged field. But while marveling at his machine's awesome momentum, Mays discovered that its braking system still had some flaws. The speedometer was flashing speeds that are illegal on U.S. freeways when the fancy disc brakes decided not to work. Then, with a thick swarm of cyclists who'd started off early looming up on the roadway below, Mays and his crew watched in disappointment as the backup brake pads heated up against the wheels and gradually melted away. The red-hot rims contorted into smoking alloy pretzels and the asphalt took its pound of flesh from the skittering trio's hides.

With gravity egging them on, the new front runners tucked in tight and let the wind blow the tears from their wide-

open eyes. Slowly, the lead packs thinned as riders jockeyed for position. The first small pack—three battle-scarred young veterans of the velodrome and road-racing circuit—barreled into Ensenada in just over three hours, leaving a trail of pursuers some 50 miles long.


Fueled by fruit, free beer and delusions of *le Tour de France*, the pilgrimage of stragglers pressed on toward the sea. More than one heatstroke hot romance developed on the vineyard-lined flats as bare-chested men and bikini-topped women exchanged names, numbers and gear ratios.

The crest of each hill receded like a mescal mirage with each new bend in the road. People lay sprawled beneath any scrap of scrub oak, attracting the attention of some spiraling birds of prey. Folks decked out in sweat-soaked racing jerseys found that all their lightweight Campagnolo gear couldn't save them from the indignity of walking their bikes, and those who kept on pumping flashed them condescending smiles.

Local families of ranchers sat on pick-up-truck tail gates, watching the madmen and -women go by. Giggling kids lined up with their hands out; kamikaze riders reached out and slapped their palms. Water bottles, eyeglasses and first-aid kits slammed onto the pavement, but to go back was like resisting the flow of a Pamplona bull run. Whoosh! Whoosh! Wahooo! Some cowpoke zipped past with longhorns mounted on his bike frame. Swish! A guy hissed by in a butterfly suit.

Deflated riders and bikes with flat tires were piling up in the beds of stake-sided support trucks, but, with a stream of survivors pouring in, Ensenada's streets got livelier still. "I love you, I love you, I love you," one sun-boggled surf babe cried as she danced out to fondle each finisher. Meanwhile, over at Hussong's Cantina, the day's final challenge was to get inside somehow. A few late-comers ditched their bikes to follow on the scrape tails of the mariachis, who were using trumpets and *guitarrones* to blast through the vociferous mob. Driven by dehydration—Hussong's chartreuse margaritas were beginning to look like Gatorade—some tried to storm the windows whenever the *federales* were off guard. Others opted for the protein afforded by the mescal bottle's worm. Each new group of riders to wobble into the bar shouted stories of their exploits and cursed the ride's heat and hills. Ignoring the guy in the gorilla suit who was leading a hunchback around on a leash, they toasted the fact it was over and that they'd all got through it alive.

—BOB SIPCHEN



Year after year,
Yamaha comes up
with the same
old thing:

Something different.

It isn't easy, following in our own foot steps.

When you've already built motorcycles as reliable as our legendary 650 vertical twin, motorcycles as good looking as our Maxim 650, as fast as our Seca 750, as unexpected as our Virago, there's really only one kind of motorcycle left to build.

The motorcycle that's never been built before.

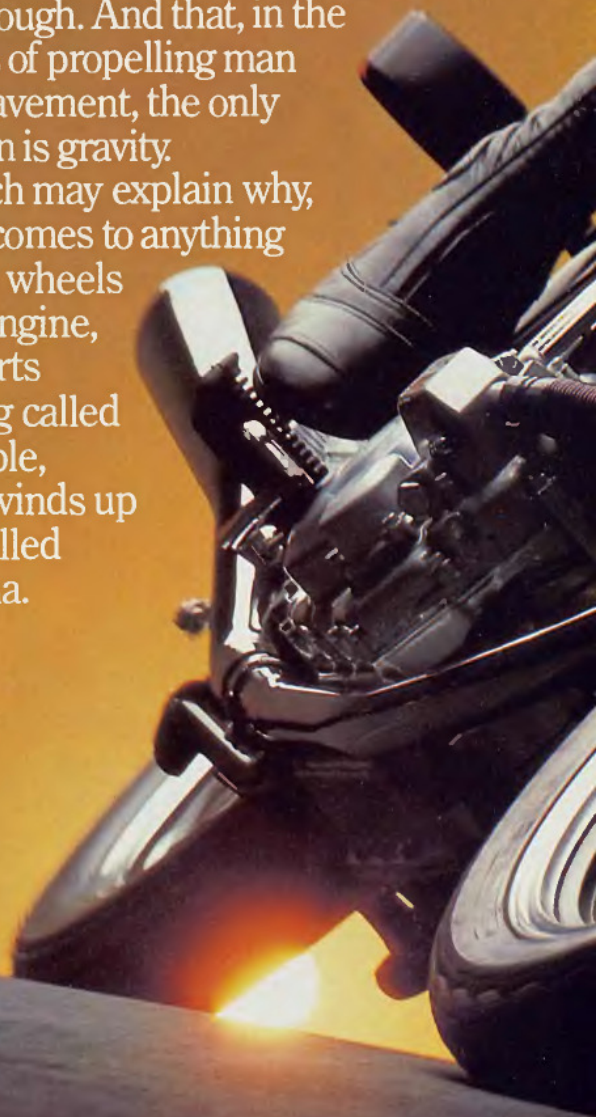
Introducing the Vision.

As its name implies, the Vision began as something imagined. And with the help of some determined Yamaha engineers, it successfully made one of the most difficult trips any motorcycle ever makes. The trip

from paper to pavement.

As you'll discover on the following pages, the Vision's more than just another new motorcycle. It's just another example of the difference an attitude can make. An attitude that good enough is not enough. And that, in the business of propelling man across pavement, the only real given is gravity.

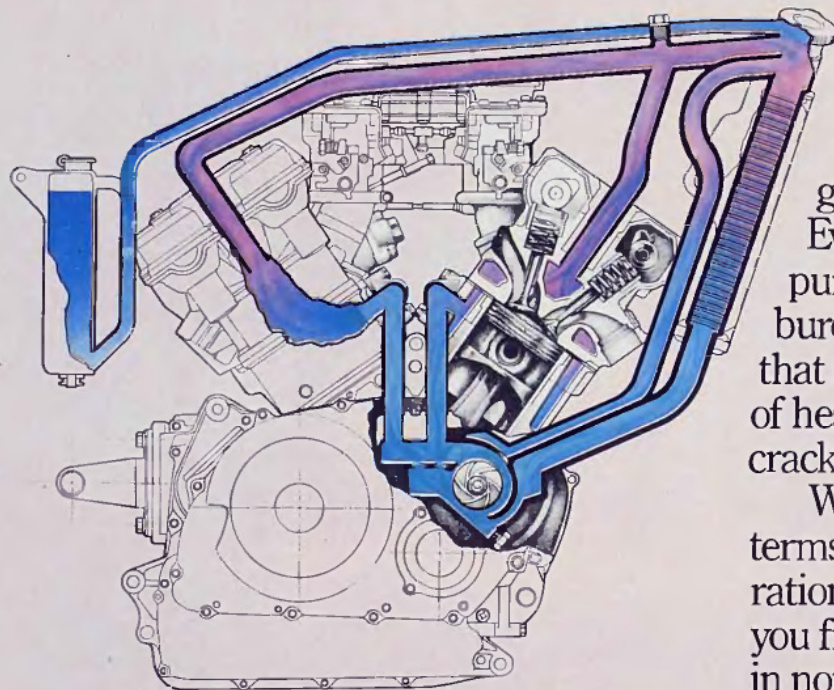
Which may explain why, when it comes to anything with two wheels and an engine, what starts out being called impossible, usually winds up being called a Yamaha.



For those who appreciate the different acceleration and exhilaration

If you've spent much time on a motorcycle, you've already figured out that just going fast gets old pretty fast.

Once you've smoked your best friend, and scared your girlfriend's hair a different color, you begin looking for more in a bike than sheer speed.



We suggest you look to the right. At a brand new motorcycle as responsive as it is fast. As efficient as it is fast. As maneuverable as it is fast.

The Vision.

You'll notice it's a V-twin, noticeably different from any V-twin you've ever seen before.

To get technical, what you're looking

at is a shaft-driven 552cc, DOHC, dual-exhaust, water-cooled vee, with four valves per cylinder and a 9500 rpm red-line.

The engine is incredibly narrow, yet still makes room for things like our patented Yamaha Induction

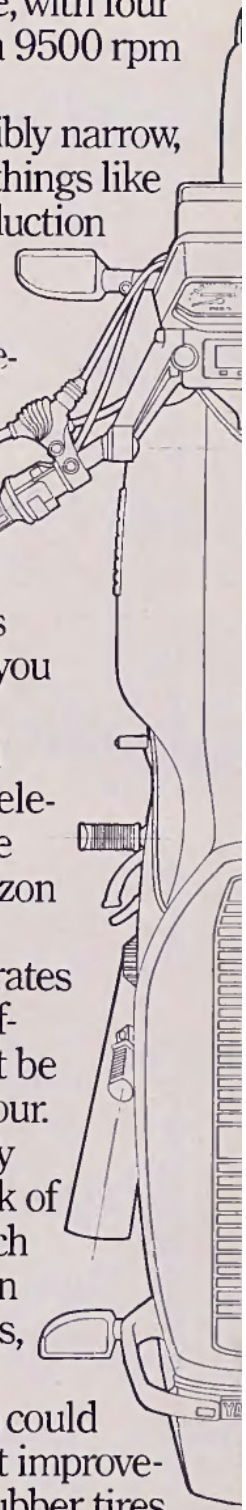
Control System (YICS). A special down-draft carburetion set-up. An engine balancer. Even an accelerator pump in the carburetor assembly that eliminates all traces of hesitation the instant you crack the throttle.

Which means that, in terms of straight line acceleration, the Vision can take you from here to the horizon in nothing flat.

But what really separates the Vision from the run-of-the-mill road-burner can't be measured in miles per hour. It has to do with the tingly feeling you get in the back of your knees when you pitch the Vision into a turn, lean it over an easy 49 degrees, and roll on the throttle.

Simply put, the Vision could be considered the biggest improvement to handling since rubber tires.

Its unique double cradle "hang-support" frame is designed so the



erence between uration.

down-tubes extend along the engine's upper crankcase, providing maximum reinforcement with a minimum of bulk and weight. That not only allows the engine to sit lower while maintaining plenty of ground clearance, it lets you sit lower, too.

The extra-low seat height in combination with the sculptured tank and 3-way adjustable, forged aluminum handlebars put you in what may be an unfamiliar position: total control.

The trailing axle front forks ensure instant, precise response. While our race-proven Monoshock rear suspension system resurfaces the road as you ride.

We could go on to impress you with the Vision's exotic cooling system, innovative aerodynamics and the like.

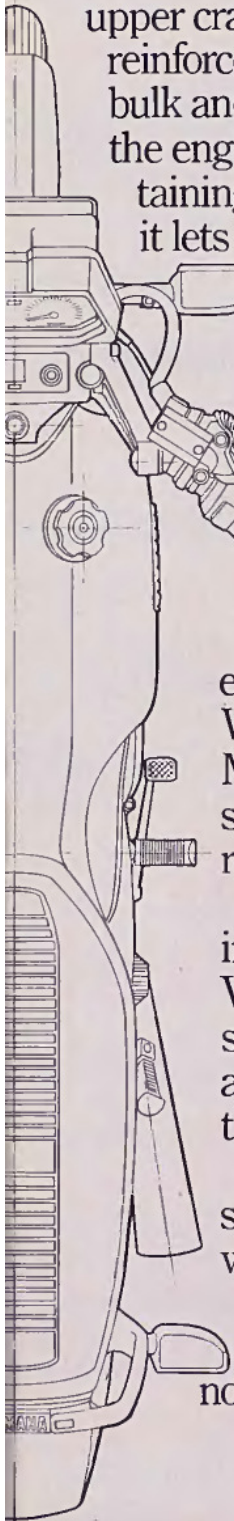
But more impressive than all the things we've engineered into the Vision, is the one thing we've managed not to engineer out of it. The thrill of riding one.

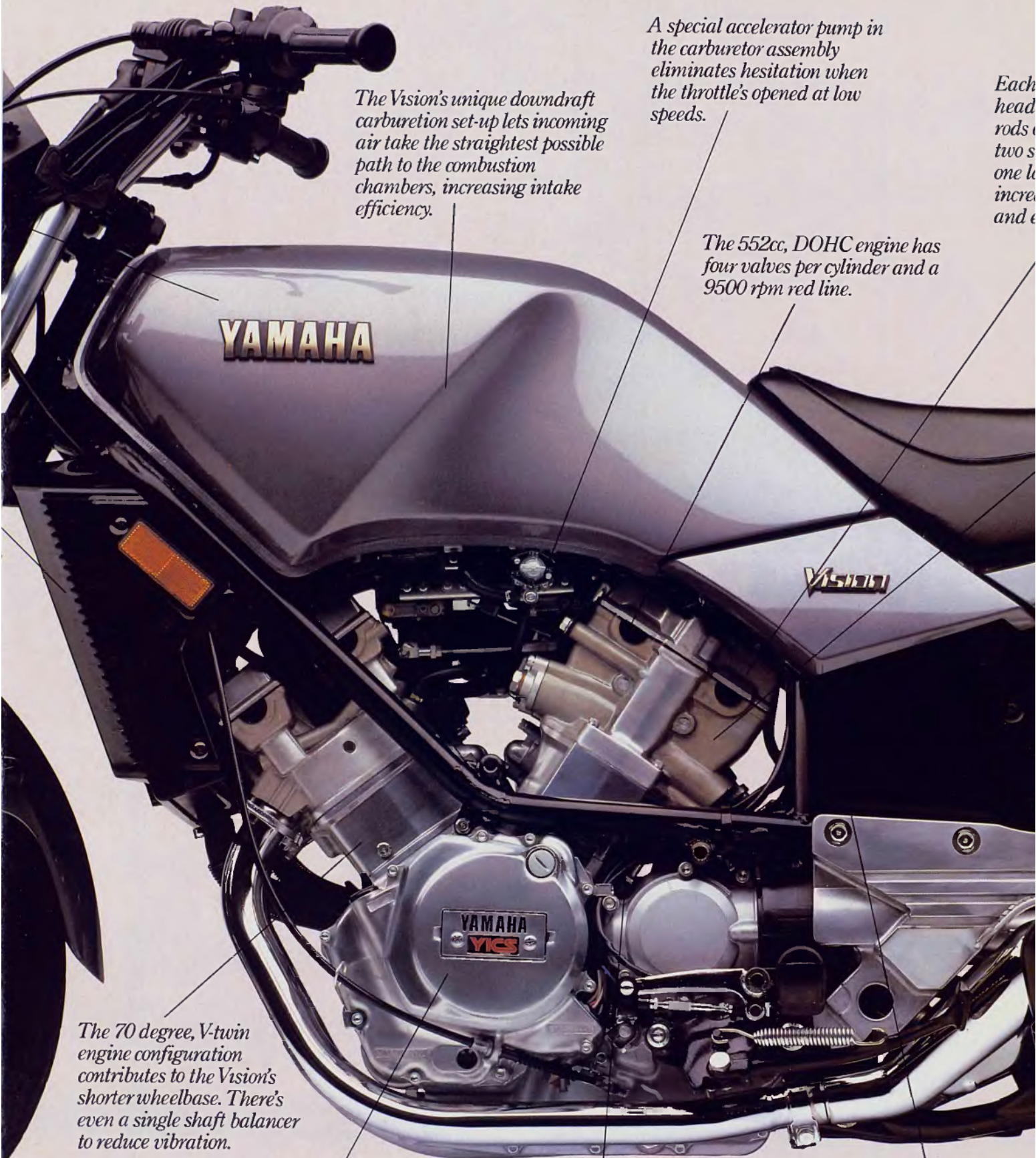
The large capacity gas tank means fewer pit stops. It's also carefully designed so you can tuck in and ride as part of the machine.

The Vision's unique water-cooling system features an aluminum corrugate radiator that's not only lighter than conventional brass, but dissipates heat more efficiently, too. An electric, thermostat-controlled fan pulls air through the radiator in heavy traffic.

Trailing axle front forks not only give you better steering control, they reduce friction between the inner and outer tubes for smoother response.

Disc brake makes the Vision's stopping power as smooth, steady and controllable as its going power.





The Vision's unique downdraft carburetion set-up lets incoming air take the straightest possible path to the combustion chambers, increasing intake efficiency.

A special accelerator pump in the carburetor assembly eliminates hesitation when the throttle's opened at low speeds.

Each head has two rods, one for each valve, and a...

The 552cc, DOHC engine has four valves per cylinder and a 9500 rpm red line.

The 70 degree, V-twin engine configuration contributes to the Vision's shorter wheelbase. There's even a single shaft balancer to reduce vibration.

Transistor Controlled Ignition produces a hotter, more efficient spark electronically. No mechanical breaker points to fuss with or wear out.

The distinctive "hang-support" frame design allows lower engine placement—without sacrificing ground clearance—for a lower center of gravity. Not to mention greater rigidity for more precise handling.

An expansion and recovery tank eliminates coolant loss from overflow. While a therm stat on the engine block makes for quicker warm ups and maintains stable coolant temperatures.

ender has dual over-
shafts with no push-
cker arms. By using
ler valves in place of
one, port area is
d for better fuel intake
ust flow.

Yamaha's Induction Control System (YICS) literally blasts the air/fuel mixture around the combustion chamber to distribute the mixture more evenly, boosting performance as it lowers fuel consumption.

The taillight and rear fender are beautifully fitted to create one of the best looking angles of the Vision. For good reason, since that's all most people will be seeing.

Our race-proven Monoshock rear suspension practically re-surfaces the road as you ride. Spring pre-load is 5-way adjustable, by simply turning a knob.

Yamaha's state-of-the-art shaft-drive delivers power with maximum smoothness, minimum noise, maintenance and vibration.

The distinctive cast wheels are as strong as they are light.





Introducing the Vision.

Can you find the perfect

If ever a line of motorcycles dispelled the notion that beautiful should be seen and not ridden, it's the Maxims.

Sleek, fluid, sit-in styling. Ultra narrow, high output engines. Super light frames. The Maxim Series combines stunning beauty with flat-out flight.



Of course you can't.

There ain't no such animal.

No one motorcycle, 750 or otherwise, can please every motorcycle rider. Because every rider is attracted to his own favorite riding attitude or style.

The machines you see here are Yamaha's typically innovative response to the above motorcycling truth.

The Maxim 750.

The Seca 750.

The Virago 750.

We can practically guarantee that if you're in the market for a 750, one of these machines will be perfect for you.

Because here in the 750 category alone is more diversity than some manufacturers offer in their whole line. Machines as different from each other as you are from this guy over here. Or that guy over there.

Not only that, each of these bikes is but one of a complete series of motorcycles, each created to deliver its, and your, own style of riding.

The Maxim Series.

The Seca Series.

The Virago Series.

On the pages to come, we'll be telling you about these remarkable machines in more detail. We suggest you pay very close attention.

Because one of them is yours.

ect 750 on this page?

The Yamaha Secas are designed to be the purest expression of all-out performance on the road today. With amazingly narrow,

lightweight, powerful engines. Race-bred frames, suspension and braking systems. Innovative technological and electronic wizardry. And lean, crisp styling that says speed standing still.



The one thing you notice about the Virago is everything about the Virago—from our totally re-engineered version of the classic V-twin, to the monocoque frame, to

the shaft drive, to the Mono-shock suspension. These laid-back, low-riding, low-revving city/highway cruisers say loud and clear that the guy on the seat is definitely an individual.



If you think it looks good at a red light, wait'll the light turns green.

Funny thing. But the part of our new Maxim 750 people will remember most may not be the sleek teardrop gas tank or the cast alloy, 6-way adjustable handlebars. The Computer Monitor System or the chrome megaphone pipes. Not even those racy spiral wheels.

The part they'll remember most is the part they'll see the most. The taillight.

Because while the Maxim 750—like all our Maxims—is incredibly good-looking, it's also incredibly fast.

Resting in that double-cradle frame is a 4-cylinder DOHC powerplant with YICS and shaft-drive. A powerplant so narrow it could easily be mistaken for a twin. A powerplant so fast that last year it set a new 750cc quarter-mile record.

Of course, the only thing that kind of performance will mean to you is a fleeting glimpse of a Maxim and the faint hope that the next red light will be longer.

Unless you do one of two things.

Tape this picture to your windshield. Or buy a Maxim of your very own.





The Maxim Series.



Introducing the maximum Maxim. And the minimum Maxim.

With the addition of the new 1100 and 400 models you see here, the Maxims now come in a bigger choice of sizes.

Small. Medium. Large.

And huge.

The Eleven is our most powerful proof that a Maxim, even at its biggest, is still remarkably lean, low and lightweight.

Its awesome 1101cc engine not only looks lean and measures lean. It even runs lean. Our patented Yamaha Induction Control System (YICS) makes for more complete burning, more power per stroke and more miles per gallon. All without

adding a single moving part.

The frame configuration is specially designed to give the Eleven all the support it needs, without all the bulk it doesn't need. So you get both a comfortably low seat height and low center of gravity without sacrificing ground clearance. Not to mention hairpin-hugging banking angles some smaller cc bikes can't match.

To transfer all that brute horsepower to the pavement most efficiently, there's a fully enclosed, direct-coupling shaft drive. And to bring it all to a smooth, steady halt, our innovative unified braking system



automatically activates both the front and rear brake at the touch of the foot pedal.

Add to that a Computer Monitor System with an LCD readout that reports vital engine functions and fluid levels; 6-way

adjustable, cast alloy handlebars; air-adjustable front forks and rear shocks; and a big, sleek tank, and you've got yourself the biggest Maxim money can buy.

Which brings us to the smallest Maxim money can buy.

The 400. Proof that size has nothing to do with how much of a Maxim you get.

It's perfectly proportioned so it looks for all the world like the other mid-size Maxims: classic, aggressive, distinctive. And it's been carefully engineered to weigh less, cost less and consume less, all without being any less of a Maxim.

Measuring mere millimeters wider than a single, its brand new DOHC, twin cylinder engine delivers the highest horsepower output of any twin in its class.

A counter-rotating balancer makes it almost as smooth as a four.

And while YICS evens out irregularities in the air/fuel mixture, our Monoshock suspension system evens out irregularities in the road.

All of which gives the new 400 all the speed, handling, and good looks that make a Maxim a Maxim.

And along with our 550, 650, 750 and 1100 models, it makes choosing a Maxim five times easier.

Or five times harder.



We couldn't build a better Virago. So we built a bigger one.

If you're one of the people who loved the Virago 750 but were hoping we'd come out with a bigger engine, this is your lucky page.

Because that big, beautiful hunk of metal you see below is the new Virago 920.

It's got the same classic V-twin engine, low-slung design, Monoshock rear suspension and shaft drive of the Virago 750.

However, it also has an extra 170cc's pulling for it.

Plus a generous helping of Yamaha's latest technology. Like our unique, adjustable cast-alloy handlebars.

The world's first electronic LCD

speedometer and tach. And a Computer Monitor System which reports on the bike's vital functions.

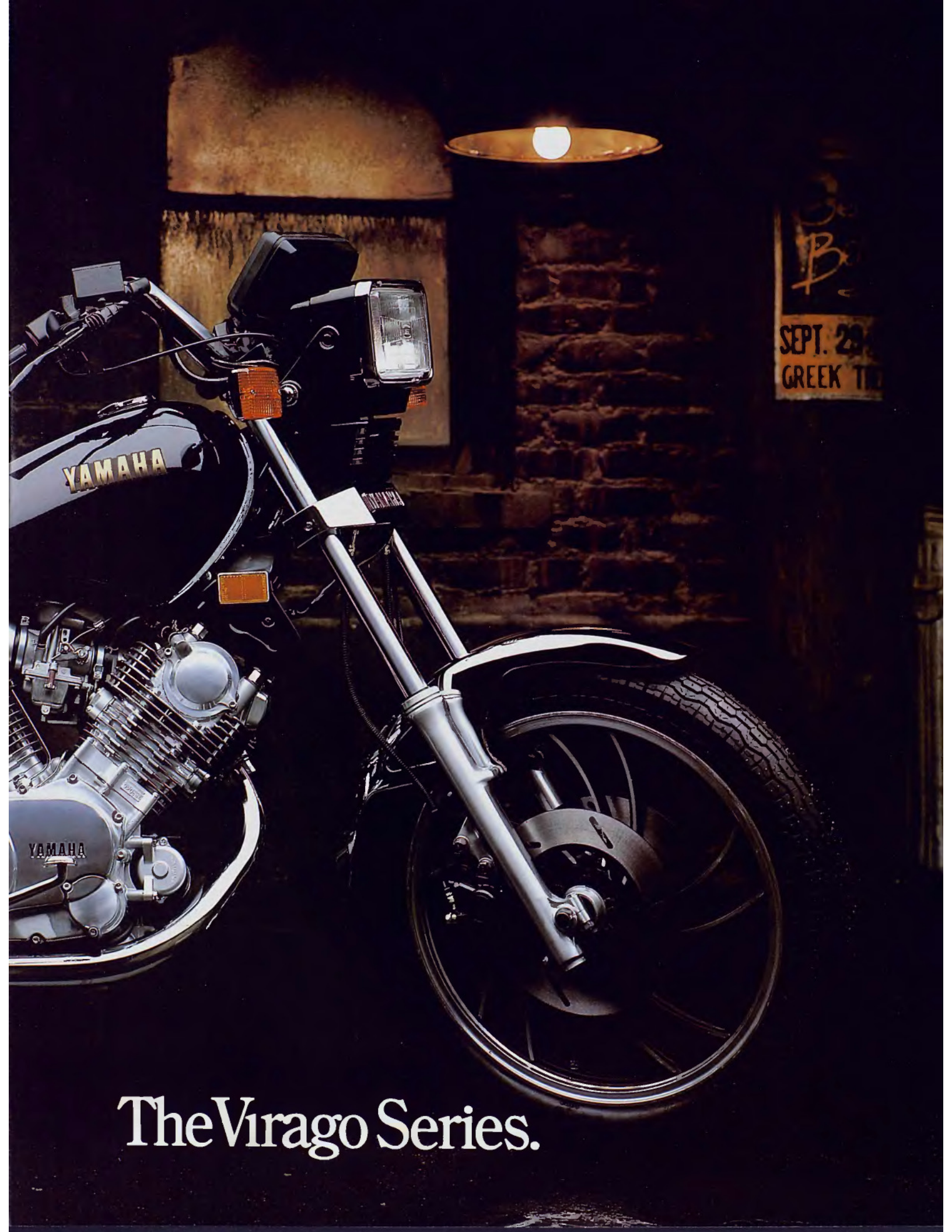
Now, you may think that all these features not only make the Virago 920 bigger, but better, too.

Well, yes. And no.

You see, the essence of a Virago lies in its laid-back riding position, low center of gravity, and unique throb of its low-revving V-twin engine.

And in that respect, both the Virago 750 and the Virago 920 are exactly alike.





SEPT. 29
GREEK TR...

The Virago Series.

The Virago 750 has an electric tachometer, self-cancelling turn signals and quartz/halogen headlight. The 920 has the world's first electronic LCD speedometer and tach. Plus a Computer Monitor System that warns you of low fluid levels; headlight, taillight or brakelight burn out; or if the side stand is down.

Air passes through the frame, eliminating side-mounted air cleaners for an incredible 14.8 inch engine width and a better than 47° lean angle.

Off-setting the cylinders slightly improves rear cylinder cooling.

The cylinders are placed at a 75° angle and fire on alternate crankshaft rotations to produce power so smooth there's no need for an engine balancer. The cylinder angle also leaves plenty of room in between for carburetors and intake components. Plus extras like two separate oil pumps. One to feed the transmission, the other for the engine.



The V-twin was invented in 1889. And perfected in 1981.

We'd like to give credit to Gottlieb Daimler for developing the V-twin engine 93 years ago.

Over the years, it's proven to have a lot of things going for it:

Reliability. Light weight. Narrowness.

Fuel economy. And efficient weight distribution.

Nevertheless, it still lacked something extremely important. Something only we could give it.

Yamaha engineering.



Cam chain tensioners are self-adjusting to keep the low-maintenance overhead cam truly low-maintenance.

The monocoque frame design allows the engine to sit lower without sacrificing ground clearance. The resulting 29.5 inch seat height gives you an extra-low center of gravity when you're moving and feet-on-the-ground stability when you're not.

Our race-proven Monoshock rear suspension uses an air spring working in conjunction with a coil spring. Damping, spring-rate and ride height can all be adjusted easily. From one point. Blindfolded. The triangulated swing arm to keep the rear wheel running straight and true.

Our state-of-the-art shaft drive is remarkably smooth and quiet and virtually maintenance-free.



YAMAHA

YAMAHA
YCS

Yes, it's street legal.

And no, it isn't cheap.

But, consider the fact that this is a motorcycle with a turbo-charged, 650cc, four-cylinder engine that goes like an 1100. A

motorcycle with a drag coefficient of only .75. A

motorcycle with a lean angle of 42 degrees.

Consider all that, and then just try to say the simple words, "I don't want one."

Now that that's settled, there's probably a few other things you'll want

to know about your new Seca Turbo.

The turbocharger, for instance, is the world's smallest and can easily turn 210,000 rpm. It's also located out of the way beneath the swingarm pivot.

And there's more wizardry where that came from.

Like an electronic ignition system with electronic vacuum advance. A unique exhaust manifold that provides even exhaust pulsing to the turbocharger for more mid-range torque. And a reed-valve controlled surge tank which virtually eliminates turbo lag.

You've probably already noticed that stunning piece of fiberglass that surrounds the Seca Turbo.

What you can't see are the countless hours of wind tunnel testing that went into designing a fairing with the least wind resistance possible. A fairing that not only looks terrific, but also reduces front wheel lift by an amazing 10% and makes the Seca even faster.

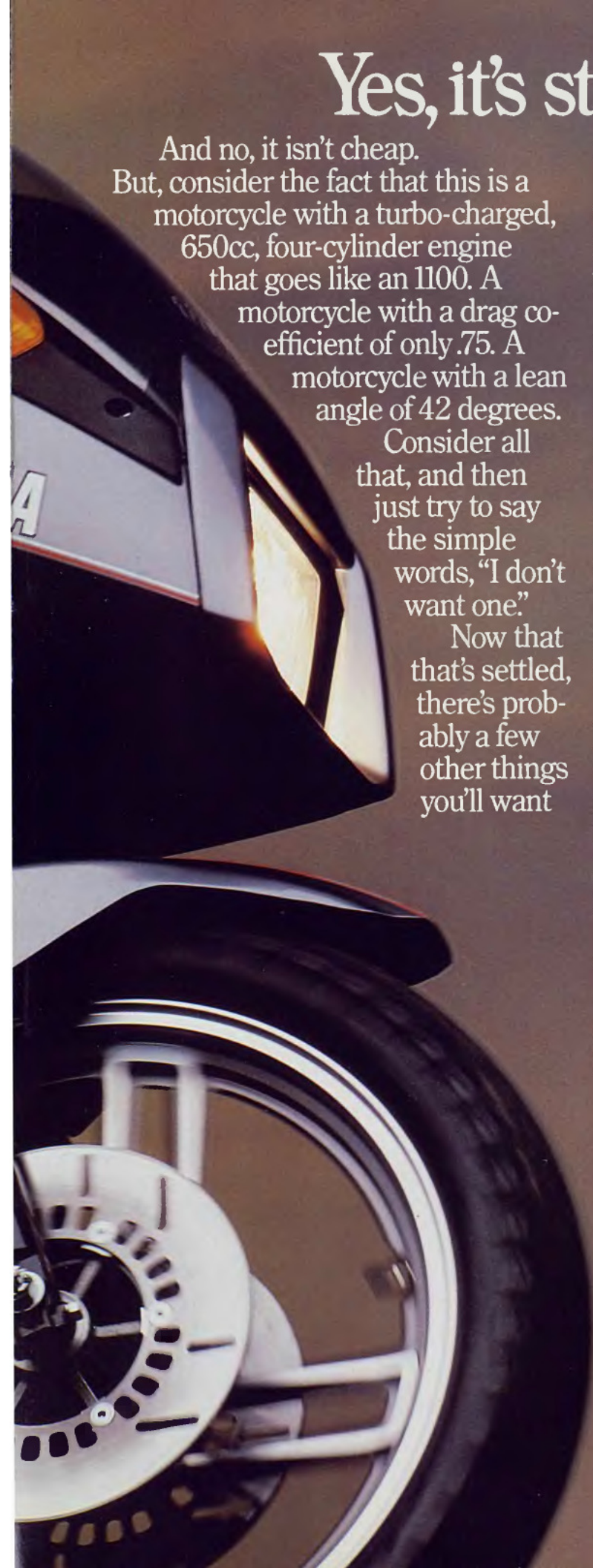
Proof that a turbocharger isn't the only way to make miles per hour out of thin air.

With all that technology going for them, the new Seca Turbos have an incredible top speed.

They'll probably go pretty fast too.

Considering how few we're making.

The Seca Series.





It's not how fast you

Speed is relative.

What's fast for a 400 certainly isn't for a turbo-charged 650.

But building a serious, high-performance 400 takes just as much thought, time, technology and general tinkering as it does to build that exotic Turbo.

Or at least it should.

And when it comes to the Yamaha Seca Series, it definitely does.

Starting with the Seca 750, the culmination of 25 years of road racing.

As high-performance motorcycles go, this one goes like you wouldn't believe. In fact, last year, the Seca set a new 750cc quarter-mile world record of 11.99 seconds. Box-stock, with its on-board computer, anti-dive front suspension, shaft-drive and all.

At the other end of the Seca line is a

small miracle called the Seca 400.

Before this new Seca ever put wheel to pavement, it had set a few industry standards of its own.

By borrowing a little technology from our famous Seca 750 four-cylinder powerplant, we managed to make this 400 twin narrower than the nearest competitor by an amazing 3.6 inches.

That skinny new engine pumps out a muscular 42 horsepower at 9,500 rpm and hangs in a diamond-type frame with our race-proven Monoshock suspension.

In the middle of the Seca series, as you might expect, are the Seca middleweights. The 550 and 650.

You may remember the Seca 550 from last year. It was that European-looking number that rocketed past you and very



go. It's how you go fast.

quickly became a little red dot far down the highway.

The 550's four-cylinder engine has enough horsepower to take most any 550 and more than a few 650's.

And the narrowness to allow lean angles that test the limits of even the stickiest tires.

While the Seca 550 was blitzing America's canyons last year, its big brother the XJ650 was across the pond dicing with Ferraris in Europe.

So, this year, we changed the nameplate (from XJ to Seca) and brought the 650 to this country.

Now, we could go on and on about the numerous virtues of the Seca 650, like loads of horsepower, an 18 inch engine

width, shaft-drive and road-racer handling, but we'll let someone else do the talking for a change.

"The Yamaha XJ650 isn't just a great



motorcycle; it's the best American bike your Pounds, Francs, Lira or Deutschmarks can buy."

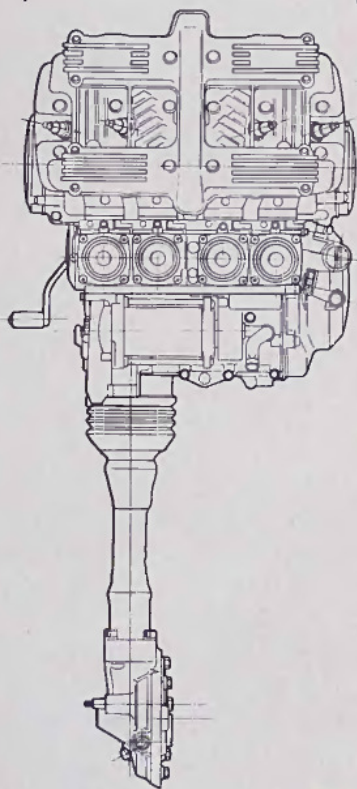
Thank you Cycle Guide. We couldn't have said it better ourselves.

You can take the parts out of the Yamaha, but you can't take the Yamaha out of the parts.



When it comes to engine width, Yamaha is narrowing the field. Mounting the generator behind the cylinders and incorporating the middle gear case into the transmission housing makes our 4-cylinder 650 almost as narrow as most 400 twins.

17.6"



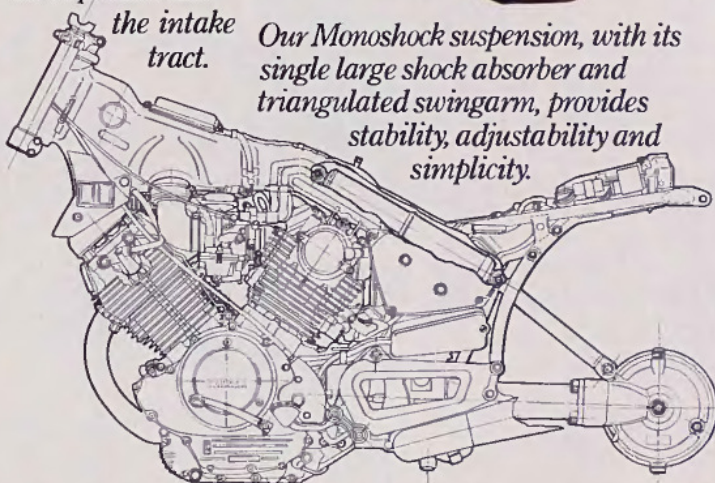
The personalities and riding attitudes of our Yamahas extend right down to the instrumentation. From analog dials and meters, to digital read-outs, to the world's first electronic LCD speedo and tach. And four of our machines feature our exclusive computer monitor system which automatically monitors and reports on your bike's vital functions.

Yamaha's totally integrated turbo unit is the world's lightest and most compact. This extraordinarily efficient unit is driven, up to an amazing 210,000 rpm, by exhaust gases which are normally wasted. And, to virtually eliminate "turbo lag," fresh air is routed through a reed valve, to the surge tank, permitting the engine to build speed until the turbo pressurizes

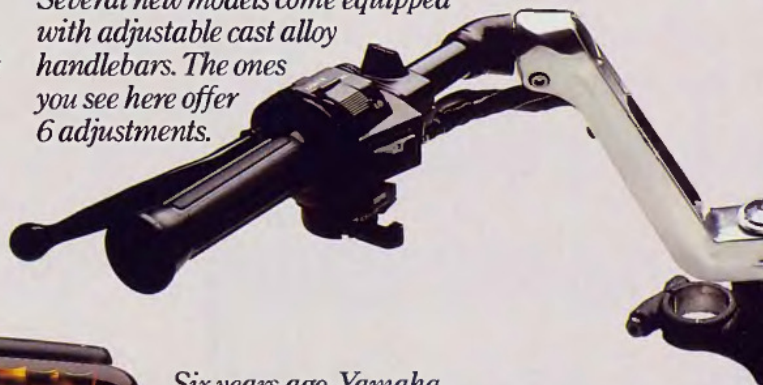


the intake tract.

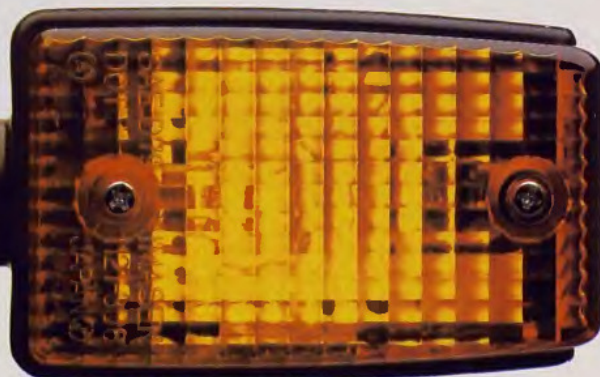
Our Monoshock suspension, with its single large shock absorber and triangulated swingarm, provides stability, adjustability and simplicity.



Several new models come equipped with adjustable cast alloy handlebars. The ones you see here offer 6 adjustments.



Six years ago, Yamaha invented the self-cancelling turn signal. It automatically cancels the signal after 10 seconds. Or, if you're waiting for a light, after you've gone 150 yards. And this year, flexible rubber mounts keep your signal lights bouncing back from adversity.



Leading axle fork design allows easier low-speed steering. It also improves cornering response.



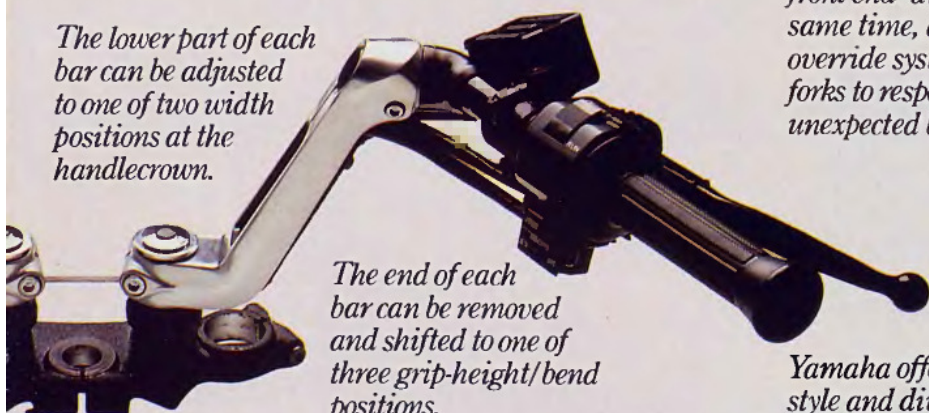
Three different types of wheels for three different types of machines for three different types of riders. Each wheel designed with the perfect balance of strength, light weight and striking good looks.

Air/oil front forks. By varying air pressure, oil viscosity and oil quantity, you can adapt your Yamaha to its environment.

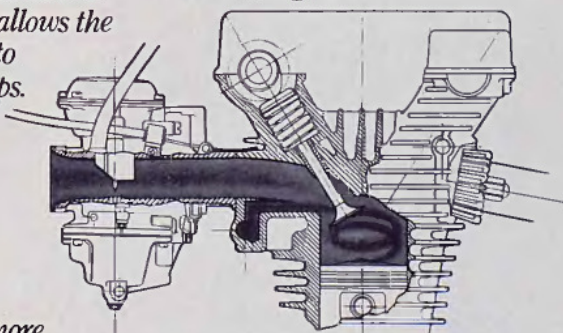
The Seca 750's anti-dive suspension system. During hard braking, a unique valving mechanism restricts the flow of damping oil, and thus travel, reducing front end "dive." At the same time, an automatic override system allows the forks to respond to unexpected bumps.

The Yamaha Induction Control System (YICS) is our ingenious—and patented—system of sub-intake ports which literally blasts the air-fuel mixture around the combustion chamber for complete burning. Without a single moving part, YICS significantly reduces fuel consumption while actually increasing power.

The lower part of each bar can be adjusted to one of two width positions at the handlecrown.

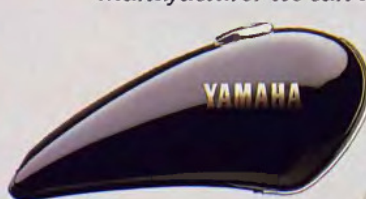


The end of each bar can be removed and shifted to one of three grip-height/bend positions.



Yamaha offers more style and diversity in tank design than any other manufacturer we can think

of. Yet, the basic function remains unchanged: to hold gas. And plenty of it.



When we find the typical motorcyclist, we'll build the typical motorcycle.

Maxim Series

Maxim 1100



Maxim 750



Maxim 650



Maxim 550



Maxim 400



Seca Series

Seca Turbo



Seca 750



Seca 650



Seca 550



Seca 400



Virago Series

Virago 920



Virago 750



Vision

Vision 550



Nobody rides a motorcycle exactly the way you do. Which is a good reason to buy one that's built for your particular riding style.

We build 43 different motorcycles: Street bikes, dirt bikes, dual purpose machines, 3-wheelers.

If you don't see yours here, just look a little further. Visit a Yamaha dealer.

YAMAHA

THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.™

BOOKS

Armchair travelers and timid tourists can rely on Paul Theroux to transport them to countries they'll never visit. He's taken readers to Malaysia, to darkest Africa, to South America and on the Orient Express. Now, in his new novel, *The Mosquito Coast* (Houghton Mifflin), Theroux travels to Honduras for his story about Allie Fox, a brilliant but crazy inventor of ice machines and other peculiarities. Allie, convinced that the demise of the U.S. is imminent, hauls his wife and four children to a wilderness area of this Central American country. He sees his family as the new Swiss Family Robinson, but their life is hardly as harmonious; Allie is a tyrant and his children eventually rebel. Theroux captures a feeling for Honduras and its inhabitants that few writers could match; besides, he tells an incomparable adventure tale.

There's a place in the world for awful novels—and wherever it is, that's where you will find the sweaty paranoia of Robin Cook. First Cook put us to sleep with *Coma*, then he followed with *Sphinx*, which stinx. His new one is an intemperate thing entitled *Fever* (Putnam). Certain to become a minor motion picture, *Fever* is about cancer researcher Charles Martel, who takes on a whole town, including a half-assed batch of local doctors, the entire holy medical establishment and the Big C itself. There is one reason to root for a guy like Martel—if he wins, we can all go back to eating.

If you like adventure stories, try J. C. Pollock's *Mission M.I.A.* (Crown). The style is wooden and the clichés fly like tracers, but the basic plot is appealing: Jack Callahan, an ex-Green Beret, leads a group of veterans back into Vietnam to rescue some of their American buddies who have been held for years in a secret prison camp. The precise and accurate details of HALO (High Altitude-Low Opening) jumping, silent killing, ambushing, reconnoitering are what take this novel out of the ordinary and make it read like a guerrilla warrior's handbook.

For those who missed the January 1981 *Playboy Interview*, or who wanted more, there is *The Playboy Interviews with John Lennon & Yoko Ono* (Playboy Press), conducted by David Sheff, edited by G. Barry Golson. In the two thirds of the book not published earlier, Lennon discusses subjects such as political movements of the Eighties and songs of his solo career. Interspersed are several



Cooling it on *The Mosquito Coast*.

The latest good reading from Theroux, Westlake.



Kahawa: an Idi fix.

ominously prescient quotes: "Perhaps love and peace isn't enough and [I] have to go and get shot . . . to prove I'm one of the people." This book is unlike the exploitative volumes published after his death and may be the most complete image ever presented of Lennon the man.

Nell is a 60-year-old widow; Cate is 39 and twice divorced; Lydia is 36 and recently separated. This trio forms the base of Gail Godwin's new novel, *A*

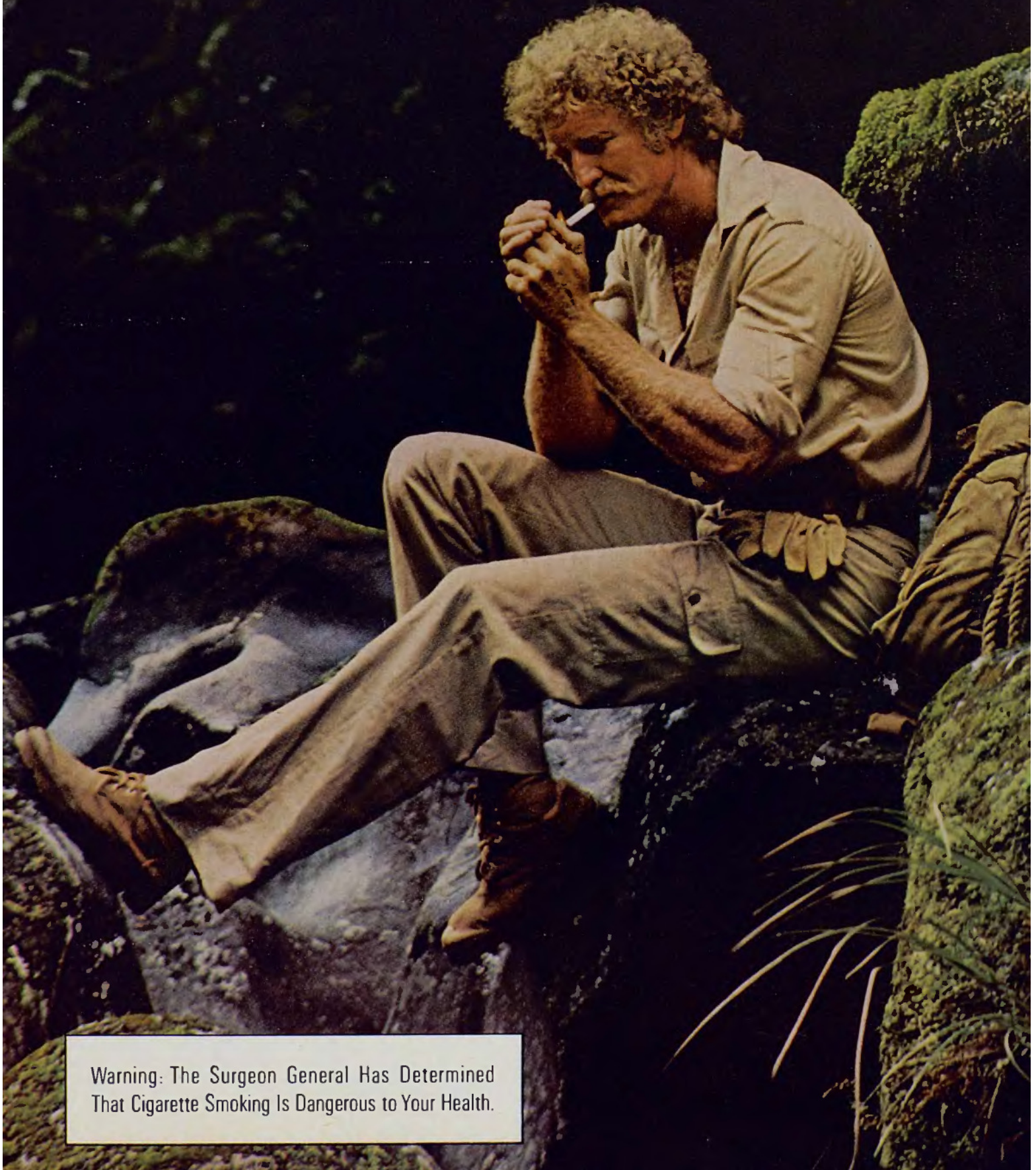
Mother and Two Daughters (Viking). There's a potential soap opera here, but Godwin deftly avoids it as she concentrates on dissecting the intricacies of these women's feelings about themselves, about one another and about their friends. Godwin is a skillful writer, and though she ties up the end a bit too neatly, her characters are so vivid it hardly matters.

Adventure novels don't have to be rigorously written in order to be enjoyable. But when Donald E. Westlake brings his considerable talents to bear on the form, it's astonishing how good the genre can be. *Kahawa* (Viking) is about how an Asian merchant, his American enforcer, a mercenary and assorted Africans conspire to rip off a trainload of Idi Amin's coffee. The story is intricate with intelligence and at the same time is masterfully economical. Westlake throws out meaty insights about Africa, about character, about love in the same way lesser writers fall back upon cliché. Without gushing, and without giving any of the plot away, let it suffice to say that we can think of only one better way to spend a few evenings this winter. *Kahawa* is marvelous.

It's easy to lose *Control* (Delacorte) as you make your way through William Goldman's new bone cruncher. His characters run in and out of time like Mr. Peabody and his boy Sherman, steaming to a climax full of the trappings and traps of paranoia—secret government operations, murders springing up all over New York and a kind of technological demonic possession. All very cinematic, of course. It's Goldman. It's not demanding or original, just exciting as hell. They'll be out of *Control* at the bookstores.

If *Labyrinth* (Viking), by Taylor Branch and Eugene M. Propper, were a board game instead of a book, it might fit in the Astrodome—with a few cuts at the corners. There are 75 principal characters and six major locations, and while Tolstoy could get away with that range, Branch and Propper can't. Their rehash of the Orlando Letelier assassination befuddles the reader with too many false leads, petty details, wasted interviews, irrelevant pursuits. What we have here are more than 500 pages that impress upon us, in a way that frustrates us, the sad truth that investigative work is often dull and repetitive, that bureaucracies move impersonally and can kill, that the sharks among us feed both day and night. Maybe when *Labyrinth* comes out in paperback, it could be cut down to consumer size.

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MOVIES

As co-author (with Trevor Griffiths), producer, director and co-star (with Diane Keaton), Warren Beatty may have gone into *Reds* (Paramount) wearing at least one hat too many. What results is a fascinating, intelligent, muddled and wildly ambitious failure more memorable for high aims than for actual achievement. However, merely to attempt such a long and costly movie (three and a half hours, well over \$30,000,000 at last tally) about a dedicated American leftist is an act of aesthetic bravura that strikes me pink with admiration even while I appraise the wreckage.

There ought to be a viable film in the life of poet-journalist John Reed, the only American buried in the Kremlin. Reed's classic account of 1917's October Revolution, *Ten Days That Shook the World*, was his magnum opus, though the Harvard-educated radical also wrote for *The Masses* and helped to found the U.S. Communist Party. He died a political innocent at 33, still imbued with the Marxist dream—it says here—while ruing Soviet suppression of dissent.

Reds works best as a vintage love story not unlike *The Way We Were*, with Beatty and Keaton up there as the big-time movie-star team whose charin and charisma just might sell it. She plays Louise Bryant, a liberated dentist's wife and aspiring writer from Oregon, who joins Reed's bohemian clique in Greenwich Village, ultimately marries him and accompanies him to Russia in 1918. While their scenes together often sizzle, Beatty just as often seems to trivialize history by using epic events as mere backdrops. Before and after the storming of the czar's Winter Palace, to cite one example, there are brief lovemaking episodes that somehow suggest that for John and Louise, this revolutionary D day is little more than a tourists' diversion between screws. Heightening that impression is Beatty's buoyantly boyish attack on the role of Reed, for which he seems all wrong—or at least way off in rhythm.

The scene stealer here is Jack Nicholson as tough, cynical playwright Eugene O'Neill, Louise's lover one lonely summer at Cape Cod. Other telling character sketches are provided by Maureen Stapleton as anarchist Emma Goldman (a lady expunged, coincidentally, from the movie version of *Ragtime*), plus Edward Herrmann, Paul Sorvino, Jerzy Kosinski, Gene Hackman and George Plimpton as various other leftists and literati.

Finally, the most compelling portion of *Reds*—though it seems hauled in from another movie—is the oncamera testimony of more than 30 writers, editors and radicals of yore who actually knew Reed and Bryant or were part of their



Reds' star-crossed lovers Keaton, Beatty.

A flawed, but fascinating, *Reds*; chilling looks into military school, high finance.



Hutton, Scott, Tim Wahrer in *Taps*.



Rollover: \$ with Kris and Jane.

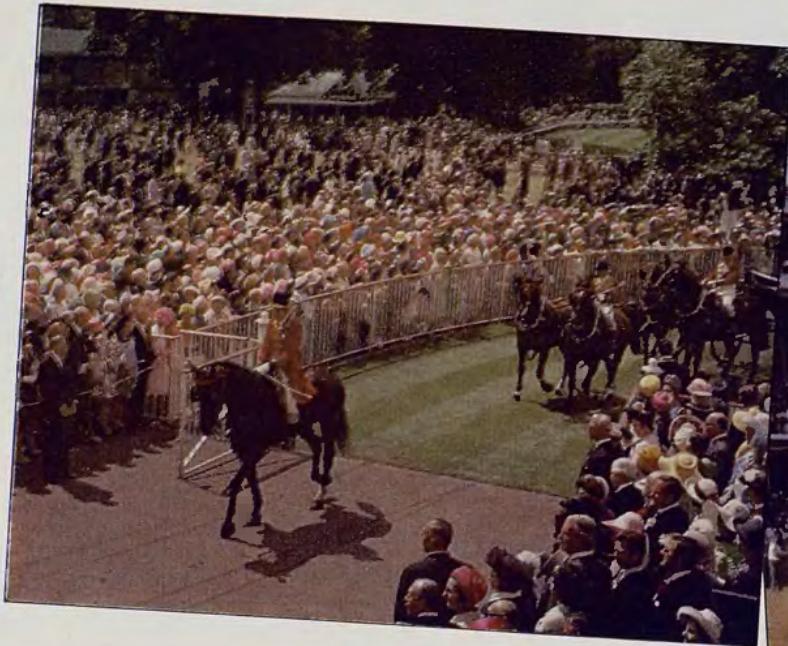
era. Some have died since the film was shot—and none is identified onscreen to help the viewer tell who's who—but the "witnesses" include novelists Adela Rogers St. John and Rebecca West, historian Will Durant, comedian George

Jessel and writer Henry Miller, who sums it all up: "I think there was just as much fucking going on then as now." Miller's remark exposes the weakness of *Reds*: not an outright fiasco à la *Heaven's Gate* but likely to leave audiences bored and baffled. Even so, no one can accuse Warren of thinking small. YYY

There's a half note missing in *Taps* (Fox), some gap of credibility at the core that stayed with me just enough to take the edge off everything else. The "else" is pretty impressive—from Harold Becker's tight direction to sterling performances by George C. Scott, Timothy Hutton and an all-boy cast of scary little martinets at a military school. Although he disappears early in the film, Scott contributes a complete portrait of the battle-scarred spit-and-polish general in charge of Bunker Hill Military Academy. The brand of fascism he teaches (he calls it "honor") has so effectively softened the young brains in his command that a student cadet major (Hutton, proving that his Academy Award work in *Ordinary People* was no fluke) seizes the venerable 141-year-old school to keep it from being closed and torn down to make way for a complex of condominiums. What *Taps* is telling us, perhaps a bit badly, is that teen-aged terrorists are the wages of sin for a society that inculcates its youth with weapons, technology and dreams of glory under fire. Back in 1969, Lindsay Anderson's *If...* did a more imaginative and effective job of depicting boarding school as a chilling microcosm of the mad, mad world outside. Though never dull, *Taps* generates suspense with a taut trigger finger, pitting mere kids against professional militia and waiting to see who will fire the first shot. I just never quite believed the U.S. Army would confront these beardless schoolboys as if they'd been trained by the PLO. YY

International high finance is rendered reasonably comprehensible in *Rollover* (Orion/WB), a glossy financial thriller with a screenplay by David Shaber, directed by Alan J. Pakula with fine awareness of how to make big business pay dividends in human interest. Starring Jane Fonda as a former film star who takes over a huge petrochemical conglomerate after her husband is murdered, opposite Kris Kristofferson as a troubleshooting banker who pulls companies out of the red, *Rollover* has the glamorous surface of old-time, big-time Hollywood melodrama. The plot is a bit like *The China Syndrome's*, with insidious Arabs as the bad guys whose secret weapon—pulling all their billions out of Western banks—turns out to be an

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economic H-bomb. Financial capital, says Hume Cronyn as a supertycoon in cahoots with the Middle Eastern manipulators, is "a force of nature—like gravity." It follows that screwing around with the global money market means "playing with the end of the world." The end is nigh by the time *Rollover* careers to a stop, leaving the audience breathless along with Fonda and Kristofferson as two wheeling-dealing lover/adversaries whose subtle interplay expresses the mutual pull of money, power and sex. They are not particularly likable characters and would surely seem even less so if not for Jane's and Kris's well-established liberal images. While world banking fizzles in a slightly cornball grand finale, their heterochemistry gives *Rollover* its ultimate emotional payoff. **YYY½**

Recession be damned: Anyone who enjoys Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, old movie musicals and smashingly different black comedy ought to spend the rent to see *Pennies from Heaven* (MGM). Martin plays a wistful Chicago sheet-music salesman during the drabest depths of the Great Depression, sublimating in a dream world of smiles and sunshine and cockeyed optimism inspired by Tin-Pan-Alley. "Tell the truth—songs do," says he. Like so many of us, in his romantic fantasies he's Astaire or Crosby or Dick Powell, and Martin performs remarkably well as a song-and-dance man under the able direction of former choreographer Herbert Ross. In the workaday world, our hero is a lewd-minded loser who betrays his asexual wife (Jessica Harper), seduces and abandons a shy schoolmarm (Peters). The misused teacher becomes a hooker while the music man himself is ultimately tried and convicted for a brutal sex crime he didn't commit. Cute plot for a musical? Yes, by God, it is. Dennis Potter's adaptation of his prize-winning BBC-TV miniseries, *Pennies* has nothing at all to do with a 1936 Bing Crosby movie of the same name except that it borrows Bing's title tune. The ironic central joke—film fantasy *vs.* grim reality—seems overstretched at times, but going too far doesn't hurt much in a movie so full of dazzling side trips. Ross, Martin, Peters and company (among them Christopher Walken, whose change-of-pace role is topped by a striptease routine) keep coming up with showstoppers in every reel, lip syncing golden oldies or kicking along with a hundred leggy chorines in pseudo-Busby Berkeley numbers designed to banish care. Now as then, flaws and all, most of it is irresistible. **YYY**

An inspirational escape drama, *Night Crossing* (Buena Vista) combines a compelling air of authenticity with hair-raising high adventure. Here is director



Walken peels for Pennies.

Pennies is a wonderfully oddball musical; *Night Crossing*, a true thriller.



Night Crossing's Bridges, Hurt.



Douglas, Krige in *Ghost Story*.

Delbert Mann's re-creation of the true story of the Strelzyk and Wetzel families, who flew out of Communist East Germany in a hot-air balloon in the fall of

1979. How they did it—following an earlier failed attempt, with the suspicious authorities almost literally at their heels—is simply one hell of a human saga. Four adults and four youngsters take off in a balloon 65.6 feet in diameter, stitched together in secret from more than 12,000 square feet of material during months of life-or-death suspense and subterfuge, and it's impossible not to hold your breath right along with them as they go. A fine, predominantly Anglo-American company headed by John Hurt, Jane Alexander, Beau Bridges and Glynnis O'Connor made me believe, after an initial few minutes of skepticism, that they were freedom-starved East Germans. *Night Crossing* is conventional, no-frills moviemaking, yes, but you don't need a Spielberg, a Lucas or a Kubrick to get this timely tale off the ground. **YYY**

Novelist Peter Straub's eerie *Ghost Story* (Universal) was spellbinding in book form. As a film, it is soporific and seldom truly spooky, except at the primary level of suspense in cinema—the kind of effect achieved when a hideous, decaying corpse jumps up and says, "Boo!" Four crusty New England septuagenarians with a 50-year-old secret that's not awfully exciting when they finally get around to revealing it are played by Fred Astaire, Melvyn Douglas, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and John Houseman with minimal impact. They aroused my sympathy mostly because director John Irvin studies them as if they were living fossils planted in the bedrock of Lawrence D. Cohen's turgid screenplay. The young actors who play their counterparts in flashback sequences have more life but no memorable lines. Only Alice Krige (the fetching heroine of *Chariots of Fire*), as the girl who comes back to haunt them and their heirs (Craig Wasson plays the contemporary target, looking properly befuddled), projects an air of delicious mystery absolutely right for the much better movie *Ghost Story* might have been. **Y**

He says weakly, "You're my daughter, Kady." To which she replies, provocatively, "I'm a woman, too." That's pretty much the story of *Butterfly* (Analysis Releasing), based on a James M. Cain tale considerably less celebrated but no less sexy than *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. (See *Roving Eye*, page 172, for a sample.) Stacy Keach plays the lusty, incestuous Daddums to Pia Zadora, a nymphet on the rise in a showcase movie that has Orson Welles, Edward Albert and James Franciscus as stalwart backup men for Pia's feature-length screen test. Movie just OK. She Zadorable. **YY**

An arresting, devilishly clever French thriller called *Diva* (UA Classics) was a

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sleeper hit in Paris, an award winner in Chicago's film festival, sloughed off by critics but finally put forth as France's official entry for an Oscar nomination. Overpraising it might spoil the surprises of this perverse, romantic, poetic, almost defiantly illogical first feature by director (and co-writer) Jean-Jacques Beineix. Linking the movie's two overlapping plots is a young motorbike messenger (Frederic Andrei) who's also a music nut: he surreptitiously records a concert performance by a beautiful black opera singer (Wilhelminia Wiggins Fernandez) who has a deep prejudice against prostituting her art by recording it. Then there's a murdered callgirl who, just before she's done in, pops into the messenger's bike pouch a cassette tape naming the high police official who moonlights as the drug-and-sex czar of Paris. The two tapes get mixed up while the messenger gets mixed up with a Vietnamese model (Thuy An Luu) and a strange photographer named Gorodish (Richard Bohringer), who spends a lot of time putting an enormous jigsaw puzzle together.

In the meantime, the music lover meets his idol and they embark on a romantic idyl whenever the lad can slip away from the two ruthless killers on his trail. An American-born soprano with a sumptuous voice, Fernandez was reportedly become a star overnight since *Diva*. You'll see and hear why. Full of unabashed visual gimmickry, *Diva* is part love story, part detective story, part pell-mell chase film, part spoof and pretty much enjoyable all the way. **YYY**

The internationalization of movies inevitably produces such curios as *Montenegro* (Atlantic Releasing), an oddball erotic comedy, in English, by Yugoslav writer-director Dusan Makavejev. Susan Anspach plays Mrs. Jordan, the bored American wife of a Swedish businessman (Erland Josephson). The film is set outside Stockholm in a sleazy night spot called the Zanzi Bar. Mrs. Jordan is more or less kidnaped at the airport by some of the Zanzi Bar's resident freaks, and she hangs around the place getting liberated, we presume—at least she begins to sing for the crowd and to have sex with a lusty zookeeper named Montenegro (Svetozar Cvetkovic) in a scene as explicit as you'll find this side of X movies. Throughout *Montenegro*, people are fulfilling their fantasies. A dumpy peasant girl is magically transformed into a sultry erotic dancer; the wayward Mrs. Jordan's anxious husband takes time out for a homosexual affair with a doctor chum (Per Oscarsson). Makavejev, who made the far-out *WR: Mysteries of the Organism* a decade ago, seldom does anything ordinary. *Montenegro* is extraordinary, wild and much easier to get a handle on. **YY**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

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Absence of Malice Paul Newman in top form, Sally Field off-key as a nasty news hen. **YY½**

Body and Soul In the boxing classic, remade, Jayne and Leon Isaac Kennedy prove only that black is beautiful. **YY**

Buddy Buddy Matthau and Lemmon just OK in drab remake of French farce *A Pain in the A-*, far funnier the first time, with Lino Ventura and Jacques Brel. **Y**

Butterfly (Reviewed this month) Incest à la James M. Cain. **YY**

Chariots of Fire England's finest in the 1924 Olympics. **YYYY**

Diva (Reviewed this month) Some fine and fancy French connections. **YYYY**

Ghost Story (Reviewed this month) Things that go, "Boo." **Y**

Man of Iron Top docudrama about the crisis in Poland. **YY**

Montenegro (Reviewed this month) Slav labor liberates lady. **YY**

Neighbors Belushi and Aykroyd in a witty, endless spoof of suburbia. **Y**

Night Crossing (Reviewed this month) Trip in an anti-Red balloon. **YY**

On Golden Pond The elder Fonda's great with daughter Jane and Katharine Hepburn in the year's top non-stop tearjerker. **YY½**

Pennies from Heaven (Reviewed this month) Martin, with music. **YY**

Prince of the City Sidney Lumet's corrosive tale of police corruption, with Treat Williams. **YY½**

The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper Another Treat with Williams, all about that hijacker. **YY**

Ragtime A grand cast having great fun in Milos Forman's exuberant film based on the E. L. Doctorow best seller. **YY**

Reds (Reviewed this month) An epic effort by Warren Beatty, all about love and revolution. **YY**

Rollover (Reviewed this month) Kris & Jane vs. Arab billionaires. **YY½**

Sharky's Machine Burt Reynolds in good shape as a cop involved with a sexy harlot (Rachel Ward) and violent homicide. **YY**

Taps (Reviewed this month) Boys playing war with live ammo. **Y**

They All Laughed Bogdanovich's bittersweet romantic comedy. **Y**

Ticket to Heaven How to save a boy beset by Moonies. **YY**

Whose Life Is It Anyway? The right-to-die argument, forcefully played by Richard Dreyfuss. **YY½**

The Woman Next Door Tasteful Truffaut telling of a crime of passion. **YY**

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

YY Good show **Y** Forget it

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★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

DOL GOSSIP: Alan Arkin and Christopher Lee have been set to co-star in *The Return of Captain Invincible*, a musical adventure yarn featuring tunes by Eric Clapton, Rod Stewart, Fleetwood Mac, Peter Allen and Air Supply. . . . Mel Brooks's next comedy send-up will be *Robin Hood*, to be filmed entirely in England this spring. At presstime, Brooks had not yet cast the title role but said he was looking for today's version of Errol Flynn. Spike Milligan and Marty Feldman will have roles, Pamela (History of the World—Part I) Stephenson will be Maid Marian and Brooks himself may appear as one of the Merry Men. . . . Rumor has it that Brian De Palma's next project, presently known only as *The De Palma Project*, is actually a remake of John Huston's classic *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. . . . British director John (Ghost Story) Irvin will helm Dino De Laurentiis' long-planned epic *The Bounty*, a big-budget remake of the Clark Gable—Charles Laughton starrer that will,



Arkin



Brooks

according to reports, concentrate less on the actual mutiny and more on Captain Bligh's survival on the stormy seas. "It'll show a different Captain Bligh from the one most of us know," Irvin reportedly has said. "He was a great sailor, highly resourceful and very fair. His only problem, apparently, was that he had trouble dealing with people."

MORE GREASY KID STUFF: Following an extensive coast-to-coast talent hunt, Robert Stigwood, Allan Carr and director Patricia Birch have filled all the roles for *Grease II*. Newcomer Maxwell Caulfield, a New York stage actor, will make his film debut as Michael Carrington, a British student semestering at fictitious Rydell High School. Michelle Pfeiffer, who has appeared in *The Hollywood Knights* and *Falling in Love Again*, will co-star as Stephanie Zinone, leader of Rydell's outlaw sorority, The Pink Ladies. Adrian Zmed, who starred as Danny Zuko in the Broadway production of *Grease*, will play Johnny Nogerilli, top dog of Rydell's legendary T-birds; and Judy Garland's daughter Lorna Luft will

be Paulette Redchuck, the Pink Lady who thinks she's Marilyn Monroe. Other characters include Sharon Cooper (played by Maureen Teefy), a Rydell student



Pfeiffer



Caulfield

who makes the most of her resemblance to Jackie Kennedy, and Rhonda Ritter (Alison Price), a teen who concludes that a nose job will land her a spot on *American Bandstand*. As for the faculty—Connie Stevens will appear as the music teacher and Tab Hunter has been tabbed to play the sex-ed prof. Eve Arden, Dody Goodman and Sid Caesar, who appeared in the original, will return for another fun-filled semester. Bitchin'!

WHAT'S IN A NAME? *Brimstone and Treacle* is the title of a film starring Sting, the lead singer and composer of the rock group The Police. Scripted by Dennis Potter, the English author of *Pennies from Heaven*, *Brimstone* is described as a "psychodrama about an attractive and appealing drifter who intrudes into and takes over the life of a grief-stricken London family." The word from the set is that Sting is even more powerful on celluloid than on vinyl. Naturally, the group, whose every album has gone platinum, will provide a sound track.

UNDER WRAPS: One project currently in production but maintaining strict plot secrecy is Steven Spielberg's *A Boy's Life*.



Sting



Spielberg

Very little can be said, though the publicity folks are doing their damndest to make the film intriguing as hell. For one thing, they're revealing the names of only two of the cast members—Dee (The Howling) Wallace and Peter (Southern Comfort) Coyote. "It's a very special film,"

one of the publicists told me. "When you see it, you'll understand why we're not releasing more information." Hmm.

MEGABUCKS: While the Pentagon's Rapid Deployment Force remains in the training stages, Hollywood's R.D.F. is already fighting for democracy in the Mojave Desert. Barry Bostwick and Persis Khambatta star in 20th Century-Fox's *Megaforce*, the story of an elite fighting unit that swings into action whenever freedom is threatened anywhere in the world. The movie will unveil specially designed weapons and electronic systems more advanced than anything previously seen on screen. Hal Needham directs.

SWANN SONG: MGM's *My Favorite Year* is a nostalgic comedy set against the golden age of live television in the Fifties. What's especially intriguing about it is that Peter O'Toole gets to play a role so tailor-made for his comedic talents that only a major foul-up could turn the project into a loser. O'Toole plays Alan Swann, an often intoxicated, swash-buckling scoundrel of a matinee idol



Linn-Baker



O'Toole

who visits New York City in October of 1954 for a guest appearance on a live TV show called *The Comedy Cavalcade*. He's got a week to kill before air time and, in order to keep him out of mischief and away from the bottle, the show's producers provide him with a chaperon—young Benjy Stone (played by newcomer Mark Linn-Baker), a freshman TV writer and general schlep. The fun-loving O'Toole manages to get himself and his keeper into a series of misadventures. Most notably, O'Toole swipes a mounted cop's steed in Central Park and storms the Belvedere castle. *The Comedy Cavalcade*, incidentally, is deliberately patterned after Sid Caesar's renowned *Show of Shows*, with the Benjy character reminiscent of Mel Brooks and Joe Bologna in the Caesar role. Lainie Kazan plays Benjy's nagging Jewish mom, Jessica Harper is the kid's romantic interest and Richard Benjamin (who, by the way, was an NBC page for three years in the Fifties) directs from a script by Norman Steinberg. An October release is scheduled.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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A CAR FOR THE LEFT SIDE OF YOUR BRAIN.

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?"

The Saab Turbo looked at from all sides.

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.)

The right side lives only for the thrills.

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.

Needs are boring; desires are what make life worth living.

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.)

