

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1982 • \$2.50

College girls have come  
a long way, baby!



**WAIT'LL YOU SEE  
THE GIRLS OF**

*The  
Big Eight*



**BEHIND THE LINES  
IN THE  
TV NEWS WAR**

**THE SPACE ODYSSEY  
CONTINUES:  
ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S  
NEW THRILLER  
"2010"**

**THE REAL REASON  
AMERICAN  
MANAGEMENT  
DOESN'T WORK**

**CHEECH AND CHONG  
THE PLAYBOY  
INTERVIEW  
GOES UP IN JOKES**

**ANSON MOUNT'S  
FEARLESS  
COLLEGE FOOTBALL  
FORECAST**



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

Filter Kings, 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine; Plains, 22 mg. "tar",  
1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.



Take the road to flavor.

**RALEIGH**



A good rig, a good road, and a good smoke.  
Now that's a good morning.





# “The Quattro”

In Bavaria, Audi built the car  
Road & Track thinks  
“could be the finest car in the world.”







**Audi** Dankeschön, Road & Track Magazine.\*

Rarely, if ever, has a car arrived from Europe with the acclaim as that bestowed upon this newest Audi.

The 1983 Audi Quattro demonstrates how far enlightened technology can go when Bavaria's great engineers are given the freedom to build a car like this.

By any standard, the Quattro is one of the world's most advanced high-performance GT Sports Coupes.

The Quattro's unique system of four-wheel drive, turbocharged five-cylinder engine, five-speed transmission, four-wheel independent suspension and low-drag aerodynamics establishes new parameters in automotive design.

Audi's revolutionary all-wheel drive represents the most significant breakthrough in recent automotive technology. To drive this truly exciting automobile today is to know what it may be like to drive the automobile of the coming decades.

Ironically, the Quattro arrives in America at a time when virtually every car maker worldwide is frantically redesigning cars *en masse* to incorporate "innovative" front-wheel drive systems.

In truth, it was Audi that pioneered front-wheel drive more than 50 years ago, long before it became a fashionable marketing expedient.

As a result of this considerable head start in drive-system technology, Audi is clearly ahead with its exclusive all-wheel drive concept.

Unlike ordinary "off-road" four-wheel drives, the Quattro's drive train is a sophisticated system designed for maximum "on-road" efficiency.

At the heart of this system is a third differential, located behind the transmission. It distributes power evenly between the front and rear wheels.

The benefits of having the front wheels pulling and the rear wheels pushing simultaneously are numerous. The Quattro delivers remarkable performance in cornering, straight-ahead driving and even in climbing steep, snowy hills.

Because of its all-wheel traction, the Quattro has a hill-climbing factor of 1.75 to 2.10, which means it is far superior to many of today's generation of cars.

The Quattro's tractive forces and response give it outstanding accelera-

tion and speed. Wheel lockup while braking is much less likely; steering response remains neutral through on-off throttle changes; and the tendency to aquaplane is greatly minimized.

Stunning first-year victories in four World Championship Rallies in Europe have quickly borne witness to the merits of this new Audi technology.

The Quattro is powered by Audi's five-cylinder turbocharged engine, with CIS fuel injection.

It provides 160 horsepower, giving the Quattro fast sprint times: 0 to 50 in 5.3 seconds, and the quarter mile in 15.7 seconds, and a top speed of 128 miles an hour.

Its highway passing prowess illustrates the engine's strength and elasticity. In fourth gear, the Quattro can go from 35 miles an hour to 62 miles an hour in just 9.6 seconds.

Into this remarkable powerplant, Audi engineers have built many advanced features. For example, an intercooler, that is normally found only in exotic racing cars. It is a small radiator that can cool the turbocharged intake air by 40°-50° centigrade, thereby providing greater density for improved horsepower.

Notable, too, are the notched pistons in the engine. This allows for engine oil to be sprayed onto the bottom of each piston for added cooling.

The Quattro also introduces a compact, five-speed transaxle. Its design makes possible a ground clearance of only 5.3 inches for excellent aerodynamics with a low center of gravity.

As extraordinary as the Quattro is, it is like every Audi in its dedication to the newest ideas in technology and the craftsmanship of its Bavarian coachmakers.

The 5000 Turbo, the new 5000 Turbo Diesel, the GT Coupe and the 4000 Sports Sedan have all been recognized in the automotive community for their advanced engineering ideas.

Indeed, the Quattro is the definitive statement for high-performance automobiles of this decade and a milestone in the art of engineering.

For your nearest Porsche Audi dealer, or details on the Audi Delivery in Europe Program, call toll free (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400. © 1982 Porsche Audi

\*Paul Frere, European Ed., 6/80.

**PORSCHE + AUDI**

**Audi: the art of engineering.**



# Break tradition.

## Drink Ronrico Rum instead.

Face it, you already know what your usual rum, gin and vodka have to offer.

Just try orle drink mixed with Ronrico, and you'll realize what you've been missing.

Ronrico is superbly smooth and light. With a surprisingly distinctive flavor that's bound to win you over.

Isn't it time you broke tradition with Ronrico Rum?

### RONRICO RUM & ORANGE JUICE

2 ozs of Ronrico Rum in a highball glass; ice cubes; fill with orange juice, odd a slice of orange.



# RONRICO RUM



# PLAYBILL

THIS ISSUE OF PLAYBOY reminds us of a line from a country-and-western song: "I've got a great future behind me." Certainly, that line applies to two of our contributors, **Anson Mount** and **Arthur C. Clarke**. Mount, who has been doing *Playboy's Pigskin Preview* for 25 years, is a prognosticator nonpareil, having won the Shelter Insurance Award—given for best pre-season predictions—more times than any other journalist, sportscaster or Vegas bookie. Explains Mount: "I always pick the best, not the most popular, players for Playboy's All-America Team. I recall once nominating a defensive tackle from an obscure Southwestern school and dropping a returning All-America. I got a ton of hate mail—and a letter from the kid I had picked. It read, 'Dear Mr. Mount, I can't believe you really picked me. I'm not All-America caliber. Are you sure you don't have me mistaken for some other Joe Greene?'" Clarke has at least 12 futures behind him, and they all fit. We've been presenting his work as often as possible since 1958 and thought we knew him pretty well; but somehow, we'd lost track of the fact that it was he, back in 1945, who had thought up the communications satellite. For that achievement, Clarke was awarded the Marconi Fellowship for Communications Science and Technology in The Hague last June. Not surprisingly, he still loves new toys. When PLAYBOY asked to look at the manuscript of his new novel, *2010: Odyssey Two*, we received a five-inch disk. It seems that Clarke is now doing all his work on his pet word processor, Archie (Archives III, five megabytes, Winchester disk, Wordstar program). We are proud to present this excerpt (illustrated by **Don Ivan Punchatz**) from his novel—to be published later this fall by Del Rey Books. We'll have more of *2010* in our December issue.

For the past five years, Contributing Photographer **David Chan** has been making his own odyssey—to the nation's college campuses. His latest effort, produced with stylist **Sherral Snow**, is *Girls of the Big Eight*. A memorable conference, you'll discover.

*The Telethon* (illustrated by **Robert Grossman**) is a wry look at one of America's favorite pastimes, from **Stanley Elkin's** new novel, *George Mills*, to be published by Dutton in October. Maybe some video whiz kid is already dreaming up a computer game starring Jerry Lewis and an unnamed disease, but for now, we recommend *Arcade Games Come Home!* For that winning effort, we put illustrator **Gahan Wilson** together with writer **Danny Goodman**. For a newsy view of the boob tube, try **Robert Sam Anson's** *Behind the Lines in the Network News War*. Anson, a distinguished journalist, once worked as an anchor man on New York's WNET-TV, but he claims that only his mother and Roger Mudd remember having seen him.

*The Bomb . . . and Beyond*, by **Otto Friedrich**, a grim description of Armageddon, is the last chapter of Friedrich's *The End of the World*, to be published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. And, as **Jules Siegel** observes in *Why Things Don't Work*, people who run the military, like those who run business, refuse to see that humans make mistakes. Do we trust the men whose fingers are near the button? We figure that the only way to prevent the end of the world is to go back to the beginning. **Tony Hendra** and **Sean Kelly** provide us with *The Book of Creation*, an excerpt from *Not the Bible*, to be published by Ballantine and the funniest account yet of mankind's first week. As God said toward the end of the week, "Thank Me, it's Friday." Federal regulations made us give equal time to the Devil. We sent **David Rensin** to fire 20 Questions at rocker **Tom Petty** and **Ken Kelley** to do a *Playboy Interview* with daredevils **Cheech** and **Chong**. In the beginning was the Word. And in the middle was the centerfold, **Connie Brighton**. And there's more: **Ken Marcus** tops it off with a glowing study of singer **Fran Jeffries**. Seek and ye shall find.



MOUNT



CLARKE



PUNCHATZ



ELKIN



GROSSMAN



ANSON



FRIEDRICH



SIEGEL



HENDRA, KELLY



CHEECH, KELLEY, CHONG



RENSIN



WILSON



MARCUS



CHAN, SNOW



# PLAYBOY®

vol. 29, no. 9—september, 1982

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Space Chase P. 90



Fran's Fans P. 97



Snafus Explained P. 94



Campus Attractions P. 146



War Plans P. 106

|  |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| <b>PLAYBILL</b> .....  | 5                   |
| <b>THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY</b> .....  | 11                  |
| <b>DEAR PLAYBOY</b> .....  | 15                  |
| <b>PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS</b> .....   | 23                  |
| <i>Checking In with Father Guido Sarducci; a fundamentalist sex guide.</i>   |                     |
| <b>BOOKS</b> .....   | 28                  |
| <i>Memorable returns to the wonderful worlds of Pogo and of Red Smith; a new look at Keith Richards.</i>   |                     |
| <b>MUSIC</b> .....   | 32                  |
| <i>A tribute to Terri Gibbs; debut of a new feature, <i>Trust Us</i>.</i>  |                     |
| <b>MOVIES</b> .....  | 36                  |
| <i>Summer brings a four-borrelled salute to the supernaturol.</i>  |                     |
| <b>COMING ATTRACTIONS</b> .....  | 42                  |
| <i>Gilda and Gene will team again; Simon repeats himself again.</i>  |                     |
| <b>THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR</b> .....   | 47                  |
| <b>DEAR PLAYMATES</b> .....  | 51                  |
| <b>THE PLAYBOY FORUM</b> .....   | 53                  |
| <b>PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHEECH AND CHONG—candid conversation</b> ..  | 63                  |
| <i>Are they this decade's answer to Hope and Crosby or just a Colombian law firm? However characterized, they've smoked the competition and taken the comedy of inebriation to new heights. We got them to sit down just long enough to talk about playing San Quentin, playing Hollywood Squares, playing the movie game and, always and ultimately, playing it cool.</i> |                     |
| <b>2010: ODYSSEY TWO (PART ONE)—fiction</b> .....  | ARTHUR C. CLARKE 90 |
| <i>What happened to astronaut David Bowman, swathed out there in the mysteries of Jupiter? A Soviet/American team wants to find out, but so does someone else. Here's a First Look at a continuing tale of man's learning the key to the music of the spheres.</i>   |                     |
| <b>WHY THINGS DON'T WORK—essay</b> .....   | JULES SIEGEL 94     |
| <i>To err is human. To forgive is fine, but maybe it's better to recognize that human frailty underlies most errors. Behind the curtains of every technology, it seems, is a bumbling human wizard.</i>  |                     |
| <b>STILL FRAN-TASTIC!—pictorial</b> .....  | 97                  |
| <i>Singer, actress, siren of the Sixties—she put the Scarum in Elvis' Harum and had one of the title roles in Sex and the Single Girl—Fran Jeffries looks better than ever today.</i>  |                     |
| <b>THE TELETHON—fiction</b> .....  | STANLEY ELKIN 102   |
| <i>Hurry, now, and salve your guilty conscience with greenbacks. Time's running out. The tears are flowing, and so is the bullshit.</i>  |                     |
| <b>PERSONAL BEST—accouterments</b> .....   | 104                 |
| <i>From a classy corkscrew to a gleaming inkwell to a handsome cigarette case, here are heart-warming gifts to prove that all that glitters is not cold.</i>   |                     |

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1982 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE. MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DEPOSEE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SIMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: JAY ARNOLD, P. 90 (1); BRUCE AYRES, P. 89; SIDNEY BALDWIN, P. 5; P. M. CASTELLANO, P. 5; CLINT





**COVER STORY**

California's slim Kym Herrin has come a long way since she serenaded passers-by in Santa Barbara with her flute. She graced our gatefold in March 1981 and stretched her talents in July's *Partner Stretching* guide. Executive Art Director Tom Staebler designed and photographed this issue's cover to celebrate *The Girls of the Big Eight* and chose a minimal football outfit for Kym; it was obvious that she didn't need any pads. The fans in the studio, apparently full of college spirit, kept shouting, "Raw, raw!"

**THE BOMB . . . AND BEYOND—article . . . . . OTTO FRIEDRICH 106**  
 When the ultimate game for the penultimate hour is "Button, button, who's got the button?" the next war really looks like the one to end all wars—and everything else. Here's what may happen when all the world goes fission.

**THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTON—playboy's playmate of the month . . 110**  
 The lollipop league still asks, "Who loves ya, baby?" but Connie Brighton has a lot more going for her than a past living arrangement with Telly Savalas. She's also a professional star maker who's soon to become one herself.

**PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor . . . . . 122**

**THE BOOK OF CREATION—humor . . TONY HENDRA and SEAN KELLY 124**  
 And on the eighth day, the Lord God made Hendra and Kelly the funniest guys in creation. And He said, "Let there be light humor," and there was, and He leaned back and waited 5986 years for them to tell it like it was.

**PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—sports . . . . . ANSON MOUNT 127**  
 And then the Lord God said, "Let there be college football, and let all the fans heed the sermon from the Mount." And there was, and they will, and here it is, for the 25th time.

**BEHIND THE LINES IN THE NETWORK NEWS**  
**WAR—article . . . . . ROBERT SAM ANSON 132**  
 While the generals, the foot soldiers and the spies battle to win the dread badge of ratings, the world of news makers and news rakers keeps filling with casualties. Film at 11; story herein.

**BACK TO CAMPUS—attire . . . . . DAVID PLATT 135**  
 School's in—and so are some classy fashions for forays into the groves of academe. Good hunting.

**20 QUESTIONS: TOM PETTY . . . . . 142**  
 Life's not all heartbreak for an L.A. rocker who gets chased by adoring fans and hounded by overdressed music critics. When you're a star, you don't have to live like a refugee.

**ARCADE GAMES COME HOME!—article . . . . . DANNY GOODMAN 144**  
 Now you can defend the universe from the comfort of your La-Z-Boy and never have to worry about running out of fuel—these challenging home games ask no quarter.

**GIRLS OF THE BIG EIGHT—pictorial . . . . . 146**  
 No, we haven't run out of conferences; we've just been working up to this one, a glittery glance at all the gorgeous girls who gussy up the grainfields.

**THE UNANSWERABLE QUESTION—ribald classic . . . . . 159**

**PLAYBOY'S ROVING EYE—pictorial . . . . . 162**  
 Crossbow and Eros ride high in the new film *The Road Warrior*.

**PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor . . . . . 164**

**PLAYBOY POTPOURRI . . . . . 196**

**PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE . . . . . 229**  
 Picture-perfect products; scads of solar stuff; a casual/dressy clothing line; Grapevine; Sex News.



Genesis Revisited P. 124



Fashion Forecast P. 135



Telethon Tale P. 102



Brighton Beautiful P. 110



Home Games P. 144

CRAWFORD, P. 5; RICHARD FEGLEY, P. 16; FOCUS ON SPORTS, INC., P. 127; ARNY FREYTAG, P. 11; GAMMA-LIAISON, P. 42; RICHARD IZUI, P. 145; LOU JOFFRED, P. 12; RICHARD KLEIN, P. 152, 196; LARRY L. LOGAN, P. 11, 12 (6); DAVID MCEY, P. 5, 148-152, 197; KERRY MORRIS, P. 97 (1), 110, 117 (3); RON PHILLIPS, P. 5; POMPEO POSAR, P. 157; STEVE SCHAPIRO, P. 42; DENNIS SILVERSTEIN, P. 11 (2); VERNON L. SMITH, P. 5 (6); LONI SPECTOR, P. 5; NORM STEVENS, P. 5; JOHN SWEDA, P. 5; LARRY YARCHEVER, P. 11. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: ERALDO CARUGATI, P. 20, 196; DAN CLYNE, P. 196; PAT NAGEL, P. 23, 53; KERIG POPE, P. 54-55; KERRY RUTZ, P. 196; STEVE RYBKA, P. 197; RAY SMITH, P. 34; LEN WILLIS, P. 197. INSERTS: FRANKLIN MINT CARD BETWEEN PAGES 24-25, 214-215; PROFESSOR'S PICKS CARD BETWEEN PAGES 32-33, 206-207; PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL CARD BETWEEN PAGES 188-189.



# Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka The spirit of the Czar



His leadership was legendary and his thirst for life extraordinary. Even in his intimate moments, there was a special grandeur. His drink? Genuine Vodka.

Today, Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

## Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka



80 PROOF

100 PROOF

Product of U.S.A. Distilled from grain • Wolfschmidt, Baltimore, MD.

## PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER  
editor and publisher

NAT LEHRMAN associate publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER editorial director

ARTHUR PAUL art director

DON GOLD managing editor

GARY COLE photography director

G. BARRY GOLSON executive editor

TOM STAEBLER executive art director

### EDITORIAL

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

### ART

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

### PHOTOGRAPHY

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

### PRODUCTION

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

### READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH manager

### CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH director; ALVIN WIEMOLD subscription manager

### ADVERTISING

HENRY W. MARKS director

### ADMINISTRATIVE

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

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER president



## SOUND

HANS FANTEL

# Sony Cooks Up a Top Tape

**T**ape makers literally can't leave well enough alone. Just as tape development had reached the well-enough level, with the better brands sounding very good indeed, some manufacturers seem eager to outdo their own — and anyone else's — achievements.

Competition, innovation, and sheer cussed perfectionism aside, the question arises whether such compulsive pushing of limits really brings practical benefits to the listener. In the case of Sony's new UCX-S cassettes — the latest champion in the international tape derby — the answer is a decided yes.

The nature of these benefits is best understood by way of analogy. Tape is to a recorder what film is to a camera. Even the best camera can't take good pictures with poor film. Similarly, no tape recorder can sound better than the tape running in it. Just as the grain and pigments of a film determine the quality of a photograph (other factors being equal), so the frequency response, dynamic range

---

**'Formulating a tape is like flavoring a sauce. Not just the ingredients count, but also their proportion.'**

---

and noise characteristics of a tape determine the quality of a recording.

In Sony's UCX-S, these factors have been slightly but perceptibly improved over previous norms, and the ear readily and gratefully registers the difference. In critical listening comparisons with other ferricobalt cassettes (i.e., cassettes made with cobalt-treated iron oxide), the treble not merely seemed extended in range but also more natural in character. Credit for this goes to the greater treble capacity of this tape, which obviates any need for false emphasis in the upper range. As a result, timbres and textures of orchestral music assume a very pleasing, lifelike vividness. By the same token, the so-called transient response — the ability to render short, sharp sounds with appropriate clarity — is also enhanced, for this essential aspect of sound also requires smoothness of treble.

Yet the exceptional merit of this tape is not confined to the upper range. The bass also comes through with genuine depth and solidity not usually attained in cassettes, and the noise level remains happily unobtrusive.

No single technical advance can be credited for all these virtues. After all, formulating a tape is rather like flavoring a sauce. Not just the ingredients count, but also their proportion, blend and texture — plus what the chef

calls *je ne sais quoi*. The sauce analogy applies even to attitudes. Tape manufacturers typically are as mum about their concoctions as any professional cook might be about his hollandaise. When interviewed in his laboratory, Mr. T. Hirano, Sony's top tape wizard, declined in fluent English to divulge particulars. But he confided that the exceptional attributes of his UCX-S formulation arise from a combination of three factors:

First, the magnetic particles forming the working parts of the tape have been shrunk in size by nearly 30 percent, making a finer and more uniform dispersion on the tape. This may be likened to grain in photographic film. The finer the grain the sharper the image. Or, to invoke the proper explanatory concept, the smoother surface can "resolve" more image detail, just as finer lines can be drawn on smooth paper than on rough surfaces. Similarly, smoother grain structure in a recording tape can resolve smaller waveforms, thereby permitting higher frequencies and finer sonic detail to be captured.

Secondly, ways have been found to arrange the particles so they don't stick to the tape in a crisscross pattern like trees in a logjam. The new process allows more of the rod-shaped particles to be packed in parallel, like tree-trunks in a raft. This yields multiple benefits: It provides a smoother — and hence more receptive — surface on which the magnetic signal can be inscribed. The greater density of the tightly packed particles concentrates more magnetic force into a given area (about 500 billion particles in each millimeter of tape) so that greater loudness peaks can be accommodated with less distortion. What's more, hiss is reduced by the regularity of the particles.

Thirdly, the basic material itself has been improved by new methods of spiking each iron particle with molecules of cobalt, so as to heighten such magnetic properties as coercivity and retentivity. These determine how faithfully the tape "remembers" the music entrusted to it, and how much sonic detail it recalls on command. To be less metaphoric and more precise about it, retentivity is 1800 Gauss and coercivity is 650 Oersted — uncommonly high values assuring that this tape will be on its very best molecular behavior when jolted by the impact of the musical signal.

Although developed at Sony's laboratories at Sendai, in northern Japan, the new tape is to be domestically produced in Alabama and Texas. With a list price of \$5 for a one-hour cassette, it is much less expensive than the so-called metal tapes, yet in most practical uses virtually equivalent to their performance.

Talking to the originators of the new tape, one gains the impression that they were inspired, at least in part, by friendly rivalries within Sony's corporate empire. Traditionally, Sony tape has stood in the shadow of the company's more eye-catching developments, such as Trinitron TV, the Betamax, and its excellent stereo components. The new tape represents a bid for a bit of the limelight and is — to borrow a phrase from my college yearbook — most likely to succeed. © 1982 The New York Times Co. Reprinted by permission. ■

WE THOUGHT THIS NEW YORK TIMES REVIEW WAS FIT TO PRINT.



# "UNIDEN EXTEND-A-PHONE.<sup>™</sup> IT GOES WITH THE CONVERSATION."

—JACK NICKLAUS

Jack Nicklaus can't afford to be too far from his phone.

That's why he chose the Uniden Extend-A-Phone. The Extend-A-Phone has no cord, which means it goes with the conversation. Anywhere, in or around the house.

Because it's portable, just one Extend-A-Phone can take the place of several extension phones, which means savings in money as well as gains in convenience.

You can receive calls from anywhere in the world and place calls to anywhere in the world.

Extend-A-Phone is compatible with all phone systems. You can install it yourself in seconds—just plug it in. And its nickel cadmium batteries recharge themselves automatically when you rest it in its "home base."

There's a wide selection of Extend-A-Phones—including models that are perfect for your needs. For complete details, send for our free booklet "You Can Take It With You."

Write Uniden Corporation of America, Dept. MSG, 6345 Castleway Court, Indianapolis, IN 46250. Or Call 1-800-854-6419.



**uniden**  
extend-a-phone  
It goes with the conversation.



# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

## BOSS TWEED REIGNS OVER MANSION WEST PRESS CONFERENCE

Below, PLAYBOY Editor and Publisher Hugh M. Hefner leads the applause for 1982 Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed (left) at a Playboy Mansion West press conference and luncheon in her honor. Tweed, our November 1981 centerfold, this year became our first video Playmate and now co-hosts, with Peter Tomarken, The Playboy Channel. Those achievements and the fact that she's 5'10" establish some pretty high standards.



## EVERYBODY GETS INTO THE RING

Artist LeRoy Neiman, who recently painted a portrait of Sylvester Stallone, scored points for his portrayal of a fight announcer in *Rocky III*. Above, the film's writer, director and star, "Rocky" Stallone, and trainer Burgess Meredith watch Neiman in action. Below, a genuine boxing champ, June *Playboy Interview* subject Sugar Ray Leonard, visits with Hef at Playboy Mansion West.

## PLAYBOY ALL AMERICAN TEAM PREVIEW

### PLAYERS READY FOR PRIME TIME

At right, PLAYBOY Photography Director Gary Cole sizes up the talent for College Football '82, *The Playboy All-America Team*, in which, for the first time ever on video, our peerless sports prognosticator Anson Mount introduces his top collegiate players for the new season. The program will appear on channels throughout the country.



## NO WONDER THE MEDICAL SCHOOLS ARE OVERCROWDED

At left, in an inspiring scene from the movie *Young Doctors in Love*, actor Dabney Coleman is obviously telling our January 1982 Playmate, Kimberly McArthur, to go home, take an aspirin and get into bed. We figure he plays a *blind* doctor. At right, a healthy shot of Kim, from our photo library, that's worth its weight in penicillin.





VOULEZ-VOUS COUCHER AVEC MOI, HEF?

Hugh Hefner's birthday parties are big events at Mansion West; each one has its own theme. In the past, Hef's party crew has presented a mock Academy Awards show, a risqué *Gong Show* send-up and an Olympics spoof. This year's theme, "April in Paris," sounds tame but, as presented for Hef, helps us understand why they write songs about Paris. Check out the dancers below, performing in the tradition of the Folies-Bergère.



Above: The birthday boy and the new Playmate of the Year, Shannon Tweed, are a rapt audience for the party entertainment, which included dancing, singing and all kinds of *joie de vivre* concocted, more or less, around Parisian themes. *Vive la France*.



And what homage to Paris would be complete without an impressionist? Let's see; there were Degas, Renoir, Monet, Manet and, of course, Bob Anderson, the impressionist shown above with Tony Bennett, the appreciative subject of his work that night. Below, the cancan dancers shake it up one more time for a personally monogrammed ending to Hef's 56th birthday.



During a break in the festivities, tennis pro Jimmy Connors and his wife, 1977 Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire, find a romantic moment (above) to converse about tennis; you know, things like love.



Above, one of the guest dancers requires some assistance during her, uh, brief routine performed with Les Brown's Band of Renown. At left, 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre's cup runneth over, unbeknownst to her, as she agitates and motivates with fellow dancers Ceci Loren and Edwin Piekny, who go with the flow.





*"Michelob after work  
makes you glad there's a rush hour."*

MICHELLOB

BEER

*Put a little  
weekend  
in your week.*



# hexa·photo·cybernetic

## The Possibilities are Endless.



Six-mode exposure control. System versatility. Newer electronics for wider applications.



The Canon A-1 is one of the world's most advanced automatic SLR cameras. Combining the finest in optical and mechanical engineering with the most sophisticated electronics, it's technology applied to give you the ultimate in creative control. At the touch of a button.

Depending on your subject, you can choose from six independent

exposure modes to achieve the results you want:

**1** Shutter-Priority: You select the shutter speed, to freeze the action and prevent camera shake or create an intentional blur. The A-1 automatically selects the appropriate lens opening.

**2** Aperture-Priority: Control the area in focus by selecting the lens opening for the effect you want. The A-1 matches with the right speed.

**3** Programmed: When you need to shoot fast, just focus. The A-1 will select *both speed and aperture* for great results.

**4** Stopped-Down: For extreme close-up or specialized photography, a bellows, a microscope or almost anything can be attached to the A-1. It's still automatic.

**5** Flash: Totally automatic flash photography, of course, with a wide variety of Canon Speedlites to choose from.

**6** Manual: Yes. For those times when you absolutely want to do it all yourself. To experiment. To explore the possibilities.

Shutter-Priority 1000 5.6



There are over forty fine Canon lenses ranging from Fish Eye to Super Telephoto, plus accessories to meet every need. If you can't photograph your subject with a Canon A-1, it probably can't be photographed.

From the sophistication of its LED viewfinder display, to a ruggedness that allows up to five-frame-per-second motor drive, the Canon A-1 represents an incredible technology. At a price that makes owning one a definite possibility.

# Canon® A-1

Canon U.S.A., Inc. One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, New York 11042 • 140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, Illinois 60126 • 6380 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, Georgia 30071 • 123 Paularino Avenue East, Costa Mesa, California 92626 • Bldg. B-2, 1050 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, Hawaii 96814 • Canon Canada, Inc. Ontario

© 1981 Canon U.S.A., Inc.





## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### EVERLASTING IMPRESSIONS

The *Playboy Interview* with Sugar Ray Leonard (June) makes my ears ring. I've never understood the rational principles behind boxing, but Sugar Ray has illuminated me with his intimate knowledge of an honorable sport. I like his friendly attitude toward his opponents but am not so crazy about his businesslike attitude toward his career. All the same, I consider him a fine representative of boxing and its history. I admire him as a man and count myself lucky to have learned about him.

Richard Collins, Jr.  
Chester, South Carolina

Congratulations to Lawrence Linderman and to PLAYBOY on June's Sugar Ray Leonard interview. It's amazing—all that class and intelligence without one vulgarity or kinky sexual reference. The man is a champion at any level.

Chuck Backer  
Tustin, California

Congratulations to you and to Lawrence Linderman for an excellent *Playboy Interview* with Sugar Ray Leonard. There is no doubt that Ray is in a class by himself, both intellectually and pugilistically. He has accomplished more for the sport of boxing than any man to date, and I sincerely believe that that is one title he will never lose.

Ben Bjornson  
Palm Desert, California

### FAITH, HOPE AND CHARIVARI

Flo Conway and Jim Siegelman have made a tremendous contribution to our understanding of right-wing religion by analyzing its kinship to cultic forms of mind control in *Holy Terror* (PLAYBOY, June). Fatalistic acceptance of the future as a fixed scenario is the very opposite of what responsible Christian freedom

means, and a judgmental spirit is more Pharisaic than Christian.

William T. Joyner  
Sarasota, Florida

*Holy Terror* really frightens me. I had had no idea how far religious fanaticism had spread. In particular, *The Man on the White Horse*, which describes a side of Ronald Reagan that I hadn't been aware of, shocked me to the core, and I'm almost convinced that we are all in grave danger under his leadership. It's bad enough to have a Jerry Falwell running around loose, but to have a similar personality in the White House is something we should be most deeply concerned about. While I would like to think that our leaders have morals and ethics inspired by the teachings of the Bible, I don't like the idea of having leaders who are fanatical about anything, let alone religion. Even the Bible itself preaches moderation.

Linda Appelbaum  
Houston, Texas

I understand what Conway and Siegelman are talking about, since I come from a Protestant-missionary family, and I would like to offer the following thoughts: I do not now embrace the faith in which I was raised for the simple reason that if the power known as God is accepted as original and supreme, what sense does it make to say "Thank God" when things are going well, yet when things are going badly, it's all your fault or all my fault or all the Devil's fault or all someone's fault other than God's? It seems to me that if God is all-powerful and supreme, He must be held responsible for the bad as well as given credit for the good. I have asked a number of Christians, including two famous Christian leaders, how, in the face of evil in the world, God can be all-loving and all-powerful at the same time, and I

SO EFFECTIVE,  
NOTHING COMES  
CLOSE...



MEM COMPANY, INC., NORWICH, NJ 07847 © 1982

(EXCEPT BLONDES,  
BRUNETTES  
AND REDHEADS.)

LYNCHBURG  
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

23 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352

JACK DANIEL'S  
FIELD TESTER SHIRT



These are just like the shirts old Wallace Beery used to wear. Of course, my shirts have the added feature of a "Jack Daniel's Old No. 7 Field Tester" in brown on the chest. Made of 50% cotton and the rest polyester, so they wash easy and keep their shape. Natural cotton color. Order by size—XS, S, M, L, XL. My \$15.00 price includes delivery.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or Master Card, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6% sales tax for TN delivery.)

For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel memorabilia send \$1.00 to the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184.

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), SEPTEMBER, 1982, VOLUME 29, NUMBER 9. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$48 FOR 36 ISSUES, \$34 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$18 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, \$27 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, \$31 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR/DIRECT MARKETING; MICHAEL J. MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: HENRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HAROLD DUCHIN, NATIONAL SALES MANAGER; MICHAEL DRUCKMAN, NEW YORK SALES MANAGER; MILT KAPLAN, FASHION ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO 60611. RUSS WELLS, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 NORTH THIRD AVENUE, TROY, MICHIGAN 48064. JESS BALLEW, MANAGER, 3001 W. BIG BEAVER ROAD, LOS ANGELES 90010. STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, SAN FRANCISCO 94104. TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET,



have never received an answer to that question. One sweet 81-year-old lady, who is a saint, I'm sure, simply and honestly replied, "I don't know."

Edward Rice  
Los Angeles, California

The struggle of the individual soul against the dogmatism and the heresy of organized religion is as old as the thinking man's quest for spiritual atonement in the face of death. *Holy Terror* makes some interesting points about the state of the art of conversion as it exists today in Christendom, exposing how the lonely and the confused and the gullible succumb to the high-pressure tactics of particular denominational persuasions or, more frightening, to the overzealous delusions of individual ministers who terrorize their flocks with the sharp edge of personal Biblical interpretations. The Bible is a sadly misused replica of divinity, as it was some 2000 years ago (and beyond), recollections of the finest and the most brutal human hours as they pertained to the righteousness of God. Every division among Christian churches the world over comes from some conflicting interpretation of the words of the Bible, causing an increasing number of misled followers to worship the disciples more than the Christ.

D. K. Kirk  
Overland Park, Kansas

Is history repeating itself in the repression of free thought, based on religious fear? When is the next witch going to be burned at the stake? I'll wager (is that a sin?) that the burning will be broadcast on *The 700 Club*, with an appeal for more funds to save souls. That should help the ratings. George Burns is the only person who has ever appeared to be even close to my idea of God.

Lee Bush  
Macon, Georgia

There are millions of people who have truly received the peace and joy that Diane of Conway and Siegelman's *Holy Terror* went looking for in the Christian experience. Among the characteristics of a Christian are concern about and willingness to help fellow men. Those should be a Christian's most noticeable qualities—not a rigid clinging to doctrine.

Alice Garrison  
Portsmouth, Rhode Island

The authors of *Holy Terror* have written a lengthy piece that disguises itself as an exposé on the new tactics of fundamentalist cults when in essence it is clearly just another attack on Christianity. I do not regret my decision to give myself wholly to our lord Jesus and his purposes. I do not think of my-

self as mindless and certainly resent the authors' implication that we fundamentalists must be just that. You, PLAYBOY, have become a tool of Satan, and someday, that will become very clear; but by then, the real *Unholy Terror* will have already begun his reign.

Denise Terrazas  
Chicago, Illinois

*Gee, and we thought he'd been inaugurated in January of 1981.*

#### OHHH, CANADA

What a month for Canada! First, we get a new constitution, and second, but no less important, Shannon Tweed is chosen Playmate of the Year (PLAYBOY, June). What more could we ask for in 1982? It's too bad we don't receive The Playboy Channel in Toronto. I guess we will just have to savor Shannon's local TV appearance on *Thrill of a Lifetime*. I hope that we'll eventually get The Playboy Channel up here. Thank you for a splendid choice for Playmate of the Year. Shannon will represent both PLAYBOY and Canada superbly.

Nick Evans  
Toronto, Ontario

We, the men of South Dorm of Hamilton College, would like to congratulate you on the choice of Shannon Tweed as Playmate of the Year. Now we know that Tweed will be in style throughout 1982. One more picture of Miss Tweed would surely help us make it through the chilly autumn months of our college lives.

The Men of South Dorm  
Hamilton College  
Clinton, New York

I grew up with monthly issues of PLAYBOY, and ever since I was ten years old, my secret ambition has been to grace your center pages. But as your circulation grew, so did my legs. When I grew to be more than six feet tall, I got discouraged. Thank you for utilizing the grace of Shannon Tweed. She has given me new confidence in the attributes of a tall woman. Perhaps PLAYBOY should do a feature on very tall women. A lot can be said (and seen) about the beauty of long legs.

Cynthia Calmes  
Los Angeles, California

What more can be said? I certainly cannot write the words to express my admiration for another fantastic choice of Playmate of the Year. Shannon Tweed was my choice from the first moment I saw her as Miss November, so it is easy for me to understand the fanfare.

Phillip Peterson  
Salt Lake City, Utah

One of the advantages PLAYBOY has always had over its would-be competitors

is that it has better artistic taste in its display of female beauty. The June cover of gorgeous Shannon Tweed is an excellent example. Regardless of the placement of her right hand and the strategically placed fur, her pose makes for a beautiful picture. Its beauty lies in its emphasis on a fluid line, a flattering posture and a perfect form.