1982 SAAB PRICE** LIST		
900 3-Door	5-Speed	\$10,400
	Automatic	10,750
900 4-Door	5-Speed	\$10,700
	Automatic	11,050
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.

The right side of your brain guides your foot to the clutch, your hand to the gears, and listens for the "zzzooommm."

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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Now you can do what baseball managers have never done—control Reggie Jackson's every move. You can do it with the new Panasonic Omnivision PV-1770 6-hour programmable video recorder. And do it by remote control.

You can make Reggie run fast, slow or stop in his tracks. Because this Omnivision with 4 video heads has Omnisearch—special effects that play a picture from as fast as 2 times to as slow as 1/30th normal speed. It'll even show you a freeze frame or one frame at a time.

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And for ultimate control, this Omnivision is programmable. It can automatically record 8 different shows over 14 days. You won't miss out on any of the action even when you go out. It also has a 105-channel tuner so you can even record cable programs. However, a cable converter is required for stations scrambled by your cable company.

There's only one thing you'll find uncontrollable: The fun you'll have watching the new Panasonic PV-1770. TV picture simulated.

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PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

Why check out Mexico's Pacific Coast? Well, there's the perfect weather, the resort where Bo Derek frolicked in "10," the great weather, the superb beaches littered with lithe bodies, the incredible weather, the guy who regularly plies waiters outside his restaurant with squirts from a wine-filled goatskin, the fantastic weather, several dazzling new hotels, the sensational weather and the horseback gallops through surging surf.

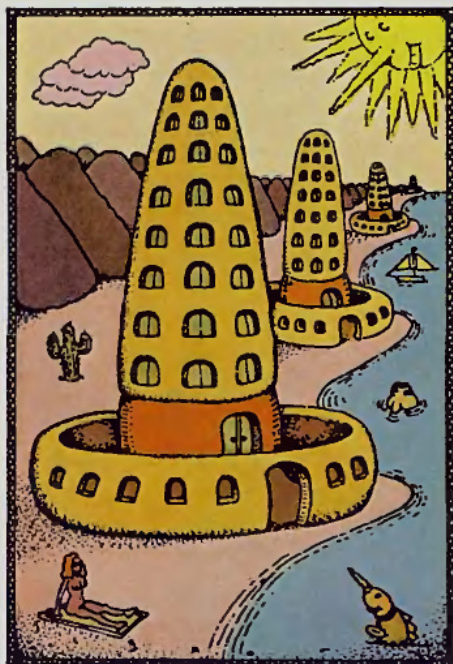
The weather's pretty good, too.

The only problem is that it sometimes seems that every other living human on the planet has also discovered Mexico's west coast. Knowing what's new since we last covered the area and what's best can mean the difference between a perfect holiday and a week or two with the support-stocking set.

ACAPULCO

With about 3,500,000 visitors last year, downtown Acapulco is hardly a place to get away from it all. Still, Carlos 'n' Charlie's is worth a visit (for the spare-ribs and grilled fish), and Charlie's Chili Bar and Dance Hall is as close to a hellzapoppin' disco scene as the Mexican Pacific has to offer. That's the good news. The bad news is that Acapulco's traditional morning beach (Caleta) is still meaningfully unhygienic, the afternoon beach (Los Hornos) is now filled mostly by vendors and beggars, and the southeasternmost stretch of sand (Condesa) is backed by a row of high-rises that makes you feel as if you're in a concrete canyon. So the best plan for enjoying Acapulco—and there is still plenty to enjoy—is to stay the hell out of Acapulco.

Las Brisas, on a hill south of town, still delivers hot coffee and sweet rolls outside your room before dawn, and the only required human contact is with the little man who slips through the shrubbery each a.m. to change the flowers in your private pool. (So keep your swimsuits on till noon.) Farther outside town, the Acapulco Princess Hotel offers the most desirably hectic scene in the region; and for those with a more finely honed sense of style, the adjacent Pierre Marqués Hotel—originally built by J. Paul Getty and now operated by the Acapulco Princess folks—is even posher. Seekers of real solitude should head south down the Costa Chica, 100 miles of deserted sand (be careful swimming along here; the undertow can be a real killer), lagoons and rocky cliffs that can satisfy the most elaborate tropical fantasies. There's even a small mining village inhabited by the alleged descendants of Bantu tribespeople originally imported to Mexico as slaves.



RIVIERA MEXICANA

What's new south
of the border,
western shore.

IXTAPA

Normally, this computer-designed enclave is lumped with its sister village of Zihuatanejo, but almost all the new development is taking place in Ixtapa. Oddly enough, the newest here is best: The Camino Real Hotel, opened just this past October, forms a dramatic backdrop to a private crescent of secluded cove. Each room has an ocean view and comes in three parts—sleeping area, sun deck and terrace, the last dripping with Bougainvillea to give the place a look that every tropical hotel should envy.

Ixtapa also is the site of the newest Club Med in Mexico, located on a wide beach four miles north of town. It offers free golf—something not available at any of the 87 other Club Med villages—and includes a computer workshop as part of its basic "sports" program. There also are 50 nifty ten-speed Italian bicycles for pedaling down the road to town or onward a few miles to the less hectic fishing village that is still Zihuatanejo.

MANZANILLO

The Club Med at Playa Blanca, 30 miles north of the city, boasts its own ranch, with fine horses and Mexican (mostly like Western) saddles available

for gallops along nearby deserted beaches.

Although Las Hadas still offers its magical mixture of minarets and Moorish architecture, it's my sad duty to report that Bo Derek has checked out. The lowest-priced rooms are undistinguished, but the spacious suites and villas with verandas, walled gardens and a private pool or two may help you hear the *Bolero* for yourself. It's also worth while to hire a car for at least one day and head about 50 miles south on Highway 200 for Boca de Pascuales, where fresh seafood is prepared to order and guests sit under thatched roofs, sipping spiritous libations spiced with local fruits and flowers. One word of warning to the overweight: The straw-seated chairs tend to sink slowly into the sand.

PUERTO VALLARTA

The Playa del Sol (Sunny Beach) is the busiest in town but has become rather grubby. You'll do better at Chino (except when the picnickers from the hotels invade), Estacas (in front of the Camino Real) and Mismaloya (where *The Night of the Iguana* was filmed). Even better is Yelapa, just over an hour south of town. Las Ampas is the beach that borders the cliffside mansions of the wealthy—the locals call it Gringo Gulch—and it's worth a look.

Best of all available diversions is the overnight ferry to the tip of Baja California. Cabo San Lucas (the Baja terminus) is a free port and a good shopping spot. And if you've ever wanted to troll for trophies worth the effort, there are probably more sailfish, marlin, tuna and sharks in the nearby waters than almost anywhere else on earth.

MAZATLAN

This is the west-coast destination requiring the least cash and offering the least flash. The basic tourist trade consists of fishermen and hunters, but that just makes the harbor-front bars a bit more atmospheric. From late December through April, the adjacent Sea of Cortes is a whale watcher's dream; and if you've ever wanted to know what really fresh shrimp taste like, this is the place. The islands in the bay are perfect for day trips: Palmito de la Virgen is a bird watcher's paradise, and shell collectors and snorkelers should head for Deer Island. Searchers for seclusion will particularly appreciate Isla de la Piedra, where very inexpensive rooms can be rented. Surfers should lock onto Olas Altas Beach; the name means high waves, which says it all. This is also a prime spot for sunset staring, so even without a board, you won't be bored.





Bacardi dark.
It tastes good mixed
because it tastes good unmixed.

The next time you're ready to mix your favorite Bacardi rum drink, discover this new one. Just splash Bacardi dark rum over ice. Swirl it a bit. Then sip it *before* you mix it. That way, you'll taste



Bacardi dark as it really is. Very, very smooth. Very, very light tasting. And it may surprise you to discover that it's dry, not sweet. The new drink? Bacardi and Ice. Cheers!

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have been living with a woman for almost four years. The other night she mentioned that we had not made love in what seemed like weeks. I hadn't really noticed, but her question bothered me. Is it normal to go without intercourse for such extended periods of time?—K. D., Dallas, Texas.

How time flies when you're having none. A few years ago, two researchers studied 365 husbands and wives and found that one third of the group had abstained from intercourse at one point or another in their relationships. The median period for those who stopped was eight weeks. In a recent article in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, John Edwards summarized the results of the study:

Marital discord stood out as the foremost reason for cessation, 40 percent of the respondents indicating that this was why they had ceased marital relations. Physical illness (in 20 percent) was the second most important rationale for abstaining. The third most prominent reason (in 12 percent) was a declining interest in sex. Interestingly, the majority of the husbands and wives in this sample (74 percent) were relatively young—between the ages of 20 to 39 years—a period in life when their desire might be assumed to be at a very high level.

Other studies have shown that in most relationships, it is the woman who becomes uninterested in sex more often than the man. Those are the statistics. Do any of the conclusions sound familiar? What you apparently have is a normal situation—the symptom of a problem but not a problem yet. It's a great topic for a good heart-to-heart, face-to-face talk. Abstinence is perhaps the most easily cured sexual condition.

Since I'm constantly seeking ways to improve my tennis game, I was very interested when I read about a new two-toned ball that, according to the makers, can raise a player's ability to hit target areas on a tennis court by an average of 23 percent. Can this be true? That kind of improvement in my game could easily shoot me to the pro ranks.—L. K., Detroit, Michigan.

Don't give up your day job. Although results of testing the new half-yellow, half-orange balls are impressive, including increased ability to read the spin of the ball, the improvement is significant only if you are the only one



using the ball. Unfortunately, tennis requires two players. If both players improve by 23 percent, the net gain for your side is zero. But all is not lost. The new balls are prettier, and by paying that extra 15 percent that they will cost, you'll be doing your part to shore up the flagging economy.

Recently, we had a party at which relaxing in a spa was one of the activities offered. Two amorous couples were the first to use the spa that night. Their lovemaking ended in a climactic conclusion that was visible in the spa water. Several women, after hearing of the aforementioned event, were reluctant to enter the spa for fear of pregnancy. I have heard that it is impossible to get pregnant in a swimming pool, but does the same hold true for a spa containing 250 gallons of swirling 100-degree water maintained with a neutral pH water factor?—S. P., Naperville, Illinois.

Although the reluctant women appear to possess fertile imaginations, their bodies would have to be even more so for pregnancy to result under those conditions. Sperm cells, while hardy organisms in some respects, are not viable in heated water for more than a few seconds. We think that the possibility of becoming pregnant under those circumstances would be, at best, remote.

Perhaps you will be able to help settle a debate that has developed between a friend and me. There was a scene in the movie *American Gigolo* in which the character was shown selecting his tie out of a drawer where he had them neatly folded and stacked on top of one another. Of course, you can guess the ques-

tion. . . . Is that the proper way to take care of ties as opposed to hanging them up on a hanger or tie rack?—M.A.B., Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

It's a good idea to store today's knit ties by rolling them into a ball or folding them (à la "Gigolo"), since they might stretch if hung on a rack. Silk and polyester ties, however, should generally be hung to eliminate wrinkles. And it goes without saying that ties, like any piece of clothing, should be given time to "rest" between wearings.

I've been following *The Playboy Advisor* for quite some time and I have been enlightened on many subjects that really have helped me and my friends. I have recently come upon a problem myself and I don't know who to go to. I enjoy sexual intercourse with my many lovers, but I have found that I would rather be jacked off by my girl than anything else. I also find myself getting into violent masturbation sessions, once, twice and even three times a day. I often fantasize about this act during class, and sometimes I have to imagine myself whacking off in order to come with my girl! I need to know if I have a problem. Am I different from everybody else? Will masturbation, in my case, hurt my sex organs? These are very difficult questions to answer, but I feel sure that the answers to them will help many people in similar situations.—S. T., Atlanta, Georgia.

You're not that different. We heard about someone who was really kinky. He was into bondage and masturbation—he had to tie himself up first. Neat. It is common knowledge among sex researchers that both men and women can experience more pleasure from manual stimulation than from intercourse. Auto-eroticism is pure pleasure—you have only yourself to blame if you do it wrong. Liberated lovers often exchange tips on touch—many women can orgasm only from manual stimulation of the clitoris. Some men prefer this form of touch—the increased friction—to the more subtle pleasures of intercourse. No harm in that. In addition, many people have favorite fantasies that act as catalysts to orgasm. If something works, don't fix it.

I understand there's a new weight-reduction pill on the market that gives you more energy while keeping your appetite in check. It's called Spirulina, I think, and if what they say is true, it may be just the thing for me. I can't handle all those amphetamine-based drugs. Unfortunately, my doctor has never heard of Spirulina and so will not

prescribe it for me. Has word reached you folks yet?—J. R., Altoona, Pennsylvania.

We've heard of it, yes. And your doctor can't prescribe it because it isn't a drug. Spirulina is a food made from microalgae. It's being touted as a radical new food source and is now being cultivated all over the world. The stuff is very high in protein, about 65 percent, compared with such other protein-rich foods as dried eggs, which are 45 percent protein, and dried milk, which is about 35 percent. Spirulina is also high in essential minerals and in the B vitamins, which accounts for the increased energy and the appetite suppression. Although it's a complete food, Spirulina is by no means a replacement for a well-balanced diet or a substitute for exercise in weight reduction. While it does hold promise as a food supplement where widespread hunger is a problem, chances of its being widely accepted in the United States as a food are remote. Spirulina, you see, tastes a lot like seaweed and has to be hidden in other foods to be palatable, much less delicious.

Im a single, 34-year-old guy who has read PLAYBOY off and on for years. I hope you will find time to answer my letter, as I have never seen the following topic discussed in your column. In a dark movie theater, when parked in a romantic spot, etc., my fiancée loves to unzip my slacks and gently fondle me. We always run into an obstacle, however—my briefs get in the way. Last evening she suggested that I should try leaving them off. I've always heard that proper support is important. Is this really true?—D. A., Canoga Park, California.

It strikes us that your fiancée has impeccable good sense, especially in dark movie theaters and parked cars. The way we look at it, if God had meant for man to have proper support all the time, He wouldn't have invented boxer shorts. Even men who prefer support can do without it for a few wonderful hours. So leave those briefs at home, and be alert to double features and all-night festivals.

My girlfriend often works late at the office, then has to walk down a pretty tough street to get to her car for the trip home. I am afraid for her safety during that walk and I've considered buying her one of those tear-gas canisters. I know there are two kinds, CN and CS, but which is better for her?—P. D., New York, New York.

Actually, you have three choices: CN, CS and whipped cream. As deterrents to attack, they are all equally effective. There are several things wrong with those canisters. First, you've got to be able to get them open in time to use

them. Safety catches or purse catches often prevent that. Second, they have to be sprayed into the face or eyes of the attacker from a distance of no more than a foot. If you're that close, it's too late. Third, the effect of the spray is not instantaneous. It can take as long as a minute for the irritation to start. Most victims find that amount of time soon stretches to forever. Finally, large men, drunken men or men on PCP are simply not affected by the spray. Except that they are considerably angrier after the dose. The only possible way to make tear gas effective is to spray and then run (and scream) like hell. In which case you can forget the gas. Half the time you will probably end up spraying yourself, anyway. If you really want to assure your friend's safety, pick her up or make sure she leaves the office with a friend. Better yet, enroll her in a self-defense course. An inefficient weapon, or one that can be turned against her, is worse than no weapon at all.

I signed up for yoga lessons at a local gym. There was one man in the class and the rest were older married women, so he and I were the only two young adults in the class. Week in and week out, I noticed that this man kept staring at me. I guessed he was a bit shy, so I made the initiative to talk to him. Eventually, I invited him over for a drink at my place. I asked him why he kept staring at me in class. He said he got turned on by my Danskin outfit (leotard and tights). I could see he was embarrassed, so I excused myself and changed into my Danskins. When I returned, I could see he was aroused, so one thing led to another and we had an incredible lovemaking session. We continued like this for the next two weeks. One evening, when he came over and I was on the phone, he wandered into the bedroom. I wondered what he was doing, and I received a big shock when I entered my bedroom and saw my lover dressed up in my Danskin outfit. I didn't know what to think, but he assured me everything was all right. He looked very sexy in my outfit, and I could see he was even more turned on. We had a most incredible evening of lovemaking. I suggested that he should dress up in one of my Danskin outfits for our yoga classes. He said he would but only if he could wear a leotard that had no open neck or back. We've looked everywhere in the stores but have had no luck. Could you please tell me if any manufacturer makes a leotard without an opening in the back or neck? I guess he's actually looking for a leotard with a T-shirt-type collar. If so, where can one buy it or order it from?—A. R., Scarborough, Ontario.

Let's guess. Your Danskins are red, with a funny design on the front, and

you lost the instruction book. Terrific. Dance-supply houses carry the outfits you are interested in for male dancers. Look in the Yellow Pages. Or tell your friend to wear tights and a regular T-shirt. If it adds up to great sex, it's all right with us.

After jogging every day for the past two years, I pulled a muscle and was not able to jog for a while. That lack of activity seemed to depress me and make me nervous. Is it possible to become addicted to running?—L. D., Santa Barbara, California.

Running itself may not be habit-forming, but feeling good can be. Researchers have found that regular exercise can raise the level of endorphins in the body. These endorphins reportedly are responsible for what is known as runner's high and may explain why people experience less pain during strenuous activity. Obviously, you can get pretty attached to that kind of daily fix, but it isn't necessary to run to get it.

One of my friends is something of a tightwad when it comes to drugs. Recently, he's taken to offering cocaine with this admonition: "Hey, this is great stuff. It's 95 percent pure. Unfortunately, the five percent cut is live, active herpes virus." My question, as dumb as it may seem, is this: Would it be possible to cut cocaine with herpes?—D. R., Los Angeles, California.

You must be kidding. Either that, or you work for the Drug Enforcement Administration. There is no truth to your friend's claim—herpes cannot survive long enough outside the human body.

I've read that men experience four or five erections a night during something called REM (rapid eye movement) sleep. Is there an equivalent response in women?—D. K., New York, New York.

Nature, at least, believes in the Equal Rights Amendment. Women experience periods of arousal—marked by increased vaginal lubrication—during the same periods of REM sleep. About four or five times a night. Forget wine, candlelight, witty repartee, foreplay—just go to sleep and your body will remind you what it's like to be aroused.

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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See next page for details on the Spectre Spectacular Sweepstakes.

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Just visit your local Kawasaki dealer for your chance to be one of over 10,000 guaranteed winners. And while you're looking into the sweepstakes, take a look at Spectre or any new 1982 Kawasaki. Either way, something spectacular is waiting for you.

Enter beginning February 27, 1982 at participating Kawasaki dealers. No purchase necessary. Entries must be received on or before March 29, 1982. Valid drivers license required. Residents of Ohio may also write: Spectre Spectacular Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 6817, Santa Barbara, CA. 93111 for details and entry forms. Limit one entry per mailed envelope. Void where prohibited.

Kawasaki
Let the good times roll.

DEAR PLAYMATES

This month we asked the Playmates about an important moment in sexual etiquette, one that needs to be handled with finesse. Each of them thought it was a tough—but necessary—element of a crucial conversation with a man.

This month's question is:

How do you like a man to bring up the question of birth control when you're going to have sex with him for the first time?

I think a man should ask, because I know it crosses a man's mind. I don't think a man should feel embarrassed; if he can't talk about that aspect of sex, he shouldn't be having it. I think asking



point-blank is the way to go. I take the pill, so I take care of myself, but a lot of my girlfriends don't and I think asking shows a lot of consideration and interest in a woman. Now, if no one asks, the woman has to speak up herself and say, "I'm not on the pill." I think if you talk about sex before you enter the bedroom, you'll have a better time when you get there.

Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

This sounds like a bit for *Saturday Night Live*. You know, "Hi, it's nice to meet you. Are you on the pill?" Really, though, there is a time and a place for everything. I think in the course of



a conversation one could ask in some casual way, "What kind of birth control are you using?" Essentially, be casual, and do it out of the bedroom, not in it. I did have a bad experience once. I told a man I was not on the pill at a point in our relationship when we were not intimate, and then I went back on the pill and later made love to this man. But I hadn't mentioned that I was on the pill again. It was a little embarrass-

ing. He was totally freaked out and I couldn't figure it out. Finally, I said something about what are we waiting for, and he said, "When are you going to put in your diaphragm?" "Diaphragm," I said, "what are you talking about? I'm back on the pill." He said, "I've been lying here for the past hour waiting for you to do it!" It was crazy, and this poor soul was doing a Woody Allen.

Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

I'd much rather he'd bring it up in conversation way before we're getting ready to have sex. I don't have sex right away when I'm interested in a man, even if I'm attracted to him; but when the time is right, I want him to ask about birth



control. I'd be offended if he didn't bring it up; it would mean he didn't care enough about me. It's all a matter of honesty, anyway. I'm very big on knowing a man before I'm sexual with him, and

I suspect that there would be enough conversation so that he would eventually say, "I'm sexually attracted to you," and if I made it clear that the time was right, he could say, "What about birth control?"

Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

Preferably, before sex! Seriously, I've just recently had that very conversation with a man who said to me, "How do you handle birth control?" It was part



of a discussion about everything in general and was followed by other questions of his, such as, "Do you believe in birth control?" It led to a long talk about "life" that was really important. It's

definitely appropriate if you're going to be intimate with someone. Then you

need to find out some things and I was glad he asked; it made me feel cared for in a good way.

Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

How about, "Are you on somethin'?" I guess I don't think a man should have to ask that question. It seems assumed these days. If you've just met a guy



and you go to bed with him the same night, you've obviously done that before and you've got birth-control methods. If not, if a woman doesn't use anything, she ought to bring it up. I don't think guys should worry anymore, unless they have doubts about a girl's stability or think she might want to get pregnant.

Shannon Tweed

SHANNON TWEED
NOVEMBER 1981

I have always taken care of myself because I've never had a desire to become pregnant. But I think there are a lot of naïve women in the world and you can't



expect every one of them to be responsible, so I guess asking is in order. I've never had a man bring it up. I'd get defensive. I shouldn't, but I would. I'd say, "What do you take me for? You think

I want to have your kid?" I would want him to understand that I'm smart enough to take care of it on my own.

Victoria Cooke

VICTORIA COOKE
AUGUST 1980

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

LAWS OF THE LAND

PLAYBOY has remarked from time to time on the American compulsion to try to solve social problems by enacting more and more laws. I can recall from my days as a college student that a political-science professor prefaced one lecture on the legislative process with the comment that the United States, historically, is the world's most lawmaking and law-breaking nation. The two observations seem to go together. I recently read a wire-service item that said somebody has determined that our generation has 30 times more laws to contend with than our grandparents' generation. I can't see that many of them do much good.

Todd Wheeler
Madison, Wisconsin

While they may not do much good, they do get people elected to public office. Ever heard of a public-office seeker who did not promise that, once elected, he would propose new laws to remedy some problem or other?

OLD-TIME TOKING

Like nearly every other country, India is concerned about marijuana smoking and our newspapers regularly publish articles reporting studies of the drug with much debate over what they mean. That has always surprised me. As a youngster some 45 years ago, I remember that our servants routinely gathered every evening after dinner to smoke charas in their chillum. That was in the state of Rajputana, which is now Rajasthan. No one thought a thing about it, much less considered putting them in jail.

P. A. Peston Jamas
Bombay, India

ONE MORE ON METRIC

I read with much amusement the responses in the December *Playboy Forum* regarding metric conversions of the cunt-hair unit of measurement. I realize that you've been swamped with responses, but I must urge, in the name of your usual sense of fair play, that you correct an error in one of those letters suggesting that the metric equivalent of a cubic mouthful be the herbie.

At a meeting in Chicago in 1971, the Medical Mammographic Equipment Sales Engineers unanimously adopted the henon as the metric mouthful. I know this to be true, because the creator of the henon, and the one who put that unit of measurement to the medical

community for adoption, is one A. J. Fesko, a personal friend. Henons can be measured unilaterally (the left breast only—Hn₁) or bilaterally (both breasts—Hn₂). That is because the left breast can be as much as one full henon larger, since it is closer to the heart and primary circulation.

Your December Playmate, incidentally, is completely off our scale.

Mark L. Meister
Hamilton, Ohio

You're putting us on. Aren't you?

"Can my water bed be named as a corespondent in a paternity action?"

LEGALLY CONCEIVABLE

The curious Federal appellate ruling that manufacturers of video-tape recorders may be held responsible for actions of recorder purchasers suggests the possibility of holding other manufacturers liable for various damages.

To the point, could not the manufacturers of sexually stimulating materials or devices similarly be held liable for

pregnancies resulting from the use of their products? In the past, the debate has been largely philosophical, not legal. But if a recorder manufacturer can be sued, or whatever, because I tape a copyrighted film, what about the maker of my water bed, in the event that I should use that device to effect the seduction of a date who became pregnant? Can my water bed be named as a corespondent in a paternity action? What if we end up screwing on the water bed after having watched an illegally taped movie? This could get complicated.

(Name withheld by request)
McHenry, Illinois

We'll get the Playboy Defense Team on this problem immediately.

NEW PERIL

Legal abortion, equal rights, the Moral Majority, nuclear power, crime in the streets—all those issues pale in comparison with a new phenomenon that threatens our land and our culture, as I would like to explain.

I didn't give a shit back when violins took over from fiddles and country singers started to sound like Engelbert Humperdinck. And it never mattered to me much what the d.j.s played on the so-called country-music radio stations. I was listening to Willie and Waylon, and "the outlaws" never *ever* told me a lie!

Well, now they're both big movie and TV stars and I'm sure glad they're making some real money. But did they have to start shuffling and scraping and putting me on like a couple of court jesters? Waylon's now featured on that tube boob's delight *The Dukes of Hazard*, reading dumb lines between the car wrecks. And Willie can't decide whether he's Frank Sinatra (*One for My Baby*) or The Andrews Sisters (*Don't Fence Me In*). I guess eventually all our heroes turn out to have feet of clay, even if we don't notice right away because they're wearing cowboy boots!

D. Goodson
Springfield, Massachusetts

RETURN OF THE BEAST

How people can pluck such a variety of nonsense out of Biblical and other numbers never ceases to amaze me. I am referring to the *Playboy Forum* letters in the August and November issues regarding 666.

About a year ago, I decided to prove to some born-again friends that literally any superstitious fantasy can be



supported with adequate if not awe-inspiring evidence by juggling divine numbers. Using a combination of numerology, biorhythms and other theories relating to cosmic secrets, I formulated a method that would identify the Anti-christ beyond any doubt (chortle!).

Remember, for example, that Robert F. Kennedy died on June 6, 1968. June is the sixth month. The sixth day is obvious. And if you add the numbers in 1968, you get 24. Two plus four equals six. That's your first 666.

Now, if you add all the letter values in the name Robert F. Kennedy (based on numerology), you get another 666—Robert is six. F is six and Kennedy is, well, only one more than six. Which is pretty close!

Does this mean Bobby's the beast?

Of course not! Mephistopheles must

ATOMIC VETERANS

We have undertaken what may be the largest man hunt ever conducted by a private organization—trying to locate as many as possible of the approximately 250,000 men who may have been exposed to radiation during nuclear tests conducted by this country in Nevada and the Pacific Ocean between 1945 and 1962, and during occupation of Hiroshima and Nagasaki following World War Two. Many of these men and their children are suffering from radiation-related illnesses. With the help of the Playboy Foundation, we have filed suit against the Defense Department to obtain the names of veterans who participated in the tests, but we must also conduct this search through the national media. We would like to hear from these men or their families.

E. Cooper Brown, General Counsel
National Association of
Atomic Veterans
1109 Franklin Street
Burlington, Iowa 52601
319-753-6112

have planted all those numerical correlations relating to Bobby to draw attention to a different event on the same day—say, the birth of a very special child.

If you have one of those dandy biorhythm calculators, you can feed the proper data into it for anyone born on that date and discover even more amazing clues.

For example, when our unknown child is 18 years old (three times six equals 18), his birthday will give us another 666—June 6, 1986. Six days after his birthday, all three of his biorhythms will converge on plus six (three times six), another 666. On September 6, 1986—three months later (a Saturday,

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

KINKY SHRINK

MINEOLA, NEW YORK—A clever hoaxer masquerading as a psychiatrist has persuaded at least ten married women to have sex with total strangers as a means of treating their husbands' supposed emotional and sexual problems. According to police, the man telephones and identifies himself as a psychiatrist who has been secretly treating the woman's husband. In order to assist in the therapy, he says, she must leave the house, come back with the first man she can find and await further instructions.



During the second call, the fraudulent shrink carefully explains the delicate situation to the male stranger, who, the cops note, tends to gallantly submit to having sex. "This guy is good," says one detective. "We have talked to four women and three of the men and they say he is articulate, glib and absolutely convincing. He is very smooth and professional." Since newspapers reported the scam, more than 100 women called to say they had been similarly conned but had not followed the doctor's orders.

KEEPING THE SECRET

BELLEVEUE, NEBRASKA—Two pages of a 970-page advanced-biology textbook used in local high schools have been glued together because they specifically describe methods of birth control. A school administrator said the gluing was performed by a team of secretaries and teachers in compliance with a ten-year-old school policy.

NEW DEFENSE

LONDON—In separate cases decided just one day apart, two British courts have recognized premenstrual tension as a mitigating factor in criminal cases. In one, a London court gave a three-year probated sentence to a barmaid convicted of twice threatening to stab a policeman, agreeing with the defense argument that the woman was reacting to physical and emotional changes associated with her monthly period. The next day, a Norwich court allowed a woman who killed her boyfriend to plead guilty to "manslaughter with diminished responsibility" due to premenstrual syndrome and to go free on probation. Physicians have reported that the condition, characterized by low blood progesterone levels, can cause violent and bizarre behavior in some women. One British study found that 49 percent of women in a London prison had committed their crimes in the few days just before and after beginning their periods.

NO TURNING BACK

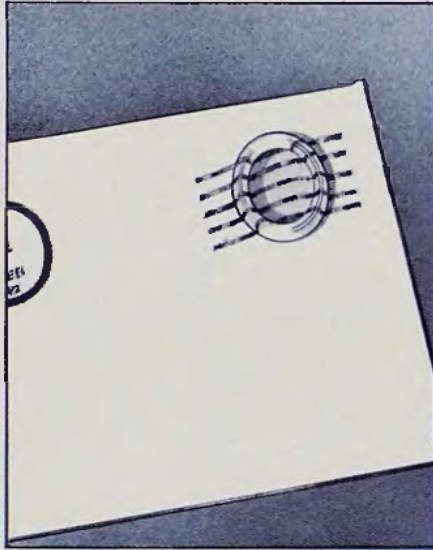
WAUSAU, WISCONSIN—A sterile husband who insisted his wife become pregnant by another man is responsible for the child's support, a state appeals court has ruled. Court records indicated that the couple were married in 1974 and the child was born in 1977. During later divorce proceedings, the court found that the surrogate-father arrangement had led to the birth of the child and ruled "that a husband who, because of his sterile condition, consents to his wife's impregnation with the understanding that a child will be created whom they will treat as their own has the legal duties and responsibilities of fatherhood, including support."

CHILD SLAVERY

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA—A 39-year-old deacon of the Church of God and True Holiness was sentenced to 20 years in prison for holding eight teenaged church members in involuntary servitude. Three of the youths said that another church leader, since sentenced to ten years in prison on similar charges, had forced them to marry other parishioners against their will. The defendant's attorney argued that the deacon was a pawn of the church and "got involved in what turned out to be a religious misadventure."

ADS FOR RUBBERS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Postal Service improperly blocked a New Jersey firm from distributing literature promoting the use of prophylactics and advertising those sold by the company, a U. S. district court has ruled. The decision found that the fliers were not



obscene and did not treat the subject of contraceptive products "in a pandering, suggestive or graphic way" and that the Postal Service therefore violated the company's freedom of speech.

NATURAL DEATH

LONDON—More than half of the British pediatricians responding to a questionnaire said that severely handicapped babies rejected by their parents should be allowed to die of natural causes. A separate public-opinion survey likewise found a majority of respondents in agreement that extraordinary medical measures should not be employed to save badly handicapped infants against the wishes of parents. The issue arose after a pediatrician was acquitted of attempted murder in allowing the natural death of a three-day-old baby afflicted with Down's syndrome, or Mongolism.

Meanwhile, two New York City doctors have come under criticism from other physicians in the U. S. and Canada for aborting a fetus with Down's syndrome seven months before its twin was born normally. They defended the operation as an accepted medical practice and said that "our procedure was attempted for the sake of salvaging the life of the normal twin for parents in an extreme predicament, who desperately wanted a normal child but found themselves personally unable to cope with a lifelong responsibility for

a retarded child and who were unwilling to shift the burden to society at large."

WRONGFUL LIFE

SACRAMENTO—The University of California Medical Center has agreed to pay \$900,000 in settlement of a "wrongful life" suit on behalf of a severely retarded baby who might have been aborted if his parents had been told of the availability of a prenatal test. The agreement was reached after a superior-court judge ruled that a jury could decide the question of whether or not the hospital was obligated to inform the parents that a test, amniocentesis, could determine during pregnancy that a child would be born with Mongolism. In 1980, a California appeals court held that such a child could recover damages from a medical laboratory for its failure to tell an expectant couple they carried a genetic disease that would likely affect their baby.

FAIR IS FAIR

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Tax Court has ruled that because the Government can tax even illegal income, the Internal Revenue Service must allow a convicted drug dealer to deduct the legitimate expenses he incurred in conducting his business. In the case of a Minneapolis man who served four years for drug charges, the IRS rejected the claimed deductions for lack of documentation. The tax judge ruled otherwise: "The nature of his role in the drug market, together with his appearance and candor at trial, causes us to believe that he was honest, forthright and candid in his reconstruction of the income and expenses from his illegal activities." The judge allowed full cost of the drugs and weighing equipment, car, telephone and packaging expenses, as well as one third of the rent, but turned down the travel, food and entertainment expenses for lack of receipts. The dealer reported sales of \$128,500, gross profits of \$23,200 and a taxable income of \$17,290.

DEATH AND DUTY

FORTALEZA, BRAZIL—A man who laid down "12 commandments" for his wife to obey has been sentenced to four years in jail after a jury decided the strict rules drove the woman to suicide. The rules, which the wife had to sign in front of witnesses, included never leaving the house in her husband's absence, never questioning his authority or asking his whereabouts and assigning him ownership of all her belongings.

NEW RULES

VATICAN CITY—The Vatican Commission of the Roman Catholic Church has widened grounds for annulment of marriage and reduced the number of offenses that lead to automatic excommunication. The annulment decision essentially adopted as universal Church law the grounds for annulment recognized in the U. S. for the past 11 years, including "severe psychological immaturity" or a defective "ability to understand the reciprocal rights and duties of matrimony." Automatic excommunication now applies to only a few offenses, including physical attacks on the Pope and abortion.

VIRGIN TESTING

DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA—Concerned over high rates of immorality, prostitution and pregnancy, two subtribes of the Zulu nation are reportedly conducting "virgin tests" on girls between the ages of 13 and 21. The examinations, conducted by teams of elderly women, involve a competition to discover which tribal region has the most virgins, with the winning region



receiving a prize bull. Nonvirgins are subject to a fine of five pounds, which in some cases may be levied against the male culprit responsible.

PURITY PRESERVED

LOS ANGELES—A local judge has ordered a Hollywood-area sex-novelty store to surrender its supply of T-shirts depicting Disney cartoon characters engaging in sexual acts. A suit filed by the Disney company successfully argued that the explicit drawings of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Donald and Daisy Duck and the Three Little Pigs infringed on copyrights.

FETAL LAW

civil rights for unborn citizens

Illinois Congressman Henry Hyde, one of the sponsors of the Human Life Amendment, has tried to reassure us: Never mind that doctors, scientists, philosophers and theologians cannot agree on when biological life becomes human life. "Defining when life begins," says Hyde, "is the sort of question Congress is designed to answer, is competent to answer, must answer."

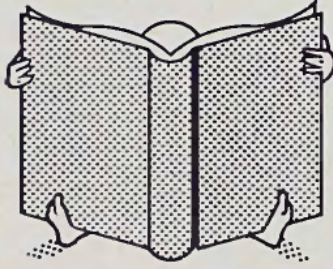
I just hope Congress is able to handle a few more details. If our fetuses are now to be full-fledged U. S. citizens, with all the rights and privileges guaranteed under the 14th Amendment (which, by the way, refers to "all persons *born* or naturalized"), then the Census Bureau will have an interesting new challenge. It should be the first agency to require certificates of conception, since fetuses will need to be counted for purposes of taxation and representation. Social Security forms and other permanent records will probably need to replace date-of-birth (D.O.B.) information with date of conception (D.O.C.).

And that brings up another sticky problem: Just how is the Government going to determine D.O.C.? It could let parents guess, but I get the feeling some Congressmen don't trust us very much, and most of us don't think it is any of the Government's business when we do what with whom.

So as not to raise any right-to-privacy issues, Congress could pour billions into research to come up with some ingenious way for a fetus to tell us its exact moment of conception. But if the fetus also has the right to privacy, who is going to protect it from the Government?

If they've thought this one through, lawyers should love the Human Life Amendment, because if I found myself pregnant—ah, conceptive—again, I would hire a lawyer first and an obstetrician second. Make that two lawyers—the fetus gets one, too.

Since we don't have an Equal Rights Amendment, I could be carrying someone with more rights than I have. If a pregnant woman commits a crime, the courts will need to determine whether or not the fetus she is carrying is an accomplice. OK, so Junior can't be held responsible for



Mother's sticking up a bank; does that mean the courts can't send our innocent preborn human off to jail with Mom?

My local bartender is worried, too. The law says he can't serve drinks to minors. He wonders if he's supposed to administer pregnancy tests to all his female customers or if a sworn statement of nonpregnancy will do.

Child abuse presents the most circular legal problem. Doctors say drinking, smoking, overeating, undereating and a variety of other activities can be harmful to a fetus. Even screwing can potentially introduce dangerous bacteria or trigger early labor.

Will the Government be able to order us to stop those activities in the name of protecting the rights of the fetus? It seems reasonable that under the Human Life Amendment a pregnant woman could be charged with negligent homicide for carelessly stepping off a curb, falling and causing the fatal miscarriage of her fetus. What I want to know is whether or not an infant is equally culpable for his mother's death in childbirth.

There may be a bright side to this emphasis on conception: We should be eligible for Social Security and retirement benefits nine months earlier.

Some new tax breaks could also emerge. The tax deductions for dependents should start at conception instead of birth, and maybe there's a way to deduct expenses for an "office in the home," so to speak. Maternity clothes for the working woman will surely be a valid child-care expense.

Men may think this birth-versus-conception controversy doesn't affect them much beyond learning to hand out conception cigars and the possibility of being charged with child abuse for sleeping with a mother-to-be, but they may want to rethink this. Scientists recently announced that with the successful development of test-tube conception and artificial implantation, there's every reason to believe that a man could carry a baby to term in his abdomen. If this comes to pass, every woman in the United States would be crazy not to support this equal-opportunity legislation. Fair is fair, Henry Hyde.

—SARAH SPEIGHTS

the sixth day of the week)—he will have lived for 6666 days.

It seems clear to me that the Antichrist will receive a fatal head wound on his 18th birthday. Six days later, when his biorhythm cycles converge on plus six, he will be resurrected. Then, in three months, when he has lived for 6666 days, he will assume his prophetic power. Furthermore, that person will be 18 during the time when Halley's comet reaches perihelion. That should provide a nice heavenly beam of light for wise men (or not-so-wise men) to follow to the resurrection site.

Anyway (yawn!), all we have to do now is sort through the names of every child born on June 6, 1968 (a quarter of a million or so), to find our beast. Then we'll just have to have a Senate subcommittee appointed at great expense to watch all likely candidates for signs of satanic activity.

I'm not going to do it. After all, I've given the world a sure-fire method for locating the rascal. If the Government won't follow through for a mere four years, I'll just wait around to say, "I told you so!"

Dan L. Blake
Elkhart, Indiana

We congratulate you on your basic good sense and your creative whimsy.

ABORTION DEBATE

As I understand it, and please correct me if I'm wrong, the current consensus is that a man is legally responsible for financial support of any child born of his doing. If that is so, then any children born as a result of an amendment prohibiting abortion will be the legal and financial responsibility of men such as Senator Jesse Helms and Representative Henry Hyde.

There will never be one true solution to this problem. God gave us the power of free will and it is not up to any preacher or politician to decide how we should exercise it. The Constitution was not designed to dictate morals but, rather, to protect the freedom we have to decide for ourselves what moral standards have enough practical and social application to be enforced by law. This country has come too far in the past 200 years to start moving backward now.

Andrea Parrish
Des Plaines, Illinois

I don't know about the rest of the country, but New Jersey has been under bombardment from various Moral Majority and right-to-life groups. They've been littering our newspapers with ads containing photos of eight-month "aborted" fetuses, ignoring the fact that third-trimester abortions are rarely performed except in emergencies.

What worries me most are the so-called

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Human Life Amendment and the other bills presently in Congress that would make abortion and even some forms of contraception illegal. Everyone by now should be aware that the Moral Majority is neither.

Joanne Palmer
Stockholm, New Jersey

Dr. Paul Bindrim's amusing *reductio ad absurdum* of the right-to-life movement's position is OK as far as it goes (*The Playboy Forum*, November), but he neglects to consider another whole class of potential offenses that, while not qualifying as premeditated murder, could still be construed as crimes within the same chain of reasoning. I refer to that ugly practice of involuntary personslaughter, the nocturnal emission.

If the right-to-life movement has its way, in the future, when Junior soils the sheets, Mom had better save them as evidence and call the police or she may find herself being charged as an accessory after the fact.

Evans Thornton
Oceanside, California

Dr. Bindrim says, "Let's amend the right-to-life bill and make masturbation a capital crime." I agree with him. However, this should not apply to first offenders. They should receive treatment in special camps.

I admit that on occasion my own index finger has been used for purposes other than holding this pen, and as a woman, I therefore demand equal rights. I demand to be incarcerated along with any other illegal masturbators. Coed facilities will help deter illegal masturbation and I, for one, will do all I can to rehabilitate those poor unfortunate offenders.

(Name withheld by request)
Miami, Florida

TOMORROW'S LEADERS

President Reagan and many members of his Administration consider themselves "pro-life," but they are certainly not "pro-children"—not with the drastic budget cuts they propose in elementary, secondary and special education. What kind of life are these so-called pro-lifers offering the children of this nation, particularly the handicapped children and the children of the poor and needy? Very few Americans can afford to send their children to costly private or parochial schools. Many public-school districts nationwide are already operating on a shoestring.

When will the bureaucrats who run this country realize that its future rests in large part on the quality of educational opportunities made available to its children? The children of today are the leaders of tomorrow. According to

the law, it is the statutory right of every child to receive a free, appropriate public education. Let's keep it that way and not compromise our children's education for temporary economic gain.

Ghita A. Lapidus
Chicago, Illinois

REGULATION

One way that pressure groups such as the Moral so-called Majority puts pressure on TV stations is to threaten to contest their licenses at renewal time. Freedom of speech is a constitutionally guaranteed right. By forcing the owners of TV and radio stations to obtain the consent of the Government in order to operate, the Government has changed a right to a privilege.

That same argument applies to the requiring of permits for various types of public gatherings and meetings. The right to peaceful assembly is constitutionally guaranteed. By requiring a permit, agencies of the Government are changing a right to a privilege. Once again, they do not have the authority to do this, and thus the requiring of such permits is unconstitutional.

Miles E. Calhoun
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

You make it sound so simple.

SPEAKING IN TONGUES

During a recent college classroom discussion of glossolalia (the gift of tongues) in a course I teach on religion, I learned from a student who has explored this subject that researchers have found that our interest in this phenomenon (and presumably actual experiences of it) fluctuates with the economy. In hard times, the religious in certain communities are more apt to be visited by this charismatic gift. In flush times, apparently, its occurrence is less frequent.

That got me thinking. We have been told that the length of women's dresses provides a barometer of economic conditions—hemlines go up when money is loose and down when it is tight. I leave it to others to verify those separate research findings.

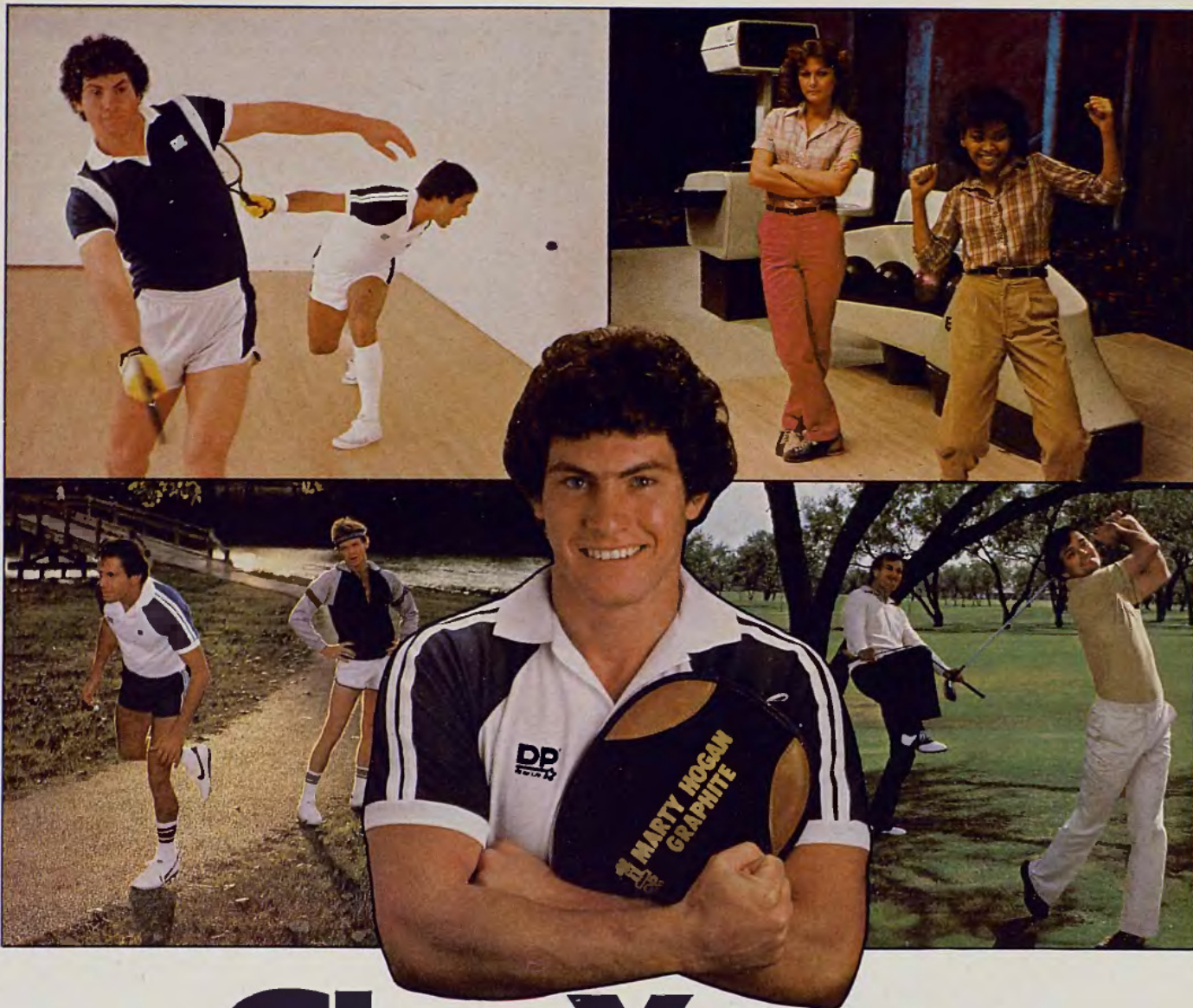
Kevin Lewis
Columbia, South Carolina

Your student may be right, but as statisticians know, almost anything can be correlated with anything else if you try hard enough.

THE BIBLE TELLS US SO

Here's a coda to M. Chaney's sharp letter entitled "The Holy Word" in the October *Playboy Forum* commenting on the Biblical mandate to stone homosexuals.

In *Luke 16:18*, Jesus Christ is quoted as decreeing: "Everyone who divorces his wife and marries another commits



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adultery." No loopholes or reservations.

Now, if Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority cohorts are consistent in their belief in the verbal inerrancy of the Bible—and particularly in the regulations set forth by Jesus—then he and his self-righteous henchmen must condemn President Reagan (to say nothing of millions of other Americans) as adulterers.

Has judge Falwell taken his favorite President to task as violator of Christ's unqualified commandment?

Not he!

Most Moral Majority pastors apparently do not usually hesitate to conduct marriage ceremonies involving previously divorced persons, thereby countenancing adultery. I've never heard that Falwell and his clerics label as adulterers those in their congregations who have been divorced and remarried.

After all, despite Jesus' embarrassing declaration, is it expedient to alienate important wealthy parishioners and cut off funds that fatten M.M. coffers?

What price hypocrisy?

Ben W. Fuson
Louisa, Kentucky

WAVE OF REPRESSION

No matter who you are, what is happening in Government is a hit below your constitutional belt.

Four hits, as a matter of fact:

1. The Intelligence Identities Protection Act makes it a crime to divulge information that might lead to the identification of undercover intelligence operatives. If the disclosure would "impair or impede" intelligence operations, it is a felony—even if the information comes from public sources, even if it exposes illegal conduct, even if you discover an FBI informant or *provocateur* in your group's midst.

2. The Executive Order on Domestic Intelligence Activities allows the FBI and the CIA to infiltrate—and to manipulate—perfectly legal political organizations, with no more justification than a "hunch" that the group might have some foreign connections, and no requirement for any court-ordered warrant for "black-bag jobs." There doesn't even have to be any probable cause that any law is or might be violated.

3. New State Department passport regulations allow the Secretary of State to revoke a citizen's passport merely because the Secretary believes the person's conduct—maybe nothing more than perfectly legal speeches or writings criticizing U.S. foreign policy—might "cause serious damage to the . . . foreign policy of the United States." This could apply to any critic of U.S. policies—if the Government wanted to muzzle that person.

4. The Freedom of Information Improvements Act of 1981 is hardly an

"improvement." By broadening exemptions for the FBI and the CIA, it legitimizes burglaries, mail openings, etc., and again cloaks such activities in secrecy.

These developments make a travesty of our constitutional rights. Legitimate intelligence surveillance is one thing, but giving legal sanction to dirty tricks is another.

Cathy Nonas
New York, New York

FORUM FOLLIES

The difference between a procurer and a seducer has been affirmed by a California superior court and it boils down to this: You can be a procurer or you can be a seducer, but you can't be both—at least not simultaneously. What's more, a seducer can employ a little deception without breaking the law.

The ruling came about due to an appeal by a Northern California man of his conviction for "attempted fraudulent procurement of a female to have illicit carnal connection."

According to court records, a fellow named Billy Dean came home with his buddy Steve late one night and found the 19-year-old girlfriend of Steve's roommate asleep in the apartment. Steve complained that he wasn't entirely happy with the crowded arrangement, so Billy Dean decided to play a little joke. He undressed, slipped into bed with the girl and pretended to be her lover.

As the records tell it, Billy Dean "undertook prolonged erotic touching and caressing (short of any form of sexual penetration, however) until the girlfriend hysterically discovered and reacted to his identity." In other words, she didn't like the joke and called the cops, who officiously tossed the protesting prankster into their local slammer for attempted sexual procurement through fraud.

Billy Dean ultimately had his conviction overturned, because, the court ruled, "a person who fraudulently obtains sexual favors for himself cannot be held to 'procure' within the meaning of the statutory term . . . the word 'procure' refers to the act of a person who procures the gratification of passion for another. A person who himself obtains the gratification cannot therefore be a procurer."

The precedent went all the way back to 1874, when the state supreme court wisely declared that a man "cannot be considered to have been both procurer and seducer at the same time, and in one and the same instance."

—ROGER GRAY

GUN CONTROL

I read with interest your November *Playboy Forum* containing a reader's letter and your commentary relating to the shooting scene in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. The philosophical question had to do with Indiana Jones's ethics in shooting a blade-wielding foe who obviously intended to slice him to ribbons. Was the grinning sword swinger merely a hapless chap who had "very little else going for him" besides his talent for knifeplay and who was victimized by a pistol-packing Jones, or was Indy justifiably protecting himself from victimization?

I refer you to the similar philosophical issue raised in *Esquire* in its September 1981 issue, in which an angry, liberal-minded, progressive-thinking individual becomes fed up with being victimized and starts shooting back. His argument is based on the changes in the climate of personal freedom and safety in our society, on the recognition that he and his wife are leading valuable and important lives worth protecting and on the recognition that their self-defense is a necessity and a reality.

Perhaps this is all coincidence. Or is there a mother lode of middle-class resistance to victimization, intelligently argued, that editorial staffs of significant magazines can't help but stumble across? Can it be that there are rational, liberally educated individuals possessing social consciences and awareness who are prepared to defend themselves, without being right-wing N.R.A. vigilante gunslingers? Are knife-wielding foes only in the movies, or as close as your parking lot? How come Indy's choice draws only loud cheers from cinema audiences? I encourage you to test these questions and issues in your publication.

D. Ridgley Brown
Effingham, Illinois

Tell me about gun control. But first, tell me what our courts are doing about criminals. When this country begins to effectively deal with the "crime problem," it will no longer have a "gun problem."

J. Finkbeiner
Alexandria, Virginia

See "The Trouble with Guns" (page 102), by William J. Helmer, who takes a fresh look at this perennial controversy and guarantees there's something in it to offend the zealots on both sides.

"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: PATRICIA HEARST

a candid conversation about kidnaping, brainwashing and bank robbery with the young heiress who was once the world's most famous fugitive

Before the night of February 4, 1974, few people had heard of Patricia Campbell Hearst. To those who knew her, she was a 19-year-old Berkeley college student majoring in art history and living with her fiancé, Steven Weed, 26, a graduate student in philosophy. Her family, of course, which controls America's largest privately owned media-and-land conglomerate, is well-known, not least because of the exploits of Patricia's grandfather, the publishing tycoon immortalized in "Citizen Kane." But until that night, Patricia's own concerns didn't extend beyond the butterflies she felt over her impending high-society wedding.

Then, abruptly, her life turned upside down and her name became a household word. Kidnaped from her apartment and thrown into the trunk of a car, she disappeared for 19 months, and the question "Where is Patty Hearst?" became a national guessing game.

Her abductors were a group of eight people led by ex-convict Donald De-Freeze, known as Cinque, who called themselves the Symbionese Liberation Army. They first achieved notoriety by

claiming responsibility for the November 6, 1973, slaying of Oakland school superintendent Marcus Foster. Two of the original S.L.A. group—Joe Remiro and Russell Little—had been arrested for the murder.

As Hearst would later tell it, she was originally kidnaped as a way of releasing Remiro and Little—a political swap, in other words—but when her kidnaping caused a world-wide sensation, the S.L.A. changed its objective. Thus began an extraordinary year and a half—for Patricia Hearst and for America.

For 57 days, this child of affluence and privilege was kept bound and blindfolded in two small closets as the S.L.A. demanded "reparations" for poor people and issued statements to the media. Then came an astonishing announcement: Patricia Hearst, according to her own taped statement, had decided to join her captors and fight against the "corporate ruling class": "I have been given the choice of being released in a safe area or joining the forces of the Symbionese Liberation Army and fighting for my freedom and the freedom of all oppressed people. I have chosen to stay and

fight. . . . I have been given the name Tania, after a comrade who fought alongside Ché [Guevara] in Bolivia. . . . I have learned how vicious the pig really is, and [my] comrades are teaching me to attack with even greater viciousness."

A short time later, another shock: The S.L.A., armed with automatic weapons, robbed the Hibernia Bank branch in San Francisco, wounding one person. There, as photos taken by the bank's cameras later revealed, was Patty Hearst, holding a weapon and covering her comrades. Her conversion was apparently real.

As Patty would later testify, Cinque moved the group shortly after the bank robbery to Los Angeles, where they holed up in a "safe house" in a black neighborhood. Cinque sent his "soldiers" out on practice missions in three-person teams, and it was on one such expedition that Patty and her team members, Emily and Bill Harris, emerged again into the public spotlight. It was also the last time the three of them would see the rest of the S.L.A. alive.

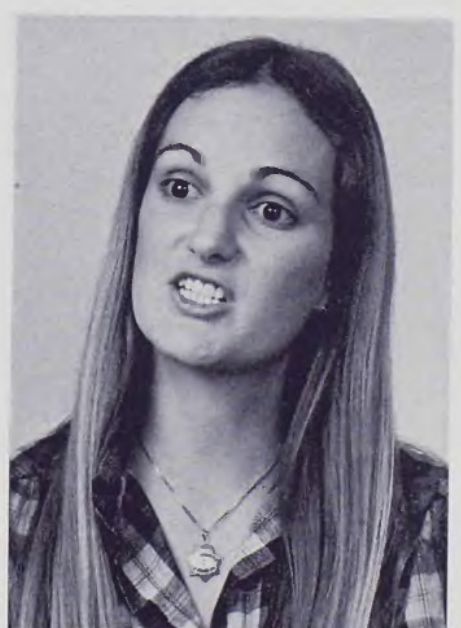
Outside a Los Angeles sporting-goods store, Bill Harris was caught shoplifting and was wrestled to the sidewalk. In a



"It would have been crazy not to have joined the S.L.A., because they would have killed me. It would've taken more guts to say, 'Never, I'd rather die.' Sorry, I'm a coward. I didn't want to die."



"We all shared a communal toothbrush. Isn't that disgusting? All those horrible people and all their cooties! But it was supposed to be bourgeois to think you needed your own toothbrush!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

"My reaction afterward was, 'No, no, they didn't do that to me!' It was almost better to think I had willingly, happily joined them than to think they had been able to play with my mind."

van across the street, Tania "instinctively" reached for her automatic weapon and opened fire. Bill and Emily Harris escaped and the three took off, abandoning their van, hijacking another vehicle and eventually fleeing to a motel in Anaheim, near Disneyland, where they were to await a rendezvous with their comrades. In the motel room, they switched on the TV to witness the L.A. police and the FBI shooting their safe house into flames and smoke, killing all of the other S.L.A. members.

The remaining three embarked on what has become known as "the missing year." Squabbling among themselves, they returned to San Francisco, where they met Jack Scott, a sportswriter and radical sympathizer, who had previously helped another friend, Wendy Yoshimura. Scott offered to get them to New York and set them up at his Pennsylvania farmhouse. They agreed and Scott, along with his parents, personally drove Tania to New York.

The odyssey continued, eluding the FBI as they moved from their Pennsylvania hide-out to one in the New York Catskills and then back west again to Las Vegas and Sacramento. Though separated many times from her companions, Patty made no attempt to escape—and, indeed, never even considered it. As she explained at her trial, she felt there was no place to escape to. The FBI was after her, then—Attorney General of the U.S. William Saxbe had called her a "common criminal" and she believed her parents would want nothing to do with her.

In Sacramento, the three were joined by radical sympathizers Jim Kilgore, Kathy Soliah and her brother, Steven, Wendy Yoshimura and Mike Bortin. There they staged a holdup of the Crocker National Bank branch in Carmichael, during which Myrna Lee Opsahl, 42, mother of four teenaged children, was shot and killed. Patty did not directly participate in that robbery but, according to her book, did drive a getaway car. The group then decided to flee Sacramento and return to San Francisco. There they began a series of police-car bombings, and it was there, finally, that Patty was arrested on September 18, 1975.

Patty Hearst's fugitive life was over, but her ordeal continued. Her parents hired flamboyant attorney F. Lee Bailey to defend her. The trial became a carnival of psychiatric testimony, in which psychiatrists claimed that Patty was a victim of "coercive persuasion"—brainwashing—and wasn't responsible for her actions, while prosecutor Jim Browning argued that she fully knew what she was doing. In what was perhaps the most damaging evidence of all, an Obmec monkey-head charm that S.L.A. member

Willie Wolfe had given to her was found in her possession, even though she claimed at the trial that she detested Wolfe. The little charm apparently was construed as proof that she had loved him—and had participated voluntarily in S.L.A. crimes.

Hearst was convicted of bank robbery in 1976 and sentenced to seven years in prison. After she had served nearly two years, her sentence was commuted by President Carter. Since it was not a pardon, Hearst is still trying to get her conviction reversed by the courts.

While she has been the subject of at least nine books, including ones by her ex-fiancé Steven Weed and her former guard, Janey Jimenez, her own story has just appeared for the first time, in a book she and author Alvin Moscow wrote called "Every Secret Thing."

Now married to one of her former bodyguards, San Francisco policeman Bernie Shaw, and the mother of an eight-month-old daughter, Patty agreed to sit down with Contributing Editor Lawrence Grobel (whose last "Playboy Interview" was with Henry Fonda in

"I answered some major things, like, was I a bad girl all my life? No, I wasn't."

December 1981) and give her first in-depth interview ever. Grobel's report:

"For more than 18 months, ever since I met Patricia and she agreed to an 'exclusive' interview, I had prepared myself for this. 'I'm not going to do anything else,' she told me. 'This will be it.' And then: silence. Her book publisher instructed her not to do any interviews because she'd be ruining the impact of her book. So she told me we'd have to wait until the book was completed. Once it was, she was under pressure from her publisher to maximize publicity. She'd give me the longest, most serious interview, but it would no longer be exclusive.

"Well, that's showbiz, I thought, although I wondered why Patricia would let herself be manipulated for the sake of book sales. But, to be fair, Patricia insists she has more than just money on her mind. She feels she's suffered a great injustice and she wants the record corrected. She knows that people perceive her as a weak, submissive, easily persuaded young woman with little mind of her own, and she's determined to change that image.

"We arranged to meet in a suite at

the Benjamin Franklin Hotel in San Mateo, a five-minute drive from where she and her husband, Bernie, live. The first day, she was late because her baby had overslept, but once she arrived, we talked for nearly six hours. During breaks to feed and change her daughter, I noticed from one of the windows two police cars on the rooftop of the building next to the hotel. It was shortly after the capture of a Weather Underground fugitive, Kathy Boudin, in New York, and it occurred to me that the police might again be interested in Patty. At least, the cops inside the cars seemed to be looking in our direction. . . . Patricia was skeptical about my fears, but when the wind made the door to the adjoining suite creak, Patricia looked up with a start—then wondered seriously if someone might be listening to our conversation.

"After a few days in San Mateo, we picked up our interview sessions in Los Angeles. For more than 20 hours, I grilled her. She was everything I expected her to be: arrogant, sarcastic, conservative, forceful . . . yes, funny and likable. But being interrogated was nothing new to her: She had gotten used to it after months of probing by the FBI, court-appointed and personal psychologists and psychiatrists, lawyers, D.A.s and prosecuting attorneys. I couldn't help thinking of T. S. Eliot's lines in 'Prufrock': 'When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall / Then how should I begin / To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?' Patricia had been through at least a few circles of hell and had managed not just to survive but to persevere. And she was only now beginning to spit it all out."

PLAYBOY: Simply put, after all this time, why the book—and the media blitz surrounding it?

HEARST: Because I just wanted to get on with my life. It was actually fun to finally be able to just write what happened. I didn't have to say, "Well, the prosecutor said this, but what really happened. . . ." Forget it! They had their day in court, and I don't have to answer anything they said! I just had to say what happened. And any old lie they want to tell, they can, but not in my book.

I answered some major things, like, was I a bad girl all my life? No, I wasn't.

PLAYBOY: How many of the books about you have you read? Shana Alexander's book, *Anyone's Daughter*?

HEARST: Oh, no. Is that book about me or about her? I have lawyers who read books like that. If you think it's about me, I can't help it.

PLAYBOY: What about the book by your former guard, Janey Jimenez—*My Prisoner*? Or Jean Kinney's book on Willie

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Wolfe? Or Steven Weed's book?

HEARST: [Laughing] No, I haven't read any of those books. I don't feel I have to prepare myself to answer questions about someone else's work. That's probably why I don't read them, so I don't have to waste my time.

PLAYBOY: You've got your own book to plug.

HEARST: Yeah, I've got my own.

PLAYBOY: With the \$800,000 you received for your book, plus whatever sums you'll get from the paperback and possible movie rights, and the \$50,000 *Look* supposedly paid you for exclusive pictures of your wedding, it certainly seems like you're cashing in on your celebrity with a vengeance.

HEARST: No. With *Look*, our attitude at the time was kind of like, why not? We didn't get the full \$50,000. But it was a nice little chunk of money and it paid the down payment on our house. As for this book, I didn't want some schlocky, high-powered promotion. That would be cheap and sensational and I've had plenty of that. I just wanted a nice, low-key promotion and that's what I got. I'm not going on the Johnny Carson show to sit and listen to those dumb jokes. I'm not an entertainer.

PLAYBOY: Well, low-key promotion or not, you certainly have been in demand by journalists and the media. What's your opinion of those of us who want a shot at your story?

HEARST: I have a very hard time respecting reporters. That seems like such a sleazy job, chasing people, a pencil and pad in your hand, annoying people. They're so undignified. In New York, they're nuts. I have never seen in my whole life a more unsophisticated press. They just cannot control themselves. We had one girl jumping on Bernie's back. Then they hit our car. These were people from the press wanting an interview! Then there was a *National Enquirer* reporter who came running at me at my home. I didn't know who he was, just this scruffy, scraggy man who jumped out of a car and leaped at me. I ran inside and called the police. Within minutes, they came, threw him over the hood of it and frisked him. They found out he was from the *Enquirer*. Yuk! So then, of course, they ran an article about how I lived in terror!

PLAYBOY: What about the Hearst-owned *San Francisco Examiner*—are there any reporters there you respect?

HEARST: I don't know. They change. There's a big turnover in this reporting business. I don't read the by-lines. Hey, you know, anybody could write that stuff. Isn't that awful! I don't know who any of them are. And I'm not the only one in my family who doesn't know any of the reporters.

PLAYBOY: Were the media guilty of overkill in your case?

HEARST: It was getting to the point where people were so sick of me, they just couldn't stand it anymore. They'd go, "I don't care what happens to her. Please, no more! No more!" [Laughs] That's how I felt, too. I know how they felt!

PLAYBOY: Well, before that happens again, let's turn over the tape and examine what happened to you.

HEARST: This is the first time I've given an interview with a tape recorder. I absolutely have a *thing* about tapes. I'm always afraid that some jerk will get hold of them and play them on the radio. Funny thing, I don't know why! How odd!

PLAYBOY: Since your story will have been retold often by the time this interview is published, we'll try not to cover details that are too familiar. But let's go back to that night of February 4, 1974. You and Steven were in your Berkeley apartment when there was a knock on the door. The next thing you know, you're being carried outside, screaming, and thrown into the trunk of a car. What was going through your mind?

HEARST: I just remember screaming my head off as loud as I could. I wanted the whole world to hear. It's really hard to describe sheer terror. You just don't comprehend being kidnaped unless it happens to you. I don't believe there's anything quite like it. I just remember feeling cold, numb and scared.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you have a premonition four days before that you might be kidnaped?

HEARST: Probably because they were following me all over the place; that's why I had that creepy feeling. When people are following you, you don't always know it, but you know how you feel. Suddenly, you will look over your shoulder and somebody will be looking at you. They said later they'd been following me for a long time, back and forth to classes. They thought it was a big joke to tell me, "You always take the same route home." They had been watching that apartment all day long.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever find it darkly humorous that Steven was shouting, "Take anything you want," to them and—

HEARST: Yes, of course. Right. "Gee, thanks, we'll take her." That's probably why I said, "No, no, not me." [Laughs] Take the stereo!

PLAYBOY: Not long after, the *Chicago Tribune* titled an article, "HIDDEN CYANIDE BULLETS FOUND IN PATTY'S APARTMENT." The implication was that the bullets were yours.

HEARST: Not true. DeFreeze lost his bullets in the struggle and they got kicked under a bookcase, which is where they found them. Then, promptly, the FBI assumed they must be mine. Thanks a lot, you guys. This is, like, a day after I'm kidnaped, and they think I'm doing

it to myself. And you can't get that out of people's minds. They read something like that and it doesn't matter what else they see—all they remember is that. "Well, you know, she had bullets in her apartment. Cyanide bullets!" Or, "She took her driver's license with her; she must have known she was being kidnaped." I didn't take my driver's license; they did.

PLAYBOY: Do you still care what people think?

HEARST: Yeah, I do. I care if somebody thinks that I kidnaped myself or knew these people beforehand. There was no way that I knew any of these people! There has never been any evidence or any presentation on the part of the Government that that was so. And yet, it's this incredibly long-lived rumor.

PLAYBOY: Did you expect the S.L.A. to try to exchange you for Joe Remiro and Russell Little? Or to ask for a ransom?

HEARST: The original plan was to exchange hostages. But then they got caught up in all the publicity and they started thinking of something else. They were media freaks. They just couldn't control themselves. The news, press, they were addicted to it! They never, ever really asked for anything as a ransom. The money [for the food program] was just a good-faith gesture; that wasn't even the ransom to them. Well, what kind of a hope is that? I was more scared when I started realizing they weren't going to ask for money for ransom. It was so hopeless then. "What are they going to do?" I asked myself. "Why me? I couldn't have been *that* bad!" [Laughs] I certainly hadn't been that good, either—a few minor transgressions, but I certainly don't think I needed some kind of testing.

PLAYBOY: Most of the world knows you were taken to a house in Daly City, later transferred in a garbage can to an apartment in San Francisco and kept blindfolded in a small closet for 57 days, with the radio turned up loud to keep you from overhearing them and a foul-smelling mattress on the floor. Other than staying alive, did anything seem very important to you?

HEARST: It seemed important to try and understand what they were talking about. They thought I was so stupid and bourgeois and horrible that, if I could understand what they were saying and spit it back at them, it would make it easier to get along with them. So that was important.

PLAYBOY: Was that when they were calling you Marie Antoinette?

HEARST: That's how they felt about me: that I was just so oblivious to everything; that by my lifestyle I was saying, "Let them eat cake." My lifestyle! I was just some dumb kid going to college!

PLAYBOY: So you didn't see your kidnaping as a political act?

HEARST: I don't think it's a very political



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act to kidnap somebody's daughter instead of her father, whom they could just as easily have kidnaped at that point. But [*sarcastically*] they were afraid to go kidnap the great big man, so they went after a little bitty girl.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that had they gone after your father it would have made as much news as their taking you?

HEARST: It certainly would have. *And* it wouldn't have created all the lurid fantasies that went along with it: "Ah-hah, there's a black man there. Lots of women revolutionaries. We know what's *really* going on." If it had been my father, it could have been more to the point, but that's not how they operated. They wanted to sneak around. Their motto was, "He who fights and runs away lives to fight another day."

PLAYBOY: At the beginning, did you see them as crazies or as revolutionaries?

HEARST: At first, I thought they were just absolutely insane, and that in itself was frightening. Later, I stopped viewing them as being insane and decided they had some kind of purpose. But their purpose was really very confused. You just have no idea how *creepy* they were!

PLAYBOY: During the first days, did you think you'd probably be rescued?

HEARST: For a long time, I really thought I *would* be rescued—you know, a tunnel up through the floor or some *Mission: Impossible* type of rescue. But at the

point where Cinque came to the closet and gave me my ultimatum—"Fight or die"—I started thinking I wouldn't be rescued for quite some time.

PLAYBOY: Bill and Emily Harris say that you were never told to join or die.

HEARST: Well, they're liars.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you write that Cinque was alone in the closet with you when he told you that. So isn't it possible that the others—including the Harrises—never knew he said that?

HEARST: It's true, they may not be lying. They may actually have not known that he said that. It's possible, yeah.

PLAYBOY: And, of course, Cinque is dead, so we have to take your word for it.

HEARST: Or else you can just not believe me. But he definitely said it. He said that in other revolutions, it's common practice to capture people and make them join, and they never see their families again. I never believed I had a choice. I still don't believe it. I'll never believe it.

PLAYBOY: It's been well publicized that you were raped during your 57 days in the closet by both Cujo [Willie Wolfe] and Cinque. Emily Harris has said, "What is so disgusting is that Patty would just fabricate this tale about Willie's assaulting her."

HEARST: More disgusting is the fact that he *did* it.

PLAYBOY: Were you forcibly raped?

HEARST: I sure was. And it was humiliating. There've been plenty of times I just wished I hadn't even bothered to say I was, because I get questions like, "Really raped?" When you're in a closet, blindfolded . . . I'm sorry, I don't care what your definition of rape is—I don't care how willing somebody is to do it rather than be killed or whatever she thinks might happen—that's rape!

PLAYBOY: During your trial, your attorney Al Johnson dramatically described a time when Cinque entered the closet and lifted you off the floor by your nipples. Did that happen?

HEARST: By my nipples? Wow. That's amazing. I don't remember that. I wasn't lifted off the floor. I was pinched very hard, but I was not lifted. That's the kind of thing I try very hard to just forget.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a fear that you were going to be a sexual pawn for them all—women as well as men?

HEARST: Yeah, I did. But it didn't happen. One of the trial psychiatrists, Dr. Louis J. West, was *so* positive that I slept with women. He would have been the happiest man if I had said, "Yes, I did." I thought it was just too strange: Why does he want to hear me say this so desperately?

PLAYBOY: Maybe he was trying to see if
(continued on page 84)

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EVERY SECRET THING

memoir **By PATRICIA CAMPBELL HEARST with ALVIN MOSCOW**
revolutionary life on the lam—from a closet in daly city to a motel at disneyland

The following is an excerpt from Patricia Hearst's book of the same title, starting with the period immediately after her release from a closet in which she was indoctrinated, psychologically tortured and raped, through her "conversion" to the S.L.A., ending with her description of the fiery shoot-out in Los Angeles. Hearst refers to the S.L.A. soldiers by their code names, so the cast of leading characters is: Cinque—Donald DeFreeze; Teko—William Harris; Yolanda—Emily Harris; Zoya—Patricia Soltysik; Fahizah—Nancy Ling Perry; Cujo—Willie Wolfe; Gelina—Angela Atwood; Gabi—Camilla Hall.

On the appointed Monday morning of April 15, 1974, our weapons for that day were lined up neatly in their proper order along the far wall of the bedroom. They were fully loaded, ready to go. When I woke up that morning, I simply could not believe that this day had arrived and that I, Patricia Campbell Hearst, was going to take part in a bank robbery. I could never have even imagined such a thing. Yet, in the past two weeks since my release from the closet, just about every moment of every day had centered on the planning and preparations for this day. I knew more about the Hibernia Bank branch at Noriega Street and 22nd Avenue than I knew about my parents' home in Hillsborough.

Except for me, all of us would wear disguises to confuse the authorities on exact identifications. This was to be, according to our general field marshal, a carefully planned, fully prepared military action. Inside the bank, we would communicate with one another by number rather than by name. Therefore, Cinque assigned each of us a number: Cinque was, of course, number one. Zoya was two, Fahizah was three, Teko was four, Cujo was five, Yolanda was six, Gelina was seven, Gabi was eight and, last but not least, I was nine. Cinque divided us into two combat teams. The inside team would enter the bank, take control of the 15 or 20 employees, as well as all the customers there at the time, while one of us would leap over the tellers' counter and scoop up the money from the cash drawers. The outside team would cover us from another car across Noriega Street, in line with the entrance to the bank. If the police arrived, the outside team would open fire on them, alerting those inside the bank to fight their way out.

We would all escape together or not at all. Cinque reminded me in particular of the S.L.A. codes of war: In any action, any comrade who failed in his or her duty or who endangered the lives of other comrades would be shot on the spot.

After some deliberation, Cinque selected the ones he wanted on the inside team. He, of course, would be going into the bank in order to take personal command of the operation. Next, he



picked me. Then he selected Fahizah and Zoya and Gabi. Five of us would be inside the bank; the four others would be posted as lookout and backup outside. I tried to get my assignment switched. There was no way I wanted to go inside that bank, threatening people with a gun, exposing myself to possible police gunfire or S.L.A. execution for any slip-up.

I tried to explain to Cinque that I was not the proper one to go inside the bank: I was too weak physically, I was the least trained, I might not be able to carry it off. But he simply stared me down. "You have to go into that bank, Nine, 'cause I want all the pigs to know you're really an S.L.A. soldier now. I want your picture to be taken by that bank camera, so there'll be no doubt, and I'm going to want you to make a little speech, saying who you are and what you're doing, so nobody can say you were brainwashed or anything like that. Understand?"

Of course I understood. Brainwashing had become a popular topic of discussion in our safehouse. Every bit of the controversy in the media was followed intently by the S.L.A. The comrades were aghast at the idea that some people did not believe I had voluntarily joined. I was so intent on convincing Cinque and the others of my sincerity, I wished the speculation would end and would not endanger my new-found "freedom." I wanted the S.L.A. to believe in me completely, and to that end, I told myself I would accept whatever they told me, and do whatever I had to do to survive. In any event, I had my assignment. I would go into the bank with the others.

When the plans were set, we practiced over and over exactly how each of us would enter the bank and what we had to do once inside. We rehearsed it as if it were a play opening on Broadway. Each day, we trained more and more. I was told how to grip my little carbine and swing it to and fro, constantly shifting my weight from one foot to the other. Cinque and Teko were my weapons instructors, but the others chimed in also. Zoya would sneak up behind me and kick me in the shins or behind the knees, like a drill sergeant, telling me, "Crouch lower . . . get your ass down . . . you're not trying hard enough." Every morning, I ran around that hot, dark room with the carbine in my hands, a heavy pack strapped to my back and thick hiking boots on my feet. I was always tired to the point of exhaustion. My nerves were frayed with anxiety. There was no rest for this determined liberation army.

"You're the people's army and you're a disgrace to the people," Cinque would say over and over to his soldiers in his incessant pep talks. Cinque himself did not do any calisthenics. He was the leader and he never hesitated to remind you of that. He told us on several occasions that our top priority in this or any other action was to protect our leader. "Where would you all be if I got shot?" he would ask, and the others would hang their heads. "I'm the black leadership of the S.L.A."

I could hardly believe he was serious or that the others would be so beholden to him. To me, he seemed to be a strutting egomaniac, swilling plum wine most of the day, pinching the girls, fondling a breast, doing whatever he

damned well pleased, while all the others struggled mightily to shape up to his fantasy of an elite army of revolutionary cadre.

The women, as well as the men, often went about the room bare-chested. With the windows shut and heavily draped, the room was usually warm and sometimes stifling hot. The vigorous calisthenics would have us all sweating within minutes and oftentimes Cinque would urge us, "Come on, girls, it's hot . . . take your shirts off." At first, I was embarrassed as I followed along. But after a while, it became quite ordinary to exercise bare-breasted, even with Cinque ogling and grinning.

In any army, privacy is a luxury, but in this people's army, there was no privacy at all. Sex itself had a very low priority. Love was a manifestation of bourgeois mentality and, therefore, non-existent or never admitted to in this determined little band. But sex was a natural need, and since we all were forced to remain underground in our safehouse, it was comradely to oblige a comrade in his or her needs.

Actually, there was not all that much sexual activity going on in the S.L.A. There were no orgies, no wild parties, no group activities. Usually, it was one of the women who would approach one of the men and say, quite matter-of-factly, "Let's fuck." Everyone knew what was going on at all times. Standing watch, one could not help but overhear the grunts and sighs and thrashing going on in the darkened room. It was hardly conducive to romance.

Despite all the revolutionary theories on the subject, however, there was within the S.L.A. a natural pairing off. Cinque usually slept with Gelina in the luxury of the Murphy bed. He obviously preferred her. But occasionally, he bunked in with Fahizah to oblige her. It was no secret that she adored him. Teko bedded down with Yolanda, despite all their daytime bickering and agreed-upon disdain of monogamy, and as often as not, the two of them climbed into bed with Zoya. Zoya, it seemed to me, was as nonchalant about sleeping with a woman as with a man. She had once been Gabi's lover, before the S.L.A. had gone underground, but now she slept with Yolanda as often as she did with Teko, and occasionally, she would approach Cujo to spend the night with her.

I became the personal property of Cujo. He was undemanding and a far cry from the young romantic lover the media would portray him as in the days to come. Cujo was a fanatic follower, mesmerized, as though his one desire were to grow up to be as tough and as clairvoyant as Cinque. Teko, listening to exploits described by Cinque, would often pound the floor or beat one fist into his

other hand and mutter, "Oh, I wish I were black!"

I feared and despised Cinque. He conducted or supervised almost all of my training those first two weeks, and though we were together all day long, day after day, he never made an overt sexual advance toward me. I dreaded that it would come. But then I surmised that he was too vain to do the asking: He expected me to approach him. Only then would he bestow his favors upon me.

Diligently, I memorized and practiced the little speech I was to give in the bank. It was timed to last almost as long as the entire action inside the bank—one and one half minutes. In a loud, clear, determined voice, I was to announce my name, Patricia Hearst/Tania, and proclaim that this was not a robbery but an expropriation of capitalist funds for the Symbionese Liberation Army, which was carrying on a war against the United States on behalf of all the poor and oppressed people . . . that I had joined the S.L.A. voluntarily and I was fighting with them of my own free will. . . . Cinque gave me explicit instructions on how to act like a determined soldier in the S.L.A. He warned me to keep my carbine pointed at all times at the bank people in my own area. "Do not turn around and never point your weapon at any of the S.L.A. soldiers at any time or for any reason," he told me. "If you do anything funny, I'm going to blow you away myself," he swore. "Remember that!" I believed him without reservation.

While the others wore wigs different from their own hair, I was given one with long brown hair, so that I would look like the photograph of me as Tania. Although my hair color was blonde, it photographed much darker, so that the public was familiar with me as a brunette. Cinque said he wanted me to be recognizable in the pictures taken of me by the bank's camera, so that no one could claim the S.L.A. had substituted a stand-in for me at the robbery. It was essential that I be recognized, while it did not matter so much with any of the others. The S.L.A. certainly was media conscious.

The mood that morning was somber. We went through our usual line-up and calisthenics, washed up, and then got into our combat clothes and wigs. There would be no breakfast that morning. I think that surprised all of us. But Cinque explained that if anyone should be "gut-shot" by the police in the course of the bank robbery, he or she would not want to have a full stomach. What a thought!

We parked and, with a nod from

Cinque, I walked into the bank, with Gabi holding the door open and then following right behind me. We strolled together the length of the bank to the rear writing desk, as if I were going to make out a deposit slip. Within seconds, all hell broke loose in a blur. I saw Zoya rush into the bank at a gallop, with little Fahizah right behind her. As Fahizah came through the door, her ammunition clip dropped from her submachine gun and clattered to the floor. She knelt down to retrieve the banana-shaped clip and Cinque, charging in, leaped over her, waving his own submachine gun at the startled people in the bank. As they came through the door, I got my own carbine out into the open and pointed it at the assistant bank manager at the rear desk, as well as at two women at nearby desks. At the same time, in a loud, strong voice that just about froze everyone in the bank, Cinque shouted: "This is a holdup! The first mother-fucker who don't lay down on the floor gets shot in the head!"

I don't remember saying or doing anything other than point my carbine at the people on the floor in front of me. The assistant manager said later that he had asked me where he should lie down and that I did not respond. On his own, he joined the others who were bunched together in a group on the floor, belly down, glancing up at me. I happened to notice at this point that the bolt of my carbine was off to one side rather than closed and flat. It struck me that the carbine was not operable. I remembered vividly, however, not to point it toward the front of the bank, where the other S.L.A. people were.

Everything seemed to be happening so fast, with the sounds of bedlam all around me, and yet it also seemed to be taking too much time. I was confused. Then I remembered suddenly that I was supposed to be making a speech. In the loudest voice I could muster, I managed to get out: "This is Tania . . . Patricia Hearst. . . ." And I could recall no more of what I was supposed to say.

I heard Cinque shouting out numbers and it was time to go. In the same instant, or so it seemed, I heard the rapid shots of a submachine gun and I caught sight of an elderly man stumbling out the doorway, his back to me. I actually saw his jacket rip open as the bullets struck him. Fahizah was in a crouch, firing away.

I don't really know what happened after that. My mind shut down, went blank. But I must have left the bank when my number, nine, was called. I remember stumbling into the station wagon and Cinque climbing over my lap, as he was the last one into the wagon. We sped away and within one or two

minutes, we made our switch to a green Ford LTD, which was parked near a school no more than a half mile from the bank. At each intersection, someone would call out, "This street is clear," or, "Watch out for that car."

Cinque put a stop to all extraneous talk, but Fahizah did lean over and tell me, "It's a good thing you remembered to say your name."

Once back in the safehouse, they broke out in laughter, broad grins and congratulations. Gelina spilled the bills out of the stuffed bag onto a blanket spread on the floor. Someone switched on the radio to catch the first news bulletins. What we heard was the popular new rock song *Money, Money, Money*. My comrades loved every minute of it. Both our radio and our television set were kept on all day and late into the night. They flipped dials and adjusted the sound to take in every possible description of their exploit.

I felt sick to my stomach. It seemed unreal and degrading, seeing myself on television, being identified so publicly with the S.L.A. and with that bank robbery. I sensed that I had, in fact, crossed over some sharp line of demarcation. Was I truly on the other side now, allied with the S.L.A.? Even though I had joined the S.L.A. before the bank robbery and recited that "stay and fight" tape, somehow seeing and hearing it proclaimed on television and radio, for all the world to know, made it official. For me, suddenly, it became plain: There was no turning back.

Some weeks later, Teko was installed as second-in-command by Cinque. From that time on, he became increasingly arrogant. He strutted about, lording it over the rest of us, criticizing everyone, with the exception of the general field marshal. Teko's fights with his wife, Yolanda, became so violent that the two of them came to blows on occasion and stopped only when Cinque interceded. And yet, only a few days later, when Cinque announced that he had drawn up a reorganization of the S.L.A. into three permanent teams, Teko and Yolanda banded solidly together in fighting Cinque and everyone else, because Cinque's plan would have separated them. His plan was the culmination of discussions on the future role of the S.L.A.

For the revolution, Cinque announced, the S.L.A. would divide itself into three teams, each with three members, based on each person's strengths and weaknesses. Cinque led his team, with Gabi and Gelina; Fahizah led Cujo and Zoya; and Teko led Yolanda and me. The teams would operate as completely independent, self-sufficient units, training



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together, taking actions together. Once we took to the streets, we would go our separate ways, never meeting again except for occasional war-council meetings of all the S.L.A. units. Each fire team would recruit followers and build itself into another full combat unit. From that moment on, we did everything by teams.

Our next combat operation was going to be our biggest one, Cinque announced, for we were to advance the revolution by going out on "search and destroy" missions to shoot down and kill policemen. During the night, we would roam the streets, ambushing policemen wherever we found them, on foot or in their patrol cars. This would be outright guerrilla warfare. We would strike fast with heavy gunfire and then disappear into the night. In the early-morning hours, each team would invade a civilian home, take control of it throughout the day, sleeping and standing guard in shifts, and then depart on another search-and-destroy action under the cloak of darkness that night. At first, of course, people would resent the invasion of their homes, but they would learn that the S.L.A. would never harm them. In the homes, Cinque said, we would explain the revolution to the people, even try to recruit them. The S.L.A. would attack only the police and other enemies of the people. Before long, "the people" would come to understand our mission and would welcome S.L.A. combat teams into their homes. Others would join in once it all began. Confined to that dank, dark safehouse, we lived in a world of our own.

Cinque had become totally paranoid about the police closing in on us in San Francisco. He believed that our search-and-destroy missions would be much more effective in sprawling Los Angeles, where we could strike fast and escape in that urban jungle that had no natural boundaries. His decision to move to Los Angeles caused considerable consternation among the others.

We studied maps of Watts and Compton, two black ghetto areas, and also Griffith Park, where Cinque thought we could hide when necessary in the heavily wooded areas. Apart from the combat drills and exercises, Teko and Yolanda spent most of the day together, planning future actions for our team, while I tried to stay out of their way. I sat most of the time slumped in a corner, reading weapons manuals or road maps, feeling miserable and sorry for myself. As our team commander, Teko was impossibly arrogant and domineering, ordering us about and criticizing our work. I always did as I was told, like a whipped dog, but Yolanda almost always fought back. I had decided in my own mind that, of all the S.L.A. these two were the most

evil as a matter of innate personality. I hated them.

We drove through the night down Route 99, the least traveled north-south highway, passing through California's farm country, Fresno, Bakersfield and dozens of small towns, encountering only light local traffic. Despite the highly publicized man hunt for us, we thought it unlikely that the state highway patrol would be checking this road or that the local police would be awake at this time of night. Nevertheless, on the floor in the back of the rattling, bouncing Chevy van, I felt like a caged animal—terrified.

I could see the backs of Teko's and Yolanda's heads and shoulders in the front seat and could hear the murmur of their voices. But, once again, they were ignoring me, as if I were a piece of baggage. Our automatic weapons were hidden beneath a blanket on the floor of the van, ready to be used. I alternately sat or stretched out on the bare metal floor, but there was no way, no position, in which I could make myself comfortable, much less sleep. There was an eerie strangeness to it all, passing through these unfamiliar towns in the deep of the night, leaving San Francisco behind me, presumably forever. How long would it be before I would be tested in the revolution that Cinque had prophesied? I could not face the terror of shooting at people—and of being shot at. I told myself that it simply could not happen . . . I would somehow survive. I could not go on with the contemplation of my own death. I taught myself to live without thinking beyond the present moment. One can function that way day by day. I did not think of my parents, my sisters, my friends. I did not think of escaping. It never occurred to me to pick up a submachine gun and blast the two people I hated so much, who sat there with their backs to me, unprotected. They were my comrades, and Teko was my general.

Cinque and his "army" found a safehouse in Los Angeles, where training in three-person teams continued.

While the feature-story writers in the news media were portraying the S.L.A. as a band of idealistic radicals, however misguided, who were involved in sex orgies and daring exploits against the establishment, conjuring up romantic tales of adventure, we ourselves were sinking into the depths of psychosis. We were cut off from the outside world and lived in an isolated realm of our own. We had only our battery-operated radio for news. The radio played all day long and most of the night, too, and Cinque would often hear song lyrics that contained, for him, special allusions to the revolution. Over and over, he would

stop us all and yell, "Hey, listen to this," and we would all focus on a song's lyrics for a hint of our revolution. I never doubted that the hidden meaning was there, only that I was sufficiently knowledgeable to understand what our leader heard. We worked all day at our revolution with as much, if not greater, intensity as ever before—combat drills, calisthenics, weapons practice.

In retrospect, I suppose all of us were suffering from a combination of group hypnosis and battle fatigue, our anxieties and fears stretched to the breaking point. I had made my adjustment mentally to this fugitive life: I accepted orders and did as instructed, without questioning. But physically, I ached with a dull pain all the time. I was tired before the day was half over. My stomach cramped up in spasms at unexpected moments. My menstrual periods were so irregular I lost all track of them. I wept more and more each day.

At a meeting one day, I noticed for the first time just how gaunt and sickly all my comrades had become. Bereft of sunlight and fresh air, their skin had turned to the pasty color of flour. Cinque appeared more yellow than black. Fahizah's cheekbones protruded in clear outline from her face. I thought I was seeing her death mask when I looked at her. Death stalked the foul air in that safehouse. More than ever before, all of them talked of death. Hardly a day or a night went by but that someone mentioned death and others quickly took up the subject. They went beyond the concept of death's being beautiful. It became a necessity. The only way the S.L.A. would ultimately prove to the people that it meant what it said would be by dying for the cause.

Having left on a "mission," which led to an incident at Mel's Sporting Goods Store at which Hearst covered her companions, Teko and Yolanda, by spraying submachine-gun fire over their heads, the trio eventually headed south for Anaheim. During their absence, the rest of the S.L.A. had moved out of their safehouse, and the plan was for Teko's team to hide out in a motel near Disneyland until they could join their comrades—wherever they were.

Disneyland, even from the outside, looked enormous and inviting. It had been years since I last visited it as a child, so young and innocent and care-free. But now I knew I could never see it again, as much as I may have wished, for there was too much risk that I would be recognized. It was well after five o'clock, perhaps nearer to 5:30, when we pulled into the motel parking lot. Teko told me to get under the blanket on the floor of the car in order to



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stay out of sight while Yolanda went in and registered for a room for two. They would sneak me into the room to save money and for security, in case the police had been alerted to look for two women and a man registering at any motel. After Yolanda had registered, we drove around to our room and moved in. We now had only our weapons with us, having lost the clothes and the groceries we had bought when we abandoned Cinque's VW. The room seemed marvelously big to me and clean, with two large double beds and a color-television set. Teko headed for the TV as soon as we got into the room.

"It's live . . . look, it's live!" he exclaimed, shaking all over, pointing. We gathered around the set and watched. There in living color, we could see what seemed like a regular cops-and-robbers show: an army of policemen, wearing gas masks and battle fatigues, surrounding a little white-stucco house. The announcer kept repeating that the S.L.A. was trapped inside and had refused the police's demand that they come out and surrender. Within minutes of our turning on the TV set, the shoot-out started. The emotional shock was devastating. Shots rang out and my body reverberated as though struck. Tear-gas canisters were fired into the house. Clouds of smoke and gas poured out the front windows, followed by a fusillade of submachine-gun fire from the house in response.

"That's our people in there!" screamed Teko. Yolanda began sobbing. Teko changed channels and it was the same, perhaps a different angle, a slightly different scene, but it was all the same, like a war-news film out of Vietnam. As Teko impatiently switched channels, we saw the same scene over and over again, but we did get a variety of synopses of what had happened earlier, before we had reached the motel. Apparently, Cinque and the others had taken over that house at East 54th Street in the Compton area during the previous night or in the early hours of this morning. They were holding the black occupants of the house hostage, the newsmen said. But they were all trapped inside, surrounded by an overwhelming force of Los Angeles police, more than 100 of them. Furthermore, there were contradictory reports on how many S.L.A. members were inside the house. Neighbors who had visited the house before the police arrived reported that Patricia Hearst was inside. Others said she was not. Over and over again, the news reporters speculated, but no one knew for sure. Finally, the police had fired tear gas into the house and the shoot-out had begun.

I watched all this, trembling on the floor, leaning against the foot of one

of the beds. Yolanda was propped up on the other bed and Teko sat on the edge of the foot of that bed, rocking back and forth, changing channels on the television set and screaming out in defiance his own interpretation of the shoot-out: The S.L.A. would not be holding black people hostage—the black people would have welcomed the S.L.A. and they were now fighting alongside the S.L.A. against the oppressors. The S.L.A. would never surrender. Cinque had already told the world that. This was a shoot-out to the death, as Cinque had prophesied. If our comrades had to die, this was the best way. They would take a lot of "pigs" with them. They would kill ten for every one of the S.L.A. slain. The "pig reporters" were interested only in Patty Hearst, not in what happened with all the others in the S.L.A. . . .

The truth was, as we learned from reports later, that Cinque and the others had gone to that house, at four o'clock in the morning, because it was the only one around showing a light at that hour, and he had bought his way in—for \$100.

As the shooting continued, Teko swore he saw the silhouette of Cinque running past a window, bobbing and weaving in his own characteristic manner. At another point, the camera caught the fiery blast of a shotgun coming out one of the front windows and Teko identified the shotgun and the man behind it as Cujo. Cheering them on, Teko predicted that if they could just hold out until dark, at least some of them would be able to escape.

"We should go up there and help our comrades!" he cried out. "We could blast the pigs from the rear and fight our way in, so our comrades could escape."

"It's no use, Teko. We'd be so outnumbered, we'd just be killed and it would serve no purpose," Yolanda said sadly.

"We should go, anyway. We should die with our comrades."

"No," said Yolanda. "Cinque would want us to live and to fight on. That's what we've got to do."

"Oh, I wish I were there with them." Teko moaned, punching his fist on the bed.

It went on for a whole hour, a mini-war in the black ghetto of the city where movies are made, all of it in living color on television. It was barbaric, overwhelming, unbelievable. And then the house caught fire. It went up in flames in an instant. Teko screamed in agony. With flames shooting up through the roof and the television reporters saying that no one could live much longer inside the house, the police again and for the last time called upon the S.L.A. to surrender: "Come out. The

house is on fire. It's all over. Throw your guns out the window. You will not be harmed." The reply was a burst of gunfire from the house. Teko cheered through his tears. A few minutes later, the gunfire from the house ceased and the police stopped shooting. Only the fire continued. Then one of the walls and finally the whole house collapsed in flames. It was all over.

Teko and Yolanda fell into each other's arms, clutching each other in grief and misery. Slumped on the floor below eye level with the television screen, I was mesmerized. Everything was happening around me and I was feeling nothing. Teko and Yolanda's wailing became louder and louder, blending with the incessant bleating of the TV news reporters, and I heard it all over a dull buzzing inside my head. Numbled but perhaps on the brink of hysteria myself, I crawled on all fours to the bathroom and locked myself in.

I sat in there alone for I do not know how long, with only the mumble of the sounds from the other room reaching me. I don't know for sure what I thought. I tried to collect my thoughts, but they ran through my head as through a sieve. I could not stand the two people in the other room. I could not believe what I had just seen on television. I could not resist projecting myself into that shoot-out, witnessing my own death. Some of the TV reporters had been saying I was in there. I knew that if I had been in there, the police would have behaved precisely the same way. Why would they do anything else? Cinque had told me it would be that way. If I had been there, I would be dead now. I could not believe Cinque really was dead. I just could not believe it. Yet it flashed through my mind that I was glad he was dead. Glad that all of them were dead. They deserved to die for what they had done to me. They had expected to die in this cause, but they had no right to expect me to die with them. But then I corrected myself: That was a bad thought to harbor. The shoot-out had been barbaric. I really did not wish them to die in that way. In fact, I really did not want them to be killed, because now I was left with the Harrises, for whom I felt no comradeship whatever. My fear of them intensified. My life in the S.L.A. would be even more miserable from now on.

I sat there on the floor in a stupor. I was a soldier, an urban guerrilla, in the people's army. It was a role I had accepted in exchange for my very life. There was no turning back. The police or the FBI would shoot me on sight, just as they had killed my comrades. . . . I sat there sobbing—not for my comrades but for myself.

Teko banged on the door with his

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bodies better.**

fist. "What the hell you doing in there? Come on out here, now!"

Yolanda was displeased with my conduct. "You really are not showing the proper respect for our fallen comrades, Tania. You must stay here with us and watch the news. Perhaps one of our comrades got away." Shocked and subdued, the three of us sat on one of the beds, watching ghastly scenes from the "mopping up" operations. My empty stomach turned at the grisly horror of it all. My eyes wanted to see no more, my ears to hear no more about the fate I had so narrowly escaped.

Shortly after ten P.M., the television cameras picked up the scene of my parents, accompanied by my sister Anne, disembarking from an airliner at Los Angeles International Airport. They had come from San Francisco to be on the scene, to find out if I were dead or alive. Teko vented his fury at the attention given by the capitalist press to my family. It was as if no one cared at all about any of the others in the S.L.A., he said. To me, it all looked surreal. I felt no emotion whatever upon seeing them after so long a time. In fact, it occurred to me that they looked dead, as if they were in another world far apart from mine. The connection between us had been severed forever, I thought.

As we watched the 11-o'clock news summary, Yolanda talked of the future: We had to send our condolences to the families of our slain warriors; we had to return to the San Francisco Bay Area to recruit and rebuild the S.L.A.; we had to fight on in memory of the lives given in the cause.

She turned solemnly to Teko and said, "Do you realize that now you are the head of the Symbionese Liberation Army? You are now the general field marshal of the S.L.A.?"

"Yes," he replied softly. "I will do my very best to carry on the struggle as Cinque would have wanted. . . ."

"Tania," she said, turning to me, "we both have to give Teko all the respect that we gave Cinque, because he is our leader now. We've got to try harder than ever before to cooperate with one another. . . . We've got to work as a team all the time . . . and we've got to support Teko, because now he is our leader."

"Yes, of course," I said, "I'll really try."

When the 11-o'clock news ended, Teko announced that it was time for us to turn in and get a good night's sleep. We were all exhausted, red-eyed from weeping, spent.

Yolanda turned to me and solicitously asked, "Tania, do you want to make love with us tonight?"

"No, thanks," I said, and climbed into the other bed alone.

PATRICIA HEARST

(continued from page 76)

you had reached a point where you had repressed it and couldn't remember it at all.

HEARST: Maybe that was it.

PLAYBOY: How long did your fear of homosexual advances last?

HEARST: Until after I got the blindfold off and started seeing exactly how they were interacting with one another. The women were too uptight to have forced sex with me. They were so repressed themselves, in spite of everything they said. It's one thing to have it with the men, but to force two women to have it, no way; they were just way too uptight.

PLAYBOY: They couldn't have been that uptight. You describe in your book how all the women, including yourself, often walked around topless during the day.

HEARST: It was a very conscious thing on their part to be casual about nudity, but it was not this relaxed atmosphere. They all thought it was revolutionary. They all did.

PLAYBOY: During your captivity, did you ever worry about getting pregnant?

HEARST: I sure did.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe your living conditions with the S.L.A.?

HEARST: I was living in filth.

PLAYBOY: Did you all actually share a communal toothbrush?

HEARST: Isn't that disgusting? All those horrible people and all their cooties! But it was bourgeois to think that you needed your own toothbrush.

PLAYBOY: How similar were you to the S.L.A. women?

HEARST: Probably brought up fairly similarly. I don't think that they were necessarily better educated than me, though. I had an awfully good, solid background in high school and was doing all right in college.

PLAYBOY: Would you consider them feminists?

HEARST: No, I don't think they were feminists at all. They mouthed a lot of feminist slogans, but their behavior was sexist. And it was a weird kind of sexism, too. Like: We're really feminists, but in order to be revolutionaries we have to be *macho*. Most feminists are not heavily into violence. These women thought that they needed men to teach them, because men are more violent and that's really the best way to be. That's not my idea of any kind of feminist. Women are historically the pillage of war, and so I was just one more bit of plunder.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the women who were involved in your kidnaping. What was Patricia Mizmoon Soltysik, who was called Zoya, like?

HEARST: She was a scary person, because she was very, very cold, just icy cold, to everyone. Unapproachable and cruel.

She'd turn on the charm and be sweet occasionally, but not very often. She talked about slitting a chicken's throat once and the blood going all over everybody, how it was good practice for killing people, a toughening, ritualistic blood bath. You know, people read these descriptions in papers, like, they were just a bunch of nice college kids—a little mixed up, but nice. They just *weren't* nice.

PLAYBOY: Let's go on to Gabi: Camilla Hall.

HEARST: She *would* have been very nice had she not been involved in this group. She was an artist, but DeFreeze thought her artwork was bourgeois and didn't want her to talk about it. She was forced to repress her artistic feelings. You could see she was upset. It was really crummy.

She didn't seem to belong there at all, not just artistically but sexually. DeFreeze was very, very uncomfortable with her homosexuality. It's like he was afraid of her, almost phobic when it came to her, and since he was the leader, that made it awfully hard for her. It's really sick the way they treated her. She was miserably unhappy, but she didn't leave. She was in love with Patricia Soltysik and followed her into this happy little band of weirdos and ended up getting killed in L.A.

PLAYBOY: Were she and Soltysik still lovers?

HEARST: No, that had ended. And when Zoya would sleep with DeFreeze, Camilla Hall would cry. It was a terrible, terrible situation for her.

PLAYBOY: What about Gelina: Angela Atwood?

HEARST: I describe her as being giggly. She was livelier than the rest, the comedy relief of the S.L.A. She was the only one who would joke around with DeFreeze. Like, if he told her to do push-ups, she could give him a phony, silly salute and not get knocked across the room. She'd still do push-ups. She was definitely the easiest to pass the days with. She was Joe Remiro's girlfriend and she wanted nothing more than to get him out of prison; that's what she was doing there. She'd sit and practice drawing her gun and then say, "The prison pigs are dead!"

PLAYBOY: Her purpose, then, was romantic? A love story?

HEARST: She was romantic, but she was also political. I hate to call it radical politics, because it wasn't. It was terrorist. The purpose was anarchy, and that is antipolitics.

PLAYBOY: Nancy Ling Perry, who was called Fahizah?

HEARST: She was much more mystical than the rest of them, in a weird way. She worshiped DeFreeze, really believed he was a prophet from God.

PLAYBOY: Yolanda and Teko—Emily and Bill Harris—are still in prison, and we'll



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be talking more about them as we go on, since you were intimately involved with them throughout your 19 months underground. Is there anything you want to say about them now, before we get to Cujo and Cinque?

HEARST: Just that I now think I know them better than they know themselves.

PLAYBOY: They'll love to read that.

HEARST: Oh, of course. They're so busy lying about themselves. Like, when they stood in the courtroom and Emily cried, "I'll miss my wonderful husband so desperately." This is their plea at sentencing? Come on! Those two were hardly together even when they were arrested. They loved and hated each other. But to use that as a ploy! All my family wants them dead. My mother is the one who really thinks they ought to be dead. She would like to kill them. The satisfaction of getting her own hands on them! [Laughs] She says she'd like to slap their sassy faces.

PLAYBOY: And yourself?

HEARST: I feel about them like I do about a terribly sick dog, that they'd be so much happier if they were put out of their misery [laughs]—put them to sleep.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you repeatedly say you'd like to have killed the Harrises.

HEARST: Yeah. Thank goodness I didn't. I'd probably be charged with their murder and executed for it. [Laughs] It's hard to believe that they will really be out of prison soon. They got a terribly good deal in their sentences in Alameda County. They were extremely lucky. Maybe after my book, something will happen; maybe charges will be brought against Emily Harris.

PLAYBOY: We're jumping ahead of our story now, but let's go to the killing of Mrs. Myrna Lee Opsahl, the 42-year-old mother of four who got shot during the Crocker Bank robbery in Carmichael. You say, unequivocally, that Emily Harris killed her. Did you witness it?

HEARST: No. She admitted to me right after she did it that she'd done it.

PLAYBOY: What was said, exactly?

HEARST: Jim Kilgore said something about the woman who was shot. I said, "Who did it?" And Emily said, "I did." Now, Doubleday's lawyers are confident enough to leave that in the book. Doubleday's not having any problem with that. If they thought for a second that it wasn't true, it wouldn't be in there. The fact of it is, it's true. It's been told to the FBI. It's been told to the Sacramento County D.A.'s and Sheriff's offices.

PLAYBOY: Why, then, wasn't Emily Harris brought to trial on a murder charge?

HEARST: Hey, don't ask me. I'm not with the D.A.'s office. They haven't done it. They *should* do it. I feel what they've done is hope that by not thinking about it, it will just go away. I mean, they

could conceivably try *me* for it for writing about it in the book and saying that I know about it. But it's not right for them to just pretend it didn't happen and try to ignore it. Here she goes and kills someone and immediately justifies it by saying, "Well, she was just a pig, anyway, her husband was a doctor." Well, God!

PLAYBOY: Did you all know immediately that the woman had been killed?

HEARST: Emily says it was an accident because her finger must have slipped on the trigger. Well. She couldn't have been more than nine feet away with a shotgun going off, and they always used double-ought buck, which isn't exactly bird shot. It's a shotgun shell with nine pellets in it, and each pellet is the size of a .30-caliber slug. Anybody would get killed from that.

PLAYBOY: When Emily told you that, did it make you feel you were in deeper than ever then?

HEARST: It made me feel very worried for myself, because when they really do it, and you're right there, they'll kill anybody; they'll kill me. Yeah, they killed Marcus Foster, but I wasn't around then. With this woman, I was right next to Emily as she's saying she's done it. It's just so much more immediate, the smoking gun is still in her hand.

PLAYBOY: The way it stands now, both Bill and Emily Harris are due to be released in 1983. Is there any chance they won't be?

HEARST: I doubt it. There's no rethinking. Her sentence expires. She's served all her time.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll ever see them again? Think they might try to get in touch with you?

HEARST: Oh, they had best hope not. I have no intention of seeking them out.

PLAYBOY: So, no compassion for your fellow man?

HEARST: I'm not talking about compassion for my fellow man; I'm talking about total hatred for two specific people who are still alive. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: Then, put it this way: They were your comrades, so to speak, for a long time. Do you think there's any chance they can become decent members of society once they're released?

HEARST: I think there's more of a chance for Bill Harris to be a responsible member of society than there is for Emily. Just my own personal reaction. Emily's just too determined that this revolution of hers is right. She'd never say, "I made a mistake." Whereas Bill would never say it out loud, but he might think it and do something else.

PLAYBOY: We'll return to Bill and Emily, but since you mentioned it, who killed Marcus Foster?

HEARST: I was told that it was Miznoon and Nancy Ling Perry and DeFreeze.

DeFreeze had a shotgun, so he would be the one who shot Robert Blackburn. Nancy had a Rossi and she missed Foster, and then Patricia Soltysik shot him.

PLAYBOY: Did they ever talk about that at all?

HEARST: Those three did not talk about it. The only ones who actually talked to me about it were Bill and Emily, and they were not there at the time. They were all upset that they hadn't been part of it.

PLAYBOY: Where were Remiro and Little, who are doing time for that killing?

HEARST: I was told they were in a van waiting for the three others. But they are not innocent of murder. They were there as backup.

PLAYBOY: The Harrises have said that they told you a hundred times that that was not true, that Remiro and Little *weren't* there as backup.

HEARST: [Laughs] And they are *so* credible and reliable! For a while, Bill and Emily Harris got to be more credible than me, which is *incredible!*

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the S.L.A. We finished discussing the women—would you say that the S.L.A., as a whole, was antiwomen, despite the fact that five of the original eight were women?

HEARST: Yes. They really hated women with much more passion than they hated men. They saw successful women working within the system as bigger pigs than any head of any corporation. They hated Jane Fonda because she was too liberal; she pacified people. And Angela Davis. Gloria Steinem, *boy*, they hated her! When they talked about assassinating Evelle Younger [then attorney general of California], there was more emphasis on, "Maybe we could get his wife."

PLAYBOY: OK, let's move on to Cujo.

HEARST: Yes [heavy sarcasm], the love of my life.

PLAYBOY: In the book, you seem to go out of your way to make him look negative.

HEARST: I don't have to go out of my way, you know. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: At any time throughout your time with the S.L.A., did you and Wolfe develop a relationship?

HEARST: No. I mean, we developed a relationship, but not a love relationship. The relationship was that I was essentially his personal property.

PLAYBOY: In the tape you and the Harrises made for the media after the fire and shoot-out in L.A., you said, "Neither Cujo nor I ever loved an individual the way we loved each other, probably because our relationship wasn't based on bourgeois, fucked-up values." Was that all bullshit?

HEARST: Yeah, completely.

PLAYBOY: Did your lawyers ever tell you that if you admitted to love for Wolfe in court you'd lose your case for sure?

HEARST: No. No, no, no. They would

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never have said something like that.

PLAYBOY: During the trial, when the prosecutor pressed you about your feelings toward Wolfe, you dramatically replied, "I couldn't stand him." Was that a triumphant moment for you?

HEARST: That was a pretty good answer in a good place, I must say.

PLAYBOY: What was Wolfe like?

HEARST: Very nervous, kind of bouncing-around nervous. He was younger than all the others. He had the most romantic notion of being a revolutionary. He'd say things like, he'd be satisfied with just being a colonel, because that was the rank that Ché Guevara had.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the Olmec monkey head Willie gave you. When it was brought out at your trial that you'd kept it, the jurors apparently thought it proved you were lying about your feelings for Willie and convicted you. When did he give you the Olmec monkey head?

HEARST: Shortly after the blindfold was off.

PLAYBOY: What did he tell you about it?

HEARST: He said an archaeologist friend of his had given it to him and that it was 2500 years old. I kept it because I was an art-history major and had a very strong feeling about destroying things just because you don't like them. It's like going through the Vatican and cutting the penises off all the Greek statues and putting plaster fig leaves on them.

PLAYBOY: It was hard for the jury to accept that you kept it strictly because you thought it was valuable—especially after Willie was killed.

HEARST: I just can't help that it was hard to accept. I *told* the lawyers that the monkey head existed but was pretty well ignored about it. I didn't think it was any big deal and it turned out to be an incredibly big deal. The immediate assumption was that I had lied, that it wasn't 2500 years old. On the other hand, nobody bothered to think that maybe *he'd* lied about it, that he told a big story to make it sound like it was more valuable than it was. I do not totally trust the Government's little witnesses who testified it was a dime a dozen, buy 'em at roadside towns. It's easy enough to prove that it was old. I have considered assessing it for my own satisfaction. It wouldn't surprise me if it *was* old.

I could have made up a much more plausible explanation, but the truth is, that's what it is. A more plausible explanation would be that I was afraid to get rid of it—which is partially true. I was asked to produce it on several occasions.

PLAYBOY: By whom?

HEARST: By Bill Harris. He wore a little fist thing around his neck as a symbol, and he wanted to see if I still had mine. I assumed he would want me to produce mine as a symbol of getting in contact, like a secret code word.

PLAYBOY: How many times did he ask you to produce it?

HEARST: Once, twice.

PLAYBOY: Did you wear it?

HEARST: No, I carried it. I wore it until they were killed and then I carried it.

PLAYBOY: All right, let's move on to the leader of the S.L.A., Donald DeFreeze, better known as Cinque.

HEARST: I was scared to death of him. Totally, totally terrified of him. But it's hard to look back now and figure out what it was that they saw in him, because now all the contempt that I would normally have felt is free to surface. He was really pretty ordinary. I don't know how much of it was him and how much was them just wanting a black leader and having one who was willing to lead. He loved it. He did it happily and didn't take any back talk from people.

PLAYBOY: Did all three men beat you?

HEARST: I can't say beat. Slapped or punched or knocked down, but not beaten. Mostly for bad attitude. It reminded me of when I was in jail later and started meeting lots of prostitutes—the S.L.A. men really reminded me of the pimps. Especially Cinque. When we talked about not showing disrespect for our leader, it was just like prostitutes talking about not being disrespectful to their pimp.

PLAYBOY: Why weren't there more blacks in the S.L.A.?

HEARST: Hey, a lot of blacks ask that question. DeFreeze couldn't find any to follow him. And he could not handle the competition of another black man.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there a rumor that DeFreeze had been an informant for the L.A. police?

HEARST: I think he *was* a paid informant. His crimes were average crimes, they weren't anything spectacular or revolutionary. He was a two-bit crook. He got caught on an earlier charge and started informing to keep from going to jail.

PLAYBOY: DeFreeze eventually wound up in prison and was later released. There were some theories at the time of your kidnaping that there might have been a connection between DeFreeze's release and what happened next. Any thoughts about that?

HEARST: I think I was very much a distraction from what was going on in Washington. At the time, there was Watergate and we were losing a President quickly. That's another reason why people got so emotional and angry about me. They felt betrayed by the Government, by the President—and here I was, sticking my tongue out at them. It was just too much. I was a target for a lot of people who were still mad at their kids who were hippies in the Sixties. I came to symbolize a youth rebellion that I wasn't even a part of! [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: What about the conspiracy

theories, though? Do you give any credence to the idea that the CIA helped set up the S.L.A. to create the kind of diversion you're talking about?

HEARST: Well, in the book, I kind of gloss over when I say that it was never really explained to me the way DeFreeze escaped from prison. But it *was* very odd. He was transferred from one prison to another. A trustee at the new prison who had a boiler-room job had been there for months and was taken off work for no reason at all. DeFreeze is suddenly put on in his place and escapes *that* night. The old trustee is put back on the job the next day. It sounds a little suspicious. I've been in institutions; they don't do things like that. No one has ever adequately explained it. It's improbable enough that it hardly seems worth worrying about. On the other hand, it *is* strange. Plus, he went straight to Oakland, to Russell Little at the Peking House, and nobody ever went there to look for him. They never checked his visiting list to see Little's name on it, to figure out where he might have gone. I mean, they could have found him within 48 hours if they'd looked.

PLAYBOY: So he was double-crossed, you feel? He served his purpose, news was made, Nixon was pardoned and the Government went on?

HEARST: Isn't that what's supposed to happen to CIA agents in all the movie plots?

PLAYBOY: It makes for fascinating speculation. But truly, in your heart, do you believe such a conspiracy existed?

HEARST: No, I'm afraid that the CIA is really not capable of such brilliant ploys. That's the main hole in the fabric. And if it were, there wouldn't be all these Chiles and Bays of Pigs. And it doesn't keep quiet about it, either, even if it had done it. It'd never be able to keep quiet. Somebody would tell. In general, I think there're plenty of nuts running around, that you don't need a conspiracy to cause the death of somebody.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that way about the assassination of John Kennedy?

HEARST: That a plot was so brilliantly put together that nobody has been able to totally expose it? You should talk to my father. He thinks the Mafia did it.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to that time just before the S.L.A. interrupted your life. Were you living what the S.L.A. would call a very bourgeois life?

HEARST: No, it was a very nice life and most people would love to have a life like that.

PLAYBOY: Were you sheltered?

HEARST: Yes, but I don't think that's necessarily bad. Nor that being kidnaped is exactly the way to bring someone out of her isolation.

PLAYBOY: How long had you and Steven been living together?

HEARST: Two years. It was a really happy time.

PLAYBOY: That brings up one of the things that are hard to understand: the way you completely dropped Steven Weed after your kidnaping. Did you think of him much when you were captured?

HEARST: When I was with the S.L.A., I really did not think about him. It's like a psychological break, too. There was a lot that I didn't remember about our life together, what we did, and I still don't have total recall about that; it was completely pushed out of my mind and suppressed. Sometimes, I think I wouldn't even recognize him if I saw him.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen him again?

HEARST: I've never seen him again. He just passed out of my life. He really totally drifted out of my mind some time after the bank robbery. As far as I know, he's married and living on the Peninsula. When I was arrested, he was writing his book, and I saw the first chapter. It had been typed on my typewriter. I remember feeling really annoyed about that because I have a special type face, so I knew he'd used it. I thought, Well, how *rude!*

PLAYBOY: So now the real story comes out: He used your typewriter—

HEARST: And he had all my photo albums.

PLAYBOY: Pictures of which he used in his book without your consent?

HEARST: That's right. And I didn't think that I was subject for a book written by him.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents have any influence on the kind of men you dated?

HEARST: Only in that they were concerned that their daughters marry real, manly men instead of creeps. They decide immediately whether their daughter's beau is a manly man or not. It's really hard for some boyfriends to pass the manliness test.

PLAYBOY: Who was the first of your men they thought manly?

HEARST: Probably Bernie [Shaw]. None of the others were manly men.

PLAYBOY: Well, he's a cop.

HEARST: Yeah, that's a pretty manly-man job.

PLAYBOY: What did you hear later about how your family held up after you were kidnaped?

HEARST: The family was depressed. When they'd get these tapes, they'd have to listen to this guy [Cinque] rant and rave and they'd just think, Oh, this man is so horrible. Poor sister. Then they'd listen to me and think, Well, at least she's still alive. Then afterward, they'd start joking about what the guy said. They said my cousin Willie [Hearst] did a mean imitation of Cinque. They invented this Symbionese "Navy," and he'd do a whole act about being its admiral and all.

PLAYBOY: Nice to hear they were able to

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HEARST: There was lots of humor about it. I mean, they couldn't help it. There were so many weird people who came out of the woodwork. There were these swamis; then the extortionists who'd get the house number and call up. My sister Vicky kept one running from phone to phone until the FBI narrowed it down and found him in a phone booth, still talking to her! [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: During the time you were gone, your father seemed to have been treated rather well in the press, didn't he?

HEARST: Yeah, he was. But my mother was always treated badly. Even through their separation and now their divorce, she's one of those people who get blamed for "the terrible things she's doing to Randy." I just don't think it was that way at all. By the time they split up, they weren't getting along at all. They were being destroyed by the marriage. I think my mother is happier now than my father is. Definitely.

PLAYBOY: You said some savage things about your mother on the tapes—even though you say you were forced to.

HEARST: My mother is one of those people who everybody likes to attack. It's true. She got it from the S.L.A. She got it from *me* through the S.L.A. She got it from the press. She got it when she was a [University of California] regent. It's because she's got very strong opinions and she'll stand by them. And she's very conservative. A lot of the press is very liberal. They just don't like her; especially during the Sixties at Berkeley, they hated her.

PLAYBOY: Is she too conservative for you?

HEARST: No. No way.

PLAYBOY: Are you conservative?

HEARST: I was a liberal before I was kidnaped. Now I'm pretty conservative.

PLAYBOY: Are you closer to your mother in temperament, behavior and values than to your father?

HEARST: Yes. My father has a tendency to just lose his temper and then expect people to say, "That's all right." But once words have been spoken, you can't take them back. And his brothers do it, too, so it's not like something he just does. Somehow, my father comes across as being really friendly and open, and my mother as being more strait-laced and somebody you can insult. But she is the most charming and witty woman—you wouldn't think she'd be the target of insults.

PLAYBOY: You say you can't take back spoken words; yet when you were speaking your insults on the tapes, did you think your parents believed what you were saying?

HEARST: No, I *know* they didn't. But yeah, I was *afraid* that they did.

PLAYBOY: Have you talked with them much about what happened to you?

HEARST: No. My mother read the manu-

script of my book. My father, I didn't show it to him at all, any of it. Because he's overly critical. He'd just look at it like, "Well, it isn't finished." So there was no point in having him rain on my parade. I haven't even told him about this interview!

PLAYBOY: Will it upset him?

HEARST: I hate to think. Well, I thought that he would be negative enough that I didn't tell him about it.

PLAYBOY: Haven't your parents been curious, though, about what happened to you?

HEARST: Usually when we talk about it, we focus on the ridiculousness of it. That really is the best way to deal with it. It makes it so much easier. My father doesn't really want to ask me about it. He figures if I wanted to talk about it, I'd be telling him. He was really good in that way, respecting my feelings. My mother never asked me questions, either. It was such a horrible experience for them, too.

PLAYBOY: The S.L.A. demanded that your father help feed the poor and he came up with an initial \$2,000,000, with a backup promise of \$4,000,000 more once you were released. But when the food program failed, did you feel that your life was over?

HEARST: Yeah, I did. I mean, it didn't happen, but I did feel that.

PLAYBOY: And it wasn't very long before you stopped thinking of yourself as a victim and began considering yourself a comrade, was it?

HEARST: You're talking about two months. That may have seemed short to you, but let me tell you, it's a lifetime. Time is so relative, especially with what was going on to me. It was completely distorted.

PLAYBOY: Were you pretending when you said you wanted to join them, or did you really want to join?

HEARST: It was a conscious act. I didn't have to pretend desperately to want them to say, "Yeah, you can join." The appropriate S.L.A. line on my conversion was that my parents had been horrible and they were so decadent and I was being rescued from this terrible bourgeois life that I was leading and aren't I the lucky one to have been chosen by them? That was the approved story: my terrible mother and fascist father . . . and if you believe this, maybe we can interest you in some swampland in Florida. But people *did* believe it!

PLAYBOY: Do you feel it took guts to join the S.L.A.?

HEARST: No. It would have been crazy *not* to have joined, because they would have just killed me. It would take much more guts to say, "Never, I'd rather die." I'm sorry, I'm a coward. I didn't want to die.

PLAYBOY: Under more ordinary circumstances, do you consider yourself a

courageous person?

HEARST: Yeah, I suppose. I drive on these California highways every day! I'm sitting here doing this interview. [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: When you became Tania, you must know that it captured the imagination of a lot of people.

HEARST: Maybe *you* liked it.

PLAYBOY: Well, she was a symbol of defiance, antagonism, liveliness, anti-establishment at a time when *many* people were feeling that way.

HEARST: It amazes me to sit here and hear you say that it was a lively image. It was a terribly *violent* image. It was the result of a violent kidnaping. For you to say it's a lively, antiestablishment image . . . Tania never really existed except as a fantasy for most people. She existed as a propaganda tool for the S.L.A. She was created by them and she lived as long as they could keep her living.

PLAYBOY: So you see her in the third person?

HEARST: Yeah, I do. I look at her and think, Gosh, how maddening that they could get me to do that! And it upsets me; or I'll just laugh, depending on my mood. But it's a *terrible* thing to think that people can do that to you. And most people think. They could never do that to me. Even right now I would say, "Oh, they could never do that to me again." But in the back of my mind, I say, "I don't know if they could or not." I'm not going to say it could never happen again. I hope it doesn't.

PLAYBOY: If it ever did happen again—if a van stopped in front of you and someone with a gun said get in—would you react differently, having gone through what you've gone through?

HEARST: I wouldn't get in the van. Forget it. I'd rather be dead. At this point, I've got to assume I would not live through another experience like I went through.

PLAYBOY: But if you were kidnaped again?

HEARST: I don't know how I'd behave. I think I'm much better prepared emotionally, and because I've had an education in thought control, I'm better informed.

PLAYBOY: Were you—

HEARST: [Angrily, referring to the earlier exchange] You have a really odd idea about the S.L.A.! Like other people, you have this romantic notion of what they are like, that it was all one great adventure! You lived it vicariously and it's just too exciting for you and you can hardly control yourself, and it's so disturbing to find out that I don't even think Tania lived except in people's imaginations like yours—and she *still* lives in yours!

PLAYBOY: You're getting mad—is that a hint of the angry Tania the rest of us saw, and you say never existed?

HEARST: There's *no* part of Tania that 91

you saw except what the S.L.A. invented. *That's* what you saw. It was a total invention. And while you saw a photograph of this person with the machine gun, the rest of the time what you didn't see was me sort of being weepy and meek and not strong or angry at all. Listen to the tapes again; I don't think they're that tough and angry. I'm reading a script. Shoot, I can do that. They were rehearsed!

PLAYBOY: *Were* you brainwashed?

HEARST: Yeah, if that's what you call the process that happened. Coercively persuaded, brainwashed . . . yeah, I was! By brainwashed, I mean I was incapable of making rational decisions on my own. I was not in control of myself, in spite of the fact that you probably could have come in and seen me and talked to me and said, "Wow, she seems OK, just got some crazy ideas." But I didn't start out with crazy ideas.

PLAYBOY: Did you start out by thinking you were fooling them into thinking you believed as they did?

HEARST: Sure. I thought for a long time that I was fooling them and leading them on, but somewhere along the line I got lost. I got confused and lost and caught up with what they were doing. I lost complete touch with reality. My reality became their reality.

PLAYBOY: Shortly after you joined them, you were caught up in a bank robbery. Were you threatened by the S.L.A. before joining in the robbery?

HEARST: They said if I didn't do it, they'd kill me. And if I didn't do it the way they wanted it done. I did my best, but I still didn't do everything right.

PLAYBOY: You mean you didn't say all that they had wanted you to say?

HEARST: Yes. But I did well enough. Who are *you* to criticize? [Laughs] *They* thought it was OK!

PLAYBOY: Were you all elated after it was over?

HEARST: They were positively giddy afterward. I was so relieved. They felt that once again, people were seeing the people's force as victorious in an action against the Government, because the bank is insured by the Federal Government. Therefore, they were attacking a Federal institution.

PLAYBOY: Was the real purpose of the robbery to get money or to show you off?

HEARST: It was a dual purpose. They deliberately picked a bank with a camera so that I would be photographed. That was absolutely part of the plan.

PLAYBOY: And there was an irony involved, as the head of that bank was your best friend's, Trish Tobin's, father. Have you ever found out how he felt about it?

HEARST: He was not at all pleased with the FBI's handling of it. The still photographs that were taken in the bank were

put together and made into a movie. There were only two copies of that. He had one and the FBI had the other. He turned on the TV and there was this film running, and it didn't come from him. That's the way these Federal agents seem to operate; they just run to the press: "Lookie, lookie, lookie what we've got!"

PLAYBOY: Why do you suppose the FBI does that?

HEARST: Just to show they're on the job. Nothing else was happening in my case. They weren't finding me.

PLAYBOY: Do you trust the FBI today?

HEARST: No, I do not trust them. I think they're just pathological liars; they can't control themselves. Police don't trust the FBI, either. The FBI just sort of loses touch with reality. I don't know what happens to them. They're under diminished capacity [laughs] . . . or coerced persuasion.

PLAYBOY: And at the time you were with the S.L.A.?

HEARST: Well, the FBI was really the center of *all* of the paranoia. According to the S.L.A., the FBI tapped phones; the FBI was looking at you through your

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TV screen. I mean, the FBI could do anything.

PLAYBOY: At some point, you became the S.L.A.'s weapons expert, didn't you?

HEARST: Yeah, I was great. I knew about all their guns. They were so busy saying, "You're so stupid. Study this. Read this weapons manual. Learn how to break this gun down." By the time they got through, I did know all about guns.

PLAYBOY: But hadn't you been around guns all your life?

HEARST: I went hunting once with my father when I was around 12. It was a .28-gauge shotgun, a little bitty thing. We went duck shooting. A .28 gauge is very small. Twelve gauge is what most people shoot. There were always guns in the house, always loaded, and we knew father would kill us if we touched those guns. We never went near them, but they were no big secret or hidden. We had a collection on the wall, and my father had a gun in his bedside table and one in his closet and hunting guns all around the house.

PLAYBOY: When Cinque moved you all down to L.A. and made you a member of a team with Bill and Emily Harris,

you had a chance to use the weapons. We're thinking of the incident at Mel's Sporting Goods, when you protected the Harrises by firing an automatic weapon over their heads. How did you know where you were shooting?

HEARST: I didn't. That's why it ended up leaping out of my hands. At the S.L.A. gun lessons, they practiced crouching and swinging the gun and pointing it, and claimed it didn't kick at all. But it's very different when you actually fire it. The thing just went leaping out of my hands.

PLAYBOY: Which means you could have easily killed the bystanders—on the Harrises when they ran out of the store.

HEARST: I'll say. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did you think of that when you were shooting?

HEARST: It was more like moving in a dream, not even thinking about it. I remember it happening almost in slow motion. I look up and there's Bill Harris on the ground and Emily Harris looking down at him, and them both looking back over at the van [pauses], looking back toward the van . . . and then me.

PLAYBOY: Did your eyes make contact?

HEARST: No, they were just looking over at the van. Then I picked up the gun . . . first the automatic weapon, because that had the most firepower, then the semi-automatic, because that was faster than putting a new clip into the automatic. And then they were back at the car.

PLAYBOY: You left out the shooting part.

HEARST: I just remember it sort of jumping out of my hands and slamming bullets into the center divider, in the concrete . . . then I lifted it up higher . . . I was just trying to hold on to the gun. I wasn't thinking, I've got to kill these people so the Harrises can get away. It was like, I must fire over their heads to give them cover. I don't really remember people around me.

PLAYBOY: Had you not opened fire at Mel's, there might not have been that shoot-out with the police. The Harrises would have been caught for shoplifting and the rest of the S.L.A. could have been traced. Isn't that true?

HEARST: Right. I definitely think that was a real breaking point emotionally for me, too. It was like, snap. Everything that they'd ever told me had clicked into place at that point.

PLAYBOY: And afterward?

HEARST: My life was over then, as far as ever coming back. Until that point, I thought maybe, somehow, I would escape, but it was getting dimmer and dimmer. But at that point, it was over.

PLAYBOY: But before you fired, you were in the van alone. The Harrises were in Mel's and you might have just driven off. We keep coming back to what you *could* have done to escape.

HEARST: Yeah, I know. It's really hard

to understand. I was *totally* under their control.

PLAYBOY: You repeatedly say in your book that you feared and hated the Harrises, yet, at a moment of truth—

HEARST: I saved them! Didn't even have to think! Just saw what was happening, picked up the gun, fired. It was like a reflex. Training took over. Bang! I did it. And the next thing I know, we're off commandeering vehicles and running around L.A. and kidnaping this kid and this man, and racing down to Anaheim to watch everybody get killed on television.

PLAYBOY: Before we get to that shoot-out, there's a point here we should take up. You've indicated that your life was in the S.L.A.'s hands, so you were ready to do anything they asked of you. Including killing someone to protect your comrades. Do you feel you have a moral responsibility not to take an innocent life, even if it means sacrificing your own?

HEARST: Well, I'm sure glad I've never faced that one! [*Nervous laugh*]

PLAYBOY: You came close to facing it.

HEARST: Maybe there *is* a responsibility. I guess. Sure . . . I'll say right now, yes, there is.

PLAYBOY: Let's not be facetious.

HEARST: [*Laughs again*] Let's be realistic. That is a moral dilemma. What do you do?

PLAYBOY: You give the impression you would have obeyed them.

HEARST: I don't think that's the case.

PLAYBOY: You say in your book, "In trying to convince them, I convinced myself. I felt that I had truly joined them. My past life seemed to have slipped away." You told us that joining them was a "conscious act." You were *not* pretending then. You *became* a believer.

HEARST: I became as much of a believer as I was capable of becoming. But you're talking about someone who really has no defenses, no free will anymore. That's when we're getting into that thing about traumatic neurosis with dissociative features.

PLAYBOY: What is that?

HEARST: It's the technical name for what happened to me, what everyone calls brainwashing. It is a phenomenon that *does* exist.

PLAYBOY: And, in your case, the phenomenon wasn't believed by the jury.

HEARST: The trial was a big mass of confusion, because what the jury was presented with was just so much junk. And I just can't talk about it; I'm under a gag order not to.

PLAYBOY: You've written that before the S.L.A. accepted you, each member interrogated you, and you filled them with blatant and preposterous statements that they believed.

HEARST: Yes, I did. They loved it.

PLAYBOY: Now, were you *that* much smarter than they all were that you could do that?

HEARST: No, I wasn't. That's the thing. I thought I was doing everything just right and really kidding them. And I was getting—

PLAYBOY: Getting caught up in it? Then at all times in the S.L.A., you did know what you were doing? You *knew* you were robbing a bank. You *knew* you were firing an automatic weapon. You *knew* you were making a tape. It wasn't like you were in a fog.

HEARST: Oh, no, it wasn't like I was in a fog and didn't know what was happening. At the same time, mentally and emotionally, I was not fully in control of myself.

PLAYBOY: But you felt that you must stay alive above all else, even if it meant killing other people—

HEARST: No! Killing other people did not enter into it for me, and that was not anything that I ever had to do or face.

PLAYBOY: But what if you had hit somebody at Mel's? Killing other people was a very strong possibility there.

HEARST: Not in my mind! Not in my mind! If they said, "Shoot this person," I don't believe I could have done that. It

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But you don't see me
crying about it."*

never came up.

PLAYBOY: It came close, though.

HEARST: When did it come close?

PLAYBOY: At Mel's.

HEARST: It didn't come close at Mel's.

PLAYBOY: You shot above people and below them.

HEARST: That's right.

PLAYBOY: That's close, Patty.

HEARST: There was never a thought of kill or be killed, though. Never!

PLAYBOY: All right, we're not going to resolve this here. Let's go on to what was referred to as that barbecue in Los Angeles, the fiery shoot-out.

HEARST: Barbecue! My sisters all called them crispy critters.

PLAYBOY: You were in a motel room in Anaheim when you saw, on TV, the house—and your comrades—being incinerated. Hadn't the S.L.A. predicted that was the way they would die?

HEARST: Yeah. It was *exactly* what they said would happen. Every time something they predicted happened, it helped me believe them. They said a warrant would be issued for me after the bank robbery; they said the police would shoot up the house without worrying if

I was in there. Yeah, it helped make their reality my reality. And enough of what they said *was* reality that it became difficult to sort out what was real from what wasn't.

PLAYBOY: After the shoot-out, did it sink in that they were all dead?

HEARST: Somehow, in my mind, it wouldn't have surprised me to have run into them on the street. It really wasn't until I saw that thing that Willie Wolfe wore around his neck that I knew, once and for all, they were all *dead*. Completely, totally, here is the evidence . . . they are *gone*!

PLAYBOY: Do you feel they deserved to die?

HEARST: I really do. In fact, that may be too good for them. [*Laughs*] They deserved to die the death of 10,000 screams for what they'd done.

PLAYBOY: Do you equate kidnaping with loss of life?

HEARST: I'm really for the death penalty for kidnaping people. It's purely personal. My personal reaction is, yeah, they deserved to die. Because you could never change people like that. Never.

PLAYBOY: You don't think the FBI and the SWAT teams and the other police overreacted in destroying the house as well as those inside?

HEARST: I think the Government went overboard in burning down the house. It was a little too . . . spectacular. But I think that they asked to die. That they *chose* to die. I don't think that was necessarily the proper way for it to happen. The Government could have held out, tried isolating and talking to them. How long was their ammunition going to last? In other countries, they talk to them, run a phone line in, negotiate. Eventually, people break down. I think that the FBI reacted incorrectly. But you don't see me crying about it. What the heck, I can be generous about it. [*Laughs*] I'm not gonna change anything!

PLAYBOY: Do you think it would have made any difference had you been in that house?

HEARST: I bet if I'd been there, I would have been brought out with a gun to my head, and none of them would have been killed. They would have asked for a plane to who knows where. I don't think they would have just started firing hopelessly. Because there was no hope of their escaping when they took their stand in that house.

PLAYBOY: After that shoot-out, you, Bill and Emily returned to the Bay Area and met radical sportswriter Jack Scott, who quickly convinced you to head east. How did you all come to trust Scott?

HEARST: Bill had no choice but to trust Jack Scott, because he seemed to have money and a way of getting everybody

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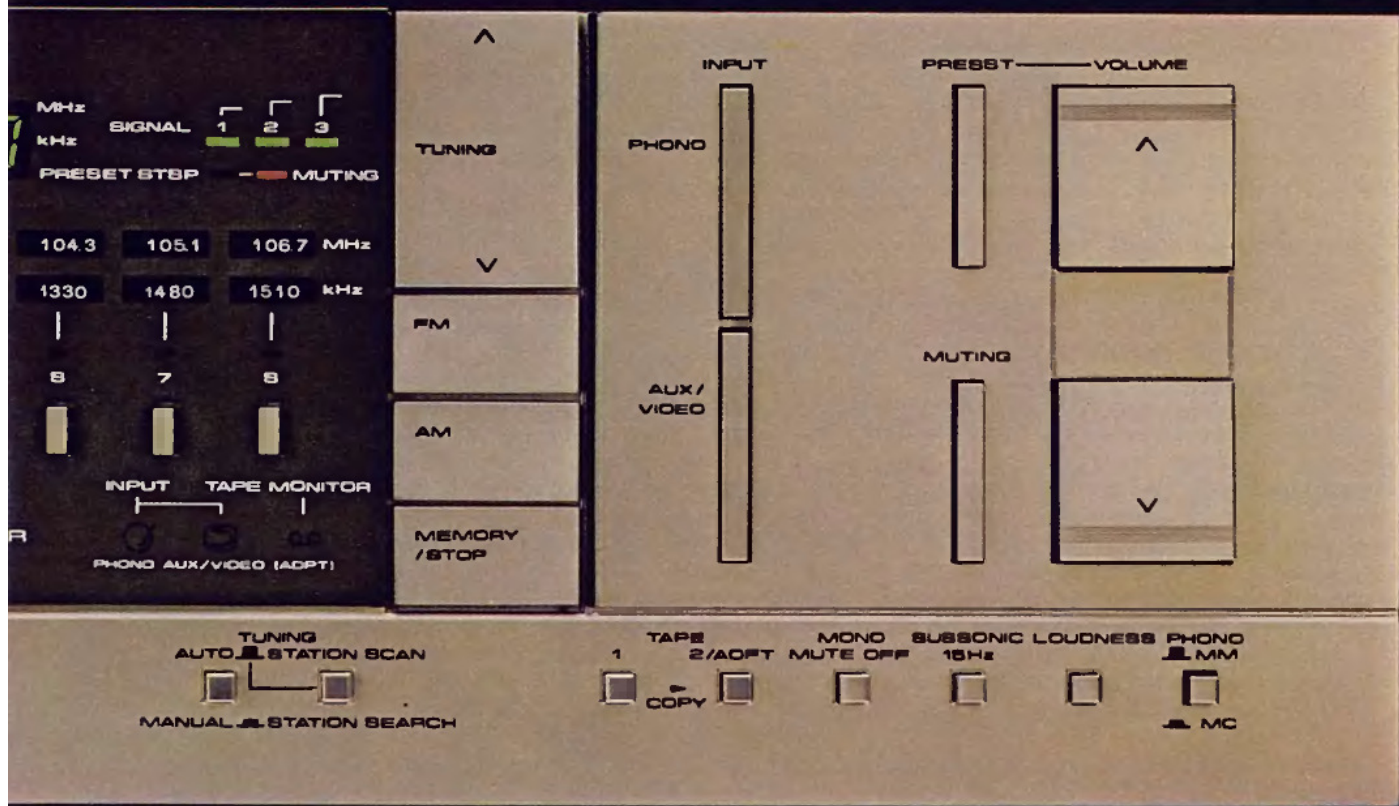
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out of the area where we were being hunted.

PLAYBOY: What was your impression of Scott?

HEARST: Kind of a game player. He had taken Wendy Yoshimura across country and she was a radical. He liked to play sort of a dangerous game of being the underground railroad for the radicals. He really thought that that was an exciting position to be in. Because he had control then, but he wasn't really involved. A strange man.

PLAYBOY: Whom did you fear more during that "missing year," the police or the Harrises?

HEARST: I was afraid of the FBI and the police even more than of the Harrises. It's like the devil you know versus the devil you don't know. And they needed me to establish themselves and their credibility as the S.L.A. They could say, "See, we really are the S.L.A.; here's Tania." Otherwise, nobody knew who they were.

PLAYBOY: Were you happier to be by yourself or with the Harrises?

HEARST: I felt safer with them than by myself. I was terrified by myself. With them, they would take care of me, in spite of the fact that they were horrible.

PLAYBOY: Throughout those long months, Bill and Emily were often fighting with each other. At the apartment on Walnut Street, you say that Emily refused sex with Bill nightly, but you never did. Why couldn't you have?

HEARST: Why couldn't I have? This is the whole thing . . . I was not capable of it. I understand the puzzlement, but that doesn't mean I'm any better at explaining it. They were as compelling to me as DeFreeze; they *were* the leadership of the S.L.A. You know, why couldn't I have turned myself in? They were gone all day; surely it would have been just as easy to do that. I was a total zombie. I couldn't do anything. I couldn't walk out the door. It's really crummy to think about that.

PLAYBOY: The astonishment in a lot of people's minds is that you never once made an attempt to escape during that missing year. You never even *thought* about it. Didn't you ever wonder about your parents, your sisters and your friends? Didn't you even consider calling to say you were still alive?

HEARST: When I did have a thought like that, I would just put it out of my mind. That was a bad thought to have. And I actively kept myself from thinking bad thoughts. I shouldn't even be considering it. As far as escaping goes, in my mind, it would have been like saying, "Now I'll commit suicide." Because I really thought I was going to be killed any second by the police. *There was no escape!*

PLAYBOY: After your return from Pennsylvania, you joined with S.L.A. sympathizers and participated in a second bank

robbery, though you stayed outside this time. But you were, nonetheless, convicted for it later. Another participant in that robbery, Steven Soliah, like yourself, also stayed outside the bank. But at his trial, he got off because the Government insisted he was inside and he proved he wasn't. When you heard he was found not guilty, were you shocked?

HEARST: I really was. I was upset. And I started crying. I just couldn't believe it. It's outrageous that the Government falsified the evidence against Steven Soliah. They could have convicted him, but they insisted on putting him in the bank and he just plain wasn't there. If they had used me as a witness, they could have put him away. They could have tried the Harrises, too.

PLAYBOY: But you were being tried at the time, so you were not a credible witness.

HEARST: That's right. They were too busy trying me. I was worth more to them in terms of headlines as a defendant than as a witness. They believed me enough to gather evidence from everything I told them, and they did. But to use me as a witness, they would have to publicly admit that, yes, I was credible. You can't say that you believe somebody publicly and then turn around and try her, too.

PLAYBOY: Why would they falsify evidence against Soliah?

HEARST: Because they had somebody else who looked like him who was inside. So they thought, Just *put* him inside. Then the defense produced the man he was mistaken for, so Soliah was acquitted.

PLAYBOY: When you were finally caught, the picture that was seen around the world was of you raising a clenched fist. Why the gesture?

HEARST: When I raised my clenched fist, all I was thinking about was pictures of [Weatherman] Susan Saxe. I remember it so clearly, pictures of her when she was captured. And that's not a rational person's reason for doing something like that. [Laughs] I wish I could think of a better reason for why I did it, something that would sound sensible, but there's no sensible reason.

PLAYBOY: Not even some sense of defiant pride?

HEARST: No.

PLAYBOY: Once in jail, did you tell Trish Tobin that you'd speak only from a radical-feminist point of view?

HEARST: How embarrassing! [Laughs] I don't believe in radical feminism. I barely support the E.R.A. In fact, I really don't.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

HEARST: What I don't like about the E.R.A. is that there will be cases in court for years, because it's a poor piece of legislation. It says simply that rights won't be abridged on the basis of sex. So you'll then get cases saying, "I want to go to bed with my duck and they won't let me be a school-crossing guard and

it's not fair, because they're discriminating against me."

PLAYBOY: Aren't you being a bit extreme here?

HEARST: You have to look at the extreme because you know it's gonna be in court forever. I realize this is a terribly unpopular thing to say. It's *très chic* to be pro-E.R.A.

PLAYBOY: Your mother didn't, by any chance, convince you of this?

HEARST: Oh, yeah, she did.

PLAYBOY: Are we blaming your mother again?

HEARST: I'm not blaming my mother. I'm *thanking* my mother! [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You know, some might say this is another example of your being highly suggestible—ranging from joining the S.L.A. to using sex with ducks as a reason to kill the E.R.A.

HEARST: Changing your mind on the Equal Rights Amendment can hardly be equated with joining the S.L.A.! You'll get letters from women on that one! [Laughs] It's really unfair to say that you can't change your mind and think that you were wrong about what you thought. You're saying that my mother got hold of me and twisted my normal thought process. No, she simply brought up another point and made me think some more about it, and I changed my mind. My poor mother! What would you have said if I'd told you it was my father who convinced me?

PLAYBOY: The same thing.

HEARST: You would not have. You hate my mother! [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: We would have pushed you even harder, suggesting that men have unduly influenced you all your life—Steven Weed, the three S.L.A. men, Steven Soliah, your lawyers F. Lee Bailey and Al Johnson, all the psychiatrists. Your mother might actually be an aberration from a psychological point of view.

HEARST: Aberration! [Laughing] You're calling my mother an aberration? How unfair to think that people can't think more about something and then change their minds. My mother's not the only person in this world who thinks that there's something wrong with the E.R.A. I can't help it. What can I say? [Sarcastic] I guess I'm just too uptight to face it and deal with it! So much worse stuff has happened to me in my life, who cares?

PLAYBOY: All right. When you were captured, you were defiant and aggressive. But after the doctors and the lawyers got through with you, you seemed subdued, passive, almost a zombie. Was it a case of reverse brainwashing?