Paul Thiel  
Covington, Kentucky

Shannon Tweed is a classic beauty. Her beautiful features are sculpted, and a standing ovation is in order for 1982's Playmate of the Year. Please give us another look at that wonderful Canadian.

Thomas Tremblay  
Chicago, Illinois

*With modeling, reigning as Playmate of the Year and anchoring The Playboy Channel in the mixture, '82 has been a very good year for our smooth Canadian.*



*We do regret Ontario's trade deficit: Toronto has given us the celestial Shannon, and all it's gotten from us is a low-flying baseball club.*

#### CONEHEAD'S FRENCH CONNECTION

In *The Aykroyd Chronicle* (PLAYBOY, June), Carol Caldwell has Danny's granddad Aykroyd riding home clad in the red of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The R.C.M.P. wear red, all right, but Carol has the wrong granddad. It was his granddad Gougeon who swelled the young guy's pride. However, Danny's paternal genes do bear ancient law-enforcement chromosomes: The first Aykroyd of record, William de Ayckeroide, was appointed constable of Wadsworth in Yorkshire in 1376. The good constable was clearly of Norman descent, so maybe Beldar really was from France.

The Parental Units  
Lorraine Gougeon Aykroyd  
and Peter Hugh Aykroyd  
Ottawa, Ontario

#### CLANS AND GLANDS

I have read with interest *The Main Event*, part six of the *Man and Woman* series, in June's PLAYBOY. It is stimulating and well-written. It does, however, make a classic amateur-biologist's mistake—that of assuming that the purpose of sex is babies. The ultimate purpose of sex is descendants, a very different



matter. In humans, as in the other species in which the young are helpless and multiple births are rare, the male, in order to pass on his characteristics, must assure himself of three things: (1) that the female is, in fact, pregnant; (2) that he is the father; and (3) that the child survives until it, too, can father children. Casual bed-hopping provides none of those assurances. The long-term pair bond, in whatever form, has survived because it is most likely to ensure that community energies are applied where they will contribute the most to the survival of the species: day-to-day survival and the production of the greatest number of descendants.

Robin Jackson  
Atlanta, Georgia

#### THE BOY WHO DECRIED ROLF

The Rolf Institute objects to the *Holistic Harry* cartoon (PLAYBOY, February) that depicts a Rolfer physically abusing and having sex with his client. The purpose of Rolfling and the intention of the Rolfer is to organize the physical structure of the body so that balance and ease of movement evolve. The conduct of the Rolfer portrayed in the cartoon is not part of that process. The Rolf Institute practitioner-training program, standards of practice and code of ethics are intended to teach and guide the best possible Rolfers to be of service to the public and, at all times, to maintain high standards of professionalism. Rolfers are dedicated to making a contribution to physical comfort and the understanding of stress. For further information regarding the training and the technique of Rolfling, readers can contact the Rolf Institute, P.O. Box 1868, Boulder, Colorado 80306, or telephone 303-449-5903.

Neal Powers  
President, Rolf Institute  
San Francisco, California

*Harry portrayed a Rolf in sheep's clothing in that cartoon and didn't mean to impugn Rolfling in general. "I'm heavily bummed," he says, "if I've realigned anybody's karma."*

#### LURED BY LOURDES

What can I say about June's Playmate pictorial on Lourdes Ann Kananimanu Estores (*Miraculous Lourdes*)? In my opinion, she is the most gorgeous beauty ever to grace your magazine. Of course, I may be slightly partial, since I'm a Hawaii-born-and-raised Filipino myself. I think Hawaii, the melting pot of the Pacific, offers the best-looking wahines (that's females in Hawaiian) anywhere—as evidenced by Miss Estores. (By the way, Haleiwa is not on the island of Hawaii, as the story says, but on Oahu—where I grew up.) I got so homesick looking at the lovely scenery and at Miss



If you'd like subscription information on this little paper, drop us a line.

A MAN can read the Moore County News in just five minutes. That's all it takes to keep up with Moore County.

Occasionally, you'll see a piece on Jack Daniel's Distillery. Like when Jack Bateman broke his arm rolling barrels to the warehouse. Or when Frank Bobo (our head distiller) had his grandson born. But normally we don't make the paper much. You see, we've been charcoal mellowing whiskey here at Jack Daniel's since 1866. And according to the editor, there's no news in that anymore.



CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

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

Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.





Ask for Nocona Boots where quality western boots are sold. Style shown #9068 with Cognac REMU™ vamp. NOCONA BOOT COMPANY / ENID JUSTIN, PRESIDENT / BOX 599 / NOCONA, TEXAS 76255 / 817-825-3321.

## WEIGHTLIFTING, PURE AND SIMPLE.



For a free Soloflex® brochure call 1-800-453-9000  
or write Soloflex, Hillsboro, Oregon 97123  
24 traditional barbell, pulldown and freebody stations. \$495.00

Estores that I'm taking a two-week vacation this summer so I can feast my eyes on Hawaii's natural beauties.

Santiago Ramos  
Grants, New Mexico

Never have I been so stunned and tantalized as I was when I saw your June Playmate, Lourdes Anne Kananimanu Estores. I hope she graces your magazine in the future, because I think I am going to start a fan club.

Jody R. Martin  
Greensboro, North Carolina

Congratulations on another triumph in the out-of-this-world form of Miss June, Lourdes Estores. I was able to tear my eyes away from your first reconnaissance of her heavenly body, in *Girls of Hawaii* (PLAYBOY, August 1980), long enough to note that her two ambitions were to work for NASA and to be a Playmate. She has achieved the second, and only time will tell about the first; she's already put *this* planetary scientist into orbit. Perhaps she'd be interested in co-authoring a manual for couples in zero gravity: *The NASA Sutra*.

Randolph L. Kirk  
California Institute of Technology  
Pasadena, California

*Lourdes appreciates your offer, but she's already mastered weightlessness and*



*has nothing weighty to say about it. Here she is at home in her tastefully decorated space capsule, lounging in front of her antigrav couch.*

### FEELS SO GOOD

While walking along the early-morning streets of downtown Los Angeles, I watched a blind man making his way toward me, swishing his red-tipped cane from side to side. I made room for the gentleman, and just as we were about to pass, I noticed a bundle wedged snugly under his arm. It turned out to be a rolled-up issue of PLAYBOY. The thing that struck me as odd, however, was that the cover was in Braille! Now, *that* says something for your articles.

Kacey Ragland  
Los Angeles, California

*We thought everybody knew there was a Braille edition of PLAYBOY. There has to be—it's the only way the competition can truthfully say it's wearing us down.*





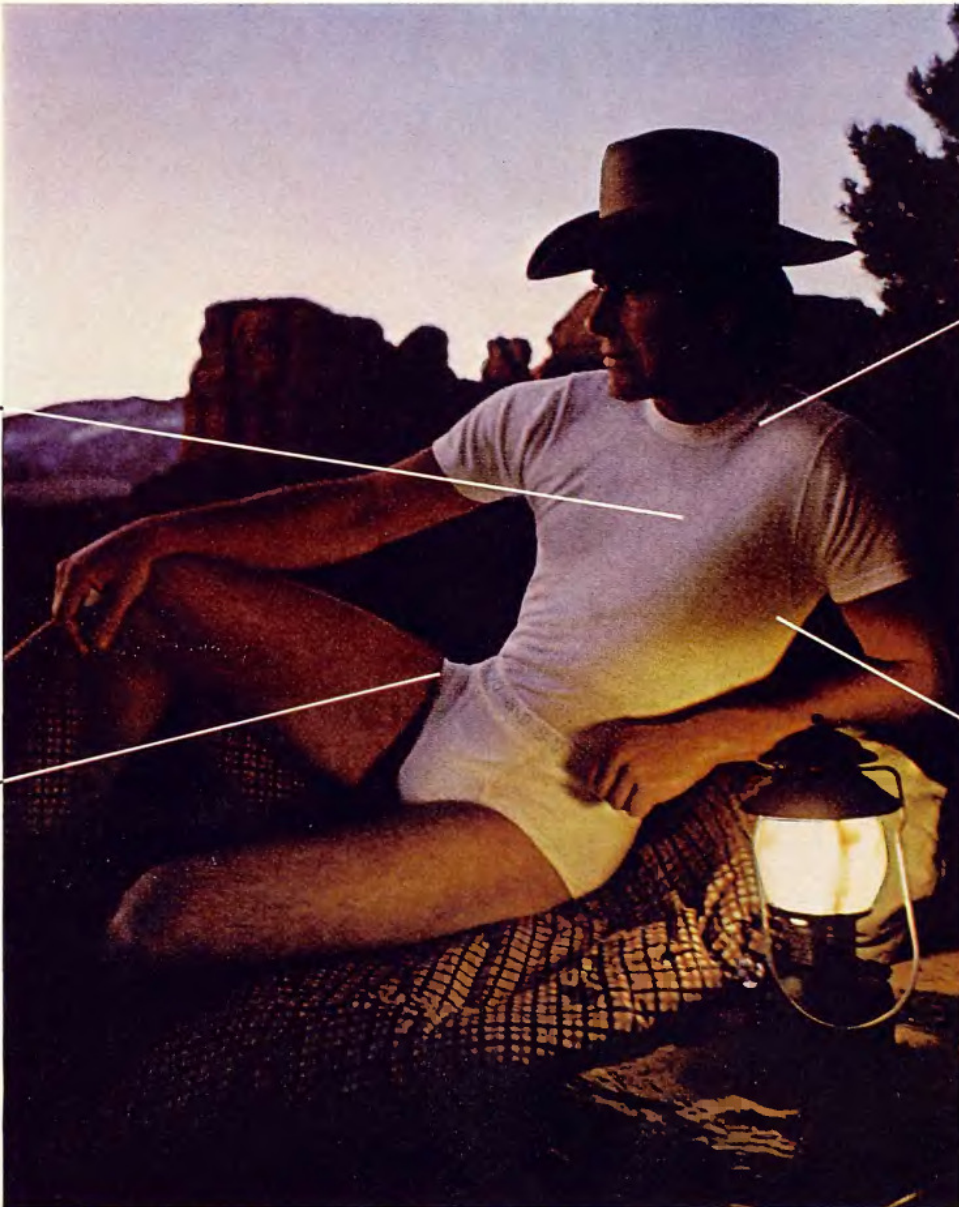
# Now. The expensive fit at a comfortable price.

100% natural  
combed cotton for  
smooth comfort

Reinforced Lycra®  
spandex leg bands  
always fit right

Reinforced collar  
for greater  
durability

Pre-shrunk for  
a fit that lasts  
wash after wash



BVD® underwear has all these expensive features, just like the leading high-priced brand. But we're about 3 dollars less per 3-pack.\* It's easy to see...

## BVD. It's where you should be.

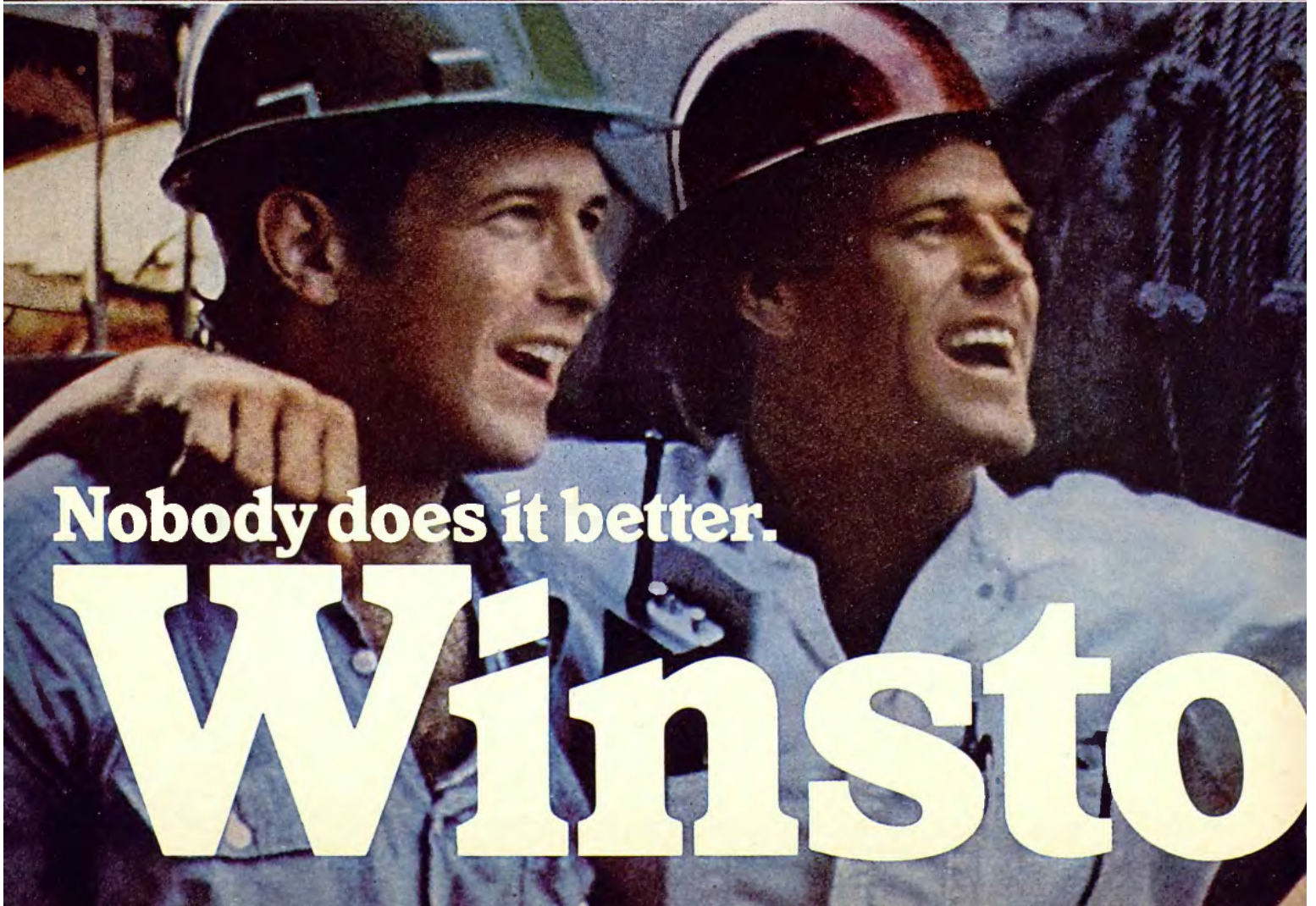
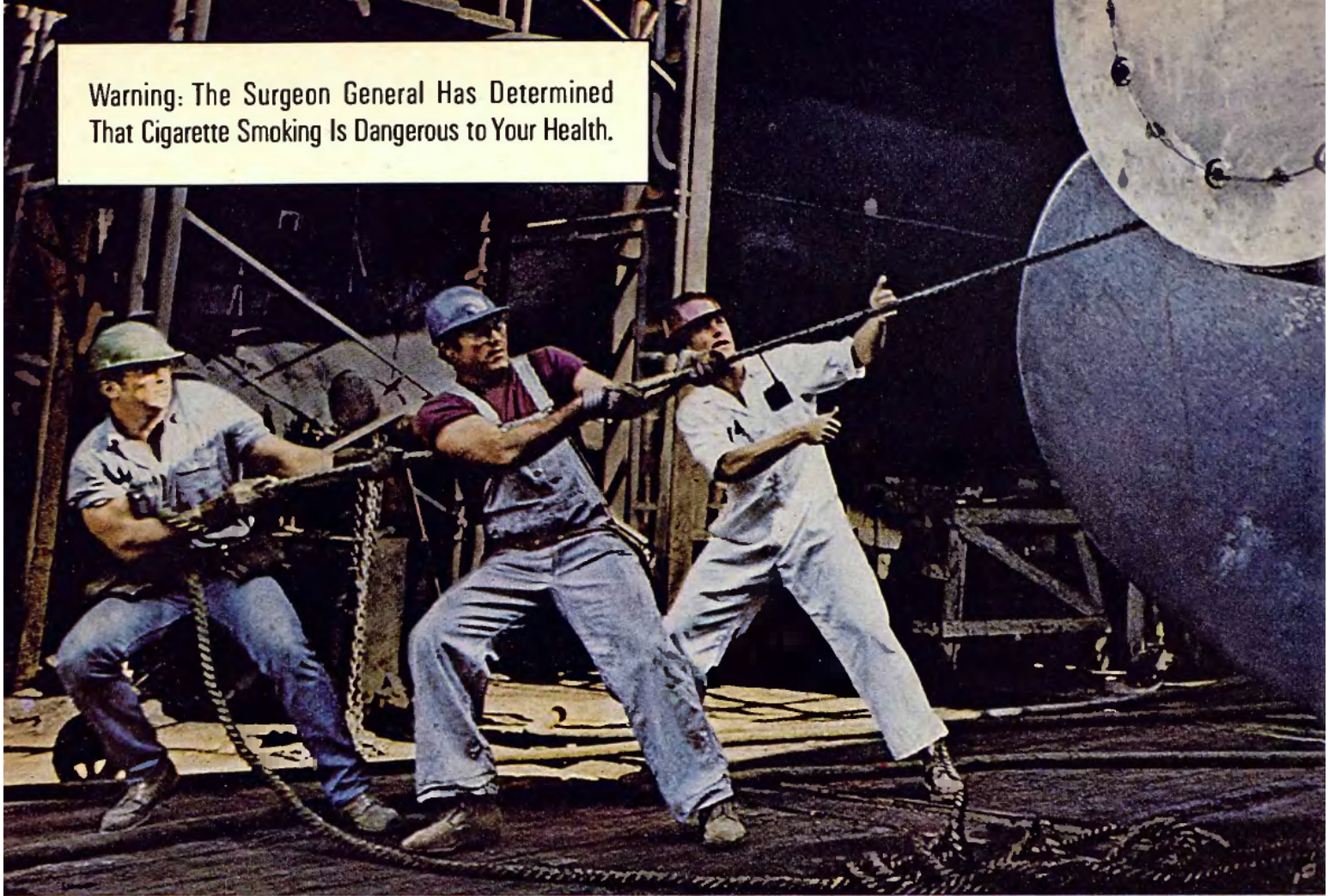
Available at Liberty House, Emporium, Macy's, CA and other fine stores. \*Based on mfr's suggested retail prices. © 1982 BVD Company.

BVD®





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



Nobody does it better.

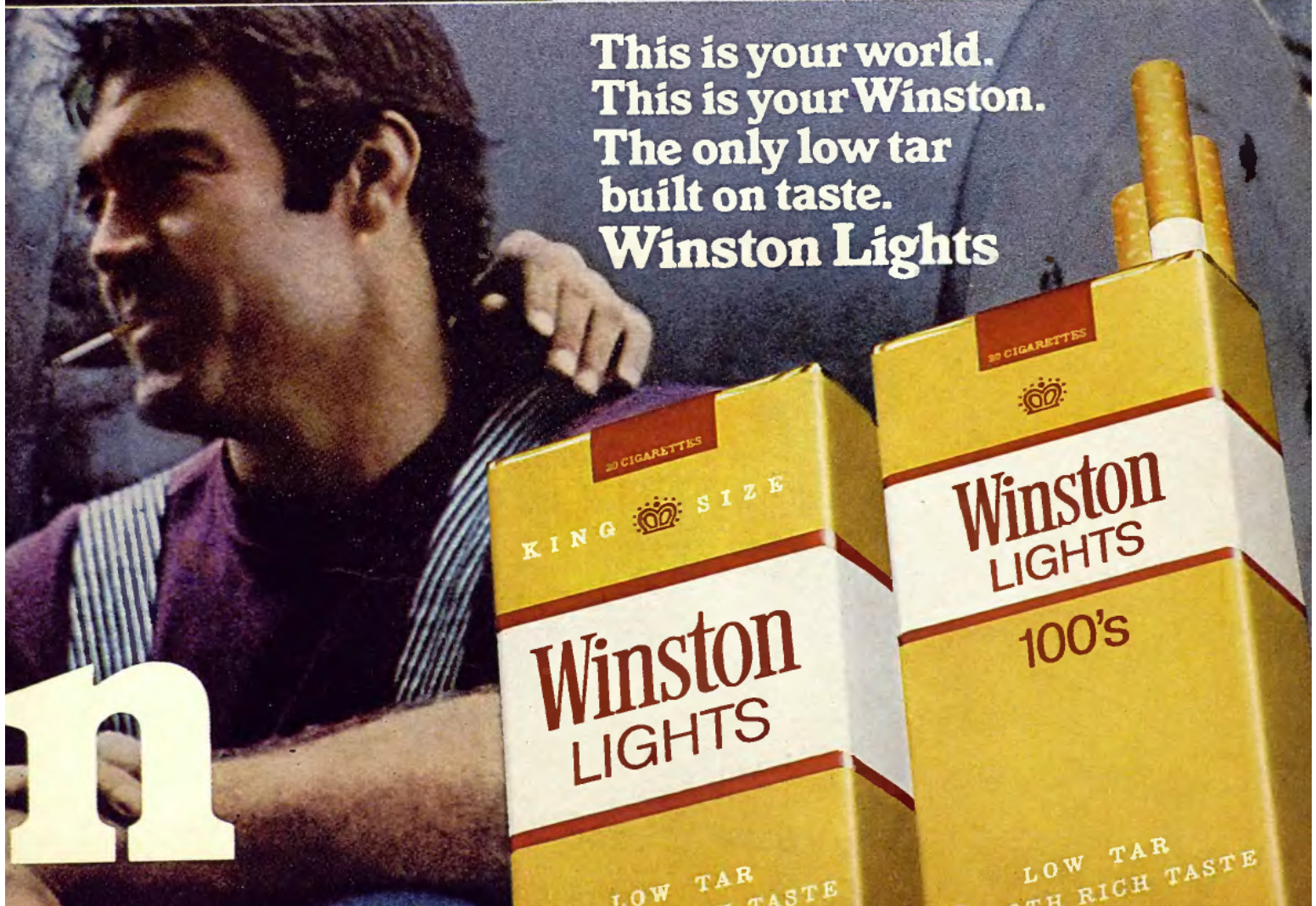
# Winsto





LIGHTS: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine,  
LIGHTS 100's: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '81.

**This is your world.  
This is your Winston.  
The only low tar  
built on taste.  
Winston Lights**



m



# The many facets of The Crown Jewel of England.™





# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## PATRIOTISM

This year, when the Freedom Foundation presented its annual awards for deeds or words that best expressed the American way of life, 44-year-old Hayward Lawson wasn't there to accept his. Lawson is serving 25 to 40 years in prison for shooting two policemen. And when *that* term is up, he begins doing life for murder. Yet Lawson was honored for a letter he wrote (from jail) to *The Denver Post* during the Iranian-hostage crisis. In part, his award winner read: "When the United States was called 'the great Satan,' I wanted to scream out, 'You dirty bastards—I'm buried in prison here in the United States and I wouldn't trade my fate with the very best of your lot.'" Does Jack Henry Abbott need a cellmate?

Cartoonist Jay Lynch stopped by the office not long ago to explain his idea for a franchised massage parlor and cheese shop. The marketing plans rest on the trademarked name: Frottage et Fromage.

## TAKE A HEIFER TO LUNCH

When the manager of Borden Dairy's Tallahassee, Florida, operations put up a sign in honor of National Secretaries Week, it earned him a boot out of the barn and a place in line at the unemployment trough. Since Joe Minter had clocked 23 years in the bovine business, he probably saw nothing wrong with the sign, which read, NATIONAL SECRETARIES WEEK. TAKE A HEIFER TO LUNCH. Feminists in the area, however, kicked over the milk stool.

Borden management pressured Minter and he resigned. "The last thing I was trying to do was offend anyone," he explained. "I was only trying to promote Borden Dairy."

And now, even one of the women

who'd complained about the sign has pasteurized her feelings. "I'm sorry it [Minter's resignation] went that far," she said. "I didn't think the sign was malicious or mean, just stupid."

Some of Minter's friends are now organizing a boycott of Borden products until their man is rehired. Until then, this teatillating issue won't run dry.

Citing the absence of proper storage and cleaning facilities, the Arkansas Health Department banned the sale of beaver in one store. *The Dallas Morning News* picked up the story, with the headline "STATE PUTS BITE ON BEAVER MEAT."

## SHRINK RAP

California State University at Long Beach may not have a lot of money, but students have been putting their endowment to work for themselves—and getting credit. According to the description of *The Psychology of Sex*, taught by



Associate Professor Barry Singer, "You may, with prior instructor approval, get credit for engaging in experiences involving actual sexual behaviors which are new for you . . . extramarital sex, group sex, gay or lesbian sex, casual sex. See the instructor first to work this out."

After unfavorable publicity implying that there had been quite a bit of working out, Singer resigned. Too bad. It sounded like the only course on campus in which you could have gotten an exam on the first day.

## NAUGHTY NIGHTCAPS

Now everyone can have an orgasm or a blow job—and for only \$2.25. They're on the Late Nite X-rated Adult Drink Menu, appropriately printed on a plain brown wrapper, at the Tavern in the Oaks in Calumet City, Illinois. The menu is kept under the counter—you've got to ask for it. The Deep Throat caught our eye: "A shot of Kahlúa and tequila. You can't use your hands for this one." If that combination doesn't make you gag, nothing will.

An Austin, Texas, paper reported University of Texas sophomore power forward Mike Wacker's knee injury and claimed his absence from play has hurt the team. It titled the story "AFTER MONTH, LOSS OF WACKER STILL HURTS." Some injuries *are* hard to get over.

## THE RIGHT MEX

Looking for love in all the wrong places? You may want to try the Billie Bauer solution. In 1979, 50-year-old Bauer decided the focus of his desire lay somewhere below the border. So he moved to El Paso "to be a little closer to the supply" and within a year married Bernarda in Juarez, Mexico, and opened Latin Mate.

"The Latin lady seems to be less



divorce prone than her American sister," says Bauer, whose mail-order-bridal service connects Mexican women with American men.

For \$20 a month, you get a list of women's names. And for a couple of extra bucks, you can learn *piropos*—Spanish sweet talk—in Bauer's Plug-in Spanish course. The emphasis is *not* on verb conjugation. "To the Spanish girls, this is the real come-on," the brochure explains. "Just use a few well-placed *piropos* and she comes to you on the run."

It's hoped that she has an American visa when she does.

Where do we sign up? The following want ad appeared in *The Pittsburgh Press*. "Now Hiring! Enthusiastic aggressive people who want to get into a management position fast. Must be self-motivated and have a burning desire to get head."

#### DRS. DEMENTIA

Lois and Selma DeBakey are not as famous as their brother, heart surgeon Michael DeBakey, but they may have contributed just as much to the health of millions. For the past 20 years, the twosome has taught 30,000 American physicians how to speak and write in plain English. The sisters found out that "not even physicians can understand one another when the words and sentences get too long and confusing." In order to cure the doctors of dreaded "medicant"—the use of scientific terminology instead of regular words—they initiated a series of classes. Are they successful? Judge for yourself. Here's a pre-DeBakey sentence a doctor might use: "The patient had ecchymosis and exanthematous lesions, had suffered alopecia and was in the process of diaphoresis." Here's the translation: "The guy had a bruise, a rash, was bald and sweating." A plus in anyone's book.

#### SWAMP THING

When people give Carl Mann of Buffalo, New York, a hard time, he reaches for his gator aide. Not a soft drink, mind you, but the three-foot-long alligator bodyguard he keeps "for protection and as a weapon."

Detective George Adymy and Patrolman Mark Stambach learned of Mann's reptilian reinforcement when they saw him throw a bag into his car. "We were going to ask him what was in the bag," said Stambach. "Suddenly, [it] started grunting and moving."

Mann told the policemen that when people hassle him, he takes out his gator, opens its jaws and points it at them. "He said it works pretty good." And when it quits working, Carl's got himself a couple of new belts and a briefcase.

## CHECKING IN



*Father Guido Sarducci, known in some circles as Don Novello, producer of "SCTV," is some kind of cleric. Rock critic and gossip columnist for L'Osservatore Romano, Father Sarducci was on his yearly inspectional tour of American convents when Robert Crane met with him for pizza. Crane reports: "Thick-crust pizza is his Holy Grail. That and a nice glass of Lambrusco."*

PLAYBOY: Why are most Italians underworld figures, priests, painters or designers who make tight pants?

SARDUCCI: A lot of people don't know this, but the inventor of the thermometer was Italian. There are other Italian people who are very important. I can't think of any now.

PLAYBOY: If you had an opportunity to be kidnaped by some group, which would it be and why?

SARDUCCI: I would say the Mafia, because it has very pretty girls. Did you ever go to Salt Lake City and see them? I don't know if you know this, but the word Mafia means Mormons in English. What Mormons do is take on Italian names and try to give a bad image to Italians, while all the time they are actually Mormons. That's how smart they are.

PLAYBOY: Will Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York ever go condo?

SARDUCCI: A better idea than a condominium would be a casino. You put it right above the chapel. People gamble there, and whatever they lose, they can write it off to charity.

PLAYBOY: What will religion be like in the year 2000?

SARDUCCI: I always think the future's going to be so great, that things are going to be really different. Then I look around and it's 1982 and it's a disappointment. Where's all the white furniture? Where are all the people with the clothes with the big shoulders? Religion, though, will change to make it easier. We're going to do mass confessions. We

can't do this one on one anymore. We don't get paid extra, and it's hot.

PLAYBOY: What is sin?

SARDUCCI: Sin is when you think you've done something bad. It's all in the mind of the beholder. If you do something terrible and you honestly don't think it's bad, for you, it's not a sin. If you're real stupid, you've got it made.

PLAYBOY: What kind of sex life do you have?

SARDUCCI: You can call me old-fashioned if you want to. I know that a lot of priests run around with different women every night, but I believe in fidelity. I am true to my housekeeper.

PLAYBOY: So you actually know priests who are fooling around?

SARDUCCI: I don't recall. I have heard of this. As you know, there were stories about the late Cardinal Cody and this woman he called his cousin. From what I understand, she had been his cousin for years. I have some sympathy, because, believe me, when priests are seen with any woman—right away people say, "Sexual innuendo." You know what I mean? I know, just recently, I was with my own cousin Marilyn Chambers. Maybe you've heard of her. She's in movies.

PLAYBOY: What is the most foreign substance you've ever ingested?

SARDUCCI: I guess you could say plastic, because I have swallowed it by mistake thinking it was a paper straw. Aside from that, I don't know. You mean, like, LSD? But that's not foreign; that's natural. Mushrooms are natural. Marijuana is not a foreign substance. Foreign is, like, some comet that lands here and you try to eat it.

PLAYBOY: How is Cardinal Fungi?

SARDUCCI: Fungi's fine. He's really up there. He's close to 110 years old. He looks like beef jerky. Picture, like, 100 pounds of beef jerky with a red blanket over it: You've got Cardinal Fungi. He doesn't play tennis every day, but he gets





The master engravers of The Franklin Mint present . . .

## The Official Flags of All Nations — finely minted miniatures of pure gold on solid sterling silver. Just \$6 each.

The official flag of every country in the world—each minted with brilliant micro-detail.

Edition limited to 25,000 sets world-wide.

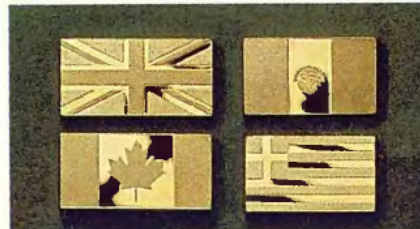
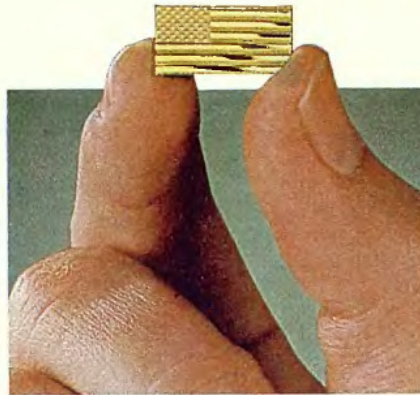
The fascination of intricate detail in the tiniest area. The precision of a perfectly formed yet minute work of craftsmanship. The complexity of line on an object smaller than the eye that beholds it. *This* is the unique appeal of the miniature.

And now, the engravers and craftsmen of The Franklin Mint invite you to discover the intriguing world of the *minted miniature*. A world that combines the beauty of 24 karat gold electroplate on solid sterling silver with the fascination of meticulous detail in the tiniest area.

'The Official Flags of All Nations Gold on Sterling Miniatures' is the most definitive collection of flag miniatures ever to be issued. For it will include an authentic miniature portraying the official flag of every sovereign nation in the world.

To capture each flag with flawless accuracy in miniature form is a demanding challenge to the master engraver and minter. But the craftsmen of The Franklin Mint are masters of their art, so expert in miniaturization that they can capture even the most *minute* details on an image area measuring less than one quarter of a square inch—from the 50 individual stars on the United States flag . . . to the tiny spokes in the Buddhist wheel on India's flag . . . to the wreath of wheat portrayed on the flag of Rumania.

Even the intricate globe-and-star design of the flag of Brazil, and the hawk of Quraish on Egypt's flag, can be clearly seen. And the proportions of these miniatures will vary as well, with each one carefully scaled to the exact shape and dimensions of the flag it represents.



Miniatures above shown actual size.

So that you can immediately study each flag in all its fascinating detail, a special magnifying glass and a pair of collector's tongs will be included with your first group of miniatures. And, to house and display your complete collection, a custom-designed collector's case will also be provided as part of your subscription.

In addition, each miniature will be accompanied by an informative commentary, written especially for this collection by Dr. Whitney Smith, the world's foremost authority on flags and their history. Each of these commentaries will describe the particular flag being honored and will explain both its history and its symbolism.

As a subscriber to 'The Official Flags of All Nations Gold on Sterling Miniatures,' you will be able to build your collection conveniently, systematically, and at a very reasonable price.

Each month, three new miniatures will be sent to you. You will be billed just \$6 for each gold on silver miniature—a most attractive price for works of this quality and craftsmanship. Furthermore, this price is *fully guaranteed* to you for every issue in the collection, regardless of any changes in the costs of engraving and minting, or of precious metals, during the subscription period.

As an owner of 'The Official Flags of All Nations Gold on Sterling Miniatures,' you will possess the most definitive collection of its kind ever minted—combining the beauty of gold and sterling silver with the fascination of finely crafted miniatures.

However, the total edition of this remarkable collection will never exceed 25,000 sets world-wide. And subscription applications will be accepted on an as-received basis. Therefore, you are urged to mail your application promptly to The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091.

© 1982 FM  
SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

### The Official Flags of All Nations

GOLD ON STERLING MINIATURES

Permanently limited to 25,000 sets world-wide.

Should be postmarked by  
August 31, 1982.

The Franklin Mint  
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for 'The Official Flags of All Nations Gold on Sterling Miniatures,' consisting of 167 24 karat gold electroplate on sterling silver miniatures, to be issued to me at the rate of three per month beginning in September. A magnifier and a pair of tongs will be sent to me with my first group of miniatures, and I will also receive a custom-designed collector's case as part of my subscription.

I need send no payment now. I will be billed for each gold on silver miniature at the guaranteed issue price of \$6.\*, in advance of its shipment.

\*Plus my state sales tax and 50¢ per miniature for postage and handling.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr./Mrs./Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

The Franklin Mint is the world's largest private mint. It is not affiliated with the U.S. Mint or any other government agency.

17



Collector's case, magnifier and tongs are provided at no additional charge.





## FUNDAMENTALLY YOURS



*Sex weighs heavily on the fundamentalist mind, as we know from the increasing number of sex and marriage handbooks coming off the evangelical presses. The following material was sent to us by an anonymous typesetter at the Armageddon Publishing Company whose job was to set the answers section of the sex manual "God's Gonna Getcha!" We can only infer the questions.*

No. To conform as closely as possible to Natural Law, the act of love must be conducted with due regard for the Law of Gravity, which should answer any questions about the so-called Missionary Position. Semen, because it is a fluid, flows only downhill.

Correct. V.D. is not a true disease at all but God's punishment for sin. In His infinite wisdom, He uses nature to work His wonders in mysterious ways and presently is creating better new forms of gonorrhea and syphilis that are resistant to secular penicillin. Herpes, which doubtlessly will remain incurable, is merely His bookkeeping system for keeping track of fornicators. It may help us to think of venereal diseases as Nature's Vice Squad.

Yes, indeed, the pathetic sight of two unmarried dogs hooked together by their genitals, howling in pain, should be enough to warn single persons of the hazards of illicit, animalistic intercourse. The woman's vaginal canal expands into a circular chamber in the area of the cervix, and when this area is violated by the throbbing, distended, swollen organ of the lust-filled male, there often occurs just such a ball-and-socket effect, known in medicine as the trailer-hitch syndrome. This happens less often among lawfully wed couples whose minds are entirely on procreation, but even they are well advised to engage in sexual relations only when a bucket of cold water is kept within easy reach.