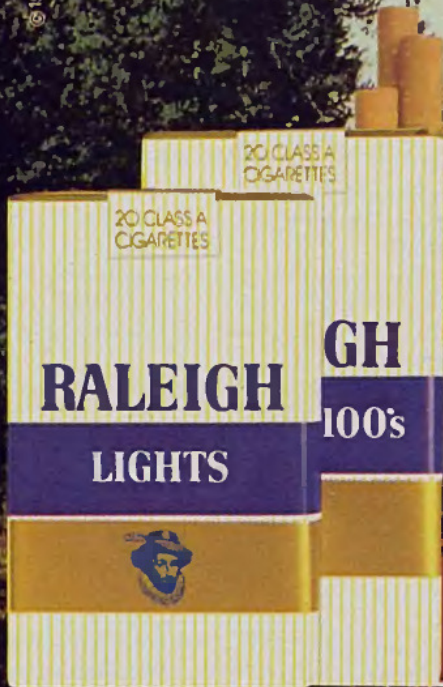
HEARST: Deprograming? I don't think I needed deprogramming as much as I needed to be away from the Harrises. The more I talked to the psychiatrists, I just started breaking down. I started

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RALEIGH LIGHTS

realizing that I was terribly confused. More confused than I was able to admit to myself for a long, long time. It took a couple of years before I was really able to admit to myself that, yes, these people did a real number on me and it happened. But my reaction afterward was like, "No, no, they *didn't* do that to me!" It was almost better to think that I had willingly, happily joined them than to think that they had been able to play with my mind.

PLAYBOY: Aside from the notoriety of your case, why do you think the psychiatrists were so fascinated with you?

HEARST: Because for the first time they were getting a victim of coercive persuasion and sensory deprivation where it wasn't the result of the Chinese or something—it was domestic terrorists. They don't get to see a whole lot of that.

PLAYBOY: One point many psychologists have made is that you will never be the person you were before your kidnaping. That, in essence, you're really three different people.

HEARST: I think that's true. But I never got a chance to really become the first person, either, because I was so young when this was happening. I was just becoming.

PLAYBOY: You never had a chance to become Mrs. Weed.

HEARST: Yeah, whoever she would have been. Nineteen is hardly the age where you're fully developed—you're fishing around, experimenting, trying to become your individual self. And the second person was a zombie. So this third person that I am, I'm sure it's very different from what I would have become.

PLAYBOY: And how do you think people perceive you now?

HEARST: As this person who everybody told what to do. "Oh, her lawyers tell her what to do, her husband does. She'd never be doing anything on her own. She's not capable of any independent thought."

PLAYBOY: Do you think that perception is shared by some of the people who are important to your future—for example, your father or the Hearst Corporation? Do you, in fact, have a future in the family business?

HEARST: I doubt it. Right now, it doesn't appear that the Hearst family has much to do with the corporation. I don't see a place for me. Nor for my relatives who have worked for it for years. There are many family members who would like to be in positions of authority and that is not happening. No family member is being trained to learn the business adequately to be able to run it one day. My father and I had an argument about it the other night. I bring up that we'd like to be brought into the company and groomed, so we can one day have positions of power, and his response is, "Well, who do you think's going to take over now? Willie? You want *him* to

run the company?" I tell him, "That's not what we're saying. We don't want him to run the company right *now*. But do you think that he's bright enough to learn the job? That's the question. Do you really think *any* of us are bright enough?" And I don't think they do!

PLAYBOY: But if you could, you'd be interested in taking over the Hearst Corporation?

HEARST: Right, I would be interested. But it's not going to happen. I'm quite confident from talking to my father that there's just no way. My sisters and cousins hold no positions of any responsibility.

PLAYBOY: So you think they're viewed as irresponsible?

HEARST: Yeah, maybe that's part of it. And it's unfair.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'd be fully accepted into the family structure today, or are you the black sheep?

HEARST: I probably would be more accepted than many of the other Hearsts, because I tend to think logically and I will listen to the advice of people.

PLAYBOY: The media have likened you to your grandfather William Randolph Hearst in certain ways. Do you think you might be closest to him?

HEARST: That's just people's fantasy. I don't know what he was like, except that he lived in a great big house stuck on a hill in the middle of nowhere.

PLAYBOY: Did you grow up with stories about him? Was the book *Citizen Hearst* widely read?

HEARST: He was sort of a taboo subject. That whole thing with Marion Davies. My father and mother didn't like it. When that book came out, my sister Anne got it for my father for a Christmas present. And he was so mad! "How could she do such a thing?" he said. "What would ever possess her? She's so strange!" I was surprised that he reacted that way.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you were really tried?

HEARST: Primarily for being a "bad girl." That was the main thing. We're getting into the gag order here, but I will say that far from *my* feeling any guilt, I think the Government should feel guilty for what happened, since they could have prevented the kidnaping in the first place. Why should I have this guilt put on me? If they had warned me right in the beginning, none of this would ever have happened.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about the S.L.A. hit list, which the FBI knew about before you were kidnaped?

HEARST: Yes. So did the Alameda County Sheriff's office. I'm not bitter about it, but they have some responsibility to take in this whole thing. If they had contacted me or my parents, I would have been out of that apartment in Berkeley and back home so fast. . . .

PLAYBOY: Do you really think you'd have taken it seriously?

HEARST: Wait a minute! We're not talking about being on just *anybody's* hit list, we're talking about people who had just killed the superintendent of schools and critically injured his assistant. Two people had just been arrested with a bunch of guns and literature. It wasn't just somebody who said he was going to kidnap you; it was people who had already murdered.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think the jury voted you guilty?

HEARST: I really thought we could have won the case until the final argument. The prosecution had to prove reasonable doubt. Is it reasonable to assume that somebody who has been locked in a closet for 57 days after being kidnaped, brutalized, raped, abused, then they say, "You're going to rob a bank now"—is it reasonable to assume that that person had free will?

PLAYBOY: Reasonable doubt came in afterward, once they had the pictures of you in the bank, your taped messages, your handwritten account, the Oluce monkey head.

HEARST: Well, I disagree. We had virtually no closing argument. They had a very good, proper closing argument, point by point by point, and we had something that just didn't say *anything* about reasonable doubt. Just sort of, "Gee, don't convict her." That's why I'm back in court right now, because I feel the case should never have been lost, ever. And it's incredible that it was lost. When the second U. S. Attorney came to talk to me, he just plain couldn't believe it. And I have my own ideas on how they lost it, and I can tell you more off the record, but I'm not at liberty to talk about it openly.

PLAYBOY: When you turned evidence against a lot of the underground people you met during your time as a fugitive, did you think it would get you a lighter sentence?

HEARST: I did not. I thought I was performing my civic duty. I thought they would prosecute those people, but they never did. There was never any promise of any kind, like, "This will get you a lighter sentence, honey, if you just sing." In fact, they always assured me that was not the case.

PLAYBOY: And except for your eventual commutation by President Carter, your sentence was not light. Are there any causes worth taking up from your prison experience?

HEARST: Drugs. It's so bad. It's behind almost every single crime in prison. *Everything* is drug related—whether it's prostitution or forgery or bank robbery or smuggling, it all seems to boil down to, if they didn't want the drugs, they wouldn't be in there. And most of them are addicts themselves. It's by far *the*

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major cause of these crimes. I saw someone O.D. on cocaine. Blue. She was the color of your jeans.

PLAYBOY: Did you get a lot of threatening mail in prison?

HEARST: Oh, God, all the time.

PLAYBOY: Charles Manson supposedly wrote you, right?

HEARST: Al Johnson kept the postcard. It started out, "You write *me*." Everything was spelled wrong. Apparently, he is really very illiterate. He said he would help me, but I would have to do everything he said. Then I got letters from Sandra Good and Squacky Fromme, who were in the same prison with me, saying Charlie was really a beautiful person, and they sent me some drawings that Charlie had done.

PLAYBOY: What was it you called those two women?

HEARST: Pencil-necked geeks. They were the kind of people you just never turned your back on. I never trusted them. They were kind of scary, but *I* was kind of scary, too. They are about my size, with Xs carved into their foreheads. They have terrible reputations. On the other hand, I had a horrible reputation, too. For all they knew, I could have been crazier than them, so it was to my advantage to act crazy, and around them I always did.

PLAYBOY: After the Harrises pleaded guilty, you found a dead rat on your bed, didn't you?

HEARST: Yeah. Stinky old dead rat. They moved me upstairs after that.

PLAYBOY: And then your lung collapsed.

HEARST: That was very serious. It took them two hours to get me to the hospital! By that time, I had gone into trauma and my heart was moving over and the other lung was in danger of collapsing. My mom was so mad, she could hardly control herself. They couldn't believe I could live this long and then have them almost kill me in jail by fiddling around for two hours. I was extremely depressed after that.

PLAYBOY: But still, you obviously have a strong will to live.

HEARST: Uh-huh. I don't feel suicide is the only honorable way out. But I think it's the only honorable way out for the Harrises. How's that?

PLAYBOY: You certainly have it in for them. But they'll probably rebut your charges here and in your book.

HEARST: So what? Do you really think that what they say is gonna be paid attention to? Of course they're gonna disagree. What do you think Emily Harris is gonna say when I say she killed somebody? She'll probably say *I* did it. OK, fine. Go ahead.

PLAYBOY: In retrospect, can you find any good that came of your kidnapping?

HEARST: I prefer to take the good out of experiences, no matter how rotten they are. I'm one of those people who thought

nothing could ever happen to her hitchhiking, so once I was hitchhiking as a teenager and I got picked up by somebody who I thought was perfectly normal. He was a weirdo who liked to masturbate while he drove girls around.

PLAYBOY: What good came of that?

HEARST: I learned never to hitchhike again! [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You certainly don't seem terribly scarred from your experiences with the S.L.A.

HEARST: No, I've come through them remarkably well.

PLAYBOY: Do you see it as a miracle that you're still alive?

HEARST: Oh, yeah. I don't know what a bookmaker would say to those odds: To be kidnaped, to survive the shoot-out, to have gone through all the months with them, to be arrested on top of that, to spend the time I spent in prison, and still be alive after all of that—I would say the odds were incredibly against me.

PLAYBOY: And to marry your bodyguard as well—no sense taking chances with your future. Don't you and Bernie often go hunting together?

HEARST: We go down to the ranch at San Simeon.

PLAYBOY: How big is the ranch?

HEARST: About 70- or 80-thousand acres.

PLAYBOY: What do you shoot there, boar?

HEARST: Oh, yeah, lots of pigs. Bernie shot a 600-pound boar there. They're big. But we eat everything we shoot. People who have never gone hunting have a tendency to look down on hunters and act like they're killing Bambi's father. Their argument is it's not much of a sport. You've got a rifle with a scope and the deer is just standing there. Well, the deer is *not* just standing there. You're very lucky if the deer is just standing there.

PLAYBOY: Why not just buy steak?

HEARST: Deer are *not* that easy to shoot. I keep trying to get Bernie to go duck-hunting.

PLAYBOY: You mean you want to shoot Donald Duck?

HEARST: Donald Duck, Daffy Duck. . . . People never think of hunters as being conservationists. Hunters are some of the biggest conservationists, because they want to be sure there's enough wildlife around—

PLAYBOY: For them to kill. What else would you feel satisfied shooting?

HEARST: Oh . . . maybe you. I wouldn't be the only one! Every hunter will think I'm right. They'll think, Boy, what a jerk she is to talk to this guy! You probably think that guns should be outlawed.

PLAYBOY: That idea has its appeal.

HEARST: Ohhh, ugh!

PLAYBOY: Do you keep loaded guns in your house?

HEARST: Oh, yes, of course.

PLAYBOY: If an intruder entered, would you use them?

HEARST: In a second.

PLAYBOY: Would you say this self-confidence is one of the positive aspects of your S.L.A. experience?

HEARST: Yes. I used to be really, really shy, like, hardly-able-to-speak shy. And I just can't be that way anymore.

PLAYBOY: You certainly can't be shy when you're plugging a book.

HEARST: It *is* exciting to have a book out. It seems kind of amazing.

PLAYBOY: What are you reading yourself these days?

HEARST: Well, I hate to say it, but the last book I read was *Miss Piggy's Guide to Life*.

PLAYBOY: Stimulating. What about magazines?

HEARST: I read *Time* and *Good Housekeeping* and *House Beautiful*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Connoisseur*, *Antiques* and *People*. I read **PLAYBOY**; we get it only for the articles. [*Laughs*] And Bernie gets *Karate* or *Black Belt*.

PLAYBOY: How about movies?

HEARST: I liked *Star Wars*. I loved *The Muppet Movie*. Movies I can see five or six times, because I always forget them. And I enjoy them just as much the fifth time as I did the first.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there'll be a movie from your book?

HEARST: People have written to ask about selling the movie rights. My lawyer has those letters. When it is time, I'll take appropriate steps.

PLAYBOY: OK, we're about done. With the book out, and your life ahead of you, have you ever considered doing occasional TV commentary? As an expert on terrorism? ABC could bring you in during a crisis, saying, "All right, Patricia, they're bombing this building, what do you think is going to happen?"

HEARST: That's a real funny one. What a strange idea! You know, you're not that far off base. They had [former FBI investigator] Charles Bates doing that for a while. Every time there was a terrorist bombing, they'd roll out Charles Bates and ask him, "Now, Charles, what's going on here?" "Well, you know, ummm, when I was on the Hearst case, we did it this way." [*Laughs*] I think I'd rather be on the cover of **PLAYBOY**.

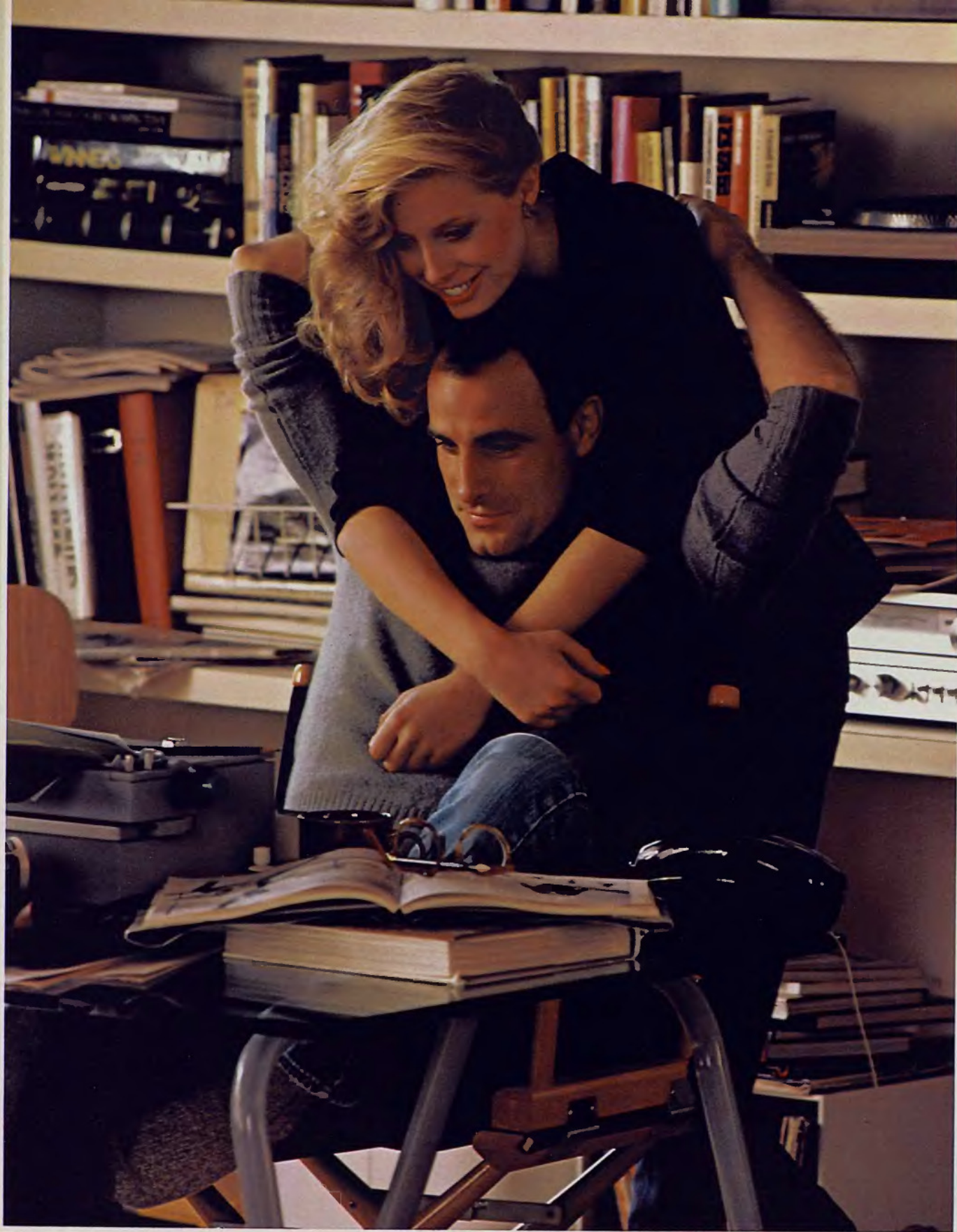
PLAYBOY: All those covers on *Time* and *Newsweek* weren't enough?

HEARST: Are you kidding? Any old jerk, like the Ayatollah or Charles Manson, gets on the cover of *Time*. Big deal.


PLAYBOY: Joking aside, is this the end of your story? And so she lived happily ever after? You have your marriage, your child, your house, your book. There really *is* a happy ending?

HEARST: You never know if you've got a happy ending until you finally die. I guess *nobody's* life has a happy ending if you look at it that way.





WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He dedicates himself to the right word and the whole woman. He knows that all the complications from introduction to climax can best be resolved using novel ideas. He reads PLAYBOY because he can find many such ideas in the magazine that is chosen by more American men than any other. Long ago, he learned the value of a touching denouement. So this is the way that the evening will end: not with a bang but a whisper. 

THE TROUBLE WITH GUNS

despite the shooting of president reagan, john lennon and thousands more to come, there'll be no effective control of firearms. here's why

opinion **By WILLIAM J. HELMER**

FIRST OFF, let's try to understand three things:

1. Nobody, but nobody, is against controlling guns. Not the National Rifle Association, not firearms dealers and manufacturers, not collectors and hunters, not even armed robbers, who don't want to get shot by some loony any more than the next person. But gun control has become a catch phrase, like right-to-life, that now translates as banning and decorates the banners of opposing armies in a cultural holy war.

2. Prohibition is the polar opposite of regulation, as with booze in the Twenties, abortion until the Seventies and marijuana today. So let's not talk about banning the private ownership of handguns, say, and call it gun control.

3. Not every attempt to regulate the purchase and possession of deadly weapons is a sinister plot by bleeding-heart knee-jerk effete liberoid do-gooders to disarm law-abiding citizens and wreck the sport of hunting.

Continuing confusion on those three points is the main reason there are more Federal, state and local gun laws in this country than in all the rest of the world but little effective gun control. The zealots on both sides of the gun controversy go at one another like dogs on a rag, tugging and snarling, dedicated solely to vanquishing the foe. Reformers approach this complex social problem with all the subtlety and sophistication

of redneck preachers trying to stamp out sin, while the gun buffs have always responded to the legitimate needs of an increasingly urbanized society with the cooperative spirit and enlightened self-interest of a great rock being eroded by waves. One might say that on the subject of control, the gun nuts and the antigun nuts have always had (in the immortal words of Cool Hand Luke, just before he took a bullet in the neck) a failure to communicate.

I started examining this problem in 1968, after a book, several articles and some other spurious credentials landed me a job in Washington, D.C., with the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. That was an excellent commission, except in the area of firearms violence. After many months and I don't know how much money, it managed to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that:

1. Guns, when fired, are more deadly than knives.

2. People who own guns are more likely to misuse guns than people who do not own guns.

The ergo of those discoveries was that all firearms be registered and all handguns banned—recommendations that set true gun control back a good many years and sold a few extra million pistols and revolvers.

The trouble here was simply that the lawyers and scholars who work on such commissions tend to be urban intellectuals who may grudgingly concede that

hunting, gun collecting and target shooting appeal to large numbers of simple-minded citizens who don't generally kill people, but their mental image of a firearm is that of a deadly weapon in the hands of a right-wing crackpot or a wild-eyed psychopathic punk. These folks have the same phobia of firearms that some people have of snakes, and they see the same connection between guns and crime that others see between prostitution and crime or pornography and rape. Guns and sex have at least that much in common: They freak people out. And the crusaders on both sides have this much in common: They possess a blinding sense of righteousness, a compelling desire to save people from themselves, a need to validate their beliefs by imposing them on others and an abiding faith that they can cure social ills by passing more laws. This last impulse is especially strong; it seems based on the notion that if you can't convert your opponent, at least you can punish the hell out of him.

A unique feature of the gun-control controversy is the way it causes its partisans to change philosophical character. The antigun people, who tend to be politically liberal and morally permissive, turn into law-and-order authoritarians, while progun people, generally conservative and moralistic, blossom into champions of civil liberties and individual rights.

But forget the zealots on both sides; there's no converting them, no reasoning



with them. So the hell with them. The fact remains that the vast majority of citizens want effective gun control short of flat-out prohibition or confiscation, and the main obstacle to accomplishing that—besides the fanatics—are the myths, misconceptions and misunderstandings that have always clouded the real issues. The three points with which I opened this little tirade are prime examples of each. Let me now elaborate on the various aspects of the National Gun Problem that seem the least understood by the greatest number of Americans.

Firearm registration is misunderstood by the people who chant the term like some sort of sacred mantra. It's not, as most assume, a control measure at all but a record-keeping system; in itself, it has nothing to say about who owns guns or how they are used. Firearm-owner licensing does that, and while registration could enhance the enforcement of other gun laws—as it does now with some 100,000 privately owned and well-behaved machine guns—it has a couple of negative features that just about render it useless, if not dangerous. Thanks to the Fifth Amendment guarantee against self-incrimination and the 1968 Gun Control Act, which prohibits convicted felons from owning firearms, the one class of person *exempt* from registration is—yes—your convicted felon. It's very simple: You can't require a person to register a gun if doing so would cause him to incriminate himself.

Another negative feature of registration is that a substantial percentage of this country's 50,000,000 or so otherwise law-abiding gun owners will either neglect or stubbornly refuse to comply with a registration law, creating overnight an equal number of righteous criminals. That, stupidly enough, seems not to bother true antifirearms fanatics, who look upon rebellious gun people with all the understanding that hillbilly sheriffs have toward long-haired pot smokers.

There's also the little matter of cost—several billion dollars to create a computerized police data bank that would be a civil libertarian's nightmare.

Why are gun buffs so contrary and defiant of the very idea of registration? Forget all that foolishness about repelling Communists and shooting looters. The first reason is that they are so insulted and angered by enemy propaganda, rhetoric and legislative threats they have come to resist any new law out of habit and on principle. The second reason is based on unassailable logic: If registration is not tantamount to confiscation, it is certainly a prerequisite.

Firearm-owner licensing is, or could be, a totally different matter. At least on paper, it's a feasible and effective means of determining who may or may not legally acquire or possess a gun. Not (as

gun buffs quickly point out) that that means a damn thing to serious criminals, assassins, or even your average punk, but it does reduce casual traffic in guns and ammunition and gives the cops a legitimate enforcement tool. Nondiscretionary owner licensing (meaning there must be cause to deny a license) *should* not freak out the gun buffs; such a license merely entitles a person to legally purchase or possess, without indicating whether he does or doesn't, the way a driver's license entitles one to drive any car lawfully. But gun people instinctively bridle even at this, because it's considered a concession to the enemy. The reason owner licensing presently doesn't mean a whole lot is because enforcement generally is poor to nonexistent, especially on transfers between individuals. Most of the people who comply are the conscientious N.R.A. types who don't go around robbing and killing people.

Theoretically, gun control could best be achieved by owner licensing *plus* individual firearm registration *plus* strict enforcement. Which is about as likely as reforming the human race. What such laws would actually do is send millions of guns into hiding, criminalizing a large percentage of the population and creating a firearms black market of staggering proportions. This is gun *decontrol*.

When it comes to sensible and enforceable restrictions on sale, possession and use of firearms, it's hard to say which side is more wrongheaded—the liberal intelligentsia that keeps proposing thoroughly unworkable laws or the conservative *bourgeoisie* that rejects new control proposals regardless of their merits. Probably more important is the source of this wrongheadedness. Firearms, I submit, have gradually evolved from a social problem into a moral issue. More than mechanical devices for propelling projectiles, they are now symbols of conflicting cultural values and personal lifestyles, just like abortion and capital punishment. With abortion, it's right versus wrong, defined according to personal ideology, and disagreement cannot be tolerated. There can be no compromise with evil, whether that be murdering unborn babies or compelling a woman to bear children against her will. Same for the death penalty. Capital murder may be statistically rare, but the anger and frustration felt by Americans afraid to go out at night make executing any criminal a soul-satisfying gesture. With guns, the conflict is especially sticky, because everybody fears crime, but the solutions are emotionally opposed: Do you take guns out of circulation and depend on an effective police force to protect life and private property, or do you keep a gun handy and just turn the home invader's body over

to the cops when they speed to the scene half an hour later? Do you try to disarm 3000 or so handgun owners to reach the one pistol that is used in a murder?

Bleeding Heart: Do you really think that a stereo system or a TV set is more precious than a human life?

Hard-Nose: I think that should be decided by the son of a bitch before he breaks into my goddamn house.

Not many people would deny a person the right to defend self and family from serious harm, which implies the collateral right to possess the means to do so. What freaks out the N.R.A. types is when some 60-year-old grocery-store proprietor pulls a pistol, drills an armed robber and then gets thrashed through the criminal-justice system because his gun wasn't registered or he wasn't supposed to own one in the first place.

Which brings us to personal rights and liberties in an ostensibly free society, blah, blah, blah. Consider the willingness of the marijuana user to defy the law, sometimes risking years in prison, righteously insisting it's his own damn business what he smokes in the privacy of his own home. Stupid laws aren't going to stop him; if anything, the fact that pot is illegal has always made it even more attractive. The progun person takes a similar position: Nobody's going to tell him he can't possess the means of protecting himself and his family. Dope and guns are identical in one important respect: Both are harmless unless you use them. You say yes, but guns are weapons that easily can cause death and injury to innocent people. The gun owner simply turns that around and reminds us that protection is a more basic need than pleasure: If some gun-wielding barbarians come busting into your house bent on murder, rape or robbery, you're not going to do much good waving a lid of marijuana.

If that happens to be a vastly exaggerated peril, we have hysterical antigun campaigns with their melodramatic "body counts" to thank for fostering the idea that everybody is in mortal danger of being shot to death.

Another similarity between gun laws and drug laws that escapes general notice is that both lead to victimless crimes. Like prostitution, gambling, dope, homosexual acts, illegal abortion, bootlegging, pornography or any other kind of popular vice, illegal firearm possession or transactions are consensual offenses—called victimless because the only complainants are the law enforcers. Consider the billions of dollars and the police man-hours devoted to stamping out the killer weed and then figure the cost of enforcing an unpopular law among the owners of something like 150,000,000 firearms that are in half the

(concluded on page 183)



"You're not like all the others. They were women."



*it's not western union and it's not a stool at schwab's.
melani martin has her own way of getting discovered*

MELANI IS THE MESSAGE

By now, Melani figures she's delivered more than 300 singing telegrams, many while dressed in the bellhop's costume she wore when running an elevator in Hollywood. At left, she belts out a message to co-owner Eddy Kerkhofs and blonde friend at Le Dome, the popular restaurant on the Sunset Strip.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS



M

AYBE YOU'LL RECALL this scene from countless movie musicals of an era long before Alexander Haig, nuclear reactors or even *I Love Lucy*. An earnest, struggling starlet is making ends meet by running an elevator in a posh office complex when she hears that her favorite star—a sexy young male singer—is about to show up for his manager's birthday party. Can the starlet ditch her post long enough to meet her idol? What will happen if she bursts into song? And what will they think of the silly Philip Morris bellboy uniform she's wearing? Sound familiar? Adjust your timing to 1981 and you have the true-life saga of Melani Martin, a bubbly young showbiz



Above, Melani plays Cupid, her Valentine's Day special, for a soggy Howard Hesseman from CBS' *WKRP in Cincinnati*. "Most folks like it when I sing," she says, though she admits that one woman paid her not to do her show at a restaurant in L.A. "I know that my husband hired you, but I embarrass very easily," she told Melani. "I'll give you \$50 if you'll only sing to someone else." Melani took the cash and did her birthday song and dance far a nearby table. She usually gives her customers a choice of costumes: A cupid, garilla or belly dancer casts \$100; a no-frills musical message is \$35. For big spenders, Melani will arrive in a cake, do three songs and sock you \$500.



"My man has to have a big sense of humor," says Melani. "But he can't be so outgoing that he'll upstage me." But Melani claims she doesn't have time to get romantically involved. "Anyway, the guys who chase me always seem to be ones I don't want and the ones I chose just never seem to work out right."





hopeful who used to run an elevator at the Berwin Entertainment Complex in Hollywood. Her life, at that time, consisted of classes—lots of them. There were acting classes, singing classes, dancing classes, all taken with one goal in mind: stardom, a classic celluloid fantasy of a young woman tap-dancing her way onto the silver screen.

And the star? He's David Lee Roth, lead singer of Van Halen and the only rock star to have announced he's carrying paternity insurance. "I (text concluded on page 192)

"My philosophy is that an actress never really has a home; she just wanders from set to set until she becomes a star," explains Melani. And while stardom is definitely her main goal, she's finding the going tough. "I'm lucky I have a way to get my foot in the door," she observes.





PINBALL

*donna loved sex, but only
with strangers watching did
she feel totally turned on*

FIRST LOOK

at a new novel

fiction

By JERZY KOSINSKI

HE WAS HAVING a nightcap at the bar in Kreutzer's after work when Donna showed up looking for him.

With her figure outlined by her faded jeans and pullover and her hair falling freely over her shoulders, she looked foot-loose, almost indolent.

"What is it that you want to learn from me?" she asked, and he sensed that she expected him to ask her about her musicianship, her studies or her piano-playing plans; but for some obscure reason that was not at all malevolent, he went straight to the truth.

"Tell me about your life with that actor."

Taken aback by his words, she stared at him for a sign of hostility, but when she found none, she appeared miserable, overcome by disgust.

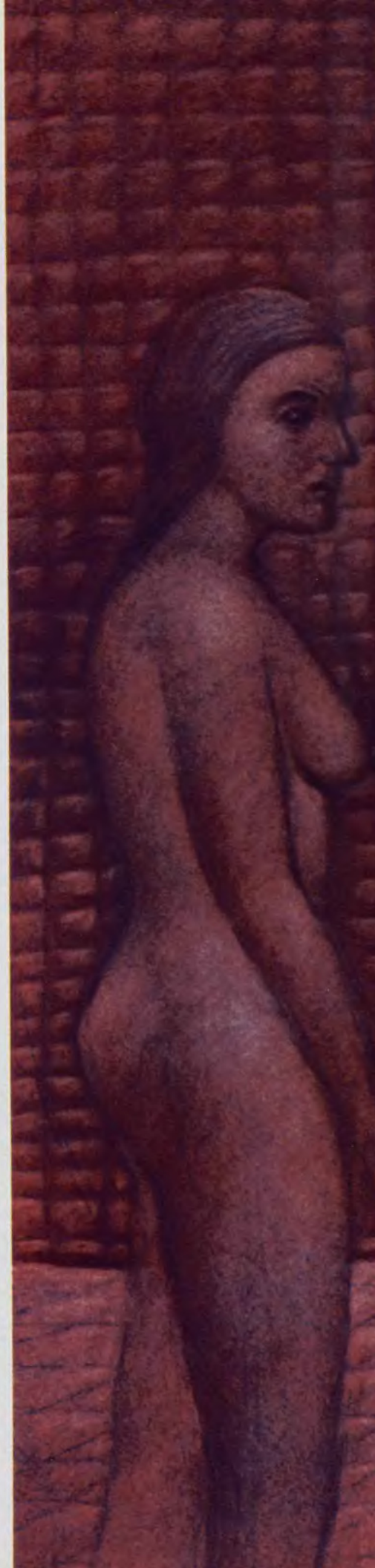
"Who told you about him?" she asked sullenly, then checked herself. "I'm sorry—it doesn't matter, does it? But why do you ask?"

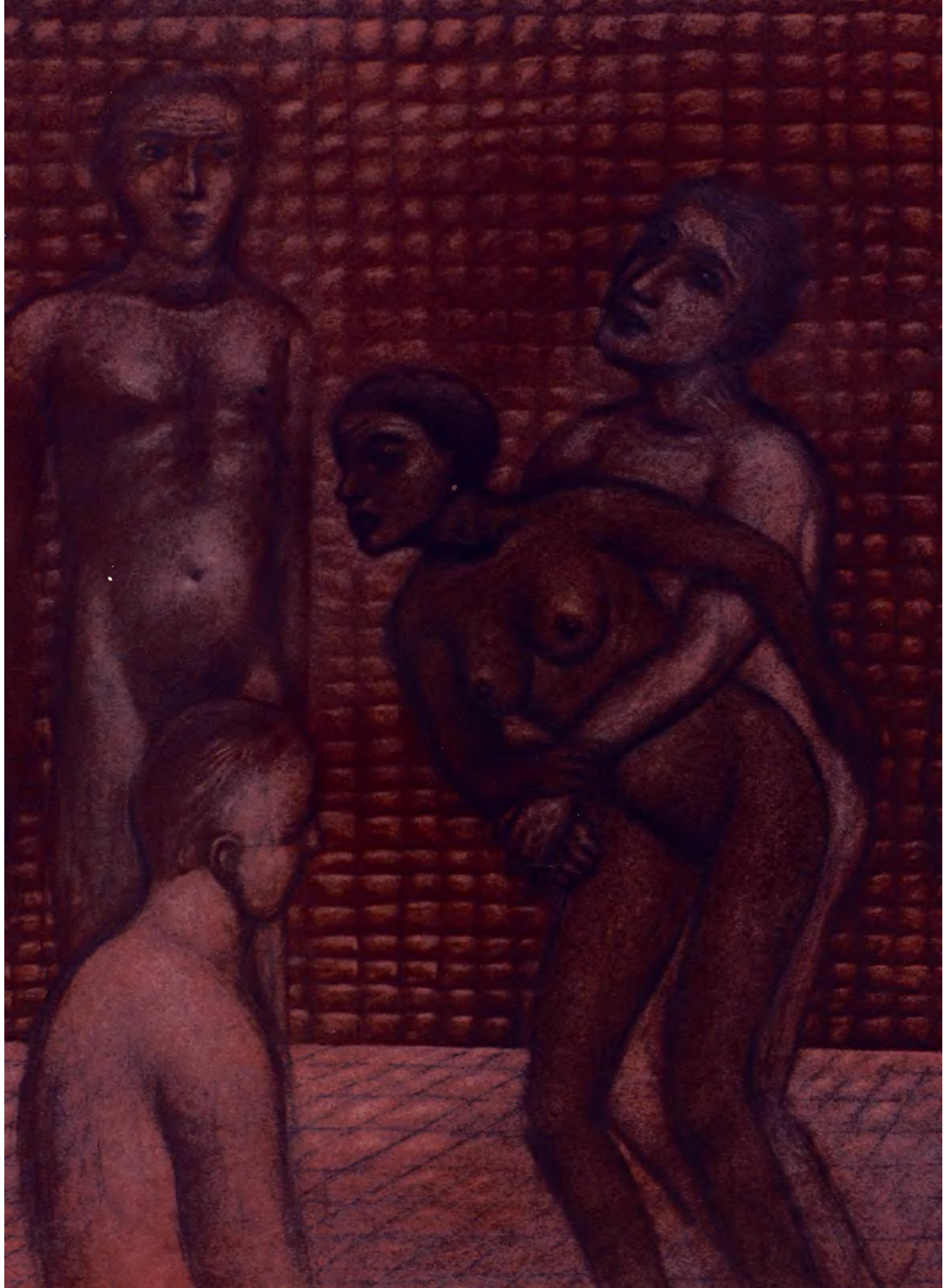
"I want to know you, Donna," he said quietly, "and because I might not have another chance, I feel it's important to ask you about someone you cared about."

She searched his face for signs that she could trust him. Then she composed herself and began to speak, her voice calm, her eyes resting on his, gauging his reaction as she surrendered herself to her past.

"Please keep in mind, Patrick, that I can't explain what I'm about to tell you," she said, placing her hand on his, unconsciously smoothing his skin with the pads of her finger tips as she spoke.

"One day, leafing through some magazines in the Juilliard library, I came across a scientific article about female sexuality. It said that when a woman gets excited sexually—whether by physical contact or through her imagination—the amount of vaginal blood and the rate of her vaginal pulse both increase. Yet the researchers





found that during orgasm, although the rate of the vaginal pulse increases, the amount of blood decreases, and even though this information was obtained by the use of sophisticated research techniques, medicine has not been able to offer an explanation for it."

She stroked his hand, as if expecting him to answer her, and she stared at him. But he did not answer. He watched her hand on his, and the thought that she would soon go home filled him with anxiety.

"If such a simple physical thing is still a mystery to science," she said, "I guess I'll never know what it was about Marcello that made me love him."

Domostroy felt the incomprehensible world of her past rise like a barrier between them. Her green eyes stared at him without expression and, meeting her gaze, he wondered whether that barrier would ever crumble before the ground swell of his feeling for her.

She had been in love for the first time, she said, when she was 12. She and the boy used to slip out at night and meet in a burned-out building near her family's apartment in Harlem. The boy was 16 and white, and he always acted frightened, probably because everything around him was black—the night, the burned-out building, the girl he was squeezing. They met and kissed and petted a number of times, until one night the boy's parents sent the police after him. She and the boy were found necking in the ruins, and her boyfriend was no longer alone in the blackness, because the policemen were white, too. They herded Donna into a police van as if she were a stray dog, took her to the station and charged her with soliciting for the purpose of prostitution. She was locked overnight in a cell with two other women—black prostitutes who treated her as tenderly as if she were their daughter—and then released into the custody of her father, who made her promise never to see that white boy again.

The incident taught her that even though she was only 12 years old and not guilty of soliciting lovers, she could still be arrested for it. By the time her family moved out of Harlem and into a more affluent South Bronx neighborhood, she knew she was sexually precocious. The knowledge did not disturb her. She liked the idea that she could get as carried away in sex as some of her high school friends got on coke and hash, and even then, in her mid-teens, she decided that she would always be the one to take the initiative: She would solicit only those lovers who seemed to be worth the risk.

She went about her life with that decision more or less fixed in her mind, and one day, years later, she noticed a

handsome man hanging around at Juilliard. He seemed to be waiting for someone, and even before she saw his face, she couldn't help seeing what his tight jeans revealed. Extreme virility, of itself, didn't interest her much, however; it was only when he looked at her that she was attracted, for his face was boyish and his expression shy and innocent.

As soon as he saw her, he began to stare, and she found his intentions so obvious and his stare so comical that she burst out laughing. He spoke to her then, asking her why she was laughing at him. He seemed hurt. She apologized instantly. Their affair began with laughter and apology.

Marcello told her that after being orphaned in early childhood, he had been brought up by a series of relatives. He had worked at a variety of part-time jobs, most recently for a video-tape company. Lacking formal education beyond high school, Marcello was nevertheless well informed and well read, and although he was not overtly musical, he seemed to respond instinctively to good music. He was a patient listener during the long hours when Donna practiced the piano, and throughout their relationship he made an effort to learn more about music. But even with his many likable traits, it was as a lover that Donna enjoyed Marcello most of all.

Just as she was occasionally surprised to find a piano that could reveal to her, by virtue of its construction and tuning, a new beauty or a hidden sense in some composer's work, or to discover a room that, by virtue of its special resonance, could alter her perception of tone and clarity in musical sound, so was she surprised to meet in Marcello a being who—for the first time in her life—elicited a response from her that was wholly sexual.

"Until I met Marcello, most of the men I had run into were pretty much alike," she said, eyeing Domostroy thoughtfully. "Usually, my date—black or white, no matter—didn't think there could be more to me than what he saw. But once he found out there was, to prove to me he wasn't after a quick lay, he would take me out a lot—clubs, discos, restaurants—anywhere but home. Then, if I liked him, we would often end up at his place—or mine." She attempted a smile, but it dissolved and she looked haggard.

"When we were finally alone, free to step out of our clothes and free from the roles they imposed on us, my date would usually go down on me, with that humble, slightly remorseful stare—puppylike and eager to please. Then, when I reassured him that he was doing all right, he would go on making love to me, never taking a chance, never surprising me with something he was eager for me to

do, always afraid he might begin to use me for his pleasure. Always! And every time I saw that anxious stare, I would feel as if I were hidden from him in the dark, watching a spectacle being performed by a stranger."

She halted, and when she spoke again, her voice seemed lifelessly even. "All that time, I felt that there must have been something in me—in what I'd said or done—some invisible score I'd written for them to enact that made every one of those men so passive, so obsequious. Yet, even though I became fed up with them and disgusted with myself, I wouldn't—or couldn't—do anything about it. You know, Patrick, that in matters of sex it's often easier to reject what you feel than to seek what you want.

"That was the mood I was in when I met Marcello. . . ."

Marcello understood her very well, she continued. In their first weeks together, whether they were alone or in public, he would constantly surprise her, constantly insinuate his will by touching her body, sniffing her hair, warming her neck with his breath, brushing against her breasts or thighs or buttocks, rubbing her groin with his hand, all the while communicating to her body that it was a hiding place for innumerable stealthy urges from within, until at last she came to expect her every ordinary moment to be turned by him into a state of sexual tension, stripped of everything except feeling. At that point it was enough for her just to follow him, no matter where he chose to lead her.

One place he led her to often was a downtown bar called Dead Heat. Located in Soho, in the basement of an old warehouse building, Dead Heat appeared to be one large room with a stone floor and rough black walls; it had a circular bar in the center, a section of tables and chairs and a small dance floor, all lighted by a few small red lamps hanging in tiny iron cages, which cast moving circles on the ceiling and walls whenever they swayed. At the far end of this room, usually unnoticed by the newcomer, two corridors led to the most essential area of Dead Heat, called the Jam Session, which consisted of a dozen catacomblike rooms, vaults, stalls and cubicles, all with walls and floors of rough black stone, all lighted by small, bare red or blue bulbs, separated in a few cases by a doorless toilet. Furnished with a few wooden stools, wooden platform beds and old metal bathtubs, the larger rooms of the Jam Session could hold fifteen to twenty people, the vaults about ten and the stalls and cubicles five or six at most.

Open after midnight—and only on weekends—the gloomy, inhospitable
(continued on page 194)

THE FAMILY JEWELS

*now that everybody and his sister claim to have balls,
it's time to reappraise the most precious stones known to man*

essay By ROY BLOUNT JR.



*In the garden of Eden lay Adam,
Complacently stroking his madam.
And loud was his mirth,
For on all of the earth
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.*

THOSE WERE THE DAYS. Now everybody has balls, or claims to. Fellows used to seek ladies of sensitivity, gentleness and full blouses. Now the "ballsy" woman is in. The stereotype of gay men as people with exquisite taste in home furnishings is giving way to that of people with full baskets. There are even signs that ballsiness is regaining widespread acceptability in straight men. And it was no slur on Billie Jean King when people said it took balls for her to go on TV and admit to having had a lesbian affair.

In New York, the cable-TV personality who calls himself Ugly George—his own pair rendered clearly if unwelcomely evident by tight pants—roams the streets of Manhattan "looking," as he mutters in voice-over, "for goils with balls." Which is to say girls willing to pose naked for his TV show, which, whatever else may be said of it (*yuck, ptui*), has . . . balls.

Balls are a politically, morally, sexually neutral quality. Israel has them, and so does Qaddafi. Billy Martin and Reggie Jackson. Roy Cohn and Mother Teresa. Barbara (continued on page 184)

BOOM DREAMS

they come to these overnight towns for the promise of steady work and a hefty pay check—why they stay is harder to understand



article By CRAIG VETTER

SOMEWHERE in the lonely middle of the high Wyoming prairie last February, I picked up a hitchhiker who'd been standing for an hour in a hard snowstorm, in a wind that was 14 degrees below zero. He looked to be about 55

years old and he was about half frozen by the time he climbed into my rented Oldsmobile. He was toting a beat-up leather suitcase with a rag for a handle, and he'd been on the road for six days, from Youngstown, Ohio. He said he was broke and had been out of work for six months and that he was on his way to

Jackson Hole because someone had told him they were building a Holiday Inn there, and he thought maybe they'd have a construction job for him. Said he hadn't hitchhiked since 1953, and he didn't think he'd ever do it again. He'd asked the police in Moorcroft if he could sleep in their jail, but they told him



their insurance wouldn't cover it. So he'd slept the night before in an abandoned house that didn't have any windows or doors. Hard times, he said.

I told him I knew what he meant, and when he said that it looked to him like I was doing pretty well, I warned him not to be fooled by appearances. Then I told him I had been broke for so long that I'd just spent a week in a dirty, ugly, cold, treeless little oil-and-coal boom town called Gillette, and I'd liked it. In fact, I said, I thought I was going back, just as soon as I got my bankrupt affairs in order, to see if I couldn't get work among the dirt eaters. And if I couldn't find anything in Gillette, then I'd go on down to Evans-ton or Rock Springs and look around there for something steady and lucrative.

He asked me if I'd been laid off and I told him it was worse than that; I was trying to make a living as a free-lance writer. He said he thought that paid pretty well if you did it for the big magazines. I told him it probably would if you could write 1000 words a week, for 52 weeks a year, and sell every one of them, which I have never been able to do, or even come close to doing. Then I gave him the small but crucial epiphany that I had come to in the past year or so: Poverty is nature's way of telling you you're in the wrong line.

He said he couldn't argue with that.

Nobody ever went to Gillette, Wyoming, for the hell of it. It was born in 1892 as a railhead village from which the ranchers of the Powder River basin could ship their cattle and pick up their necessities. It was named for the railroad surveyor, Edward Gillette, who was responsible for pushing the tracks out to this nowhere little piece of the high plains; and though he was no particular relation to the razor tycoon, by the Fifties, when the civic Pooh-Bahs of the town were casting around for an identity and a slogan, they made the connection anyway: They nicknamed the place Razor City and called it "the sharpest little town in Wyoming." Then, the story goes, somebody suggested a stunt to make the whole thing vivid. The idea was to roust an antelope out of one of the big herds, drag him down to Gillette Avenue, lather him up and shave his entire body with a Blue Blade.

Somehow, it never came off, and as it turned out a few years later, there wasn't going to be any need for such chamber-of-commerce flackery. The town was sitting on its fate—a seam of coal 100 feet thick, 60 miles wide and 200 miles long. Geologists called it the Fort Union formation, and when they talked in tons about the load they expected to blast and scrape out of it, the numbers began to resemble the distance in miles

between stars. There was oil underneath that, too, and even some uranium in there, and by 1973, all boom-town hell had broken loose in Gillette. Rough-necks, miners, railroad men, construction gangs and truck drivers came from everywhere and were recruited out of bars and off the streets, and still jobs went begging. Hotel rooms were rented out in 12-hour shifts; people lived out of their cars or pitched tents. The population doubled, then quadrupled, and in a little more than ten years, what had been a harmless little cow town of 3000 people had become a wild prefab city of 17,000, where the young men who came to do the hard, filthy work outnumbered the women ten to one.

Gillette wasn't the West's first boom town, of course. For more than 100 years, gold and silver and oil had been changing drowsy crossroads into nasty, roaring camps, had been attracting tough young men with their boom dreams. But Gillette was one of the very first towns to go up in the new boom, the rush for energy that began to ride down on the Rocky Mountain states when the Arabs decided to make the monkey dance back in the early Seventies. And because it was predicted that dozens of towns in the cowboy states were going to be victims of the same explosive growth before all the oil and coal were pumped and hacked out of them, the social scientists began to watch Gillette as if it were a lab animal.

Mark Twain could have told them what they were going to find, and they found it: murder, robbery, assault, child abuse, wife beating, divorce, alcoholism, depression, madness and suicide all out of proportion to the number of people in town. They began calling it Gillette syndrome, and then, in the best traditions of sociology, they began to argue whether it really existed or was just a statistical aberration built of shabby data.

And that's why I went to Gillette: to find out if sickness and sin were any more rampant in Razor City than in any other American city of the same size.

I didn't get the answer to that one, and very soon after I got there, I didn't care, because the question had changed from the abstract to the concrete: Could a man—a man like me, for instance, who didn't have skills enough to do gentleman's work or the nerve for serious crime—could he stand to do a year in a rough and greedy place if it meant he could pay off his debts and maybe even have a little left to squander when he was through?

It's a good three hours from Casper to Gillette if you drive it: across the wide, treeless range land that is most of Wyoming, through Midwest, where the

grasshopper pumps stand by the hundreds in rows so straight they could have been laid out by farmers, and past the cattle ranches that were once the main business around here. Except for the oil rigs, this prairie hasn't changed much since the Johnson County wars, since Butch and Sundance hid out at Hole-in-the-Wall. It's still empty of everything but grass and sagebrush, and the deer and the antelope still play in great numbers around here, though nowadays they do most of their dying on the highways.

Thirty miles from Gillette, I picked up the local news broadcast, sponsored by a roommate service that was promising to find you not only a roommate but a friend. Gillette police were reporting a glass-smashing rampage in town Sunday night. A liquor store lost its window first and was missing about one armload of whiskey. Then the sliding glass door at a private home was hit, and then the big window at Atlantic Richfield headquarters. Police said they had no clues and no suspects, but it sounded to me like somebody making his goodbyes.

A sign on the freeway said, GILLETTE NEXT THREE EXITS. When I topped the next hill, it became clear that whatever disagreements there are about the social fabric of Razor City, one thing is certain—it's ugly. It spills down off the pretty little hill that was the original town in long grim strips of everything you have ever seen that is quick, dirty and squat-empty of imagination or planning.

Just off the highway, I dropped into a shift-change traffic jam of pickups and power wagons that were coming and going from Pizza Hut, Kentucky Fried Chicken, Long John Silver, The Ponderosa, the Super Eight Lodge or one of the liquor stores that punctuate these thoughtless streets like commas in a runaway sentence. I passed a grubby huddle of trailers next to the main-line railroad tracks, where 100 or more single-wides sat within spitting distance of one another on a flat dirt patch so dismal that the rats probably leave it alone. And through all of it there is not a tree, not a shrub, not a sapling anywhere.

On a hillside just above the trailers, there is a scattering of new, custom-built houses. These buildings actually sit down on a foundation and are called permanent. The signs say they cost \$80,000 and up, though you don't get any trees with them, either, and finally, with their prefabricated "wood grain" aluminum sides, they don't look like they'd do much better in a high wind than the trailers they overlook.

What's left of old Gillette is about four blocks wide and ten blocks long. Gillette Avenue runs up a gentle hill, and the old buildings and big elms in

(continued on page 166)



"And this is Debbie—she's a real busybody!"



TO UNDERSTAND Karen Witter, you have to ignore the fact that she's pretty. What you see in Karen is cosmetic glamor, fresh wax on a Formula I. An attractive sheen that belies the power and deeper sense of purpose underneath. The impoverished people of Jaramillo in Baja California, for instance, wouldn't recognize this Karen Witter. They do know a blonde dynamo with dirty fingernails who gave up a Long Beach summer to build them a schoolhouse a couple of years ago. But *this* glossy gringo is a stranger. Poised, straightforward and razor-sharp, Witter hates labels but an "adventurer" tag would not be far off the mark. Consider her recent job as a stewardess on a hot-air balloon, casually serving champagne to joy riders high above the California desert. "I'm not

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

SIREN OF THE SEA

karen witter can join our crew any day

Contrary to the legend on her sweater (opposite), Karen Witter does not need a pilot and she's not dragging her nets. Our sailor from Long Beach is in full command of her destiny and has already netted a hold full of adventurous times.





BESOIN D'UN PILOTE



HALE MES FILETS





afraid of doing most of the things others are afraid of doing," she tells us. "I'd rather do something physically dangerous than go along on an even keel." That's an apt metaphor. Karen is a sailor. More than that, at 20, she's a sea creature, at home on or in the water. She has made a pact with the ocean that weekend tars and motorboat dilettantes only dream about. "I like being on the ocean away from people; you wake up and look out and there's nothing around you but water. You could be on your way to China if your navigation were off. Sailing is sensual. I love the smell of the water, the feeling of the

Karen prefers her air with a little salt in it, so she's never far from the beach, the water and her main love, a sailing boat. On the good ship Luthien (above left), Karen checks the lines with skipper Peter Gorham and Teresa Bill.





"I like a lot of sensuality with my sexuality. Sex alone won't do for me—I want to enjoy my senses, too."

wind and the sun. If there's a storm, it's even more exciting. You know the boat could die at any moment. Or fog. I've been in fog so thick at night you couldn't see the bow from the stern."

Indeed, the only thing Karen cares as much about as sailing is learning. She has virtually conquered Spanish and is taking a bead on Greek. Her current college courses will lead her to a degree in either medicine or psychophysiology, the study of the relationship between mind and body. "It's a fairly new field that I find especially interesting," she says.

In typical Witter fashion, she is low-key about her considerable intelligence. "I think it's harder to be dumb than to be smart," she laughs. "I mean, you really have to make an effort to be dumb."

Following a brief stint at the University of California at Irvine, Karen decided to pursue her education, and her boyfriend, Peter, in the palm-shaded halls of the University of Hawaii at Manoa.

There are two ways to get to Hawaii. Karen and Peter opted for the more difficult. With another



Karen's love for the sea was fueled in part by her reading, especially the books of James Michener. "As a scholarship finalist, I once wrote two essays on Michener's books," she says. "But right now I'm kind of mad at him. I wrote him a very nice letter telling him how much I enjoyed his work, but he still hasn't answered me." It's our guess that she might have had better luck in coaxing an answer if she'd enclosed a photograph of herself.







couple, they sailed the 44-foot sloop *Luthien* out of Newport Beach across the big pond.

Two weeks on the Pacific is not a Sunday sail. On a well-equipped boat with an experienced crew, the odds of making Waikiki harbor change minute to minute with the whims of the sea. At best, it could be boring; at worst, fatal. But Karen, Peter and their friends made it in 16 days. She is now on campus at the university, suffering the banalities of physics, Spanish, pharmacology and physical education. But we don't think it'll be long before Karen strikes out on another adventure. As she told us: "I'd rather not follow any path that someone else has already taken."

Karen has considered studying medicine; then she could combine her passions by making house calls among the islands under sail.



Because she had a deaf friend, Karen learned sign language; now she augments her income by working part time as an interpreter, as well as a teacher. Below, she forms the letter L for a group of her students in Hawaii.



MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Karen Witter

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Karen Witter

BUST: 35" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 33"

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 106 SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: 12/13/61 BIRTHPLACE: Long Beach, California

TURN-ONS: Sailing alone at night under the stars, gymnastics, dance, massage

TURN-OFFS: People who stereotype others, politics, pomposity, powerboats, conformists.

IDEAL MAN: Secure, happy, intelligent, non-possessive, open, honest and fun!

FAVORITE MOVIES: La Cage aux Folles, Tess, Coming Home

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: J.S. Bach, The Police, Go-Go's David Bowie, Joe Jackson.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Acrobatics, soccer, surfing.

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Sylvia Plath, Rainer Maria Rilke, Walker Percy, Leo Tolstoy, C.S. Lewis

SECRET DREAM: To sail around the world and be a ballerina

IDEAL EVENING: Anchored in a calm bay and listening to guitar music with my lover.

15 months

9 years

17 years



Another frustrating day! Having a ball with my old friend Stacy Ready to hit the town, in Montana

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During a rather rowdy party, one unattached female guest kept disappearing into a back bedroom with one man after another, including the host. This did not go unnoticed by the host's wife, who was smoldering but kept her composure. It was still fairly early when Miss Willing approached her looking somewhat frazzled and ruffled. "I'm sorry to rush off," she explained, "but I don't feel too well."

"Of course I understand, my dear," was the hostess' rejoinder. "You must have a splitting headache."



**Shouted Frosty the Snowman, "Hooray!
I'm agog with excitement today!
And the reason, of course:
A reliable source
Said a snow blower's heading this way!"**

"I had bad vibes last night," the girl confided to a co-worker.

"Boyfriend worries?"
"No—my intimate massager short-circuited."

"What is the difference between heaven and hell?" the theologian was asked.

"In heaven," he replied, "the English are the police, the French are the cooks, the Italians are the lovers, the Swiss are the administrators and the Germans are the mechanics.

"Whereas in hell," the religious savant continued, "the English are the cooks, the French are the administrators, the Italians are the mechanics, the Swiss are the lovers and the Germans are the police."

"Say, does your wife like to do it dog style?" one tavern drinker inquired of his barmate in a moment of sexual camaraderie.

"To be frank, she's rather more partial to trick-dog style," was the reflective reply. "Whenever I make an overture, she's more likely to roll over and play dead."

The honeymooners at the resort were playing a ringtoss game when they suddenly stopped, looked long and hard at each other and headed back to the lodge.

"Aha," remarked a spectator with a wink, "quoitus interruptus."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines 33-34-43 as an anatomic bomb.

*Cutie Blanche used to work at a branch
Of a multispread corporate ranch.*

*When she rode there by truck,
She'd submit to a fuck,
So that truckers lined up to cart Blanche.*

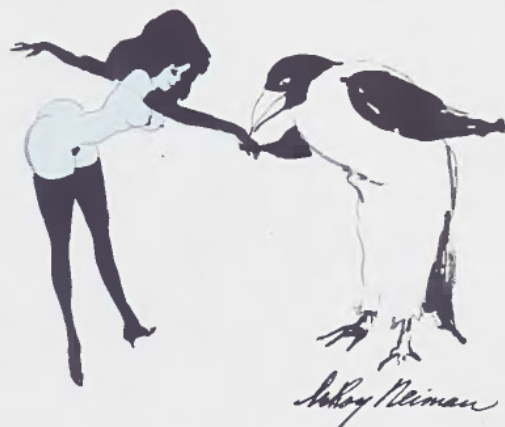
"What are you learning in elementary school these days, Tommy?" inquired the somewhat foolish matron.

"Since there's sex education now, too, Mrs. Bostwick," answered the precocious youngster with a malicious gleam in his eye, "we learn all about reading, writing and a rhythmic dick."

A new mortuary in a tough mill town decided to advertise in an unorthodox fashion, and so draped a banner across the front of its building that read: OUR STAFF WILL STUFF YOUR STIFF. Not to be outdone, the whorehouse across the street responded with a banner reading: OUR STUFF WILL STIFF YOUR STAFF.

The difference between a volume of Government regulations and a sex manual is obviously that a bureaucrat goes by the book in the former case and comes by it in the latter.

"Gee, guys," said Snow White, "I've always dreamed of getting seven inches—but not an inch at a time."



When he caught a sexpot starlet on the studio lot *flagrante delicto*, the producer yelled, "Get the male lead out of your ass!"

Much taken with a perky little file clerk he happened to notice, the big boss invited her into his office. "If you'll make oral love to me," he got around to saying after some small talk, "I'll see to it that you're promoted next month."

"What do you take me for?" reacted the girl. "I don't swallow that stuff!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, 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.



"Damn it! Somebody's at the air lock!"



MY MISTRESS

*i'm happily married to the perfect woman—
so why am i in love with an imperfect one?*

fiction BY LAURIE COLWIN

MY WIFE IS PRECISE, elegant and well dressed, but the sloppiness of my mistress knows few bounds. Apparently, I am not the sort of man who acquires a stylish mistress like the mistresses in French movies. Those women rendezvous at the café of an expensive hotel and take their cigarette cases out of alligator handbags, or they meet their lovers on bridges in the late afternoon, wearing dashing capes. My mistress greets me in a pair of worn corduroy trousers, once green and now no color at all, a gray sweater and an old shirt of her younger brother's that has a frayed collar and a pair of very old, broken shoes with tassels, the backs of which are held together with electrical tape. The first time I saw those shoes, I found them remarkable.

"What are those?" I said. "And why do you wear them?"

My mistress is a serious person, often glum, who likes to put a little inflection into a sentence as she can. She always answers a question.

"They used to be quite nice," she said. "I wore

them out. Now I use them for slippers. These are my house shoes."

This person's name is Josephine Delielle, nicknamed Billy, called Josephine by her husband. I am Francis Clemens and no one but my mistress calls me Frank. The first time we went to bed, after months of longing and abstinence, my mistress turned to me, fixed me with an indifferent stare and said, "Well, well. In bed with Frank and Billy."

My constant image of Billy is of her pushing her hair off her forehead with an expression of exasperation. She frowns easily, often looks puzzled and is frequently irritated. In movies, men have mistresses who soothe and pet them, who are consoling, passionate and ornamental. But I have a mistress who, while she is passionate, is mostly grumpy. Traditional things mean nothing to her. She does not flirt, cajole or wear fancy underwear. She has taken to referring to me as her "little bit of fluff" and she refers to me as *her* mistress, as in the sentence "Before you became my mistress, I led a blameless life."

But in spite of this, I am secure in her affections. I know she loves me—not that she would ever come

right out and tell me. She prefers the oblique line of approach. She may say something like, "Being in love with you is making me a nervous wreck." Or, "Falling in love with you is the hobby I took up instead of knitting or wood engraving."

Here is a typical encounter. It is between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. I arrive and ring the doorbell. The Delielles, who have a lot of money, live in the duplex apartment of an old town house. Billy opens the door. There I am, an older man in my tweed coat. My hands are cold. I'd like to get them underneath her ratty sweater. She looks me up and down. "Gosh, you look sweet," she might say, or, "My, what an adorable pair of trousers."

Sometimes she gets her coat and we go for a bracing walk. Sometimes we go upstairs to her study. Billy is an economist and teaches two classes at the business school. She writes for a couple of highbrow journals. Her husband, Grey, whom she met when she worked as a securities analyst, is a Wall Street wonder boy. They are one of those dashing couples, or at least they sound like one. I am no slouch, either. For years, I was an investment banker, and now I consult from my own home. I own a rare-book store—modern English and American first editions—which is excellently run for me so that I can visit and oversee it. I, too, write for a couple of highbrow journals. We have much in common, my mistress and I, or so it looks.

Billy's study is untidy. She likes to spread her papers out. Since her surroundings mean nothing to her, her study is bare of ornament and actually cheerless.

"What have you been doing all day?" she says.

I tell her. Breakfast with my wife, Vera; newspaper reading after Vera has gone to work; an hour or so on the telephone with clients; a walk over to my shop; more telephoning; a quick sandwich; her.

"You and I ought to go out for lunch someday," she says. "One should always take one's mistress out for lunch. We could go Dutch, thereby taking both mistresses at once."

"I try to take you for lunch," I say, "but you don't like to be taken out for lunch."

"Huh," utters Billy. She stares at her bookcase as if looking for a misplaced volume, and then she may say something like, "If I gave you a couple of dollars, would you take your clothes off?"

Instead, I take her into my arms. Her words are my signal that Grey is out of town. Often he is not, and then I merely get to kiss my mistress, which makes us both dizzy. To kiss her and know that

we can go forward to what Billy tonelessly refers to as "the rapturous consummation" reminds me that in relief is joy.

After kissing for a few minutes, Billy closes the study door and we practically throw ourselves at each other. After the rapturous consummation has been achieved, during which I can look upon a mistress recognizable as such to me, my mistress will turn to me and, in a voice full of the attempt to stifle emotion, say something like, "Sometimes I don't understand how I got so fond of a beat-up old person such as you."

These are the joys adulterous love brings to me.

Billy is indifferent to a great many things: clothes, food, home decor. She wears neither perfume nor cologne. She uses what is used on infants: talcum powder and Ivory soap. She hates to cook and will never present me with an interesting postcoital snack. Her snacking habits are those, I have often remarked, of a late-19th Century English clubman. Billy will get up all naked and disarrayed and present me with a mug of cold tea, a plate of hard wheat biscuits or a squirt of tepid soda from the siphon on her desk. As she sits under her quilt nibbling those resistant biscuits, she reminds me of a creature from another universe—the solar system that contains the alien features of her real life: her past, her marriage, why I am in her life and what she thinks of me.

I drink my soda, put on my clothes and, unless Vera is out of town, I go home to dinner. If Vera and Grey are out of town at the same time, Billy and I go out to dinner, during the course of which she either falls asleep or looks as if she is about to. Then I take her home, go home and have a large, steadying drink.

I was not entirely a stranger to adulterous love when I met Billy. I have explained this to her. In all long marriages, I expound, there are certain lapses. The look on Billy's face as I lecture is one of either amusement or contempt or both. The dinner party you are invited to as an extra man when your wife is away, I tell her. You are asked to take the extra woman, whose husband is away, home in a taxi. The divorced friend of yours and your wife's who invites you for a drink one night, and so on. These fallings into bed are the friendliest things in the world, I add. I look at my mistress.

"I see," she says. "Just like patting a dog."

My affair with Billy, as she well knows, is nothing of the sort. I call her every morning. I see her almost every afternoon. On the days she teaches, she calls me. We are as faithful as the Canada goose, more or less. She is an absolute

fact of my life. When not at work, and when not with her, my thoughts rest upon the subject of her as easily as you might lay a hand on a child's head. I conduct a mental life with her when we are apart. Thinking about her is like entering a study or office, a room to which only I have access.

I, too, am part of a dashing couple. My wife is an industrial designer who has dozens of commissions and consults to everyone. Our two sons are grown up. One is a lawyer and one is a journalist. The lawyer is married to a lawyer and the journalist keeps company with a dancer. Our social life is a mixture of our friends, our children and their friends. What a lively table we must be, all of us together. So I tell my mistress. She gives me a baleful look.

"We get plenty of swell types in for meals," she says. I know this is true and I know that Billy, unlike my gregarious and party-giving wife, thinks that there is no hell more hellish than the hell of social life. She has made up a tuneless little chant, like a football cheer, to describe it. It goes:

*They invited us
We invited them
They invited us
We invited them
They invited us
We invited them.*

Billy and I met at a reception to celebrate the 25th anniversary of one of the journals to which we are both occasional contributors. We fell into a spirited conversation during which Billy asked me if that reception weren't the most boring thing I had ever been to. I said it wasn't, by a long shot. Billy said, "I can't stand these things where you have to stand up and be civilized. They make me itch. People either yawn, itch or drool when they get bored. Which do you do?"

I said I yawned.

"Huh," said Billy. "You don't look much like a drooler. Let's get out of here."

This particular interchange is always brought up when intentionality is discussed. Did she mean to pick me up? Did I look available? And so on. Out on the street, we revealed that while we were both married, both of our spouses were out of town on business. Having made that clear, we went out to dinner and talked shop.

After dinner, Billy said why didn't I come have a drink or a cup of tea? I did not know what to make of this invitation. I remembered that young people are more casual about these things and that a cup of tea probably meant a cup of tea. My reactions to this offer are also discussed when cause is under discussion.

(continued on page 142)

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST PART I

*birds of a feather have flocked together for the first of
our two-month preview of what's new in warm-weather wear*

attire BY DAVID PLATT



Above: Polly may want a cracker but it's a sure bet the other bird on our guy's arm has something else in mind, what with his wearing a multicolor silk plaid jacket with notch lapels, center vent and flap pockets, \$195, that's coupled with Dacron polyester/worsted wool straight-legged slacks that have top pockets and belt loops, \$47.50, both by Austin Reed of Regent Street; plus a white cotton/polyester tone-on-tone shirt, by Nino Cerruti Shirts, \$25; and a cotton knit tie, by Manhattan Accessories for Yves Saint Laurent, about \$11.50. 137

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



AS WE TURN the corner into spring, the fashion news—if not the nation's economy—definitely isn't for the birds. Colorful plumage has replaced a whole flock of drab styles nesting on the fashion landscape. Rest assured, however, that freakishness for its own sake and costumed juvenile delinquency have been pruned from the market place. So much is happening, in fact, that we've divided our annual *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast* into two features: This month focuses on dressy styles, with next month showcasing sportswear. Check out these pages and you'll note that suit

Below: Where does a wisecracking parrot with a two-foot wing span get to sit? Anywhere it wants to. The lady's not arguing with her guy's choice of threads, either, as he's wearing a multicolor silk/cotton tweed ventless jacket with notch lapels and padded shoulders, \$450, multicolor silk/cotton tweed double-pleated slacks with on-seam pockets and straight legs, \$150, a silk tone-on-tone shirt with barrel cuffs, \$120, and a multicolor silk/cotton hand-woven tie, about \$35, all by Jhane Barnes.



Above: No cockatoo-of-the-walk jokes, please, as this male's plumage is about to attract more than just a feathered pal. He's wearing a multicolor silk check jacket with notch lapels, side vents and flap pockets, \$375, over flannel double-pleated slacks with adjustable side waist tabs and straight legs, \$145, plus a brace of multicolor suspenders with leather tips, \$35, a cotton buttondown shirt with barrel cuffs, \$37.50, and a silk knit tie, about \$30, all by Alan Flusser.



Above: Now here's a fine-looking feathered friend who's classy enough to turn the other beak when his owner begins to bill and coo. The lady our lad has opted for is in a class by herself, too; she obviously appreciates good tailoring. Case in point is his spiffy multicolor raw-silk tweed jacket with notch lapels, center vent and flap pockets, about \$280, worn over cotton gabardine double-pleated slacks with belt loops, on-seam pockets and straight legs, about \$82.50, plus a cotton oxford buttondown shirt with barrel cuffs, about \$32.50, and a multicolor silk striped tie, about \$22.50, all by Jeffrey Banks. How do we know all about these things? A little bird told us, dummy. 139

and sports-jacket looks are anything but restrictive. While over-all cuts and configurations remain the same (i.e., two button, three button, single-breasteds and double-breasteds, etc.), it is the bolder use of colors and, more importantly, the return of patterns that characterize the new attitude. Checks, stripes, plaids and tweeds from the very subdued to the boldest madras have emerged in force to lift tailored clothing out of the doldrums of drab classicism. Shirts, ties and other wardrobe elements, however, tend to be on the calmer side. While there are no hard and fast rules against mixing patterns, a little restraint is always in good taste. To mix properly, let your coat of many colors be the guide. By blending one or two colors in a suit or sports jacket with the shade of your slacks and/or shirt and tie, you'll pull the whole outfit together successfully. The finished look should lead to some mighty interesting nesting—and with luck, you'll certainly have something to crow about.

Right: Poe's raven may have quoth nevermore, but this chap isn't about to take no for an answer and we don't blame him—after all, he's wearing a good-looking wool gabardine pinstriped suit that has notch lapels and double-pleated trousers, \$435, a silk shirt with barrel cuffs, \$120, and a multicolor silk crepe tie, \$30, all from Tiger of Sweden by Gil Truedsson. Below: More styles for the unflappable; here, a cotton madras plaid jacket with notch lapels, center vent and flap pockets, \$125, cotton/polyester straight-legged slacks with quarter top pockets and belt loops, \$45, a khaki-tan cotton/polyester shirt with contrasting collar and barrel cuffs, \$21.50, and a solid-color cotton tie, \$13.50, all by Henry Grethel.





MY MISTRESS (continued from page 136)

"Vera has men friends. I have women friends. The first principle of a good marriage is freedom."

Did I want her to seduce me? Did I mean to seduce her? Did this mean that I, having just met her, lusted for her?

Of her house, Billy said, "We don't have good taste or bad taste. We have no taste." Her living room had no style whatsoever, but it was comfortable enough. There was a portrait of what looked like an ancestor over the fireplace. It was not a room that revealed a thing about its occupants except solidity and a lack of decorative inspiration. Billy made herself a cup of tea and gave me a drink. We continued our conversation, and when Billy began to look sleepy, I left.

After that, we made a pass at social life. We invited them for dinner, along with some financial types, a painter and our lawyer son. At this gathering, Billy was mute, and Grey, a very clever fellow, chatted interestingly. Billy did not seem at all comfortable, but the rest of us had a fairly good time. Then they invited us, along with some financial types they knew and a music critic and his book-designer wife. At this dinner, Billy looked tired. It was clear that cooking was a strain on her. She told me later that she was the type who, when forced to cook, did every little thing, like making and straining the veal stock. From the moment she entered the kitchen, she looked longingly forward to the time when all the dishes would be clean and put away and the guests would all have gone home.

Then we invited them, but Grey had a bad cold and they had to cancel. After that, Billy and I ran into each other one day when we were both dropping off articles at the same journal and we had lunch. She said she was looking for an article of mine and two days later, after rummaging in my files, I found it. Since I was going to be in her neighborhood, I dropped it off. She wrote me a note about this article, and then I called her to discuss it further. This necessitated a lunch meeting. Then she said she was sending me a book I had said I wanted to read, and then I sent her a book, and so it went.

One evening, I stopped by to have a chat with Billy and Grey. Vera was in California and I had been out to dinner in Billy's part of town. I called her from a pay phone, and when I got there, it turned out that Grey was out of town, too. Had I been secretly hoping that this would be the case? Billy had been working in her study and without thinking

about it, she led me up the stairs. I followed her, and at the door of her study, I kissed her. She kissed me right back and looked awful about it, too.

"Nothing but a kiss!" I said, rather frantically. My mistress was silent.

"A friendly kiss," I said.

My mistress gave me the sort of look that is supposed to make your blood freeze, and said, "Your friends must be very advanced. Do you kiss them all this way?"

"It won't happen again," I said. "It was all a mistake."

Billy gave me a stare so bleak and hard that I had no choice but to kiss her, and that, except for the fact that it took us a couple of months to get into bed, was the beginning of that.

That was a year ago, and it is impossible for me to figure out what is going on in Billy's life that has me into it. She once remarked that in her opinion, there is frequently too little kissing in marriage, through which frail pinprick was a microscopic dot of light thrown on the subject of her marriage, or was it? She is like a red Indian and says nothing at all, nor does she ever slip.

I, however, do slip, and I am made aware of this by the grim, sidelong glance I am given. I once told Billy that until I met her, I had never given kissing much thought—she is an insatiable kisser for an unsentimental person—and I was rewarded for this utterance by a well-raised eyebrow and a rather frightening look of registration.

From time to time, I feel it is wise to tell Billy how well Vera and I get along.

"Swell," says Billy. "I'm thrilled for you."

"Well, it's true," I say.

"I'm sure it's true," says Billy. "I'm sure there's no reason in the world why you come and see me almost every day. It's probably just an involuntary action, like sneezing."

"But you don't understand," I say. "Vera has men friends. I have women friends. The first principle of a good marriage is freedom."

"Oh, I see," says Billy. "You sleep with your other women friends in the morning and come over here in the afternoon. What a lot of stamina you have for an older person."

One day this conversation had unexpected results. I said how well Vera and I got along, and Billy looked unadornedly hurt.

"God hates a mingy lover," she said. "Why don't you just say that you're in love with me and that it frightens you and have done with it?"

An unexpected lump rose in my throat. "Maybe you're not in love with me," said Billy in her flattest voice. "It's nothing to me."

I said, "I am in love with you."

"Well, there you are," said Billy.

My curiosity about Grey is a huge, violent dog on a very tight leash. He is four years older than Billy, a somewhat sweet-looking boy with rumpled hair who looks as if he is working out problems in higher math as you talk to him. He wears wire-rimmed glasses and his shirttail hangs out. He has the body of a young boy and the air of a genius or someone constantly preoccupied by the intense pressure of a rarefied mental life. Together he and Billy look not so much like husband and wife as like coconspirators. How often does she sleep with him? What are her feelings about him?

I begin preliminary queries by hemming and hawing. "Umm," I say, "it's, umm, it's a little hard for me to picture your life with Grey. I mean, it's hard to picture your everyday life."

"What you want to know is how often we sleep together and how much I like it," says Billy.

Well, she has me there, because that is exactly what I want to know.

"Tell you what," says my mistress. "Since you're so forthcoming about *your* life. We'll write down all about our home fronts on little slips of paper and then we'll exchange them. How's that?"

Well, she has me there, too. What we are doing in each other's lives is an unopened book.

I know how she contrasts to my wife: My wife is affable, full of conversation, loves a dinner party and is interested in clothes, food, home decor and the issues of the day. She loves to entertain, is sought out in times of crisis by her numerous friends and has a kind or original word for everyone. She is methodical, hard-working and does not fall asleep in restaurants. How I contrast to Grey is another matter, a matter about which I know nothing. I am considerably older and perhaps I appeal to some father longing in my mistress. Billy says Grey is a genius—a thrilling quality but not one that has any real relevance to life with another person. He wishes, according to his wife, that he were the conductor of a symphony orchestra, and for this reason, he is given scores, tickets and batons for his birthday. He has studied Russian and can sing Russian songs.

"He sounds so charming," I say, "that I can't imagine why you would want to
(continued on page 174)



part three

MAN and WOMAN

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

THE SEX LIFE OF THE BRAIN

*a growing number of scientists believe that maleness and
femaleness are conditions we're plunged into—headfirst*

article

By JO DURDEN-SMITH
and DIANE DE SIMONE

M

RS. WENT is an ordinary, well-adjusted English housewife, married and with adopted children. Although she is legally a woman, she is, in fact, genetically male—all her cells contain both the female X and the male Y chromosome. But she suffers from a rare disorder called the testicular feminization syndrome, which involves an insensitivity to the main male hormone, testosterone. And, because of it, Mrs. Went was born with testes hidden in her abdomen while having all the external appearances of a girl. She was raised as a girl. She discovered her condition only at 23, when, anxious about her failure to menstruate or grow pubic hair during puberty, she consulted a gynecologist.

In Mrs. Went's case, gender identity—what sex she feels she is—has come unglued from her genetic sex. And there are other examples of this phenomenon. There are transsexuals who feel imprisoned in the sex of the body they were born with and who sometimes clamor for sex-change operations. There is a subgroup of homosexuals and transvestites who identify strongly with the sex opposite to their own—such as the New York transvestite who fathered and then, manipulated by hormones, breast-fed his own child. And then there are hermaphrodites. Hermaphrodites, true bisexuals, both male and female, born with one active ovary and one active testis and the ability, under certain circumstances, to impregnate themselves. Usually, however, they are raised as either boys or girls—in one gender identity or the other. And that is the gender identity they choose to keep, even when they have not been surgically altered in infancy to reflect it.

In the late Seventies, for example, a Mr. Blackwell, a shy 18-year-old Malawian who had been raised as a boy but who was, in fact, the 303rd true hermaphrodite known to medicine, entered Stellenbosch University Hospital in South Africa, where Willem van Niekerk had been conducting a study of Bantu hermaphrodites. Blackwell had both a penis and a small vaginal opening. But the main reason he sought medical help was that during puberty he had developed two large and finely shaped female breasts. Certain that he was a man, and wishing to continue his career as one, Blackwell asked doctors to stitch up his vagina and remove his breasts. And they did so.

Mrs. Went, Mr. Blackwell, transvestites, homosexuals and transsexuals such as Renée Richards, the tennis player—it was cases like those that confirmed the conventional wisdoms science delivered up to us in the Sixties and Seventies about sex and gender identity. Derived from Freud, they assumed that the human brain came into the world innocent of sex and was only later imprinted—through experience and education—with male and female patterns of behavior. That notion fit the confident liberalism of the times and it soon permeated the society. It encouraged ordinary citizens to bring up Jenny and Johnny in a democratic, unbiased way.

It encouraged surgeons, when they were faced with an infant with ambiguous sex organs, to plump surgically for one sex or the other and to leave the rest to hormone treatments and the long, slow schooling of childhood. And it encouraged psychiatrists to root around in the early experience of male and female homosexuals, just knowing that they would find there mixed messages, poor role models and a general confusion in the way they were raised.

This was the age of nurture over nature. First, said the scientists, a child can learn to be either male or female quite comfortably, whatever its genetic sex. But after a certain age, after it's learned to be one or the other, it cannot then change its gender assignment without a great deal of psychological trouble. Second, said the scientists, sex roles are not innate but *learned*. Gender is something dinned into you at your mother's knee, by your father's attitude and by all the assumptions about the sexes in the society into which you're born. Nature, they said, has little or nothing to do with it. Nurture is all.

Common sense, you would think. But then, in 1972, the descendants of Amaranta Ternera were discovered. And the controversy began. Amaranta Ternera—we have been asked to change her name and the (continued on page 212)



THREE HORRIBLY UNFAIR JOKES YOU CAN TELL ABOUT LAWYERS

it takes half a million attorneys to screw in a light bulb, but is it the light bulb that really gets screwed?

humor By ANDREW TOBIAS

LAWYERS, as a group, have never been particularly popular ("The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers," Shakespeare had one of his players propose), and yet in America's litigious soil they have flourished, twining a tangled, strangling and near impenetrable mesh. Some of my best friends are lawyers—and they agree. There are more lawyers in the U. S. than in the rest of the world combined. Half a million! West Germany makes do with just one fifth as many lawyers per capita. France manages with one tenth as many. Japan has one 25th as many lawyers per capita (but seven times as many engineers).

Some 35,000 new lawyers enter the mainstream each year (like beavers, preparing to clog it up). What are they going to do? Well, they are lawyers—they are not going to sit idle. They'll file lawsuits! It's no mystery why California is the country's most litigious state—it has the best climate. Desirable living conditions attract a disproportionate share of young law graduates, who, in turn, generate litigation. There are almost twice as many lawyers in California as in all of England.

Author James Davidson sees the proliferation of lawyers as "another reason why America's economic growth is falling behind that of other countries. *There is an inverse relationship between the prosperity of lawyers and the development of productive capacity*"—partly because it is in the interest of at least one lawyer in almost any suit to stall.

"I was born to be a protractor," CBS News quoted a senior partner in IBM's 13-year antitrust defense as once having said. "I could take the simplest antitrust case and protract it for the defense almost to infinity. And, as you know, my firm's meter is running all the time."

Often, when both attorneys are paid by the hour, it is in the interests of *both* to drag things out—which just serves to intensify the animosity between their clients. Stanley Faust and his wife were getting divorced in San Jose, California. They drew up a five-page division of property, amicably, and went to a lawyer to make it legal. There were no remaining points of dispute. Three years and more than \$25,000 in legal fees later, the divorce—which had become decidedly less amicable—was still in the courts.

Nothing supports lawyers like insurance. In 1979, new lawsuits were being filed against the Hartford Insurance Group—just the Hartford—at the rate of *one every five minutes* of each working day. Reliable figures are hard to come by, but it has been estimated that nearly half the civil jury trials in this country may be lawsuits over auto liability. No wonder lawyers, who control the legal system, have fought so hard, and with great success, against "no-fault" insurance. No fault, no lawsuits. No lawsuits, no lunch.

To expand the demand for their swelling ranks, lawyers have been expanding the horizons of liability. It is by now old hat, at least in some states, that the bartender or partygiver who serves one drink too many may be held liable for the accident his patron or guest subsequently causes. A man in New York's City Hall slipped and fell on someone's half-eaten tuna-fish sandwich. He sued the city for \$1,000,000. Are we no longer responsible for looking where we're going? How long will it be before Hellmann's mayonnaise will be named codefendant in such a suit?

Once, people *were* responsible for watching where they were going. Today it is well established that if you slip on someone else's ice, or twist your ankle in a pothole, or go sprawling among the guavas and avocados at the supermarket, you have a potentially lucrative cause of action. It is equally well established that between a third and a half of whatever you are awarded under your right not to watch where you're going usually goes directly to your attorney for his time and expenses. But if society has decided to aid those who slip and fall, why not aid as well people who slip and fall on their own premises or on the premises of the not so well off? And why must such a large chunk of the aid we provide routinely go to lawyers instead of victims?

Most attorneys are exemplary citizens. Had we but a few of them, everything might be fine. It is as a *group* that their swollen ranks are gumming everything up. Thus, whenever one has a chance to disparage attorneys—not specific attorneys but attorneys in general—one owes it to the graduate students of tomorrow to do so. *Engineering* school is where we need to have them apply, or perhaps biotechnology school or culinary school or even business school—but not law

school. With that in mind, here are three horribly unfair jokes you can tell about lawyers (I assume you already know the one about the shark's not eating the lawyer—"professional courtesy"—and that the difference between a rooster and a lawyer is that a rooster gets up every morning and clucks defiance):

1. Saint Peter is at his post, greeting heaven's new arrivals and assigning them living quarters. First in line is the Pope. Saint Peter directs him to heaven's equivalent of one of those six-dollar-a-night roadside motel rooms. No phone, no TV—nothing. Next in line is a lawyer. Saint Peter assigns him to a lavish two-bedroom suite. The third man can't restrain his curiosity.

"Saint Peter, forgive me . . . I mean, the *Pope*, for God's sake! And some lawyer?" He gestures weakly at their respective accommodations.

"My son," Saint Peter replies calmly, "we have seventy-five Popes up here. We've never had a lawyer."

2. A doctor, an architect and a lawyer—classmates from college—were relaxing at their club. Talk turned to their respective dogs, each of which, apparently, was most remarkable. Boast followed boast, tempers flared and finally it was decided to see just what was what.

The doctor called to his beagle. "Hippocrates," he said, "do your stuff." Whereupon Hippocrates ran to the back door of the club, rooted around the garbage and in several quick trips returned with a pile of bones. *Which he assembled in the form of a human skeleton.*

Beaming, the doctor waited for congratulations. But the architect said, "Hey, that's nothing. Sliderule, get over here." Sliderule, an English sheep dog, came loping over. "Do your stuff, Sliderule." Whereupon Sliderule *tore* into the bones, added a few more from around back of the club and in less than a minute had assembled a near-perfect model of the Taj Mahal. The architect grinned uncontrollably. Both he and the doctor turned to look at the lawyer.

"Bullshit," called the lawyer to his Doberman, "do your stuff." Whereupon Bullshit ate all the bones, the beagle and the sheep dog.

3. You: Do you know how to save five drowning lawyers?

They: No.

You: Good!



AYE, BARBARA

*one of playboy's favorite leading ladies,
the exotically beautiful miss carrera,
stars in the mickey spillane thriller "i, the jury"*

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR PLAYBOY BY MARCO GLAVIANO
MAKE-UP BY RICHARD ADAMS



pictorial essay By BRUCE WILLIAMSON WHILE WAITING for Barbara Carrera to show up for lunch at a swell French restaurant in New York, I am eying this blonde at the top of the curved stairs. Some dame. Mickey Spillane would have loved her. Hair in a platinum pageboy, wearing a big, baggy, bright-red sweater over a body that just won't stop. Tight pants and heels. Only a heel would think what I'm thinking. Slowly, the blonde turns. Coming my way. Now her hand's on my arm. "Darling," she murmurs, not quite suppressing a giggle, "didn't you recognize me? Oh, I love it!"

Of course, the blonde is Barbara, the celebrated Latin supermodel who almost made blue-eyed bloneness obsolete and put brunette exotics on the fashion map. We sit at a quiet table at the back. She blows the bubbles off a

Enjoying a scenic stretch in the Coribbean, Barbara confesses she imagines intimate conversations whenever the camera's eye is on her. To whom does she address this body English? "Always a man." In TV's *Masada* (right), she spoke volumes to Peter O'Toole.





When photographer Morco Gioviano told her he wanted "very sexy" pictures, Barbara said, "Darling, that's what you're going to get." Much cooler in *I, the Jury* (below left, in block), she plays a bod lody whose sex-clinic activities (below right) set the stoge for blackmail. One client's a psychopoth (Judson Scott, below opposite) who forces Hommer's blonde aide (Laurene Landon) to don a red wig.



glass of Cristal champagne, noting that life at the top isn't so bad once you get used to it. "I love luxury, but I take it for granted," she says with a wide-screen smile. "Limousines, hotel suites, first class, Japanese massage and baths. As a model, of course, one always has these things." There's not a hint of snobbery or condescension in what she says, the way she says it. The wig was a whim. "It's fun, just for kicks. Yesterday I got caught in the rain, all soaked, and felt so good about getting wet I didn't want to go dry myself. So I ran into a wig shop, tried this on, paid for it and walked out. This is a little like the way I looked in *Condorman*. What do you think? Am I convincing, darling, as a platinum blonde?" Good question. Am I fool enough to give her a straight answer? When you go to lunch with a girl like Barbara, you can stretch a point.

Since she was first featured in *PLAYBOY* in 1977 as a former cover girl making a serious bid for stardom in her third movie, *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, Carrera's career has been an upward curve leading to *I, the Jury* by way of *Centennial* and *Masada*. It's nice to have predicted big things for an actress who almost never does anything small. After the highly rated *Centennial* series on TV, she played a captive Jewess in the monumental *Masada*, which was beamed around the planet to more than 300,000,000

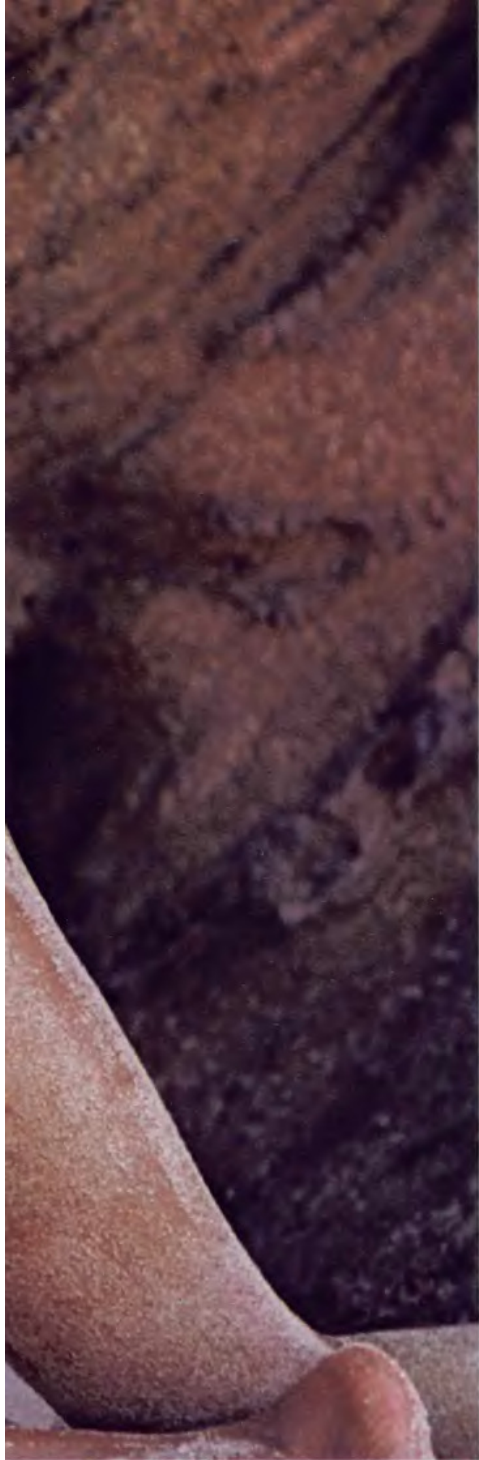
Carrera in a Caribbean skyscape (right) is a sultry reminder that some gentlemen prefer brunettes.





Armand Assante, as Spillane's Mike Hammer, quizzes the clinic's top sister act (below left, the Harris twins, Leigh and Lynette, uncovered for *I, the Jury* by PLAYBOY) about a murder. Below center, Hammer's girl Friday (Landon) gets a bead on the killer's ugly mom (Jessica James) and learns why he hates redheads. Below right, the psycho slasher strikes again, doing in the twins after laying them out in matched wigs.



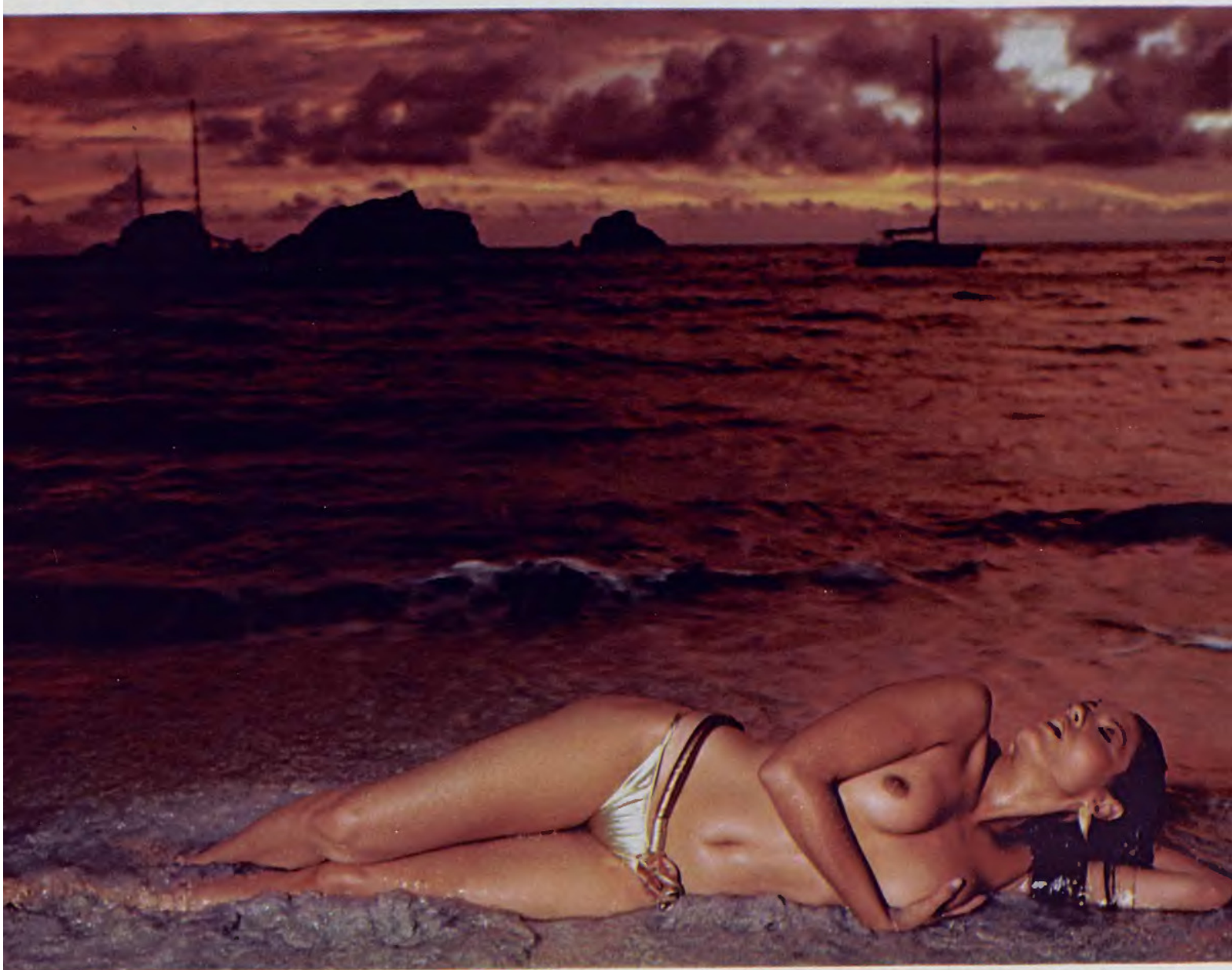


Above, left and right, Barbara blends sand, stone and skin in an environmental portrait of a lady whose thoughts as she posed here were "quite interesting" fantasies about three different males of her acquaintance. She won't say who the lucky dawgs are. But they know.

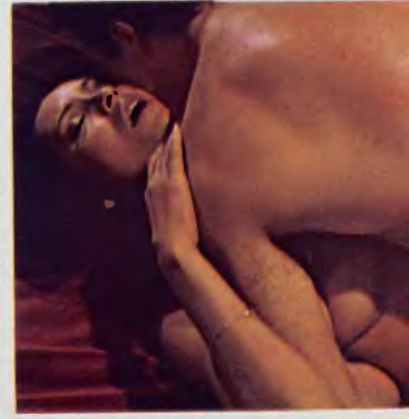
Below, in character as the sex clinic's chief trickster, Barbara tries to trip Hammer by luring him into her bed and off her case.



people and made her an instant celebrity in places where they'd never heard of *Vogue*. Now she's about to be seen as a murderous, predatory bitch in *I, the Jury*, the second movie version of Mickey Spillane's first novel, a perennial paperback best seller. Obviously, we have a bit of catching up to do. We try to resume where we left off as Barbara the Gorgeous went into orbit. She's still a California nomad but has traded her Beverly Hills apartment for a newer, bigger house in Bel Air. "It's



Spillane's noted for his tough-guy lines, one of the most famous of which occurs in *I, the Jury*. As she's being plugged by Hammer, the svelte villainess sighs, "How could you?" To which he replies, "It was easy." The torrid Carrera-Assante love scenes below don't look tough, either. Above and opposite, Barbara relaxes in the surf and a jeep, which, she said, made her feel like a schoolgirl on Saturday night.





where I leave things I want to find a year later," she notes. She is still an avid amateur painter when she can find time but has graduated from acrylics to oils and is doing her self-portraits in brighter colors these days. "I look at them to see my progress psychologically." To bring nirvana a drop nearer, she now owns "a Samadhi water tank that Burgess Meredith told me about," designed for deep relaxation, with 800 pounds of Epsom salts diluted in ten inches of aqua. "You close the door, you're in total darkness," Barbara explains. "You become all mind, space, you don't feel your body anymore. You float like a cork on the Dead Sea. Once I fell asleep in it for five and a half hours; I was beyond the beyond. It's just like the one in *Altered States*, except that my spirit won't do such evil things to me."

In general, Barbara confines her own dark deeds to the sound stages of cinema. Having played a kind of glamorous Frankenstein monster in the 1976 *Embryo*, her second film, then a ravishing creature who's transformed into a puma in *Dr. Moreau*, she has successfully dodged the perils of typecasting and evolved in *I, the Jury* as an altogether human, homicidal, dangerous dame of the old school. Advance reports indicate she is sensational—the kind of bad guy the good guys rather enjoy tangling with—as Mike Hammer's nemesis, Dr. Charlotte Bennett. Dr. Bennett operates a sex-therapy clinic, with blackmail and murder on the side, and is ready to practice everything she preaches.

"I must confess," says Barbara, "there's something fun about having a license to be really *bad*. My first unsympathetic role, and I enjoyed it so much, though I tried to avoid the cliché of being bad, bad, bad. Even a wicked person can be interesting, with some nice moments, you know? Otherwise, it's a bore, just as boring as a goody-good girl, whose personality has no other colors."

"I think I have broken the Hollywood stereotype image of the Latin woman," Nicaragua-born Barbara continues, crossing her fingers for luck. "Here, I'm playing a WASP. I was a blonde Russian in *Condorman*, an Indian aging from 15 to 89 in *Centennial*. I feel *Masada* proved to people what I wanted to prove, that I am not just a glamor girl who wants to act but a real actress, and more an actress than a movie star."

High on Carrera's list of major peeves are the professional gossips who try to follow every move she makes with a decidedly mixed bag of eligible males. Actor Alex Cord, producer Robert Evans and the multimillionaire German aristocrat Maximilian von Bismarck dominate the roster of onetime suitors now rele-

gated to her company of "very dear friends." Barbara will admit under pressure that Max was a pretty serious liaison for a time, though she adds, laughing quietly, "he just recently married someone . . . a Spanish girl by the name of Barbara." Carrera's current crop of escorts, depending on which gossip sheet you follow, includes such headliners as shipping heir Phillip Niarchos, actor Richard Gere and, often as not, the Russian ballet's defected superstar Alexander Godunov. Mentioning any name on her A list, however, makes Barbara bristle. "I love secrets," she says, "and this gossip takes my secrets away. It's embarrassing, also an invasion of privacy. If you're seen together with someone, that's one thing. But then they begin to quote falsely what *he* said about me, what *I* said about him, making everything up, calling this man or that man the love of my life."

"The truth, sort of sad in a way, is that I know lots of men, all over. A world of men, so many men, but no special one that I want. It's like water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink. I think I've never really found that, because a relationship has to work both ways. I don't know. When I'm feeling depressed, I sometimes wonder whether my generation even understands that kind of total commitment. Somehow, relationships aren't often taken seriously."

Being beautiful, famous and self-sufficient may prove death to romance for a sophisticated girl-about-town, in Barbara's opinion. "It's the combination of all those things. Men get frightened, then do silly things that disillusion me. Maybe they see my house in Bel Air and think: Oh, God, I'd never be able to keep *her* . . . or keep up with her way of life. The fact is, I don't need a man for how he can keep me. I make enough money. What I need is total love and mutual respect."

And what does a man need to win Carrera? "Power is the greatest attraction for me, absolutely. Men who are comfortable with themselves can handle me without being intimidated because they don't feel they have to *prove* anything. This isn't power in the sense of being a national leader or anything. Just the power a man has from believing in himself, from knowing there's something he does extremely well. He may be artistic; I'm always attracted by that. I like a man with a sense of humor who stands on his own two feet."

Barbara's notions about beauty are emphatically down-to-earth. "I think some prejudice against beauty for actors is sort of disappearing now. I'm grateful for that. I'm blessed to be living in an age when people consider my sort of appearance attractive. Imagine if I'd

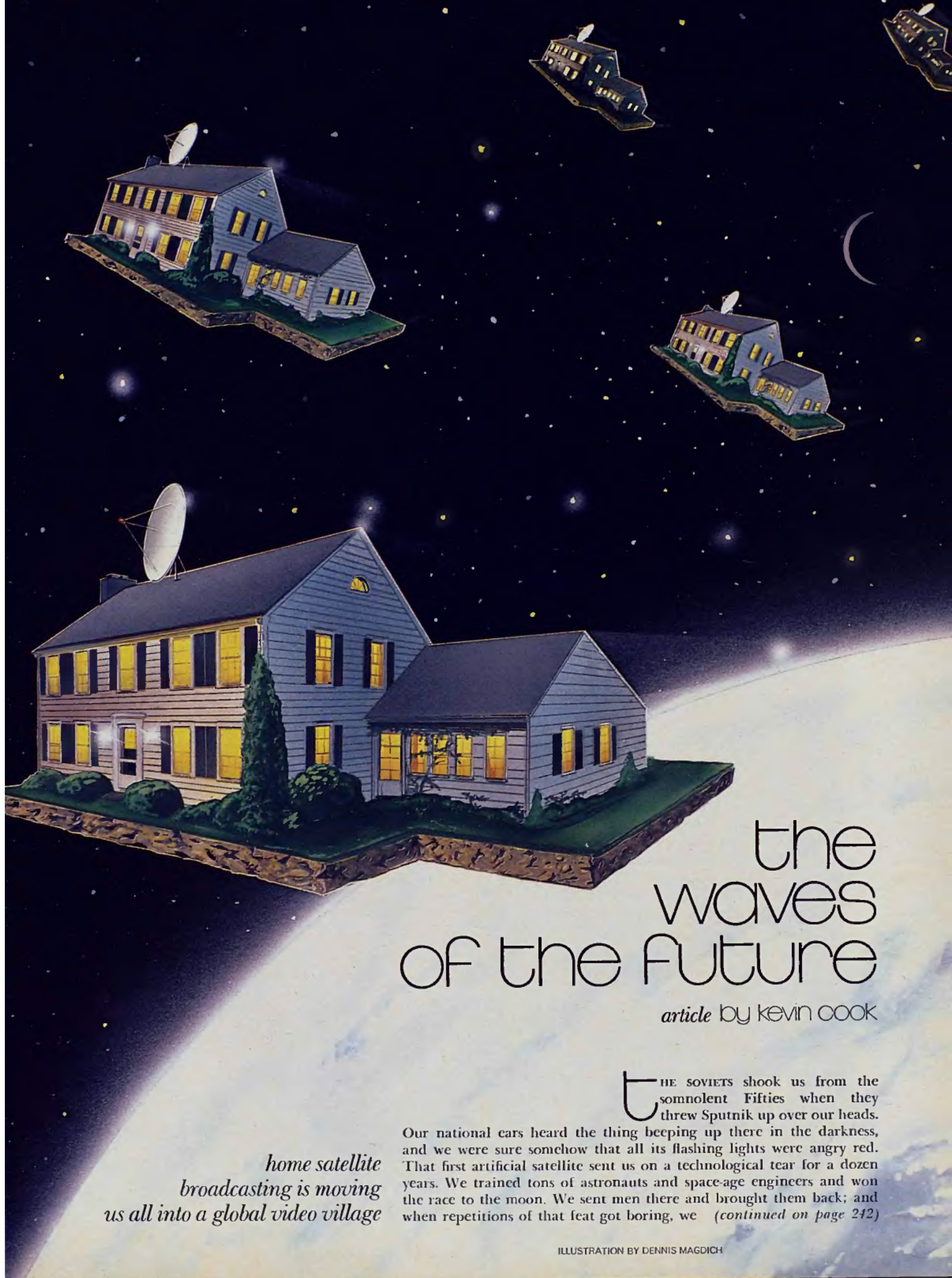
been born in the days when obesity was the fashion? They'd have thought me very thin and *ghastly*! But the fashion world's idea of glamor—where you're finished if you have one wrinkle or a blemish on your face—is an absurdity. I know it sounds silly to repeat, but beauty finally has nothing to do with looks. It's the beauty Mother Teresa has. She's funny-looking, with wrinkles you wouldn't believe, but the look in her face is beautiful; she's so full of love that everything her eyes fall upon becomes beautiful, too. I'm not stupid, so I take advantage of what I have. But in 20 years, I'd like to be *that* kind of beautiful."

Meanwhile, the Carrera career is at a high point where she's more apt to be studying her lines than counting her wrinkles. "Since *Masada*, which opened many doors, people have started to write for me, make deals around me—they send me scripts all the time." Working with such seasoned actors as Peter O'Toole and Richard Chamberlain has fired her ambition to try a Broadway play, though Barbara's immediate goal is to form her own production company and launch several cherished projects. "I feel I've paid my dues and am ready to do more exciting things. I'd like to play Maria Callas in a film. I know the book about her and her life—a very passionate woman, whose passion drew people toward her but also had a frightening side. I'd like also to do another version of the life of Evita Perón. So far, no one has done an Evita story with the flavor of a tango in it, and there's nothing so Argentinian as a tango."

More than any other idea on her agenda, Barbara yearns to do a remake of the life of Mata Hari. "Most of the earlier films about Mata Hari were done when censorship was very rigid, but the woman in her own right was a great courtesan whose allure was the way she got information as a spy—using her wits and her body ruthlessly. While I was filming *Condorman*, I stayed in Monte Carlo and met some people there who knew her. That was where Mata Hari lived and died—at the hotel right across the street from the Casino de Paris, which was her hunting ground where she did all her numbers. Oh, I'd *love* to do that as a feature, which has always been so cleaned up that it becomes just a spy story. I'd like to tell the *truth* of it, with all the splendor of the era . . . you see what I mean, darling?"

Sitting erect, her nails curved like the talons of some elegant bird of prey, Barbara already *is* Mata Hari. Or probably any brightly plumed creature she chooses to be. I see what she means. She means business.





the waves of the future

article by kevin cook

*home satellite
broadcasting is moving
us all into a global video village*

THE SOVIETS shook us from the somnolent Fifties when they threw Sputnik up over our heads. Our national ears heard the thing beeping up there in the darkness, and we were sure somehow that all its flashing lights were angry red. That first artificial satellite sent us on a technological tear for a dozen years. We trained tons of astronauts and space-age engineers and won the race to the moon. We sent men there and brought them back; and when repetitions of that feat got boring, we (continued on page 242)



"And I don't have to remind you that we have the highest interest rate for large deposits."

little sins for the greater good

from the *Contes Philosophiques* of Voltaire, 1746

Ribald Classic

IT IS A FALSE PRINCIPLE that tells us not to commit a little sin in order to accomplish a great good, as Saint Augustine relates in his tale of an adventure during the consulate of Septimus Acindynus.

At Hippo, there was a parish priest who dabbled in fortunetelling; and one day there came to him a beautiful young woman called Cossi-Sancta. She had been brought up in the strictest virtue. Now she was betrothed to a prominent lawyer, a little, dried-up man named Capito. He was peevish and pury and jealous. The poor girl wanted to know if her marriage would be happy.

The priest cast up his eyes and intoned, "Daughter, your virtue will cause many misfortunes. But after you have three times been unfaithful to your husband, you will become a saint."

Cruelly hurt, the girl wept and swore that she would never become a saint if that was the price. Soon she was married and the wedding feast was a gallant affair. She danced very gracefully with several extremely handsome young men. Later, she got into bed with Capito with repugnance and, except for about four and a half minutes, slept soundly the whole night through, dreaming of a handsome dance partner named Ribaldos. Now, this young man had all that it takes to make a fine lover—the graces, the boldness and the trickery. He had all of the women of Hippo at loggerheads. But, as Ribaldos had told Cossi-Sancta while dancing, he was this time madly in love with her.

Like any man of wit, he began by flattering the husband—he praised his intelligence, told him unimportant secrets and lost money to him gambling. But, conceited as the lawyer was, he was not stupid enough to swallow all this and, in the end, he found some pretext to quarrel with Ribaldos and forbade him the house.

Made even more amorous and tricky by the lady's reserve and the husband's dismissal, the lover disguised himself in a new figure every day—as a woman peddler, as a Punch-and-Judy showman, as a beggar—in order to see her. If Cossi-Sancta had not been struggling with her conscience and had wanted to meet her lover, it could have been accomplished. As it was, she succeeded in maintaining her chastity while making her husband think she was most guilty.

The little old man punished her cruelly with insults and deprivations. Thus, she was in the most poignant of a woman's situations—accused by a husband to whom she was faithful, yet torn by a passion she was trying to overcome.



In the end, she plucked up courage and wrote to Ribaldos, saying, in part: "If you have any virtuous feeling, pity me and cease your pursuit." Poor Cossi-Sancta could hardly have foreseen that this piteous letter would inflame her lover's heart so much that he would risk his life to approach her again.

Capito, who had spies about the town, learned that Ribaldos planned to disguise himself as a begging friar and to ask alms of the lady. When he appeared at the door—Cossi-Sancta having been sent away on some pretext—a serving-maid lured him inside and Capito's servants fell on him. In spite of his cries that he was an honest friar, he was beaten so badly that he died a fortnight later from a blow on the head.

Cossi-Sancta was inconsolable. All the other women of the town mourned. Even Capito was sorry—for it turned out that Ribaldos was a relative of the proconsul Acindynus. And Acindynus, having more than once had bitter conflicts with the law courts of Hippo, was delighted at the chance to hang one of their members. Not just an ordinary member, either, but one of the vainest and most intolerable pettifoggers.

Cossi-Sancta realized that the first part of the priest's prediction had come true, but, reflecting that no one can overcome her destiny, she abandoned herself to Providence and went to the proconsul to beg for Capito's life.

"I would give my life to save his," she said.

"I do not want your whole life, I want only one of your nights," said the proconsul.

"They do not belong to me; they belong to my husband."

"But what if your husband consents?"

"He is, of course, the master of his own property. But I tell you he will never consent; he would rather be hanged than let anyone else touch me."

The proconsul had Capito brought before him and offered him the choice.

Capito balked, but, in the end, he agreed. This was the first of the three times in the prophecy. Cossi-Sancta charitably saved his life.

Not long after, her son fell ill of a disease. The only doctor who knew how to cure this illness lived at Aquila, and so, accompanied by her brother, she set out. On the way, the party was captured by brigands. These outlaws were about to cut her brother's throat when the chief of the band went up to her, told her that he thought her very charming and offered to stop the murder if she would be kind to him.

Poor Cossi-Sancta! She had just saved the life of a husband she did not love; she was about to lose a brother she loved very much; and, if she did not hurry to Aquila, she might lose her child. Commending herself to God, she lay down and spread her legs. And this was the second of the times.

When they reached Aquila, she went to the doctor's house and took the child in to him. Now, this man was one of those fashionable doctors who treat rich women for the vapors and who carry on amorous affairs with the prettiest of their patients. He was rather out of favor with the medical association.

Cossi-Sancta offered him a sesterium (about 1000 crowns in modern French money) to cure her son.

"Madam," said the gallant doctor, "that is not the kind of payment I wish from you. For, I confess, the moment I saw you, I was struck with a malady that only you can cure. Rescue me and I will restore your child to health."

The lady thought this an extravagant proposition, but fate had recently rendered her accustomed to strange things. She realized that the doctor was an obstinate man who would take no other fee for his services. How could she allow the child she adored to die because she resisted on a point of honor?

She had been a good wife; then she had been a good sister; and now she proved herself an equally good mother and submitted to the doctor's fee.


Thus, Cossi-Sancta, by being too virtuous, caused her lover to be killed and her husband to be condemned to death. However, by being sinful, she had saved the lives of her husband, her brother and her son.

She was considered a woman who had been very useful to her family and, after her death, she was made a saint for having done so much good.

On her tombstone, they carved:

JUST A FEW LITTLE SINS FOR THE
GREATER GOOD.

—Retold by Robert Mahieu



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

Kings, 2 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine; 100's, 5 mg. "tar",
0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

There's only one way to play it.

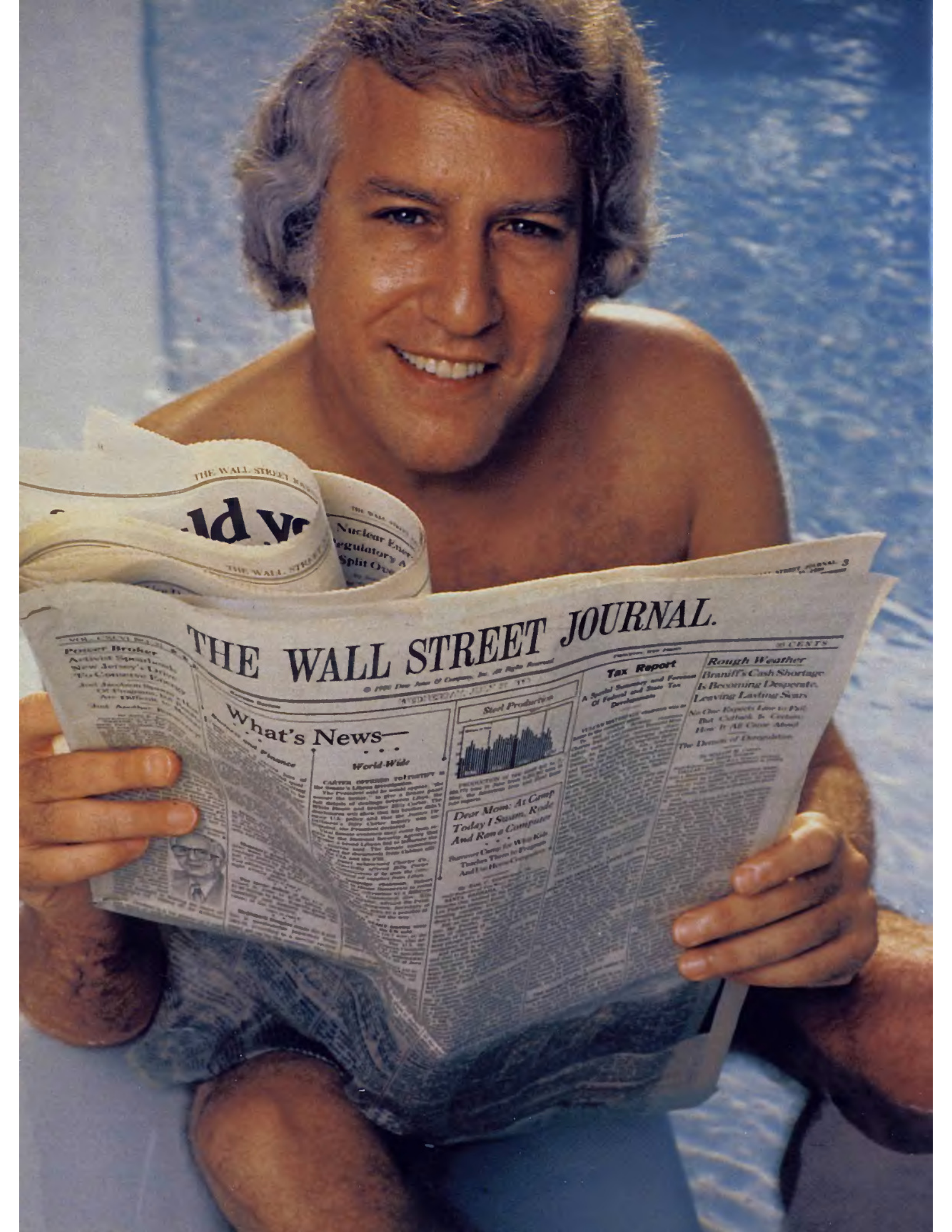
No other ultra brings you a sensation this refreshing. Even at 2 mg.,Kool Ultra has taste that outplays them all.



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100's 5 mg.





THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

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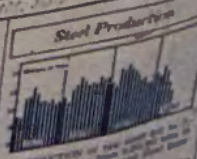
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Special Breaker
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SEC's Enforcement
and Another

What's News

World Wide



Dear Mom: At Camp Today I Susin, Rude And Ran a Computer
Summer Camp for White Kids
Teaches Them to Program
And Use Home Computers

Tax Report

A Scandal Summary and Forecast
Of Federal and State Tax
Developments

Rough Weather

Braniff's Cash Shortage
Is Becoming Desperate,
Leaving Lasting Scars
No One Expects Line to Fall
That Cutoff Is Certain
How It All Came About
The Demise of Braniff

10 CENTS

20 QUESTIONS: LOUIS RUKEYSER

*the irreverent host of tv's "wall street week"
shares his views on hot tips, reaganomics and the erotic appeal of money*

Louis Rukeyser was born with a ticker tape in his mouth. His father enjoyed a considerable reputation as a syndicated financial columnist; but despite Rukeyser's own career as an award-winning economic journalist, he is most visible as the host of PBS' long-running "Wall Street Week" and the syndicated "Louis Rukeyser's Business Journal." His wit, his expertise and his fervor for the little guy come across so intensely that they almost make one forget he earns a high six-figure income.

Warren Kalbacher caught up with him first at the close of a hectic day's trading and then continued to check in with him for several months. "Rukeyser enjoys talking quite a bit," Kalbacher told us. "The only problem I had during our conversations was interrupting him to ask the questions."

1.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been burned in the stock market?

RUKEYSER: Oh, sure. I've made virtually every possible mistake in investing. But I've done some things right, too, and I've tried to avoid making the same mistakes again. I have a great deal of authentic compassion for the small investor—probably because I am one.

2.

PLAYBOY: But surely you must get inside information and hot tips.

RUKEYSER: All over the country, every week, people are trying to make me rich. And if I had followed all the advice given by those charitable people, I would be even broker than I am today.

3.

PLAYBOY: Monday-morning trading in a particular stock has been known to be especially heavy after a mention on *Wall Street Week*. Is there a chance that such power will corrupt you?

RUKEYSER: Obviously, with an audience of 10,000,000—twice the circulation of *The Wall Street Journal*—there will be some impact. But I think no one has been more responsible than we have in that area. Whenever anyone makes a recommendation, I remind the audience that he may be wrong. Anyway, hot tips

aren't what *Wall Street Week* is all about. I think the real value of the program is to help people get a handle on the economy.

4.

PLAYBOY: What lured you to commercial television?

RUKEYSER: I hadn't been seeking any new project, but a number of flattering proposals were made to me by intelligent people. I turned all of them down. But with this new show—*Louis Rukeyser's Business Journal*—the people seemed just right, the format right and the timing fine. It's nothing like *Wall Street Week*. The new show covers the whole range of business and economics without the investing focus of *WSW*. I hope 60 minutes of Louis Rukeyser on television each week will not result in overexposure. I suspect the nation might find 70 or 80 minutes a bit much.

5.

PLAYBOY: The average person's knowledge of economics has increased tremendously in recent years. How do you see your personal role in popularizing the topic?

RUKEYSER: From the start, we've taken the broad view that Wall Street has always been a metaphor for money. If you say "Economics" to the average person, the chin gets a little heavy and hits the chest, and the eyelids begin to droop. But if you say "Money," the eyelids flash up, the nostrils flare and you have his full attention. Money is one of the two chief preoccupations of the average person and the only one you can discuss during the family hour on television.

6.

PLAYBOY: Who are the elves and why are they a source of derision?

RUKEYSER: "The elves" is a term that I invented to refer to technical market analysts. Those are the people in Wall Street who will take a squiggle on a chart, a wriggle on a graph, a little piece of witch's hair and a bit of eye of newt, put them all together in a steaming vat, and then purport to tell you where General Motors will close a week from next Thursday. There are those people who

take that kind of thing very seriously and I guarantee that if you follow that index religiously and use it as the central guide to your own investing behavior, it will be right. Sometimes.

7.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel it's your duty to pester those staid brokers, bankers and economists who appear on your shows?

RUKEYSER: Yes; I try to needle the stuffy. With some people, whose reputations have exceeded their achievements, the one unforgivable thing to do is to cite their actual forecasting records. Really, there are only two categories of people in Wall Street: the ones who've been absolutely wrong about the market at times and the liars. And generally, the subject has been treated with altogether too much somberness, and that has often been a disguise for poor results. So I try to poke a little fun at those fellows. I'm there for the viewer, and if the fat cats don't like it, that's their headache.

8.

PLAYBOY: Do the fat cats scratch back?

RUKEYSER: Every time I mention the name of any political figure, we get angry mail. Some people suggest we ought to stay out of politics, and my response to them is that I will be happy to stay out of politics if the politicians will stay out of the economy.

However, I'm deeply grateful to our political leaders and economic leaders, who provide me each week with more raw material for comedy than an entire team of writers could provide. If you had to invent those fellows, it would be hard work.

9.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you glad you didn't have to invent Joseph Granville?

RUKEYSER: He is just the latest in a long line of people who claim to be able to call short-term stock-market movements. By now, it should be evident that the market has stubbornly and repeatedly refused to honor his forecasts. Of course, his personality is refreshingly flamboyant in an industry thought to be rather drab. Without the merchants of doom and gloom, I would certainly have a lot

fewer people of whom to make fun. But I find them diverting in the same way I find a horror movie diverting. That's a great way for a person with no particular expertise to make a living. And when people hear that kind of prediction, they think they're getting the inside story. I, on the other hand, do think that we'll muddle through.

I'm not by nature a sadistic person, but I would like to make a cruel suggestion: Ignore Joseph Granville.

10.

PLAYBOY: People are obsessed with financial matters—in the same way they are obsessed by sex. Do you see any relation between the two?

RUKEYSER: Sex and money are the two chief interests of the average person. Money is sexy. We saw that for generations in the mating habits of gorgeous women who selected men who were old, fat and ugly but who had that intensely erotic quality—wealth. In recent years, as women have discovered the pleasures of collecting a few bucks for themselves, we have seen both sides of the erotic spectrum extend into the financial sphere. And, incidentally, I find that women are better at this than men. One of the biggest myths in the financial business is that it's basically a male profession and that women should dutifully take advice from the highly experienced male professionals. The reality is quite different. Those women who have taken investment seriously have tended, on average, to do better at it than the average man.

11.

PLAYBOY: Do you have groupies?

RUKEYSER: Yes; but they all seem to be over 80 and living on fixed incomes.

12.

PLAYBOY: What are your favorite turn-ons?

RUKEYSER: My wife and daughters and a capital gain. I also get secret salacious satisfactions out of good food and wines. In the early days of *Wall Street Week*, one of the first signs that we were attracting a substantial audience was when we passed the Julia Child show in numbers of viewers. And a television columnist, on the theory that everyone's a backbiter in this business, telephoned me and asked me what I thought about that achievement. And I said that I hadn't met Julia Child but admired her tremendously and if she were half as interested in money as I was in food, we would get along fine.

13.

PLAYBOY: Would you want your daughter to marry a stockbroker?

RUKEYSER: If his other habits were good.

14.

PLAYBOY: What is your hedge against inflation?

RUKEYSER: Living well. For example, if you can afford a Rolls-Royce, which I cannot, that's a very good investment. Not only may the car itself increase in value but, meanwhile, the Government cannot tax the psychic satisfaction you get from driving it. Beyond that, all the wonderful wines I've drunk and all those terrific terrines are in the category of "They can't take that away from me." I don't mean you should fall away into hedonism, particularly if you've got people who depend on you, but I think we shouldn't forget about the here and now.

15.

PLAYBOY: Do you gamble?

RUKEYSER: I love to gamble. I get a little bit less of a kick out of it now than I used to, because I can't be at the tables in Las Vegas for 20 minutes before six people have said to me, as if it were the funniest remark of the year, "Hey, you find this a better death than Wall Street?" But I've gambled all over the world. I don't gamble with the milk money and I don't tell myself that it's a form of investment. It's a form of pleasure.

16.

PLAYBOY: What is more important than money?

RUKEYSER: A lot of things. Your family's more important than money; your personal sense of yourself; your ability to live with yourself. But money's not to be sneered at. Money itself can be liberating. I always tell people not to overemphasize money. But I've found in my own life, living all over the world, seeing people of all economic statuses, living among them, that one of the best ways to keep money in perspective is to have a little bit of it. If you're concerned about where your next meal is coming from, that will obsess you beyond any other consideration in life. If you've been able to make a buck or two, then maybe you'll have time to go to a concert or an art gallery or to read a book.

17.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there something of the guru somewhere inside Louis Rukeyser?

RUKEYSER: I don't stare at my navel a great deal of the time, but my real prediction is that the Eighties will be the decade of common stocks. The Government has pretty well mucked up the American economy, and I would favor a little less mucking up in the next generation. Our needs will be served by a

greater degree of individual liberty than has been customary in this or any other society. We also have to get over the idea that business is the enemy, that profits are antisocial and that capitalism is a dirty word. The key to better living is a healthy private economy. Government never created prosperity for anyone.

18.

PLAYBOY: Can you shed some light on the current state of the economy? We thought business types had put one of their own in the Oval Office. Yet they don't seem to be as rich or as happy as they'd like.

RUKEYSER: The chief problem is that Reagan has yet to put our money where his mouth is. He's often talked revolution, but his proposals have turned out to be popguns. The financial markets caught on to this before the press did and they got scared. Reagan wasn't really doing it. Hatchet jobs make for headlines, but early on, seven major programs were exempted from budget cuts at the same time there was supposed to be a defense increase. All the cuts occurred in the "easy" part of the budget. The fact that you've managed to inflict pain on individuals doesn't mean that you've made an attack on the runaway portions of the budget. We simply have to reduce the portion of our incomes that goes to the Federal Government.

Now, Wall Street is not exclusively inhabited by mossback Republicans. When economic conditions are right, the financial markets will perform with enthusiasm under a Democratic president. When conditions are wrong, as Nixon and Ford found out, Wall Street won't let supposed partisan loyalty stand in the way of giving a raspberry to the Government of the day. Money is more serious than politics.

19.

PLAYBOY: Will you give us a hot tip?

RUKEYSER: I was pleased to see that the excessive overpricing of some of the great wines has receded. I remember 12 years ago, I paid \$19 for a truly great bottle of wine. Five years later, the same wine was selling for \$200 a bottle. I was delighted to see last year it was down below \$100. If the price keeps going down, I may buy another.

20.

PLAYBOY: How about picking an issue for us?

RUKEYSER: Romanée-Conti. When I die, I'd like my ashes to be scattered over *la domaine de la Romanée-Conti*. But I'm sure the proprietors, with their good sense about what helps the wine, will forbid it.



LOST?

Just when you find the love of your life, you get lost all over again. Lost in the confusion of choosing a ring. After all, you're experts on each other, not on diamonds.



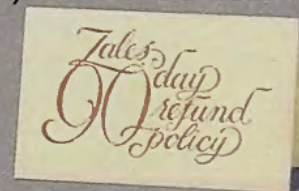
But you don't have to be diamond experts yourselves, if you go to the people who are: Zales.

Zales controls every diamond, every step of the way. We select our stones in the rough and cut them for maximum brilliance.

We polish and mount them by hand, in settings selected as carefully as the diamonds themselves.



By the time a Zales diamond ring is ready for you, we're certain that it meets the highest standards. So certain that we back it with our ninety-day refund policy. And that makes finding the perfect ring as simple as finding the nearest Zales.



Rings shown priced from \$760 to \$16,025.



ZALES
THE DIAMOND STORE

IS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW.

“‘You just about have to drink whiskey in this town, anyway,’ said Scortch. ‘Have you tried the water?’”

this neighborhood are evidence, if you need it, that the character of a town is made by what it does for a living and by how long it expects to be in business. The ranchers who settled this place obviously expected to pass it along to someone, so they built their houses, shops, restaurants and their one hotel out of brick, and they planted shade. New Gillette surrounds the old village like a badly kept storage yard. Most of what you see on a drive through looks as if it could be trucked away almost as easily as it was trucked in, and nobody seems to be planting anything.

That night, on the way to The Stockman's bar to have a drink, I spotted two bumper stickers. The first was on a red Porsche 914 and it said simply, and almost plaintively, NATIVE. The other was on a big Chevy pickup that was driven by a pretty little blow-dry princess and it said, TREE MY DOG.

Stockman's is an old downtown saloon, a large, brightly lit room with nine pool tables and a long bar at which you can get a 30-cent beer. Berry Smith is the manager, and his clientele is mixed, including a lot of people on the down end of life in Gillette.

“I have to be father, brother, doctor and shrink,” he told me. “And there's no pawnshop in town, so sometimes I'm that. But I see dramatic changes of fortune all the time. You spot a guy a beer when he gets into town broke, and a month later he shows up in a brand-new truck, new clothes, buying drinks for everybody. And I see it go the other way, too, of course. But Gillette isn't a bad town. There's no unity to it, though. The churches hate the bars, the cowboys hate the long-hairs. It's two towns, really. See that guy over there?” He was pointing to a young man with long blond hair and a fat lower lip that had fresh stitches in it. “He walked into a cowboy bar and asked for change.”

The next day, around noon, I picked up two men, a woman and a child who were hitchhiking into town from one of the outlying trailer parks. The men had rough beards and long hair, and they were dressed in work clothes that had seen a thousand hours in a very dirty place. They were oil hands, on a day off, on their way to a party, they said, and if I wanted to meet some Gillette people, I ought to come along. Not native Gillette people, one of them added quickly. He didn't actually know

anyone who was born and raised in town. He thought he knew one guy who was a native of Wyoming, though. I asked him what life in Razor City was like. “Lots of drugs, no pussy,” he said.

The house we stopped at was a blue prefab box with a living room, dining room and kitchen upstairs and two bedrooms below that. It sat on a bare dirt rectangle in a block with 20 houses exactly like it except for their colors. Upstairs, around a kitchen table, a dozen people, two of them women, were laughing and talking, drinking beer from a keg and smoking cheap marijuana, which in Gillette costs \$50 a bag.

I met Burt, a conductor on the Burlington Northern coal trains, who had a red beard big enough for quail to hide in and who wore a cowboy hat over his long hair; Wild Bill, also a conductor, and a biker who wore a black-leather jacket and a black-leather cap with a skull on it and who kept his wallet tethered to his belt by a chrome chain; Lee, an adolescent-looking kid from Minnesota who was out of work at the moment but who thought he might get back on a rig any day; and Scortch, a nervous oil hand who kept looking at his watch because, he said, he was due in court that afternoon for trial on a charge of heroin possession.

Then, for two hours or so, the conversation jumped back and forth around the room as each of them offered his notions about the character of the town.

It was a hard-drinking town, they said, and the bars and liquor stores offered plenty of incentives in case you weren't already inclined to take a little juice at the end of a hard shift. The keg we were drinking out of was free, they said, from one of the bottle shops that gave you a barrel of beer for every \$350 you spent with them.

“Lots of free booze in the bars, too,” Burt said. “They all have gimmicks to bring the women in, because if they get them, they know damn well the men will be right behind. So a place like the Ramada runs a ladies' night on Tuesdays and Thursdays where the women drink for nothing between nine and midnight. And over at The Mine Shaft a couple of months ago, they had a deal where everybody drank for free between seven and nine every night. That got a little out of hand and they had to quit it, though.”

“You just about have to drink whiskey in this town, anyway,” said Scortch.

“Have you tried the water?”

I told him that I had and it had made me gag.

“Have you seen the chunks of crap that drop down out of the ice cubes in your drink? That's bad water. First three weeks I was here, I had diarrhea you would not believe. When I stopped drinking the water, it cleared right up.”

I asked them if it would be easy for a guy like me, say, to get a job. They pretty much agreed it would be harder this February than it is most winter months. Hadn't really turned cold yet, they said, and it hadn't really snowed, so most of the workers who ordinarily took off for home when the weather got hard were still in town. But turnover was always high in a place like this, they said, and there were jobs if you really wanted them, if you could afford to wait around for a month or two in a town where a trailer rents for \$500 a month and up—if you can find one.

Jobs in the oil patch, they told me, are dirty, hard and dangerous. Then they talked for a while about a friend of theirs who had been killed a month before, and another who had been put on crutches when the rig they were working on blew up under them.

“But the wages is good,” said Lee. “Even low man on the rig can make \$80 or \$90 a day, plus you can get all the overtime you want.”

I told him it sounded good, except the part about the dead guy.

“Sounds good, yeah,” Lee said. “But you still can't save nothing, least I can't. Get a check for \$1200 or \$1500 every two weeks and it's gone in two days with the prices around here.”

When I asked, they said you could always get any kind of drugs you wanted and that the town was full of stoners.

“I don't know one person who works on the rigs who is straight,” said Lee. “You gotta be stoned to stand it. No . . . that's not true. I do know one guy who never gets high, but he's crazy. He was on the rig one night, said he looked over to Devils Tower—that's 50 miles east—said he saw glowing cowboys and Indians chasing each other all around the top of the thing.”

Burt told me that working for the railroad was pretty easy compared with jobs in the oil patch. Both he and Wild Bill rode caboose duty on the mile-long coal trains that run from the mines to Moorcroft, 100 miles east.

“Nothing to it,” said Wild Bill. “Just jump on the train, smoke some dope, play your guitar, listen to some music.”

I could do that job, I thought to myself. I don't play guitar, but I can listen to music, and I could probably learn to smoke dope on a regular basis if I had to.

(continued on page 200)

HOW TO SURVIVE IN THE VIDEO-GAME AGE

*just when those bleeping beasts have you on the run, here comes
some sure-fire advice to help you stand your ground*



article

By WALTER LOWE, JR.

IN THIS ERA of mediocre dangers, truly great risk comes as a matter of course only to criminals, lovers and revolutionaries. The rest of us have to search for it.

The wealthy can afford extravagant dangers: race cars, hang gliders, cocaine. But there are cheaper ways to be a hero. Thanks to the microchip and the major American manufacturers of video games, anyone with a measly quarter can purchase entry into his very own dangerous world. Learning to survive in that world, however,

WHAT SORT OF MAN INVENTS DEFENDER?



eugene jarvis is a self-proclaimed nerd—the kind who's taking over this world by creating worlds of his own

Until the fall of 1980, Williams Electronics limited its production pretty much to solid-state pinball machines. While Atari, Stern Electronics, Bally's Midway Manufacturing Company and other game manufacturers were making a killing on games such as Space Invaders, Pac-Man, Asteroids and Berzerk, Williams hadn't even marketed its first video game. But when it did, the game was a doozy.

When Defender debuted at the annual Amusement and Music Operators Association convention at the end of October 1980, the initial industry reaction was that it was too complicated, a very fancy disaster. By the following June, however, Defender was the top video game in the country, the one that brought in more quarters per week than any other game on the market.

And despite their early snickers, Williams' competitors had to give it credit. "For a first effort, and particularly for a game designed in house," concedes Stan Jarocki, Midway's director of marketing, "Defender is amazing."

Eugene Jarvis isn't a bit surprised. Jarvis, 27, is the man who designed Defender along with another Williams Electronics computer-science whiz named Sam Dicker. How does Jarvis feel about making so important a contribution to the contemporary culture? "It's a rush," he says.

A native Californian, Jarvis graduated in 1976 from the (continued on page 230)

may cost *many* quarters. Which is to say that in some ways, even imaginary worlds are a lot like the real one.

Take the world of the Pac-Man, for instance. Like a lot of Americans, Pac-Man eats on the run and loves his dessert. He doesn't bother anybody and doesn't want anybody bothering him—but there are four ghosts who relentlessly pursue him through the maze of his life, trying to gobble him up. During 1981, Americans spent \$8,000,000 *per week* to play Pac-Man. That's \$8,000,000 in quarters, mind you, which means that over a 52-week period, U.S. citizens made more than a billion and a half conscious decisions to leave this world and enter the world of a cartoon character who looks like a yellow dot with a mouth.

This tells you five important things. One is that if you've never played Pac-Man, someone you know has. Another is that if you haven't, the odds are you will. The third is that when you do, you're going to feel like a wimp when your friends (your *girlfriend*, even) can at least get to the second peach. The fourth is that playing Pac-Man well is obviously more difficult than it looks, or it wouldn't have been played by so many people for so long. The fifth is that to get past the wimp stage by trial and error will cost you a fistful of dollars—changed into quarters, of course.

Unless you know the patterns. And that's where we come in. Later, we'll give you tips on how to beat three of the most currently popular video games: Pac-Man, Centipede and Defender.

If you've never played those games, it could cost you \$20 or more (that's 80 quarters to you, chum) just to get your score up to 10,000 on all of them. But with a few tips, you can cut your learning time—and expense—in half. You can also amaze your buddies, dazzle your girl and win friends. Do not, however, try to win money. This will be a rookie course.

But before you begin, you'd better know what you're up against. First of all, there's the manufacturer. He isn't exactly your *enemy*, you understand. He wants you to like his game enough to try it again after you've risked your first quarter—and be challenged by it enough to keep playing it hundreds of times. By no means, though, does he want you to *beat* the game. The manufacturer keeps score by what people in the coin-operated-game industry call game life, which is the length of

time a game continues to earn enough money to justify its space in an arcade, tavern or shopping center. When people figure out a game, they get bored with it; when that happens, the game "dies" and, profitwise, there's nothing deader than a dead game.

Another thing the manufacturer doesn't want is an otherwise challenging game with a hidden flaw that allows a player to keep raping the machine for more time without using much skill. (Atari's classic Asteroids contained just such a flaw, which resulted in almost daily headlines about some compulsive wretch in one city or another spending a day and a half playing Asteroids nonstop.) Ideally for the manufacturer, as well as for video-game operators and distributors, a game will last between one minute (for beginners) and five minutes (for experienced players), or an average of about two and a half minutes. Therefore, no matter what your score, if you can play *any* coin-

operated video game for longer than two and a half minutes, you've beaten it from the standpoint of the people who want your quarters.

The second thing you're up against is the machine itself, beginning with the game's software—its computer program. That's the brain of the game, and it's stored inside the cabinet on silicon chips about the size of a piece of Dentyne gum. The chips and a standard circuit board contain the most fiendish thoughts of professional video-game addicts, many of whom have degrees in computer technology from places like UCLA, Stanford and Tokyo University. These people are paid by the manufacturers to sit around all day, trying to think up games that won't just entertain you but will beat you many, many times before you start beating them. Furthermore, these computer whizzes try to design games that'll obsess you so much that you *can't* stop playing, even if you're beating the machine. So if you can play it for several minutes and walk away from it after five or six games, you've foiled both the program *and* the programmer. (Of course, the machine has other ways of beating you—literally: See box at right.)

Finally, there's the psychological factor: If the theme of the game doesn't appeal to you, you're not going to give it your best effort, so you experiment to find out which kind of game best satisfies your own peculiar fantasies. There are five basic types of video games: driving games; cannon-base games such as Space Invaders and Centipede; rotating-center-cannon games such as Asteroids; side-projected-rocket games such as Defender, Super Cobra and Scramble; and maze games such as Pac-Man, Berzerk and Crazy Climber. Obviously, there's a vast psychological "thrill gap" between the maze character Pac-Man, whose primary skills are those of running and eating, and the all-powerful pilot of the Defender spaceship, who can fly his rocket in either direction, pick up men and put them down, shoot, bomb and move at will into another dimension. While both games offer unique challenges, most people will find that, after playing each game a few times, they'll have a definite preference for one or the other.

The three games we're going to help you learn to play were chosen for two reasons: They're the most popular games of their types right now; and each offers a psychological satisfaction distinctly different from the two others. That means you'll have a better chance of finding one you want to learn to play well than if we'd chosen three side-projected-rocket games or three maze games.

Now that you know what you're up against, have your quarters ready, loosen your tie (and your wrists) and get set to learn the laws of survival in three dangerous worlds.

PAC-MAN

Pac-Man was created by the Japanese, so right away you know you're up against an inscrutable opponent. The game was licensed by Midway Manufacturing Company in August of 1980, and more than 100,000 have been

PLAYING WITH PAIN



ask any video hot-shot—getting good at the games requires a certain, ah, physical investment

No one has ever achieved anything great without enduring pain, and that holds true for those who aspire to record-breaking scores on video games.

But the pain is more than generalized muscle ache from standing in one place for a long time. Look at any veteran Defender player's left hand, for instance, and you'll see the telltale signs of his addiction, just as a brown spot on the thumb gives away the inveterate marijuana smoker. The Defender player will have a blister or a callus on the top knuckle of his index finger, the result of that finger's banging against the machine during a rapid flight pattern; a callus on the inside of the same knuckle from rubbing against the toggle—or joy stick, as it's sometimes called—that controls the height of the rocket; a blister or a callus on the inside of the thumb, also from the joy stick; and a callus on the heel of the hand right under the left pinkie where the hand rests on the machine. Nor does the right hand of the Defender player remain unscathed. Whichever two fingers he uses to press the THRUST and FIRE buttons are likely to be red and slightly swollen. Even Pac-Man, a game with no buttons and only one lever, will create a sore—the renowned "Pac-Man blister"—on the inside of the player's right index finger.

But the hands are only the beginning. Next, there are the wrists and the shoulders. The syndrome known to doctors in the late Seventies as "Space Invaders' wrist" could now be called *(concluded on page 240)*

sold in the U. S.

A large part of the game's sustained sales can be attributed to its popularity among women. Until Pac-Man came along, video games were almost exclusively played by men. But, as Stan Jarocki, Midway's director of marketing, says, "Pac-Man is *cute*, not violent."

Presumably, women like cute. "It caught on with women unlike any other machine I've seen," says Sue England, owner of Silver Sue's electronic-game room, one of the largest and best-known game rooms in Chicago. "In the evening, it's not unusual for four or five women, just off work, to go out for a drink, then come to the game room for some Pac-Man."

It hasn't taken men very long to catch on to that pattern; a young man we know who has tried every method known to man of picking up girls *swears* by the game. "These days," he says, "you don't need a line. All you have to do is ask a lady if she'd like to play a little Pac-Man. That gets you together, gives

you something to laugh about, without an awkward introduction. I can't say I *love* the game, but for me, playing it has been, shall we say, a social necessity."

Pac-Man is a maze game, the aim of which is to get the little yellow dot you control with a single lever to eat all the smaller dots (ten points each) without getting eaten by the four hungry ghosts, Inky, Blinky, Pinky and Clyde. When the Pac-Man eats a 50-point energy dot (there's one in each corner of the playing area), he gets to eat the four ghosts if he can catch them. Points double for each ghost devoured, the first one worth 200 and the last one scoring 1600.

Each of the pursuing ghosts has a different personality, which will influence the flow of the game. The blue one (Inky) is often called Bashful, because he tends to avoid direct confrontation. He's likely to veer away just as it looks as though he's caught the Pac-Man. The red one (Blinky) is nicknamed Speedy, because he's the fastest ghost and the only one who can outrun the Pac-Man.

The pink one (Pinky, of course) is nicknamed Shadow, because, unlike the blue ghost, he's always headed for the Pac-Man, no matter how the Pac-Man maneuvers. The orange ghost (Clyde) is sometimes called Poky, because he's the slowest.

Each time the Pac-Man swallows up all the dots in the maze, he gets to pause and then face a brand-new "board." Each successive board offers extra bonus points but is generally harder than the last—the ghosts pick up speed as the game goes along.

The player gets extra bonus points for eating the series of targets that appear periodically in the center of the maze. The center targets begin with different fruits (cherries, strawberry, peaches, apples, limes), then get rather bizarre with the appearance of something that resembles a bowl of pudding, though some people think it's a flower, a torch, a starship or Galaxian, the main squadron leader from the Midway game. We like pudding better, since the others are indigestible. Then come bells, followed by keys. The values of these center targets, key components in racking up points, are as follows:

- Board 1: Cherries, 100 points
- Board 2: Strawberry, 300 points
- Board 3: Peach, 500 points
- Board 4: Peach, 500 points
- Board 5: Apple, 700 points
- Board 6: Apple, 700 points
- Board 7: Lime, 1000 points
- Board 8: Lime, 1000 points
- Board 9: Pudding, 2000 points
- Board 10: Pudding, 2000 points
- Board 11: Bell, 3000 points
- Board 12: Bell, 3000 points
- Board 13: Key, 5000 points

Each prize appears on the screen twice during each board (though all boards after number 12 offer keys), so that it's possible to get double the bonus points allotted to each prize—for instance, you could get 10,000 points on board 13, just by eating the two keys.

But getting lots of points doesn't necessarily prolong your play in Pac-Man. Clearing the maze does. That's because you get one extra Pac-Man at 10,000 points, and that's all. Since you're allotted a maximum of four of the little lemonheads per game, no matter how many points you score, your first objective is to keep each Pac-Man "alive" as long as possible.

One excellent player we know offers the following strategy: "Forget about getting points through the first three mazes. If you can eat a few ghosts, fine. If you can eat the bonus fruits, fine. But don't get *caught*. Keep moving, even if it

(continued on page 228)



"Have you ever noticed, John, that people of no particular merit are often insufferably conceited, whereas terrific folks like you and me aren't?"



It was a very good year.



Her Heart Belongs to Daddy

Say, isn't that the girl from the Dubonnet ads on TV? Indubitably, boob-tuber. Her name is Pia Zadora and the answer to your next question is 26. The answer to the one after *that* is, yes, she is; her husband is multimillionaire Meshulam Riklis, who owns the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. Pia is making her movie debut in a steamy and controversial flick called *Butterfly* with a monster cast that includes Stacy Keach, Orson Welles and the Nevada desert. The subject is incest, handled with style.



The movie gets down to business in an old mining shack on the Arizona-Nevada border, where Pia shows up one day to find her long-lost father, portrayed by Keach. The father-daughter relationship, eroded by time, succumbs to baser instincts. This was no cushy film location, either; the temperature in the desert reached 126 degrees.

Caught in a genetic time warp, Pia Zadora has been tabbed a woman-child. In truth, she's a veteran of the Broadway stage and night clubs, where she performs a sizzling song-and-dance act. Movies, a new phase for her, could be the one that launches her ship. She already has a second film, *Fake-Out*, scheduled; that one co-stars Telly Savalas of *Kojak* fame.





Reminiscent of the sex kittens of the Fifties, Zadora evokes both sympathy and lust on the screen. Sensuous Pia and the no-holds-barred script could make *Butterfly*, based on a James M. Cain story, the year's most argued-about movie.



In a scene (above) with almost palpable sexual tension, Keach finds cleanliness next to impossible when confronted with the physical charms of the new arrival. Following this and other encounters, the father is brought to trial for incest. The judge is played by Orson Welles.

MY MISTRESS (continued from page 142)

"I tried to do an imitation of a man giving in to a woman, because my thirst for her embarrassed me."

know someone like me." Billy's response to this is pure silence.

Once in a while, she quotes him on the subject of the stock market. If life were not so complicated, I might very well be calling him up for tips. I hunt for signs of him on Billy—jewelry, marks, phrases. I know that he reads astronomy books for pleasure, enjoys cross-country skiing and likes to travel. Billy says she loves him, but she also says she loves several paintings in the Museum of Modern Art.