The origin of the ugly foreign expression is unknown, but *hucvos rancheros* refers to a Mexican cowboy's testicles.

The problem tends to manifest itself in the palm of the right hand. When hair is found to be growing there, it is virtually certain that the

individual has been engaging in masturbation (see "Self-Abuse," "Onanism," etc.). When hair is found growing in the palm of the left hand, it means we have a left-handed person, except in special cases where a pervert reaches either his right or his left hand under his left or right leg in order to detach himself as much as possible from the sin in which he is engaging (see "Pulling One's Pud," "Choking the Chicken," etc.).

Yes and no. Making sport of so-called queers is quite unchristian. Male people of the perverted sexual persuasion are properly known as fags, as in faggots, which were the sticks of wood piled around such notorious Lesbians as Joan of Arc when she was roasted at the stake.

Such terms as "Gosh," "Darn," "Geez" and other euphemisms for the name of the Deity and/or damnation cannot be excused, no matter how hard you try. They are nearly as offensive as the expressions "Fuck you," "Piss on ya," "Stick it up your ass," "Eat shit" and "Motherfucker."

Practitioners of such sexual perversions are known as Sodomists for the simple reason that "Gomorrahist" did not trip lightly off the Scriptural tongue. Nor did the other cities destroyed by the Lord's fiery retribution for illicit carnality. Admahist is equally awkward, and Zeboimist is nearly impossible. So Sodomist it was and is. Do not argue with the Lord.

The "consummation of marriage" has nothing whatsoever to do with the consuming of anything, in the modern or, especially, vulgar, sense. It certainly has nothing to do with so-called oral-genital sex.

The muscle connected to the body at only one end is the tongue.

—WILLIAM J. HELMER

around fine and usually remembers where he is and how to get back.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen the porno library in the Vatican?

SARDUCCI: You have to know someone special. It's kind of, like, soft-core. I always thought there's a hard-core room for just the top guys, but I'm not sure. That's where they keep the Fatima letter. The Fatima letter was supposed to have been opened in 1960, and it was a prediction for the future. I've heard the prediction said, "Longer fins."

PLAYBOY: Do members of the Vatican hierarchy ever get faced?

SARDUCCI: There is some heavy drinking at the Vatican, but probably no more than in the general population. One thing, though: If we do get faced, we're in a safer position when we're driving, because, as you know, most priests drive Oldsmobiles. So at least we have a heavy car working for us.

PLAYBOY: How does one get ahead in the Vatican?

SARDUCCI: Brown-nose, that's it. It's who you're related to. I wish sometime we could put in the computer every monsignor whose uncle was a bishop.

PLAYBOY: Why haven't you been promoted?

SARDUCCI: That's why—and I had things on a lot of people, besides. A gossip columnist's job is not a great position from which to climb the ladder of the Church. Still, I thought I would be a monsignor. That's all I wanted: to be able to go through Customs without having those crummy people go through my luggage every time; not to be frisked when I walked into Vatican City, my own state. All I wanted was some respect, to have those red stripes on my clothes, to go into a restaurant and have them say, "Yes, here's the good veal." Nothing brings out the good veal in Italian restaurants like the sight of red monsignor's stripes. But I got into some trouble. I went into Toronto on Church business, I met this girl and one thing led to another and I wound up in this tattoo parlor. Anyway, I got this little maple leaf, and it looked like a birthmark; it was nothing. But where I made my mistake was I figured that since I was on Church business, I put it on my expense report. So it was my own fault.

PLAYBOY: Which is your favorite punk band?

SARDUCCI: Well, I don't want to mention a specific group and cause a run at the record stores. My favorite is this singer called Pino Mulu. I'm not his manager, something a lot of people have accused me of being because I do plug him a lot. But he's kind enough to pay some of my expenses and he's my cousin. Keep an eye out for him. He's going to be very big; bigger even than Pepino de Capri.





When O.J. makes a move, they can't help but notice.  
His boots are tough, good lookin' leather. Like O.J. says,  
"It's not who you are, it's how you Dingo."

**dingo**<sup>®</sup>



## BOOKS

**R**owrbazzle!"  
"Huzzah!"

"It's crackers to slip a rozzer the drop-sy in snide."

If you didn't grow up with it, that gibberish probably sounds like gibberish to you. But among kids in the Fifties, it was an all-purpose vocabulary shared by all who vowed, "I go Pogo." It included such classic Christmas-carol lyrics as "Deck us all with Boston Charlie, Walla Walla, Wash., and Kalamazoo" and "Good King Sauerkraut went out on his feets uneven"—plus the timeless thought (used for the famous 1971 Earth Day poster) "We have met the enemy, and he is us." So *The Best of Pogo* (Fire-side/Simon & Schuster) is like running into an old pal long since missing in action: a happy event.

The title is slightly misleading but good news for Pogophiles who know the many books backward and forward but know little or nothing about its beginnings or what Pogo's creator, Walt Kelly, was really like. *The Best of Pogo* is more a history of Pogo, including, as bonuses, the *Mad* parodies of Pogo (among them, Wally Wood's *GOPO GOSSUM!*) and a number of essays and memoirs of Walt Kelly that add up to an impressionistic short biography. He was a classic hard-drinking Irish newspaperman, working as art director and editorial cartoonist for a short-lived paper called the *New York Star* when Pogo debuted there as a strip in 1948. Before Pogo, Kelly had worked at the Disney studios for six years, as an artist on *Snow White*, *Fantasia* and other vintage Disney films. The style in which Kelly drew Pogo had the same engagingly clean look as Disney's, but the Pogo crowd was smarter, hipper and occasionally poorer than the folks over in Duckburg. *The Best of Pogo* is the best introduction you could ask for to all the "screechers" of the Okefenokee Swamp. And at \$9.25, given book prices these days, it's a bargain and a treat for old Pogophiles as well, especially because it reprints, together for the first time, all the lyrics to *Boston Charlie*—an important public service.

*Last Night's Stranger* (A & W Publishers), edited by Pat Rotter, has this subtitle: "One Night Stands & Other Staples of Modern Life." That about wraps it up. This is an anthology of short stories about our, uh, comings and goings. Gail Godwin's *Indulgences* is a fine story about a woman who makes a list of her former lovers for her current lover; *Flotsam and Jetsam*, by Sybil Claiborne, describes a female Don Juan ("the unlikeliest man can get it up," the narrator writes); Erik Tarloff has a funny seduction-as-interrogation story (*Flesh, Pleas-*



We go Pogo.

Homage to Pogo,  
a new look at Richards  
and a finale from Settle.



Revisionist Richards.

ures of *The*). Twenty-six stories in all, including pieces by Doris Betts, Joyce Carol Oates and Robert Coover. Be promiscuous and read them all, will you?

We aren't the first to compare Henry Allen's *Fool's Mercy* (Houghton Mifflin) to Robert Stone's *Dog Soldiers*. It's that good. While we're at it, the movie version will probably be compared to *Chinatown*. Allen has taken an introspective (but not innocent) bystander and put his ass in a sling. We watch Gordon Sault play out of his league, trying to deal with enemy agents, friendly agents, teams of killers, lost knights of Camelot. The hero does his best to under-

stand and/or survive. The plot is complex (it involves doctoring an inventory to suggest that someone has stolen 200 pounds of weapons-grade uranium and the fake kidnaping of a Presidential aide's daughter), but the true joy of the book comes from character development.

Keith Richards: *Life as a Rolling Stone* (Doubleday), by Barbara Charone, upsets many accepted notions about its subject, whose past print coverage has been tinged with reptilian metaphors and speculation on his heroin use. In this conversational and often compelling text, Richards comes off as a diamond in the rough, an articulate working-class musician and an attentive father with some very nasty habits.

With *The Killing Ground* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Mary Lee Settle completes her *Beulah Quintet*—five novels about a place and its people. In this last installment, Hannah McKarkle, the protagonist who had left West Virginia to pursue an art career in New York, returns. She tries to unravel the truth about how her brother had mysteriously died in jail years before. But that's just one of many stories that form the intricate quilt of this book. There is delicate narrative weaving going on here—much of which is habit-forming, even if you haven't read the previous four books. Settle paints a convincing picture of people who share an intense history, a history that may seem familiar to many readers. That is proof of the author's considerable gifts.

Bernard Malamud must have had a wonderful time writing his new, slyly comic novel, *God's Grace* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), which recounts the adventures of Calvin Cohn and a community of chimps—the sole survivors of a nuclear war. Malamud is a virtuoso storyteller, and his updated version of the Noah and Robinson Crusoe stories is evidence that old tales should be retold.

Kevin P. Phillips is the man who coined the terms Sun Belt and New Right, and he was one of the first political analysts to foresee an emerging conservative trend in the late Sixties. Now, in *Post-Conservative America* (Random House), Phillips looks into his crystal ball—and what he predicts may happen should scare the hell out of all of us: "Cultural and social frustration is already a major force. Indeed, one can argue that the circa-1980 United States bore at least a superficial resemblance to the German Weimar Republic in the multiple legacy of a lost war, diminished faith in institutions, the gap between an



elite 'cabaret culture' and the beliefs of the more traditional masses, with the middle class strapped by inflation." Phillips conducts an intelligent and lively discussion about what's ahead for us ("the probable dynamics of the 1980s seem to me to be the stuff of which convulsions are made"), and when you finish reading it, you have the feeling that this book is of tremendous importance and will be so for the next decade.

The drug wars that pound the streets of the Bronx are drawn in black and white and blood in Jimmy Breslin's *For-saking All Others* (Simon & Schuster). An authentic, groin-tightening thriller, full of heroin and without heroes, it's a shoot-'em-up in more ways than one. It's also Breslin's best work to date.

As it says in the introduction to *The Red Smith Reader* (Random House), edited by Dave Anderson, a blind man could pull a fistful of clips from Smith's files and come up with a good collection. But this is no random grab from the archives of the late prince of the American sports page. This selection of 130 newspaper pieces, spanning four decades, represents Smith at his best—and they don't come any better than that. They are—to use the master's own phrase—like strawberries in wintertime.

*The Year of the Monkey* (McGraw-Hill) is William J. McGill's account of his first season as chancellor of the University of California/San Diego during the dicey campus action of 1968, the Chinese Year of the Monkey. Appropriately, McGill spent that time as monkey in the middle of battling radicals and California's governor, who has since found a higher calling. Like the spy who came in from the cold, the campus administrator in those years was a man without a country, and that fact seems to have left McGill with a large dose of vitriol, vented equally at the hard-line governor and at the disruptive students. McGill does introduce some interesting behavioral theories behind the upheavals of those years and, in fact, gets in a few licks of his own against those damned kids who used to chant, "McGill, you better start shakin' / Today's pig is tomorrow's bacon."

*Gangland* (Knopf) is a novel by David Winn—an English professor who once "worked in the antiwar movement" during the Vietnam war. Winn is terminally cute about the war and its aftermath. He has read his Thomas Pynchon, but he has none of Pynchon's depth, manic energy, descriptive power or endurance. Instead, we have academic-precious: groups with funny names (Mucus Conspirators) and people with funny names (Fermoyle, Dunkle). It's the humor of a university tea.

"Coca-Cola" and "Coke" are registered trademarks which identify the same product of The Coca-Cola Company.



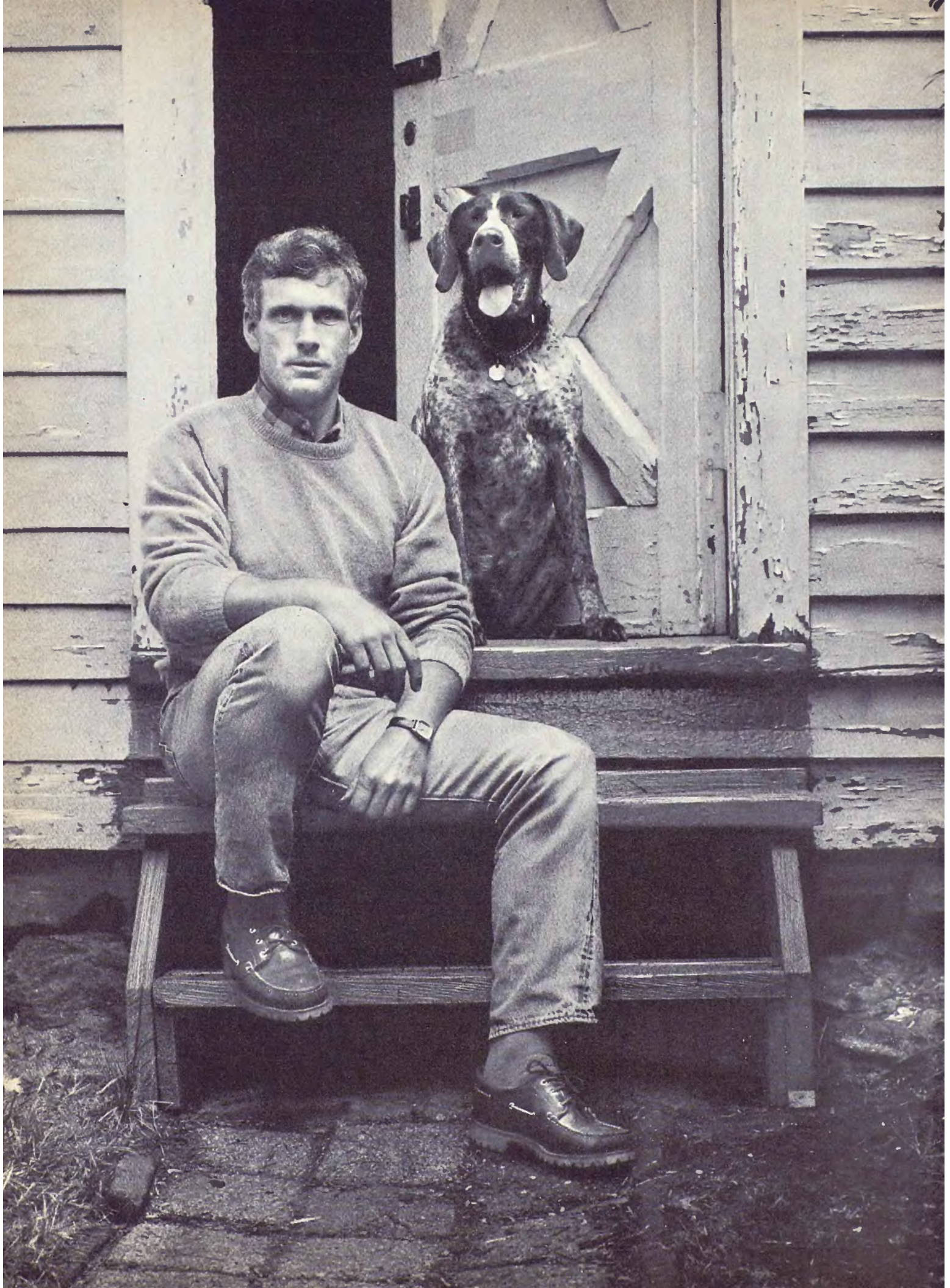
Splash into summer with the sassy taste of 7 & Coke,<sup>®</sup> 7 & ginger ale or 7 & 7UP<sup>®</sup>. When it comes to summer parties, they're the coolest things under the sun. So stir sensibly and make your party a splash.

**Summer parties  
stir with**



© 1982 SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY-A BLEND. 80 PROOF. "Seven-Up" and "7UP" are trademarks of the Seven-Up Company. © 1982.







**THIS IS FOR ALL THE PEOPLE WHOSE FAVORITE CLOTHES  
ARE A 10-YEAR OLD PAIR OF JEANS, A FADED FLANNEL SHIRT,  
AND THE CREW NECK THEY WORE IN COLLEGE.**

You finally have the shoes to go with those clothes: a pair of Timberland® handsewns.

Timberland's aren't made to just look good fresh out of the box. They're made to look even better a few years down the road.

Our handsewns are made with only premium full-grain leathers. They're soft and supple when new and, like any fine leathers, they get that beautiful aged look as they get old.

We use only solid brass eyelets, so they won't rust. Nylon thread on all stitching and chrome-tanned rawhide laces because they last longer. And long-wearing leather or rugged Vibram® soles because they're unbeatable for resistance to abrasion.

The final ingredient: Timberland's genuine handsewn moccasin construction. (We're one of the few companies still practicing this art.)

This results in shoes so comfortable, and so well made, that you'll hold on to and enjoy them year after year.



Few things in life improve with age. A pair of Timberland handsewns are two of them.

**Timberland®** 

The Timberland Company, P.O. Box 370, Newmarket, New Hampshire 03857

Available at Bloomingdale's & Open Country.





for her to the tune of three albums. Her band hovers over her, fervent novitiates. They gently direct her to her seat at mealtime; they cut her food for her if need be. Onstage, fellow pianist Danny Dickerson takes his place beside her on the piano bench with such tenderness that it's romantic. And when she stands, he frames her with his arms and you're certain true love is raging before your very eyes.

"Really?" Gibbs can't believe that stuff and insists that they make *only* beautiful music together. "Danny's just careful with me; he's afraid I'm gonna break or something."

And that's the secret of her great voice: The whole world thinks she's gonna break. She's soooo sad: "Some days it rains all night long." She takes you to the precipice of doom. But the next moment, you hear something in her voice that comes off like a shrug. The strength of that vocal gesture, the recaptured footing, put a headlock on your heart. You cry all over yourself, knock down drinks and carry on like a Shriner at a convention. The only thing you can do is ask for more, and she ticks her head back and forth a little, her hands peaceful in her lap, and gives a slow smile as she proves conclusively that there is life on Venus. —KATE NOLAN

**THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT:** Today's successful honey-dripping sexpot struggles through a crazy quilt of career weaves and jogs. She fixes the face, sculpts the body and then calls in Bob Mackie to do the drapes. She must learn to re-create, convincingly, those euphoric sounds that often characterize the sex act, and then she must find a songwriter with a knack for innuendo. But if she's good, she's a prima diva, the newest graduate of the Chiquita Banana school. You know, a sexual cartoon. And luckily for her, the Vietnam war has ended; she won't have to go there with Bob Hope.

And luckily for us, there are some voices that can puncture gold lamé at 20 paces. Pure sex; no artifice: kung-fu singing. The kind of voice that caused writers to describe Billie Holiday's art with such curious testimonials as "No one sings the word baby the way Billie does." That comfortable melding of desirable, sultry sex and deep sadness comes along about as often as a UFO comes to Manhattan. The voice from outer space: The moment it attacks a line, you start thinking Venus probably would be very nice in the spring.

Such a voice has landed in America. It belongs to a soft-spoken blind woman of 28, **Terri Gibbs**. Let a guy at one of

her concerts give you the picture: "If she had two saxophones up there, I'd commit suicide on the spot." Whatever she does, it has almost nothing to do with cleavage, dancing, theatrics or gapping gowns. And her albums, most recently *Some Days It Rains All Night Long* (MCA), are as heated as her show.

Without grinding a bump, this woman is a special case for men. Gibbs may look like a librarian, but each time she sits down at a piano and starts to sing, it's clear she's got your Dewey decimal number. Her producer, Ed Penney, has fallen

## REVIEWS

There are maybe a zillion Stratocasters lying around; there are only two or three musicians who have tamed its sound and elevated it to high art. Richard Thompson, formerly of Fairport Convention, is one of them. We caught him and his wife, Linda, on tour last spring promoting their new album, *Shoot Out the Lights* (Hannibal). We walked out with our knees shaking, wondering what we, as music critics, had been doing the past ten years. Bowling? Thompson's guitar

## TRUST US



### HOT

1. *Marshall Crenshaw* (Warner)
2. *Paul McCartney / Tug of War* (Columbia)
3. *John Hiatt / All of a Sudden* (Geffen)
4. *Diner / Original Motion Picture Soundtrack* (Elektra/Asylum)

This section goes one step beyond the rave review. We'll stake our reputation and your \$7.98 on the entries that make it to our Hot list. As for our Not selections: Don't these people know there's a vinyl shortage?



### NOT

1. *Pia Zadora / Pia* (Elektra)
2. *Duran Duran / Rio* (Capitol)
3. *Visage / The Anvil* (Polydor)
4. *Spandau Ballet / Diamond* (Chrysalis)



# \$52.

## BUYS YOU MY WEEKLY REPORT...AND THE BEST FOOTBALL SEASON YOU'VE EVER HAD.

Each of the 17 weekly 24-page issues include:

- Side-by-side team matchups and complete previous pointspread records for each pro and college game in the upcoming week.
- The Professor's exclusive worksheet schedule in the nationally recognized format, which makes it easy for you to jot down several lines AND to keep an accurate log of wins and losses through the weekend.
- The Professor's prediction and analysis of every pro and college game.
- The most accurate "Early Bird Line" in the country on all pro and college games.
- How's the competition doing? The Professor's Weekly Report monitors the prediction accuracy of every major football publication and each week includes a chart with up-to-date won-lost percentages.
- The Professor's theories, methods and systems. Each week the Professor provides you with an in-depth analysis of one football theory, system or method and its actual success or failure ratio.
- Comprehensive pro and college injury information.
- National T.V. Game analyzed in-depth.
- Other useful articles and features.

### MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Your complete satisfaction is guaranteed. If, for any reason, you are less than 100% pleased you can receive a full refund on the unexpired portion of your subscription. No questions asked!

*The Professor*

**THE PROFESSOR'S WEEKLY REPORT WAS THE NATION'S #1 FOOTBALL NEWSLETTER LAST SEASON WITH A DOCUMENTED 64.4% WINNING RECORD\***

Keep track of various lines, pointspread movements, daily, weekly and season profits and losses—a must for every football fan—big or small.

College Football Match-Ups

NFL Grid Match-Ups

A side-by-side analysis of this week's college and pro games in easy-to-read matchup form.

\*A certified list of the Professor's Winning Picks as recorded during the 1981 Football Season is available upon request.



**80% AGAIN!** The Professor's Late Telephone Service hit 4 out of 5 of his highest rated T.O.P. Plays last season. He's so confident about the '82 season, he'll give you your first 1982 T.O.P. Play **FREE** when you use The Professor's complimentary "GET-OUT" card (attached to reply card).

Send postage paid card TODAY or call:

The **PROFESSOR'S PICKS**

**TOLL FREE**

**1 (800) 645-7048**

In New York Call: 1 516-931-3800

One Commercial Ave., Garden City, NY 11530



## FAST TRACKS



**FRUIT AND THE LOON DEPARTMENT:** When Meat Loaf collapsed onstage in Brighton, England, in the middle of a set, his wife, Leslie Loaf, blamed it on a combination of an asthma attack and a month of the Beverly Hills diet. True, he had just completed three somersaults and reeled right off the stage, but Meat's fans have come to expect such antics. Leslie said later, "There's a limit to how much pineapple and papaya a man can take." We've always believed that it's not the meat, it's the motion. But when it's close to 300 pounds, well, look out!

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Levon Helm has joined the cast of *The Right Stuff*. . . . Marty Davidson, the director of *The Lords of Flatbush*, which launched the careers of Sylvester Stallone and Henry Winkler, among others, is about to begin work on *Eddie and the Cruisers*, a movie about a 1959 rock group. . . . It looks as if Cher will make her TV-movie debut with Meryl Streep in *The Karen Silkwood Story*.

**NEWSBREAKS:** The latest successful entertainment combo is baseball and rock. Promoter Fred Moore booked the Beach Boys for a concert after a San Diego Padres game. Attendance records were shattered, and for \$6.50, fans got two perfect summertime events. Moore plans to negotiate with other major-league teams. . . . If you're going to be around New York City at the end of August, you can catch the tops in tennis versus the tops in rock. They'll be playing on the 25th at Forest Hills and the money goes to charity. And, folks, after they bounce the ball, they'll be having one. . . . Tina Turner has signed with Capitol, will begin working on a new album, and her video-rock TV show, *Woofers*, is expected to air on cable in January. . . . The Boss is in the studio working on his next album. . . . *I Just Want to Testify Department:* For those who want to work out to music but get offended by disco lyrics, here's the latest: a Christian exercise/dance album titled *Aerobic Celebration*. Amen! . . . Marsha Hunt, best remembered for her work in *Hair* and for her lawsuit against Mick, has written a play, *Walk on Gilded Splinters*, which has just opened in England. It's set in a punk night club where the regulars find themselves next to a

bunch of Sixties hippies who are celebrating a birthday. Hunt calls it a "Mod soap opera." . . . *Our Favorite Quote of the Month:* When someone asked Righteous Brother Bill Medley why the Brothers were on the road again, he said, "We're old and we need the money." . . . Randy Meisner and Kenny Loggins are helping David Cassidy cut his first album in five years. . . . The new Kim Carnes LP will be in the stores any minute. . . . Mike Oldfield got an award from the Brits for the massive export revenues generated by his 15,000,000 world-wide album sales. The award carries a perk: He's allowed to drive his sheep across London Bridge. . . . The rock-'n'-roll archives of the late Murray "the K" Kaufman have been purchased by Rear View Productions. Included in the package are the final TV performances of Otis Redding and Jim Morrison. . . . Derek Taylor, who was once the Beatles' press agent, among other rock jobs, has written his autobiography, *Fifty Years Adrift*, with an intro by George Harrison. It's one of those fancy, expensive leather-bound jobs. For more information, write to the publisher: Genesis, 45 Stoke Road, Guildford, Surrey, England GU1 4HT. . . . The next batch of rockers to be featured on the TV soap *The Guiding Light* includes Maurice Gibb, Neil Sedaka, Quarterflash, Huey Lewis and Anne Murray.

**RANDOM RUMORS:** We hear from a New York source that Sting's dad, who is a milkman in Newcastle, England, delivers daily to Brian Johnson's family. We guess that connects The Police and AC/DC in the food chain. . . . Finally, Mick says, "I'm the Cary Grant of rock. I never wanted to be a sex symbol; all I wanted was to be a blues singer."

—BARBARA NELLIS

moves with ease from a rock-a-billy-Irish jig with a touch of the Ventures to a restrained ballad to a new mystical anthem, *Just the Motion*. In the past, Thompson has been lost in the shuffle of his folk-rock ensembles; and because, like Robbie Robertson of The Band, he plays only what a song needs, not what his ego needs, critics haven't noticed him. On *Shoot Out*, Thompson is more evident as part of a tight rock band that features Simon Nicol on rhythm guitar, Dave Pegg on bass and David Matlocks on drums. Linda's voice is the perfect complement to Richard's guitarwork—you hear the two and think of the word wedding. If quality is your drug of choice, buy this album.

Hoboken just hasn't been the same since Frank left; if you doubt it, take a listen to The Bongos, the first rock group from Hoboken's lively new-music scene to break out nationally. Their *Drums Along the Hudson* (PVC Records) is a free-form explosion of imaginative rhythms and jazzy-rock instrumentation that rock fans ought to like the same offbeat way they liked the Art Ensemble of Chicago a few years ago.

Singer-songwriters Gary Stewart and Dean Dillon team up on their first collaboration on disc, *Brotherly Love* (RCA), a spicy potpourri of hard country, rock-a-billy and country blues. It shows promise. RCA is reportedly so pleased that it plans another Stewart-Dillon album even if this one doesn't zoom up the charts.

We don't know whether or not The Clash is seriously out to save the world, but journals on the left have found the decidedly Third World Clash music to be political enough to bear coverage. Moments of *Combat Rock* (Epic) evoke Brazil, then Vietnam, then a working-class limey, railing on as if he were a bag lady. One cut takes a line from an ad for a toilet cleaner: "Flushing still beats brushing." Even with those disparate elements, the package is as distinct and as unified an experience as Mao's Cultural Revolution. We'd always thought that earlier Clash efforts showed a sincere willingness to experiment. This time, the band knows its territory and defends it.

By now, you've seen Laurie Anderson's cute face and compelling spike hair on TV. Your New Wave friends, not to mention the New York rock critics, have made you promise to listen to her album *Big Science* (Warner). Go ahead; we haven't heard such a fine combination of female voice and electronic tones since the last time we called the correct-time lady. Anderson toys with all kinds of electrogizmos and concocts virtual audio



carbonation with simple sound squiggles and the lightest rhythm patterns, nicked out against a heavy Vangelis-style back-up. Her lyrics are pretty good and pretty funny, even if she does subscribe to the Mr. Rogers school of enunciation.

The tango was the original dirty bop. Warm Argentines with overactive thyroid glands slithered together during the period before World War One, and the dance soon became a fun way for eager Parisians and Londoners to get to know one another better. Naturally, it was condemned by educators and clergy as sheer lasciviousness. At your next re-cherché party, put on *The Tango Project* (Nonesuch), an unsanitized collection of authentic tangos using the traditional small *orquesta típica*—accordion, piano and violin—and watch the fun begin. Dark and wonderfully intricate thoughts will occur to you and your guests. And naturally, any misbehavior will be excused; after all, it's only a dance, right?

Since English isn't a particularly guttural language, it can't do justice to the atrocity of *Reach* (Elektra/Asylum), the state-of-the-art dance album on which Richard Simmons sings. Refrains such as "Lift it up! You put it there! Now lift it up and put it down!" are enough to make Air Supply's lyrics read like V. S. Pritchett. Maybe *Reach* will be an inspiration to fatties; but with music and vocals that sound like a cat fight in a garbage can, it's more likely to be an inspiration to expectoration.

#### SHORT CUTS

**Krzysztof Krawczyk / *Krystof*, from a Different Place** (TRC): It isn't easy being a rock expatriate from Warsaw, but Krawczyk is no Polish joke on this unpolished but solidly American debut album, dedicated to the freedom of the peoples of the world.

**Blue Oyster Cult / *Extraterrestrial Live*** (Columbia): An alien guitar army from the planet Metal. A close encounter of the loud kind.

**The Osborne Brothers / *Bluegrass Spectacular*** (RCA): A live outing by stalwarts—among them, The Lewis Family and Mac Wiseman—playing sweet bluegrass.

**Johnny Mathis / *Friends in Love*** (Columbia): The make-out voice of the Fifties is filtered one more time through the strings-'n'-things machine, producing a new batch of mush.

**Brian Eno / *Ambient #4 on Land*** (EG): The ever-original Eno performs another needed musical service: avant-background-music landscape portraits.

**Ava Cherry / *Streetcar Named Desire*** (Capitol): Electro-solo stuff from our former Bunny and David Bowie's ex-backup singer. It's got naughty lyrics and a weird beat, but you can dance to it.

# You never forget your first Girl.





# MOVIES

From *Star Trek II* to *The Thing*, it has been a spectacular summer of special effects and supernaturalism; but I'll give odds that Steven Spielberg's through-the-roof hits *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial* (Universal) and *Poltergeist* (MGM) will, come judgment day, dwarf the competition. Spielberg directed *E.T.* but merely conceived, co-authored and co-produced *Poltergeist*, though his creative input and his master's touch pump adrenaline into both movies—revitalizing familiar formulas with innocence, exuberance and the uncommon skill audiences expect of the man who had made *Jaws* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*.

My favorite in this winning double whammy is *E.T.*, a miraculous, super-human comedy about a marooned creature from outer space. R2-D2, move over to make room for a title character destined to become America's new sweetheart. *E.T.* is a UFO refugee inadvertently left on earth by his mother ship and more or less adopted, on the sly, by a ten-year-old California lad named Elliott (Henry Thomas), whose teen-aged brother (Robert Macnaughton) and little sister (Drew Barrymore) help him keep their house guest's identity a secret. Well, the kids are sensational, for Spielberg has a way with children, never



*E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*: tops in a quartet of summer supernaturals.

In a very special summer,  
some very special effects,  
led by a lovable space critter.

suburban town are the dramatic bedrock for *Poltergeist*. Upper-middle America appears to be the milieu favored by Spielberg for depicting ordinariness with a touch of evil—well, a touch at first, soon followed by an onslaught of supernatural terror. We start in the vein of amiable social comedy, kidding



O'Rourke victimized in *Poltergeist*.

condescending to them. *E.T.* himself is bald, squat and leathery, with spaniel eyes; and even hardened cynics are sure to chortle when the youngsters cover him with a sheet to go out trick-or-treating on Halloween. Except for his wondrous workable parts and a couple of spaceship landings—by now that's run-of-the-mill magic for Spielberg—the movie hardly dotes on special effects. This yarn is unabashedly sentimental and benevolent, a child's garden of conjecture about the probable disposition of aliens from outer space. There are few grownups around (just the kids' mom, nicely played by Dee Wallace) until late



U.S.S. Enterprise vs. U.S.S. Reliant.

in the game, when a veritable S.W.A.T. team of scientists storms in to wrap up the house, its occupants and the plot in acres of clear, germproof plastic. But they're not threatening. Such a sunny overview of life on earth or off it is rare in films these days, but Spielberg is a born storyteller who leads you anywhere he wants you to go and holds you there, captivated. In my book, *E.T.* stands for extraterrestrial. YYY

Another American nuclear family, this one intact (in *E.T.*, Daddy has split for a Mexican holiday with his new flame), a couple of normal, precocious kids and a similarly sanitized



Hot stuff from *The Thing*.

consumerism but kept on edge by the image of a little girl (Heather O'Rourke) who converses with the eerie light from a TV channel that's supposedly signed off for the night. All the emanations from beyond are malevolent in *Poltergeist*, at best a fiendishly clever spook show with spectacular effects—furniture flying, angry spirits shrieking, hell's own fire aglow in an upstairs closet. Director Tobe Hooper (best remembered for the macabre *Texas Chain Saw Massacre*) obviously owes much to Spielberg, whose fine hand can be seen everywhere. Craig T. Nelson and Jobeth Williams as the parents, with Beatrice Straight



Renault Fuego. From the first people to turbocharge Grand Prix racing and win on three continents. Wind-smooth styling that simmers with the performance of a fuel injected 1.6 litre engine. EPA's that give you **24** est. MPG, 36 est. hwy.\*

Renault Fuego. An optional Turbo for performance that's more responsive yet offers EPA's of **26** est. MPG, 39 est. hwy.\*

Renault Fuego. Aerodynamics more slippery than the Porsche 928. Agile front-wheel drive. Five forward speeds or optional three-speed automatic. And standard Michelin radials. All give

Fuego the handling you'd expect from the leader in front-wheel drive. Renault Fuego. Body-contoured seating. Full instrumentation. Even an optional oversize sunroof. Plus American Motors' Buyer Protection Plan® with the only full warranty that gives you 12-month/12,000-mile coverage of every part, except tires, even if it just wears out. The new Renault Fuego. Racy and less than \$8,500.\*\*

\*Compare 1982 EPA estimates with estimated MPG for other cars. Your actual mileage depends on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower.  
\*\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Price does not include tax, license, destination charges, aluminum sport wheels, touring interior and other optional or regionally required equipment.

*Fuego*

# New. Racy. Fuego.



**RENAULT**  
American Motors



as a parapsychologist, head the contingent of adults who must join forces to exorcise evil. But the movie's shock treatments are repeated so often that horror finally gives way to the law of diminishing returns. All in all, though, a splendid display of cinematic know-how lavished upon the standard sort of chiller Spielberg must have relished when he was knee-high. Count on him to outdo the originals. **YYY½**

Upwardly mobile in more ways than one, *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* (Paramount) has its villain (played by Ricardo Montalban) and its hero (William Shatner, of course, now Admiral Kirk) quoting *Moby Dick* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. I doubt that seasoned Trekkers give a damn about other classics, but they should be pleased that *Trek II* is far superior to *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*, with a stronger story and less openmouthed ogling of the hardware. The plot concerns a top-secret Genesis project to launch a new cycle of creation on dead astral bodies, with subplots involving Kirk's long-lost son (Merritt Buttrick) and an ancient foe, Khan, who was originally portrayed by Montalban in one of the TV-series episodes. Competently directed by Nicholas Meyer (author of *The Seven Per Cent Solution* and director of the fine fantasy *Time After Time*), this sombre adventure is just standard s-f stuff compared with the works of Lucas and Spielberg. However, I can safely predict volumes of speculation about the fate met by Mr. Spock, whose place in the hereafter ought to be good for at least one more solid-gold sequel. **YYY½**

To remake an acknowledged classic is an empty exercise unless you have something significant to add, and it seems to me that John Carpenter's *The Thing* (Universal) adds mostly gore and gut-churning special effects to Howard Hawks's golden oldy. Though the new screenplay, by Bill Lancaster (son of Burt), is all blunt strokes, make-up artist Rob Bottin's *Thing*—a huge *Alien*-style mass of raw meat, tentacles and maniacal energy that invades an icy Antarctic outpost—does create nervous tension. They do such things better now than they did back in 1952, when producer Hawks gave us a memorably suspenseful movie with an outer-space monster (played by James Arness) that resembled a giant carrot. Carpenter's grisly new version has far less suspense. No time for it. Kurt Russell is the take-charge guy who mans the flame thrower and has to figure out which of his buddies is no longer truly human. Brace yourself. **YY**

Amid a summer of generally sexless epics more memorable for hardware than



Gossett, Gere in *Gentleman*.