"If you love him so much," I say, taking a page from her book, "why are you hanging around with me?"

"Hanging around," Billy says in a bored monotone.

"Well?"

"I am large and contain multitudes," she says, misquoting a line from Walt Whitman.

This particular conversation took place en route to a cottage in Vermont that I had rented for a week when both Grey and Vera were going to be away for ten days.

I remember clearly with what happy anticipation I presented the idea of this cottage to her.

"Guess what," I said.

"You're pregnant," said Billy.

"I have rented a little cottage for us, in Vermont. For a week, when Grey and Vera are away on their long trips. We can go there and watch the leaves turn."

"Great," said Billy faintly. She looked away and didn't speak for some time.

"We don't have to go, Billy," I said. "I only sent the check yesterday. I can cancel it."

There appeared to be tears in my mistress' eyes.

"No," she said. "Don't do that. I'll split it with you."

"You don't seem pleased," I said.

"Pleased," said Billy. "Being pleased doesn't strike me as the appropriate response to the idea of going off to a love nest with your lover."

"What is the appropriate response?" I said.

"Oh," said Billy, her voice now blithe, "sorrow, guilt, craving, glee, horror, anticipation."

Well, she can run, but she can't hide. My mistress is given away from time to time by her own expressions. No matter how hard she tries to suppress the visible evidence of what she feels, she is not always successful. Her eyes turn color, becoming dark and rather smoky. This is as good as a plain declaration of love. Billy's mental life, her grumpiness, her

irritability, her crotchets are like static that from time to time give way to a clear signal, just as you often hit a pure band of music on a car radio after turning the dial through a lot of chaotic squawk.

In French movies of a certain period, the lovers are seen leaving the woman's apartment or house. His car is parked on an attractive side street. She is carrying a leather valise and is wearing a silk scarf around her neck. He is carrying the wicker basket she has packed with their picnic lunch. They will have the sort of food lovers have for lunch in these movies: a roast chicken, a bottle of champagne and a cheese wrapped up in leaves. Needless to say, when Billy and I finally left to go to our love nest, no such sight presented itself to me. First of all, she met me around the corner from my garage after a number of squabbles about whose car to take. My car is bigger, so I won. I found her on an unattractive side street, which featured a rent-a-car place and an animal hospital. Second of all, she was wearing an old skirt, her old jacket and was carrying a canvas overnight bag. No lacy underwear would be withdrawn from it, I knew. My mistress buys her white-cotton undergarments at the five-and-ten-cent store. She wears an old T-shirt of Grey's to sleep in, she tells me.

For lunch we had hamburgers—no romantic rural inn or picnic spot for us—at Hud's Burger Hut on Route 22.

"We go to some swell places," Billy said.

As we drew closer to our destination, Billy began to fidget, reminding me that having her along was sometimes not unlike traveling with a small child.

In the nearest town to our love nest, we stopped and bought coffee, milk, sugar and corn flakes. Because I am a domestic animal and not a mere savage, I remembered to buy bread, butter, cheese, salami, eggs and a number of cans of tomato soup.

Billy surveyed these items with a raised eyebrow.

"This is the sort of stuff you buy when you intend to stay indoors and kick up a storm of passion," she said.

It was an off-year Election Day—Congressional and Senate races were being run. We had both voted, in fact, before taking off. Our love nest had a radio I instantly switched on to hear if there were any early returns while we gave the place a cursory glance and put the groceries away. Then we flung ourselves onto the unmade bed for which I had

thoughtfully remembered to pack sheets.

When our storm of passion had subsided, my mistress stared impassively at the ceiling.

"In bed with Frank and Billy," she intoned. "It was Election Day, and Frank and Billy were once again in bed. Election returns meant nothing to them. The future of their great nation was inconsequential; so busy were they flinging themselves at each other, they could barely be expected to think for one second of any larger issue. The subjects to which these trained economists could have spoken, such as inflationary spirals or deficit budgeting, were as mere dust."

"Shut up, Billy," I said.

She did shut up. She put on my shirt and went off to the kitchen. When she returned, she had two cups of coffee and a plate of toasted-cheese sandwiches on a tray. With the exception of her dinner party, this was the first meal I had ever had at her hands.

"I'm starving," she said, getting under the covers. We polished off our snack, propped up with pillows. I asked Billy if she might like a second cup of coffee and she gave me a look of remorse and desire that made my head spin.

"Maybe you wanted to go out for dinner," she said. "You like a proper dinner." Then she burst into tears. "I'm sorry," she said. These were words I had never heard her speak before.

"Sorry?" I said. "Sorry for what?"

"I didn't ask you what you wanted to do," my mistress said. "You might have wanted to take a walk, or go for a drive, or look around the house, or make the bed."

I stared at her.

"I don't want a second cup of coffee," Billy said. "Do you?"

I got her drift and did not get out of bed. I tried to do an imitation of a man giving in to a woman, because, in fact, my thirst for her embarrassed me and I did not mind imagining that it was her thirst I was being kind enough to quench, but the forthrightness of her desire for me melted my heart.

During that week, none of my expectations came to pass. We did not, for example, have long talks about our respective marriages or our future together or apart. We did not discover what our domestic life might be like. We lived like graduate students, or mice, and not like normal people at all, but like lovers. We kept odd hours and lived off sandwiches. We stayed in bed and both were glad that it rained four days out of five. When the sun came out, we went for a walk and watched the leaves turn. From time to time, I would switch on the radio to find out what the news commentators were saying about the election results.

"Because of this historic time," Billy said, "you will never be able to forget me. It is a rule of life that care must be



What makes this radar detector so desirable that people used to willingly wait months for it?

Anyone who has used a conventional passive radar detector knows that they don't work over hills, around corners, or from behind. The ESCORT® radar warning receiver does. Its uncanny sensitivity enables it to pick up radar traps 3 to 5 times farther than common detectors. It detects the thinly scattered residue of a radar beam like the glow of headlights on a dark, foggy road. You don't need to be in the direct beam. Conventional detectors do. Plus, ESCORT's extraordinary range doesn't come at the expense of more false alarms. In fact, ESCORT has fewer types and sources of false alarms than do the lower technology units. Here's how we do it.

The unfair advantage

ESCORT's secret weapon is its superheterodyne receiving circuitry. The technique was discovered by Signal Corps Capt. Edwin H. Armstrong in the military's quest for more sensitive receiving equipment. ESCORT's Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator singles out X and K band (10.525 and 24.150Hz) radar frequencies for close, careful, and timely examination. Only ESCORT uses this costly, exacting component. But now the dilemma.

The Lady or The Tiger

At the instant of contact, how can you tell a faint glimmer from an intense radar beam? Is it a far away glint or a trigger type radar dead ahead? With ESCORT it's easy: smooth, accurate signal strength information. A soothing, variable speed beep reacts to radar like a Geiger counter, while an illuminated meter registers fine gradations. You'll know whether the radar is miles away or right next to you. In addition, the sound you'll hear is different for each radar band. K band doesn't travel as far, so its sound is more urgent. ESCORT keeps you totally informed.

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ESCORT looks and feels right. Its inconspicuous size (1.5Hx5.25Wx5.0), cigar lighter power connector and hook and loop or visor clip mounting make installation easy, flexible, and attractive. The aural alarm is volume adjustable and the alert lamp is photoelectrically dimmed after dark to preserve your night vision. And, a unique city/highway switch adjusts X band sensitivity for fewer distractions from radar burglar alarms that share the police frequency while leaving K band at full strength.

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Another nice thing about owning an ESCORT is that you deal directly with the factory. You get the advantage

of speaking with the most knowledgeable experts available and saving us both money at the same time. Further, in the unlikely event that your ESCORT ever needs repair, our service professionals are at your personal disposal. Everything you need is only a phone call or parcel delivery away.



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Corroborating evidence

CAR and DRIVER . . . "Ranked according to performance, the ESCORT is first choice . . . it looks like precision equipment, has a convenient visor mount, and has the most informative warning system of any unit on the market . . . the ESCORT boasts the most careful and clever planning, the most pleasing packaging, and the most solid construction of the lot."

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your purchase as well as pay for your postage costs to return it. In fact, try an ESCORT and any other detector of your choice. Test them both for 30 days and return the one you don't like. We're not worried because we know which one you'll keep. As further insurance for your investment, ESCORT comes with a full one year limited warranty on both parts and labor. This doesn't worry us either because ESCORT has a reputation for reliability. We know that once you try an ESCORT, radar will never be the same again. So go ahead and do it. Order today.

You don't have to wait

Just send the following to the address below:

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- How many ESCORTs you want.
- Any special shipping instructions.
- Your daytime telephone number.
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Visa and MasterCard buyers may substitute their credit card number and expiration date for the check. Or call us toll free and save the trip to the mail box.

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ESCORT (Includes everything) . . . \$245.00
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Department 507
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taken in choosing whom one will be in bed with during Great Moments in History. You are now stuck with me and this week of important Congressional elections twined in your mind forever."

It was in the car on the way home that the subject of what we were doing together came up. It was twilight and we had both been rather silent.

"This is the end of the line," said Billy.

"What do you mean?" I said. "Do you mean you want to break this up?"

"No," said Billy. "It would be nice, though, wouldn't it?"

"No, it would not be nice," I said.

"I think it would," said Billy. "Then I wouldn't spend all my time wondering what we are doing together when I could be thinking about other things, like the future of the dollar."

"What do you think we are doing together?" I said.

"It's simple," said Billy. "Some people have dogs or kitty cats. You're my pet."

"Come on."

"OK, you're right. Those are only child substitutes. You're my child substitute until I can make up my mind about having a child."

At this, my blood does freeze. Whose child does she want to have?

Every now and then, when overcome with tenderness—on these occasions naked, carried away and looking at each

other with sweetness in our eyes—my mistress and I smile dreamily and realize that if we dwelled together for more than a week, in the real world and not in some love nest, we would soon learn to hate each other. It would never work. We both know it. She is too relentlessly dour and too fond of silence. I prefer false cheer to no cheer and I like conversation over dinner no matter what. Furthermore, we would never have proper meals, and although I cannot cook, I like to dine. I would soon resent her lack of interest in domestic arrangements and she would resent me for resenting her. Furthermore, Billy is a slob. She does not leave the towels lying on the bathroom floor, but she throws them over the shower curtain any old way, instead of folding them or hanging them properly so they can dry. It is things like this—it is actually the symbolic content of things like this—that squash out romance over a period of time.

As for Billy, she often sneers at me. She finds many of my opinions quaint. She laughs up her sleeve at me, often actually unbuttoning her cuff button (when the button is actually on the cuff) to demonstrate laughing up her sleeve. She thinks I am an old-time domestic fascist. She refers to me as "an old-style heterosexual throwback" or "old hetero" because I like to pay for dinner, open car doors and often call her at night when Grey is out of town to make sure she is safe. The day the plumber came

to fix a leak in the sink, I called several times.

"He's gone," Billy said, "and he left big, greasy paw prints all over me." She found this funny, but I did not.

After a while, I believe I would be driven nuts and she would come to loathe me. My household is well run and well regulated. I like routine and I like things to go along smoothly. We employ a flawless person by the name of Mrs. Ivy Castle, who has been flawlessly running our house for some time. She is an excellent housekeeper and a marvelous cook. Our relations with her are formal.

The Delielles employ a feckless person called Mimi-Ann Browning, who comes in once a week to push the dust around. Mimi-Ann hates routine and schedules and is constantly changing the days of the people she works for. It is quite something to hear Billy on the telephone with her.

"Oh, Mimi-Ann," she will say, "please don't switch me, I beg you. I have to feed some friends of Grey's and the house is really disgusting. Please, Mimi. I'll do anything. I'll do your mother-in-law's tax return. I'll be your eternal slave. Please. Oh, thank you, Mimi. Thank you a million times."

Now, why, I ask myself, does my mistress never speak to me like that?

In that sad twilight on the way home from our week together, I asked myself, as I am always asking myself: Could I exist in some ugly flat with my cheerless mistress? I could not, as my mistress was the first to point out.

She said that the expression on my face at the sight of the towels thrown over the shower-curtain rod was similar to what you might find on the face of a vegetarian walking through an abattoir. She said that the small doses we got of each other made it possible for us to have a love affair but that a taste of ordinary life would do us both in. She correctly pointed out that our only real common interest was each other, since we had such vast differences of opinion on the subject of economic theory. Furthermore, we were not simply lovers, nor were we mere friends, and since we were not going to end up together, there was nothing for it.

I was silent.

"Face it," said my tireless mistress, "we have no *raison d'être*."

There was no disputing this.

I said, "If we have no *raison d'être*, Billy, then what are we to do?"

These conversations flare up like tropical storms. The climate is always right for them. It is simply a question of when they will occur.

"Well?" I said.

"I don't know," said my mistress, who generally has a snappy answer for everything.

A wave of fatherly affection and worry



"And if I may end my summation on a personal note, Your Honor, I'd like to say that blue is definitely your color."

came over me. I said, in a voice so drenched with concern it caused my mistress to scowl like a child about to receive an injection, "Perhaps you should think about this more seriously, Billy. You and Grey are really just starting out. Vera and I have been married a long, long time. I think I am more a disruption in your life than you are in mine."

"Wanna bet?" said Billy.

"Perhaps we should see each other less," I said. "Perhaps we should part."

"OK, let's part," said Billy. "You go first." Her face was set and I entertained myself with the notion that she was trying not to burst into tears. Then she said, "What are you going to do all day after we part?"

This is not a subject to which I wanted to give much thought.

"Isn't our *raison d'être* that we're fond of each other?" I said. "I'm awfully fond of you."

"Gee, that's interesting," Billy said. "You're fond of me. I *love* you." Of course, she would not look me in the eye and say it.

"Well, I love you," I said. "I just don't quite know what to do about it."

"Whatever our status quos are," Billy said, "they are being maintained like mad."

This silenced me. Billy and I have the world right in place. Nothing flutters, changes or moves. Whatever is being preserved in our lives is safely preserved. It is quite true, as Billy, who believes in function, points out, that we are in each other's life for a reason, but neither of us will state the reason. Nevertheless, although there are some cases in which love is not a good or sufficient excuse for anything, the fact is, love is undeniable.

Yes, love is undeniable and that is the tricky point. It is one of the sobering realizations of adult life that love is often not a propellant. Thus, in those romantic movies, the tender mistress stays married to her stuffy husband—the one with the mustache and the stiff tweeds—while the lover is seen walking through the countryside with his long-suffering wife and faithful dog. It often seems that the function of romance is to give people something romantic to think about.

The question is: If it is true, as my mistress says, that she is going to stay with Grey and I am going to stay with Vera, why is it that we are together every chance we get?

There was, of course, an explanation for this and my indefatigable mistress came up with it, God bless her.

"It's an artistic impulse," she said. "It takes us out of reality and gives us a secret context all our own."

"Oh, I see," I said. "It's only art."

"Don't get in a huff," Billy said. "We're in a very unusual situation. It

has to do with limited doting, restricted thrall and situational adoration."

"Oh, how interesting," I said. "Are doting, thrall and adoration things you actually feel for me?"

"Could be," said Billy. "But, actually, I was speaking for you."

Every adult knows that facts must be faced. In adult life, it often seems that's all there is. Prior to our week together, the unguarded moments between us had been kept to a minimum. Now they came rather more frequently. That week together haunted us. It dogged our heels. It made us long for and dread—what an unfortunate combination!—each other.

One evening, I revealed to her how I sometimes feel as I watch her walk up the stairs to the door of her house. I feel she is walking into her real and still fairly young life. She will leave me in the dust, I think. I think of all the things that have not yet happened to her, that have not yet gone wrong, and I think of her life with Grey, which is still mostly un-lived.

One afternoon, she told me how it makes her feel when she thinks of my family table—with Vera and our sons and our daughter-in-law and our daughter-in-law-to-be, of our years of shared meals, of all that lived life. Billy described this feeling as a band around her head and a hot pressure in the area of her heart. I, of course, merely get a lump in my throat. Why do these admissions take place at twilight or at dusk, in the gloomiest light, when everything looks dirty, eerie, faded or inevitable?

Our conversation comes to a dead halt, like a horse balking before a hurdle, on the issue of what we want. I have tried my best to formulate what it is I want from Billy, but I have not gotten very far. Painful consideration has brought forth this revelation: I want her not ever to stop being. This is as close as grammar or reflection will allow.

One day, the horse will jump over the hurdle and the end will come. The door will close. Perhaps Billy will do the closing. She will decide she wants a baby, or Grey will be offered a job in London, or Billy will get a job in Boston and the Delielles will move. Or perhaps Vera will come home one evening and say that she longs to live in Paris or San Francisco and the Clemenses will move. What will happen then?

Perhaps my mistress is right. A love affair is like a work of art. The large store of references, and jokes, the history of our friendship, our week together in Vermont, our numberless telephone calls, this edifice, this monument, this civilization known only to and constructed by us will be—what will it be? Billy once read to me an article in an anthropological journal about the last Coast

Salish Indian to speak Wintun. All the others of his tribe were dead. That is how I would feel, deprived of Billy.

The awful day will doubtless come. It is like thinking about the inevitability of nuclear war. But as for now, I continue to ring her doorbell. Her greeting is delivered in her bored monotone. "Oh, it's you," she will say. "How sweet you look."

I will follow her up the stairs to her study and there we will hurl ourselves at each other. I will reflect, as I always do, how very bare the setting for these encounters is. Not a picture on the wall, not an ornament. Even the quilt that keeps the chill off us on the couch is faded.

In one of her snootier moments, my mistress said to me, "My furnishings are interior. I care about what I think about."

As I gather her into my arms, I cannot help imagining all that interior furniture, those hard-edged things she thinks about, whatever is behind her silence, whatever, in fact, her real story is.

She may turn to me and in a moment of tenderness say, "What a cute boy." This remark always sounds exotic to me—no one has ever addressed me this way, especially not at my age and station.

I imagine that someday she will turn to me and, with some tone in her voice I have never heard before, say, "We can't see each other anymore." We will both know the end has come. But, meanwhile, she is right close by. After a fashion, she is mine. I watch her closely to catch the look of true love that every once in a while overtakes her. She knows I am watching, and she knows the effect her look has. "A baby could take candy from you," she says.

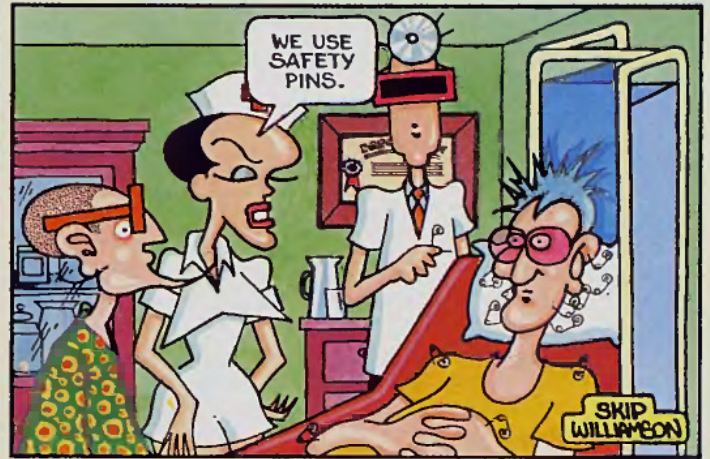
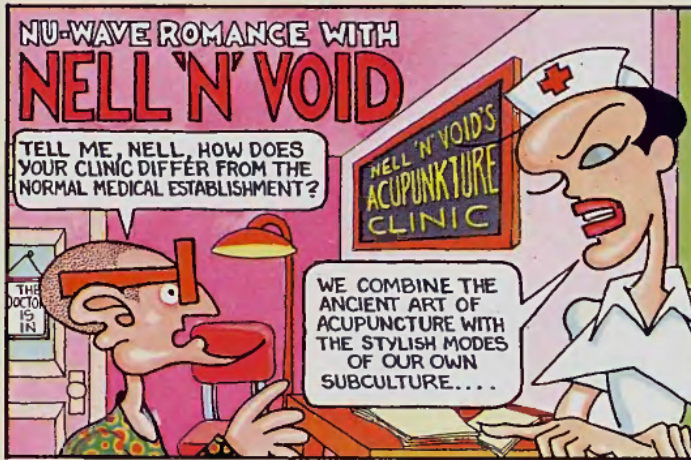
Our feelings have edges and spines and prickles like cactus, or a porcupine. Our parting when it comes will not be simple, either. Depicted, it would look like one of those medieval beasts that has fins, fur, scales, feathers, claws, wings and horns. In a world apart from anyone else, we are Frank and Billy, with no significance to anyone but the other. Oh, the terrible privacy and loneliness of love affairs.

Under the quilt with our arms interlocked, I look into my mistress' eyes. They are dark and full of concealed feeling. If we hold each other close enough, that darkness is held at bay. The mission of the lover is, after all, to love. I can look at Billy and see clear back to the first time we met, to our hundreds of days together, to her throwing the towels over the shower-curtain rod, to each of her gestures and intonations. She is the road I have traveled to her, and I am hers.

Oh, Billy! Oh, art! Oh, memory!

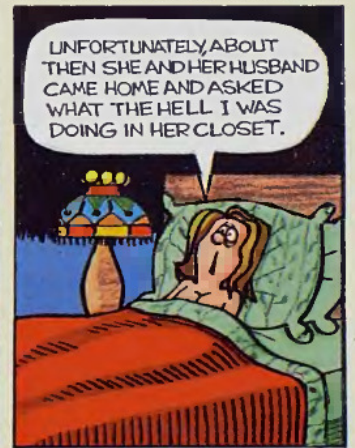
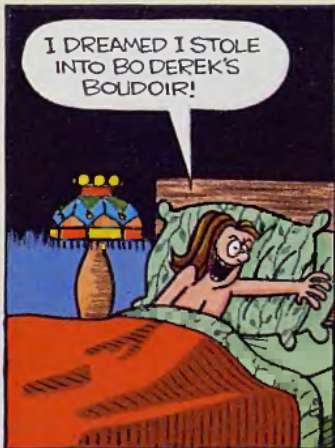


PLAYBOY



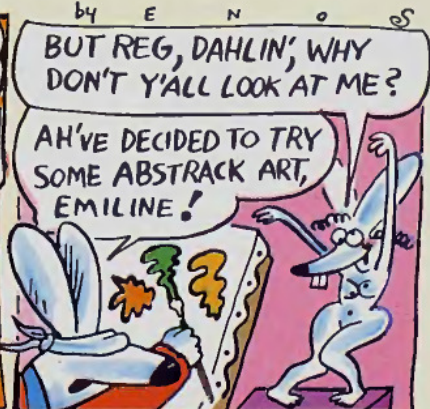
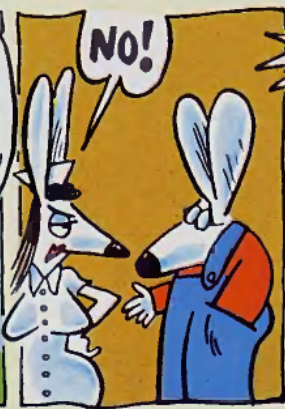
THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



REG'LAR RABBIT

by E N O S



RITA RAKE

REYNOLDS
DODSON
and
TRINA
ROBBINS

The Maltese Vibrator

HE MINCED INTO MY OFFICE UNANNOUNCED, PRECEDED BY THE SMELL OF CHEAP JASMINE.



WHO HADN'T? AC/DC AND 12 INCHES LONG, IT HAD BEEN THE OBJECT OF PURSUIT ACROSS THREE CONTINENTS.



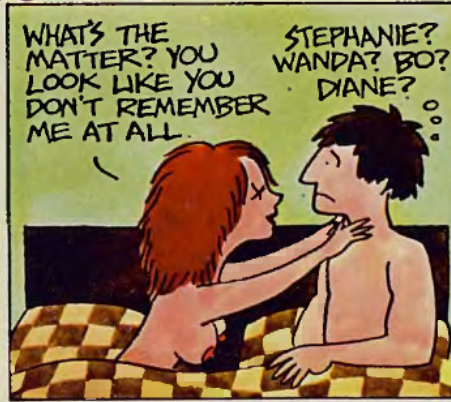
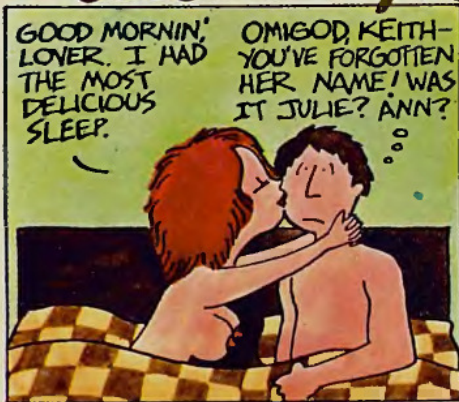
THE KINKY REPORT

Christopher Brown



Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



Dirty Duck ^{by} Bobby London

YES, INDEED, WEEVIL...
A TURKISH BATH
IS THE PERFECT PLACE
TO GET YOUR
TAFFY PULLED.

IT'S ALL BASED ON
THE THEORY THAT PEOPLE
ARE LIKE THEIR PORES:
TURN ON ENOUGH HEAT
AND THEY OPEN UP!

HEH,
HEH!

WE'VE BEEN SITTING
HERE AN AWFULLY LONG
TIME... I WONDER IF
IT'S LADIES' NIGHT
YET.

HM!
METHINKS
I VAGUELY
DISCERN A
FEMALE
IN THE
DISTANCE!

I
CAN'T
SEE A
THING,
MR.
DUCK!

WOW!

AND I THOUGHT
IT COULDN'T
GET ANY HOTTER
IN HERE!

HIYA, TOOTS! HOWZABOUT
COMIN' OVER TO MY PLACE
FOR SOME STEAMED CLAMS?

YECH!

PLAYIN'
HARD TO GET,
EH?

I'VE HEARD OF
BLIND DATES,
BUT THIS IS
RIDICULOUS...

AHA,
GOTCHA!

BUMP!

OOH!
OOH!

BABY,
YOU'RE
WORKIN'
WONDERS
ON MY
BRONCHITIS!

PAINT!
GROAN!

THANKS,
SAILOR...
A-HENH!

"A-HENH"?!!

GO FOG
YERSELF!

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GUNS AND RHETORIC

*when one side or the other starts to shoot off its mouth,
the words usually get in the way of the facts*

THE GUN LOBBY

When firearms foes managed to label the National Rifle Association the "Washington gun lobby," they scored a major propaganda victory at the expense of accuracy. Most people think of a lobby as a sinister bunch of slick power brokers who covertly influence public legislation in behalf of private interests. The N.R.A. can certainly derail a proposed gun law, but it does so mainly by alerting its millions of members and supporters to what's going on. In fact, the N.R.A. is only the largest, most respectable and responsible of gun-owner organizations and has frequently come under fire from the more rabid gun nuts for being too moderate and sensible. During the last antigun campaign, the old N.R.A. moderates were deposed by the hardliners. In *The Gun in America*, about the only rational book yet written on the firearms controversy, authors Lee Kennett and James LaVerne Anderson correctly describe N.R.A. officials as "generals trying to stay in front of their soldiers." When angry citizens scare their elected representatives into defeating one's favorite legislation, it's called lobbying; when the opposition's bills are defeated, it's called the democratic process.

GUN POLLS

Polls leave no doubt that everybody fears crime and violence and everybody wants strict gun controls. For everybody else. A more meaningful survey question would be: "Do you think the Government should have the power to prohibit you from keeping a gun in your home or place of business?" In 1977, a gallant little band of antifirearms fanatics persuaded Chicago police to have an amnesty period so right-thinking citizens could turn in their guns at some 27 local churches, no questions asked. It was called something like Stop Violence Week. It got excellent press-and-TV coverage and enthusiastic editorial support. A local artist was commissioned to weld all the lethal weapons into a great metal sculpture commemorating the victims of handgun violence. Of the 5,000,000 or so firearms estimated to reside in the

Chicago area, 65 were turned in, and many of those were cap pistols.

THE SECOND AMENDMENT

Thanks to bad syntax and a confusing dependent clause, the Second Amendment is wrongly cited by both sides. When written, it had nothing to do with the private ownership of guns, which were as common as horses and just as essential. The main purpose of the amendment was to guarantee suspicious Colonial governments the right to maintain their own militias in case the nationhood experiment didn't work out. Those weren't standing armies but armed forces composed of citizens usually required by law to provide their own guns. The biggest gun problem at the time was not having enough of them. Many state constitutions of that period and later flatly guarantee the right of citizens to bear arms, with no reference to a militia, because nobody trusted Government, enlightened or otherwise. It never crossed the Colonial mind that gun ownership would ever become an issue; it was understood that people weren't supposed to go around shooting one another. Probably the most good that an armed citizenry does anymore is to encourage civic and military authorities to keep lids on in times of trouble instead of blowing heads off in displays of force.

GUN LAWS

Antigun forces so enjoy terrorizing their adversaries with the threat of new and often goofy firearms laws that they give almost no thought to enforcement. Consider the fact that Chicago virtually outlawed handgun sales more than 50 years ago and has had gun registration plus state gun-owner licensing since the Sixties. Consider, next, that Chicago cops annually nail 10,000 to 20,000 U.A.P.s (police terminology meaning Unorganized Asshole Punks) for illegally carrying guns, a major source of firearms crimes. Consider, finally, that in one recent year studied, only one out of 13 of those pistol packers was convicted (average fine, \$47) and only one out of 75 ever spent a day in the slammer. Which means that guns are fashionably illegal,

the risks minimal and the law completely lacking in credibility among the very groups least inclined to obey it in the first place. Your average gun nut would happily tack mandatory extra years onto any sentence for a crime committed with a firearm and let the word get around. Your average antigun nut would rather lock up the jerks who keep defeating or defying his new gun laws.

PROPAGANDA

One thing that makes gun buffs so contrary and perverse is the misleading nonsense put out by gun foes to scare people into supporting their cause. Take the statement that handguns account for half the murders committed each year, usually illustrated with a collage of clean-cut Americans punched full of bullet holes. That spine-tingling murder rate works out to a little more than five deaths per 100,000. The death rate for women on oral contraceptives is *also* about five per 100,000. That's a ridiculous comparison for all kinds of reasons, including the fact that you can't stick up a liquor store with a fistful of birth-control pills; but let's go on. If we sort out homicide statistics demographically, we find that most of those killings are of the bedroom-and-barroom variety and involve a rather select group of white hillbillies and black or brown slum dwellers given to offing one another at truly impressive rates. Add to that the facts that most of those folks are drunk or on drugs, that in cities, a majority of the victims have police records and a substantial percentage initiate the fatal fight themselves. Your average sober citizen in a nice white suburb is about as likely to get hit by a bullet as by a lightning bolt, unless he shoots himself with the pistol he bought for home protection. Incredibly enough, the annual number of hand-gun murders has remained nearly constant over the past ten years despite the sale of more than 20,000,000 new pistols and revolvers. The N.R.A. types know these things and resent being blamed for violent crime about as much as pot-smoking liberals like taking the rap for heroin epidemics.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

TROUBLE WITH GUNS

(continued from page 104)

households in the country. Actually, there is one way. Take hostages and use torture.

There's one other way, but it would require the zealots on both sides to act in enlightened self-interest, so its prospects are remote. The antigun forces would have to cancel their propaganda attacks and flatly concede the right of qualified citizens to own guns. Period. For their part, gun buffs would have to concede that a great many people are not as responsible as themselves (a little flattery there) and that the casual proliferation of guns is socially undesirable... and then collaborate in drafting stringent, enforceable, uniform licensing laws that would keep dealers accountable for new-gun sales and make owners accountable for used-gun transfers.

That's laughably utopian, I admit, and I propose it mainly to make a couple of final points. Any measure—such as truly effective licensing—that discourages impulse gun buying among the general public is good, because it's the gun in the bureau drawer that gets stolen (250,000 a year), gets found by a nosy kid, gets grabbed in the course of a domestic brawl and is mainly responsible for the infamous National Gun Problem, which, in turn, creates the demand for more dumb laws. The fewer guns in irresponsible or careless hands, the better it is for collectors, hunters, target shooters—the serious buffs who do not themselves engage in crime and violence.

But the reason those people can't see that is because they're on the defensive. Thanks to the shrill and badly misinformed attacks of firearms foes, gun owners perceive a license as an insult—a document of suspicion that one is some kind of trigger-happy, bloodthirsty, red-necked ignoramus who's armed and dangerous to himself and others. Given a different selling job, that same license could be a prized possession framed on every legitimate gun owner's wall, signifying to him and others: "This certifies that Billy Bob Buford is a respected and responsible citizen whose skills and good judgment qualify him to possess all the pistols, rifles and shotguns he wants to, because we all know he won't do anything stupid." Once your N.R.A. type got that kind of license, he'd start lobbying for stricter standards and tougher screening to keep out the riffraff.

The moral is that if gun buffs years ago had used their energy, organization and expertise to promote instead of obstruct effective and tolerable gun laws, leadership in this area might not have gone by default to all those faggoty intellectual do-gooders who, probably for sexual reasons, don't like guns.



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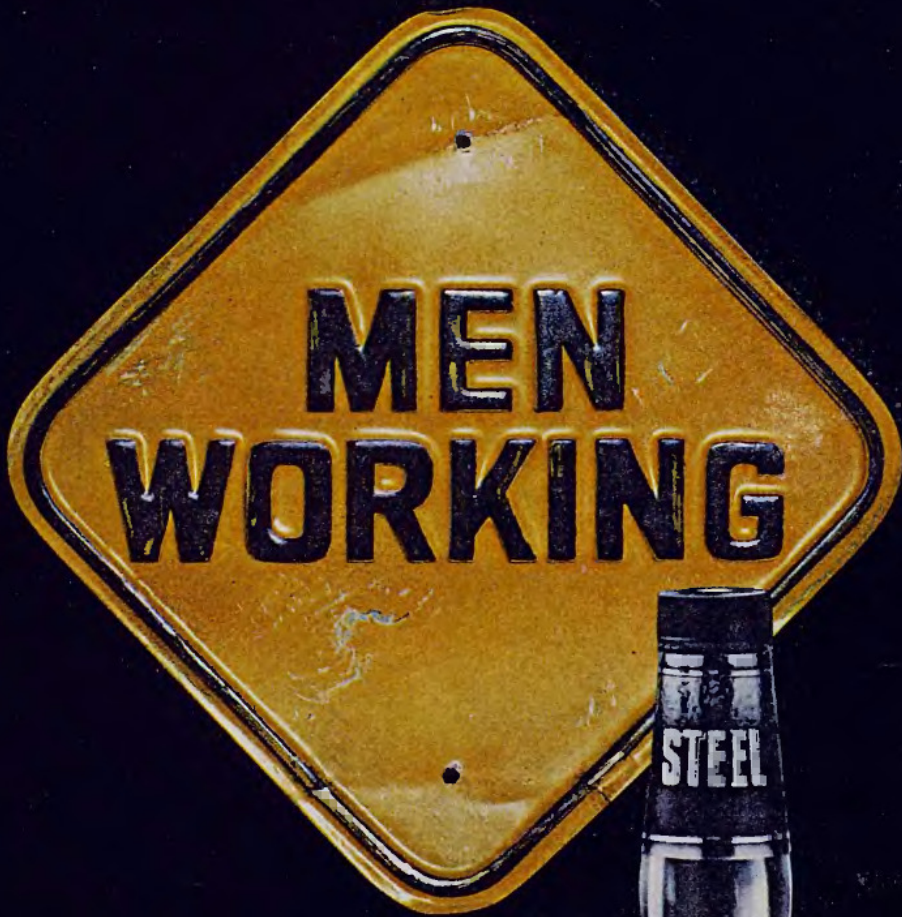
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Royal Comfort. If it's a cool smoke you seek... take Comfort.



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FAMILY JEWELS

(continued from page 115)

Walters and Abbie Hoffman. J. R. Ewing and Dolly Parton. Balls' wholesale dissemination may have begun when Norman Mailer, laboring in the two-"fisted" shadow of Ernest Hemingway (who wrote often of castration), described Truman Capote as "a ballsy little guy," and Capote began quoting Mailer on that point with high-pitched relish. Or maybe it was in 1960, when Jasper Johns executed a work called *Painting with Two Balls*, encaustic and collage on canvas "with objects." The objects were a pair of metal spheres stuck into a crevice of the painting. If a painting can have balls, why not a woman? Now an Australian New Wave group called Mi-Sex sings:

*It's got balls,
It's got balls,
It's written on the walls,
Graffiti crimes in the shopping
malls.*

There are dildos these days with balls you can fill with hot water and squeeze.

Nuts, grapes, stones, testes, testicles, *cojones*, *huevos*, gonads, the family jewels. *Testis*, the singular, is Latin for "witness." The ancient Romans, it is sometimes explained, held their hands over their genitals when taking an oath. But if that were true, you'd think you'd run across, in perusing ancient texts, such expressions as "Cross my balls and hope to die" (*testes meos traicios et mori spero*) and "I swear on a stack of testicles" (*a cumulum testium juro*). Serious dictionaries prefer to speculate that testes got their Latin name from being deemed witnesses of virility. And yet what are balls shaped like? Eggs. It works out neatly, in a way. Balls have a feminine shape, and they send the male off in search of other feminine shapes.

Of course, Shere Hite has recently made the highly debatable assertion that it is only conditioning that makes men "feel that a vital part of being a man is to [ugh] orgasm in a vagina." But there is no denying that each ball contains 800 convoluted threadlike "seminiferous tubules" (altogether some 1800 feet in length), wherein sperm are produced by the hundreds of millions. And between the tubules is interstitial tissue whose job is to secrete testosterone—a hormone that stimulates mustaches, aggressiveness and heavy muscularity, all of which have traditionally aided men in their quest for places to sow the sperm. Still rather neat so far.

But that is not the whole story. All those sperm cells, those teeming halves of little babies, impel the male not only to show up at female doors with corsages (incidentally, *orchid* is Greek for "testicle," which may account for the pride with which girls used to wear them on prom dresses, sometimes called "ball gowns")



but also to kick ass, climb, wander, make money, jack off, outdrink friends, build high-rises, drive Alfa Romeos very fast and force some less hairy prisoner to do the laundry. They impel the male to do nearly everything, in fact, except settle down and help take care of whole little babies. So things don't always work out so neatly. Especially when women, too, get heavily into balls. (The average human testis weighs one ounce; fortunately for the underendowed, they are all but impossible to weigh. A sperm whale's run around 50 pounds apiece.)

As a matter of fact, with androgyny all in the currency, balls in straight men have lately been looked down upon. "Macho," every bit as invidious a term as "bitchy," has been used to take the bloom off of everything from shotguns to law enforcement. Alan Alda, a prime example of unpushy, sympathetic, increasingly boring Seventies masculinity, has described *machismo* as "testosterone poisoning." But androgyny has not always been regarded with favor. Herculine Barbin, a 19th Century French girl, was found at the age of 22 to have a woman's urethra, and something approaching a vagina, and an organ that might have been a small penis or a large clitoris, but also two undescended testicles. So she had to be reclassified as a man, who eight years later killed himself. Now, once again, as Jimmy Carter has given way to Ronald Reagan, and social services to bombers, balls in the male have come back, along with jelly beans. Moderates are called wimps in the Congress. Wayne Newton, mustached, throws his weight around in Vegas.

Meanwhile (even though Rosalynn has given way to Nancy), the *macha* woman continues to be, you might say, the nuts. In her book *Machisma*, Grace Lichtenstein hails "the scent of power, of female potency, catered to by advertisements for perfumes with names like 'Charlie' and 'Babe.' It is the reason for the television commercial that shows a young woman leaping in triumph after a racquetball victory over a man." The "adventurous, ballsy, gutsy . . . voracious . . . fierce" *macha* woman, says Lichtenstein, "jumps at the chance to climb Annapurna. . . . She picks up the check at lunch with a male companion in an expensive restaurant and flashes a gold American Express card. . . . She subscribes to *Field & Stream* and hides *Vogue* in the bathroom. . . . She lets male campers know that her backpack is five pounds heavier than theirs. . . . She prefers Clint Eastwood movies to Dustin Hoffman ones. . . . She manages to let slip how many men she's dated in the past week. The *macha* woman 'goes for it.'"

A touching tackiness in all that, as in a newly freed slave wearing spats. The *macha* woman should bear in mind balls' down side. They can make you

want to stockpile armaments, screw sheep and pound the piss out of somebody for no good reason. What war boils down to is who's got the most balls. "Get them by the balls and their hearts and minds will follow." "Nuts." "Eye-ball to eyeball and they flinched."

*Hitler, he only had one ball.
Göring had two, but they were small.
Himmler
Had something similar,
But Goebbels had no balls at all.*

If people of every persuasion are going to go around having balls, then we had better examine the whole testicular concept rigorously, in the round. (Now, cough.) But gently!

Gently! For, as everyone knows or should quickly be advised, balls are not only potency's source but also the tenderest things known to man. Achilles' mother made him 99 percent immortal by holding him by the heel and dipping him in the river Styx. Mother Nature makes the average guy 99 percent tough by holding on to his 'nads. Back when these were a jealously guarded male property, the standard riposte to women who claimed that men knew no pain like that of childbirth was, "You ever get kicked in the balls?"

Actual testicles are also *homely*. Of all the external organs of man or woman, they look most like they ought to be internal. (No wonder that a starkly nude man is described as "balls naked" or "standing there with his balls hanging out.") If they grew on the backs of our necks, we would grow our hair long and wear high (soft) collars. Bulls' balls, hanging down like a heavy-rinded gourd and swaying gravely with the pace, are prepossessing, but human ones look like vaguely pulsing yolks inside a pouch made of neck wattle. Sort of fetal, yet sort of old. And here resides the force that through the green fuse drives the flower.

The surface of that pouch, the scrotum, is described by *Gray's Anatomy* as "very thin, of a brownish color and generally thrown into folds or rugae [not to be confused with *reggae*]. It is provided with sebaceous follicles, the secretion of which has a characteristic odor, and is beset with thinly scattered, crisp kinky hairs, the roots of which are visible through the skin." A fellow may well share, with a kindhearted friend, an affection for his balls at times, and may also take pleasure in them quietly at home, alone.

*A desirable thing for McHeather
Was tickling his balls with a feather.
But what he liked best
Of all the rest
Was knocking them gently together.*

Folks have been known, I have heard,

to put fish food on them and lower them into a guppy tank. Still, they are not the kind of thing you want to wear on your sleeve, or to take out and wave, in and of themselves, at strangers.

Testes might be prettier, but would be even more vulnerable, were they not cloaked five times anatomically. The scrotum comprises two layers: the integument (the thing with the odor and rugae) and the dartos tunic, which is made up of muscular fibers that are—I would say unregrettably—not striped. Then come three membranes: the cremasteric layer, the internal spermatic fascia and the *tunica vaginalis* (which, interestingly enough, is Latin for "pussy jacket," I believe). The outer layer of the testis itself—and this will come as no surprise to anyone who in adolescence suffered a condition of unrelieved excitement known as "love nuts" or "the blue balls"—is bluish white.

The reason males get sterile if the mumps "go down" into the balls is that this outer layer, the *tunica albuginea*, is so inflexible that when the inner ball swells against it, the tubules are damaged. Ovaries, on the other hand, can expand and ride mumps out. Another thing that can happen to balls is hernia—the intestinal lining ruptures and crowds down into the scrotum. One more thing before the reader's stones creep out of sight (they do rise toward the abdomen in response to fear): There has been nearly a 70 percent rise in testicular cancer in the U. S. since 1972. Some researchers suspect that too-tight bikini briefs are the cause. (Are you listening, Jim Palmer?) The good news—quickly—is that victims of this cancer can be cured in 95 to 100 percent of cases if it is caught early enough. (Look for lumps.)

Sumo wrestlers do exercises enabling them to retract their balls at will. The question remains: "Why are the testes located *outside* of the body?" I am quoting now from *The Missing Dimension in Sex*, by Herbert W. Armstrong, pastor general of the Worldwide Church of God.

The Great Architect had a very good reason—but men never learned this reason until quite recent times. . . . Today it is known that the cause was, simply, that these marvelous and mighty little "factories" generating human life do *not* perform their wonderful operation of producing *life-imparting* sperm cells at bodily temperature. They must be kept at a temperature several degrees lower! . . .

The scrotum . . . is made up of a kind of skin *different from any other* in man or woman! It is a non-conductor of heat! It is made up of folds. [Remember the rugae?] In cold temperatures . . . these folds



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shrink up, and draw the testes up tight against the body . . . lest the outside temperature becomes *too cold* for these marvelous little "laboratories."

But, in very *warm* weather, they stretch out, until the testes are dropped down a considerable distance farther from the warmer-than-normal body.

Thus, this scrotum . . . acts as an AUTOMATIC TEMPERATURE GAUGE! . . .

If you think "mother nature," blindly, and without mind, intelligence or knowledge, planned and worked all this out, you are welcome to your ridiculous opinion! It was not dumb and stupid "MOTHER nature"—it was the Supreme FATHER-GOD—who instructed CHRIST, who "spoke" and commanded, and the Holy Spirit was the POWER that brought it into being.

Men—even pastors general—tend to get defensive when discussing balls. And understandably so. Women, said Margaret Mead, are "much fiercer than men—they kick below the belt." That opens up a large area of discussion. You can look at it this way: Since decent men refrain from physically bullying women, and since they ungird their loins before women, it is cruel and perverse of women to undermine those loins, to be "castrating." Or you can look at it this way: Men have it both ways in the

battle of the sexes by exploiting their testosterone strengths, on the one hand, and by using their balls' sacred inviolability as a defensive weapon on the other.

Woman has been known to keep man down by self-fulfilling disparagement of his masculinity. Man has been known to batter woman and then to expect her not to damage his fragile ego (down there beneath the rugae) by telling anybody. A man who abuses women often justifies himself by calling them "ball breakers." A woman who takes pleasure in kicking men in the crotch, literally or figuratively, often justifies herself by calling them insensitive to any other kind of feeling. There is a real sense in which women have men by the balls, and there are real grounds for a cultural imperative against women's taking that advantage. But there is also a sense in which men have women by the lack of balls. Freud said that the female equivalent of the male fear of castration is fear of the loss of love. Maybe, if enough women wear Charlie perfume and get gold American Express cards, that will change.

It's a complex matter. Men may speak with relish, among themselves, of "real nut-cutting politics"—or at least I know a man to whom Richard Nixon once spoke thus. Nothing gets so sure-fire a laugh in a certain kind of movie as somebody's getting kneed in the balls. There is something almost *macho* about

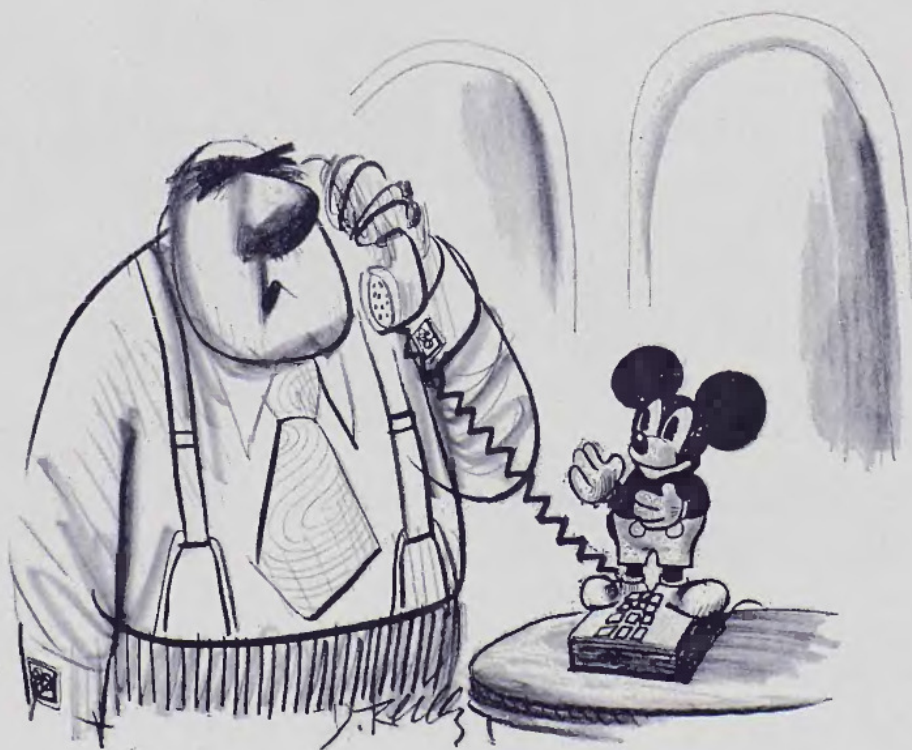
a baseball catcher rolling in the dirt around home plate from having caught a ball in the balls. (The Middle Irish for "testicle" was *uirge*.) As long as he is not crying.

Balls are big in sports. IT TAKES LEATHER BALLS TO PLAY RUGBY, the bumper sticker goes. To make every effort is to "go balls-out." Ballplayers are probably the only people who often scratch their balls, and adjust them, and hustle them, on national television. Baseball players sometimes amuse themselves by tapping teammates in the groin with a bat and crying, "Cup check!"—if the tapped teammate is wearing his aluminum cup, he is all right. Another thing a player may do is to take the cup out of a teammate's unattended jockstrap and replace it, in the little pocket where the cup goes, with something like a live frog. (A frog's testes, by the way, are attached to its kidneys. That may explain why it pees a third of its body weight every day. If frogs ever found out about beer. . . .) Pranksters may also put hot liniment in the part of the jock that makes contact with the rugae. In *The Bronx Zoo*, his memoir of a year with the Yankees, Sparky Lyle recalls what he once did during batting practice in Anaheim:

The gates had just opened, and I was in a crazy mood, so I zipped down my fly and took my nuts out. I was standing in the outfield in my uniform with my balls hanging out, shagging flies, having a good old time, and I must have been doing this for about five minutes until Cecil Upshaw noticed me. He cracked up. He was laughing so hard, he was drawing a lot of attention, so I stopped. I put my nuts back inside. The next day when I came to the ball park, [Manager Bill] Virdon called me into his office. He said, "I have a favor to ask of you." I said, "What's that, Bill?" He said, "Please don't shag balls in the outfield with your nuts hanging out anymore."

Balls are, I believe, the only sexual organ that people remove from animals and eat. Zorba the Greek ate goats' balls raw. Less ballsy people get together and enjoy the fried testes of calves (mountain oysters, prairie oysters, calf fries), roosters (rooster fries), pigs (hog nuts) and squirrels (squirrel nuts). All of these are good and taste different.

Schoolboys talk about balls a lot. "You got a ball?" "Yeah, I got two of them." *The Ruptured Chinaman*, by Wun Hung Lo. Man overboard yelling in a deep voice, "Help, help!" Then, in a high voice, "There's sharks in these waters!" Somehow or another, every boy by the age of ten has seen photographs of African natives with elephantiasis (always pronounced "elephantitus" by



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boys) of the balls. And he has heard stories of men who were tortured by having their balls clapped between bricks. And he knows of a teacher or a coach who is so big, and peculiar, because he elected years ago to have one ball removed—which is probably not what Andrew Marvell had in mind when he wrote, "Let us roll all our strength and all / Our sweetness up into one ball."

Students of the liberal arts also know ball lore. Errol Flynn gelded lambs with his teeth. Henry James's asexuality, if not his prose style, may have been the result of a genital injury suffered in youth. Legend has it that Jean-Luc Godard lost a testicle in an accident right before making the movie *Numero Deux*. The Hollywood producer Walter Wanger shot off one of the balls of an agent, Jennings Lang, in an L.A. parking lot, with regard to Wanger's then-wife, Joan Bennett. The French title of the Bertrand Blier film *Going Places*, in which one of the two leading characters is shot in the balls, is *Les Valseuses*, which literally means "the (female) waltzers" but is slang for balls. Picasso is said to have remarked of Michelangelo's *The Dying Slave*, "Look at the balls. They're so tiny. It says everything about Michelangelo." Picasso's are said to have been bigger than average.

Balls abound in figures of speech: Don't get them in an uproar. Wouldn't give him the sweat off mine. Get your rocks off. Brass ones. Nuts to you. Don't bust my balls. Make a balls of something. "Ballocks in brackets" is, according to Eric Partridge, "a low term of address to a bowlegged man." (The way orchids got their name, in case it has been bothering you, is that their roots look like testicles. Having only one ball is monorchidism. Having undescended balls is cryptorchidism.)

According to Stuart Berg Flexner in *I Hear America Talking*, men in this country commonly called testicles balls by the 1880s. Flexner cites such other terms for ballsiness as gumption, spunk, grit (from the early 1800s), sand (1870s), guts (1890) and backbone (1905). "Balls has meant manly courage since about 1935," says Flexner, who doesn't mention "ballys." *The Underground Dictionary*, 1971, defines "ballsey" (*sic*) as "very forward, aggressive and impulsive. When used to describe an aggressive female, it can have a negative or positive connotation, but it is always complimentary to males." Times change. "Aggressive" is still ambivalent when applied to women, but "ballys" now is not only favorable, it's almost tender.

When, around 1924, American newspapers came to grips with the "rejuvenation" craze (older men seeking renewed vigor through injections of goat-ball essence), the papers "found it necessary," wrote H. L. Mencken, "to invent

a new set of euphemisms. So far as I have been able to discover, not one of them ever printed the word *testicles*. A few ventured upon *gonads*, but the majority preferred *glands* or *interstitial glands*, with *sex glands* as an occasional variation." Not even Mencken ventures upon *balls*.

So perhaps it is not surprising that throughout most of American literature, balls have been conspicuous, if at all, by their absence. You have to read *The Sun Also Rises* carefully to realize that Jake Barnes has had his shot off in the war. "What happened to me is supposed to be funny," says the Hemingway man, keeping his cool, but he also mentions that an Italian officer saluted him in the hospital by saying, "You, a foreigner, an Englishman, have given more than your life."

But balls' low literary profile is more than a matter of prudery. You don't run into many testicular *symbols*, even, in any literature. Oh, maybe Tweedledum and Tweedledee; East Egg and West Egg; the first two strikes against Mighty Casey. But what are those few instances compared with all the dragons, snakes, mushrooms, fairies (the male ones that wear red caps, get into everything and shrink and grow unpredictably), trees, towers, guns, poles, rocket ships and umbrellas (not Mary Poppins', I guess) that betoken you know what?

Not even Freud finds much drama in balls, per se. He does propose that tripartite symbols such as the cloverleaf and the fleur-de-lis represent the whole male cluster. And he had a patient who was so afraid of being afraid of what he was *really* afraid of—being castrated by his father—that he preferred to be afraid of being devoured by a wolf. (Today, of course, analysts avoid lupine-ingestion phobia for fear of being diagnosed too brusquely.) But castration complexes run to dreams of long, upstanding things' being lopped off. To Freud, "the more striking and for both sexes the more interesting component of the genitals" is "the male organ."

The male organ, is it? So why doesn't anybody want to be called a prick, a schmuck or a real hard-on? Why is it *balls* that everybody wants to be?

Maybe we are just going through a phase. Maybe it will pass. Maybe the Balls Boom grows from a dawning awareness that the world cannot afford, now that the phallic warhead has grown so overwhelming, to let truly potent nations exercise their balls anymore. So everybody *talks* about balls. But *real* balls, as we have seen, don't call attention to themselves. It may be that all this talk is just a lot of balls.

I might point out, however, that it takes some balls to leave this business dangling on such a low *double-entendre*.



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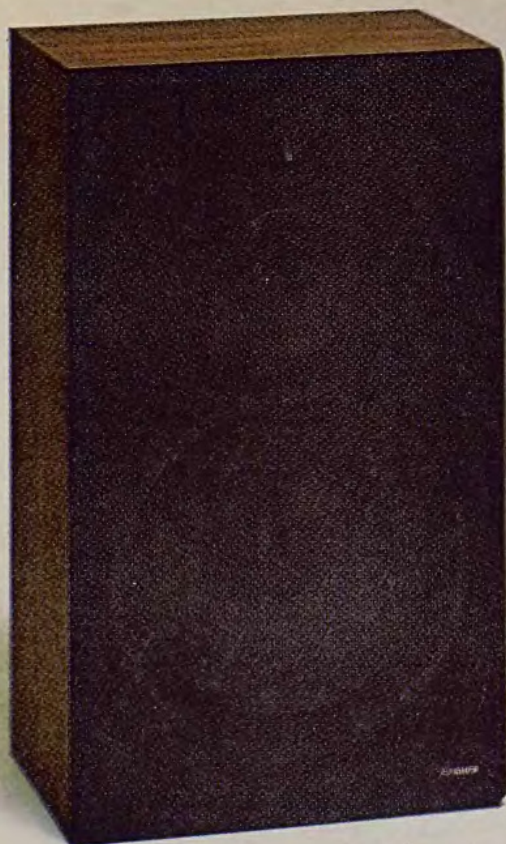
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"Someone slipped her a \$20 tip and Melani realized she'd stumbled across what she'd been looking for."

just had to see David Lee Roth," recalls Melani. "So I took the music to *Music! Music! Music!* and constructed a three-verse song about his manager." She got a friend to cover for her and, wearing the Philip Morris bellboy outfit given to all the elevator operators, barged into the party on the seventh floor, tap-dancing madly and singing at the top of her lungs. Although Roth wasn't there—and never did show up—her act was a success. The roomful of showbiz professionals gave her a rousing ovation, someone slipped her a \$20 tip and Melani realized that she had stumbled across the one thing she'd been looking for—a way to get her foot in the doors of numerous producers and casting agents and have them take notice, even involuntarily, of her talents.

At that moment, Merry Melani's Singing Telegram service was born, a company with two important objectives—to make money and to get Melani discovered.

"I went to Paul Aratow, the producer

of *Sheena* [an upcoming film], one day and started to sing," explains Melani. "He said, 'We didn't order a singing telegram,' and I said, 'I know, but I just heard you were casting for *Sheena*.' He loved it." Other producers, agents and directors, including Hugh Hefner, found themselves facing the same treatment—an unsolicited singing telegram. Her costumes varied—once she wore a gorilla suit and tap-danced on roller skates—but the songs were almost always customized Broadway tunes. For Hef, she spruced up an old stand-by into *A Contract Is a Girl's Best Friend*.

So far, Melani's energetic persistence has led to a few bit parts and walk-ons in such forgettable works as *The Jayne Mansfield Story* and *Roller Boogie*, but not the big break she has been hoping for. Her energy is undiminished.

At 19, Melani's been flirting with show business for 12 years, long enough to know its pitfalls. Her first performance, at the age of seven, was with the street performers in San Francisco's

Union Square. Her mother let her watch for hours and finally allowed her to take part. Melani would mimic the steps of the tap dancer, her first lessons in dance.

Those lessons became formalized a year later when Melani and her widowed mother moved south to Santa Monica. To hear her tell it, her life resembled a sketch from *A Chorus Line*, with classes becoming a refuge from an unhappy home life. "As long as I could get to my dance class, I knew I had a goal," she recalls.

That goal became all-consuming, driving an even wider wedge between Melani and her mother. She studied at Danny Daniels' Dance America and was told by her teacher that if she could learn to tap-dance while jumping rope, he could get her a job touring with a revue. "I locked myself in a room with a jump rope and didn't come out for days," she claims. With that, at the age of 16, she left home for good, setting her sights on stardom. She got close to her goal the next year with a gig as a showgirl in Las Vegas—until the fateful day that the hotel learned she was underage. "You've never seen a more upset manager put a frightened little girl on a plane so fast in your life," she says.

When the plane landed in L.A., she was alone, with no family and no job. "All my illusions about show business were shattered," she says, and she found herself back where her dream had begun, with street performers, this time in Westwood, a lively community near UCLA that houses more than a dozen first-run movie theaters. Friday and Saturday nights turn Westwood into a miniature Manhattan; throngs of moviegoers and college students fill the sidewalks, making it the perfect stage for mimes, jugglers, would-be singers and even fire-eaters.

"I'd get there early, put down my hat and start singing. I know more than 100 top Broadway tunes, so the show never got dull," she explains. "In four hours, I could make \$60."

When a chance to get into the Tracy Roberts Actors Workshop came up, Melani had to forsake Westwood for night classes and she began working a series of odd jobs to pay her tuition. She worked as a housekeeper and salesperson before landing the elevator job at Berwin, a post she kept for a year while she sang her singing telegrams and waited patiently for her one big break. Although that's yet to happen, at least some of Melani's persistence has paid off. She finally met David Lee Roth when he boarded her elevator to take a ride up to his manager's office. "When I saw him, I clammed right up," she reports. "I bet if I got to know him, I wouldn't even like him."



"You mean all that talk about being a swordsman, and you're just into fencing?"

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*After all, if smoking
isn't a pleasure, why bother?*



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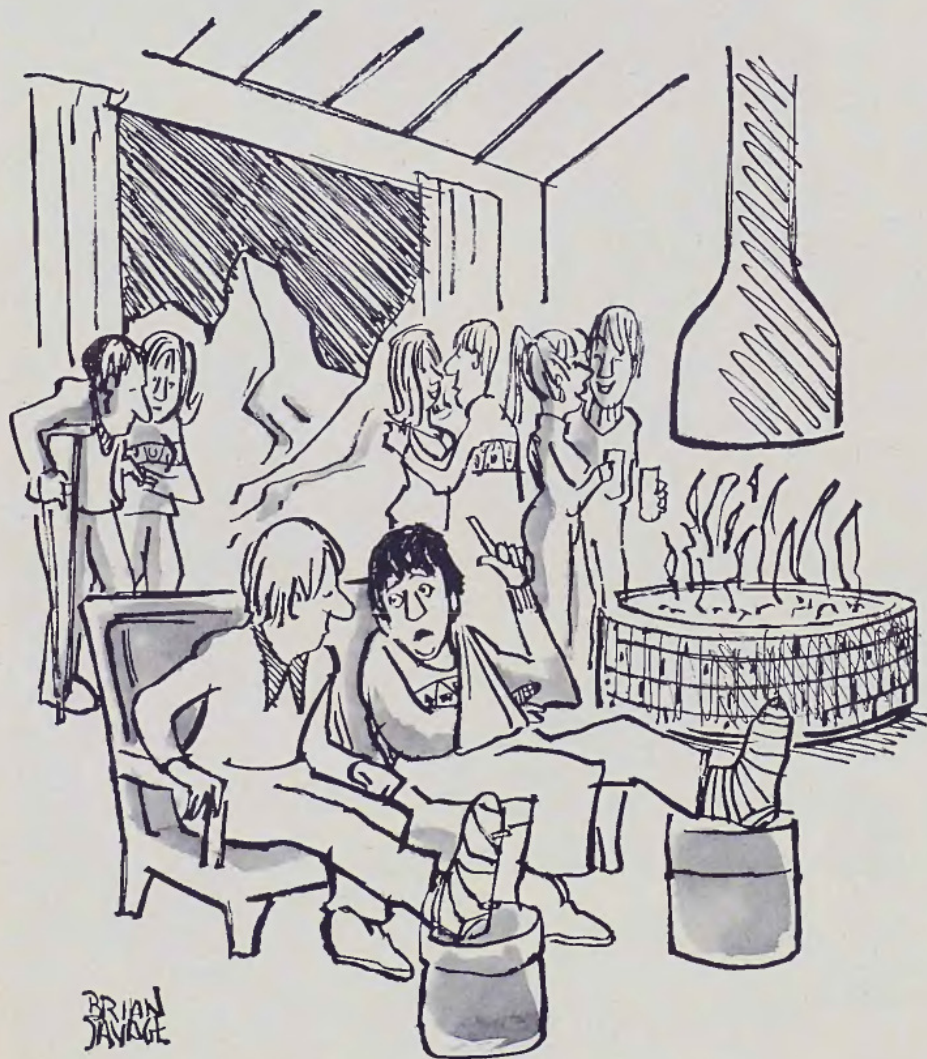
(continued from page 114)

"She barely felt the multitude of hands which kept stroking her calves and thighs and breasts."

place attracted people who came there to use its stark, savage spaces for their stark and savage rituals. It was a gathering place for people who dressed in leather or rubber; for women who wore heavy make-up and high stiletto heels and were accompanied by anemic-looking lovers in sweatshirts and shorts; for men in tank tops and shorts who liked to show off their muscular bodies, as well as the frail beauty of their scantily clad, if clad at all, female or male lovers; for people seeking partners who were as wild and momentary as the love they craved and whose only real stimulus to intimacy was to be found among a steady stream of strangers. At Dead Heat the beautiful mingled with the deformed, the old with the young, the

naked with the clothed.

Donna would sit with Marcello at the bar or at a table off to one side, or she would cruise with him through the corridors, talking little, watching the other patrons. Whenever Marcello noticed a couple—a man and a woman, two women or two men—straying from the main room and starting to make their way to the Jam Session, he and Donna, and others, would calmly follow. The couple would go into one of the empty rooms off the corridor and start to stroke each other, and immediately the other men and women, as many as the room could hold, would press in around them and watch in silence, like a huge predator the lovers could not escape even if they'd wanted to.



BRIAN SAVAGE

"It was right after the hairpin turn on the lower slope. Where did you get mugged?"

The first time Marcello took Donna to Dead Heat, she was surprised to see how many of the people there—particularly the men—knew him. They came up to him and shook hands or waved at him from across the room, or they pointed Marcello out, whispering to one another or to their female dates as if he were a celebrity. When she asked him what he had done to be so popular, Marcello told her that he was one of the Dead Heat regulars and that the people there were simply friendly.

One night, after they had had a drink or two at the bar, Marcello slowly got up, took her hand and led her down one of the dark corridors. As she followed him obediently, she could feel the presence of a crowd behind them, somber whispering bulks, a moving forest of silent male and female trunks, an excited eager procession escorting her to the outermost reaches of imagining.

Pushing her gently ahead of him, Marcello turned her into a large room at the end of the corridor. He lifted her by her hips as he might lift a keg and set her on a table near the far wall. She closed her eyes. He rolled her dress up over her breasts and neck and pulled down her panties, and as they slipped over her feet, he spread her legs. Rubbing his groin against hers, he massaged her breasts, and with her eyes still closed, she joined him in a long kiss. She sensed the crowd in the room, hovering and sullen at first, almost silent, like frothing foam, then stirring, coming nearer, tightening their circle around the table. When she opened her eyes, she saw them all staring at her from the darkness. With no warning, Marcello slid into her, and as she folded her hands around his neck, she screamed in pain and pleasure. The crowd made a noise, too, a single long sigh. As Marcello pushed rapidly and insistently in and out of her, opening her like a fresh wound, the faces in the crowd all came nearer, like sentries closing their ranks, until they pressed against the two of them. Engrossed in the feelings aroused in her by Marcello, she barely felt the multitude of hands on her, hands which kept on feeling her feet, stroking her calves and thighs and breasts, brushing over her shoulders, caressing her hair, her neck and cheeks. Lost in a single sensation, her body one with the body of the man driving into her, she could feel herself drifting away, a mass glowing with its own heat, and she felt she was leaving this swarm of lifeless figures who could only gaze at her from afar, from the cage they could not leave.

Donna looked at Domostroy, trying to gauge how he had judged her.

"Later, when it all ended," she went on, "and Marcello and I returned to the bar, I was still excited. My whole body still oozed sex, and I spun from one orgasm to the next. Like heartbeats,

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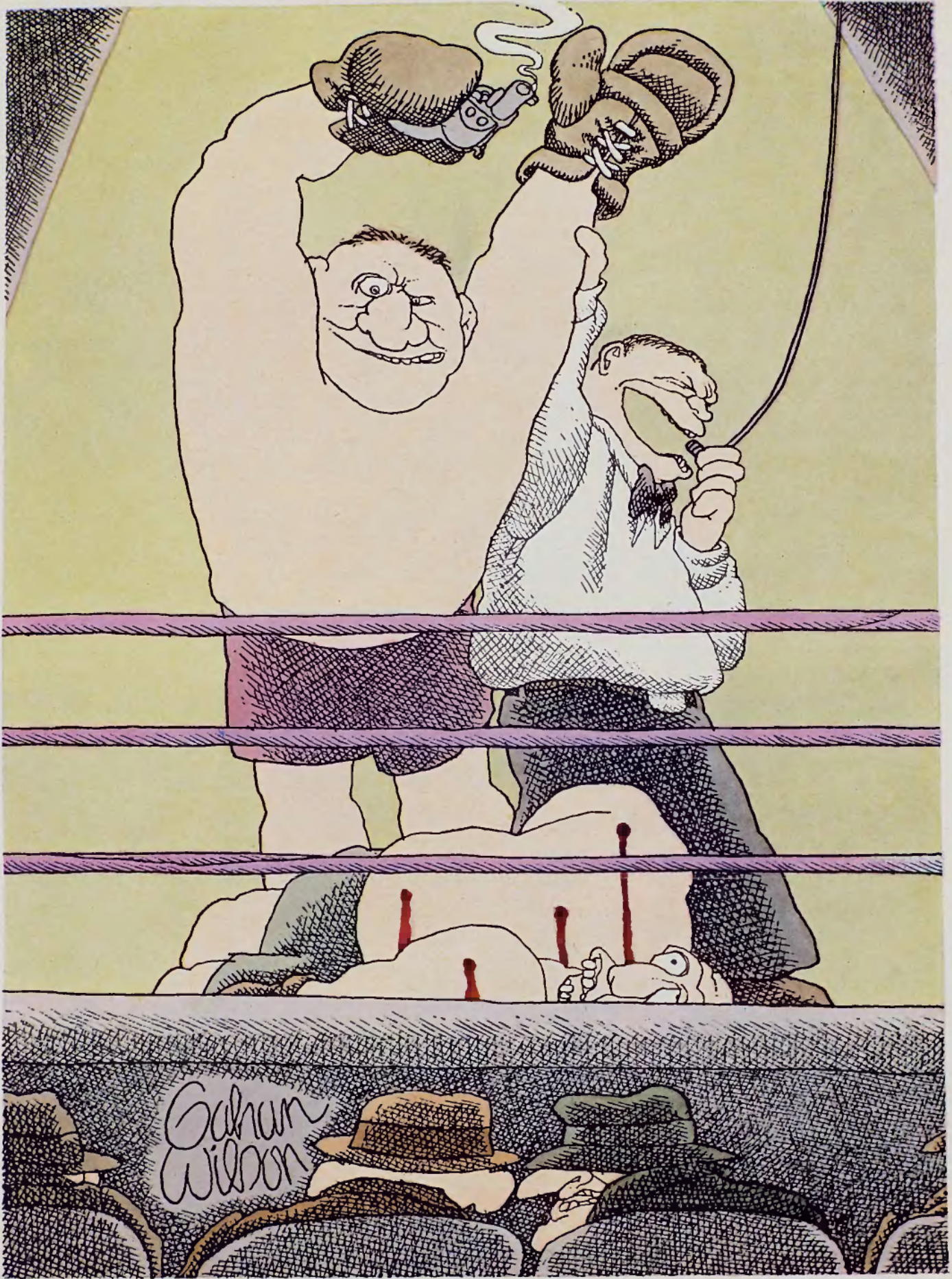
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they kept on coming—for as long as he kept on touching me, for as long as I wanted to go on." She halted. "And I didn't mind having people around, either. I felt there was something sad in all those men and women cruising alone, back and forth through the Dead Heat, in all those couples who embraced but couldn't really touch each other, and in all those women who dress like men and those men who maybe should have been born women. Sometimes I wanted to laugh at them. Such pathetic creeps, I thought, such spiritual nobodies, such sexual frauds. But when I looked at them again, I felt I could cry for every one of them, so lonely, so desperate, condemned to watch love they themselves could not—or were afraid to—touch.

"It must take courage for them to come to this awful pit, I thought, to these bowels of sex, and by coming here to acknowledge to themselves and to others that watching Marcello and me and other couples like us was the only way they could participate in love, the only way to hear its music—even if they couldn't play it themselves."

The next time Marcello took her to Dead Heat, he led her again into the Jam Session, and again the quiet footsteps of strangers followed them in the hazy distance. This time, he turned and backed into one of the largest vaults—damp, rectangular, empty of stools—and, turning her around, pulled her in after him. When his back touched the far wall, he continued to pull her, unresisting, until her back was pressed tightly against his chest and groin. Then, facing the human mass that moved relentlessly in on them from the corridor, she could feel Marcello behind her, his hands under her skirt caressing her ever so faintly, while in the bleak half-light the crowd stared, quiet, enrapt. Then, at last, he sank into her from behind and she yielded to the sensation of him in her and leaned down and back and onto him. Donna's blouse was unbuttoned, her wraparound skirt spread open behind her, falling primly in front like an apron or a shield. As she felt herself following his movement, the crowd moaned. Her flesh sealed with his, she swayed back and forth with him, lingering in the moment, clinging to his flesh convulsively, while the crowd jammed clumsily into the black cavity of the vault until they threatened to fill every inch of it. Like a monstrous centipede, men and women, breathing and sweating and pungent in the darkness, groped for her breasts and belly and thighs and face. She couldn't hold them off, and Marcello's hands had rescued her, roughly maneuvering the intruders away, one after another, slamming the door to her shut, the door that a moment before he had so willingly opened.

Donna glanced at Domostroy and



"Try and tell me that referee wasn't paid off!"

went on talking, as if she were reluctant to give him time to speak. In the weeks that followed, she said, she often asked Marcello why he kept wanting to return to Dead Heat and make love to her there in front of strangers.

"Marcello told me he was not like most men, who need privacy for their sexual intimacies. He said he could get sexually high only by making love to me in the presence of strangers. To him, the real excitement of sex came from bridging the sexual distance between lovers, not at home, where there was nothing—and no one—to distract them, but in places like Dead Heat, where their intimacy was constantly tested, onstage, on trial, almost under siege.