Gere shifts into high as a naval cadet; new youngsters recycle *Grease*.



Caulfield, Pfeiffer in *Grease-y* kid stuff.

human values, the old-fashioned romantic appeal of *An Officer and a Gentleman* (Paramount) is all but irresistible. This boy-meets-girl saga follows a couple of guys through naval-aviation Officer Candidate School, showing us how the trainees survive their rigorous 13-week ordeal and make out with the chicks from a local paper mill. While the guys crave just sexual recreation, the dolls dream of getting away from it all as Navy pilots' wives. Only the hot immediacy of the love scenes—not especially graphic but cinched by the kind of postcoital pillow talk apt actually to occur in a warm bed—makes this movie markedly different from those golden oldies starring Tyrone Power or young John Wayne. Here, Richard Gere plays the Navy cadet as an uninvolved loner who learns to care about people in the school of hard knocks; Debra Winger (fulfilling the promise she showed as *Urban Cowboy*'s pluckiest

cowgirl) is the girl he'd like to leave behind. It's as simple as that, but stunningly acted—particularly by Gere, in a physically demanding role with a lot of emotional range and many subtle dramatic changes. He is up to it from first to last, and *An Officer and a Gentleman*, it's my guess, ought to convince the skeptics who have questioned his star potential. Given an intelligent but conventional script by Douglas Day Stewart, helped by Taylor Hackford's *simpatico* direction, Gere keeps this movie together the way Brando used to keep a movie together—the big difference being that Gere never coaxes an audience to like him by flaunting his vulnerability. He plays it straight, superbly. As the subplot couple, his buddy and her best friend, David Keith and Lisa Blount bring a persuasive touch of tragedy to dilute the pure schmaltz. As the Navy's stern drill instructor with heart, Louis Gossett, Jr., makes every cliché shape up in style. I'm not saying that *An Officer and a Gentleman* is truly great. But if you relish the sort of emotional fix provided by *Love Story* (far sillier) or by *A Man and a Woman* (more fashionably French), here's the season's earthiest romantic high. **YYY**

Sex and soccer are the schoolboy preoccupations studied with beguiling freshness in *Gregory's Girl* (Goldwyn). Writer-director Bill Forsyth's wry ode to young lust, made in Scotland, deserves all the success that *Grease 2* is, I'm afraid, much more likely to get. The Scottish burr occasionally obscures the lingo, but what's being said is universal, and gawky Gregory (Gordon John Sinclair) is a likely lad, indeed. So is Forsyth, named most promising director by London film critics. There's enough on the ball here, as the hero encounters the first feisty lass (Dee Hepburn) to go out for the men's soccer team, to suggest that they may be right. **YYY½**

An appropriate sequel to one of the worst—and most profitable—screen musicals of all time, *Grease 2* (Paramount) actually works well as a local anesthetic designed to numb a moviegoer's mind, soul and eardrums. Director-choreographer Patricia Birch, the first female to graduate from doing dance sequences to making whole movies in the Bob Fosse tradition, keeps everyone on the go. She has an attractive pair of young lovers to take five here and there—a TV-bred starlet, Michelle Pfeiffer, and British newcomer Maxwell Caulfield, already a certified dreamboat. Anyway, they *look* young relative to the rest of the well-seasoned student body at dear old Rydell High, where there seems to be a high incidence of Clairol, thinning hair



Imported Bombay. Uniquely distilled. The extraordinarily dry and distinctive British gin. Join the club.

**Play to win.**



© Carillon Importers, Ltd., N.Y.  
86 Proof, 100% grain neutral spirits.



and telltale wrinkles. You'd almost swear you were in a home for wayward chorus gypsies, with every known sex represented. ♫

Director Ridley (Alien) Scott's *Blade Runner* (Ladd/WB) is a major disappointment despite smashing production values, fine actors and another imaginative musical score by Vangelis (who won an Oscar for *Chariots of Fire*). Los Angeles in the year 2019 looks dark, wet and dismal, futuristic but futile. Only the police seem the same: tough guys in baggy suits who still talk like characters conceived by Raymond Chandler. The main man is Harrison Ford, a "blade runner" forced out of retirement to track and kill some replicants, or robots—utterly human-looking creatures designed to serve mankind for the duration of their programmed four-year life span. A few of them demand a better deal. Leader of the handsome specimens Ford encounters is Holland's blond bad guy Rutger Hauer, repeating the coup he achieved in *Nighthawks*, in which countless women greeted his worst villainy as a Dutch treat. Sean Young, Daryl Hannah and Joanna Cassidy play some of the fetching females who may or may not be quite what they seem. It's a sumptuously styled but ultimately soulless morality play, with a murky plot and action sequences slowed down by too much deep-think drivel about life, death and longevity. By the time Ford and Hauer face off for their climactic showdown, *Blade Runner* has grown dull—a simple case of Philip Marlowe meets Frankenstein in the age of flying saucers. ♫

*Not a Love Story* (ESMA), a shrill polemic generally expressing the stern party line of Women Against Pornography, is a Canadian-made documentary directed by Bonnie Sherr Klein. Because she simultaneously deplures and exploits the more tawdry, sensational aspects of her topic, with graphic film clips as illustration, it might be charged that Klein laces her preachment with prurient interest. The movie's strength rests on the consciousness raising of a young, feisty, not-quite-reformed ex-stripper, Linda Lee Tracey, who does her own thing and defends it vociferously, but at last—through various interviews and group encounters—starts to question the ethics of being a sex-show ecadysiast. The intrinsic weakness of the film's lopsided determination to condemn men's magazines becomes clear in a sequence showing photographer Suze Randall, shooting a *Hustler* spread with Linda Lee and calling for "pussy juice" to heighten her special effects. While a legitimate case might be stated against the kind of meat-grinder pornography that degrades both

men and women—certainly at the low level of taste depicted here—*Not a Love Story's* argument suffers from a diffuse, unattractive stridency of tone. The attitude is summed up by one angry, emotionally overwrought feminist writer, paraphrasing James Baldwin's classic remark about being black in America with, "To be a woman and conscious anywhere on the planet is to be in a continual state of rage." That's where the ladies lose me, and get lost themselves, by confusing high principles with their own fierce hate. ♫

Set in an oppressively average suburban Sydney home on election night 1969, *Don's Party* (Satori) is a feisty, razor-edged comedy directed by Australian Bruce Beresford before he had scored with *Breaker Morant*. While still smacking of staginess here and there (a clue to its origins as a successful play, by David Williamson), *Party* manages some deep cuts into the smooth social fabric. John Hargreaves and Jeanie Drynan, as Don and Kath, hold open house for nine guests, who start the evening politely but wind up stripped bare—some of them actually naked, others psychologically exposed during an orgy of recriminations, wife swapping and dim hopes for tomorrow. *Party* is often broadly funny in the rueful way of any drunken rout seen in the cold light of the morning after. The truth may hurt, but you'll remember having had a good-bad old time in spite of yourself. You'll also note that the swingers, teasers, pinchers, sulkers, pretenders and blowhards on the guest list would look just as much at home in Cleveland or Dallas as they seem to be down under. ♫

Teen idol Matt Dillon has a million-dollar showcase in *Tex* (Buena Vista), based on a recent novel by S. E. Hinton, whose first book, *The Outsiders*, has been made into an upcoming film by Francis Ford Coppola. Matt plays a major role in the Coppola movie, too. Meanwhile, he does himself proud as Tex, a teenager who gets convincingly mixed up with school, sex, drugs, his beloved horse, an absentee father and an older brother (marvelously played by Jim Metzler) who'd like to get an athletic scholarship at Indiana University. *Tex* is made of stuff as simple as the story line of a country-and-western ballad, yet there's nothing wrong with that. Director Tim Hunter (also co-author of the screenplay, with Charlie Haas) manages an agreeable fusion of Dillon's golden-boy good looks (like a Marlboro Man who's not quite old enough to smoke) and Hinton's non-nonsense prose. A Disney flick, but far removed from the bogus rawhide spirit of *Frontierland*. ♫

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Annie* That darling and her dog outshone by some glorious grownups. ♫
  - Blade Runner* (Reviewed this month) Well, Ford and Hauer are sharp. ♫
  - The Chosen* To be or not to be a rabbi—*tsoris* for Robby Benson. ♫½
  - Conan the Barbarian* Revenge of the deltoids, with a monosyllabic Schwarzenegger on deck. ♫
  - Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* Old movies and Steve Martin to the rescue of glorious Rachel Ward, a damsel who shimmers in distress. ♫
  - Diner* Bopping around Baltimore circa 1959, with guys and dolls on a wave length somewhere between preppie and Presley. Neat. ♫
  - Don's Party* (Reviewed this month) Aussie suburbanites in full swing. ♫
  - The Escape Artist* Offbeat comedy debut for young Griffin O'Neal, Ryan's hope and Tatum's sibling. ♫
  - E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial* (Reviewed this month) Spielberg's wizardry in a space-age Oz. ♫
  - Grease 2* (Reviewed this month) If you loved *Grease*, go for it. ♫
  - Gregory's Girl* (Reviewed this month) Teen Scots discover sex & soccer. ♫½
  - La Vie Continue* France's Annie Girardot as an enterprising widow. ♫
  - Mephisto* Oscar-winning German epic about a star hitching his wagon to Hitler's swastika. ♫½
  - Not a Love Story* (Reviewed this month) Gals' gripe therapy. ♫
  - An Officer and a Gentleman* (Reviewed this month) Girl meets Gere for some naval maneuvers. ♫
  - Poltergeist* (Reviewed this month) Terror with a Spielberg touch. ♫½
  - The Road Warrior* An apocalyptic demolition derby starring Australia's Mel Gibson as Mad Max. ♫
  - Smash Palace* More car wrecks, plus a wrecked marriage down under in New Zealand's blue-collar country. ♫
  - Soup for One* Another affable schlemiel (Saul Rubinek) searching for his perfect 10. ♫½
  - Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan* (Reviewed this month) Trekkers' delight, OK even for nonbelievers. ♫½
  - Tex* (Reviewed this month) The new Matt Dillon making out. ♫
  - The Thing* (Reviewed this month) Grisly remake of a grand oldy. ♫
  - The World According to Garp* By the book and pretty good despite gaps, starring Robin Williams. ♫
- ♫ Don't miss      ♫ Worth a look  
♫ Good show      ♫ Forget it





# LET'S DO SOMETHING SPECIAL

## ... Before the rates go up!

Effective September 1, 1982, PLAYBOY's subscription rate will be \$22 for 12 issues and \$54 for 36 issues. Subscribe today for the biggest savings ever!

- 12 issues \$18. Save \$19 off new \$37 newsstand rate, \$4 off new \$22 subscription rate.
- 36 issues \$48. Save \$63 off new \$111 newsstand rate, \$6 off new \$54 subscription rate.
- Bill me.     Payment enclosed.

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

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. No. \_\_\_\_\_

Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only. Canadian rate: 12 issues \$27.

To Order By Phone 24 Hours A Day, 7 Days A Week, Call TOLL-FREE 800-228-3700.

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

**PLAYBOY**  7AAT4  
P.O. Box 2523, Boulder, Colorado 80322



# ☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

**DOL GOSSIP:** As far as Hollywood is concerned, **Gene Wilder** and **Gilda Radner** are the best romantic-comedy team to come along since **Tracy** and **Hepburn**. Initial reactions to **Hanky Panky** were so positive that studio execs all over town are scrambling to reteam the pair; the Ladd Company will get them together again in a comedy, *Kissing*; and Columbia plans to reunite them in a project called *Woodrow Wilson Dime*. No plot details are available at presstime, but I'll keep you posted. . . . **Franc** (*Quadrophenia*) **Roddam** will direct the film version of **Pat Conroy's** best seller *The Lords of Discipline*. The \$10,000,000 Paramount production concerns the trials and tribulations of a young cadet at a West Point-like military institution. . . . National Public Radio will commence broadcasting *The Empire*



Wilder Radner

*Strikes Back* radio series on Saint Valentine's Day 1983. Stars will include **Mark Hamill**, **Billy Dee Williams**, **Anthony Daniels**, **Perry King** and **Brock Peters**. . . . No sooner had *Porky's* proved itself a winner at the box office than the producers of the low-budget comedy were yelling, "Sequel! Sequel!" *Porky's: The Next Day*, already in production, is scheduled for a summer 1983 release.

**GOIN' SOUTH:** Here's more on the movie *Cross Creek*, mentioned briefly last month. Back in 1928, a young newspaper writer named **Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings** quit her job, divorced her husband and moved into a ramshackle house in the hinterlands of Florida to find the inspiration to write fiction. She found it and recorded the process of that discovery in her autobiographical book *Cross Creek*. The film version, as we reported, stars **Mary Steenburgen** as the young author, **Rip Torn** as her irascible neighbor, **Marsh Turner** (the basis for the character played by **Gregory Peck** in the 1947 film version of **Rawlings' The Yearling**), **Dana Hill** and **Peter Coyote**. Directed by **Martin** (*Norma Rae*) **Ritt**, the flick begins with **Rawlings' move** to *Cross Creek* (it's south of Gainesville, in central Florida) and ends with the sale of her first short story. Says **Ritt**: "I fell in love with **Marjorie Kinnan**

**Rawlings' need to express herself. I love even more that she did it in a time when women were not functioning on**



Torn Steenburgen

that level. That's why I'm doing this film. I want to let the world know that this was an extraordinary lady." *Cross Creek* is set for a 1983 release.

**HOT TAMALE:** Sexy Brazilian actress **Sonia** (*Eu Te Amo / I Love You*) **Braga** will co-star with **Marcello Mastroianni** in MGM/UA's *Gabriela*. Shot in Portuguese, then dubbed in English, the film is based on **Jorge Amado's** classic South American novel, a love story that explores the manner in which a woman's sexuality overthrows the traditions of a small Brazilian town. Years ago, Italian producer-director **Carlo Ponti** wanted to make the film as a vehicle for **Sophia Loren**—to whom, coincidentally, **Braga** has often been compared. *Gabriela's* plot involves an Arab restaurateur (**Mastroianni**) who hires a



Braga Mastroianni

housekeeper (**Braga**); a bit on the wild, unmannered side, she becomes his **Eliza Doolittle**—then, of course, his lover. I'm told the film will be "quite steamy."

**BOO:** *Halloween 3*, subtitled "Season of the Witch," has nothing in common with its two predecessors other than title, date of premiere (Halloween, of course) and producers (**John Carpenter** and **Debra Hill**). **Jamie Lee Curtis** is not in this one; it's not a knife-and-stalk film; there's no ominous Shape, just a lot of masks. In fact, *Halloween 3* has been described to me as being more closely akin to *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*: It involves witchcraft, Stone-

henge's ancient powers and a diabolical mask maker with a fiendish Halloween doomsday machine. **Dan O'Herlihy** plays **Cochran**, the mask maker; **Tom** (*The Fog*) **Atkins** and **Stacey** (*Serial*) **Nelkin** are the heroes. Word has it that if **3** makes it, **Carpenter** and **Hill** plan an anthology of Halloween movies, all of them originals. Considering the success of the first two, they ought to be in business at least a century.

**ABANDONED OFFSPRING, PART THREE:** Why hasn't anyone pointed out the fact that **Neil Simon** has used the same plot in his last three scripts? The one I'm referring to is the old parent-abandons-child-then-returns formula. In *Only When I Laugh*, it was **Marsha Mason** as mother, **Kristy McNichol** as child; in *I*



Mason Robards

*Ought to Be in Pictures*, it was **Walter Matthau** as dad, **Dinah Manoff** as child. Now, in **Simon's** latest, *Max Dugan Returns*, we have **Jason Robards** as an ex-con who, in the words of the production notes, "appears at the home of the daughter he abandoned years ago." This time, **Marsha Mason** plays the daughter; a widow with a teenaged son (**Matthew Broderick**), she's in love with a cop (**Donald Sutherland**). **Simon** has made a few minor changes (in this one, **Max Dugan** returns with lots of money and lavishes outrageous gifts on his daughter and his grandson), but the basic plot line is the same. Most screenwriters wouldn't be able to get away with this—especially not three times in a row—but **Simon** seems to command the same deference in Hollywood that cows enjoy in India.

**OOPS:** Several issues ago, in an item about the movie *Frances*, I neglected to credit **Marie Yates** as coproducer of the film. Yates, it seems, was the guiding force behind the project, having spent several years tenaciously tracking down an ex-lover of **Frances Farmer's** in order to get the inside story. That crucial source has become the fictitious character **Harry York** (played by **Sam Shepard**); and, according to **Yates**, had he not opened up, there would be no film.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL





OPEN A BOX  
OF  
DELUXE.





# BENSON

## *Introducing Deluxe Ultra Lights*

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

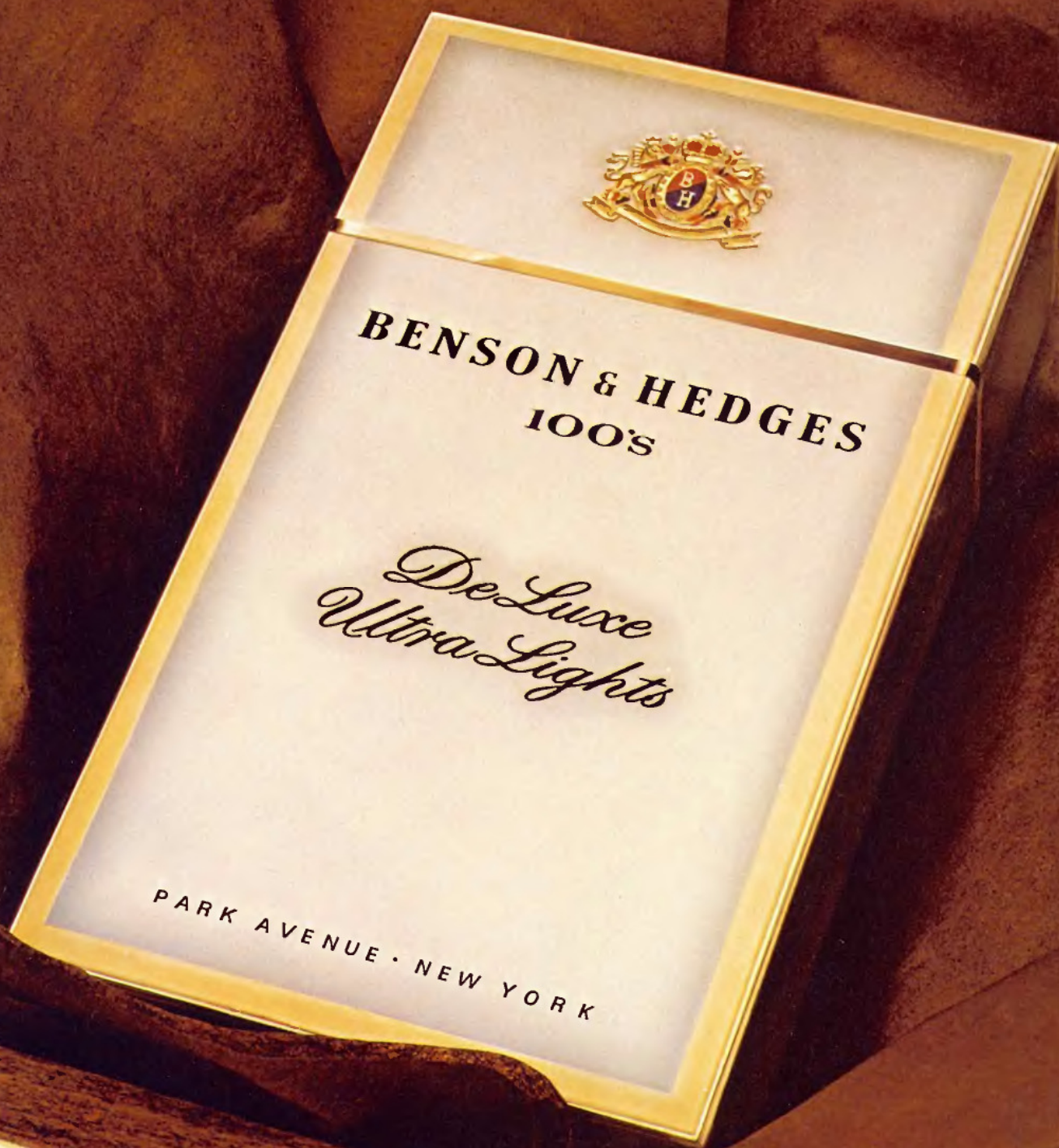
Open a box today.

6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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



# & HEDGES





**Canadian is an easy language.  
Just open your mouth and say  
ah... ahh... ahhh!**



**Molson Golden  
That's Canadian for great taste**

Proudly brewed and bottled in Canada by North America's oldest brewery; imported by Martlet Importing Co., Inc., Great Neck, N.Y. © 1982.



# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**F**or years, PLAYBOY has been telling its readers that penis size doesn't matter. I'm willing to buy that, except for one thing. You never publish statistics to go along with your advice. What is the average size?—F. C., Detroit, Michigan.

Averages are for the simple-minded. Here's a list of measurements of erect penises of white college men, in quarter-inch lengths. The Alfred C. Kinsey Institute for Sex Research reviewed the data and found that of the college males it measured, .2 percent checked in at 3.75 inches, .3 percent at 4 inches, .2 percent at 4.25 inches, 1.7 percent at 4.5 inches, .8 percent at 4.75 inches, 4.2 percent at 5 inches, 4.4 percent at 5.25 inches, 10.7 percent at 5.5 inches, 8 percent at 5.75 inches, 23.9 percent at 6 inches, 8.8 percent at 6.25 inches, 14.3 percent at 6.5 inches, 5.7 percent at 6.75 inches, 9.5 percent at 7 inches, 1.8 percent at 7.25 inches, 2.9 percent at 7.5 inches, 1 percent at 7.75 inches, 1 percent at 8 inches, .3 percent at 8.25 inches, .3 percent at 8.5 inches, .1 percent at 8.75 inches and .1 percent at 9 inches. A veritable locker room of figures. Convert everything to metrics if you aren't satisfied with your size in inches.

**L**ately, auto manufacturers have been using drag coefficient, a term that is new to me, to describe the wonders of their products. I know that it has to do with aerodynamics, but that's as far as I go. The point is: What is a low or a high coefficient? I've noticed that two recently introduced cars that look almost identical have different ratings. How is that possible? Can you give me any guidelines for comparison of those ratings?—L. B., San Jose, California.

Consider the Cd (drag coefficient) an indication of how well a moving body slices through the air. Most cars fall into the .34 to .55 ratings area; the lowest number is usually for production sports cars and the highest for full-size luxury models. Those numbers are determined independently by the car makers in their own wind tunnels under optimum conditions. When two seemingly similar cars have different Cds, start looking for minute differences: raked or unraked headlights, outside rearview mirrors, hood ornaments, flush-mounted windows, etc. Those small things can add 300ths to 400ths to a Cd. The idea, of course, is to get as close to zero drag as possible. So far, experimental cars have been produced that cut it to as little as .15, but you can't yet buy them. The surprising thing is that the Cd tells you very little about the efficiency of the engineering.



A large car with low drag can cost more to drive than a small car with high drag. That's because weight-to-power ratios enter the picture along with the Cds. What the Cd touting *does* tell you is that someone gave the aerodynamics some consideration in the design of the car.

**I** am a 25-year-old male who has been having fantasies for the past several months of my girlfriend in a variety of sexual relations with another man (or occasionally more than one) while I am either participating or watching. The fantasy that recurs most often is one in which she is performing very enthusiastic oral sex on another man while I am fucking her in a number of positions. It very rarely involves the other man's screwing her while she is fellating me. Very often the man I conjure up is an adolescent, virgin male who has been enticed into our apartment by my lover's rather overt sexual suggestions to him.

I would very much appreciate it if you would give me a brief outline of the psychology at the root of these fantasies. I would particularly like to know why I have such a desire to see my mate involved with another man while my desire to participate in a threesome with two females is significantly less. How about some suggestions of how I should approach her about the possibility of acting out this or any other fantasy?—K. M., New York, New York.

Trying to analyze fantasies is like playing name that tune by mail, one note at a time. Yours is a common fantasy. It could be that you find your girlfriend so attractive that you want to share her with another man, while re-

maintaining the dominant male force in her life. The fantasy lover could be a mirror image of yourself, only younger. Maybe you merely want to possess her completely, to tap every available orifice. You may have a curiosity about your own sex, and that would be a safe way of experimenting. The best-selling books on fantasies in the past few years have been collections of fantasies—not interpretations. The prevailing wisdom is that everyone has fantasies. That you prefer a two-male/one-female fantasy to a two-female/one-male fantasy is simply a matter of preference and means about as much as a preference for a Big Mac over a Quarter-pounder with cheese. As for bringing up the topic of fantasies with your girlfriend—ask her if she has any, then mention yours.

**T**he credit cards in my wallet make a pretty fat package to carry in my hip pocket. Is it possible to get my tailor to allow room for the wallet when he alters my trousers?—M. B., Tucson, Arizona.

You can get your tailor to alter your pants, but why not alter your wallet? Is it necessary to carry all those cards everywhere you go? We'll bet you rarely use most of them, anyway. We suggest that you purchase a couple of wallets, a slim one for your hip pocket and a billfold for your inside coat pocket. Then go through your wallet and determine what you'll need on a day-to-day basis. Usually, that amounts to one major credit card, some cash and two forms of identification, perhaps your driver's license and your health-care card. That should fit into your tailored pants or jacket very nicely. If you need more than that, carry a briefcase.

**D**uring a recent tennis weekend, I had a chance to try a friend's oversized racket. I couldn't believe it. The racket played a lot like an old snowshoe. If this is the new wave, I don't want any part of it. I thought those rackets were supposed to increase your control. What's the story?—R. T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

We're almost afraid to ask what the final score was. In any case, there are two possibilities. One is that your friend really gave you an old snowshoe to play with. The second possibility is that the racket wasn't properly strung. That's far more likely, because most folks don't realize that the larger surface area of the oversized rackets requires higher tension in stringing. Seventy-five to eighty pounds of tension is recommended. (The only person who uses that kind



# RISE® SUPER GEL CHALLENGES EDGE USERS.



If you don't like Rise®  
Super Gel better than Edge  
we'll give you  
**DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.\***

Just send the can with cash receipt to P.O. Box 1811,  
Winston-Salem, NC 27102. Refund offer up to \$4.50.  
Limit one per customer. Offer expires Sept. 30, 1982.  
© Carter-Wallace, Inc., 1982

## Get Your COLLEGE DEGREE



at Home in Spare Time

- Business Management
- Engineering Technology
- Accounting
- Electronics

No previous experience necessary. Now, without changing your lifestyle, you can get the same kind of training program used by Fortune 500 Companies. Learn marketing, finance, public relations, personnel...or be part of the team that designs, tests, builds and troubleshoots. Work on exciting projects! Every car, bridge, space shuttle requires the knowledge and skills of trained engineering and electronics technicians.

### Independent Study for Adults

No need to change your working schedule or social life. No traveling to class. Lessons are graded and returned to you by mail. Instructors are as close as your telephone...no charge! Use our toll-free 24-hour home-study hotline as soon as you enroll. AST College Degree awarded with major in Civil, Electrical, Mechanical Engineering or Electronics Technology. ASB Degree with major in Business Management or Accounting. Approved for Veterans.

#### SEND FOR FREE FACTS!

- Send no money
- No obligation
- No salesman will call

**ICS** CENTER FOR DEGREE STUDIES, Dept. RZS82  
ICS CENTER, Scranton, Pennsylvania 18515

Rush free facts telling how I can get my College Degree in business, engineering or electronics technology at home in spare time. CHECK ONE BOX ONLY!

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering   | <input type="checkbox"/> Electronics            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accounting          | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering |

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

of tension on a conventional racket is Bjorn Borg.) Not only must the racket be strung tighter, you can just about forget your usual gut. Nylon is the only material that can handle the expanse of the new-sized head without stretching or breaking. Don't let that one bad experience influence you if you'd really like to switch to the big heads—at least not until you try one that's properly set up.

**A** friend and I are having an argument. He says that you can't catch herpes from a toilet seat and cites a letter that appears in a recent *Playboy Advisor*. I have heard of a study that suggests you can catch this disease from such nonsexual contacts as towels and toilet seats. Can you settle this dispute?—E. W., Miami, Florida.

At the time we published that letter, December 1981, scientists thought it was impossible to catch herpes from a dry surface—the virus simply did not seem to be able to survive outside the body. However, a study by Dr. Trudy Larson, a UCLA research fellow, has proved otherwise. Dr. Larson found that herpes virus could survive for at least four hours on a toilet seat, 18 hours on plastic instruments used in a gynecological exam and 72 hours on gauze. Larson suggests that there was a chance one could catch herpes from nonsexual contact but that the chances were minimal. The virus could be transmitted only if it came into contact with an open sore or a cut in the skin or the mucous membrane. There is as yet no direct evidence of anyone's having caught the disease in that manner. Yet Larson suggests that people who contract herpes practice good hygiene and not share utensils or towels during an outbreak. Her good-housekeeping tip: Common household bleach or a 70 percent alcohol solution will kill the virus on dry surfaces.

**O**n a first date, I took the girl to a posh restaurant where I had made reservations. When I announced our arrival to the maître de, he said there would be a slight delay and asked if we would like to wait in the bar area. Neither of us drinks, but we went to the bar anyway. It was nearly an hour before we were shown to our table. My date was both famished and perturbed. Should I have slipped the maître de a tip when we arrived?—L. S., New York, New York.

Generally, when you tip the maître de, you're asking for a good table, not a quick one, and you do it just before he leads you into the dining room. It shouldn't be necessary to tip him just to give you a table, especially when you've made reservations. You should have reminded him after 20 minutes that you were waiting and if the table wasn't forthcoming then, you should have left—for a better restaurant.

**M**y boyfriend and I have started seeing each other again after being separated for two months. He is eager to know with whom I have made love—when, where, etc. I, on the other hand, do not wish to know anything at all about his activities with other women. He has agreed to abide by my wish not to know. But he insists that since he does want to know what I did, I should tell him. What do you think?—Miss S. Q., San Diego, California.

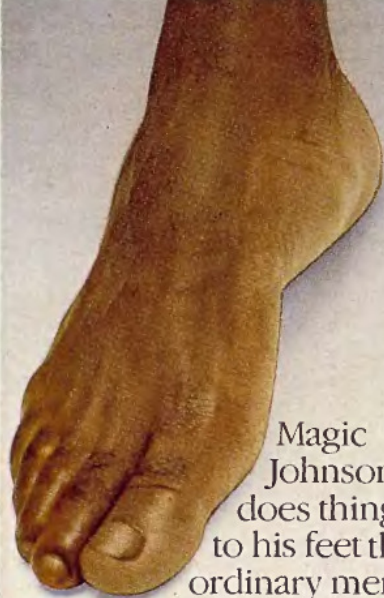
We're on your side. Prosecutors and public defenders emerge from law school with one useful piece of information: "Never ask a question to which you don't know the answer." In comparison, couples are amateurs. There are certain questions that should not be asked. There are certain questions that should not be answered. The mere asking indicates a problem that will not be cured by honesty. A respected psychologist once remarked that jealousy exists in direct proportion to insecurity. It doesn't matter what the truth is. When someone (i.e., your boyfriend) is moved to ask a question such as this, there is trouble in paradise. In her book "Having It Both Ways," Elaine Denholtz suggests: "Today, a big word is honesty. An honest relationship. Honest communications. Honest disagreements. Honesty seems to promise its own rewards. However, those into the lay-it-all-on-the-table school often mistake quantity for quality in communications. They tell all with abandon and expect to be rewarded. 'Haven't I been honest? Isn't that what you want—honesty?' They don't recognize that too much communication can be as damaging as too little."

**B**eing out of shape for so long has finally begun to disgust me. I'm not the kind of person who can keep up a rigid schedule of exercise, but I would like to be healthier. I am considering joining one of those health spas that have sprung up in the past few years in the hope that it can whip me into shape. What kind of spa would you suggest? I don't know aerobics from disrobbics.—B. D., Chicago, Illinois.

We can tell you that disrobbics are more fun than aerobics but we can't tell you what kind of spa to joint. The problem is that spas are not developed to get you into shape. They are developed to capitalize on your wish to get into shape. And at that they have been very successful. There are now thousands of them across the country, each with a different philosophy and different equipment. Joining one usually involves a major investment, and you do not always get what you pay for. First off, many of them are oversubscribed. There are simply far too many members for the amount of space and equipment. It is no fun to stand in line waiting to use a rowing machine or



# FEET OF MAGIC



Magic Johnson does things to his feet that ordinary men can't even conjure up.

In a typical night of basketball, he'll do 100 30-yard windsprints. He'll set 50 brutal picks. Take 8 jump shots. Do a half dozen slamdunks, a little sky walking, and grab 9 rebounds.

And, every time, he'll come smashing down onto the parquet with almost 6 times his body weight.

A torturous regimen that can only attest to the durability of his feet, the quality of his shoes. Or both.



CONVERSE: OFFICIAL SPONSOR OF THE 1984 OLYMPIC GAMES. ©1982, CONVERSE, INC.

to try to do laps in a crowded swimming pool. Also, many spas are poorly supervised. You are let loose on the gym floor to fend for yourself rather than engaged in programmed exercise for your particular problem or need. When there is a program, the classes are too large for individual help. You are at the mercy of some "exercise instructor" who may not have any professional knowledge of fitness, nutrition, weight control, exercise or potential hazards. If you haven't been able to motivate yourself in the past, you are not going to be very comfortable in that kind of environment, either. If you feel you must join a spa, you should be very careful in choosing one. One-stop shopping won't work. You must go to the spa several times, noting the action going on. Go at the time you would regularly want to exercise; you may find that's just the time everyone else wants to go, too. Also, check the credentials of any instructors. Currently, there are few laws governing the licensing of such spas. Anybody can start one regardless of expertise or lack of same. Of course, before you begin any exercise program after a long layoff, a physical would be prudent.

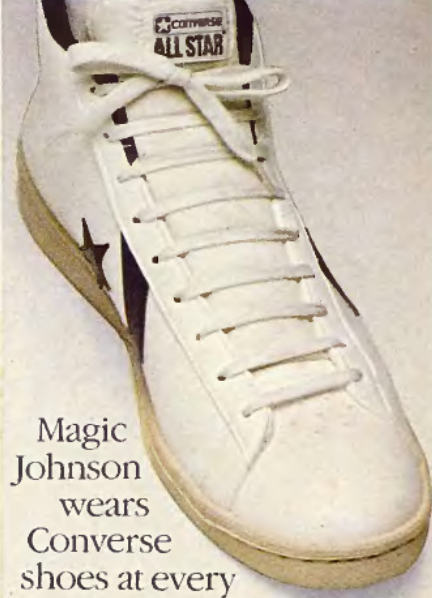
**M**y girlfriend switched to a diaphragm-spermicidal cream method of birth control about a year ago. Now she is having second thoughts. Apparently, word is out that spermicidal creams can increase the risk of birth defects in children born to mothers using this method. Can you shed any light on this?—L. P., Seattle, Washington.

Last year, a study by a Boston University scientist indicated that there was a doubling of the incidence of birth defects among children born to women using spermicidal creams, jellies and foams. (There was a 2.2 percent chance of defects in children whose mothers had used a spermicide versus a one percent chance of malformations in children born to mothers who had not.) However, a more recent study of 50,282 pregnancies found that five percent of the women who had used vaginal spermicides bore children with birth defects. In contrast, a normal group had a 4.5 percent incidence of malformations. That is not a significant difference, and although more studies are needed, we would not urge anyone to abandon this method of birth control.

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.



# SHOES OF MAGIC



Magic Johnson wears Converse shoes at every performance he gives.

The reason?

In addition to being handsome and lightweight (even in size 14½), Converse shoes are made on a special model of the human foot called *a last*.

Partly art. Partly science. No one else has the Converse last. So no other basketball shoe feels like a Converse, fits like a Converse, or protects like a Converse. But that should be obvious.

Magic Johnson wears 'em. And he's still up to his same old tricks.



CONVERSE: OFFICIAL SPONSOR OF THE 1984 OLYMPIC GAMES. ©1982, CONVERSE, INC.





# THE SAAB APC TURBO. THE MUSCLE CAR WITH A SOCIAL CONSCIENCE.

Now there is a car that will satisfy the conservationist as well as the hedonist. It's the new Saab Turbo with our unique Automatic Performance Control (APC). APC ushers in turbocharging's second generation, making the Saab Turbo run faster on less gas. And giving it the kind of throttle response you may recall from the days when cars named for wild animals acted like their namesakes.

It also gives you something you've missed in the years since the birth of OPEC. Power without remorse.

Saab 900 5-speed Turbo: (19) EPA estimated mpg, 31 estimated highway mpg. Remember, use these figures for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: (21) EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. Saabs range in price from the 900 3-door 5-speed at \$10,650 to the 900 4-door 5-speed APC Turbo at \$16,860. Manufacturer's retail price. Tax, license, freight, dealer charges or optional equipment, if any, not included.

## SAAB

*The most intelligent car ever built.*



# DEAR PLAYMATES

After publishing *Dear Playmates* for almost a year, we know one thing for sure: Not everyone finds the same things sexy. What may be a big turn-on to one person can end up a big yawn to another. So we thought we'd ask the Playmates for their individual definitions of sexy.

The question for the month:

If a man wants to turn you on, what should he say or do?

It turns me on when a man tells me I'm cute, but I'll tell you my favorite story about getting turned on and feeling important at the same time. I had a dinner date one night with a man I had been seeing for more than a year. After dinner, we went back to his apartment. He had this sexy and romantic sunken bath tub. He gave me a beautiful necklace that spelled out the word special. Then we took a romantic bath together. How's that?



*Lorraine Michaels*

LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

The guy in my life knows how to make everything sexy and sensuous and romantic. He always seems to know what to do. He has wine and firelight. He takes me out to dinner. He's always affectionate, which is very important to me. I always feel sexy when I'm with him, because I feel wanted. He acknowledges my presence with subtle gestures whenever we're together. I like to be with him and I really like him. That turns me on.



*Anne-Marie Fox*

ANNE-MARIE FOX  
FEBRUARY 1982

It's a pretty subtle business. I mean, if a man is sexy to begin with and he thinks I'm sexy, too. . . . The look in a man's eye, his body language, those things do something to tell you if he's sexy. I can get turned on by the way a man moves, his walk, the way he enters a room, the way he looks at me. But that works only if I know him well. If it's a stranger, forget it. Other things that turn me on are warm embraces and a show of intimacy in the middle of some other perfectly normal event. For example: You've been sitting around all evening and your roommate leaves the room and all of a sudden, he looks at you in that certain way and says hello.



*Michele Drake*

MICHELE DRAKE  
MAY 1979

One of the sexiest things that ever happened to me occurred after my first date with a man. He brought me an entry he had written in his journal before we had ever met. It told about his sitting around one night playing his guitar and thinking about his ideal woman—you know, that melancholy state you can get into in the wee hours of the morning. He wrote out a description of Miss Right—her physical attributes, her heart, soul and attitudes about life—and ended the entry, "She'll be a player." He meant, "She'll be someone who jumps into life, not a victim. She won't be ordinary." He showed me that and said, "How did I know when I wrote this that I would find you?" It was so tender.



*Vicki McCarty*

VICKI MC CARTY  
SEPTEMBER 1979

The first thing is eye contact; that's fairly sexy to me when it's direct and piercing. The other thing that always works is saying sexy things in a non-sexual atmosphere. Say I'm at a party or in a restaurant or at some social gathering, and my mind is not on sex, it's on the social occasion, and some guy comes up to me and says, "I want to lick you all over your body." He just whispers that into my ear. That is so hot! It stops time, and right then and there, I want to say, "Come here a minute." Growls are real nice, too.



*Marcy Hanson*

MARCY HANSON  
OCTOBER 1978

What a man can say or do to make me laugh—that's what turns me on. If I don't already feel attracted to someone, his taking me to see a sexy movie isn't going to have any effect whatsoever. The chemistry has to be there. My wildest experience to illustrate what I mean happened in a tiny airport women's room. Lust was consummated on the run. It was interesting. It also makes my point: Make me laugh; be casual; don't bother with the candlelight dinner. Be spontaneous and don't make me feel like I'm being set up.



*Cathy Larmouth*

CATHY LARMOUTH  
JUNE 1981

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





**When you really get it all together.**



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.



# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## SCHOOL PRAYER

Only in Oklahoma could a state representative manage to get a bill passed to allow voluntary prayer in public schools and then be paid by a school district to defend the same bill.

Representative Bill Graves is doing just that. He is legal representative for the Little Axe School in a Federal lawsuit brought by myself and another mother, Lucille McCord.

Since filing the lawsuit a year ago, I have been beaten up in the parking lot of the school by a school employee and my and Lucille's children have been harassed and called "Devil worshipers." The capper: My home was totally destroyed by fire on September 18, 1981. I had received numerous phone calls telling me to drop the lawsuit or my home would be burned to "rid the community of the likes of me." The FBI entered the case after the fire, but my husband and I are unable to find out anything. The fire marshal will say only that the fire had been started by "unknown causes." Exactly four months before the fire, the president of our school board stated, "People who play with fire will get burned." She made that statement in *The Norman Transcript* on May 16, 1981, when asked to comment on the fact that I had been beaten up.

The school permits a prayer meeting every Thursday morning in a classroom. During the meetings, prayers are said, testimonies are given and the Bible is read. Speakers come to tell the children about their lives since they have been born again. That takes place from 8:00 to 8:30 A.M., which makes it a before-school function, but it is still on school property and sanctioned by the school board.

We are not atheists. We believe in God. We believe in prayer. But not in public school. We have suffered a year of scorn, harassment, bodily harm and property loss on my part. But we will not give up.

Joann Bell  
Newalla, Oklahoma

## BORN-AGAIN SEX

PLAYBOY's readers may be surprised to learn that three Christian couples recently appeared on a television panel to promote their explicit sex manuals. The panel found Biblical authority for its views in a literal reading of *The Song of Solomon*, a steamy book that has always been interpreted allegorically in

the past. The consensus was that anything goes in the bedroom for married couples, provided there is no express Biblical prohibition and that the pair is in agreement as to who does what to whom. That lets the bars down most of the way.

One of the couples, Tim and Bev LaHaye, can be classified as being far right, about in the Falwell camp. The Reverend Tim is a Moral Majoritarian, a John Bircher and a loud beater of the drums for creationism. The others were

---

*"The consensus was that anything goes in the bedroom for married couples, provided there is no Biblical prohibition...."*

---

Dr. Ed Wheat and his wife, Gaye, and the Reverend Charlie Shedd and his wife, Martha.

The views of the panel were diametrically opposed to nearly 200 years of Christian teaching, and many of the techniques suggested have brought anguish to Jehovah in the past. There is no doubt that much of the religious community would be deeply shocked to find out what is now being promoted in the name of the Lord. It would be in-



consistent, for instance, for book burners to exempt those sex books from their bonfires.

PLAYBOY could present an amusing and informative article based on the new Christian attitudes toward sex. It is always possible that those people, with or without "divine guidance," have come up with something new.

J. B. Herreshoff  
La Jolla, California

*We published a short piece on that subject in the August 1981 "Playboy Forum," and in this month's "Playboy After Hours" there is, shall we say, an even less serious treatment.*

## JUSTICE SYSTEM

When a young, ignorant black kid from the ghetto in Gary, Indiana, wrongly ends up on death row, I'm not all that surprised. I compliment the Playboy Defense Team for aiding in his rescue and eventual exoneration (*The Playboy Forum*, August 1980, May 1981). And when the Chicago police conceal evidence that the son of one of their own officers is innocent of murder, I get the terrible feeling that the criminal-justice system is falling apart. But when the police officer who had revealed the exculpatory evidence finds himself in trouble with his superiors for doing so, I don't know what to think.

In this case, the defendant was not some street punk with a long criminal record who would automatically be guilty in the eyes of a jury. He was black, which can—automatically—make a difference. But he was also a clean-cut, intelligent, extroverted high school student accused of having brutally raped and murdered a young neighborhood girl and having beaten her 11-year-old brother. He was arrested largely on the testimony of the brother, who had lain in a coma for a week and afterward seemed confused. Only the surprise evidence saved him.

Makes a person wonder how many people have received life sentences or the death penalty for crimes they had never committed.

(Name withheld by request)  
Chicago, Illinois

## CRUEL, IF NOT UNUSUAL

Regarding your editorial "The End of the Eighth Amendment?" (*The Playboy Forum*, May): Of course, a 40-year sentence for marijuana is an outrage. But why not put the blame where it belongs:



on the narrow-minded, shortsighted legislators who enact or fail to repeal laws allowing such ludicrous penalties; on bigoted communities and selective law enforcement; and on a sentencing judge who clearly does not take seriously his sworn duty to treat all equally before the law.

The Supreme Court surely does not believe "that our lawmakers always act in wisdom"; many laws and legislative judgments are "stupid." That does not mean they are unconstitutional. The Court need not protect us from such stupidities. Our most basic right, the vote, was designed to fill that role.

M. Smith

Phoenix, Arizona

*Well, we think such a sentence for marijuana goes far beyond legislative prerogative and constitutes "cruel and unusual punishment," as the Federal appeals court ruled.*

#### GOOD GUYS FINISH LAST?

There is a lot of truth in the letter from Hawaii that says that many women like scoundrels and exploiters better than the sensitive and thoughtful men they claim to want (*The Playboy Forum*, May). Despite all I've heard and read regarding equality of the sexes, most women I've been involved with have preferred to be dominated to some extent. You can't pamper them and expect to get either respect or results. Some of them are like gardens: The more shit you give them, the better they respond.

D. Altenhoff

Texarkana, Texas

The fellow from Hawaii is right. I have friends who are women, but none of them would ever view me as more than just a friend. I've been called "one of the last gentlemen on earth"—by which I think was meant "Gentlemen are the last ones on earth I'd date."

There is a difference between what women say they want and what type of man they go after. But what we are and whom we attract are a strong part of our personality, and if I lie about who I am by putting on an act, I will hurt only myself. I'd rather be a lonely gentleman than a bastard.

D. W. Hack

Ann Arbor, Michigan

#### FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Your readers who are planning to go abroad on business or on vacation should be advised to be extremely careful while they are out of the country. According to statistics recently released by the State Department, more than 3200 Americans were arrested in foreign countries last year. The largest single category of arrests was for drug violations, mostly marijuana. Other common offenses included disorderly conduct,

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### NEW HABIT FOR OLD?

PHILADELPHIA—A drug that helps humans kick drug addiction seems to have the side effect of keeping laboratory mice slim and horny, according to a Temple University researcher. Psychology professor David Margules reports that mice and rats fed a diet of



*M & M candies, chocolate cookies and ice cream grew exceedingly fat unless they were on the drug naloxone—in which case they stayed slim and began to "copulate intensely." The drug is prescribed for humans addicted to morphine, but no studies have been conducted to see whether or not they respond similarly to the mice.*

#### HOOKERS IN EXILE

VAN NUYS—A California judge has taken revenge on a Florida judge who had deported a prostitute to Los Angeles. After finding a local woman guilty of the same charge, he agreed to reduce her jail sentence from 120 to 45 days on the condition that the hooker move to Florida to "start a new life." Florida "should not be sending the state of California their problems," the judge said.

Meanwhile, another prostitute from Florida discovered why she had been having such a hard time picking up Japanese tourists in Honolulu. After being arrested by an undercover officer, she learned that the Japanese expressions taught her by other hookers were not offers of sexual services but obscene insults.

#### "FOR TOMORROW YOU DIE"

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A sociologist and counselor has testified before a Senate Labor and Human Relations Subcommittee that fear of nuclear war may be one of the reasons that so many teenagers engage in sex. Professor Ray Short of the University of Wisconsin at Platteville said that while teenagers may be becoming more conservative in many ways, because of the threat of nuclear holocaust, some take the view "If I don't get sex now, I'll never know what it feels like."

#### OUT OF THE CLOSET

SAN FRANCISCO—The Immigration and Naturalization Service has been told—again—that it cannot bar persons on account of their homosexuality. A U. S. District Court judge has issued that ruling in the case of an Englishman denied entry to this country in 1979 because he wore a T-shirt proclaiming that he was gay. The decision cited a 1979 declaration by the U. S. Surgeon General's office that homosexuality would no longer be considered a medical disorder, but the INS has continued to bar some persons who openly admit such a sexual orientation.

#### ROCK DEMONS

SACRAMENTO—California assemblyman Phil Wyman has drafted a bill that would require warning labels on rock records and tapes that include subliminal messages recorded backward. One example, played for members of the assembly's Consumer Protection and Toxic Materials Committee, was the Led Zeppelin recording of "Stairway to Heaven," which allegedly includes the phrases "Here's to my sweet Satan" and "I live for Satan," added by a process called backward masking. The assemblyman warned that such messages are deciphered and understood by the brain and "can manipulate our behavior without our knowledge or consent and turn us into disciples of the Antichrist." The committee has skeptically recommended more study of the bill, maybe in the fall.

Meanwhile, in the state of Washington, members of the Lynnwood Chapel of Peace ceremoniously burned \$2000 worth of rock records, starting with "Stairway to Heaven." A similar burning had been scheduled in Texas City, Texas, but heavy rain forced the faithful to smash the records instead.

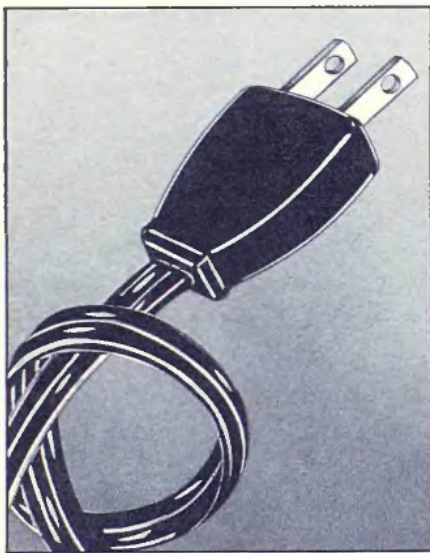


### OFF THE HOOK

WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS—The "hard-shell, old-fashioned, Bible-believing" congregation of the local First Baptist Church has taken a vote and has unanimously concluded that its associate pastor is not "the son of the Devil," as some dissident church members had claimed. Afterward, the preacher said he was thankful for the expression of confidence and added, "Now I can get back to the Lord's work."

### THE LAST STRAW

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND—A 57-year-old electrician was released on three years' probation for having strangled his wife, who had nagged him relentlessly for 30 years. The end of the defendant's patience had come one day when, to escape further vituperation, he had put on a pair of stereo headphones to listen to music and his wife had pulled the plug. A sympathetic prosecutor said, "When he regained his senses, he was



standing over her and she was dead." An even more sympathetic judge concluded, "For many years, you tolerated an unhappy marriage. Although you continued to love a dominant wife, hoping that matters would improve, you were finally taken beyond the breaking point."

### SENIOR CITIZENS

KIRKERSVILLE, OHIO—A 5'2", 77-year-old man has been apprehended and charged with armed robbery of a bank after a series of blunders. According to the FBI, the bank's camera showed the robber struggling to climb over a counter, getting his feet tangled and needing help from his masked accomplice and a teller. Then the man raised his

nylon-socking mask to see better while gathering up the money, enabling the camera to get a clear shot of his face.

In Houston, a 75-year-old man in failing health has gotten his wish for a prison sentence so that he would have a place to die. The would-be bank robber turned out to be armed not with a bomb but with an empty wine bottle in a paper bag, and a district-court jury sentenced him to two years in the state penitentiary. He said he had tried to rob a bank hoping for a Federal prison. "It would be the most wonderful thing that would happen to die in a place like that," he told the jury, but later commented that he would settle for a state institution if that were the best he could do.

### ABORTION

A new analysis of poll data indicates that Catholic women are as likely as Protestant women to have abortions, according to Family Planning Perspectives. Two unrelated 1981 polls—one conducted for Life magazine and the other for ABC News and The Washington Post—were used in the research. The combined figures showed that eight percent of Catholic women and seven percent of Protestant had undergone abortions and also indicated that 67 percent of American women believe abortion should remain legal.

Meanwhile, the California Assembly's Education Committee has approved a bill that would require a public school to notify a girl's parents before excusing her from class for the purpose of having an abortion. Another bill, defeated in committee, would have required parents to provide written permission for a student to take a sex-education course.

### BACK TAXES

PITTSBURGH—An Allegheny County judge has ruled that a massage parlor in the town of McKees Rocks must pay amusement taxes on the illicit sexual services it provides customers. If the decision is upheld, owners of the Spartacus may owe as much as \$100,000 a year going back to 1976. Businesses offering "all manner and forms of entertainment, diversion, sport [and] recreation are liable to pay the ten percent tax," the judge held—and that would include sex. "To contend that the 'business operations' of the defendant were not entertainment is somewhat specious at best, not to mention unflattering to the Spartacus staff."

### PREVENTIVE DETENTION

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The U. S. Supreme Court has let stand a lower-court deci-

sion upholding the constitutionality of the District of Columbia's pretrial-detention law. The 12-year-old statute allows a judge to order a defendant held for up to 60 days without bail on finding that his release would endanger the community.

### GAY RIGHT

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN—After a short legal hassle, a 25-year-old prospective transsexual has earned the right to be locked up in a women's prison. Testimony from a Minneapolis obstetrician/gynecologist convinced an Oakland County judge that with no testicles and



enlarging breasts, the defendant would be better off in the company of women while the sex-change procedures were completed. The prisoner had received a sentence of one to five years for stealing women's clothes.

Meanwhile, Florida's Dade County has been housing male homosexuals in the women's jail to reduce overcrowding and sexual abuse, but authorities are becoming suspicious of the number of men declaring themselves gay. The women's facilities are reportedly newer, more spacious, have a number of amenities and have women.

### OLD GAME, NEW TWIST

LAKE CHARLES, LOUISIANA—An 18-year-old McNeese State University coed has been charged with procuring for two young men, hiring them out to women willing to pay \$75 for sex. The men, 19 and 20, were charged with prostitution. Sheriff's officers had picked up rumors of the activity from school security guards and arranged for two female undercover officers to secure dates. Police commented that the case was a little more complicated than the average prostitution bust.



immigration violations and business fraud. Moreover, not only college students were arrested; the average age of those arrested was 31.

Our organization has been especially upset about continuing reports of torture and abuse of Americans detained in foreign countries. Most frequently, torture is used in order to obtain a false confession of guilt. The State Department is required to investigate reports of torture, but many arrested Americans do not report that they have been abused because they fear reprisals from the authorities. The most consistent abuse reports we have received have come from South America, especially from Peru, which has established a persistent, ongoing record of human-rights violations against Americans.

The best way to avoid arrest while you are in a foreign country is to know the laws and customs of the country you are in and to obey them carefully. Be aware that U. S. constitutional guarantees have no meaning in other countries,

which are frequently governed by entirely different constitutional and legal systems.

Robert L. Pisani, Executive Director International Legal Defense Counsel Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

#### COCAINE

Ronald K. Siegel writes that "the most dangerous aspect of cocaine use is getting caught and suffering the criminal penalties for a narcotics offense" (*The Playboy Forum*, April). I agree that cocaine is misclassified when called a narcotic. It is, rather, a central-nervous-system stimulant. I further feel that not only is the classification of cocaine as a narcotic irrational but so are all criminal penalties for drug offenses.

That does not mean, however, that cocaine is harmless. Many people (albeit a minority of all users) have trouble with cocaine. It *can* be habit forming. It *is* a powerful drug. Some cocaine users have serious problems, just as some proportion of users of any drug have problems.

Recent notable examples with respect to cocaine include John and Mackenzie Phillips, Richard Pryor and, apparently, John Belushi.

In our zeal to do away with absurd criminal penalties for drug use, let us not go to the other extreme and ignore the fact that drugs are potentially dangerous. The prohibitionists have historically been guilty of overstatement, misstatement and distortion and, consequently, have little credibility. But denying the potential mental and physical health hazards associated with drug use can also destroy the credibility of pro-choice advocates.

Robert F. Wilson  
Sylva, North Carolina

From the style of it, I'd guess that the enclosed movie poster was printed sometime in the early Fifties. It may be lurid, but once again, it's "timely as today's headlines," judging from the number of coke-related deaths and other problems now being reported.

PLAYBOY warned of the dangers of cocaine free basing quite a long time back, and the death of John Belushi only serves as a reminder that we are not dealing with a totally benign drug, as some of its defenders seem to consider it to be. The fact is that nobody who can afford to use coke ever uses less than he can afford and often uses more. I share the feeling of many professionals that only its costliness keeps coke from becoming a serious national health problem. Or, as the old saying goes, "Coke is God's way of telling you that you have too much money."

On the other hand, hysteria over cocaine is hardly a solution to the problem and may, in fact, only make it

## DIRTY MINDS IN D.C.

Reporters—or the publications they represent—apparently now have to pass a religious test before they can interview Federal officials at the Department of the Interior.

A. Craig Copetas, doing routine research for PLAYBOY on an influential American Indian leader's role in the domestic energy industry, traveled to Washington, D.C., for a scheduled interview with Kenneth L. Smith, Assistant Secretary for Indian Affairs.

Copetas relates: "I was told by a very embarrassed [information officer] Carl Shaw that, yes, the appointment had been confirmed, but now Ken Smith would not be allowed to see me because [Interior Secretary] James Watt had seen my name and PLAYBOY's on an interviewer list and said none of his people were going to speak with reporters from godless publications."

You'll remember Watt as the religious fundamentalist who, commenting on natural resources, told a House committee he wasn't sure how many future generations there will be before the Lord calls home the righteous.

"I thought he was making a joke," Copetas said. "Then I found out it was true and I was absolutely amazed. I asked why and he said that's just the way Watt feels.

"I left the Interior Department in kind of a haze. I didn't believe these things were still going on."

A spokeswoman at the White House Press Office said the Interior Department policy "sounds sort of absurd" and does not apply to other executive departments.

The Interior Department admitted that Copetas' interview had been canceled, but a spokesman told newspaper reporters it was because PLAYBOY was not "a legitimate news outlet."

"Now, to describe what 'legitimate' is, I don't know that I'd have a description,"

Shaw said in an interview. "It's almost that I'd know when I saw one."

Shaw denied using the word godless in talking with Copetas and said he told the reporter that Watt simply did not want his people talking to "those kinds of magazines."

What does Shaw mean by "those kinds of magazines"?

"Well, I didn't question that. That's what the Secretary's public-affairs director [Douglas Baldwin] told me and I didn't question that."

Copetas said, "I didn't go in there to talk to Smith about sex; I went in there to talk to him about Indians. I think Watt must have a dirty mind."

—DAN SHERIDAN



worse. Everybody likes to experiment with a dangerous thing just to see if it's really dangerous—and in the belief that they are sensible enough to be moderate. Especially when much of the



propaganda against drug use seems directed at complete idiots.

(Name withheld by request)  
Chicago, Illinois

#### MURDERING FETUSES

I am astonished and shocked at the "Playboy Casebook" appearing in the June issue concerning an 18-year-old woman who had shot herself in the stomach because she could not afford a hospital abortion. The nerve of you people to defend her! She has committed a crime; she has committed murder. That was a child from the moment of its conception.

It is people like you and your writers who are responsible for the terrible state of affairs we are in today. All I pray is that the Lord will show all of you the light. *Murder is murder!*

Phillip B. Shawas  
Roswell, New Mexico

*You are defining murder biologically instead of legally, and there's a profound difference. The issue is not when human life is conceived but when that life becomes a legal human being. We say leave that to the biologists, the philosophers and the theologians and stop trying to compel our secular lawmakers to grant constitutional rights to fetuses.*

#### POT TESTING

In August of 1981, another emergency medical technician and I were discharged from our jobs with the Detroit Fire Department because urine tests for cannabinoids had come back positive. Although neither of us had been smoking marijuana, we were both probationary employees with no union protection. The day after we were informed of our "positive" results, we both had independent tests conducted, and those came back negative. At that point, I decided to do some research, the results of which may be helpful to others.

First of all, the test we underwent is called the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay. It is a typical immunoassay that uses an antibody reaction to measure the presence of the target drug. It's simple, fast and inexpensive and was designed to be used as a rapid primary-screening device. It is not conclusive. Testing instructions explicitly advise that any positive results be confirmed by an alternative method. According to several scientists I've contacted, confirmation of positive results is a basic principle of forensic science.

I have since discovered that the lab that found us positive did not confirm its results, and that will be the basis for a lawsuit we intend to file against the city of Detroit and the laboratory. After inspecting the lab's file at the Michigan Department of Public Health, obtained through the Freedom of Information Act, I found evidence that at least two other people had been denied jobs by

other employers because of that test. One was a 61-year-old widow who had never smoked anything.

I have contacted State Representative Perry Bullard's office at our state capital to discuss the possibility of his drafting legislation to ban that test as a basis for employment. I know that PLAYBOY has been in the forefront of many issues regarding individual rights, and I hope you will call the matter to the attention of your readers.

(Name withheld by request)  
Wyandotte, Michigan

#### GUN CONTROL

The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms was able to determine in 16 minutes that the Saturday-night special used in the Ronald Reagan shooting was purchased by John Hinckley in a Dallas pawnshop. A subsequent report by the BATF indicated that nearly one third of

the customers who had purchased firearms at that same pawnshop had prior criminal records. Yet the National Rifle Association is lobbying hard in Washington these days for the repeal of the Gun Control Act, under which the BATF is granted its authority to act. In addition, the N.R.A. continues to oppose laws that would require gun dealers to check their customers for possible criminal records.

If the N.R.A. were *really* interested in responsible firearms ownership, it wouldn't bother to defend the right of anyone, regardless of criminal record, to purchase and carry a Saturday-night special, which every hunter knows is completely useless for sport. Certainly, the framers of the Constitution would turn over in their graves if they knew that 200 years later, the Second Amendment was being interpreted as a reason for allowing any lunatic to purchase a

*forum follies*

## PUMPING IRON

*Attorney L. Michael Yoder of Valparaiso, Indiana, has noted our*

*occasional reporting of strange court cases and thinks we would be remiss if we didn't pass along to our readers this most eloquent of legal arguments and most apocryphal of legal legends ever to make the rounds:*

It seems an attractive young woman eating dinner at a restaurant overheard one man jokingly tell another that he'd give \$50 to spend the night with her. On a whim, she turned and said she'd take him up on the deal; but the next morning, he paid her only \$25. She sued and her lawyer addressed the court:

"Your Honor, my client, this lady, is the owner of a piece of property, a colorful garden spot with ideal temperature condition for social activities, surrounded by a profuse and lovely growth of shrubbery, which property she agreed to rent to this defendant for a specified length of time for the sum of \$50. The defendant took possession of the property, used it extensively for the purpose for which it was rented, but on vacating the premises, he paid only half of what it was rented for. The rent was not excessive, as it was restricted property, in a private zone, and we ask judgment against the defendant to assure payment of the balance."

The defendant's lawyer was so amused by the presentation of the case that he somewhat altered his

**\$50 - \$25 =** 

defense: "Your Honor," he said, "my client agrees that the lady has a

fine piece of property and he did rent such property for a time and a degree of pleasure was received from the transaction. However, my client found a well on the property, around which he placed his own stones, sunk a shaft and erected a pump, initiated pumping operations personally, to be performed by him, which produced results mutually beneficial. We claim that improvements for the property and the mutual benefit resulting therefrom adequately compensated for the rental of said property. We ask that judgment not be granted."

The woman's lawyer replied: "Your Honor, my client agrees that the defendant did find a well on her property and that he did make improvements and produce favorable results such as my opponent described. However, had the defendant not known that the well existed, he would never have rented the property. Also, upon vacating the premises, the defendant removed the stones, pulled out the shaft and took his pump with him. In doing so, he not only dragged his equipment through the shrubbery but left the hole larger than it was prior to his occupancy, requiring extensive mop-up operations and making it easily accessible to little children. We therefore ask that judgment be granted."

And it was—or so the story goes.



# IF YOU'VE GOT THE WATTS,



Maxell Corporation of America, 60 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, N.J. 07074.



# WE'VE GOT THE TAPE.



To get the most out of today's high performance stereos, you need a high performance tape.

Maybe that's why so many manufacturers of top-rated tape decks recommend Maxell. Our tape is designed to help good equipment live up to its specifications.

Unlike ordinary tape, Maxell can handle sudden bursts of power without any distortion. And it can deliver the extreme highs and lows that sometimes get left behind.

So if you'd like to get the most out of your sound system, try Maxell. But a word of caution. Always keep your seat belt securely fastened.



**IT'S WORTH IT.**





**LECTRIC SHAVE  
MAKES YOUR BRISTLES STAND UP  
FOR A CLOSER SHAVE.**

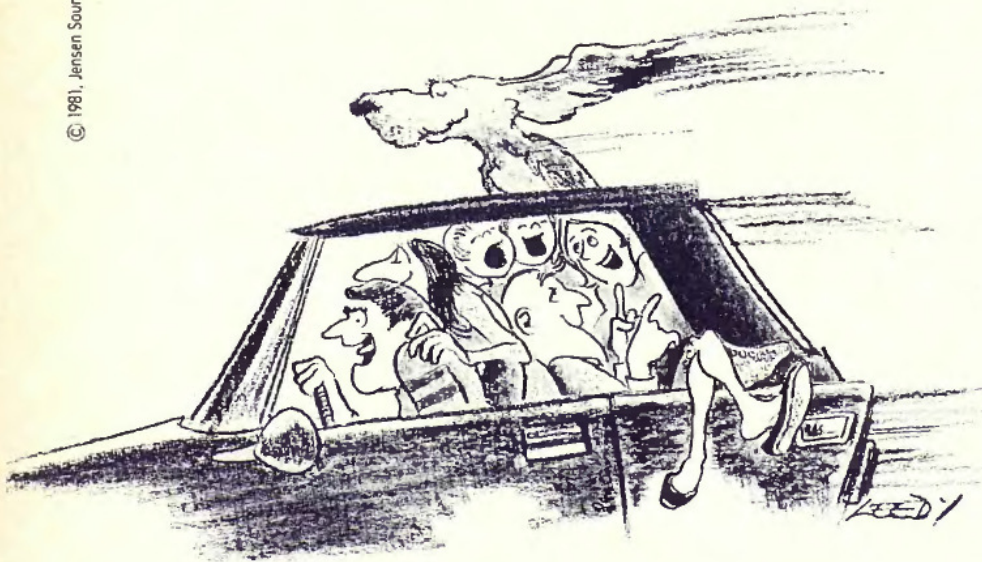
Lectric Shave is putting its money where your face is. Here's the deal: apply Lectric Shave® to one side of your face. Then use your electric razor. Compare the Lectric Shave side with the dry side. The Lectric Shave side should feel closer, smoother. That's because Lectric Shave makes your beard stand up. So you shave closer, faster, with less irritation.

**OR YOUR MONEY BACK.**

**GUARANTEE**

If you don't agree that Lectric Shave gives you a closer shave, we'll give you a complete refund. Just send your bottle of Lectric Shave with the unused portion and the cash register receipt with the purchase price circled to: J.B. Williams Lectric Shave Guarantee Offer, P.O. Box 5036, Hicksville, New York 11816.

© 1981, Jensen Sound Labs



*"Now that there's a Jensen made for it,  
this baby's perfect for us."*

With a Jensen® ThinMount™ car stereo speaker system, you don't have to sacrifice sound performance for size. Remarkably thin mounting depths let you put full range Jensen speakers in a variety of tight places. Then sit back, listen and be moved.

**JENSEN**  
CAR AUDIO

**When it's the sound that moves you.**

cheap, easily concealable firearm without any difficulty whatsoever.

Robert Homan  
Washington, D.C.

Paul Clois Stone, director of media relations for the N.R.A., responds:

"The tracing of Hinckley's gun was accomplished through the cooperation of several Federal agencies, mainly the FBI and the Secret Service, and was possible because the gun dealer had properly filled out the Federal sales form. If Hinckley used false state identification, he was also subject to Federal penalties of five years in prison and up to \$10,000 in fines. If the dealer did not require proper identification, he similarly was in violation. The issue, as usual, is the enforcement of existing criminal laws against violent crime, and the only place 'any lunatic' can purchase a gun as easily as you assume is on the street—which is, again, a function of law enforcement.

"The provisions of the 1968 Gun Control Act opposed by the N.R.A. are those that have led to constant abuse of legitimate and conscientious gun dealers for mere technical violations that have nothing to do with gun smuggling, terrorism, intentional illegal sales, etc. The notion that the N.R.A. advocates illegal gun carrying or any other unlawful use of firearms is ridiculous; those are the provisions of the Gun Control Act we have supported from the start."

**GET IT OVER WITH**

My name is Gerald Smith, and I am on death row at the Missouri State Penitentiary. I received the death penalty several months ago for capital murder. I've told the state that I would like to drop my appeals and go to the gas chamber, but it has refused to allow that. I would like to know if you can help me. How can I stop the appeals so I can go on down? I'm ready to go now and do not want to prolong this.

Gerald Smith

Jefferson City, Missouri

*Opposed as we are to capital punishment, you have our sympathy. Once the system is in motion, it's nearly as hard to expedite an execution as to prevent one.*

**PRISON VISITS**

In response to Skip Rodriguez's comments about Oklahoma State Representative Frank Shurden's idea of sending sixth graders on trips to prison for a "rich educational experience" (*The Playboy Forum*, June), I feel it would do the youngsters some good. With TV showing drug abuse, murder and homosexuality as ways of life, let them see firsthand what prison life is really like.

I am a criminal-justice major at a junior college in Palatine, Illinois, and have seen and heard what life is like at



Joliet State Penitentiary. The trip was one I'll never forget. The grounds were well kept, their over-all appearance quite nice. We saw inmates playing football and softball.

Then came the obscene and hostile remarks of the prisoners who were locked up in their cells, shouting through the barred windows. We were not allowed to talk with the inmates, but they sure talked to us.

I feel that if someone has a chance, at any age, to visit a prison and see what real prison life is like, he or she will never forget it.

David S. Wing  
Hanover Park, Illinois

**E.R.A.**

Of course, the women's-movement manifesto sounds extreme. Any such group must maintain a militant thesis at its inception, anticipating an antithesis such as Phyllis Schlafly. But she is only one of the archetypal icons in this remarkably frightening present political climate, which advocates racism, sexism and someone else's sense of morality.

Leslie Maxwell  
Mammoth Lakes, California

I find it a little disturbing (and somewhat confusing) to see the women's movement being categorized by Jan Lewis, in the June *Playboy Forum*, as an antimale guilt trip and its political position attacked as "foreign feminist rhetoric out of New York or California from possible lesbians, probable man-haters and a few female ball busters."

First of all, what is a "possible lesbian"? After thinking about it, I've decided that a possible lesbian is someone who is easier to get along with than an impossible lesbian.

Second, in spite of the fact that some of us wish they were, New York and California are not foreign countries.

It is ironic that the concept of equal rights is even being debated in a society that represents itself as being free and democratic. But then again, maybe we are only, as Lewis claims, "true believers oblivious to reality."