"Making love to me at Dead Heat, he said, was like walking a high wire without a net. Even the prospect of going there aroused him. He always wondered what the sex would be like on a particular night: whether there would be many 'eunuchs'—single, docile men who would kneel in front of me on his command and kiss my feet—or 'cannibals'—those dominant sex freaks of the Jam Session who were always ready to snatch me away and, before Marcello could find me, get to me all the way, one after another, as they had often done with other men and women.

"If I went along with Marcello for

such a long time, it was because, with him, I had begun to think of myself as more alive than ever and of him no longer as my lover but as one of those who watched me from the darkness.

"But," Donna went on, "Marcello kept on swearing that he loved me, saying that if I loved him too. I shouldn't be put off by what we'd done at Dead Heat. He said that even though he made love to me in front of the people there, I should know that all they could do was watch. His body was between theirs and mine, and as for them touching me, didn't the sand touch me too when I lay on the beach? These people, he said, were human sand. He told me I was, sexually, the only woman in his life; he was freer and more fulfilled with me than he had ever been with any other woman."

Donna admitted she never knew much about his whereabouts during the day. While she was at Juilliard or practicing at home, his video jobs kept him moving around, and on the few occasions when she did try to phone him at the number he gave her, no one ever answered. Eventually, they agreed that he should move in with her, and when he did she was astonished at how few belongings he brought with him—one suit, a few shirts, two pairs of slacks, two pairs of shoes, and a toilet kit. Was that all there was? she wondered. Then she

noticed that he didn't carry any credit cards, or a driver's license, or even an address book, and he never got any phone calls or received any mail. When she asked him about this, he said he was a free-lancer, successful enough to be free of such mundane things as appointment books and monthly bills. He insisted on being paid in cash, he said, and he paid cash for everything he bought.

He was an indefatigable lover, and Donna found his lovemaking so spontaneous, his orgasms so frequent, his sperm so plentiful, that she never doubted that he was faithful to her. Moreover, she never detected on him the slightest trace of any perfume or lipstick or powder but her own.

Then, one day, said Donna, Andrea Gwynplaine, a fellow student at Juilliard, invited her and some other students over to the apartment of Chick Mercurio, Andrea's boyfriend, to see *Ode to Joy*, a porno flick that was supposed to be a parody of a Broadway musical. When the movie started, Marcello—billed as Dick Longo in the credits—appeared on the screen, naked, in front of a mirror in a theater dressing room, masturbating himself with one hand and a grotesquely fat, platinum-blond woman with the other.

The shock was so sudden, so extreme, that for a moment she refused to

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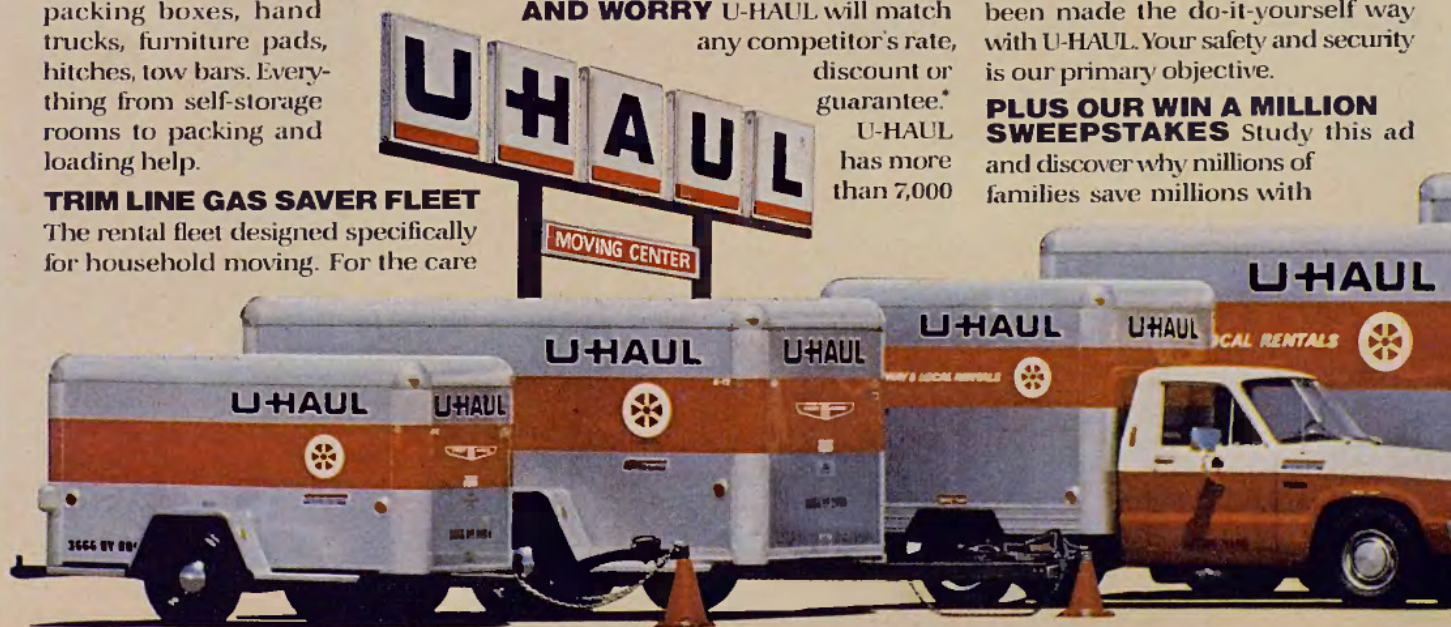
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believe the evidence before her. But she kept on watching as Dick Longo went through a string of sleazy starlets, demonstrating his—apparently proverbial—ability to produce a fresh orgasm at every twist of the flick's idiotic plot. As Andrea and her boyfriend and the other students in the darkened room cheered the hotter moments of the film and made crude jokes about bodily parts of its stars, Donna slowly realized that it was she, not Dick Longo, who was the main star of the screening.

When the lights came back on, none of those in the room indicated to Donna in any way that they had recognized Dick Longo as her boyfriend, Marcello. For their added amusement, Andrea began to distribute Xerox copies of a porno magazine interview with Dick Longo, profusely illustrated with stills from his movie, in which the star admitted to having made hundreds of porno loops every year for the past three or four years and boasted that not a single working day of that time had passed without his having had—on cue, in front of the camera—at least a couple of orgasms. Sensing the other students gazing furtively at her, Donna said, she felt naked before them, as if they were the strangers of the Dead Heat who had just succeeded in raping her.

Donna paused and looked at Domostroy, expecting some reaction, but he

sat motionless, crushed and disarmed. He was wondering whether Andrea had told him the truth when she said that Donna went right on living with Marcello long after she discovered that he was Dick Longo. If it were true, what hellish need in her, Domostroy wondered, could have made her punish herself so? What was Donna's private ode to joy?

As if sensing his thoughts, Donna continued her story. She said that she went home after the screening and waited for Marcello to show up. She knew just what she would do when he entered, clean and freshly shaven and amorous as usual. She would grab a kitchen knife, the longest one she had, and, like an addict in a rage, she would stab and slash and cut him as long as his body kept on jerking and twitching and turning, until his blood filled his lungs and throat and drowned out the last gurgle of his life.

But, she said, when at last he did come home, freshly bathed, smelling of cologne, sporting a new haircut and wanting to kiss her exactly as she had imagined, all she could manage to do was ask him, just like that, why in all their time together he had never told her that every day, when he left her, he went off to fuck all those white and black and yellow cunts, front and back,

one after another, one next to the other, one on top of the other, on cue in front of a camera, to be paid in cash for every orgasm—all during the time he was supposed to be in love with her.

All he answered was that, as he had told her from the start, he loved only her. He said that fucking all those countless cunts was his job; that when he was with them, his prick was no different from a masseur's hand; and that only with Donna had he been able to bridge that sexual distance which, until he had met her, had remained open like a chasm between himself and the dead heat of his life.

She neither screamed nor kicked him out, nor did she end the relationship until several more months had passed.

With sudden clarity, she saw that during those months together it was she who, with palpable abandon, had been using him in order to experience herself through him, to bridge the sexual expanse that, before she met him, she had felt gaping open in her. Now, because of what she had learned from him, that distance was bridged, and she was whole. Marcello had been, she said, nothing but a bystander in the process, one more lecherous paw reaching out to touch her from the dark recesses of Dead Heat.

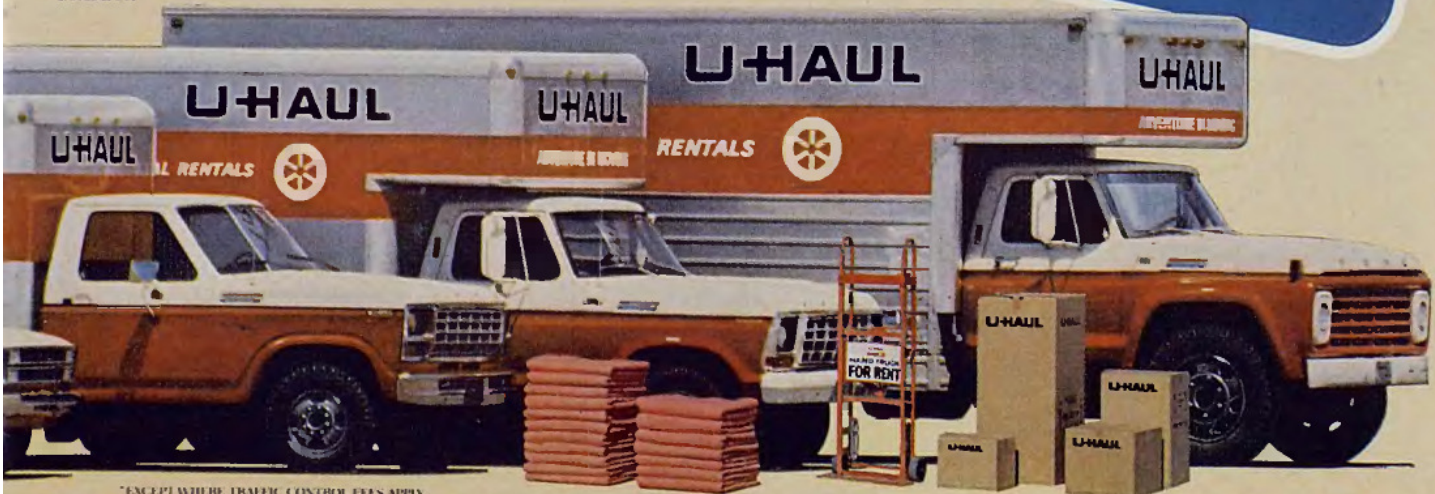


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*EXCEPT WHERE TRAFFIC CONTROL FEES APPLY

BOOM DREAMS

(continued from page 166)

"If you got long hair, you have to watch out for the cowboys... the guys with pointy boots and bowlegs."

"Hardest thing about the job is staying awake," said Burt.

Wild Bill said he thought burglary was probably the number-one crime in Gillette. "Everybody I know has had something ripped off—stereos, that sort of thing. Somebody just stole a Harley engine and transmission from me."

"Out of your garage?" I asked him.

"Out of my living room," he said.

"If you got long hair," said Scortch,

looking at my mop, "you have to watch out for the cowboys. I don't mean the urban cowboys, neither. I mean the guys with the pointy boots and the bowlegs who drive around in their pickups with a deer rifle behind their head and a .357 Magnum sitting right out on the dashboard. You don't want to fuck with them."

When I asked about the shortage of women, some of them laughed and some

of them just shook their heads.

"It's probably only five or six to one these days," said Wild Bill. "Which is plenty bad enough, because there ain't no whorehouses of any kind around here. Nothing. So you have to work with what you got, which is one of the reasons there are so many fights. Makes things very tense. You *have* to see ladies' night at the Ramada while you're here. Definitely one of the high points of the week."

That afternoon, I drove Scortch downtown to the brand-new Campbell County Courthouse and watched as his young lawyer made a deal with the D.A. for a reduction of the charge. It turned out, according to state tests, that the powder he had been busted with was not heroin, as the sheriff's lab had said, but a brown amphetamine dust called peanut-butter crank, which is what Scortch had said it was all along. He pleaded guilty to possession of a controlled substance, and a young, bearded judge gave him a \$110 fine and 90 days' probation on drug-related offenses. His lawyer charged him a grand.

I was staying at the Ramada, a completely unremarkable set of two-story buildings surrounded by several empty acres of asphalt, and 100 yards from the main railroad line, which rumbles and rings and whistles with coal trains 24 hours a day.

About eight o'clock that evening, I walked through a cold wind and a light snow to the bar that is called the Gay Nineties. Bolted to the wall just outside the door are four slightly redundant wooden signs, each with a short warning burned onto it. FIGHTS FOUL OUT OR BE PROSECUTED, says the first, and next to it, NO HATS ON, ONLY DRESS SHOES AND BOOTS, and below that, PLEASE RESPECT OTHERS, FIGHTS FOUL OUT AND DRESS CODE ENFORCED, NEAT AND CLEAN.

Inside the large room, things were still pretty quiet. Three women bartenders filled the coolers with beer, while the manager set up a bar without a cash register at the back of the room. Small groups of men wandered in, looking as if they had just shaved, showered and picked out their best shirts. The few women who came in early were dressed in designer jeans and tops, and they moved as if they had been through this before. While the men watched them openly, they watched the men, being careful not to catch their eyes.

By 8:30, the flashing lights under the floor of the disco-style dance pit had been turned on and the staff was bracing itself for the crush. A man on an elevated platform began to play rock-'n'-roll records, but nobody got up to dance. Next to him on a small stage, a six-piece



"Not only am I against evolution but I'm not so sure about gravity and relativity, either."



Take a shot at making your lucky lass a winner.

Schlitz is looking for pictures of the fairest lasses in the land. It's the Schlitz Miss I'Rish photo contest. Some lucky lady will be crowned Miss I'Rish 1983. And it could be someone you know.

Miss I'Rish will be awarded a \$2,000 modeling fee and she'll be featured in next year's "I'Rish I Had A Schlitz" merchandising campaign. The two runners up receive a \$750.00 modeling fee.

Schlitz flies the three finalists to Milwaukee for a photo session and final judging. The Photography Director of PLAYBOY selects the winner.

Take a shot at it. Enter a photo of your favorite Colleen today. All entries must be postmarked no later than April 17, 1982. So be quick about it, lad!

Here's how you enter:

1. To enter the contest, your favorite lass must consent by signing the entry blank. Send a clear color photograph of her with a completed entry form or a 3" x 5" card with her name, address, telephone number, age, eye color and hair color, and mail to "I'Rish I Had A Schlitz" Contest, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, 235 West Galena Street (M.D.3202), Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53212.

2. Your Miss I'Rish should be photographed in her favorite Irish outfit. All color photographs must be at least 3" x 3" but no larger than 8" x 10". They become the property of the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company and will not be returned.

3. Entries must be postmarked by April 17, 1982 and received by May 1, 1982. You may enter once.

4. Your favorite lass must be of legal drinking age in her state of residence and state of submission at the time of entry. Employees and their families of the

Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, its distributors, affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising agencies, and of PLAYBOY, and retail licensees, are not eligible. Proof of eligibility may be required.

5. The "I'Rish I Had A Schlitz" Colleen will be chosen by the independent Photography Director of PLAYBOY Magazine, whose decision will be final. The finalists will be flown to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where their photographs will be taken by the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company. All expenses will be paid for the "I'Rish I Had A Schlitz" finalists' stay in Milwaukee, and they'll be required to execute a model's release.

6. The winning Colleen will be chosen by May 28, 1982, and notified by June 11, 1982.

7. No purchase is necessary to enter. Void where prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply.

NAME	(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)	AGE
ADDRESS		
CITY	STATE	ZIP
() TELEPHONE	EYE COLOR	HAIR COLOR

SIGNATURE OF PHOTOGRAPHED ENTRANT

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combo began setting up its instruments and adjusting the spotlights. More men drifted in. Then the bouncer arrived: 6'2", about 275 pounds, wearing jeans tucked into heavy boots, a black-satin jacket with a Harley-Davidson eagle on the back and, under one arm, a billy club that looked like a shovel handle that had been sawed or bitten off. Her name is Joey and she is very famous. The gang I had been with that afternoon told me they had seen her hustle a couple of big oil hands out the door one night by the collars of their down vests. They also told me she is a very nice person when she is off duty. She ditched her club in the stock room, then took a tour of the floor as if she were John Matuszak, which she basically is.

At exactly nine, the price of a drink for a man went up to \$2.25, the free bar was opened and the women began to arrive as if they were grunion that had been waiting offshore for the moon to become full. Almost all of them were in their early 20s, some plain, some pretty, and as they found seats at the large round tables, they waved to friends and checked out the new faces. Within ten minutes, every seat and most of the standing room was taken. It looked to be about 300 people, maybe more, and just about the time movement of any kind became impossible, the man at the door began letting people in only when someone went out.

The band, which looked and sounded like Las Vegas rejects, began with an easy-listening set. There were angry calls for rock 'n' roll, but slowly the dance floor filled with couples, most of whom smiled at each other as if they were strangers. Joey patrolled the room with a scowl. The ladies lined up six deep at the free bar and then squeezed, bumped and slithered back to their tables through the tight thicket of hungry male bodies. For the most part, they seemed to ignore what was happening to them in the deeper parts of the human forest, though now and then, a particularly drunken or desperate pair of hands provoked a tough look or rough words from one of the women.

The waitresses arrived back at the bar straightening their clothes, swearing and warning each other away from the hornier sectors of the room. They left holding ten and 12 drinks on a tray over their heads and shifting their hips the way running backs do.

By 11, ladies' night seemed to be doing its job. The room had mixed and heated, and those who were going home with someone had staked their claims and were working them hard. The rest were putting the final touches on a drunk that was going to help them forget they were going home alone.

There were no fights I saw that ladies' night. There was at least one tense

moment, though, when a pretty little brunette bartender leaned across the bottle wells toward a 'Lude-stupid drunk and offered to have Joey over to kick his ass if he didn't stop yelling and pounding the bar. For just a second, he looked at her as if he might do something ungentlemanly. He didn't, but I couldn't help thinking as I watched the bartender go back to washing her glasses that the most dangerous jobs in town probably weren't on the rigs or in the coalpits and probably didn't belong to the men.

In fact, almost every bartender I saw in Gillette was a woman, and all of them ran their bars with ease and with the confidence of a protected species.

One evening later in the week, Burt introduced me to a bright-eyed and savvy waitress at the country-and-western bar called The Mine Shaft. Her name was Terra, she was 25 years old and she had been in town two years. When I asked her what it was like to be a woman in Razor City, she said I ought to sit down with her and a friend named Robin and they would tell me all about it.

Both of them turned out to be from California, Terra from Sonoma, Robin from Seal Beach, and they said they'd met in the bathroom one ladies' night at the Ramada. They laughed as they reminded each other of the details, and both of them said that the friendship they struck up that night was the only thing that had brought them through what Robin called "this strange paragraph of life."

Terra had been in town two months when they met, and she had a job at Powder River Explosives for five dollars an hour. Robin had just arrived in town, and that night Terra introduced her to the boss at the explosives plant. He and Robin danced one dance and he offered her a job.

The two of them worked for six months filling 50-pound bags with the volatile mixture of ammonium nitrate and diesel fuel, then tamping the bags, then loading them onto trucks.

"It was crazy," Terra said. "We'd get up in the morning, usually hung over, then we'd smoke a joint—you *had* to get high—then we'd go out there and laugh at each other throwing these heavy bags around all day. We must have gone through a ton of that rub for sore muscles, because we were growing muscles we never grew before and it was *pain*."

"It was *different*," said Robin. "I never did anything physical before, just mental and technical. It was the first time I ever got home from work looking and feeling like I'd put in a full day. It's a good feeling."

From there, the two of them took jobs at The Mine Shaft.

"It's like a combat zone on the floor,"

Terra said. "The guys grab you, and pinch you, and *bite* you, to the point that you have to spill a whole tray full of drinks on their heads just to cool them down. And every time a fight breaks out, I swear I'm right in the middle of it. I've been hit two times in that bar trying to break up fights."

Robin was laughing. "It's like the wild, wild West," she said. "It really is. One night, some fool tied his truck to The Mine Shaft sign, took off, ripped the sign out, ripped the whole corner of the building off."

Both of them told me that if I moved from California to Wyoming, it would be like going into slow motion.

They said the people talked slower, that the traffic in town crept along and that the music and the clothes were two years behind things on the Coast. But both of them said they liked it that way for a change.

When I asked them what it was like to be outnumbered the way they were, both of them laughed as if they could have talked for a week and told me only the half of it.

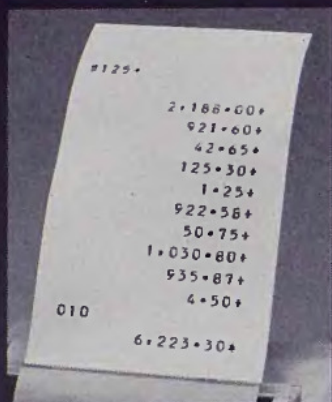
"Some of the girls can handle it and some can't," said Terra. "I'd say most of them are bad-ass enough to deal with more than one guy. For some of them, though, it's their first time away from home and they go crazy—kids in a candy store. These guys have no girlfriends, remember, and lots of money, and they'll buy you the world for a night. They don't tell you that till morning, of course. But it's tough, in a way, because the guys who really have their shit together are here to make money so they can go someplace they want to be. They stay here for a few years and work their butts off, and they don't want to get into a serious relationship, because they know they're going to leave. And those are the good ones, the nice ones. I mean, I get asked out a hundred times a night at the bar, but by the end of my shift, there might be two guys left . . . *wobbling*. And I don't want somebody I'm going to have to carry out to the car."

"When you do hook up with guys around here," said Robin, "they're very possessive. They think a woman's place is at home cooking and slopping the pigs. They don't even want you to *work*. And I've seen guys jump out of their trucks in the middle of the road to go after somebody who just *looked* a little too hard at their girlfriend."

"You especially have to watch yourself around the cowboys," said Terra. "The guys with the permanent Skoal mark worn into their back pockets, who work on the land around here and come into town maybe once a week. I was in a 7-Eleven one time during Cowboy Days, a very *macho* time around here. It was shift change, so there were about 100 guys in there, and one of them looked at

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my shoulder and saw the butterfly I have there and he says, 'Only whores have tattoos.' So I said, 'Only cowboys suck the big one,' or something like that, and this guy grabbed me by the arm, spun me around and *jacked my jaw*. I mean, laid me *out*. I couldn't believe it."

"She got home," said Robin, "and the whole side of her face was puffed up, her eye was closed. We *laughed*. Sometimes we look at each other and just break up. 'We're still here,' we say. 'What the hell are we doing?'"

"But it's an adventure," said Terra.

"A one-time thing," Robin put in. "Not like anyplace I've ever been. Something we'll remember all our lives, something we can tell our grandchildren about."

"This place is right out of a Western movie," Terra said finally. "You think these things don't happen anymore, but they do. Right here."

Wyoming ranks last in the continental Union if you line the states up by population. In fact, even with the energy boom, there are fewer people in the whole state than there are in the city of Tucson, Arizona, and now and then during my week in Gillette, that emptiness was made graphic. One morning, Lee and I rode east out of town toward an oil rig I'd asked to see. We were on Interstate 90, a four-lane freeway, when we passed a guy with a bandanna for a hat who was skate-boarding happily down the slow lane. Now and then, he made a casual glance back over his shoulder, but he didn't seem very worried. He waved when we went by.

Ten miles from town, we turned south onto a well-graded dirt road, then for another ten miles we dragged a huge rust-colored dust plume behind us as we rolled past barbed wire, sagebrush, cattle, horses, windmills and power poles.

"Red dirt and brown grass," Lee said. "You'd think it would be pretty, but it sure ain't."

Lee had friends on the rig we were headed for, and when it came into view, we turned off onto a short access road and parked among the pickups. The wind was up and it was *cold*. The five-man crew was dressed in insulated jump suits and hard hats with ear flaps. They were cementing when we arrived, and Lee's friends were on the ground under the deck, mucking the thick gray overflow with shovels. We slogged through the awful mud, then climbed a ladder onto the deck, where Lee had to shout over the roar of two big G.M.C. engines as he pointed around at the big pipes, chains, collars and clamps that remind you these men are essentially plumbers. The air on the deck was rotten with diesel fumes and the smell of earthy gases coming up from the hole, and by the time we had been on the rig for 20 minutes, I couldn't feel my fingers for



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the cold, and my head ached from the noise and the smell.

Back in the car, I grumbled about the mud I couldn't shake, or bang, or scrape off my boots.

"You don't wear any clothes into the patch that you want to use for anything else," Lee told me. "If you go into the laundromats in town, you'll see big signs on certain machines that say, GREASERS, because if you put your regular clothes in a machine that's washed oil clothes, they come out looking like dirt and smelling like diesel."

I told him I thought getting that dirty every day would take a lot of getting used to.

"I don't mind getting dirty," he said, "because I guess I never had a job where I didn't. But you do it for the money. Last year, I worked as a worm and a chain hand, the bottom two jobs on the rig, and I made \$25,000. 'Course, I went home to Minnesota and my father said, 'What have you got to show for it?' and I didn't have nothing. I keep telling myself I'm going to get one more big check and take off, but I never do. Still, I hate to think of myself growing old in the patch."

On our way back to town, we made another dirt-road detour to a rig where Lee thought he might be able to get some work. When we got there, the driller told him yes, chances were good. He was exactly one man short, he said, because that morning his chain hand had been blown across the rig in a minor pressure explosion. They weren't sure how badly he was hurt, but he was in the hospital, having his ribs checked and his head X-rayed.

I dropped Lee north of town in a subdivision of hurry-up houses called Rawhide Village. On the way in, I said something about prefabricated houses' being to houses what TV dinners are to dinners.

"You can stand in the basement of one of these places," he said, "and if you talk in a normal voice, they can hear you perfectly in the living room. And last summer, I brought a girlfriend of mine out here from Minnesota, just a little girl, no power to her at all, and we were sitting in bed and I said something funny, and she threw her head back laughing and punched a hole right in the wall."

"We're not here to rape, pillage and burn the prairie," Ed Calahan told me as we drove down a meticulously kept dirt road into the huge pit they call the Belle Ayr Mine. Calahan is the manager of Belle Ayr, the largest coal mine in the U.S. and one of 16 near Gillette. He was pointing out the window at 540 acres of hilly grassland that had been returned to its original topography and ecology after the coal had been mined out from under it. "We

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harvest 40 kinds of wild seed for replanting," he said. "We even put the rocks back."

I was looking hard to see if I could tell the difference between the reclaimed land and the untouched prairie adjacent to it, but I couldn't. Except, maybe, for the rocks. Somehow, nature strews its boulders less carefully than man, and the rocks on the re-created land looked like they might have been placed by Japanese gardeners. All in all, though, it looks very good, and is a tribute to what man can do if he is forced to. Environmentalists say that this kind of reclamation is likely to sink and slide under the first really heavy rains, but they don't get many of those around this arid country, so nobody really knows what the land here will look like in 100 years.

The working end of the mine is a huge open slash 100 feet deep, and it is alive with a relentless traffic of monster dump trucks that come and go from the huge power shovels as they tear at the high black cliffs. It takes only four scoops, about one and a half minutes, to load 120 tons into these trucks. Then they drive a mile to the crusher, dump the load and head back for another. It's a process that goes on 24 hours a day, six days a week, and in January of 1981,

Belle Ayr shipped 1,500,000 tons of coal.

Calahan drove us slowly and carefully through the pit. We were in a large four-wheel-drive station wagon, but it felt like a golf cart up against the traffic of the awesome earth movers. The drivers of these trucks sit in a cab that is 15 feet off the ground, and the blind spot behind them is huge. They will tell you that when one of these machines accidentally backs over a pickup, they sometimes don't even feel the bump.

As we stood on the bank of the pit, watching the massive operation, it was obvious Calahan liked his job. He compared it to leading an orchestra or playing in a masters chess game. "Sometimes I like to just sit here and watch," he told me. "Every once in a while, I'll even drive a truck for a time, just to get the feel of it again."

Earlier that morning, in his office, I asked him if he thought the election of Ronald Reagan was going to make it easier for coal companies like Amax to do business. At which point he smiled the biggest smile of the morning and pointed to a jar of jelly beans that was sitting on his desk.

On the way back into town, I stopped at Amax headquarters for a talk with one of its public-relations men, Geoff Emerson. I badgered him for a while

about the fact that the roads in the coal-pit were better maintained than the roads in town, and I asked him if he thought the energy companies were doing enough to help Gillette with its boom-town troubles.

He said yes; then he told me about the 129 softball teams that the companies sponsor every year, and about the piano they had donated to the old-folks' home at Christmas. When I told him it sounded like peanuts to me, he said it was much more than the coal companies in the East ever did for their towns. I went on with him about it for a while, and then, when I felt enough like a golf cart among the earth movers, I stopped.

Just before I left, I asked him if he liked living in a town that was almost without trees.

"When you move into town," he said, "the first thing you notice is the absence of trees, and it bothers the hell out of you. But when you've been here for a while, you almost get to like it. That sounds funny, but I'm serious. I'm from Indiana, and when I go back there now, I almost feel claustrophobic, because I can't see anything. You have all these trees in the way."

By the time I left Gillette, the weather had turned nasty and they were about to get some of the winter they had been missing; but whatever petty complaints I'd had about the place were gone. Finally, it seemed like an honest town to me. All the people I met seemed to be getting exactly what they wanted out of the place, and if they weren't, I suppose they could always break a few windows and go home.

I never got around to any of the hard-core cowboy bars, and I never did meet any real cowboys. My hair was a little too long for an appointment like that, and I couldn't help thinking that there might yet be a shaving down on Gillette Avenue, although if there is, it will most likely be a bunch of cowboys with buck knives who go to work on an oil hand or a railroad man.

I'm not sure what I'll do when I get back to Wyoming—drive a cab, work on the rigs, ride the trains, charge a fee to write letters home for the illiterate. I'm not sure what I'll do without trees, either.

But who knows; once I have a few of those big pay checks in my account, once I've paid some of my debts and have me a pickup truck with a nice tape machine in it, my horticultural perspectives could swing all the way around the way Geoff Emerson's did. And if worst comes to worst, I hear there's a place about 30 miles east of town where you can go and visit some trees. Under the circumstances, that may have to do.



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FLASH ATTACHMENT

It's a corporate jungle out there and sometimes the undergrowth can creep across one's desk, burying important messages amid the foliage. If that's your excuse for not calling Mr. Big back when he wanted to promote you, take note: The Flasher, a desktop device that begins to blink when a message is inserted into it, costs only \$14.95 sent to Billy the Kid Promotions, 13823 Clifton Boulevard, Lakewood, Ohio 44107. And to further attract your attention, its little viewer takes the naughty slide of your choice.



BAG JOB

As if the whole singles-mingles scene weren't enough to put you permanently in the bag, now comes one more example of man's inhumanity to his fellow species—the Hag Bag, a cloth head covering “for those moments when we just can't face it,” imprinted with the face of a lovely girl. The manufacturer, Bug 'N' Us Productions, P.O. Box 2141, Chico, California 95927, sells Hag Bags for \$7 each, postpaid. But relax, libbers, guys get equal time in the sack, as Bug 'N' Us also makes a male bag featuring the face of a handsome mustachioed fellow. When you're not pulling a Hag Bag over the head of some hapless date, you can always tote your lunch in one. Lucky you.



GENTLEMEN, BE CEDARED!

We think our modern-living feature in this issue describing how to turn your bath into a home spa is quite a splashy one, but there wasn't room to include a simple yet enjoyable product that's nothing more than a 24" x 24" cedar shower-stall pallet. (It can also be used alongside the shower or tub in place of a bath mat.) A company named Cedar-äl in Clallam Bay, Washington 98326, sells the pallet for \$34.95, postpaid. Water definitely won't rot it and it smells mighty good, too. Step on it!

WRAPPERS! BY GUM!

Any aging adolescent can collect bubble-gum cards, but it takes a true connoisseur of the genre to put his money where his sticky mouth usually is and treasure bubble-gum wrappers. Yes, those waxy sheets that once wrapped cards and chews are now worth big dough, and it's all chronicled in an ad-filled publication called *The Wrapper*, which comes out eight times a year for \$13 from 309 Iowa Court, Carol Stream, Illinois 60187. Let's hope that nobody is into used gum.



WINNING THE BORE WAR

"Making People Glad to See You Leave," "When Nothing Else Works, Try Bullshit" and "How to Be Rude in Restaurants" are just three of the chapters in *How to Lose Friends and Influence Enemies*, a nauseatingly funny 100-page book by Phil Anders (his business card reads: PHIL ANDERS, ASSHOLE) that's available from the publisher, PZA!, One Anders Tower, Box 12852, Dallas, Texas 75225, for only \$4.95, postpaid. Right now, it's number one on the Worst-Seller List.



THE ART OF JAZZ

Pictured at right is *Self-Portrait of the Young Man as an Artist*, an original painting by drummer Lenny White that's one of four limited-edition renderings by White, Ron Carter, Bob Moses and Art Blakey that make up *Jazz Portfolio '81*, a quartet of signed and numbered lithographs by these world-famous musicians. Frank Fedele Fine Arts, 42 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022, sells the set for \$600, postpaid. If that note's a bit too high, it also offers poster versions at \$30 each, postpaid. The \$480 you save will go a long way toward rounding off those squared corners in your burgeoning jazz collection.



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The people at Telescope Reproductions Ltd., P.O. Box 575, Mill Valley, California 94942, make such beautiful brass-and-mahogany copies of vintage Smithsonian Institution sells them. Model I is a \$2800 replica of an 1840 English telescope originally used to spot pennants on incoming clipper ships. Model II is a \$1450 desktop telescope similar to the type aristocratic 18th Century snoops peeked through. Or, if portability is your optical pleasure, there's a 34"-long captain's spyglass with a turned mahogany barrel and a collapsible sunshade for only \$575. If you're going to be a Peeping Tom, peep with style.

THE NEW SKIN GAME

Last October, *PLAYBOY* previewed *Tattoo*, the steamy flick in which Bruce Dern and Maud Adams cavort wearing nought but dragons, flowers and other artful designs that tattooist Dern inscribes on their skin. The tattoos in the film aren't real, of course, but Somachrome, the company that's marketing the unique, semipermanent body paint used in it, is—and now you can buy a Temptu temporary-tattoo kit for \$20, postpaid, from Somachrome, 242 W. 38th Street, New York, New York 10018. The designs resist repeated washing yet they can be removed with a harmless solution. Beauty, again, is skin-deep.





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MAN and WOMAN

(continued from page 145)

names of her descendants—was born 130 years ago in the southwest corner of a Caribbean island. There was nothing wrong with Amaranta, as far as we know—she seems to have led a normal and ordinary life. But there *was* something wrong with the genes she left behind in her children. Seven generations later, Amaranta's genes have been located in 23 families in three separate villages. And in 38 individuals in those families, the strange inheritance that Amaranta passed down to them has been expressed. Those 38 were born, to all appearances, as girls. They grew up as girls. And they became boys at puberty.

Take the ten children of Gerineldo and Pilar Babilonia, for example. Four of them have been through this extraordinary transformation. The eldest, Prudencio, was born with an apparent vagina and a female body shape. He was christened Prudencia and, Pilar swears, was tied to his mother's apron strings and kept apart from the village boys to help with women's work. But then his voice began to deepen; around the age of 12, his "clitoris" grew into a penis and two hidden testicles descended into a scrotum formed from the lips of his "vagina." He became a male. "He changed clothes," says his father. "And he fell in love with a girl almost immediately."

Today, Prudencio is in his early 30s, a brawny, elaborately muscled man. He is sexually potent and he lives with his wife in the United States. Like 17 of the 18 children studied by a group at Cornell University led by scientist Julianne Imperato-McGinley—all of whom, she says, were raised unambiguously as girls—he seems to have had few problems adjusting to both male gender and male roles.

It is that that makes Prudencio and the other Caribbean children important. And it is that that has caused, in the Eighties, side-taking and a general furor in the scientific community. Prudencio and the others are genetically male. But they have inherited from Amaranta not a general insensitivity to testosterone, like Mrs. Went's, but an inability to process it on to another hormone, dihydrotestosterone, which is responsible for shaping the male genitals in the male fetus. So they are born looking like girls. And they are raised as girls. At puberty, though, their bodies are pervaded by a new rush of male hormones. Their male parts—which have been waiting in the wings, so to speak—finally establish themselves. And nature finishes the job it had earlier botched.

The children, though, do not have the psychological breakdown that the conventional wisdom of science predicts they should have. And that is crucial. For

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FREE case with each pair.

it means, depending on which side you're on in this scientific brouhaha, one of two things. Either the children were really raised as boys from the beginning, or at least with a great deal of confusion about what sex they were (which their parents and Imperato-McGinley deny), or they were born with a male brain already established in their female bodies, a male brain that simply came into its own when their bodies changed. By that argument, not only the body is sexed at birth but also the brain. And by that argument, nature, in gender behavior, is every bit as important as nurture. *Learning* may have little to do with it.

That is the scientific possibility of the Eighties, underwritten to an extent by the bizarre experience of the Caribbean children and suggested further by a whole range of experiments and studies being conducted in laboratories around the world. And that possibility strikes right at the heart of a number of attitudes we hold dear. It is no wonder, then, that feminists and homosexuals, as well as scientists from all fields, are beginning to join this fray. For if the claims of nature—as against those of nurture—are upheld, then it may be that we will have to give up the struggle to make Jenny and Johnny alike, in an attempt to do away with the sexual inequalities of the past; Jenny and Johnny may be born with intrinsically different abilities and skills, acquired through evolution. And it may be that we will have to accept the fact that those who become homosexual in adult life are not in some sense “made” by the environment in which they were brought up. Nor are they the product of a free choice. Rather, they were *born* homosexual, in the body of one sex but with the brain—to one degree or another—of the other sex. Günter Dörner, an East German professor whom we met at a recent conference in Cambridge, England, believes that to be true, especially in males. And he believes that society should now face the question of whether or not it wants to “cure” male homosexuality in the womb by giving fetuses at risk male hormones.

Nature versus nurture. Men versus women. Are sex and sexual behavior learned? Or are we prisoners of gender? From the accidents of nature, there is evidence on both sides. And that is what makes the debate often so angry. There are the cases of Mrs. Went and Mr. Blackwell, as we have seen—both of them content with the sex of their rearing. And there is the case of the American male identical twin whose penis was accidentally severed at seven months—the twin was surgically altered and is being successfully raised as his brother's sister. Those all demonstrate the dominant importance of learning in sexual behavior.

But other cases and reports, equally

bizarre, support the thesis that masculinity and femininity are actually hard-wired into the brain before birth and are not simply learned by the child. There is the patient seen by Richard Green of the State University of New York who was born with ambiguous genitals and raised as a girl but insisted throughout childhood that she was a boy—she threw away her dolls and took up trucks; she formed male peer groups; and she was extremely tomboyish. There is the patient seen by Robert Stoller of the University of California who looked like a girl and was raised as a girl and, after a decade of demanding to be treated as a boy, was told at puberty that she was right—she had undescended testicles. There is still, too, the puzzling case of the Caribbean children. In the past five or six years, Imperato-McGinley, from her base at Cornell, has tracked down several other instances of the rare Caribbean syndrome. And she has found an odd corollary to their story. Of the children born outside the United States, all seem to have made the transition from female to male relatively comfortably—in a New Guinea tribe in which the sexes are segregated at birth and raised separately, two “girls” had to be suddenly rushed through puberty rites and initiated as men.

But the eight children she found from *this* country were recognized as odd soon after birth, and all traces of masculinity, including a relatively enlarged clitoris, were surgically removed. Those children were *made* into girls. They are now in their late teens and consider themselves female, but five of them seem to have psychological problems, says Imperato-McGinley. It is not clear that they can make it as women.

If they can't, the reason, quite simply, may be that their brain is the wrong sex for their body. Primed to be male, it finds itself in a female environment—encouraged to female behaviors and exposed to female hormones. And it cannot cope. This is the bottom line of the science of the Eighties: the brain. And this is the question being urgently asked by more and more scientists from different disciplines: Are the brains of males and females as different as their bodies? It is a vital question for scientists, because the differences between males and females provide a way into the question of how the brain orchestrates different motivations and behaviors. But it is a vital question for us, too. For in the answer may lie an understanding of who we are as men and women—our place in nature, our gifts and the evolved purpose behind our relationships.

Your brain is not an isolated organ; it is an integral part of what appear to be the outlands of your body. Your retinas, for example, which you are using to read this, are one of your brain's ways of

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gathering information about its environment. The sensory nerves in your fingers, as you continue to hold these pages open, are your brain's way of learning what the fingers are touching. And the nerves in your muscles, as you shift your arms and flex your legs, are no more than your brain's agents for making you move about. At one end of the scale of your life, as you sit or lie or loll here, is the world of the senses—information delivered to your brain by light (sight), chemicals (taste and smell) and mechanical forces and pressures (hearing and touch). At the other end are your brain's responses to that world and its attempts to influence it: your skimming of a paragraph or reaching for a cup. And between the two stand thought, memory, pleasure, boredom, foresight, personality and gender identity—everything that makes men and women human: your brain. It is a forest of 100 billion nerve cells in the bone case of your skull, whose branches, if laid end to end, would stretch to the moon and back. It is two pinkish-gray handfuls of gelatinlike tissue, whorled like a walnut, turned in upon itself, hungry for oxygen and chemical energy and driven by enough electricity to light a small light bulb. It is also who you are.

"You" is always a shorthand for "your brain"; "I," for "my brain." When you feel pain, it is your brain that feels it; when you use a drug to control it, it is your brain that you are treating. When you take a drink or a smoke or an upper, it is your brain that is seeking to alter and manipulate its own chemistry. And when you are sexually aroused, it is your brain that organizes the behavior that will lead to its own fulfillment. The roots of every action and every skill are in the brain. The brain is the conductor of the body's orchestra of hormones—including the sex hormones. It is imprinted and influenced itself by those hormones. It is the organ of human personality. But it is also a gland—a thinking gland, a dreaming gland, a sex gland.

"Is it differently sexed in men and women? If so, at what stage of development? And if so, by what processes? These are the questions." Diane McGuinness is a research psychologist who has been investigating human sex differences for the past ten years. A stylish and voluble woman who holds positions at both Stanford and the University of California at Santa Cruz, she is one of the few scientists to work exclusively in the field of male-versus-female behavior, doggedly persevering in the face of criticism from other scientists anxious about the implications of her work. "The problem is that these questions are extremely hard to answer," she says. "Yes, there obviously is a part of the brain—the hypothalamus—that is differently sexed. It's the brain's controller



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of the flow of hormones. And it's responsible for the way sex-and-reproductive behavior is organized—the menstrual cycle in women and the quite different picture we see in men. The hypothalamus is almost certainly differently stamped before birth by sex hormones. It's like a photographic plate that is exposed before birth and then developed by a fresh rush of hormones at puberty.

"But how about the rest of the brain? We can't, after all, just cut into a normal male or female brain, in good working order, and ask it what's going on. And we can't learn much, either, from a brain when it's dead and pickled

or frozen and cut into slices for the microscope. It's no use, in other words, approaching the human brain head on. It can't tell us what we want to know. It's dumb." McGuinness spreads her hands and reaches for a cigarette. "So we have to get smart. We have to come up with new ways of looking at it from the outside and of measuring what it does from the outside. And then we have to fit together what we've found out—our piece of the puzzle—into a general pattern or design that makes sense. This is what we try to do. We try to build up a picture of what is going on in male and female brains from a

series of different takes."

The View from Outside. Take One: Palo Alto, California. One avenue into the complexities of the individual human brain is through the way it responds to the world: its behavior. Another is through the skills and abilities it shows when confronted with controlled tasks in a controlled environment. Those are the avenues taken by behavioral and cognitive psychologists into the brain's mysteries. Over the past decade, McGuinness and colleagues at Stanford, Eleanor Maccoby and Carol Jacklin, have separately observed and tested thousands of infants, preschoolers, high school and university students. And out of those studies and others has emerged a picture that indicates quite wide statistical differences between human males and females.

"Some of those differences appear extremely early in life," says McGuinness, "and others are more obvious after puberty. But the fascinating thing is that they seem to be *independent of culture*—as true in Ghana, Scotland and New Zealand, for example, as they are in America. First, there are differences in the senses. Women are more sensitive to touch, tastes and odors—especially, it seems, at mid-cycle. They also have better fine-motor coordination and finger dexterity. Second, there are differences in the way information is gathered and problems solved. Men are more rule bound and they seem to be less sensitive to situational variables: more single-minded, more narrowly focused and more persevering. Women, by contrast, are very sensitive to context. They're less hidebound by the demands of a particular task. They're good at picking up peripheral information. And they process their information faster.

"Put in general terms, women are communicators and men are takers of action. Because that's the implication of the most important difference between them, the one that's most widely accepted. Males are better at maps, mazes and math; at rotating objects in their minds and locating three-dimensional objects in two-dimensional representations. They're better at perceiving and manipulating objects in space. They have a better sense of direction.

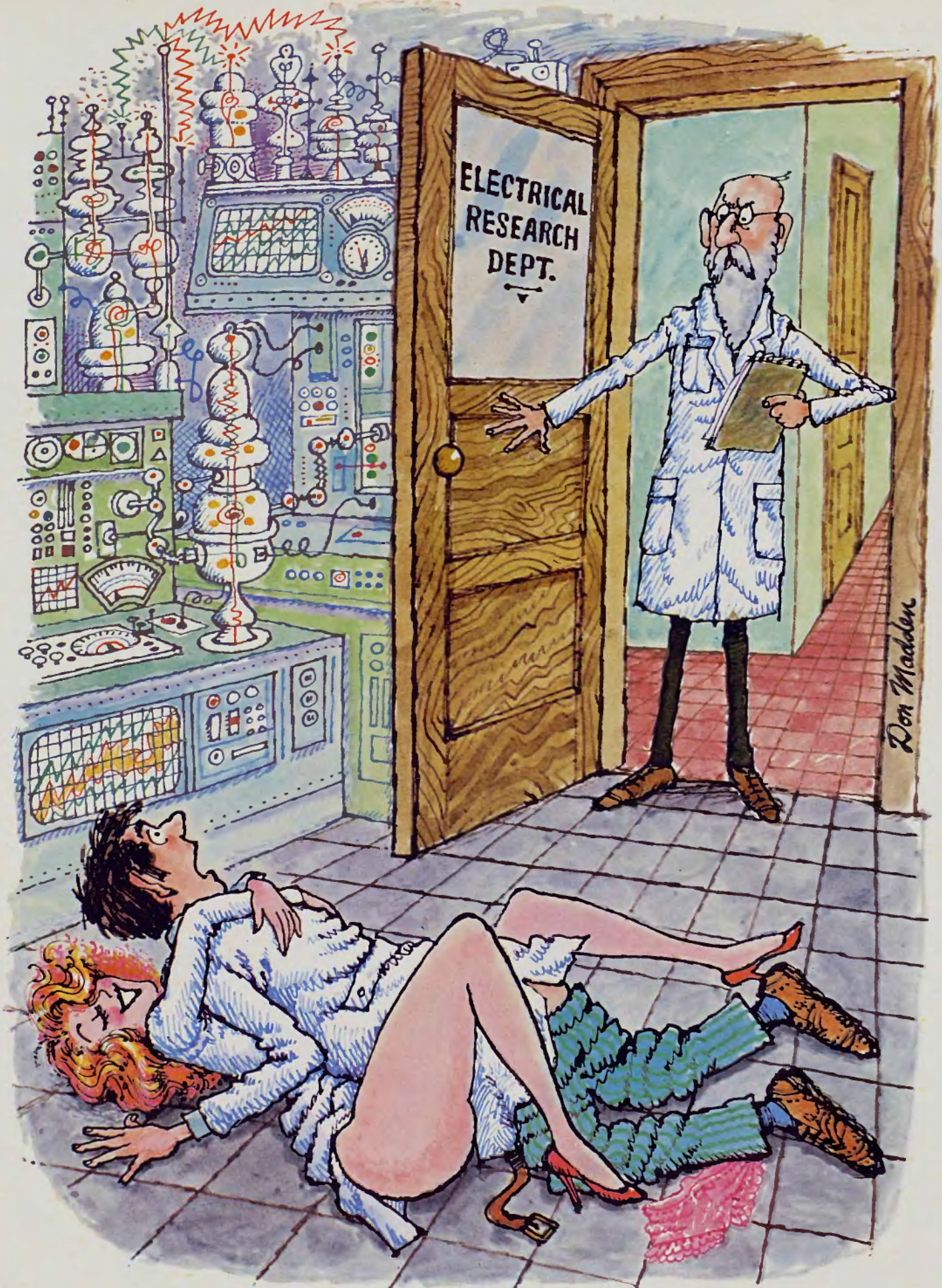
"Females, on the other hand, excel in areas males are weak in, especially in areas where language is involved. They're not as good at anything that requires object manipulation and visual sharpness—they're less sensitive to light, for one thing. But they're much better at almost all the skills that involve words: fluency, verbal reasoning, written prose and reading—males outnumber females three to one in remedial-reading classes. Females' verbal memory is also better. And they can sing in tune six times more often than males can.

"The question, of course, is: Are these



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"Thank God you arrived, Professor! We're the victims of an extreme case of static cling!"

things learned—encouraged by parents and teachers—or are they innate? How early do they show up in the brain?

“And the answer is: *Very* early. We see certain tendencies almost from the beginning. Male infants respond to what is visually catching in their environment—lights, patterns, three-dimensional objects. And when they’re a little older, they take on their physical environment more than females do. They’re more curious about it. They play with the objects in it as often as with toys. They draw objects rather than people. And they throw themselves around more—they develop better gross-motor control.

“This is not what we find in female infants. Girls respond preferentially to the people in their environment. What’s visually catching for them is faces rather than objects. They’re also much more sensitive to sound. They vocalize more and are more comforted by speech than boys are. And they respond more to the social sounds around them, to tones of voice and to music. That is crucial. I think. In the first place, sensitivity to sound is something that persists throughout life in women—sounds are likely to seem twice as loud to them as to men, something men would do well to remember sometimes. And, in the second place, it is almost certainly an important contributor to females’ verbal abilities. Sounds and people, remember—as against objects in space. Communication versus action and manipulation. It’s there in the brain from the beginning. The

language ability of females is not affected by a traumatic early environment, as it is in males. And it is not differentially encouraged in them by their parents.”

So just as the *capacity* for language is hard-wired into human brains before birth, is that true of a special *skill* in it?

“Yes,” says McGuinness. “What comes easily to each sex is likely to be biologically programed: stamped, waiting to be developed.”

Take Two: Chicago, Illinois. “Aaaall right.” Jerre Levy is sitting in her cluttered office at the University of Chicago, one leg curled under her. She swoops periodically into a cup of coffee. “So you have these different abilities. And you have the not *uninteresting* fact that males and females also characteristically suffer from different *disabilities*: females from depression and hysteria, but also maybe from math disability; and males from hyperactivity, autism, dyslexia and stuttering—language disabilities.

“There are two things, though, you’ve got to remember about these differences. First, they’re statistical differences—averages. And they’re extremely minor compared with differences between people of the same sex—of all the variations we observe among people, 80 to 95 percent or more of them are *within* men and *within* women. They’re by no means cut and dried in every male and female. Second, the average sex differences that we *do* observe should never be allowed to have any effect on social policy, such as encouraging Jenny to give up math and

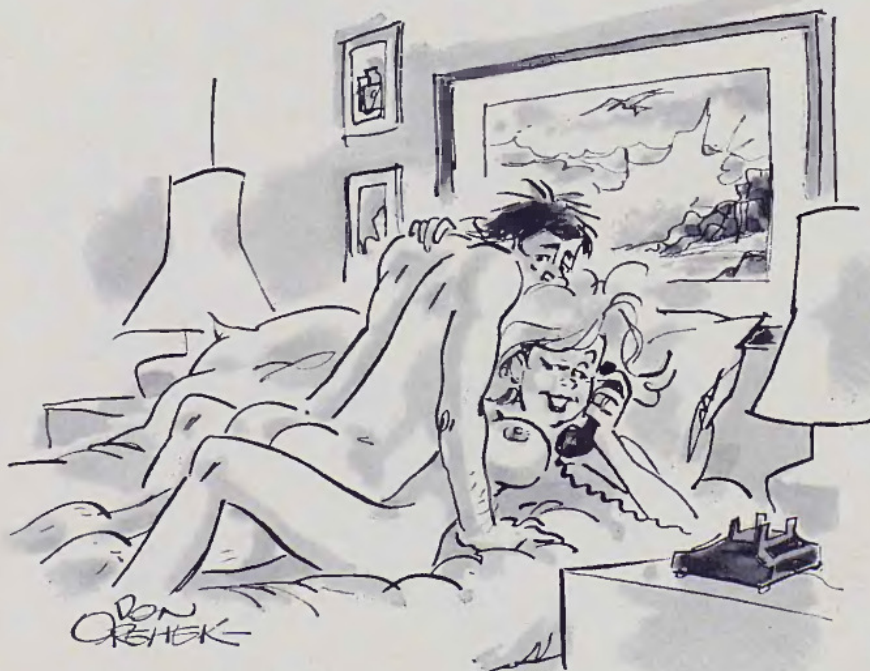
Johnny to give up languages. If biological differences, after all, were to be made the basis of social policy, then the first thing we should do is lock up all the men, since they’re the ones who commit almost all the crime. They’re more aggressive. And they’re the ones at risk of being psychopaths.”

Levy is an incisive and highly original biopsychologist, a dark-haired woman in her early 40s whose dazzling talk is replete with the corkscrew vowels and sudden emphases of her native Alabama. And her way into the differences between men and women is through the separate responsibilities of the brain’s two hemispheres. She is one of the scientists who worked out in split-brain patients the way in which the human brain is lateralized—the analytic left hemisphere specializing, by and large, in language, and the holistic right hemisphere specializing in visual tasks and the perception of spatial relationships. And since then, she—with others—has devised a cluster of tests designed to investigate this lateralization in normal people. In doing so, she has helped open up a new avenue of investigation into sex differences: not only in how abilities differ but in how those abilities are organized in the brain.

“All right, what we’re talking about is the selective activation of one hemisphere or the other,” Levy says, “which hemisphere responds to what sort of stimulus in males and females. Now, the left hemisphere controls and receives messages from the right side of the body, and vice versa. But it is also activated by objects in the right visual field and by sounds perceived by the right ear. There is a crossover.

“This means that we can broadcast directly to one hemisphere or the other. We can use a technique developed by Doreen Kimura of the University of Western Ontario, for example. We can present the two cars simultaneously with different sounds, for example—sometimes verbal and sometimes nonverbal—and see which of the two sounds is reported by the hearer: which hemisphere, therefore, specializes in processing and interpreting that sort of sound. We can also, for just a few hundredths of a second, flash in front of a subject pictures, words, digits, letters and dots and lines oriented to a central point either in the left visual field or in the right visual field or in both. And, again, we can see which hemisphere is faster and better at recognizing and processing which sort of information—verbal, nonverbal, spatial and so on. That will depend on the handedness of the subject. Almost all right-handers organize language on the left side and certain types of visual-spatial skills on the right side of the brain—left-handers are much more confusing. And it may depend on the sex of the subject.”

She pauses for a moment to collect



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| 3 <input type="checkbox"/> December -11 | 6 <input type="checkbox"/> March -14 | |

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| 1 <input type="checkbox"/> Less than 1 year | 4 <input type="checkbox"/> 10 to 14 years |
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5. Please indicate the highest level of education you have completed.

-17

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 <input type="checkbox"/> Less than high school graduate | 4 <input type="checkbox"/> College graduate |
| 2 <input type="checkbox"/> High school graduate | 5 <input type="checkbox"/> Postgraduate work |
| 3 <input type="checkbox"/> Attended college | 6 <input type="checkbox"/> Postgraduate degree |

6. Into which of the following age groups do you fall?

-18

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| 1 <input type="checkbox"/> 18 to 24 | 4 <input type="checkbox"/> 45 to 54 |
| 2 <input type="checkbox"/> 25 to 34 | 5 <input type="checkbox"/> 55 or older |
| 3 <input type="checkbox"/> 35 to 44 | |

7. Please check your and (if appropriate) your spouse's occupational status.

- | | Yours -19 | Your Spouse's -20 |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|
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| Sales | 3 <input type="checkbox"/> | 3 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Clerical | 4 <input type="checkbox"/> | 4 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Craftsman/foreman | 5 <input type="checkbox"/> | 5 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Service worker | 6 <input type="checkbox"/> | 6 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Military service | 7 <input type="checkbox"/> | 7 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Student | 8 <input type="checkbox"/> | 8 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Retired | 9 <input type="checkbox"/> | 9 <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Not employed | 0 <input type="checkbox"/> | 0 <input type="checkbox"/> |

8. What is your marital status?

-21

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 <input type="checkbox"/> Single (never married) | 3 <input type="checkbox"/> Divorced/widowed/separated |
| 2 <input type="checkbox"/> Married | 4 <input type="checkbox"/> Living as a couple |

9. Do you:

-22

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 <input type="checkbox"/> Own house | 4 <input type="checkbox"/> Rent apartment |
| 2 <input type="checkbox"/> Own condominium | 5 <input type="checkbox"/> Other _____ |
| 3 <input type="checkbox"/> Rent house | |

(please describe)

10. Are you:

- 1 Male
- 2 Female

11. What is your total household income?

-23

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 <input type="checkbox"/> Under \$15,000 | 5 <input type="checkbox"/> \$30,000 to \$34,999 |
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THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR HELP.

her thoughts. "Look," she says, "there are only little pieces of evidence. This is a very young field and our techniques are crude; we're trying to become more sophisticated as we go along. But what evidence there is indicates that the female brain may be less lateralized and less tightly organized than the male brain. In male right-handers, for example, language seems to be rather rigorously segregated to the left hemisphere, while their visual-spatial skills are as rigorously segregated to the right. That does not seem to be true in right-handed females. Their hemispheres seem to be less functionally distinct from each other and more diffusely organized.

"OK. What might this mean? It might mean that there are two sorts of differences in the way male and female brains are organized and function: *interhemispheric* differences—differences in the way the hemispheres communicate—and *intrahemispheric* differences—differences in the amount of brain space on each side given over to particular abilities. The hemispheres of male brains, you see, seem to be specialists—they speak different languages, verbal and visual-spatial. And it may be that they can communicate with each other only in a formal way, after encoding into abstract representations. The hemispheres of female brains, on the other hand, may not be such specialists. And they may be able to communicate in a much less formal and less structured way. If that is so, then females may be much better than males at integrating verbal and nonverbal information—at reading the emotional content of tones of voice and intensities of expression, for example; at interpreting social cues such as posture and gesture; and at quickly fitting all sorts of different information in different modes into a complete picture.

This may be at the root of what we call female intuition.

"This is entirely speculative, of course. But it might be borne out by differences *within* each hemisphere. In the male's left hemisphere, for example, language may be deployed in brain space rather differently from the pattern in the female's. Possibly the female evolved language as a tool for communication, while the male evolved it as a tool for a more specialized task—analytical reasoning. Similarly, it may be that in the right hemisphere males have given over a great deal more neural space to their visual-spatial skills, while females have not. And that may mean that females have been able to deploy in their right hemisphere other types of nonverbal skills—such as emotional sensitivity—that the male right hemisphere cannot accommodate so well.

"If that is true, then males may be at a double disadvantage in their emotional life. They may be emotionally less sophisticated. And because of the difficulty they may have in communicating between their two hemispheres, they may have restricted verbal access to their emotional world."

"Female intuition," says one of us as we walk outside into a bustle of students.

"Men's difficulty with emotions," says the other. In the brain.

Take Three: London, Ontario. North to Canada. To Doreen Kimura and her former student Jeannette McGlone at Western Ontario's University Hospital—and to another line of evidence that underwrites much of what Levy suggests. Kimura and McGlone have been working on the different effects of brain damage—tumors and strokes—in right-handed men and women. And what they've found does, indeed, show that women are much less at risk than men

from that sort of injury. The reason may be because the male brain is so laterally specialized—damage to one hemisphere or the other virtually always produces a loss in language (left) or spatial skills (right), says McGlone; in the female brain, that is not so much the case. Or it may be because language is more focally organized—and therefore better protected—in the female's left hemisphere, as Kimura is now finding. The word is not yet in on what precisely are the differences between male and female organization of those particular abilities. But that there are differences within and perhaps between the hemispheres of men and women is now clear. The question is, why?

Take Four: Seattle, Washington. In Seattle, neurosurgeon George Ojemann—working with another former student of Kimura's, Katie Mateer—has been using electrical stimulation to locate language functions in the exposed brains of epileptic patients needing surgery. In two distinct, well-defined areas of the left hemisphere, they have found a quite different distribution in males and females. The brain map for language is different *within* the hemisphere—confirming Levy's prediction and Kimura's latest work. Why?

Take Five: Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In Philadelphia, a young Israeli scientist, Ruben Gur, has used a radioactive gas to show that male and female brains are both differently constituted and differentially supplied with blood when at work on certain tasks. Why?

Take Six: London, Ontario. At lunch with Kimura, we press the question. "Well," she says, "we have to look at the separate evolutionary pressures on men and women." Kimura is a small, trim woman in her 40s, a scientist with a wide international reputation. She is secure enough to speculate. "First, let us suppose that language was a relatively recently acquired skill. And let's assume that when the male and female of a species differ in the development of a skill, there will be a different amount of brain space given up to that skill—this is true, we know, in birds. Now, we also know that for 99 percent of our history, we've been hunter-gatherers. And in a hunter-gatherer society, there would be strong selective pressure on the males to be highly specialized. To hunt successfully—which meant survival, genetic and otherwise—they would need eye acuity, goal-directedness, good eye-motor control and the ability to calculate distance, direction and the essentials of a situation: exactly the sort of visual and spatial skills psychologists find in human males today. To achieve those skills, though, they would need to give up to them a good deal of brain capacity—neural space. And they would not have that space available for the



"She gives good trunk but not great trunk!"

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abilities it became necessary for them to acquire later. Or—put another way—those later abilities would have to subserve the spatial and motor abilities they already had.

"Females, meanwhile—let us imagine—were subject to different evolutionary pressures and were being selected for different qualities from the males." She laughs, aware of the controversy to which her and her students' work has contributed. "And those qualities—maternal, social and cultural ones—required different motor skills and a different brain organization. When language and its uses were acquired, then, they fitted rath-

er differently into the architecture of the female brain. One suggestion is that they were free to be more flexibly expressed in both hemispheres, without having to be confined to the left, as in males. But more accurate, I think, is that they slotted into motor systems that were already somewhat differently developed from the male pattern. The result, again, might be what we see: a different organization of language in the left hemisphere and the different constellation of abilities with language that psychologists find in women today. All this, you see, would be underwritten by evolution, directed by sexual selection and laid

down in the male and female brain. It would still be there."

What does this have to do with Mrs. Went? With Prudencio Babilonia and the other Caribbean children? Well, evolution can work only through the inheritance of genes. And the only genetic difference between males and females, as we have said, is that out of 46 pairs of chromosomes, there is one that is different—females have two X chromosomes and males an X and a Y. Now, both Mrs. Went and the Caribbean children were XY—they were genetic males. So why were they born looking like females? Because something had gone wrong with their processing of the main male hormone for which the Y gene is ultimately responsible. Their Y gene, in other words, did not—and does not—guarantee maleness. Only the action of the sex hormones can do that. Sex hormones are responsible for the shaping of the genitals, for the different priming of the hypothalamus and, ultimately, for a large number of differences between males and females—in bone formation, musculature, kidney function and pelvis size. They are also responsible, say scientists, for the shaping of the male and the female brain.

That is what we'll be exploring next month: everything that science is now finding out about the separate inheritance of our sex hormones. We'll be taking you back into the womb from which you came. And we'll be introducing you to new work in endocrinology and neurobiology that confirms or suggests the following:

- The natural form of the human is female—becoming male is a struggle.
- The female sex gene is well protected in nature—the male inheritance of the Y is, in the words of one researcher, "much more iffy."
- Sex hormones enter cells and interact directly with genes—to switch them on or turn them off.
- There are sex-hormone receiving stations in the brain—where there may also be male and female mating centers.
- Excess hormones in the womb can produce girls who are tomboyish, play with objects and join male peer groups—and boys who are subtly feminized.
- Lesbians may have higher levels of the main male hormone than heterosexual women and a body build that is closer to the male's.
- And male homosexuals may have feminized brains because their mothers, when pregnant, were exposed to stress.

The most controversial of those points—those about homosexuality, hormones and the brain—involves the work of Günter Dörner, the man we met at the conference in Cambridge. We'll be meeting him again next month.



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"One more look, sir, and I must insist on a yes or no."

VIDEO-GAME JUNGLE *(continued from page 170)*

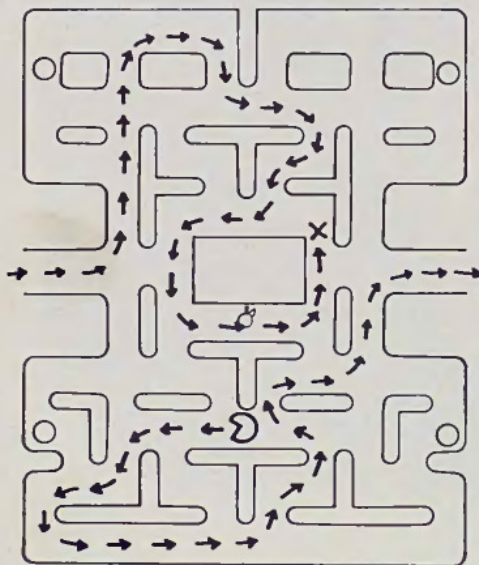
"A second's hesitation in the wrong place, and your goose is cooked—and eaten."

means passing up bonus points."

That's good advice for at least two reasons. For one, most beginning Pac-Man players get knocked out (or eaten, as the case may be) before the end of the third board. For another, if you can get past the third board (the fifth on some machines), you can beat the game for ten to 13 more boards simply by moving your Pac-Man in a regular pattern (we'll give you the pattern in a minute). On the first three boards, however, the movements of the four ghosts aren't predictable, so pattern following is a useless—and dangerous—affair.

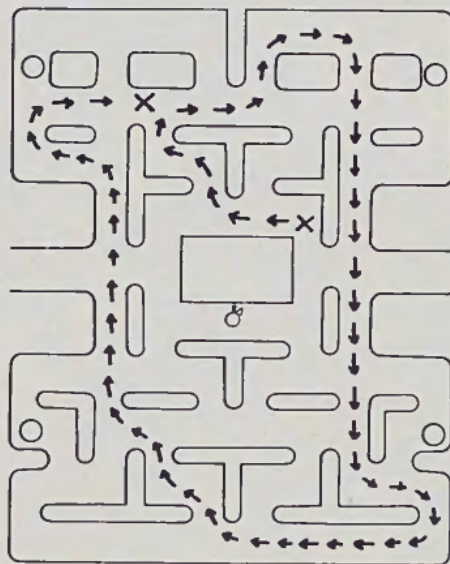
Although we can't give you a pattern that'll guarantee your getting through the first three boards, we can amplify our expert's suggestions. First, you should clear out the dots along the bottom of the maze as soon as you can. Then work toward eliminating all the dots in the center and top of the maze, leaving only those near your power capsules in each corner of the board. You may have some success beginning the first three boards with the same pattern we'll give you to solve boards four to 13, but be warned: It won't work all the way through. At some points, you have to play free style.

But assuming that you make it through the first three boards (as we said, on some machines it will take until the fifth for the pattern to work perfectly), you're ready for the pattern:

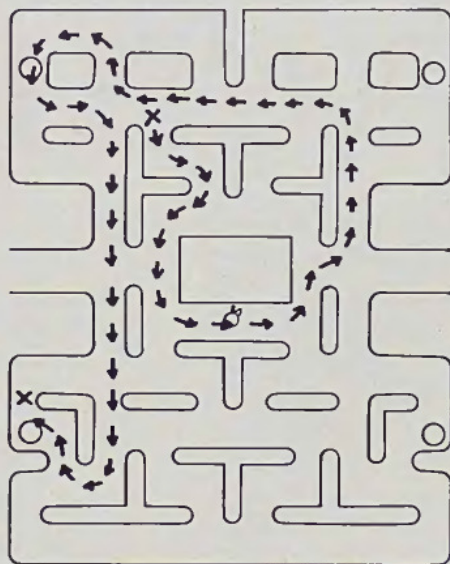


Since Pac-Man will cross his own tracks occasionally, we've divided the pattern into three phases. In the first leg, Pac-

Man exits through the tunnel on the right of the board (just before Speedy, the red ghost, comes down for him) and re-enters from the left tunnel, continuing to eat dots up the left side of the board. He then comes down through the center of the maze and gobbles up the first bonus prize.



The pattern continues with Pac-Man heading for the bottom of the board, eliminating all the dots on the right.



The pattern finishes with Pac-Man sweeping through the maze again for his second bonus prize, then consuming his last two energy dots—and perhaps eating a few ghosts before he consumes those last few dots.

This isn't the only pattern for beating Pac-Man, but it's one of the safest. And as you can see, it's not simple. It'll probably take several games to master it. But, as most Pac-Man players will tell you, part of the challenge of the game, even *with* a pattern, is that it requires exacting and prolonged concentration. A single deviation, a second's hesitation in the wrong place, and your goose is cooked—and eaten.

CENTIPEDE

If Pac-Man and maze games in general don't grab you, maybe you're the kind of person who likes to shoot things. That being the case, you'll probably like Atari, Inc.'s, most popular new game, Centipede.

Walk into any local arcade or tavern and you'll know right away if it has one, because Centipede produces a combination of sounds resembling wind chimes in the middle of a B-52 attack. You won't hear the wind chimes right away, but you *will* hear the B-52 sound. That's caused by the falling flea. The tinkling is made by the dancing spider. Then, every few minutes, you'll hear what sounds like machine-gun fire. That's the mushrooms getting themselves back together. We'll explain.

When the game begins, you'll see a playing field of randomly placed mushrooms. Then, with a thumping sound (much like a heartbeat), a centipede will begin creeping across the field, starting from the top center of the screen. It will walk from side to side, gradually working its way to the bottom. When the centipede runs into either a mushroom or the left or right boundary of the screen, it reverses direction.

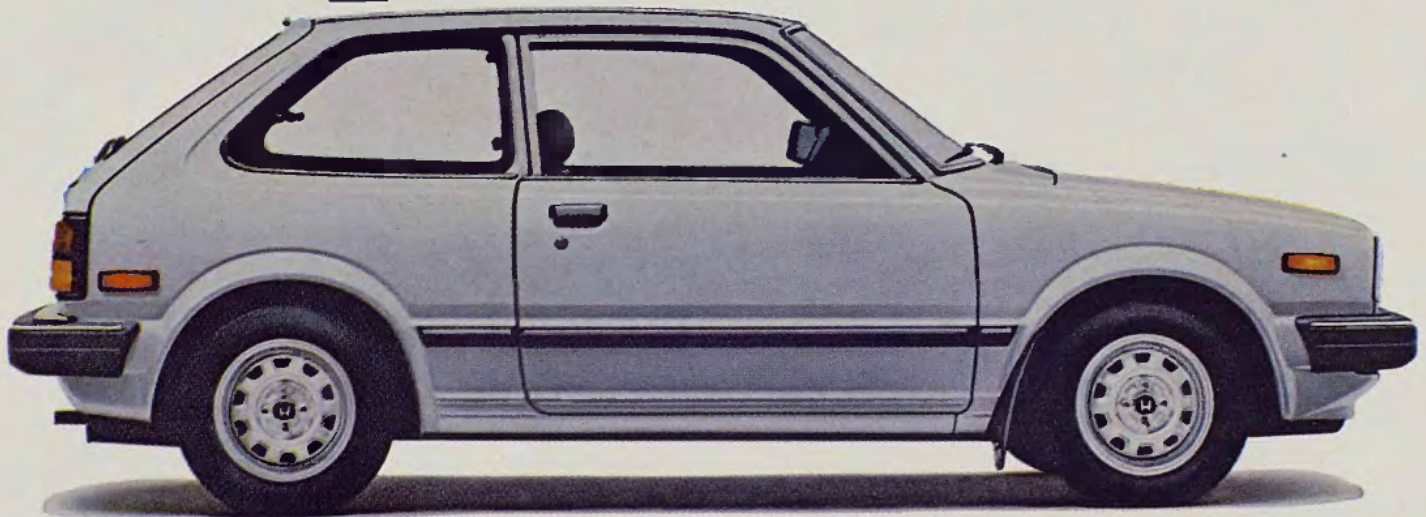
The object of the game—the equivalent of Pac-Man's eating all the dots—is to shoot all the segments of the centipede before it reaches the bottom of the screen. When you do, you get a new centipede at the top, which constitutes a new round.

Your bottom cannon (in the form of a snake's head) moves back and forth by means of a track ball on the right side of the machine. On the left side, there's a button you push to fire. If you hold the button down, you can fire continuously. Your cannon (or snake, if you will) can move up and down, but only within the bottom fifth of the screen.

If you hit the centipede, it breaks up into smaller ones, each with a head. The segment of the centipede you shoot leaves a mushroom in its place. When any centipede reaches the bottom of the screen, it travels across once and then starts back up again (if, of course, it doesn't collide with your shooter). When a *whole* centipede (one that you've managed to miss entirely on its way

(continued on page 232)

We still don't think it's a sports car.



But if you insist.