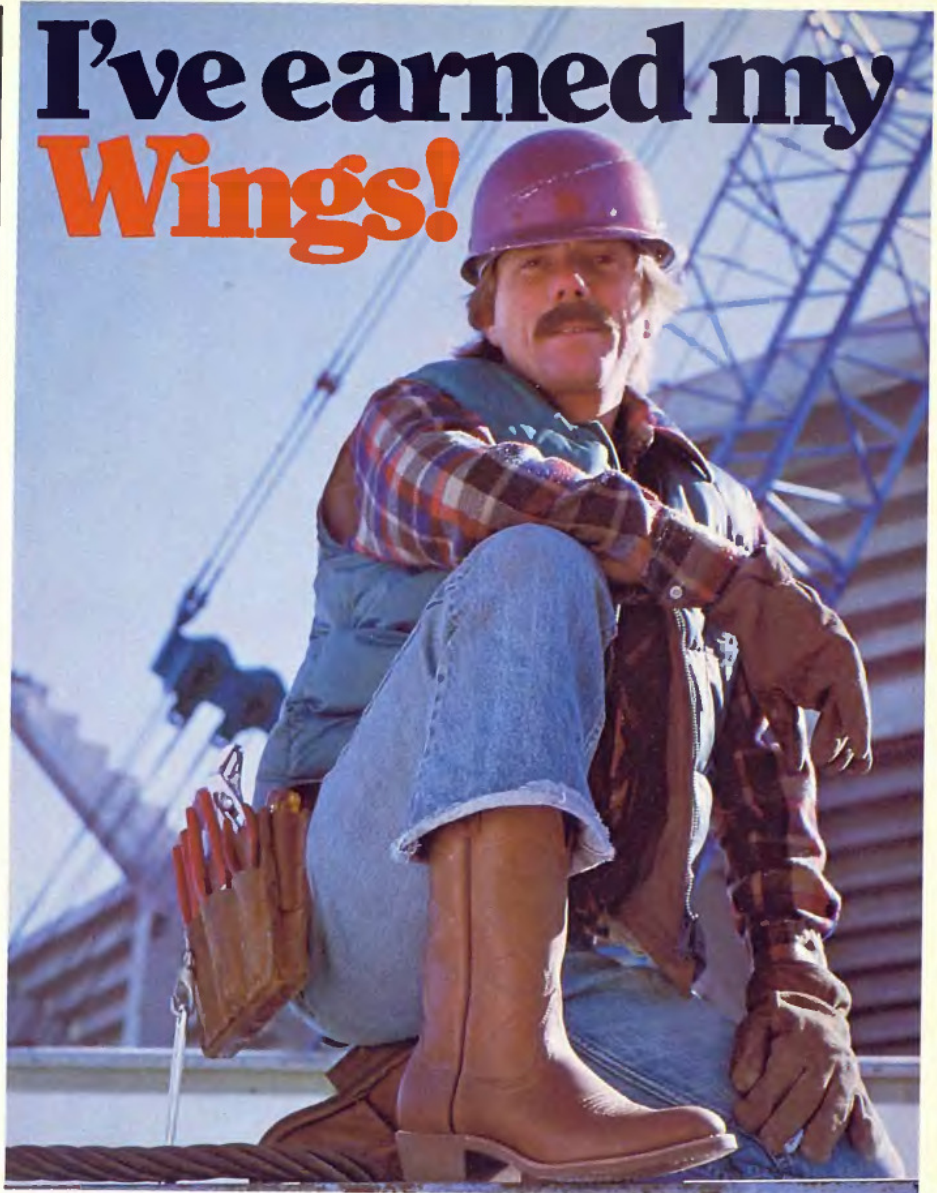
Joseph L. Mitchell  
Tacoma, Washington

*Lewis wasn't opposing the E.R.A., only the rhetoric and tactics of its supporters, who tend to preach to the converted, not to the opposition.*

*"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.*



# I've earned my Wings!



## Red Wings RED WING SHOES®

### ...the western work boots.

"Westerns used to be for weekends only. Then I found these Pecos Red Wings. They're made for work!

The sole's real tough, the leather's full grain—and they really hug my heels. They fit so well my feet still feel fine at quittin' time. On my job, I'd never give up comfort for style. But now I've got both, cause I've earned my Wings—Pecos Red Wings!"



*Pecos Red Wings are available in men's sizes 5-16, widths AAA-EEE.\* Some styles with safety steel toes.*

*\*Size and width availability varies with style.*

**For feet that have earned the best.**



# NEW VANTAGE ULTRA LIGHTS MENTHOL

**New fresh taste.  
Only 5 mg.**



**YOUR BEST DECISION IN ULTRA LOW TAR.**

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

Not available in states of Michigan, Oklahoma, Colorado

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



# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHEECH AND CHONG

*a candid—and amazingly coherent—conversation about sex, drugs, humor and a ton of money with two guys only a mother, so to speak, could love*

Three hundred million.

That's the supposed gross of just three movies starring a couple of the unlikeliest, scruffiest-looking, most dangerous-smelling characters in the history of show business. And that's just their movies. A decade of exhausting and lucrative touring has made them popular and wealthy, and six of their eight albums have gone gold. Their hit singles, incidentally, have competed not with other comedy records but with records by the likes of The Rolling Stones and Led Zeppelin. In terms of financial success, no other comedy team—not Abbott and Costello, not Martin and Lewis, not even Hope and Crosby—has come close to doing what Cheech and Chong have done in a few short years. Their just-released movie, "Things Are Tough All Over," should do it again for them, making them that rarest of Hollywood commodities: guaranteed box office. Not bad for two guys who tell a lot of grass jokes.

Had Horatio Alger been born Canadian, he would have invented Tommy Chong. The son of a Chinese-immigrant father and a Scotch-Irish mother, Chong spent his formative years traveling with his family from job to job and town to town in the Canadian hinterlands. By the time he dropped out of school in the tenth grade, he was already—in his words—"a Jack-off-of-all-trades." From tarring roofs to driving semi trucks, he knew how to pay his way.

By the time he was 30, he'd sired two

children by two women, toured Canada and the United States with a band he'd formed for Motown, co-written the band's hit single and transformed a Vancouver strip joint into a successful improvisational-theater club in which he starred and for which he created most of the material.

Richard "Cheech" Marin was dodging the draft when he met Chong at that club in 1969. The son of middle-class Mexican-Americans, Cheech grew up in a system of conflicting values. His father was a cop; his buddies were thieves. Schooled by nuns, he soaked up the homework and rejected the stern Catholic regimen in the class-clown tradition. After majoring in English in college, he discovered pottery and felt a new urge in life. When his student deferment ran out and Uncle Sam sent his greetings, he took off for Canada on a wing and a prayer.

Cheech was the answer to Chong's prayer; finally, he had a comedy partner who was willing to do anything to make the skit work. Pure chemistry: They left Canada for Los Angeles to find fame and fortune; they found both.

Finding them and getting them to sit still for a major interview were considerably harder. PLAYBOY sent free-lance writer Ken Kelley in pursuit of the pair, from Bel-Air to Vancouver to Las Vegas to Malibu and back to Bel-Air. Kelley is no stranger to arduous journalism; his

past interviews for PLAYBOY were with Abbie Hoffman on the lam (May 1976) and with Anita Bryant on the road (May 1978). He witnessed some interesting scenes, and here's his report.

It's the crack of noon, and I've just returned to my room after sunning myself around the patio at the ultrachic Hotel Bel-Air, a gem stone's throw away from Chong's front door in this sleekest of all L.A. neighborhoods. A rat-tat-tat sounds at the door and in steps a scruffy character looking every bit like Charles Manson after a prison break.

"Hi, Tommy Chong here. Hmmm—nice digs. Let's go back to the patio and catch some rays. I'll be more exposed that way."

Several minutes into Chong's ruminations about the dubious parentage of various Hollywood executives, another body materializes. He looks as though he's just spent all his chump change on coffee refills at an all-night greasy spoon. It's Cheech, and he's agitated.

"Tommy, I just ran into Geraldo in the lobby."

"Yeah, well, everybody runs into Geraldo sooner or later," says Chong, deadpan. Cheech, Chong and Geraldo Rivera have been friends for many years.

"Yeah, but he's shooting a '20/20' segment at the pool, with Brooke Shields. She wants to meet us! She says we're her heroes!"

"Yumm. Well, he knows where to find



"You go to the movies for four reasons: to laugh, cry, get scared, get a hard-on. If you can do all four, hey; it's the ultimate pizza combo, man."



"When critics call us lewd, sexist, racist, they're not really looking at what we do. Confront that kind of shit up front, you make it evaporate."



"Yeah: You know the Canadian definition of the perfect woman? She's four feet high, got no teeth and has a flat head so you can rest your drink."



"Customs guys don't hassle me. I never bring drugs across, ummm, intentionally. Accidentally, many times: 'Oh, shit, I thought I got rid of this!'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SIONY BALDWIN



us. Pull up a chair. This is Mr. PLAYBOY."  
"Glad to meetcha."

Cheech paces around the yellow umbrella spiking the patio tabletop. "Hey, man, can we order something up?"

"What's your pleasure?"

"Mmmmm—some nice juicy watermelon, and a bottle of *Conmemorativo*, and . . . anybody got a joint?"

Presto, a joint. "Hey, I'll wait for room service inside. You guys keep talking."

Five minutes later: "Hey, there, you faggot asshole . . . oops! Sorry." Rivera freezes at the sight of an alien microphone and backpedals rapidly.

Cheech re-emerges shortly, drooling over both his watermelon slice and the impending adventure with America's premiere nymphet.

"Tommy—is she still jailbait?"

Chong arches his mustache eyebrows. "Well, statutory rape in California is 18, and she's still 16. And her momma's watching."

"Jeez, this sure ain't like the good old days—'Hey, honey, forget about your momma; c'mon over here to the garage and lemme show you my machine.' Christ, I'm in love again. I know what: 'Hey, Brooke, my name is Calvin Klein and I gotta measure you for my jeans.' That should do it."

"Hokay, pal, just don't end up like Don."

Don is Don Henley, the Eagles' drummer, a close buddy who had recently been arrested, allegedly for giving drugs to one of two underage girls at his Malibu pleasure dome.

"Shit!" snorts Cheech. "That dummy—one girl was still in his pool the next day; that's how the cops caught him. Like, a knock on the door: 'Hi, I'm the pool man; I'm here to change the chicks.'"

The two burst out laughing, Cheech with his full-throttled high-pitched squeals, Chong with his infectious guffaws; and the noise and the leg thumping crescendo.

A blue-blazer boy with an ABC logo stamped on his lapel knocks politely on the lowered doors.

"What's up, man?" asks Cheech, still chuckling.

"Geraldo says he's ready for you now."

"OK, his master's voice. Let's go."

We proceed to the pool—and a beautiful pool it is, an upscale blue lagoon of shimmering water surrounded by every variety of bush and tree in spring heat. But, wait! There's a problem. Geraldo can't find his swim trunks. Major problem. Having already filmed a week's worth of breathy Brooke-isms, he's reached his grand finale, and the cameras simply cannot roll without the symbolic signature—Geraldo's pool

plunge with Brooke. Geraldo jitterbugs about; damn it, where are those trunks? He dispatches another squadron of ABC flunkies to really look around.

We wait. And wait. Victory—a black loincloth is found that fits the anxious thighs.

"Roll it."

Brooke, her blue bathing suit buttered onto her slender body, dives in. Geraldo springs in after her with a mighty splash and tail-gates her the length of the pool.

"Honey, don't let him get too close," remonstrates Teri Shields from the side lines. "I'm still her mother; I have some say-so," she says to no one in particular. She laughs, sort of.

I tiptoe with Cheech and Chong to the water's edge, in the process nearly electrocuting a significant percentage of Fortune 500 progeny as I trip over a power cable. But the cameras keep running, as does my trusty tape recorder.

Brooke hoists herself out of the pool and wrings the chlorine out of her long brown hair. She's a stunning sight, even without the hairdo and the make-up of

---

*"You wanna see arty failures, go see Bergman.  
You wanna see funny, go see Cheech and Chong."*

---

countless commercials.

Geraldo follows her out, wiping off his teeth.

GERALDO: Brooke, I'd like you to meet my friends Cheech and Chong.

CHEECH: Oh, hi, I got all your records.

BROOKE: Hi-i-i! I just love you guys. You're so funny!

CHONG: So this is little Brooke, eh? Say, I'd really like to take some drugs with you.

BROOKE: Well, you'll have to check with—

TERI: Watch it! I'm her mom.

CHEECH: Don't worry, Mom; we're only teaching her Spanish.

CHONG: Are they still filming this? Because if they are, my little daughter's gonna be really excited.

CHEECH: Yeah, and my wife's gonna call her lawyer.

BROOKE: C'mon, you guys. I mean, what's my image to you? Is it that racy?

CHEECH: No, you're just a jean-clad endless love. Say, Brooke, lemme pull you over into the bushes here and tell you about your part in our next movie.

[Cheech mock-grabs Brooke's waist and stage-whispers into her ear.]

CHEECH: Perfect! Fabulous! Wonderful! Sign here!

CHONG: She's more than a woman.

CHEECH: Tommy, I know we can work her in somewhere.

BROOKE: [Laughing uncontrollably] Stop it, now, you guys. You're too funny.

CHEECH: We gotta stop now, because we're doing an interview with PLAYBOY, and it's a serious interview. We're telling PLAYBOY that we smoke dope but Geraldo Rivera does not smoke dope—never has, never will.

BROOKE: Yeah, I thought so. He seems like that.

Geraldo winces.

"Cut!" The unit director shuts off the cameras.

After the goodbyes, Cheech and Chong and I stroll back to my suite. We pass a tall, strange tree with a plaque beneath it. Cheech looks the tree up and down and reads aloud the words: "CALIFORNIA'S LARGEST FLOSS-SILK TREE. Hmmm—this must be where Nancy Reagan gets her teeth done."

CHONG: OK, Mr. PLAYBOY—where's Hef? It's in our contract: We never talk to flunkies. Is he still in Chicago?

PLAYBOY: No, he lives in Los Angeles now.

CHEECH: Tell him we'll move into the Chicago Mansion. We'll take nice care of it, have a few friends over, a little party.

CHONG: Shit, here we go again—the reporter plague. It hits us now and then. The interviewer is like a rash. If you ignore it, it goes away, but it comes back in a few days.

CHEECH: Yeah, scratch it and it spreads. These in-depth interviews; I know they're a ruse. You get paid for a year while you can't find the guys to interview. "They won't talk to me, Hef; I think they're trying to hide something." CHONG: "I dunno, Hef; they never invited me into the bathroom, and there's one right down the hall, so I think everything was happenin' in there."

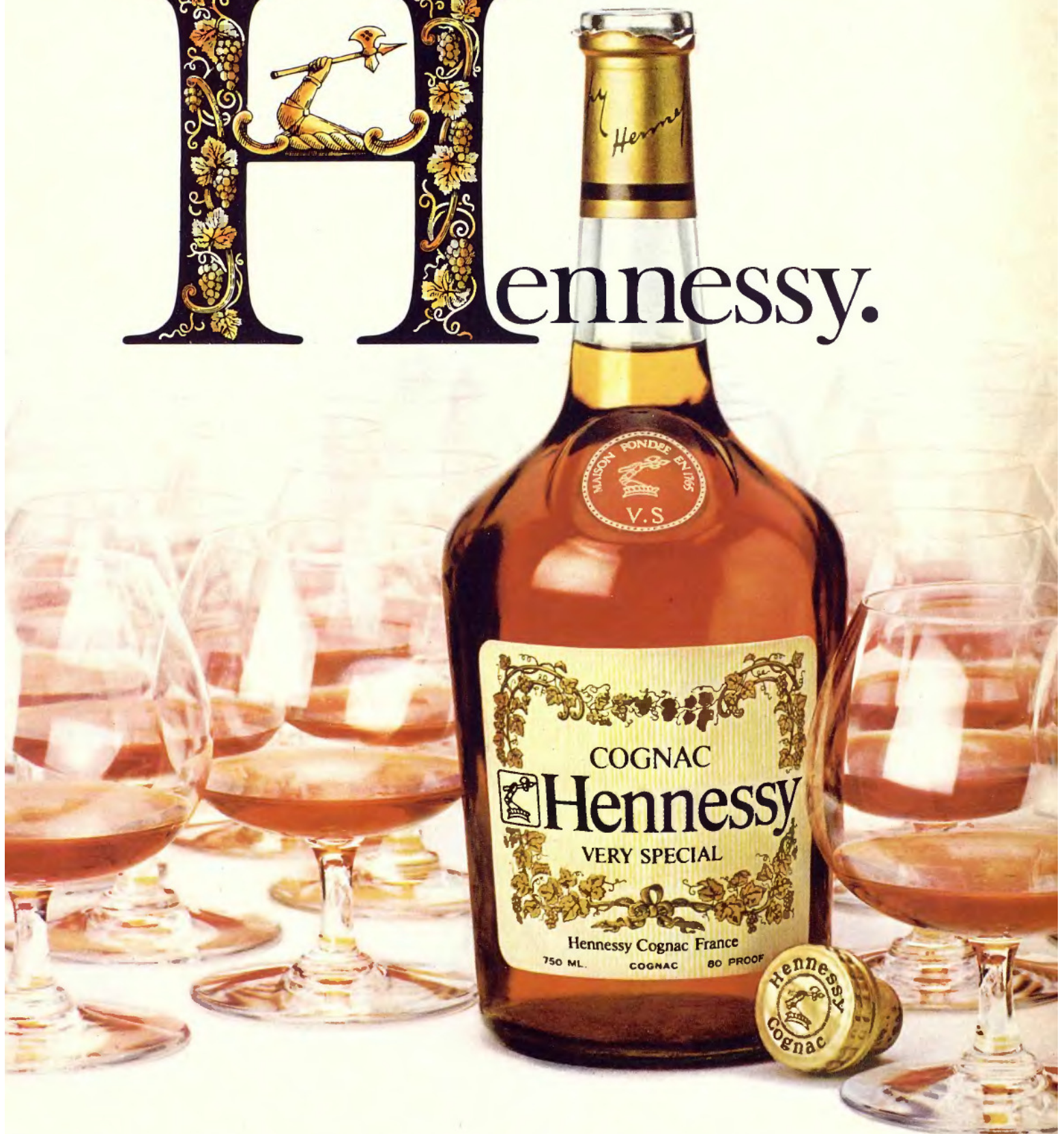
PLAYBOY: You guys are different from most comedy teams of the past. With Abbott and Costello or Laurel and Hardy, one was the straight man and the other the funnyman. Foil and foiled. You switch roles all the time.

CHONG: And we make more money than all of 'em put together. Gross \$100,000,000 a picture and you can do whatever the fuck you want. Our success is so peculiar because our box office is so spectacular. Woody Allen is the greatest comedian America has, and he's lucky if his movies break even. He plays soulful chords, and we play rock 'n' roll. Our demographics are the baby boom and a big fringe on either side.

CHEECH: What we do onscreen is everybody's secret joke—they don't talk about it to their stockbrokers or bankers, but it's a shared reality. Tom Snyder once asked us, "Are you a one-joke act?" I said,



**H**ennessy.



**The world's most civilized spirit.**

TO GIVE HENNESSY V.S., CALL TOLL FREE 800-528-6148 EXT. 6633.  
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK, NEW YORK.



"Yeah." He said, "What's the joke?" I said, "If you wanna find out, go plunk down five bucks and see the movie."

**PLAYBOY:** There's a curious theme in all of your movies. You plot and scheme to get the girl, but in the end—when she's ready and willing—you're unable. You guys just can't score.

**CHEECH:** We represent the frustrations of modern man. Guys who fantasize themselves in great situations they'll never have. To us—I dunno—it's funnier if you *don't* get laid. It's existentially perfect, somehow. Like Zen—

**CHONG:** Like high school, you mean. And our plots are basically nonexistent. We make the movies; let the audience fill in the blanks. I think the reason our fans identify with us is that we don't win every encounter; it's break even at best.

**PLAYBOY:** And the theme is?

**CHONG:** It's best summed up by a sage piece of advice we were given when Cheech and I first hit L.A. This old Chicago-Mobster type ran this club we'd play at once in a while. He'd stand with us outside the club and say, "Boys, see that? That's pussy passing by. And there's more power in one of those than in all the cables on the Golden Gate Bridge. Never underestimate the power of the pussy, boys, never." We've sort of modeled our movies on that.

**PLAYBOY:** Although, as you say, you don't get much of it yourselves.

**CHONG:** Maybe we don't get the pussy, but we get our freedom, which is sometimes the end result of having dealt with the pussy: "OK, take the dogs, the dog food, the house—just get me out of here." I'm sure every **PLAYBOY** stud has experienced that. Our horns are so far out there, we *have* to fail. And we're sloppy failures, at that. You wanna see arty failures, go see Bergman. You wanna see funny, go see Cheech and Chong.

**CHEECH:** It's all artistic license, anyway. Our timing, really, is vaudevillian. Trick 'em enough to keep 'em in doubt, keep 'em on their toes, then fulfill their expectations of failure.

**PLAYBOY:** Suppose someone who has never seen your movies is reading this, and all he sees are your pictures at the bottom of the opening page. Expand on them for him: Describe each other.

**CHONG:** What! You mean we don't get to pose nude? What kind of magazine is this, anyhow?

**CHEECH:** I'll start: Tommy looks like Erik Estrada's agent. Erik's got **STEINWAY** tattooed on his lips, you know.

**PLAYBOY:** What does Cheech look like?

**CHONG:** A centerfold for nearsighted gays. Every gay guy that's liked Cheech has had eye trouble, you know. You know, when you think of it, we're probably the ultimate gay guy's fantasy: two guys on the town, half naked most of the time, making millions of dollars. Shit, there's

probably a paraplegic gay gnome right now saying, "I'd really like to do it to those guys." Or at least do it to the Chinese guitar player. You know the legend: Guitar players are the best endowed, especially if they play bass.

**CHEECH:** Lies! Mexicans are always the best, no matter what they play. [*Goes into a song*] "Mexican-Americans have the longer dicks / Maybe they're not so long, but they're fatter / Anyway, you'll like it *bet-ter*."

**PLAYBOY:** Even though a lot of your fans are obviously in the teeny-bopper range, none of your films has had a G or a PG rating, which means—

**CHONG:** Which means we've made a conscious decision to make all our films R-rated. Which means the whole family has to go. Is the whole family gonna go see *Bambi Meets the Wise Old Owl*? Nah. Now, if it's *Bambi Fucks the Wise Old Owl*, the kids will drag the parents along to see it. It's the only way to unite the family.

**CHEECH:** We're basically humanitarians. If you have cancer and you see each of our movies 17 times, you'll be cured instantly. Columbia Pictures will back me up on this. Glaucoma, 16 times. Leukemia, only 13 times.

**CHONG:** Hangnail, you can walk out in the first 15 minutes.

**CHEECH:** See, you go to the movies for four reasons: to laugh, to cry, to get



**REGAL**®





scared and to get a hard-on. If you can combine all four, hey; it's the ultimate pizza combo, man. That's what we do—tickle 'em on all fronts. Pick your gland. A Cheech and Chong fan is one of the most fortunate beings you'll ever find in this world: He's got five bucks and a sense of humor. Wonderful coordinates.

**CHONG:** We don't need to go the way of other comedy teams. We're unique in history, because we *know* who we are. Thank God for acid, grass and all the other mind-expanding drugs we've done over the years. Really.

**PLAYBOY:** We've just hit the subject your critics are most vehement about: your promoting drugs in your movies, turning kids into drug addicts.

**CHEECH:** They're idiots. They have to say that; if they liked us, we'd be in real trouble.

**CHONG:** We're not afraid of turning kids into dope addicts or anything else. Kids will pick up what they like, what they understand, and the rest is bullshit to them until they're ready to accept it. That's why kissy bits in Westerns used to turn kids off: "Aah, forget this shit; just shoot 'em." Until they get older; then they look at the kissy bits and look at their girlfriends, and they can relate to it. Right now, my eight-year-old son, Paris—you say "Pee-pee" and he just falls on the floor. It's the funniest thing he's ever heard.

**PLAYBOY:** You named your son after the Homeric figure, did you?

**CHONG:** No. He was conceived in the Eiffel Tower.

**CHEECH:** Yeah, what are you gonna call him—Akron?

**PLAYBOY:** Cheech, you have a young daughter. What happens when she's ten years old and says, "Daddy, I'd like to try this marijuana stuff I see in your movies"?

**CHEECH:** I'd have to think about it. Maybe, if she's mature enough to try it—who knows? If she's a real dummy, "Hey, no thanks, kid; you're out of my hands." You never know how they're gonna turn out. Every kid is different; every kid has a separate deal going. Take Tommy's kids. He's a fucking Xerox machine, reproducing all over the place. And all five of 'em physically gorgeous. He's got a black set and a white set. His three white kids look like Hitler Youth, and the other two look like Josephine Baker.

**CHONG:** Hey, I'm just a humble servant of the cosmic gene pool. But I have to admit that I was forced to re-examine certain Western taboos when I saw my daughter Rae Dawn in *Quest for Fire*.

**PLAYBOY:** Meaning?

**CHONG:** Meaning let's get back to your original thrust, as it were: critics. They're like bouncers at a bar; in order to break up a fight, they have to start

one first. I remember a column last year by Shirley Eder, the gossip girl for Knight-Ridder. Her whole attitude was, "Gee, they're glorifying drugs all over the place." She represents the fearful moms of the world. They don't want their kids to climb up the ladder: "Don't, no, you might fall down." And the kid is all of 25. Fearful people.

**CHEECH:** And lots of fearful people write columns. That's the whole newspaper attitude: "Oh, oh, here's one more thing to scare our readers with." Nervous, frightened people.

**CHONG:** From their peripheral glance, they read us as a *type*: "Oh, yeah, they're

glorifying drugs." They never bother to look at what we're *really* doing.

**PLAYBOY:** And what are you *really* doing?

**CHEECH:** Glorifying drugs.

**CHONG:** As a means of evolution.

**CHEECH:** As a means of livelihood.

**CHONG:** We wouldn't do it if it didn't work.

**CHEECH:** Look, how many times has Shirley Eder paid my rent?

**CHONG:** Seriously, we're so harmless we're dangerous. We expose how simple things are. Some reviewers will go on, "Yeah, I heard that joke 50 years ago"—and they have the seniority to say that, so to speak. Old fuckers. *Our* audience, on



**ULTRA SOUND.  
ULTRA WARRANTY.  
CAR STEREO**  
by  
**FULTRON**

Fultron systems bring state-of-the-art, full-dimensional sound to your car. With more features per dollar than you'd ever expect. Fultron's Gold Series Speakers give you big, solid bass and bright, clear highs with up to 100 watts. Fultron's full-featured car stereos and speakers are backed by our Ultra Limited Lifetime Warranty. Fultron car stereos, equalizers/boosters, and speakers are available at selected dealers carrying quality audio equipment. For dealer in your area, write P.O. Box 177, Memphis, TN 38101.

**FULTRON**  
by ARTHUR FULMER



the other hand, ain't seen *shit*. Nothin'. Brand-new.

**CHEECH:** And they come at you with, "But do your movies contribute to the greater good?" The answer is, "Who cares?" There are only seven jokes in the world, and we're just bringing them up to date.

**CHONG:** We represent a Third World attitude. All the brown and black countries: Jamaica, Harlem—

**CHEECH:** Malibu—

**CHONG:** It really is a Third World attitude—a hipness, a total relaxedness. If you're white, you can be afraid of lots of things—people of different color, religious fanatics—but if you're black or brown and poor, you can be afraid of other things, like starvation or not having a place to live. We know the humor of these rough-and-ready so-called deprived people. They get the strength from working their backs off. Cheech and I did that, too, so we know what it's like.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the hardest job you've ever had?

**CHONG:** Speaking for myself, being interviewed by PLAYBOY, by a guy who asks incessant questions and follows you around the continent trying to pry into your life.

**PLAYBOY:** Second-worst job, then.

**CHEECH:** Me, working for my father, pouring cement patios. Fuck—oh, God—I wasn't even a donkey; I was still a burro. I didn't last but a few days; my dad fired me. Nothing's heavier than cement, man, and it don't get no lighter. It was different when I apprenticed for a pottery teacher later on. I was doing the same thing—carrying cement sacks—but I *wanted* to do it. It was *art*. It was in the wilderness of Canada, and if you carry cement around pine trees, hey, it's *art*.

**CHONG:** If you do it because somebody pays you a buck an hour, it's work. If you do it for free—when you're poor—it's *art*. And we've managed to incorporate the basic humor of poverty into our appeal, which makes it universal—the underdogs against the world. We give people hope.

**PLAYBOY:** Again, your detractors in the press accuse you of pandering to the worst instincts in people—caricaturing swishy gays, dumb blondes, illiterate Mexicans, greedy Jews. . . .

**CHONG:** It's all true. We did it; we'll continue to do it.

**CHEECH:** And we're glad.

**CHONG:** Yeah. What're they gonna do—fine us \$100? Big deal.

**CHEECH:** Yeah, here's another \$100. [Laughs] And here's \$200 for your Anti-Defamation League.

**CHONG:** And the faggots who write that stuff probably write it with one hand while the other is chained to a sex slave. We're shameless panderers: Whatever you want to accuse us of, we cop to it.

We believe in what we do, and we can call the shots, because we're not acting in somebody *else's* movie. Nobody ever puts a gun to a guy's head and says, "You gotta go down and see a Cheech and Chong movie, or else." We show the best of the capitalistic system, the furthest you can go in America. Of course, I'd get *really* worried if we got all good reviews. I'd sit back darkly and think, *Shit*, there's not one intelligent person in the whole *world!* You mean, we fooled 'em *all?*

**CHEECH:** Seriously, though, our attitude transcends all the barriers—racial, sexual, religious, age. It just boils down to this: Some cats are loose; some cats aren't. Those that aren't should get loose, and those that are can get looser. You know, the A critics love us. We get rave reviews from the likes of Pauline Kael and Vincent Canby. Because they have nothing to prove by knocking us; they just realize what we're up to and appreciate it. They're secure enough that they don't have to be "clever" by knocking us.

Lemme tell you about critics. I saw

---

*"I'd get really worried if we got all good reviews. I'd sit back and think, You mean we fooled 'em all?"*

---

this critic at a Robert Redford conference last summer. He comes up to me and says, "Hey, my paper just folded; here's a perfect script for you guys. I teach a film class now, and you guys are a big part of it." This is the guy who's panned all of our stuff, from the git. "And, hey, when I come out to Hollywood, see if you can get me a job, OK?" Real class. Couldn't get rid of him.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the conference?

**CHONG:** Cheech went to see Redford at his annual conference for independent film makers in Utah. Cheech calls him Ordinary Bob.

**CHEECH:** Yeah, you know—Ordinary Bob. You go up to Ordinary Bob land, check the Bob watch, see what Bob time it is. Everywhere you go, man, it's fuckin' Bob. Pictures of Bob on the walls, the shit stalls, everywhere. He's holding forth at his seminar: "Hey, you guys, I made all these *independent* films—*Downhill Racer*, *Jeremiah Johnson*, *The Candidate*, *All the President's Men*, *Ordinary People*. . . ." Of course, they weren't independent films; he made 'em and sold 'em to a studio. It wasn't like he had to go out and hustle distributors. So he's addressing this assemblage of *real in-*

dependent-film makers, and he's telling 'em how to cut costs: "Hey, lemme give you an example. We had a scene in *The Candidate* where I was a politician in a ticker-tape parade. We found out that this one street in San Francisco throws out ticker tape every Friday. So we told 'em, Robert Redford is coming down in the car on Wednesday; could they hold the stuff until Wednesday and then throw it out the windows? They said sure. That way, we didn't have to pay anybody and they did it anyway." This guy stands up in the back of the room: "My name is Joe Smith. How many secretaries do you think will hold off if I call up and say, 'Joe Smith will be coming down the street on Wednesday?'" Everybody cracks up.

Later on, I'm with some of the guys from the Association of Independent Video and Filmmakers, the A.I.V.F. They mostly sit around drinking beer and cry a lot. We're talking about a problem with some of Ordinary Bob's regents who are on the A.I.V.F. board, when Bob descends on us from Olympus: "Hey, what's up, Ordinary Fellows?" This guy says, "We're talking about troubles with the A.I.V.F." Bob says, "Hey, is that something new?" The A.I.V.F. is ten years old; he contributes to it; his guys are on the board. Everybody looks quite bewildered. The Bob aide pipes up, "You know, Bob isn't real good with initials." Bob sits down for a few sentences. Another guy is saying, "When you deal with independent film makers, you have to treat them with T.L.C." Bob says, "Hey, what's that?" "Tender, loving care," says the Bob aide. Bob gives his best Bob laugh: "Well, I've heard of T. S. Eliot." Bob's a regular riot.

**CHONG:** Sounds like Bob needs a hearing-eye dog, eh? [Laughs]

**CHEECH:** You just waste so much time dealing with ego. It's such bullshit, and it exists on *every* level of this business, from gofers to studio heads.

**PLAYBOY:** Has ego interfered with the chemistry of Cheech and Chong? Chong directed the second and the third movies, for instance, which automatically put Chong above Cheech in the Hollywood scheme of things.

**CHONG:** Good point, and I'm glad you brought it up. It interfered a whole lot—to the point where we almost broke up. We haven't really talked about this together before. My ego almost broke us up in the making of *Nice Dreams*. We started fighting real bad, and we never fight; oh, sure, we'd fight when we were doing our night-club act if we were doing a lot of coke, so we stopped doing a lot of coke. Or we'd fight if we were tired, but that's the weariness of the road. But we had a real falling out making *Nice Dreams*, basically because I got seduced by the power of playing



**THE NEW ERA TREVIRA®**



for fit, for quality, for style...  
**No one does it like Op!**

Op Weatherwear, 111 Garry Street, Santa Ana CA 92707

Op Longriders, P.O. Box 5148, Denver, CO 80217



# THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF ND JONES

EEEEK !!!  
SOMEBODY HELP  
ME, PLEASE!



OH MY GOD!  
IT'S THE  
DOMESTICS!!

SLAM!

C'MON LADY!  
MOVE YER BUGGY!

BUT OFFICER,  
MY CAR'S STALLED.  
SOMETHING'S WRONG  
UNDER THE HOOD.

BETTER  
LET ME  
TAKE A  
LOOK.



DOMESTICS?



DOMESTIC SPARK PLUGS.  
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU'D  
LET THEM INTO AN  
IMPORT CAR!

THANK  
GOODNESS!

LOOK! IT'S  
ND JONES!



DON'T WORRY FOLKS!  
NIPPONDENSO SPARK PLUGS  
WILL GET YOU OUT OF THIS JAM!

LATER...

OH ND! MY  
MOTOR'S A  
MESS!

NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR MOTOR  
BABY. BUT YOUR ENGINE  
NEEDS NIPPONDENSO SPARK PLUGS,  
LIKE THE ONES YOU'LL FIND AT  
THIS AUTO PARTS STORE!

NIPPONDENSO  
The Fastest Growing Spark Plug  
in America



STILL LATER...

WELL SWEETHEART, YOU'RE  
ON YOUR WAY... WITH THE SAME  
PLUGS THAT ARE ORIGINAL  
EQUIPMENT IN IMPORT CARS  
LIKE YOURS!

I'VE LEARNED  
MY LESSON, ND!  
THOSE DOMESTICS  
JUST DON'T  
FIT IN!



TO BE CONTINUED...

Available at World Parts or BAP Geon Stores; or call Nippondenso  
(213) 549-7660 for the distributor nearest you.

# NIPPONDENSO

The Fastest Growing Spark Plug  
in America.



God—being the director. You get confused: On the one hand, you have this ultimate power, and on the other hand, you realize that once the movie's released, you're in the hands of 15-year-old kids who've got to think you're funny—or you're washed up. The juxtaposition of power and powerlessness makes you crazy if you dwell on that.

**CHEECH:** It got to the point where I said, "This ain't Cheech and Chong; let's forget it."

**CHONG:** The director power was so seductive, so hard to resist. I'd find myself "taking meetings" without Cheech, saying, "Yeah, Cheech can do this, he can do that" without consulting him. Our power had always been that together we could gang up on anybody, and suddenly we'd been divided. It was a miserable period. I'd see him during the dailies, and we couldn't talk. Strangely enough, it didn't interfere with our work on the movie, because we're such pros.

**CHEECH:** But then he had to start editing without me, to go to screenings without me. He couldn't turn to me and say, "Hey, Cheech, what about this?" Nothin' but an empty seat. We met a couple of times, but Tommy clung to his position, and I just figured, Well, it's over with.

**CHONG:** I was so pathetic, so lonely, I really hated it. It was just unbearable—like having a fight with your parents to see if they really love you. We had to invent problems so we could solve 'em and realize how tight we actually were. I just realized one day how insensitive I was, what an ego trip I was on, and I walked over to Cheech and said, "Sorry I've been such an asshole; let's not do it again." It was impossible for me *not* to do that, because when I saw him in the editing room, I fell in love with him all over again, every day.

**CHEECH:** You have no idea what a big thing that was for *me*. Whew! It was the first time I'd ever heard Tommy Chong apologize for anything in my life. I was shell-shocked by it—it was a major emotional breakthrough for him, and people don't usually change like that when they're 42 years old, especially when they're successful. I was real proud of him. Tommy has a dual personality, a true Gemini—real foolish in lots of ways but real wise in lots of ways. I always try to ignore the stupid stuff and listen to the wise stuff.

**CHONG:** Well, to get along with Cheech, you have to realize that he's unchanging. He can be maddeningly lazy about some things and incredibly intelligent about others.

**CHEECH:** That means I'm intelligent enough to know when Tommy's full of shit. Let me put it another way: Cheech is educated and Chong is smart.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the difference?

**CHEECH:** Tommy has the horse sense; I

have the book learning. So we can cover each other's ass. He has to convince me on a gut level that I can do things my mind resists. One of the things our falling out showed me was there was, unbeknownst to me, a real resentment that had built up over the years between us. I was thrust into the spotlight for the things he was directing. Our standing joke is that Tommy says, "I'm half Chinese," and the guy asks, "Which half?" and Tommy says, "The half that doesn't show." He's such a protean figure, he can blend in and you don't really realize what he's up to. He never gets recognized in public. Me, I can shave my head and put on a dress and guys will come up to me and say, "Hey, Cheech, good disguise, man. I need some coke." For Tommy to recognize his God trip over directing, to deal with his resentment and ego—well, it meant, simply, that we could continue as a team.

**CHONG:** I decided I'd never direct Cheech and Chong again. We hired our former film editor, Tom Avildsen, to direct our current movie, *Things Are Tough All Over*. What a joy that was. When you're a director, you gotta talk to all the other assholes in the business. When you're just the star, you've got only one asshole to talk to—the director.

What really brought me around was my realization that without Cheech, I'd just be another Chinese grocery store. No fun. And, besides, Mexicans are real loyal: Treat 'em nice and you've got a friend for life. You know what a Mexican bride wears to her wedding?

**PLAYBOY and CHEECH:** [*Simultaneously*] What?

**CHONG:** Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue, something purple, something orange, something green, something. . . .

[*Laughs*]

**PLAYBOY:** What, then, does a Canadian bride wear to her wedding, Tommy?

**CHONG:** You can't talk about Canadians in conventional terms. Americans can't figure us out. A Canadian is the mono-brained, laid-back guy in the lounge chair who wants to fuck, get high, go to concerts—

**CHEECH:** Fix his motorcycle at four A.M.—

**CHONG:** And he never tips. If he does, he's called "continental." Canadians love to vacation in Florida, love to skin-dive—

**CHEECH:** A variation on muff-dive.

**CHONG:** They'll smoke anything, eat anything. The archetypal Hell's Angel: "I know drugs won't kill me; hey, I've tried everything and I'm not dead yet." You know the Canadian definition of the perfect woman?

**PLAYBOY:** We're almost afraid to ask.

**CHONG:** She's about four feet high, she's got no teeth and she has a flat head so you can rest your drink. [*Laughs*] And then, when you're done with her, she

turns into a six-pack and a gram of coke.

**PLAYBOY:** You really capture the Canadian sensibility, loosely speaking, in your routines.

**CHONG:** Yeah, well, you are who you eat. Anyway, Hef's waiting; he wants the hard-hitting **PLAYBOY** questions, like, "Tell us about your lonely childhood."

**PLAYBOY:** The tape's running.

**CHONG:** Cheech, tell us about the first nun you ever fucked in your model Catholic upbringing.

**CHEECH:** Let's see. She was about four feet high, no teeth. . . . Mmmm. You almost caught me there. Seriously, though, I grew up half in Watts and half in Granada Hills. It was a real interesting transposition, like going from Kenya to Knott's Berry Farm. My dad was a cop; my mother was a housewife. I was raised under very heavy discipline. My father's biggest fear in the world was that I would turn out to be a juvenile delinquent. And I would have had he not regularly beaten the shit out of me. I was always a wiseass in school but very smart scholastically, so I could get away with a lot of stuff. I was either the teacher's pet or the teacher's whipping boy. The nuns basically liked me, but they couldn't keep me quiet.

**PLAYBOY:** What order of nuns did you have?

**CHEECH:** Sisters of Saint Joseph—black, with white side walls.

**PLAYBOY:** You've certainly put your nun training to good use in your comedy.

**CHEECH:** Our movies are Mexican shrines, actually. Mexicans make their churches very scary most of the time. It's heavy duty: The Mexican Jesus has got *thorns* all over his head and barbed wire all over his body. No pretty-boy Protestant with a blow-dry haircut. He *bleeds*. Catholics believe in redemption through torture, and the nuns are the enforcers. I got hit a lot by the kind sisters. It was color coordination: They were black and white; I was black and blue. In some ways, I was a very traditional, classically trained Catholic school kid. I was even an altar boy. I'd read the Latin and I'd go along with the game plan for a while, and then something would snap and I'd say "Fuck it" and get real bohemian and rebellious. My dad was so worried about me that he sent me to a sort of pre-juvenile delinquent camp the L.A.P.D. ran up in the mountains. It was heavy Gang City—the black and the *chicano* gangs. We got along great, because we had a common enemy—the mountains. Niggers do *not* like cold weather. You see no black Olympic skiers. Spicks can take it only slightly better. It was "Shit, what that smell?" "Pine trees, motherfucker, pine trees." "What's a pine trees?" When the summer was over, everybody would go back to town and get in trouble again.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of trouble did you try?



# CAN AMERICA WIN THE '84 GAMES?





Every nation roots for its Olympic athletes. America is no exception. We've had plenty of great ones to root for, too.

But in overall medals, the U.S. Team hasn't won since '68.

If Russia and East Germany have more talented or more dedicated athletes, they deserve to win.

But at Miller High Life®, we believe the finest pool of athletic talent is right here in America. And that all it needs is a better chance to develop.

## **The U.S. Olympic Training Center.**

A stronger commitment to our amateur athletes has begun. The U.S. Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs is proof.

The goal of the Center is to give athletes with Olympic potential, and the desire to fulfill it, the chance to become as good as they can be.

Opened in 1977, the Center is getting better every year. Now, more than 500 athletes can stay there each day.

Transportation to and from, room, board and use of facilities are free.

Among the many facilities provided are one of the best 400 meter tracks in the world and a new field house with 6 gyms.

Plans are underway for a swimming and diving complex and an ice skating arena.

But facilities are just part of the story.

## **Helping our athletes get ready.**

For many years now, Russian and East German Olympic hopefuls have always been exposed to the most modern training concepts. Here that hasn't always been the case. But it's changing.



SPONSOR  
UNITED STATES OLYMPIC  
TRAINING CENTER

© 1982 Beer Brewed by Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

At the U.S. Olympic Training Center, our athletes, often along with their coaches, can take advantage of the latest advances in equipment design, training techniques and sports medicine.

These are things our athletes want to know and need to know if they're going to be the best they can be.

## **The '84 Games are being won today.**

About 37 men's and women's teams train at the Center. Thousands of athletes will go there between now and the '84 Games.

Many are there right now. Because gold medals have to be won right now.

There's no guarantee the U.S. Team will win the most medals in '84 or even in '88. But there's no guarantee it won't.

## **Let's give it our best shot.**

The Olympic motto reads, "The essential thing is not to have conquered but to have fought well."

If we want to give our athletes the chance to put up the best fight they can, the Center may only be a start. But it's a good start.

At Miller High Life, we're proud to be the sponsor of the U.S. Olympic Training Center and many U.S. Amateur Teams.

We've guaranteed a minimum of \$3 million to the Center. And we hope more corporations and individuals join us in an on-going effort to help our aspiring Olympians catch their dreams. If we really believe America's approach to amateur athletics

is the best approach, let's prove it.

*Send tax-deductible donations to  
U.S. Olympic Training Center  
Fund—"Gold"  
Colorado Springs, CO 80950*

# **Let's win the Games again.**



**CHEECH:** Well, I never stole a car, if that's what you mean.

**PLAYBOY:** Never?

**CHEECH:** Well, just maybe a little bit. I really don't like to talk about it, but if you insist—

**PLAYBOY:** We insist.

**CHEECH:** It was really a matter of "C'mon, man, you some kinda chicken? You gonna be a cop, like your old man?" "Hell, no, I ain't chicken. Fuck my old man." I was becoming everything my dad feared I would. I'd always fuck up, given half a chance. So these guys I knew were stealing cars for money. They'd bring 'em into the hills and strip 'em.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your job?

**CHEECH:** The first time I went with the guys, I was the lookout. Jeez, you know, I've never officially admitted this before—

**PLAYBOY:** It'll go easier on you if you fess up.

**CHEECH:** OK, Your Honor, I was, like, 15. The deal was very attractive. The class president was the mastermind of the whole deal, I swear. He had the connections to sell the parts. It meant I had money, and I'd never had any money before. I did this stuff only three or four times. The last time, I had to hot-wire the sucker—I'd moved up in the crime world.

One day, this guy came at us with a big shotgun, saying he was gonna blow our brains out. *That* registered. Plus, I knew that if I ever got caught in any kind of crime, my father would *kill* me. With his hands. And he would take great relish in doing it. He'd always tell me, "If you ever get caught by the police, don't call me, because I'll make you wish you were dead. I brought you *into* this world and, goddamn it, I'll take you *out* of it."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get along with him?

**CHEECH:** It's funny; now he's a criminology instructor at an L.A. college, and he loves the parts of Cheech and Chong movies where we demolish the cops. *Loves* them. He's always thinking up better ways for us to make fools out of the movie cops. He was always an honest cop but real regimental about me—"My way or the highway." So I had to leave home right after high school, because our fights were starting to get real physical and one of us was gonna get seriously injured. It was a bad time all over. My parents were divorcing, Vietnam was in full swing and, of course, we were on different sides on that. . . . I worked briefly for him, as I told you, then he fired me. Then I signed up for college. Went almost for four years. I majored in English literature. I was gonna be a lawyer, then a teacher. The only reason I didn't become a lawyer is that my dad wanted me to be one, and I was smart enough *not* to be one. So I was floating around in my last semester,

and I took an elective course on pottery. I flipped out on it because I always knew I was an artist, but in school, you're taught that if you can't draw, well, you're not an artist. It opened something up for me that I'd never enjoyed so much. And just then, my student deferment ran out. I had to get drafted or beat it out of the country.

**PLAYBOY:** And that was an easy decision for you?

**CHEECH:** No shit, Sherlock. I had to get my ass into Canada, like a lot of other guys who opposed the war and didn't want to get their gonads shot off.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't there an easier solution? Couldn't you have proved to the draft board that you were, say, a homosexual?

**CHEECH:** Hey, there's no such thing as a homosexual Mexican. [*Mincingly*] "OK, Chico, you're an orderly." Be serious.

**PLAYBOY:** Prove that you were crazy, then?

**CHONG:** Let me interject for a moment, if I may. White-skinned people can get away with all sorts of shit like that. See, they can't trust a crazy white guy, 'cause he'll shoot his commanding officer in the back. But if you're Mexican or black, it's hard to bullshit 'em. "Yeah, OK, so you're crazy. Here's your crazy gun. Go get 'em, boy."

**CHEECH:** [*Laughs*] I considered everything. I considered prison for a minute, until I read the personals in the underground press, with the jailbirds writing, "Help support your brothers; it's fucked in here." Besides, I wanted to be a potter. I'm convinced something in the clay got into my system, fucked up my nerves and booked me a flight to Calgary. And through a roundabout series of events, I met up with Tommy. He was a *real* hood, you know. A monster. Just ask him.

**PLAYBOY:** How vicious *were* you, Tommy?

**CHONG:** I'm an *ex*-hood, it's true. You gotta realize that the Canadian national sport is fistfighting. Occasionally, that translates into hockey, the "official" sport. But the afterschool fight *is* the main event, the killer attraction. In my case, I got killed a lot. I grew up fighting. That's how you keep warm in Canada; it gives you a chance to hug another guy without getting called a queer.

And if you were of Chinese extraction, you *always* learned to fight, to survive. My grandfather and grandmother were recruited in China to come to Canada as cheap labor. My grandmother had been a big stage star in China, and she was the first Chinese lady to fly an airplane; she was a friend of Amelia Earhart's. When my pop came of age, he went back to China to find a bride; that's the Chinese tradition. Well, he partied like hell, forgot the wife. He came back to Canada and met my mom

and married her. He likes white women. Mom is half Scotch and half Irish.

**CHEECH:** That means half of her wants to get drunk and the other half doesn't want to pay for it.

**CHONG:** [*Laughs*] She's a real ballsy woman. She had to be to marry Pop—not only because of the race thing but because Pop is real short and she's real tall. Her whole family shunned her for years. They homesteaded in Edmonton and, eventually, oil was discovered on Pop's land. But he'd sold it by then—he never hung on to nothin'. Thank God, or else I'd have been too filthy rich to do what I'm doing. I'd have become a useless doctor or lawyer instead of a useless comedian. At least, this way, my uselessness is useful: I make useless doctors and lawyers laugh. I inherited Pop's sense of humor and a bit of his coloring.

**PLAYBOY:** Things were tough all over, then, were they?

**CHONG:** Hmmm—catchy phrase. Yeah. Real tough, real rural. When I was about eight, we moved into the city, into an abandoned military complex. Look-alike homes, but it was heaven—bath tub, running water. Didn't have to melt the snow anymore. The locals called it Dogpatch. It was a hippie community, actually. Free spirits; instead of dope, there was beer. Party every weekend. The kids would sleep in the beds and the adults would drop where they fell. Just about then, I got recruited for Bible camp. I was walking down a country road, and these guys pulled over and said, "You wanna go to camp?" I said, "Sure."

**PLAYBOY:** So that was the start of church and Chong?

**CHONG:** Yup. It was something to do: lots of joy, ecstasy, hell and brimstone—and fishing, too. You swim and learn about Jesus. That Bible camp is the basis of everything I am now. They got to me when I was uncorrupted. My parents were Christians only in the vaguest sense; they believed in Santa Claus.

I dropped out of school in the tenth grade and became a roofer. Tough fuck-in' work: I'd be up there on the roof, watching the fine little girls walk home from school, and I figured I should get on the ground floor again. I went back and got real deep into music. I started a high school band. We had this lead singer, an acne-faced Indian who did Elvis Presley imitations. Looked *nothin'* like him, of course, but swiveled his hips and screamed into the microphone and the girls just went *apeshit* for him. I said to myself, "Hmmm, what can I do in school that compares with *this*?" I decided to make music my profession, and I dropped out of school again.

**PLAYBOY:** So you took up music to impress girls?

**CHONG:** Well, not *really* to get laid, because sex was still part of the hood



# U-HAUL<sup>®</sup> COSTS YOU LESS. HERE'S WHY:



## 1. TRIM LINE GAS SAVER FLEET

With U-HAUL, you get a light-weight, low-profile, aerodynamic moving van designed to safely and economically move your family and furniture.

manufactures its own trucks and trailers specifically for the household mover. *We don't buy our vehicles for later resale to industrial users.* You can rent or borrow a rough-riding freight truck almost anywhere.

U-HAUL won't rent you a



## 2. MOVING VANS— NOT FREIGHT TRUCKS

With U-HAUL, you get a moving van, not just a truck or trailer. A moving van that is gentle on you and your furniture. With a soft, furniture-saving suspension, padded interior, easy-loading low deck and lots of tiedowns. And it's easy to drive or tow. U-HAUL designs and

gas-guzzling, freight truck for moving. We don't rent trucks — we rent moving vans. And we've been doing this since 1945.

## 3. SAFETY AND SECURITY

With U-HAUL, you get a moving van that is in first-class mechanical condition. And we make certain it stays that way. We

cover the U.S., Canada and Alaska with 6,000 dealers, 1,000 moving centers, 600 mobile repair units, 150 maintenance shops, six manufacturing plants, a research center and a certified test track. You can count on our road service 24-hours a day for no additional money. We are always nearby — willing, quick and able.

## 4. LOW RENTAL RATES

Topping all this, U-HAUL will match any competitor's rate, discount or guarantee.\* Just tell us. We mean it when we say "U-HAUL COSTS YOU LESS." Less worry, less time, less work, less damage, less gas — less overall cost.

**WRITE FOR FREE MOVING GUIDE:**  
U-HAUL INTERNATIONAL, DEPARTMENT PB,  
P.O. BOX 21503, PHOENIX, ARIZONA 85036.

THE BEST  
COSTS YOU LESS  
BECAUSE MOVING  
IS OUR BUSINESS.



\*Except where Traffic Control Fees apply.

TOW DOLLIES FOR  
FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE CARS.  
ALSO TOW BARS.



PACKING & LOADING SERVICE.  
FREE ESTIMATES.



PROFESSIONAL  
MOVING & PACKING AIDS.



SELF-STORAGE ROOMS  
COAST TO COAST.





thing. Thank God for Chinatown—the only place open after hours. Historically, in every city, Chinatown is freedom. Gambling, prostitution, drugs; the Chinese just put up their tents wherever they want and run the show. Eat anything, smoke anything. It was a Chinese guy—a bass player, in fact—who first turned me on to weed. I was maybe 20, we were in the back of his car and he offered me some tea; that's what we called it back in 1958.

Anyway, if a Chinaman thought there was a chance for trade, he'd stay open all night. He'd get the hopeless drunks, the horny hoods and the general scum of the earth. He'd serve 'em whiskey in teapots, a buck a pot. And there were more than a few aged hookers hanging out.

**PLAYBOY:** How old?

**CHONG:** Well, they were old to me; I was maybe 17 and they were mid-20s.

**PLAYBOY:** Did one of them deflower you?

**CHONG:** Lila—lovely Lila. I say her name because everybody in Calgary will know who I'm talking about. I'll never forget her. If she were young today, she'd be a punk rocker with purple hair. Gorgeous little girl, with red hair back-combed into a beehive. I hung out with her for three months before we did it. She didn't know I was a virgin; a hood doesn't let that kind of information out. One night, it was magic. We hiked up this hill into the woods. Freezin' cold. I was Mr. Tender: I threw her down on the ground and unzipped my pants. She kept saying, "Wait a minute," but to me, the foreplay had been the past three months. Then she gave me the ultimate compliment. She said, "Oh, my God!"

**PLAYBOY:** Meaning?

**CHONG:** Meaning I hurt her. It was real spiritual to me, though. Anyway, by that time, I had this real hot band together, covered the whole spectrum—Chinese, Indian, mulatto, black, white—and we were drivin' the people wild. I was brilliant, even in those days: I rented a local hall, formed a nonprofit organization that paid the band and no taxes. Finally, the mayor of Calgary met with us and suggested we move to Vancouver. We did. We lived in flea-bag hotels, booked our own gigs—and I met my first wife. We were auditioning a piano player, so I went over to his house to hear him. I took one look at his sister Maxine and fell instantly in love. She was a fantastic girl—all black girls in Canada are. She broke my heart a bunch of times—first girl ever to do that. After five years of on and off, I married Maxine. We broke up for a whole year at one point, and I went to Edmonton and met this other black girl, Gail Lewis. We had an affair and she got pregnant. That coincided with my leaving town. In those days, there was no abortion. She wanted to keep the baby, anyhow, so my mother

took in the baby and raised her for the first six months. Gail couldn't do it alone, and my mom wanted and loved the baby. Good thing Gail didn't believe in abortion, or else the world would be deprived of Rae Dawn Chong.

I went back to Vancouver, because Maxine called and said, "Let's tie the knot." Gail and Rae Dawn came to our wedding; that's where I first met my daughter. My baby by Maxine, Robbi, was born after that, and I adopted Rae Dawn and we moved to San Francisco. Gail got pissed off and tried to get Rae Dawn back. It was a big court battle, and I won. It was surprising and set a court precedent in Canada, but it was clearly in Rae Dawn's best interests.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it a bitter fight?

**CHONG:** Gail and Maxine got along, so that part wasn't a problem. I really don't think women fight over guys; it's more like a conspiracy when they get together: "Yeah, I know what you mean; does he *still* do that?" Drives me crazy. So I hooked up with this guy Bobby Taylor in San Francisco, who sang like an angel. We formed this band, Bobby Taylor and The Vancouvers, and moved back to Vancouver and opened a night club. But it was a dead scene. We played a bunch of other clubs to pay the bills, and at this one teen club, I walked in the door and my heart stopped. I saw this blonde, tanned 16-year-old angel, and I fell instantly in love again. I said, out loud, "I want one of those." Her name was Shelby, and little did I know she'd become the next mother of my children. After the show, she "allowed" me to give her a ride home, puttin' me down the whole time: "I don't like the way you dress; your hair's too short; take off that stupid T-shirt. . . . You can let me off right here." I'm thinking, What a snotty bitch; then she leans over and gives me this beautiful, juicy kiss on the lips.

No other club would let her and her friends inside, because they were underage. Of course, I made sure that *we* waived the rules. Then the Servicemen heard about all these gorgeous young girls, and—boom!—we were an instant success. Packed 'em in for five years solid. **PLAYBOY:** So you started two-timing your wife?

**CHONG:** Shelby wouldn't make love with me for a good two years—actually, a bad two years. She wouldn't because she related to me as a married man, she knew I loved Maxine and she didn't want to break up my marriage. Even when I moved my family to a house right next door to hers—quite by accident—she and I remained Platonic. When we finally made love, it was the most cosmic event of my life. I was high on LSD; I'd just started doing acid—this was 1967—and she became pregnant that first time with our daughter

Precious. She went away for a few months and came back quite obviously with child. I was so happy, I couldn't help it; babies make me happy under any circumstance. Shelby told me she wanted to have the baby, and I told her, "There's always room under my roof."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you inform Maxine?

**CHONG:** No. Not then. A lot of things can happen right under your nose that you're not aware of. But Maxine and I were feeling a strain in our marriage; she knew I was falling in love with another woman, and she knew I knew she knew it. She didn't know who it was, but she'd look at me with her big, brown, soulful eyes that said, "Where did our love go?" I was on the road a lot with the band, and then, one day, Berry Gordy caught our act and asked us to sign with Motown. So we moved to Detroit to make records. Maxine and the kids came, and so did Shelby and our daughter Precious. Nobody knew that I was the father of Shelby's baby.

**PLAYBOY:** You were treading on thin ice, obviously.

**CHONG:** I didn't know *how* thin. The band was starting to make it big; we were in the Motown factory of hits. I'd written a song about Shelby and me when Precious was born—*Does Your Mama Know About Me?*—which became a hit. We were on the verge of making it. And then Motown fired me.

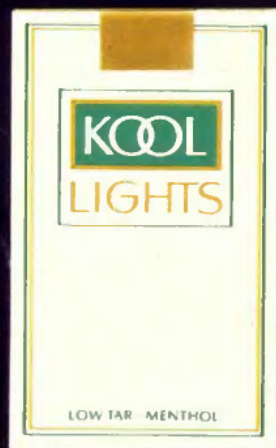
**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**CHONG:** It was a typical stupid corporate fuck-up. We were playing a gig in New Jersey and I had to fly back to Detroit for one night so I could get my green card. Simple operation. A Motown bureaucrat decided I was just fucking off and told me, "If you go back to Detroit, don't bother with us anymore." I needed the green card, so I went back: "OK, I'm gone, pal." Gordy lived to regret it. We're still good friends, though—he introduces me to his friends as "my protégé, Tommy." I couldn't have been so confident if Shelby hadn't been behind me all the way. When I got fired, she said, "Fuck it; it was an asshole band, anyhow. Let's beat it out of Detroit and move to L.A. and make some money." What could I say? We did. Maxine stayed with the kids in Detroit until I sent for her. So we were all in L.A., I was out of a job and, suddenly, Shelby got deathly ill. I had to take her to our house, with the baby, and tell Maxine, "This is my baby, too." Maxine had tears in her eyes and a smile on her face and love in her heart when she saw the baby. So it was official. She worked as a secretary to feed us all while Shelby recuperated.

After she recovered, Shelby and Precious and I went back to Vancouver. My old club was failing because I wasn't there to run it. My brother and my pop were doin' their best, but the momentum



# KOOL LIGHTS



**There's  
only one  
way to play it.**

There's only one sensation this refreshing. Low 'tar' Kool Lights. The taste doesn't miss a beat. Kings and 100's.

Kings, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; 100's, 10 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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



was gone. So then, this strip joint came up for sale, and they put up the money and I managed it. We named it The City Works, and that's where I met up with Cheech.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you and Shelby get married?

**CHONG:** Never did. I keep asking her, but she says no—she says you can cheat on your wife, but you can't cheat on your mistress. And after Maxine and I got divorced, I had to tell Rae Dawn that Maxine wasn't her mother.

**PLAYBOY:** How did she take it?

**CHONG:** Real hard, at first. She was, like, 11 years old. I put a lot of pressure on her, and for a while, she interpreted it as a lack of love. Then she tried going to live with her mother for a year, and she found out they couldn't get along, so she moved back with Maxine, and they remained real tight. The whole thing is just another Tommy Chong production—lots of plots, subplots and chaos, and it all ties together in the end.

**PLAYBOY:** Actually, it's downright Dickensian. But let's back up a bit here. What was Cheech up to in Canada?

**CHEECH:** Well, I was in hiding for almost three years—in the deep woods for a solid year. I became the Mexican Thoreau.

**PLAYBOY:** How much of a Thoreau were you?

**CHEECH:** I saw maybe 20 people the entire year, and one of them was Sasquatch—or a very big dog. It was so strange; one day I was standing on Hollywood and Vine and the next day, I was in Priddis, Alberta, and it was 75 below.

**CHONG:** That's only 59 below Celsius. Canadians have this system to soften the blow.

**CHEECH:** Yeah, well, like most Americans, the only thing I knew about Canada was *Sergeant Preston*. I was a wide-eyed whippersnapper; everything was so new to me. I just wanted to be this potter in the woods, and I hooked up as an apprentice with this real master potter. I was just into being pure and living this natural life and learning something new. I missed girls a lot, but I became good friends with my hand.

**PLAYBOY:** Which hand?

**CHEECH:** Whichever one wasn't frostbitten.

**PLAYBOY:** What got you out of the woods?

**CHEECH:** Showbiz. Things got kind of slow on the pottery scene, and I got lonely, and I decided to go to Banff, because this band wanted me to play with them. We did OK, and I really got bit by the performing bug, but they split to Hawaii, so I had to figure out something else. This one agent chick booked me a few gigs in the Northwest Territories, and I played a lot of tractor conventions. Sang, played some guitar, told some jokes. Then it was over, and I

was stranded in the Canadian Rockies in the coldest winter of 80 years. After about six months, I decided to move on. I had this buddy who said there was some action in Vancouver. I got a gig working for this local rock magazine—no real money, but you got free records, you got into the concerts free. Right after I hit Vancouver, I met Tommy.

**CHONG:** Cheech and Chong was preordained.

**PLAYBOY:** By what force?

**CHONG:** Organized slime.

**CHEECH:** Enrique the dishwasher. See, after I went to Canada, the first place I ended up was this tiny village outside Calgary, where Tommy had grown up, and I met all his old friends. I kept hearing stories about this crazy Chinaman. One guy told me Tommy had a band called Four Niggers and a Chink, and that intrigued me. I kept hearing tidbits about this maniac Chong. So the second day I land in Vancouver, I go to dinner in the sleaziest Chinese-junkie section of town. I round the corner and there's this night club with these big, glossy pictures of these two bearded maniacs with tattoos and Army helmets, wrestling these naked girls with pasties on their nipples. Oddest thing I'd ever seen. I had to check this out.

**CHONG:** My first partner looked like a Hell's Angel.

**CHEECH:** And *you*, you looked like a hip Genghis Khan. I couldn't figure it out: I thought you were a Mongolian. I thought, Shit. I'm gonna meet a Mongolian. So I flashed my press pass and got into the club.

**CHONG:** See, when I came back to Vancouver to manage my brother and Pop's strip joint, it was barely breaking even. So I decided we'd form an improvisation group—along with the girls. I'd seen The Committee in San Francisco by then, and some groups in L.A. So we worked out a whole new bit. Well, we ended up packin' the club, but it worked against us. The intelligent people got turned on to us, but they sip on a glass of wine all night.

**CHEECH:** Or a glass of water.

**CHONG:** A night club is basically a watering hole for alcoholics; they wanna get drunk and don't wanna hear *nothin'* about entertainment. One alcoholic can keep a club rich, but we lost the alcoholics, because with all the good stuff onstage, they had no one to talk to. Competing against naked chicks is tough.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you decide to hire Cheech?

**CHONG:** First of all, he showed up with this gorgeous chick who'd come all the way from L.A. to see him for one night. I always judge guys by their ladies. That way, you can't go wrong. Some guys read palms; I read ladies.

**CHEECH:** When the ladies run out, he uses his palms.

**CHONG:** Really. I can always judge a guy by his lady. Cheech had immediate charisma.

He was kinda watching my show, but mostly, he was interested in kissin' on this chick. I didn't know he'd been in the boonies for three years; after I got ahold of him, I got him right back into drugs and sex and everything was OK again. But I was impressed right then. He'd passed the audition.

**CHEECH:** The girl was the love of my life; I hadn't seen her in years. She comes to the show, she takes one look at Tommy and says, "If you work with him, make sure you get paid in advance." I never saw her again, but to this day, I am grateful for that advice. Tommy offered me five dollars a week more than I was getting, and I always followed him around on payday to make sure I got my bread.

**CHONG:** That impressed me, too. Cheech wasn't the funniest guy I'd ever worked with, but he was absolutely *fearless*. He'd do anything. On the spot. We were working four hours a night, six nights a week, for nine months solid. Total improvisation, no repeats. Thank God, I'd seen a lot of The Committee in San Francisco, and Cheech had seen a lot of the Instant Theatre in L.A. Thank God for *Playboy's Party Jokes*, too, I might add. We'd run down to the newsstand and get the latest issue and act some of 'em out and use the rest as one-liners. We were desperate for material. They always got a laugh, Hef.

**CHEECH:** No pride. None. Still none.

**CHONG:** Anyway, we were real creative but goin' broke, so Cheech and I decided, enough of this shit; let's get back to what we know. Let's form a band. We got a rhythm section together and set our premiere for a Battle of the Bands competition in Vancouver; this was 1969. Musically, we weren't that hot, so we decided to warm up the crowd with a bit of humor. It got to be joke after joke after joke and the crowd kept roarin', and when we finally left the stage, we won the contest without playin' a note. My band said, "Gee, boss, that was a cinch; what's our next gig?" I said, "You're fired." I'd replotted everything. I knew the system; I knew if we went back to L.A. and worked as hard as we could, we could make it as a comedy team.

**CHEECH:** So Tommy said to me, "Let's split for L.A." I knew he'd been through the grind before, that he knew what to do and that this was the next step. So we begged enough bread for gas to get to L.A.

**CHONG:** We were heading for the border and I said, "Well, what're we gonna call ourselves? 'Richard and Tommy' sounds rather dumb. You got any kinda nickname?" He said, "Yeah, 'Cheech.'" I said, "Hmmm, 'Cheech and Chong'; sounds





## Because Sony redesigned the car stereo, the auto makers don't have to redesign the car.

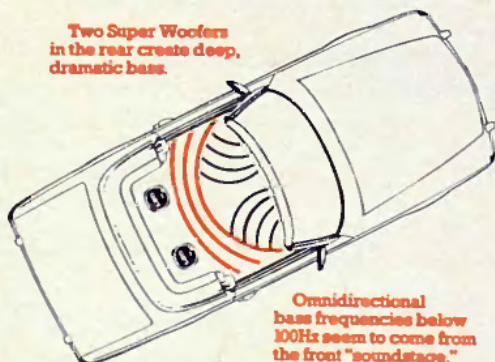
The interior of an automobile is designed with a lot of purposes in mind. Unfortunately, great stereo sound reproduction isn't one of them.

Fortunately, Sony did more than just tackle this problem. They actually solved it. By designing a stereo system that meets the acoustical challenges inherent in a car.

### INTRODUCING THE SONY SOUNDFIELD™ SYSTEM.

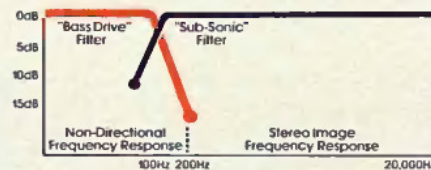
As the very name of our system indicates, we started with the acoustical sound field itself by treating the entire front of the car as a stage. The very directional high-end and mid-range frequencies emanate from this stage in an accurate stereo image.

Two Super Woofers in the rear create deep, dramatic bass.



Omnidirectional bass frequencies below 100Hz seem to come from the front "soundstage."

So the highs come across clear and soaring. The midrange, natural and accurate.



The bass frequencies below 100Hz actually are directed from the rear of the car, where the Super Woofers are placed. However, since these frequencies are omnidirectional, they seem to be coming from the proper "stage" location.

The result is richer, fuller, and more dramatic bass.

### CONVERT WITH COMPONENTS.

The optimum SoundField System consists of a powerful amplifier (XM-120) driving a pair of 8" Super Woofers (XS-L20), along with a medium-powered amplifier driving the front speakers. This means full-range speakers can be used without risk of modulation distortion.

But you can begin to enjoy the

SoundField System simply by adding one of our lower powered amplifiers and the Super Woofers to the car stereo you already have. Then you can slowly build up your system, adding a higher powered amplifier, more speakers, and an equalizer.

### A SOUND THAT TAKES A BACKSEAT TO NONE.

Although the technology of the Sony SoundField System is complex, the reason for it is simple.

It will give you high dB levels with very low distortion, extremely precise stereo imaging, and an amazingly broad frequency response. In addition, you'll be pleasantly surprised at just how easily a SoundField System can be installed in your car.

So come into your local Sony dealer and ask to hear the next generation in autosound systems.

One listen and you'll know why the auto makers don't have to redesign the car.

**SONY**  
THE ONE AND ONLY

© 1982 Sony Corporation of America. Sony and SoundField are trademarks of Sony Corporation. Models shown: XS-L20 Super Woofers, XS-301 Front Speakers, XR-55 In-dash Cassette/Receiver, XM-E7 Graphic Equalizer/Amplifier and XM-120 Amplifier.





good." Actually, he wanted to call it "Cheech and Cheech," but I figured I should be in there somewhere.

**PLAYBOY:** What's a Cheech, anyhow?

**CHONG:** It's what you name a baby when you've already got 12 kids and you've run out of names.

**CHEECH:** It's short for *chicharrón*, a Mexican delicacy consisting of fried pigskin.

**PLAYBOY:** So, Cheech, did you expect, when you crossed the Canadian border, that you'd be such a success if you hung out long enough with this Chinese madman?

**CHEECH:** Actually, I was just worried about making it *across* the border. I thought the FBI would be waiting for me there with rabid Dobermanns. I crossed the border floating on about 40 beers, and the guards questioned me, and I said, "I'm a journalist," and they smelled my breath: "Yep, he's a journalist, all right." Passed us right through.

**PLAYBOY:** So you finally got to L.A.

**CHEECH:** Yeah, we showed up on Maxine's doorstep, penniless and homeless. She had a place right off the Strip. She and Tommy had already split up, so it was a strange situation.

**CHONG:** Yeah, I was a raw, exposed nerve. My wife was a free woman; my girlfriend was a free woman: Shelby was in Vancouver, hauling in tons of bucks as a cocktail waitress. I had a solid month of *no* love, until I begged her enough and she joined me. We found this little shack in Venice for \$40 a month.

**CHEECH:** Maxine had this little Honda, a girl's version, and so Tommy and I would get up every day and tool around town on that, checking out the black clubs. This one guy remembered Tommy from his Motown days, so he said he'd let us perform and if the audience liked us, we could come back and he'd pay us. This was in the days when there were almost no comedians performing in any clubs, especially in black clubs, *especially* nonblack guys. So we came out and blew the audience away. The niggers did *not* know what to think of us, but they loved us; it was, like, "Yeah, that's them Cheech and *Chang* guys, shut up and listen." So we had a weekend gig, and then we started playing all the black clubs after that. Most of them were *really* tough clubs, where you didn't take your hands out of your pockets after you were paid—armed guard in the parking lot, all that.

Then this black guy who was about to reopen a club caught our act and offered us \$400 a week, and that was real, real big money, believe me. It was at the Climax II; the first Climax shut down because the owner skipped town owing everybody money. So it was us, Johnny Mathis' brother and Earth, Wind & Fire. Man, we loved the guys in that band—partied like crazy with

'em. But the club itself was the main attraction; it was one of the first after-hours clubs, and it was the hip place to be seen. Every celebrity in Hollywood showed up. Four and five in the morning, and people are still in line to get in. Just packed. I remember, the first night, I was so excited: "Hey, Tommy, this is great, huh?"

**CHONG:** I took one look around and said, "We are getting our money up front, because the nigger who owns this is *crazy*. Too many people, and he don't know how to handle it." It closed after five weeks. But we got paid. And it was fun.

**CHEECH:** Yeah, the wildest chicks. So, when that fell through, we got a gig as the house comedians at this other club, P.J.'s. We opened for all the great black acts—Ray Charles, The Isley Brothers, Martha and the Vandellas, Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye—playing to a total black audience, 500 people in the room. We got all the hip uptown niggers. And we got a *lot* of material from working that crowd. But it closed down right away, too; the owner got ripped off all the time. So when that closed, we were back to little \$25-a-night gigs again. We ate a lot of Pioneer chicken and shoplifted a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** Together?