No matter what the car experts say, the Honda Civic GL simply wasn't designed to be a sports car.

However, it does have the basic performance features of one. Such as 4-wheel independent suspension, rack and pinion steering and steel-belted radial tires.

The Civic GL is certainly fun to drive. With a peppy 1488cc engine to keep things lively. Front disc and rear drum brakes bring everything to a stop. They're power-assisted and self-adjusting too.

There's front-wheel drive for better traction and a smooth 5-speed transmission. There are also aerodynamic improvements. Which helped the Civic GL pass its mileage tests with flying colors.

EPA estimated **35** mpg and 46 highway. Use

35 mpg for comparison. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Your mileage may vary because of weather, speed or trip length. California figures will be only one mile per gallon lower.

The interior does nothing to deny a sporty image, either. Instruments include a tachometer and quartz digital clock. There are reclining front bucket seats and a 4-spoke sport steering wheel. And a remote control outside rearview mirror.

Is the Civic GL a sports car? There's only one way to settle this. And it isn't here.

HONDA

We make it simple.

DEFENDER INVENTOR (continued from page 168)

“The only thing I knew was that we were calling it Defender, so we had to defend something.”

University of California at Berkeley with a degree in computer science. But he had been fascinated by games long before that.

“It started with pinball when I was six or seven,” he says, “and by the time I was a teenager, pinball was my favorite form of recreation. That was when I first learned a little bit about how game machines are built. There were certain pinball machines on which, if you tilted them at the same time that the game was ending, you would automatically get a free game. Then there were other machines where, if you took a bolt out of one of the legs, you could stick a wire in the hole and trip the coin mechanism.

“But games didn’t become an addiction for me until I got to college. There was an obsolete computer down in the basement of the physics lab—a 1959 model that filled a whole room but couldn’t do half of what some pocket calculators can do now—and someone had programmed an old person-against-person game into it called Space War. The machine was so old that the viewer was an old oscilloscope that someone had attached to it. All the nerds hung out in that basement playing Space War until the early hours of the morning.”

If it seems strange that Jarvis would call himself a nerd, you should realize that it’s nerds like him who are taking over the world, and they *know* they’re taking over, so they don’t mind *what* you call them. “Sure, I was a nerd,” says Jarvis. “Most computer people are nerds. If you’re a true nerd, you can’t deal with people at all, only machines. You see, the computer programmer’s ego trip is playing God. You can create a universe, a whole world that’s predictable, a world that operates by *your* laws. I guess that’s why I decided to get into creating games.”

As soon as he graduated, Jarvis went to work for Atari’s now-defunct pinball division, designing programs for electronic pinball games. “I was there for two years,” he recalls, “and while I was there, Atari was doing very poorly in pinball. I remember I worked on a game called Airborne Avenger. Terrible design. There was always shit falling off the machine, stuff would short out and blow up. I

also worked on games called Superman, Atarians, Time 2000 and Space Riders. All had good play appeal, but they were terribly undependable. They were constantly breaking down. I was pretty discouraged, even though I was responsible for only the special effects—the sound, lights and so on. At the end of two years, I was completely burned out, so I left.”

He wasn’t out of work long. Steve Ritchie, one of the best pinball designers in the industry, was working for Williams and he wanted Jarvis on board. Motivated more by a desire to work with Ritchie than by an interest in designing any more pinball machines, Jarvis packed his bags and moved to Chicago, where Williams (as well as Midway and Stern) is located.

“After about a year of working under Ritchie, I began to push for a video game. I wanted to be the guy who designed it. I saw it as the chance of a lifetime. What I like about video games is that they play with your survival instinct. That’s the big difference between video games and pinball.”

In early 1980, Williams decided to let Jarvis give it a try. The company gave him eight months to complete a test model that could be shown at the annual A.M.O.A. convention in Chicago in the fall.

“The first thing I did was to begin to work with a team of hardware engineers to decide on the kind of electronic system we’d use. Early on in the process of designing a video game, you have to decide on the architecture of the system—how much memory to give the game’s computer, how to organize the data paths, what screen resolution you want. Then, once you’ve settled on the hardware, you get down to the specifics of the game. What is it? How does it work?”

Jarvis had a very general idea of what he wanted. “I wanted to create a world with plausible laws of physics,” he says, “a plausible environment and a good reason for you to be in that world besides just killing something.”

So the first thing he made was the surface of a planet, or, rather, the *outline* of the surface, complete with mountains and valleys. “Then, because I wanted a three-dimensional

feeling, I put stars in the background, against a black sky, and made them move, but only at half the rate of the foreground objects. Next, I created the spaceship, which is the central piece, of course.”

At that point, however, Jarvis got stuck. He couldn’t decide on what kinds of villains his spaceship would have to fight, nor what the powers of his spaceship were to be. “So while I was waiting for the rest of the game to dawn on me, I began putting little men on the bottom of the screen, just walking around. Everybody on the project thought that was stupid, an incredible waste of time. Before I knew it, it was two months before that A.M.O.A. convention and we *still* didn’t have a game. Williams’ management was shitting—I was beyond the doghouse, in the *outhouse*. By then, I’d created the enemies—the landers, pods, baiters, swarms, bombers and mutants—but I still didn’t have the theme of the game worked out. The only thing I knew was that we were going to call the game Defender, so we had to defend something.”

It was six weeks before Jarvis received the inspiration that would transform his game from just another shoot-’em-up into what Joseph Dillon, Williams’ director of sales, proudly calls a nearly mystical experience, a cult game, the most sophisticated concept on the market.

Jarvis again: “Two weeks before the game was supposed to be finished, I was almost over the edge. About that time, I began dreaming about the game, seeing myself flying around that world in my rocket. The game was all I thought about, but it still didn’t come together. Then, one night as I was drifting off to sleep, the whole thing flashed on me: The answer was the little men I’d put down on the planet back at the beginning. The *men* were what the rocket was defending! Immediately, the idea came to me that the rocket would try to defend them by not only killing the enemies but rescuing the men as the enemies lifted them up into space. I don’t know of another game that gives you a chance to retrieve your man after the enemy has gotten him. Plus which, the men are your friends. That gives you a reason to be there. In most video worlds, the player doesn’t have a friend. It’s lonely.”

Jarvis stayed up all night, working out the final details of his vision: when he returned to work the next Monday, he was ready to roll. “My

team worked night and day for the next two weeks. We stayed up 48 hours straight the two days before the convention, and somehow we finished it."

Was it a hit at the show? "You might say it maintained a low profile," says Jarvis. "It certainly didn't attract as much attention as some of the other machines. I think most people thought it was too complicated to be very popular."

Nonetheless, within months after the Williams people put the machine on the market, they knew they had a hit on their hands. A *big* hit. Jarvis, who had been salaried at about \$40,000 a year (top game designers with a reputation like Ritchie's can make upwards of \$100,000 per year), thought that he deserved a big bonus. Williams thought he deserved one, too, but what it offered wasn't what Jarvis thought he deserved.

"If a company licenses a machine designed by an overseas company, it pays between four and ten percent of its total profits. [Pac-Man, Space Invaders, Scramble and many other popular video games are licensed from Japanese companies.] Williams had its own in-house monster, of which it has sold more than \$100,000,000 worth. They offered me a bonus of cash and stock options spread out over four years. It didn't seem like enough to me. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that game designers can get ripped off. The companies make millions and the designers get only a few thousand. So I turned down their bonus and quit."

Jarvis and fellow designer Larry DeMar have since started their own video-game design company—named Vid Kidz. "The game I'm working on now, for instance," says Jarvis, "is even better than Defender. But now I'm in a position to sell the game to the highest bidder, ask for royalties and a percentage of leasing rights. If I get, say, four percent of the profits on it, and it does as well as Defender, that'll earn me maybe \$1,000,000."

But neither the success of Defender nor the prospect of being filthy rich before he's 30 even fazes Jarvis. About the only thing that does is the fact that some people have scored close to 1,000,000 points on his brain child.

"When I first played Defender myself, I thought that 60,000 was as high as it was humanly possible to go. Even now, I can't get more than 200,000, and that's with a year of practice."
—WALTER LOWE, JR.

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down) reaches the bottom, it releases its tail section—which changes into a new solitary head. As the game progresses, not only will tails make new heads when centipedes reach the bottom but *more* new heads will suddenly come out of the sides of the screen and begin traveling back and forth across the bottom—making it pretty hard to shoot and dodge them at the same time.

As though that weren't tough enough, about every three seconds, a spider leaps out from the side of the screen and jumps up and down with the intention of squashing your shooter. The spider also has an appetite for mushrooms, which it eliminates as it hops.

A destroyed mushroom counts for one point, and it takes four hits to wipe out a mushroom. Partially destroyed mushrooms, however, score five points. Centipede body parts count for ten

points each and the speedy and elusive single centipede heads are worth 100 points each. Spiders are worth 300, 600 or 900 points, depending on how close they are to you when you shoot them. The spider shot less than an inch above you scores the most.

On the first wave—the first centipede, that is—mushrooms and spiders are all you have to deal with. But on the second wave, you'll be bombarded by falling fleas (though there is an exception to this rule, as we shall see). Fleas—which count 200 points when hit—come down the screen in a straight line, leaving a row of mushrooms behind them. The only problem is that you have to hit a flea *twice* to kill it; if you hit it only once, it speeds up, soon pouncing on your hapless shooter.

Finally, there's the scorpion. Making its first appearance in the fourth wave,

it enters from either side of the screen and travels slowly across—though faster as the game progresses—and any mushroom it touches becomes "poisoned." Those mushrooms cause any centipede that collides with them to take a dive straight toward the bottom of the screen, rather than continue snaking back and forth as it usually does. If shot, a scorpion is worth 1000 points, the highest value of any single target in the game.

What makes Centipede an appealing game is that it's not hard to score 10,000 or even 20,000 points without much practice. If you just shoot away at the centipede, make sure you get the extra heads and avoid being squished by the spider or the flea, you can easily delude yourself into thinking you're playing a great game. You're not. Great games on Centipede *begin* after 60,000 points. That's when everything—spider, flea, scorpion, centipedes and centipede heads—begin zipping across the screen at top speed. Then the game is no longer cute; it becomes a sort of Little Miss Muffet on acid.

There are two ways to rack up genuinely high scores, but before we give them to you, you should know you're getting this information from unimpeachable sources: Eric Ginner, 19, and Ok-Soo Han, 25, respectively the official men's and women's world-champion Centipede players. They won those titles last October at the coin-operated-game industry's first national video-game tournament, held in Chicago.

According to tournament rules, each player had only three minutes to score as many points as he could. "In tournament play," says Han, who racked up 53,220 points, "you take risks you never take when you're just playing for a high score without time pressure."

Ginner, who scored 52,341 points, puts it more bluntly: "Nobody should play the game the way we had to play to win."

Han and Ginner conveniently represent two approaches to the game. Han: "If you want to play Centipede for a long time, *don't* take chances. Avoid the spider and be very careful shooting the flea. The only secret to beating the game is to shoot everything that comes down that's shootable. If you want to rack up a higher score, shoot away the mushrooms on the bottom of the screen, which will bring out the falling flea, which you can shoot for extra points."

Ginner: "If you want to play Centipede for a long time, shoot away all the mushrooms on the screen early in the game, which prevents the flea from coming out at all and doesn't give the scorpion a chance to poison mushrooms until very late in the game."

They're both right. There *are* two methods to playing the game; Han's is the one preferred by most good Centipede players. Ginner's is trickier but is



"It ain't the boredom that gets me, Jake. It's that constant drip, drip, drip."

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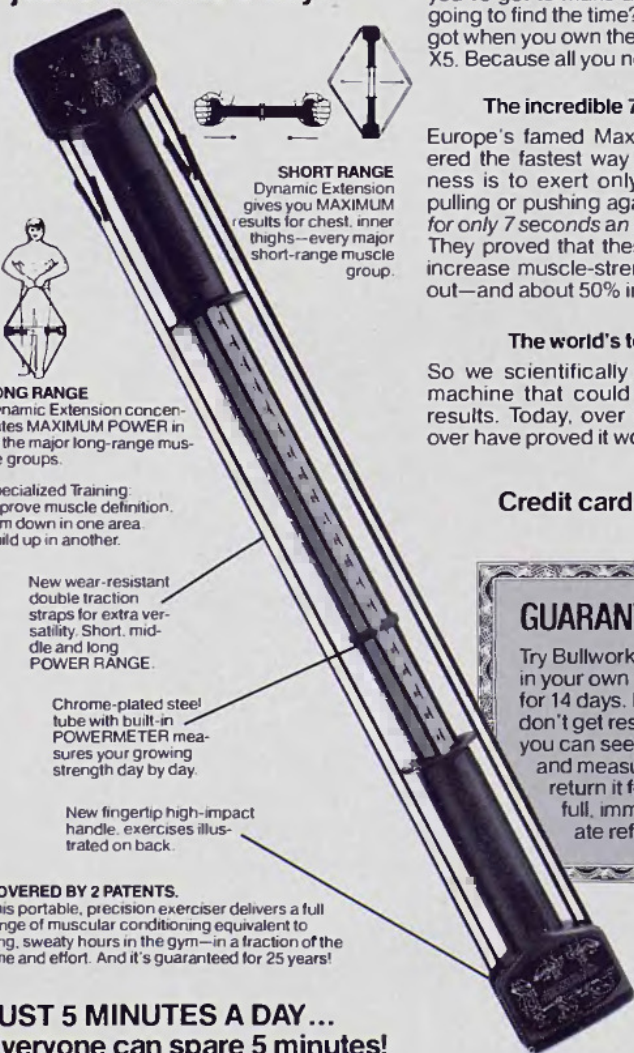
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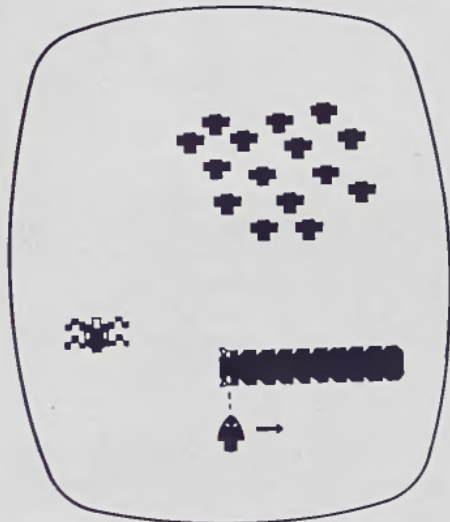
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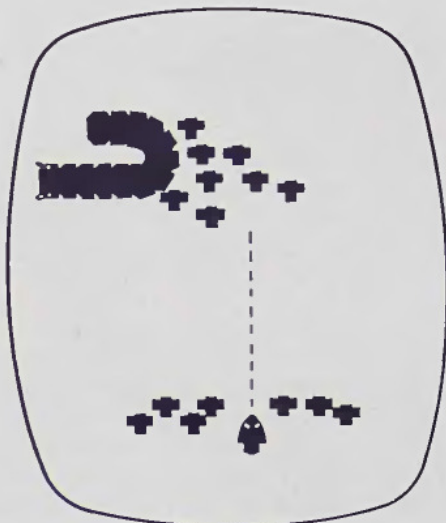
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extremely effective. Ginner and second-place winner Samir Mehta, both habitués of the Time Zone arcade in Mountain View, California, alternated holding the all-time high score on Centipede for months using the no-mushrooms-at-the-top method.

That method requires a bit more skill, but if you can master it, you'll probably get higher scores than by any other. What's tricky about it is that you have to count your shots very carefully (it takes four hits on a mushroom to erase it from the screen, remember).

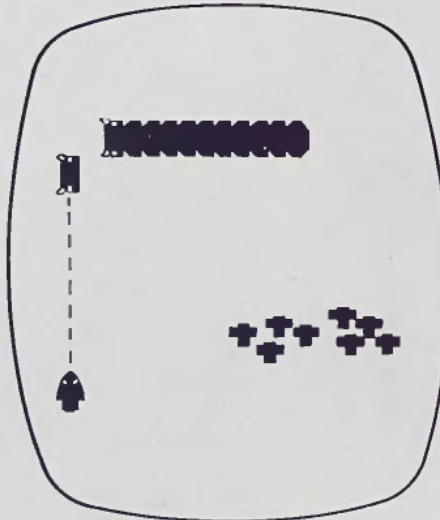


Ginner begins (above) by shooting away all the mushrooms up the left side of the screen—counting each shot, so that he uses only four per mushroom. He's fast enough to clear the whole left half of the screen and begin on the right side by the time the centipede reaches the bottom fifth of the screen. Then he sprays the centipede with shots in one or two quick sweeps, leaving a small cluster of mushrooms.

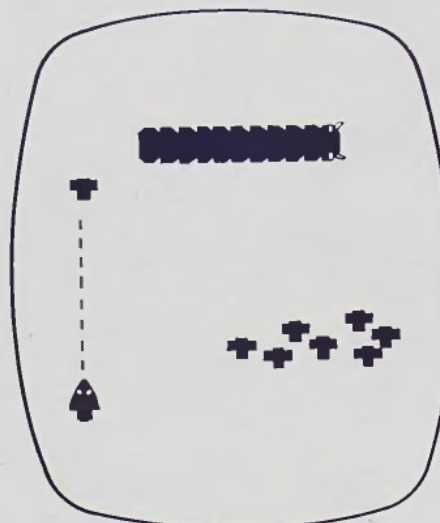


The flea comes out only when there are fewer than five mushrooms at the bottom of the screen, so Ginner leaves a clump

of mushrooms there. That means he has some tricky shooting to do, popping the mushrooms on the top of the screen from between the ones on the bottom. After that, he shoots away a few mushrooms at the bottom (always leaving at least five) and then increases their number again by spraying the second centipede as it passes along the bottom.



Eventually, single centipede heads begin to come out along with the main centipede. These heads are troublesome when they reach the bottom of the screen, where they speed up. Ginner takes them out right away. The head (or heads) usually precede the main centipede's arrival on the left, and Ginner hits it with a carefully timed shot, turning it into a mushroom.



He waits for the centipede to head back across the screen, then shoots away that one remaining mushroom.

The only problem with Ginner's method is that it slows the game down so much that if you're used to fast play, you're likely to doze off between centipedes.

On the other hand, if you're looking

for speed, excitement, thrills and chills, Centipede may not be the game for you, anyway. Defender probably is.

DEFENDER

The world of Defender is to the world of Pac-Man as Darth Vader is to Porky Pig. Joseph Dillon, sales director for Williams Electronics, says, "Frankly, Defender is the most sophisticated piece of machinery on the market right now." He's probably right. It's the first widely distributed machine to use multiple screens and to provide you with a reversible spaceship. What makes it particularly unusual is the computer program, which gives the enemies an uncanny range of behavior bordering on random. And it makes the best damn explosion you've ever seen on a video screen. When hit, each object breaks into 128 pieces of blazing color.

"After you've played a lot of other video games and you're looking for the ultimate test of your skills," says Dillon, "Defender is the Matterhorn of video games. Out in the arcades, the question used to be, 'What's your highest score on Space Invaders?' Two years later, it was, 'What's your highest score on Asteroids?' But now the question is, 'What's your highest score on Defender?'"

Defender is the cutting edge. There are some game players who refuse to play it after their first try. But the ones who play it long enough to get past the first enemy wave are hooked. After a while, they play other games only if all the Defenders are occupied—and more often than not, they prefer to watch another Defender player, particularly if he's any good.

Ace is good. He goes into Silver Sue's pinball and video-game arcade on Chicago's North Side at least five times a week for two or three hours, and he goes to play Defender. If all the Defenders are occupied, he usually volunteers to help Sue fix any broken games. He learned to fix video games by fixing Defender on a day when one of Sue's five Defenders wasn't working and the four others were occupied. Ace is a mechanic by trade, so fixing video games and pinball machines is a piece of cake for him. In return, Sue gives him free games. She knows he won't need many, since he can usually stay on one game for 30 minutes—which translates to something like 800,000 points, give or take a few thousand. It's the mental equivalent of standing astride two enraged Brahma bulls for approximately the same length of time.

Ace isn't his real name, of course, but, as one player puts it, "Nobody knows anybody's full name; the best players know one another by their initials." His real name is John McCue, and he's 23

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years old. But ACE is what he punches into the all-time-high-score column of every Defender he's ever played. "Defender is a *macho* game," says McCue, and you see that immediately in his stance: feet planted wide apart, knees bent slightly, arms outstretched at the hip as though he were firing two Colt .45s.

Other Defender players view him with respect, if not awe. Sue, who sees hundreds of players take on Defender every week, says, "Ace is absolutely the best. He's frightening. He does things that I've never seen anybody else do on that machine."

But before you can understand what Ace does to the machine, you've got to understand what the machine is trying to do to Ace. The general scheme of the game is this: There are ten men stranded on a distant planet and your job (in your rocket ship, naturally) is to protect them from an alien invasion. The aliens first send little green satellites called landers, which float down from the stratosphere with the purpose of pouncing on your men, taking them off the planet and eating them. When a lander reaches the upper edge of the stratosphere (the top of the screen) with your man, it ingests him and immediately turns into a mutant. The difference between a mutant and a lander is that landers don't chase your rocket (though they fire a fusillade of shots as they go for one of your men) but mutants do. Not only do mutants chase you, they're very difficult to hit, because they refuse to attack you head on. They like to come in from above or below your rocket, and then, with a wriggling motion that's been described as "utterly obscene," they quite bluntly jump all over your ass. Mutants also fire shots at you, particularly when there aren't any landers left on the screen.

Obviously, the best way to save your ten men is to shoot all the landers before they can descend to the ground. But if you can't do that (and not many can), you still have a chance to save them by shooting a lander as it's ascending with one of your men. Of course, then the man will drop through space, and if you can intercept him with your rocket before he hits the ground, you "catch" him. With a little luck, you then return him safely to the planet.

However, shooting the landers and saving, or recapturing, your men is made a lot more difficult by the number of other alien enemies that increasingly clog your flying space. Aside from the landers and mutants, there are bombers, little purple squares that move diagonally from the top of the screen to the bottom and back up again, leaving mines—white crosshatches that are easy



"And a happy Saint Patrick's Day to you, Mr. O'Murphy."

to overlook until you hit one and blow yourself into 128 pieces. Then there are baiters, extremely fast, green flying saucers that shoot bullets like crazy, fly in zigzag patterns and have the ability to disappear on the bottom of the screen and reappear on top and vice versa, making it hard as hell to know where they're going to attack. There are pods, bright, shimmering violet diamonds that just sort of float up and down across the screen. And there are swarms, which is what pods break up into when you hit them. Each pod usually yields five to eight swarms, and each swarmer moves with constant speed as it approaches you, all the while spewing out shots.

The good news is that you're not entirely without advantages in this war. First, your rocket is the fastest object on the screen except for the baiters, which can overtake you even when you're flying at top speed. Your rocket fires with pinpoint accuracy each time you hit the fire button, and by firing with a staccato rhythm, you can virtually fill the screen with a white hail of shots, eliminating anything that comes into your line of fire. Your arsenal also includes something called smart bombs, which, when set off by pushing the right thumb button, wipe out everything on the playing screen except you and your men. Push another button, marked

HYPERSPACE, and everything on the screen will disappear and reappear with your rocket in a different (and, you hope, more advantageous) position. Sometimes the position in which you come out gets you killed instantly, but sometimes you get a better vantage point from which to defend yourself. It's just a chance you have to take.

You also have a scanner screen, a small rectangular viewer directly above your playing area. The scanner shows you what's coming onto the playing screen from both in front of and behind you, and it also shows you your rocket's relationship to enemy objects. It lets you anticipate what's coming into your line of fire next, so that you can plan a bit of strategy before the moment of truth (or a mutant) is upon you.

As you begin each new wave, however, there are more enemies added, and the landers descend toward your men faster—the result being that (if you aren't quick) by the fourth wave, you can be faced with a flying armada of close to 100 nasty objects. That's why, for the beginner, making it past the fourth wave is nearly impossible. Before then, the landers have usually taken all your men while you've been trying to shoot and maneuver your way through the rest of the junk on the screen. When the landers take your last man, the planet blows up and every enemy

lander on the screen turns into a mutant. And that, as any Defender player will tell you, is a horrifying sight to behold. Should you make it through the fourth wave, though, on the fifth wave (and every fifth wave thereafter), you get back all ten of your men, rejuvenating your planet, so to speak.

Now that you understand the game (you *do* understand the game, don't you?), you're ready for Ace's tips on beating Defender. "Your first objective," he says, "is to stay alive. That means you've got to try to get to 10,000 points. For every 10,000 points, you get a new rocket and a new smart bomb. It's always a race between the enemies and your next 10,000 points."

To win that race, says Ace, you'll need to know the following things, wave by wave.

First wave: "Always move from left to right. Although your rocket is reversible, most beginners just waste time by going back to shoot landers they've passed. Don't worry. On the first wave, you have nothing but landers (15 of them) and they're moving pretty slowly. Just travel around, carefully picking them off. (However, if you take *too* long to clear the first wave, wicked little baiters will come to punish you for your ineptness.) You should have time to shoot a couple of landers while they're taking your men. For each man you intercept, you score 500 points, and each time you return him to the planet, you get another 500. If you're not very good at catching the men, just shoot all the landers as quickly as possible. That should earn you about 3250 points. (You score 150 points for each lander and get 100 for each man remaining on the planet.) If you can catch a couple of men, you'll get maybe 5500 points on the first wave."

Second wave: "Again, moving from left to right is the general rule, though as the wave begins, you may have a couple of landers right behind you, off the playing screen but visible on your scanner to your left. You can reverse and take them out quickly, which prevents them from picking up any men before you can get back to them, then keep moving clockwise. I recommend flying constantly and shooting constantly. The quicker you get around the planet, the better your chances of getting through the wave alive. You have 20 landers on the second wave and every wave thereafter, so you'll have to be more aggressive in going to them and shooting them before they get your men. On the second wave, you'll also face three bombers and one pod. Don't worry about them until last. Get the landers first. The best way to shoot



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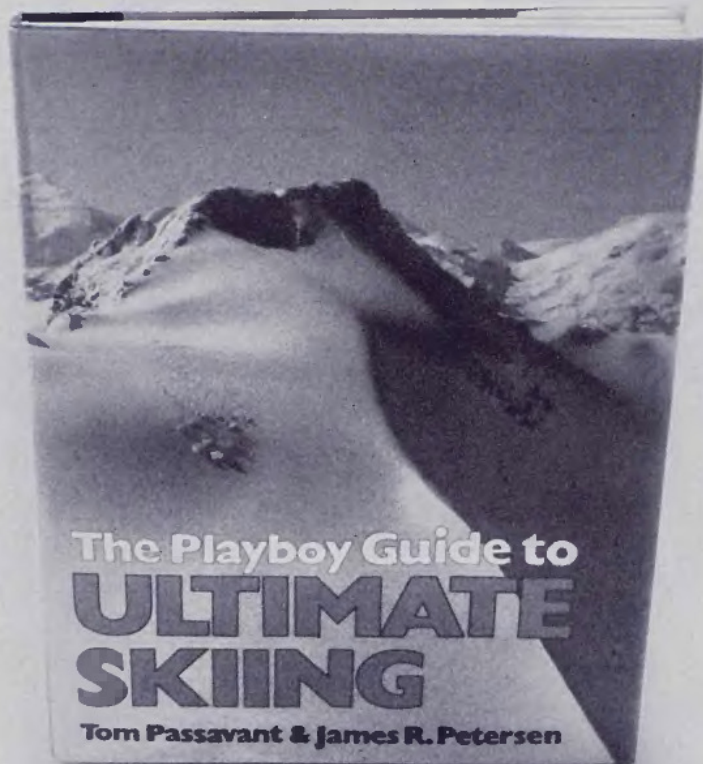
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the bombers is to fly over or under them, avoiding their trail of mines: then you get in front of them, reverse and shoot them face on. To get rid of your pod, shoot it and then smart-bomb the swarms that come out of it immediately. That could take you over 10,000 points (for a new rocket and smart bomb)."

Third wave: "Beginning with the third wave, and for every wave after that, you'll have three or more pods on the screen as soon as it starts. If they aren't directly in front of you, you'll see them kind of glimmering just ahead of you on your scanner. You should try to get them bunched together, then smart-bomb them. Depending on how many you have, you'll score between 3000 and 6000 points all at once, as well as the point value of any other enemy objects near them. Often, however, the pods will leave anywhere from ten to two dozen swarms that will reappear on the screen later on. The swarms usually bunch up, so if you don't think you can shoot them (they're the smallest objects on the screen), wait until you fly into a crowd of them and smart-bomb them, too. That way, you clear your flying area so you have more room to get to your landers and catch men you can save. You also get four bombers on the third wave, and the trails of mines they leave begin to become hazards when you're flying at top speed. Don't go out of your way to shoot them; but as they come into your line of fire, it's a good idea to take them out rather than wait until you've gotten all the landers. Besides, unless you're pretty good at saving men, you're going to lose a couple on the second wave, anyway, and that means you'll have to shoot the mutants.

"There are two main ways to shoot mutants. They like to attack along the top of the screen; so if you fly your ship up to the top and fire rapidly while moving the ship up and down slightly, the mutants will usually run into one of your shots. If you're trying to shoot them in the middle of the screen, you won't be able to hit them dead on. The best thing is to fly ahead of them an inch or so, then reverse and fire quickly. When you reverse, it doesn't give them time to get out of the way. On any wave, if you take too long clearing the screen, the baiters will begin to come out. They're very hard to outfly, particularly if you have more than one coming at you. Your best bet is to shoot them down just as they appear. Usually, when they materialize, they'll fly directly in front of your rocket for a minute, then begin circling around you. But before they materialize, you'll hear a hissing sound. When you hear that, look at your scanner. It will

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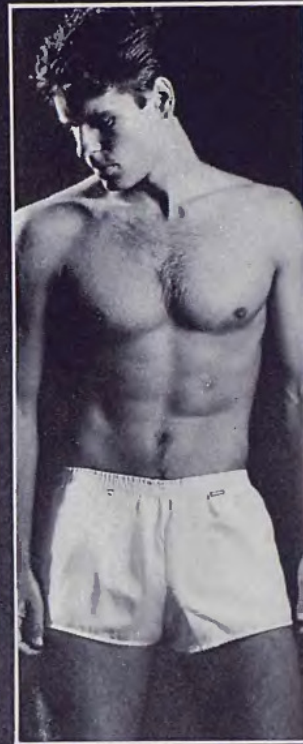
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show the baiter, though you may not see it yet. Determine whether it's coming from behind or in front of you, then face that direction and pause. As soon as it materializes, line up with it on the scanner and shoot."

Fourth wave: "On the fourth wave, you'll get 20 landers, four pods and nine bombers. The pods will usually be bunched together. Blow them up right away, then go for your landers. On the

fourth wave, the bombers become a real problem, because they move up and down across the screen faster and they leave more mines behind. You'll have to shoot some of them or you'll keep running into the mines. Your first objective, of course, is always to shoot the landers. But if you see a bomber close by—even if it's behind you—it's often worth taking a little extra time to shoot it. When the bombers are gone,

it's so much easier to fight the landers and mutants."

If you follow Acc's advice to the letter, you should make it to the fifth wave and accumulate between 45,000 and 55,000 points. But in order to do that, you're going to have to learn to shoot with deadly accuracy—and to shoot mutants without panicking. To develop your skills, McCue recommends two modes of practice. The first is to play with the main viewing screen covered with paper, so that you have to line up all your shots on the scanner. If that sounds hard, listen to his second favorite way to practice: "I start out the game by shooting all my men, which means I get nothing but mutants for four waves. If you can get to the fifth wave shooting nothing but mutants, you'll have learned just about every maneuver there is in the game. You'll have to use your smart bombs wisely, learn to navigate through swarms and know how to use hyperspace to your best advantage."

You should also be aware that the machine has a few little quirks due to its computer program. Its inventor, Eugene Jarvis (see page 168), says it's those quirks that give the machine character.

"For one thing," says Jarvis, "there's the matter of smart-bombing the pods. Actually, the way I designed the game, there aren't supposed to be any swarms left, but there usually are. I like to think they're just stunned. Second, if you reverse quickly as the swarms go past you, you can follow them. They'll keep going in the same direction, rather than come back at you as they're supposed to, and you can just pick them off. Third, due to some arithmetic function of the machine, there are two invisible lines in this universe—one for mutants and one for swarms, where if they're coming toward you and you cross the line, they suddenly fly away from you. Then, finally, there's the biggest computer foul-up, which is that if you should hit 1,000,000 points, it suddenly starts giving you a man for each object you hit. You can get as many as 100 men. It also gives you a whole lot of rockets and smart bombs, enough to let you play almost indefinitely."

Getting to 1,000,000? For most of us, getting to 50,000 is enough of a kick. To get 50,000, you'll have to play about six minutes, which means, of course, that you've beaten the game.

You'll also get the satisfaction of having defended an entire planet from death and destruction. If that isn't worth a quarter, nothing is.

PLAYING WITH PAIN

(continued from page 169)

plain old "video-game wrist," because the same problem occurs with any video game with a lever that must be moved up and down or back and forth: stiffness, numbness, sometimes excruciating pain when bending the hand down, and shooting pains in the muscles of the forearm.

And don't forget the large-muscle pain. If you play a game with a joy stick long enough, the shoulder of the arm that's moving the stick will eventually throb. Furthermore, unless you're playing on a table console or sitting on a stool while you're playing, two or three hours of play can leave your lower back sore as hell.

Then there are your eyes. Last August, the National Academy of Sciences conducted a symposium on video display terminals (VDTs) under the aegis of the National Research Council's Committee on Vision. The researchers had bad news for those who spend long hours in front of VDTs. It seems that prolonged use can cause severe eye fatigue, as well as headaches, blurred vision and temporary myopia. It's also not good for your face in general. Researchers have found evidence tentatively linking VDTs with rashes.

Finally, there's the psychological pain. It doesn't seem like pain at first, merely obsession. But after you try to stop playing your favorite game for a while (like, maybe, to go to sleep or eat or go to work), you'll notice the withdrawal symptoms. "I knew I was in trouble," says one Defender junkie, "when I'd go out on a date and find myself sitting at a table tapping the top of it with my right hand while my left hand, wrapped around an imaginary toggle, slid back and forth on the tablecloth. The worst part, though, came when I'd go to sleep. I'd hear the little men—in Defender—screaming for me: 'Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!' And I'd see my rocket flying to the rescue."

If you intend to play video games until you're better than average,

there's no sure remedy for all the above pains, both physical and psychological. However, preventive measures can be taken. A bit of tape or a bandage wrapped around the thumb and index finger of each hand will help ward off blisters and calluses. If you're playing an upright game, sitting on a high stool can help reduce shoulder and back pain. The chances of muscle pain can also be reduced if you take a break every seven or eight games to bend and stretch your body. To keep your eyes from going bad, you shouldn't stare into a video display screen for more than a half hour at a time. Take a 15- or 20-minute break now and then, being sure to rest your eyes. You can close them and massage them or simply go somewhere where there's a nice view and stare into the distance for a while.

As for the rashes, it seems that they're caused by a field of static electricity that forms around VDTs in dry air. To offset that, you should be sure to play in places with humid air and wear rubber-soled, cloth-topped sneakers.

The psychological pains are, of course, all predicated upon your becoming *consumed* by video games. There are two ways to avoid that: One is to play only games you don't like, but that's not much fun. The other is to put a time limit on how long you're going to play. For instance, you might take no more than five bucks into the game room, knowing that when you've played 20 games you'll have to quit. One player we know restricts himself to playing only as long as he can stand not going to the bathroom.

As for dreaming about the game, the only way we know to erase the game images that may repeat themselves over and over as you're trying to get to sleep is to give your mind something even more stimulating to think about. Our centerfold, for instance.

—W.L.



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waves of the future

(continued from page 157)

piped Richard Nixon's voice through the vacuum of space (eerily appropriate, that) and introduced lunar golf. Since then, we've been mostly content to let the outer limits sit there like a national park we've been to once and don't really care to see again.

But now the Eighties are here and the final frontier is showing signs of renewed life. Not surprisingly, it's television that has put the pace back in space, and if you're one of the millions of Americans with TV addiction, you'll never keep up with your Joneses without an earth station on your roof.

Satellite broadcasting, known generically as direct broadcasting satellite (DBS) service, is the phenomenon that may let you bypass the networks and undermine the cables. If DBS is successful, the TV addict circa 1988 will be able to aim the \$300 antenna dish on his roof at any of a number of satellites in stationary orbit. He'll pick up relayed programming from Togo or Quito, South Africa or South Dakota.

Ten years ago, the idea of using satellites to send TV signals directly into the home seemed credible in theory but decades away in practice. That was when satellites were inefficient and so expensive only governments could launch them. Dish antennas were as big as buildings and cost nearly as much. Now engineers have gotten most of the bugs out of the birds. Electronic techniques similar to those that have made hi-fi higher and space games spacier are now making the process much more economical. The new satellites receive and transmit at higher frequencies than the old ones, opening up a whole new band of channels. And the new dish antennas cost less than Ford Pintos. They'll soon cost even less than that and be small enough to put on the roof in place of your old standard TV antenna.

Big businesses were first to jump at the chance to ride satellites. The Mormon Church plans to broadcast by celestial channels to believers who have dishes. Holiday Inns offer teleconferences in meeting rooms, so that businessmen can confer with associates thousands of miles away, almost in person, and never leave the nation's innkeeper. The world's largest music maker, Muzak, already soothes through space. Rather than ship tapes by mail to its customers, Muzak beams all that Mantovani from a Western Union satellite to dishes scattered across the country.

Ten years from now, though, we may *all* be reaping DBS benefits. Are you tired of having to choose between *Hee Haw* and *Family Feud*? Well, do you want to watch the Bolshoi live, or would

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a blue movie from *la Côte d'Azur* be more to your liking? You just buys your dish and takes your choice.

Here's how it works: A live or videotaped picture is relayed from a broadcaster anywhere on earth who has access to a satellite in geosynchronous orbit (the satellite whips through space, about 22,000 miles up, just fast enough to keep pace with a spot on the equator, remaining "stationary" over that spot). The bird boosts and refines the signal, then fires it back to earth. Anybody with a small, concave antenna called an earth station in the "footprint" of the satellite can beam down TV transmission. (The footprint is an area about the size of the United States on the same side of the planet as the satellite.)

The freedom, flexibility and potential low cost of DBS make it a threat to that other revolutionary, cable television. Satellite TV may soon be able to offer truly world-wide programing on hundreds of channels. It can transmit high-definition TV pictures or any other kind of information. And (at least right now) it's free for the home TV consumer—once you've got your earth station, you can point it at anything above your horizon. All the sky's your oyster.

Satellite broadcasters are not crazy about that last part of the deal. They intend to scramble signals so that receivers will have to buy or rent unscramblers. Don't root reflexively against them. If scrambler fees aren't part of the DBS future, then advertisers are back in the game, since commercials are the only other feasible means of financing nonsubscription TV.

So how about some *aikido* from Tokyo? An Amarillo rodeo? You can get the latest Heathkit catalog and send for a ten-foot dish that will launch you right into the world of satellite TV. Believe it or not, that do-it-yourselfer's guide to everything from radios to computers is offering an earth-station kit for \$6995. All you need, we assume, is a soldering iron, a pair of pliers and the ghost of Wernher von Braun hovering over your shoulder (the ghost will probably cost extra).

If you don't want to do it yourself, you can have a large dish installed right now for less than \$10,000. Until 1985 or so, when rooftop dishes are common and broadcasters start programing for people who have them, you'll have to watch commercial shows intended for retransmission over the air by network affiliates. You can also pick up cable programing such as Home Box Office as it is beamed from satellites to local cable outlets. While the legal implications of satellite antennas are still up in the air, many of the broadcasters may soon be suggesting that you pay them a fee for watching. But since they can't tell if

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(0236)

Smokes like no pipe you've ever known! Be delighted or smash it with a hammer and the trial will cost you nothing.

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Send for a free color brochure and select the style and shape pipe you want for your free 30 day trial. Mail coupon today or call toll-free.

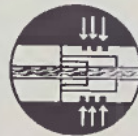
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Moisture evaporates into outside air... You get a cool, dry smoke.

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do it at an angle."**



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This is a help wanted ad for a major corporation involved in the drilling of oil wells. If you are an experienced Directional Driller, outstanding career opportunities are immediately available. Forward resume or letter to Directional Drillers, P.O. Box 42808, Dept. J, Houston, Texas 77042. Equal opportunity employer.

you're watching or not and can't stop you until they put signal scramblers to work, they'll have a difficult time collecting if you forget to send your check.

A complete system includes a dish antenna, a low-noise signal amplifier and a receiver/modulator that links your dish to your TV set. Installed stations can cost from a few thousand dollars for fixed dishes to more than \$15,000 for deluxe models that include remote-controlled motors that can zero in on several locations. The fixed dishes should soon be obsolete, since they shut out a lot of the action. When you take the plunge, we'd advise you to put out the extra bucks for a motorized one.

Before buying a station, be sure to get a professional site analysis. They're available from most of the installers (Heathkit offers one) and they're not very expensive, from \$30 to around \$100. Without one, you'll have no idea how many satellites are in range and which ones they are. If you want to watch the Bolshoi, there's no point in pointing at a *Grand Ole Opry* bird.

When shopping for a satellite system, compare only the "installed" prices, unless you have a touch of engineering know-how. A pile of bargain parts left on the doorstep by the mailman could leave you with nothing more serviceable than a ten-foot salad bowl.

Since your dish has to have unobstructed line of "sight" to the satellite, you may have to chop down a tree or level a high-rise or two. If you live in the open country, though, you'll have no problem receiving dozens of channels on the North American satellites already up there.

And remember—whatever you bring to your screen today, it's only the teaser in the tale of DBS and the coming TV revolution.

There is something a little discomfiting about using the final frontier as the medium for a great argument for human banality. The wags are certain to ask why we have to send Morris the Cat scampering out through the cosmos or what objective is served by letting the

world in on reruns of *I Love Lucy* in Swahili. But DBS can offer greater flexibility in television than there has ever been. It may release the medium from the need to appeal to the lowest common denominator. With hundreds of channels to choose from, surely there will be as many repertory companies as *Three's Companys*, as much Shakespeare as Shake 'n Bake.

Since its inception, television has been spewing outward from earth in all directions—the atmosphere is transparent to TV's part of the radio spectrum. Somewhere out there, on a planet 25 light-years away, some bewildered creature is catching his first glimpse of Uncle Miltie in drag. Maybe if we start sending out a little more stimulating fare, in another 25 years he'll feel like getting in touch with us.

While cooler heads may prevail upon you to wait five years to see if the satellite revolution really takes off, satellite hotheads have already made the following earth stations hot items in their price ranges.

Microdyne's Megastar: Twelve feet in diameter, this is a dish with an internal rotator. It's been advertised in the American Express catalog and costs \$12,500 installed by a distributor. (Microdyne Corporation, P.O. Box 7213, Ocala, Florida 32672.)

Microwave Associates' 12-foot antenna: Retail for \$8665, but you have to have it installed through a distributor. Rotates. (Microwave Associates Communications, 63 Third Avenue, Burlington, Massachusetts 01803.)

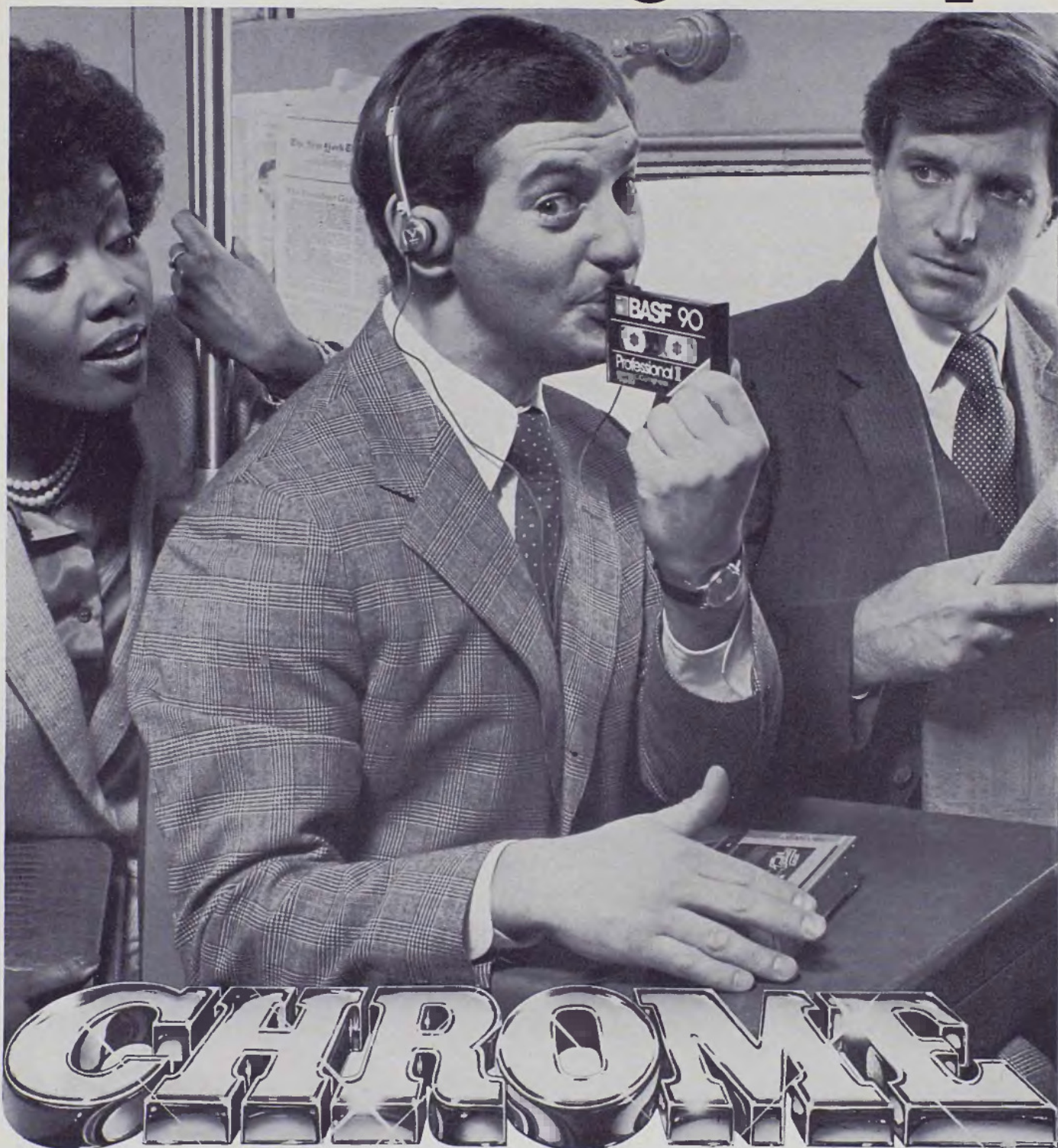
Heathkit Earth Station: Three-meter nonrotating antenna can be adjusted to pick up various satellites. Antenna itself made by Scientific Atlanta, a good name in the business. Offers a "Space Command Remote Control" (which is an armchair control panel) for Buck Rogers fans and costs \$6995. You have to put it together yourself. (Heath Company, Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022.)

Global TV Electronics' earth station: Global is a small operation in Maitland, Florida, but it's a good example of the mom-and-pop business' entry into the field. A complete 13-foot antenna system retails for \$3875. It does rotate, but you will have to install it yourself or pay somebody to do it. Global also sells plans for its earth stations for \$50 for those of you with access to NASA's junk pile. *Caveat emptor*, but this could be a great deal for a home installer with some technical expertise. (Global TV Electronics, Inc., 235 South Maitland Avenue, Maitland, Florida 32751.)



"Come, now, my lord! . . . Big earls don't cry!"

Kiss the hiss goodbye.



BASF Chrome. The world's quietest tape.

Tired of tapes that add their own sounds to your sounds? Then turn on to BASF PRO II Chrome—the high bias tape.

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Subaru owners have a lot in common. Including the habit of trading in one Subaru for another Subaru.*

If that isn't the best endorsement any car can earn, we don't know what is.

One good reason people stick with Subaru is for its day in, day out reliability. The last time Road and Track surveyed Subaru owners, they reported "... one of the most trouble-free cars we ever surveyed.**

Another reason is the wide choice of models. There's the sporty 2-door hardtop. The luxurious 4-door sedan. The versatile hatchback. And the roomy station wagon.

Every Subaru has full-time front wheel drive. In addition, three of our models — Hatchback, Station Wagon, Brat — are also available with On Demand Four Wheel Drive. Which is four wheel drive at the flick of a lever. Without stopping.

(Any other 4 wheeler around requires a full stop before switching.

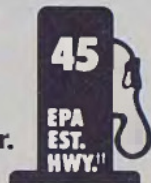
And stopping is exactly what you can't do sometimes.)

Some attractive options we offer are the Hill-Holder™ (a device on our manual transmission models† that keeps you from drifting back after stopping on steep hills), as well as power windows and power steering, AM/FM stereo, cassette deck, cruise control. All the wonderful unnecessarys of driving.

Plus one huge necessity: outstanding gas mileage. Our cars are designed to squeeze every last mile out of every last drop. Year after year.

Just remember that it's quite easy to find an inexpensive car. The trick is to find one that stays that way.

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* THE R. L. POLK AND COMPANY 1980 SURVEY OF LATE MODEL OWNERS.

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† AVAILABLE ON CERTAIN MODELS.

†† 1982 EPA ESTIMATES FOR OUR FWD 5-SPEED HATCHBACK. USE EST. MPG FOR COMPARISONS. YOUR MILEAGE MAY DIFFER DEPENDING ON DRIVING SPEED, WEATHER CONDITIONS AND TRIP LENGTH. ACTUAL HWY MILEAGE WILL PROBABLY BE LESS.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

JAMAICA, WHERE THE TOURISTS, PLIED WITH RUM PUNCH, HAVE A WILD AND CRAZY VACATION. YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE A WILD AND CRAZY VACATION IN JAMAICA. THEN AGAIN, IF YOU GET THE RUM PUNCH DELIVERED, YOU CAN STAY WHERE YOU ARE.... AND NOW, HERE'S ANNIE AT NEGRIL BEACH, WHERE PLUMP TRAVELERS PAMPER THEIR BODIES, WONDERING WHETHER THE SKINNY NATIVES GET THAT WAY FROM THE SCARSDALE DIET, OR WHAT.



LOVE THEM JAMAICAN HILLS!

THEY'RE ANNIE'S HILLS!

THE HILLS ARE ALIVE!

WHERE'D YOU MEET LAST NIGHT'S LADYFRIEND, JAMAICA?

NOPE! JAMAICA YOURS?!

HI, ANNIE! MIGHT AS WELL COME TO THE NUDE BEACH WITH ME. YOU'RE ALREADY DRESSED FOR IT.

POOEE! POOEE!

THEY'RE BLOWING THE CONCH FOR LUNCH.

BLOWING THE CONCH?

THE CONCH! IT'S A PRIMITIVE SEA-SHELL HORN.

POOEE! THIS IS A RECORDING.

A LIGHT BREEZE STIRRED THE PALMS AND RIPPLED THE BRIGHT-BLUE WATERS.

FLATBUSH



LEAPIN' LIZARDS. WHEN DID THEY INVENT SAND SKIING?

WHEN WE TOOK OFF OUR BRAS....LET'S TRY THE HOTEL POOL..



I GOT MY DEEP SHADE OF TAN FROM SIZZLESTOP LOTION NO. 2.

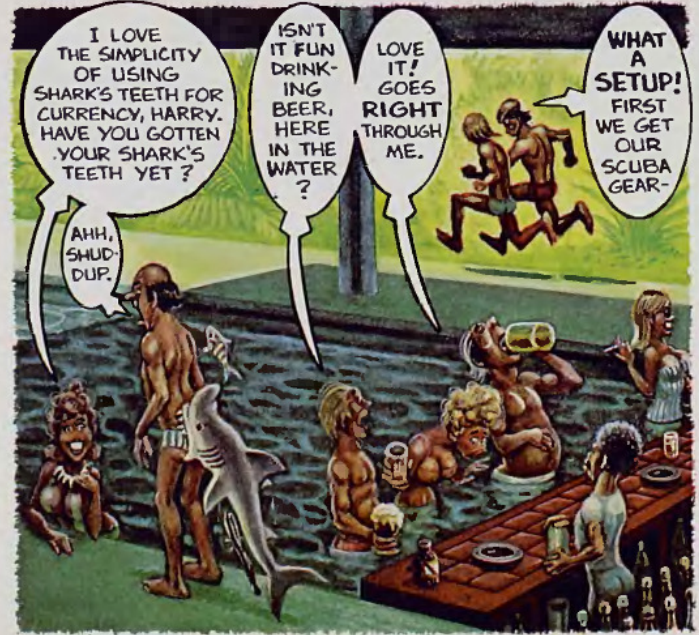
I GOT MY DELICATE SHADE OF GREEN FROM THE CHILI LUNCH SPECIAL.

JEEPERS, IT'S SO GREASY AROUND THE POOL.

SAY! WHY DON'T WE SCUBA!

WHOOOPS!


WHOOOPS!





IMPORTED CANADIAN WHISKY - A BLEND - 80 PROOF - CALVERT DIST. CO., N. Y. C.

Go for the best from the North. A Canadian so good, it takes the efforts of four great distilleries from Manitoba to Quebec to make the superb taste of one great whisky. Lord Calvert: The Lord of the Canadians.



Lord of the Canadians

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

AUDIO VOYEURISM

If you think that some of your nights are uneventful, just punch in the frequency of any metropolitan police department and find out just how wild and crazy things really are. Or search the local radiotelephone channels for a dose of daily soap opera as the phone-in-car wheeler-dealers on wheels chat up their latest ladies or argue over alimony with ex-wives. Because the new

generation of programmable scanners need no crystals and can search entire bands, the simple police radio has evolved into a sophisticated piece of V.H.F./U.H.F. monitoring equipment that can pick up anything from marine, aviation, sheriff and rescue-squad broadcasts to hams, hospitals, trains and even cabs and buses. It's 11 P.M., folks. Do you know where your cops are?



Clockwise from 11: Realistic's PRO-2020, a 20-channel crystalless receiver, features two-speed channel search for regular or rapid scanning and electronic channel lockout, from Radio Shack, \$299.95. The compact unit to the right of it is a programmable 40-channel Touch M400 model that can pick up audio action at home or on the road, available with built-in digital clock and a rechargeable battery pack, by Regency Electronics, \$379. Third is a BMP (base, mobile and portable) 10/60 scanner that—as you may have guessed—is a ten-channel unit that is programmed to 60 frequencies, by Fox Marketing, \$349.95. The hand-held scanner at near left is a Bearcat 100 16-channel model that measures only 7" x 3" x 1¼" yet can automatically search and scan the airways, by Electra, \$449.95. Last, a D810 50-channel, eight-band programmable search scanner that covers fire, police, marine and weather, as well as air and FM, by Regency Electronics, \$499.95.

THE SPA EXPERIENCE COMES HOME

As more and more guys discover the joy of pampering their bodies at La Costa, The Golden Door and other health resorts, serious sybarites are re-creating the spa experience back in their own pads. Many skin-care products previously stocked solely at spas are now available in stores—and there's been a prolifera-

tion of such specialty installations as saunas, hot tubs, whirlpools and aquatic bubble machines designed for the home. A total spa-type shower, tub and dressing area—as depicted here—is the ideal way to take the plunge. But if that's over your head, begin with basic products and swim upstream as your current finances allow. It's your move, Mr. Goodbody.

Left: This French-made spa-inspired Terraillon bathroom scale topped with wooden slats can handle up to 260 pounds (120 kilos) and measures only 12" x 12" x 4", from the Horchow Collection, \$54. Right: The wall-mounted Beautiful Skin Shower System attaches directly to the shower head and automatically blends a neutralizing rinse (flacon one) and oils (flacon two) with the water spray to re moisturize your bod, \$42.



You're looking at the spa-type bath/dressing/exercise area of Robert Mihalik, a New York sculptor with space to spare in his Soho-district loft pad. Incorporated into the redwood hot tub are four water jets, an underwater light, an aerator for bubbles and a circulator. Behind the tub are a shower, a lavatory and a multitude of mirrored storage bins.



Left: You don't have to check into La Costa, the famous California health spa, to check out the La Costa Shower/Bath Bar that adheres to the wall and includes La Costa's shampoo with conditioner, shower/bath gel, after-shower/bath splash and a custom sponge, \$27.50. Right: For muscle and tone, there's a Joe Namath Dumbbell and Exercise Set with three- and seven-pound weights, by Dynamic Classics, \$39.95.



Socko Performance

This is the first fight *paparazzo* photographer RON GALELLA has had in years that was all in fun. Some arguments, like his running one with Jackie, are decided in the courts; others, like his fistfight with Brando, get resolved in the street. Here, DUSTIN HOFFMAN cares enough to send his very best.



AMY CLIFFORD/ONYX



© TIM H. REBTON/STOMA

Keeping the Faith

Wild horses couldn't keep MARIANNE FAITHFULL from handing us one of the best albums of last year, *Dangerous Acquaintances*. She has a voice like silk and, from the looks of things, the lungs to go with it.

Hallelujah! Come On, Get Happy

There's much more, as you can see, to actress ERIN MORAN, a.k.a. Joanie Cunningham on *Happy Days*. Moran recently had starring roles in a science-fiction thriller, *Mindwarp: An Infinity of Terror*, and an upcoming TV movie, *Twirl*. God knows, she puts up with Scott Baio every week and thinks of the Fonz as family, but we're not going to hold either of those things against her.



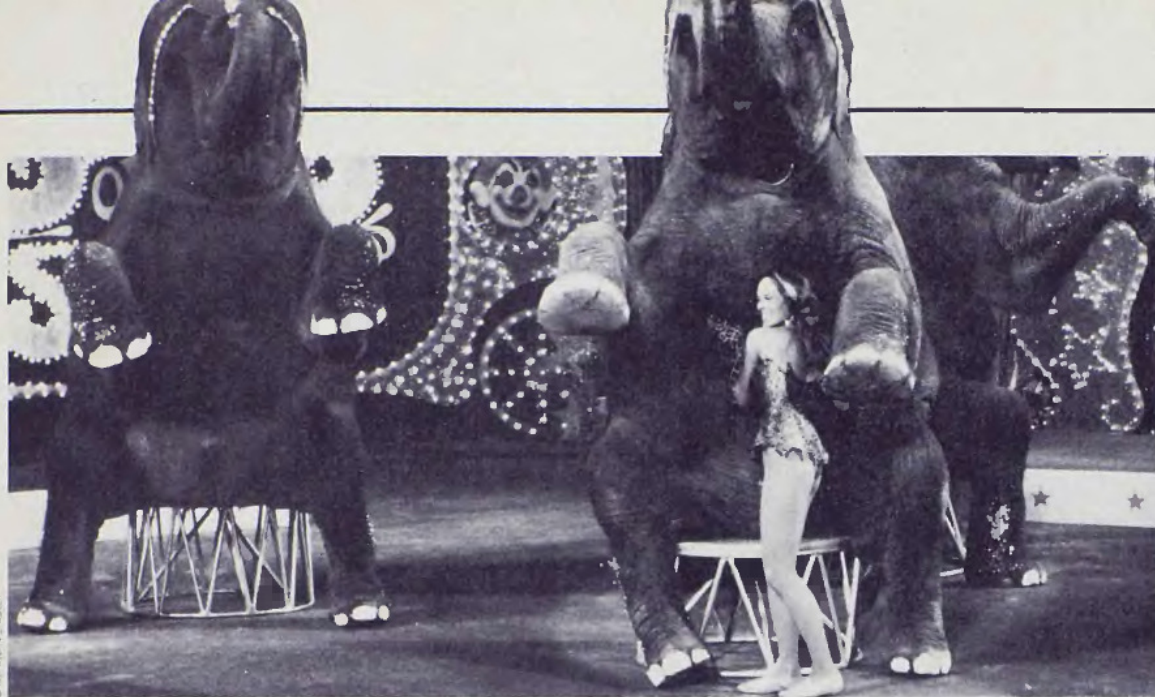
© 1987 MICHAEL CHILDERS/STOMA



Brown Sugar

Singer DIANA ROSS had two recent unveilings: her celebrity breast of the month and a new megabuck record deal with RCA. Only Elvis and The Beatles have had more number-one records than Ross. She's our royal Di.

WALTER VEINOT/RETNA LTD.



Bach Tickles Those Ivories

Here we have actress CATHERINE BACH relaxing with a couple of her bodyguards after a long day on the set of her hit TV series, *The Dukes of Hazzard*. We know something about elephants: You don't tell them what to do and you don't yell, "Hey, Dumbo!" at them to get their attention. You walk softly and carry at least one stick.



She's Got the Look We Want to Know Better

Lady bountiful on the left is KIM SEELBREDE, the current Miss U.S.A.; the lady on the right says she's a *contessa*, named SUZANNA SCARELLI. The anonymous hand giving the thumbs-up sign isn't whistling *Dixie*. We're glad to note that not all beauty-contest winners play the accordion and want to be speech therapists. Some boogie the night away at Regine's with royalty.

Don't Quibble with Sybil

For those of you who saw actress SYBIL DANNING in *Battle Beyond: the Stars* last year and thought a woman who looked like her could exist only in an outer galaxy, relax. Danning's now co-starring with Tony Franciosa in *Julie Darling*. Lucky for us, she's down to earth!



DIRTY MINDS

We already know, without the advantages of scientific inquiry, that soap operas are addictive, may result in serious brain damage and can make you late to class. Now sociologists are beginning to probe this cultural experience to find out its effects; they have learned that if you immerse yourself in suds, you don't always come up

life among their fans. We thought we owed you an explanation. Especially in portrayals of sexual and social activities, say the pros, life in the soaps is more intimate than in real life (as is also the case in many AC/DC concerts). The researchers monitored most of the popular soaps, analyzed their content and then compared it with real life. They didn't say whose.

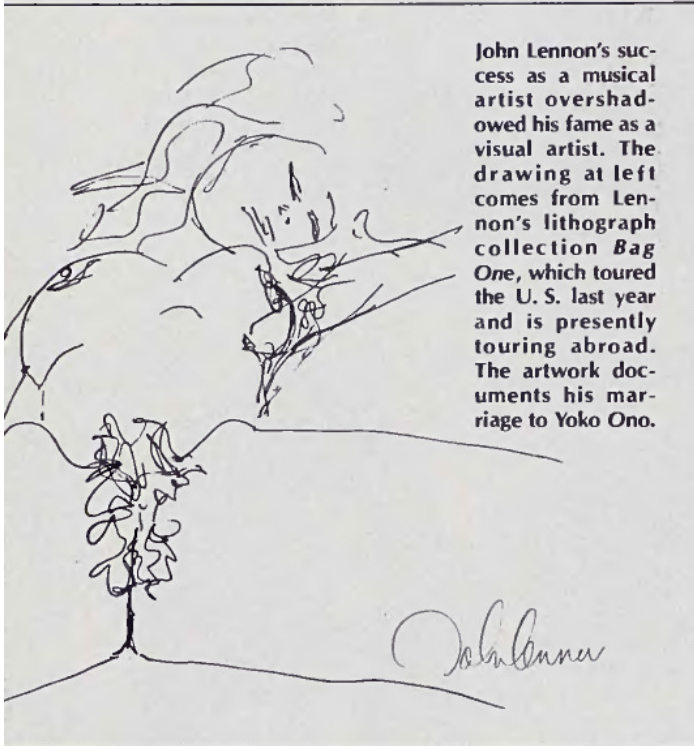
In soap life, unmarried couples are much more likely to have sex than married couples, and when married couples talk about having sex, it's usually in reference to their unmarried acquaintances. According to the scientists, something called *erotic touching* is the most frequently occurring sexual activity, suggesting that when disco died, it moved on to TV.

One of the studies in the journal's colloquium surveyed 290 college students who watch soaps. It turned out that many of them experienced exaggerated perceptions about many aspects of life, which more or less conformed to soap-opera life. Common exaggerations included: the numbers of doctors

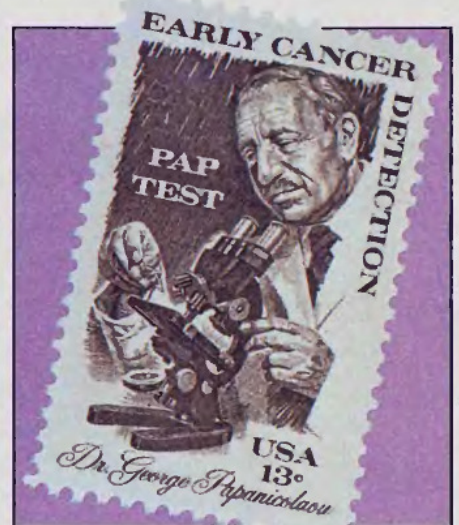
her best friend's husband, who is sleeping with his attorney, who is sleeping with all of them. Did we say sleeping? We meant erotic touching.

JUMP ON A MAN LIKE A DOG ON A BONE

Los Angeles papers lately have carried an ad for a new group called Single Animal Lovers of California. We called its founder, 34-year-old single Linda Wexler, a former Buffalo, New York, schoolteacher who claims that S.A.L.C. membership is swelling into the hundreds. Most of the members are professional people who own every-



John Lennon's success as a musical artist overshadowed his fame as a visual artist. The drawing at left comes from Lennon's lithograph collection *Bag One*, which toured the U.S. last year and is presently touring abroad. The artwork documents his marriage to Yoko Ono.




When the U.S. Postal Service honors a gynecological procedure designed to avert a serious disease, how can we complain? But we could have suggested a more documentary approach to the artwork. Are we starting a smear campaign?

clean. In our pictorial *The Bad and the Beautiful* (January 1982), we only touched on reports in the *Journal of Communication* of the Annenberg School of Communication, in which several researchers accused soaps not only of being unrealistic but of creating distorted perceptions about real

and lawyers in the real world, the number of people who have had affairs, been divorced, had abortions, had illegitimate children and the number of women who don't work. Had they only asked, we figure they would also have found that in any given group of friends, one of them is sleeping with

thing from dogs and cats to exotic birds and monkeys.

After establishing that the group was for single humans who love animals, rather than for humans who love single animals, we asked her why she started the group. The owner of a collie named Lad, Wexler explained that pet-owning singles have unique problems. For example, what happens when you take a date home and he or she is allergic to your dog? Or where do you leave your pet when you take off for a hot singles weekend? Best to find some fellow animal lovers.

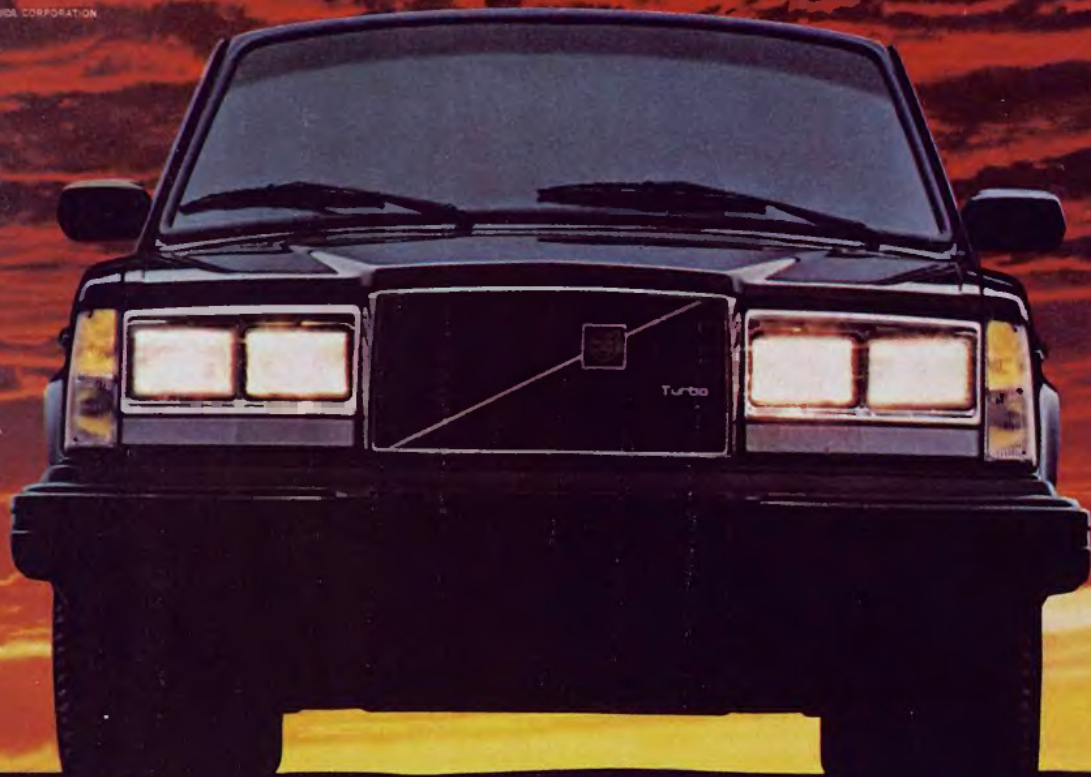
"I've had my dog for 12 years," said Wexler, "but the men walk in and out of my life." Sounds like an axiom for the Eighties. If you're interested in starting your own chapter, write to S.A.L.C., P.O. Box 46-463, Los Angeles, California 90046. Twenty-five dollars will get you an annual membership plus four newsletters about members and their pets. 

From the *What Makes America Great Department*: From coast to coast, Americans like a good contest, whether it's the world series, *The Dating Game* or the two documented below. At left, participants in the Tits for Tots charity event in Costa Mesa, California, compete in a marathon of events, including best buns, hot legs and a wet-T-shirt contest. Entrance fees were contributed to children's charities. At right, a leading contender in the Best Buns finals at Summers, a Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, rock-'n'-roll bar, demonstrates her competitive edge.

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FALL IN LOVE IN 9 SECONDS FLAT.

The Volvo Turbo can hurtle you from a standing start to maximum legal speed in a mere 9 seconds.

Its turbo-charged 4-cylinder engine can blow a V-8 off the road. It has caused automotive writers to use descriptions like "Spectacular." "A blast." "Like cutting in an afterburner."

If that's the kind of driving excitement you thought had vanished with the muscle cars of the past, test drive a Volvo Turbo.

It could rekindle your love affair with the car.

THE TURBO

By Volvo.

LYNCHBURG
 HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

23 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352



Old-time Riverboat Playing Cards

Both of these decks are prettier than a painting, and so is the antique tin card case. Each card is a bit larger and thicker than normal—like those used on riverboats in the 1890's. There's a black and a green deck—both with an antique gold "distillery design." The face cards are reproduced from 100-year-old artwork. So it's a real unusual set of cards for the serious player. Twin deck in antique case: \$8.50. Postage included.

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NEXT MONTH:



MUSIC'S YEAR



LATEST MOOEL



WOMEN'S WANTS



CHONG'S CHARMS

"TODAY TEXAS, TOMORROW THE WORLD: THE WAR ON DRUGS"—THERE'S A FULL-SCALE BATTLE GOING ON IN THE LONE STAR STATE, AND IT'S SPREADING FAST. LOOKS AS IF 1984 IS ON THE MARK. A CHILLING REPORT—BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

"WHAT DO WOMEN WANT?"—YOU'LL HATE YOURSELF FOR LAUGHING AT WHAT HAPPENS TO LANCE LERNER IN THIS ONE, BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP IT. A WRY FICTIONAL TALE OF ATTEMPTED ADULTERY—BY **DAN GREENBURG**

JAMES WOODS, HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE SOCIOPATH, REVEALS HIS DEBT TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH: FOR HIM, IT MADE SEX WORTH WHILE. THIS, AND MORE, IN **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"MAN & WOMAN, PART IV: THE SEX CHEMICALS"—SPEAKING OF SEX, YOU CAN LIVE LONGER IF YOU'RE CASTRATED AT BIRTH. BUT IS IT WORTH IT? A LIVELY LOOK AT HORMONES—BY **JO DURDEN-SMITH** AND **DIANE DE SIMONE**

"QUEST FOR FIRE"—IT STOPS HERE, WITH PHOTOS FROM THAT FILM—AND A SPECIAL PHOTO SURVEY OF OUR OWN—FOCUSING ON **RAE DAWN CHONG**—BY PHOTO ARTIST **ERNST HAAS**


"ON THE ROAD WITH THE TOMMY LASORDA SHOW"—A CLOSE VIEW OF THE MAN BEHIND THE WINNING BEVERLY HILLS STYLE OF BASEBALL MANAGEMENT—BY **ROGER KAHN**

"HOLD THE PHONE!"—IN TELEPHONE ELECTRONICS, WE'VE COME A LONG WAY SINCE "NUMBER, PLEASE"—BY **DANNY GOODMAN**

"PLAYBOY MUSIC '82"—HERE THEY ARE, THE RESULTS OF OUR ANNUAL MUSIC POLL, PLUS THE LOW-DOWN ON TOP DEEJAYS' FAVORITE ARTISTS AND ALBUMS. NOTEWORTHY!

"AMERICAN IN PARIS"—OUR PLAYMATE **HENRIETTE ALLAIS** TOOK OFF FOR PARIS AND BECAME ONE OF EUROPE'S TOP MODELS. NOW SHE'S ALL OURS AGAIN, IN STUNNING PHOTOS

ED KOCH, FLAMBOYANT, FEISTY MAYOR OF NEW YORK, RARELY WITHHOLDS HIS OPINIONS ON LOCAL, STATE OR NATIONAL ISSUES. NOW HE OFFERS THEM, AT LENGTH, IN A COLORFUL, MEMORABLE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**



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