**CHEECH:** No. I had my shoplifting down OK as a one-man act. I wore baggy pants and a big coat with plenty of pockets. I'd go into Ralph's Market and stick three or four steaks down my pants and walk out. I'd moved out of Maxine's, and I was living in this other house on the Strip. Big old house full of people, most of 'em junkies and dealers. And I really fell in love with Karen Dalton, this folksy-blues singer who had a couple of albums out. Tommy and I would rehearse at the house, so he was there a lot, too. It was just real hand-to-mouth; we had this big pot of stew going all the time, and whatever you stole that day, you put into the pot. We'd all get roused by the cops every week. They'd come in and line us up naked in the living room.

**PLAYBOY:** With all the heroin around, how come you never got tempted?

**CHEECH:** I'm real scared of needles. And I saw a lot of friends of mine die. Once you know the junkie trip, it's the same story. Every junkie is like a setting sun; sometimes it really flashes pretty and brilliant, but when it goes down—sssssssst. Lands in the ocean with a great big fizz.

One of the women would come to us and say, "I'm doing a big hit tonight; check on me every hour, OK?" A couple of times, we couldn't wake her up and we sent for an ambulance. When you O.D., you don't turn blue; you turn yellow-green. She went to the hospital once with absolutely no pulse. She broke out the

next day and came back, drank some wine, smoked some joints and shot right back up. She's dead now. I couldn't get tempted by that scene, man. It was *unglamorous*. I like downers, but not d-d-d-o-w-n-n-e-r-s. Robitussin is as far as I went. I used to do that in high school: two bottles of Romilar CF and you're ready to meet your date's parents. Anyway, I moved out of that house after a couple of months.

**CHONG:** Yeah, we went from the frying pan into the fire. Shelby went back to Vancouver again for a while, and I was staying with Cheech. I went to sleep smoking a joint one night. . . .

**CHEECH:** And I woke up with him yelling, at the top of his lungs, "*Cheech! Cheech! Help! Help!*" The heat had melted this big plastic pillow with all this foam rubber in it, and it just exploded all over the living room. There were 456 little fires. The whole living room was on fire; the whole world was on fire. So we were trying to put out the fire with our appendages. I burned up my hands, he burned up his legs. We somehow got it out.

**CHONG:** We were out.

**PLAYBOY:** And down-and-out.

**CHEECH:** But the Bank of America came to our rescue. Tommy goes into the branch office right around the corner to check on his measly 59 cents. The teller says, "OK, you've got \$2000, and don't bother me." Entrepreneur that he is, Tommy says, "OK, gimme \$500." The manager signs the transaction and Tommy beats it over to my place: "Cheech, hide this, quick." So I did. He took out \$500 a day until it was gone. Well, pretty soon, the branch manager comes over: "Umm, Mr. Chong, you owe us \$2000; it was an error, but you must pay us back." Tommy goes comatose. "I *do*? How can this be? I'll have to check with my accountant!" The bank guy is sitting on the only piece of furniture in the damn place, a funky beanbag chair, and Tommy has to check with his *accountant!*

**PLAYBOY:** What did your accountant advise?

**CHONG:** The '71 earthquake struck the next day, and I never heard from the guy again. Divine intervention.

**CHEECH:** Yep—*deus ex machina*. So Tommy gets this brilliant idea: All we want in life is a place to play, so let's take the two grand, rent a club and buy ads in *The Hollywood Reporter* and *Daily Variety* saying we're making a film and we need extras. The next day, the line's around the fucking block. We told everybody, "We're making this movie about up-and-coming comics, and you guys get to play the audience." So then we sold 'em drinks and food, made a bunch of money on that. And Tommy had conned this guy into filming the thing so it looked real. We came out



# Myers's. The first collection of luxury rums.



**MYERS'S PLATINUM WHITE.**  
Exquisitely smooth and born to mix. With a subtle richness that could only come from Myers's.

**MYERS'S ORIGINAL DARK.**  
The deep, dark ultimate in rich rum taste. The Beginning of the Myers's Flavor Legend.

**MYERS'S GOLDEN RICH.**  
A uniquely rich taste inspired by Myers's Original Dark. Superbly smooth and beautifully mixable.

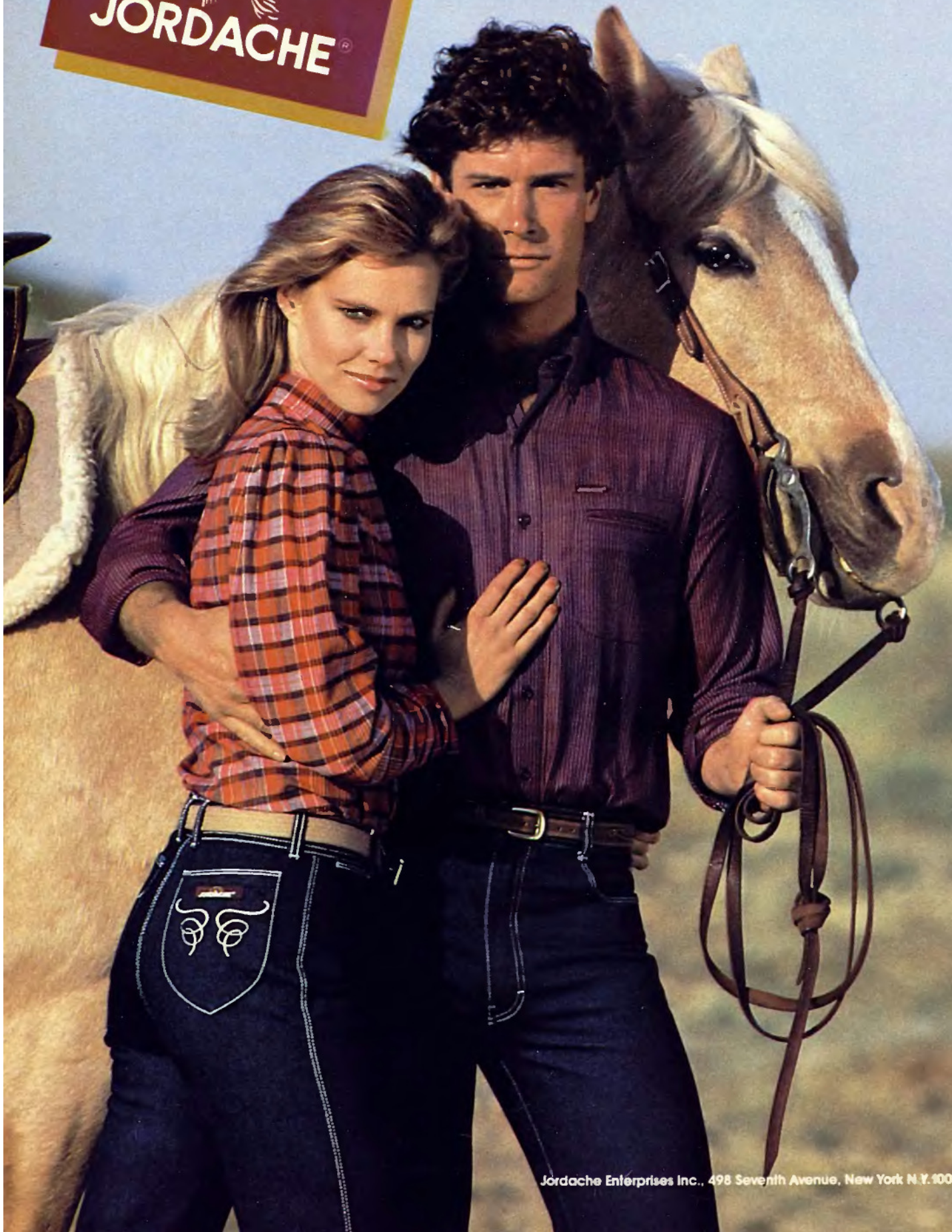
## Myers's Rums. The taste is priceless.



the jordache look



JORDACHE®





and did our act, everybody loved it, the word spread again and it became a hip hangout for about a month. But we could spread the money only so thin, so it folded and we were back on the streets again.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't keep us in suspense. When was the big break?

**CHONG:** Mondays were amateur nights at The Troubador, this white folk-rock club. You'd show up at nine in the morning, stand there all day and get your show-up time. The hip thing about the deal was, the first act that showed up went on last. The last guy who showed up went on first and just *ate* it. We were great. So we played a bunch of Mondays, but the owner would never hire us for a gig, even though we were packing the club and really starting to get an "industry audience"—a real following among the "important" guys. [Hollywood producer] Lou Adler "just happened" to be in the crowd; he told our friends he was there to check out another act, but he split right after we went off. Rather suspect, eh? The next day, I got this call from Missy Montgomery, Dinah Shore's daughter; she worked for Lou. She said, "Lou loved your act; he wants to sign you; hurry down here." We signed that day.

**CHEECH:** Lou gave us a two-grand advance. We'd go every night—after hours—to the A&M studios, into a little room with two tape recorders, and try to translate our stage act into an album. We didn't know what we were doing; we just did it. Our first album cost \$8000 total. It went gold.

**PLAYBOY:** Adler became your producer?

**CHEECH:** Yeah, he produced all our albums; he produced his name on the cover.

**CHONG:** Lou was never once in the studio with us, because he didn't know shit about comedy. His thing was music—The Mamas and the Papas, etc. He was good on hunches, and his hunch about us paid off rather well for him.

**CHEECH:** So our first album, *Cheech & Chong*, was released in September of '71. It didn't set the world on fire at first, but then Lou said, "Why don't you do a Christmas single?" So we worked real hard on it and came out with *Santa Claus and His Old Lady*. A&M released it in November—boom!—smash hit right away. Then our album sold like crazy. Not only gold but it stayed on the charts for 64 weeks. So then we started our second album, *Big Bambu*. We recorded most of it on the road in hotel rooms, with just a couple of little microphones. It made number one! We had another hit single off it—*Sister Mary Elephant*. Our next album, *Los Cochinos*—boom!—made number one, too, and another hit single, *Basketball Jones*.

**CHONG:** See, our competition was *not*

other comedians. It was The Rolling Stones and Led Zeppelin and Stevie Wonder—and we were outselling every one of 'em. We had three top-ranked albums in a row in two and a half years. Every album went gold. We just believed in ourselves so much that we conquered the American pop charts, going up against the Stones. We'd get letters from guys in Vietnam telling us our cassettes were the hottest ones around—two Stones tapes for one Cheech and Chong in trade. You know? That *means* something.

**PLAYBOY:** What was unique about you guys?

**CHONG:** We struck the right note. We did things in our skits that nobody else was doing—militant hippies, dope dealers, high school kids on dope, crazed Vietnam vets, nuns and a whole side of ethnic truths no one else had touched. And we came at a time when everybody needed to laugh. We cruised through that era, but we left our mark on it. Making people laugh is an act of love, and we showed the power of pure love coming out of all the hate.

**CHEECH:** We always keep a touch of the absurd. It comes out of our ability to absorb everything. Like when critics call us reckless, lewd, sexist, racist, they're really not looking at what we're doing. If you confront that kind of shit up front, you make it evaporate. We just prove art imitates life in the best sense. We make people think. We fit the classic comedy-of-manners mold, but we put a hip twist on it.

**CHONG:** We really *are* twisted.

**CHEECH:** We have a real practiced eye, and we can instantly recognize when something is funny and how it will work. Sometimes, our judgment is wrong, but we come close most of the time.

**CHONG:** Yeah, we must know what we're doing—otherwise, we'd be interviewing *you*, eh?

**CHEECH:** See, the point is you learn from studying everybody, but then you have to put your own imprint on it. I'll give you a recent example: My dad came to a dinner party at my house with his new wife. Dad's been a cop all his life, his new wife is a cop and her ex-husband is a cop. So in the middle of this great dinner my wife, Rikki, has made, Dad starts talking shop. He's discussing this child-abuse case where these maniacs burned their kids with a cigarette every day. He goes into quite graphic detail, and I'm avidly listening just like I did when I was a kid; this was normal dinner conversation. I look up and see that Rikki's turning green. Then she says, "Please stop!" My dad goes, "Jeez, what'd I do, stick my hands down her pants?"

**CHONG:** Black humor—that's the saving grace of any poor society. That's what makes *us* funny. We make people laugh

according to what makes *us* laugh; give us a situation and we'll mine it for all it's worth. We're not as intelligent as Richard Pryor—he's more obsessed and talented—but I think we're just as important as he is. We don't leave people behind, like Richard does or like Lenny Bruce did; we keep the moms and dads laughing, too. It's not just hip jokes for the band. I'm no genius; I learned some secrets early in life and had some good training, just like Cheech. Separately, neither of us is a genius, but together, there's a wonderful genius.

**CHEECH:** I admire just about every professional comedian, but Pryor is definitely the best, the most outrageous. I learned a lot about spontaneity from Richard. I remember catching a show in his real wild days; this chick in the audience was giving him a real hard time. She wouldn't let up, so he said, "Here, bitch," and whipped out his dick and shoved it in her face. She sat there for about 30 seconds and split. All these celebrities were in the crowd, and they just went bananas. I mean, have *you* ever seen anybody pull his dick out onstage? I never had, and I've been in *lots* of places. Of course, he didn't have the greatest dick in the world, but it sure worked right then.

[Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** How did your new-found celebrity affect you?

**CHEECH:** We were really lucky, because after our records hit, nobody knew what we looked like. We got invited to parties because our names were famous, but our faces weren't. We got to observe all levels of society up close, and we were fortunate enough to discover what bullshit is involved with most "celebrities." Adler had this club, On the Rox, on top of the Roxy Theater on Sunset—a private club for his celebrity friends. And most of 'em looked like they'd come from *under* the rocks. Most of 'em chose to anesthetize their lives, because they couldn't deal with anything. We learned a lot about excess: You can do a little of this, a little of that, but don't pig out on any one thing.

**CHONG:** We've been able to handle our success because, for the most part, we've never believed the hype that surrounded us. With most stars, they start believing the hype and fall apart. They'll read in *Billboard* that their album made two zillion dollars, and it's, "Hey, I don't have that money in my checking account; everybody's a bunch of fucking thieves." Then, when they do figure out that they have enough money, it's, "Hey, I wanna quit and get my head together and do what I really want to do." Money is dangerous for musicians. That's why the greatest thing that ever happened to all the old black blues musicians was that they never got a penny, so they stayed old black blues musicians. It



would have ruined their music if they'd got paid. You can't show me any R&B guy, for that matter, where the money didn't ruin him—Stevie Wonder, maybe, but that's because he's such a spiritual cat. But most of 'em—Marvin Gaye, for example—it's see how many alligator shoes they can buy and how many chicks they can hang up. I know: I was *in* that world.

**CHEECH:** When you're all of a sudden thrust into the whole celebrity world, everybody is somebody; there's nowhere to gawk. You don't have time to get awed. One of the amazing things you discover when you become a star is that everybody, from other stars to the corner mailman, opens himself up to you and tells you the most intimate details of his life—things he'd never tell his best friends. So you sit there and take it in, take note of what he's saying, because it's all good material.

**CHONG:** I like to catch stars off guard, ambush 'em. I can get away with it because I look like your average Joe. I went up to Henry Winkler at this one party: "Hi, Henry, I'm a real fan of yours; I really admire your work." He nodded blankly and turned away. "By the way, I'm Tommy Chong, from Cheech and Chong"—and before he could whirl around and return the compliment, I was gone.

**CHEECH:** We don't hang out with the Hollywood crowd very much, but as a writer, I find it interesting to watch. Most of it is just Flatter City, real phony. But a Hal Ashby or a Jack Nicholson or a Ryan O'Neal—lots of our fans are film makers—when *they* compliment us, it's a real stroke. The guy who lives next door to me, he's lived there since 1934 and he knows *everybody*, so he has these great old-drunk parties. So I got to meet Robert Mitchum, Steve McQueen, Jason Robards—who is truly a prince. So is Mitchum.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you adjust to life on the road when you started touring?

**CHEECH:** It was seeing how long you could hold your breath for 11 months at a time. It all happened so fast. We played showcase clubs, big clubs, Vegas—everything you could think of. We started playing outdoor rock festivals. I remember one in Bull Island, Indiana. They expected 100,000 and 250,000 showed up. So at three in the morning, we got 250,000 people off for an hour. We were the only ones to get paid, too. After that, I told Tommy, "If we can play here, we can play anywhere." We played Vegas. We played every prison in California.

**PLAYBOY:** Quite a contrast.

**CHONG:** Not really. Equally tough.

**CHEECH:** We got sentenced to a year in Vegas—Aladdin Hotel, one weekend a month, Thursday through Saturday, playing the 2:30 show. Fifteen grand per night, one show.

**PLAYBOY:** Vegas seems a strange setting for a Cheech and Chong show.

**CHEECH:** There's a big fallacy about Vegas—

**CHONG:** Fallacies are what follow the pussies around—

**CHEECH:** [Laughs] It was great—a vacation every month. We'd draw all the hip people in Vegas, a whole huge roomful of 'em. All the staff from the hotels and the blackjack dealers and the cocktail waitresses would be there. Real tough crowd. You had to get the big vibrator out to get them off, with extra batteries the size of jackhammers. That late is usually death for comedy; there's a general rule that you can't get 'em off after 1:30, because they've been up all day drinking, gambling, doing drugs. And if you don't time their drug reactions right, you hear the crescendo of heads hitting the table: *thump, thump, thump*. You really had to get it goin' right off, stronger and stronger and more intense, to keep these guys' attention. Really fine-tuning your act to your audience. Nothing intricate, just well executed. Tough hecklers, too. We've used a lot of Vegas in our new movie.

**PLAYBOY:** You must have encountered some tough hecklers over the years.

**CHONG:** The greatest we ever came up against was when we played San Quentin. These fuckers are *killers*, you know. Cheech was out there, and it was the *Sister Mary Elephant* nun bit, and the guys were shouting, "Lift up your skirt, let's see some pussy," getting real gnarly with it. Cheech waited for the perfect time and said, "Young man, would you like to stay after prison?" Broke the whole joint up. Another time, we were playing Terminal Island and the power went out—totally black. Cheech says, "It's really good being here at the Apollo Theater." Cracked 'em right up. Prisoners have the heaviest sense of humor.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that why you played prisons?

**CHEECH:** No, we played prisons because we figured the only difference between them and us was that we didn't get caught.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you get approached to do television around the time of your third album?

**CHONG:** Yeah, and we said, "No, it's too much like work."

**CHEECH:** You gotta be there every day. It's material-chewing, eats you up. We got followed around in '73 for a while by James Komack, who wanted us for a TV show; he wanted to use our bit *Pedro and Man* for a sitcom. He offered us a huge amount of money, and he just kept pitching us. We said no, so he just turned it into *Chico and the Man*. We were having too much fun with the records and the concerts.

**CHONG:** We did *The Hollywood Squares*, though.

**CHEECH:** Once. We were in the same square—the Cheech and Chong box. They prepped you in advance with a bunch of dope questions. You answered like addicts would. It was real, real hot, lots of lights, and you felt as if you were looking into a make-up mirror constantly. All the time I was sitting there, I kept saying to myself, "What the fuck am I *doing* here?"

**PLAYBOY:** Why *did* you do it?

**CHONG:** Exposure. A chance to expose yourself.

**CHEECH:** You never saw *under* the boxes, right? I can't tell you what Paul Lynde was doing, but there was this little yelping under *his* box, like, "Arf, arf." [Laughs] George Gobel was on the show, and he's always been one of my favorites. But he and Ed Asner and Lynde were all pretty drunk, so we didn't get to talk to them.

**PLAYBOY:** Cheech, you married Rikki about then, didn't you?

**CHEECH:** Yeah. I was dating her best friend, Jack LaLanne's daughter. I fell in love with her instantly when I saw her waiting tables. She wouldn't give me her right number for weeks. Finally, I trapped her in a corner when she had a tray of dishes in her hand, and she had no choice. She finally gave it to me. We lived together and lived together and lived together, and finally, I said, "I need someone to help me spend my money." My fucked-up way of proposing. I'd never seen anything like her. I'd lived with a lot of ladies—don't tell my wife—but I'd never wanted them to get beyond the girlfriend stage. We got married in '76 at the dawn of the most beautiful sunrise Big Sur ever saw. It was like an acid flashback. The greatest moment of my life.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you deal with the sexual temptations of nonstop touring?

**CHONG:** It's tough, lemme tell you, when you're the Brown Sex God. [Laughs] There'd never been a low-rider Apollo or a Canadian sex symbol, so we became it by default.

**CHEECH:** We've both been physical-fitness freaks for a long time. So we'd hit a town, look in the Yellow Pages and find the nearest gym or go to the Y.M.C.A., play basketball, lift weights, get a massage, because you gotta rest up for the party at night. Working out has taken the place of many an orgasm.

**CHONG:** When I'd get frustrated, weight lifting would just work it right out of me. An orgasm is usually a release of frustration, so instead of pumping pussy, we'd pump iron. Gets the blood circulating. Of course, it can work both ways. I'll never forget this great line from this guy in a Las Vegas gym. He said, "I was gonna work out, but I got a blow job instead." He was serious.

**CHEECH:** Well, I think a lot of guys waste their time and their money going to shrinks. I think they'd be a lot better



# "If your portable video recorder doesn't have all this technology, don't blame Panasonic."

*Reggie Jackson*



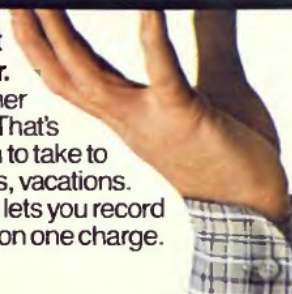
This new Panasonic VHS™ system with new microprocessor technology can do just about everything. Outdoors, it's the world's lightest, smallest VHS video recorder. At home, you can record 8 hours of TV on a new Panasonic cassette.

And that's just the beginning for the new Omnivision® PV-5500 and PK-956 video camera.



## The world's lightest VHS video recorder.

It's 37% lighter than any other Panasonic portable VHS. That's light and small enough to take to picnics, little league games, vacations. And its rechargeable battery lets you record for up to 100 minutes on one charge.



## The camera focuses automatically with infrared technology.

You can focus the PK-956 with your eyes closed. Using an infrared beam and microprocessor technology, it focuses in a split second. But that's not all.

It adjusts the exposure and sound automatically. Has instant replay. There's even a character generator, so you can title your favorite scenes.



## The camera works in low light.

An ordinary video camera can't hold a candle to this Panasonic. Because it has a light-sensitive tube. Plus circuitry that electronically brightens the picture. And a fast f 1.4 macro/zoom lens.



## 8 hours of recording.

With a new Panasonic cassette you can record 8 hours of TV. And when you're not home it can be programmed to automatically record 4 different shows over 2 weeks. It even has slow motion, high speed, freeze frame and Omniseach.



WARNING: One federal court has held that recording copyrighted TV programs is infringement. Such programs should not be recorded. Simulated TV picture. TV picture courtesy of NASA.

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



served by going to a massage parlor. I'm serious, too. The thing is to relax, live in the present, and if you're in a massage parlor, a good blow job *really* makes you live in the present. All a shrink would make me do is feel guilty about feeling lazy—inertia is the basic law of nature, especially if you're a Mexican.

**PLAYBOY:** Just how big is your casting couch?

**CHEECH:** Only big enough to lay my head on the laps of a few intimate friends. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** How do your ladies, Rikki and Shelby, deal with the groupie scene?

**CHEECH:** They have these cattle prods, see, just to keep 'em away—except for the slower-witted ones, who don't have much sensitivity to pain. Then it takes 'em a little bit longer. [Laughs] I worry about my wife more than she worries about me. Not that she's promiscuous or anything, but all things considered equal—if nobody knew who I was and nobody knew who she was—she's a hell of a lot better looking. I never got by on looks, I got by on personality. And ultimately, I think, women are attracted to charismatic men.

**PLAYBOY:** So you agree with Henry Kissinger that power is an aphrodisiac?

**CHEECH:** Absolutely; how else could *he* fuck Jill St. John? Anyway, Tommy and I are both happily married men now, happy as can be. Right, Tommy? Remember your old lady's gonna read this.

**CHONG:** Right. We never even look at other women. Let's move on to a safer subject, like drug abuse.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, we were just going to ask. How *did* drugs affect you guys?

**CHEECH:** Which ones? One at a time.

**PLAYBOY:** Cocaine?

**CHEECH:** Yeah, we touched on that before. When you can first afford it, cocaine is the greatest drug in the world. We'd do coke and listen to lots of jazz. Hang out with a bunch of dealers, then go out on the road and get sick a lot. Big nasal problems. Timing problems. One time, we did a week in Chicago and all Tommy did was stay up all night with a vaporizer. He'd get up, do three shows a night, come back and gasp all night. We had a big argument one time in New York, when we first played *The Bitter End*. We took some coke before going on, and it was horrible. We overdid it, because we were confronting the problem of "New York." So we decided to quit: "Hey, man, this just ain't it." I don't like the high; it makes me paranoid, so fuck it. Now I do it maybe twice a year.

**CHONG:** We looked at each other and said, "What the hell is this doing to us?" I'd been sick every day for the whole tour. It makes you feel like you know what you're doing, but you don't. The

first gram of coke I ever bought lasted me a month; I treated it like a lid of grass, and a lid could last me six months. I snorted up the second one a lot faster, and so on, and it just started fucking with me. It's the powder form of a rich man's gold chains—hey, look at me, flash, flash. Beautiful chicks love cocaine, so you can have every beautiful airline stewardess hanging around your neck if you've got a lot of coke. Now, once in a while, I'll go for it. But I turn down lines constantly. I know that since I'm in touch with my body, I can pig out for one night and it won't permanently affect me, like before.

**PLAYBOY:** Marijuana?

**CHONG:** I usually smoke dope at night to relax. I love to work out and then to take up to make me relax more. It gives me balance.

**CHEECH:** Marijuana is about it for me these days. Makes me relax, reflect. I have a ligament condition, and if I smoke, my ligaments get sore, but I love to smoke it so much. I go through periodic detoxings.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you do with all that amazing-looking marijuana you use in your movies—send it back to wardrobe?

**CHEECH:** No, the crew always steals it. We went through three huge batches on our third movie.

**CHONG:** Too bad we don't have Smell-a-vision.

**CHEECH:** Or the "Feelies," like in Aldous Huxley.

**CHONG:** Yeah: just imagine the "Smokies."

**PLAYBOY:** OK, what about LSD? What did it do for you?

**CHEECH:** It opened me right up. I never took a whole lot, but whenever I felt the need, I did. I take it now when I feel the need. It's a cosmic colonic—clears all the shit right out. The great purifier.

**CHONG:** It taught me a whole lot. I really respect it. It's a very holy substance, and if you treat it right, it treats you right. I seldom do it now. The only time we really still do drugs is when we party. Then we do a lot of drugs. Last year, Cheech and I went to a party in Alberta; we were up for three days, snortin', drinkin' and smokin'. It was a ball, but Cheech kept noddin' out on me, fallin' asleep. Just like the old days. But that's real rare now.

**PLAYBOY:** You own a boat that you routinely take back and forth across the Canadian border. Now that your popular image is that of drug-crazed fiends, do you ever get hassled by Customs officials?

**CHONG:** Naah. They just want the autograph for the kids. They don't want to be the guy who shot Jesse James. Besides, I never bring drugs across, ummm, *intentionally*. Accidentally, *many* times: "Oh, shit, I thought I got rid of this!"

**PLAYBOY:** You recorded your last album in '76. Were you thinking then about getting into movies?

**CHEECH:** Yeah; it was always in the back of our minds. By 1977, I was really agitating with Tommy to make *Up in Smoke*. I always figured Cheech and Chong should be making movies; it was the natural extension of our act. I also thought that was where the real money was. We had all these big ideas from all the time we'd been trying to make it. But when Adler tried to cut a deal with us, it was like he was trying to sell these two pet rocks. "Well, what do they *do*? They can't shoot heroin all over the screen; that's hard to sell, you know."

Lou would play 'em our records and say, "These are the most successful comics in the history of records." "Yeah, but that's *records*." So he'd take 'em to the show. "Great, they can act, but that's *onstage*." Most of those guys couldn't see the forest for the trees. So Lou got someone to put up some money and we completed principal photography for \$800,000 and he sold a distribution deal to Paramount where the studio risked almost no money.

**CHONG:** *Up in Smoke* was the perfect statement of the counterculture of the early Seventies. Cheech and I wrote it, I basically directed it, though Lou listed himself as director and coproducer. We previewed it with a corny, dumb-fuck ending that Lou insisted on, and the audience said, "Great, except for the ending." So we went back and reshot it along the lines we had wanted to begin with. To Lou's credit, with little studio support, he four-walled it in the South, and it really started to snowball. The studio figured it had something, so it put some promotional money behind it, and—boom!—a smash hit. Lou's a genius at that. He was the first agent of ours we didn't have to instruct what to do in terms of PR. But he really fucked us when he sold the movie; we were getting ten percent of what *he* made in profits. Ten percent! To split between us! I begged Lou to just credit himself as producer and me as director, and I begged him before it was released nationally to renegotiate the profit split. I wanted to split the profits equally: Adler, Cheech, Chong.

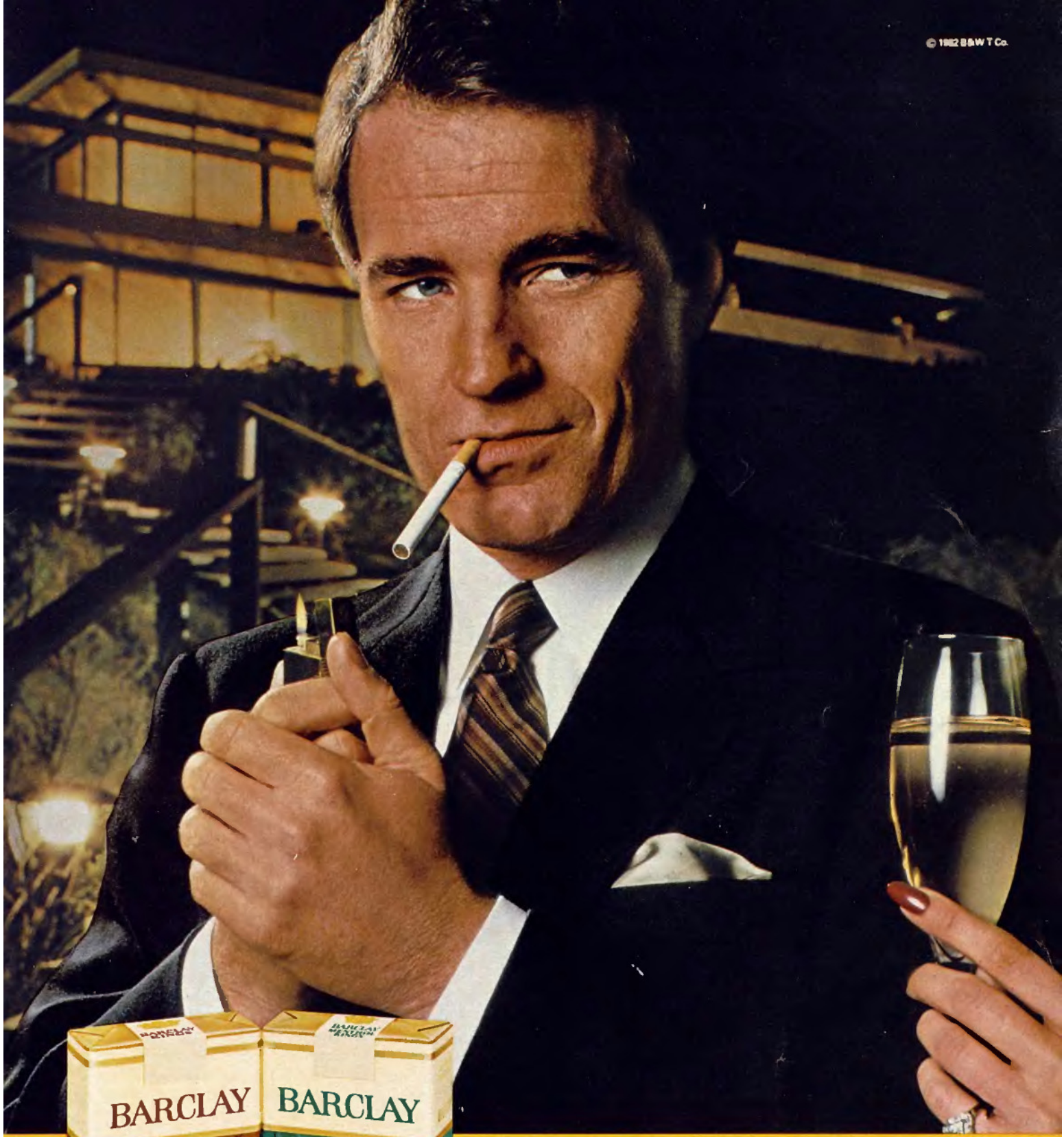
**CHEECH:** I was worried; I figured, "We're gonna have a smash hit and no money."

**CHONG:** I realized then: Never tempt your friends. I mean, I *still* like the guy, but there's no way to adjust for power and greed, and Lou had such a good deal with us that he *had* to go for it—to his discredit.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you sign such a lousy deal to begin with?

**CHONG:** I wanted Lou to prove somehow that he was really worth 90 percent. You know: What do you *do* to get that kind of cut? If you deserve it, fine; and if you don't, we'll just renegotiate it the way it should be. Anyway, we went out on the road, Cheech and I, and we did this





*The pleasure is back.*  
**BARCLAY**

Regular, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.  
Menthol, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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



big promotional tour for the movie. Every talk show we did, every interview we did, we knocked Lou. *Real* bad. Like, "Yeah, Lou Adler—nice guy, just don't turn your back on him." So I got a call in the middle of the night from him. "That's slanderous, Tom." "Yeah, OK, then, give us a better deal—a third each." He called back: "OK, I'll go for it." I said, "Great—starting with *Up in Smoke*." He said, "I can't go for that." I said, "Fine; there's no deal." And we went shopping for lawyers. Here the picture was one of the top grossers of the year, and we couldn't get another movie deal, because nobody wants to touch you when you're in litigation.

So Lou's cousin turns us on to this curious fellow, Howard Brown. Cheech is scared of him at first, because he figures he's a rounder, but I *love* rounders. He came to L.A. after doing *God* knows what in New York, because he wanted to get into show business. He courted us, and we put him through the mill, but he won us over. We said, "Go prove yourself." He goes to Lou and gets a \$500,000 check by threatening him with legal trouble. Then he goes to Paramount and says, "We just made a movie that made \$100,000,000. Make us a great offer and we'll make some *more* money for you guys." They do the tough-guy routine: "We'll give you \$500,000—not a penny more. Go make a better deal if you can." Howard says, "I think I got \$2,000,000 from Universal; would you put it in writing that we're released from Paramount?" Guy at Paramount says "Sure." Howard goes back to Paramount and says, "We just signed a deal for \$2,000,000 at Universal," and the Paramount guys shit a brick: "Howard, how *could* you; you know we didn't *mean* no. We'll give you \$2,500,000; go tell Universal that." Howard says, "I can't do that, but don't be sore, fellas. There's always the *next* movie. Universal's got us for one; why don't you guys be smart and grab us for the third one? We'll give you the same deal—\$2,500,000 to sign us now." Paramount says, "Forget it." Howard runs right over to Columbia and asks for the same amount. Frank Price, Columbia's president, snatches us up. So he's sold two movies before we've shot *one* foot of film. And he's still on a roll: He sold our latest one to Columbia for \$5,000,000, plus 50 percent of the net profit, plus ten percent of the gross profit.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't Paramount or Universal nab you right up?

**CHEECH:** We still hadn't "proved" ourselves. They didn't know if Lou was the Svengali behind us or what. They still don't know. Ninety percent of the people in the so-called creative department are *total flakes*. That's the bottom line. You're dealing with real *wacked-out* people. Most of them will never notice what real assholes they are.

**PLAYBOY:** What has *Up in Smoke* grossed to date?

**CHONG:** I think about \$110,000,000.

**PLAYBOY:** What did *Cheech & Chong's Next Movie* gross?

**CHONG:** About \$95,000,000.

**PLAYBOY:** How about *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams*?

**CHONG:** About \$85,000,000 so far.

**PLAYBOY:** With that almost unbelievable return, why isn't the world breaking down your door?

**CHONG:** Image. When we worked for Universal, all we saw on the lot was signs saying, WELCOME BLUES BROTHERS. That film went from an \$8,000,000 budget to a \$40,000,000 budget, and the studio loved it. Barely broke even. We were on the same lot, and nobody even noticed us. We spent a nickel and made a fortune.

**PLAYBOY:** We're still mystified. Given the crass amounts we're talking about, isn't that incentive enough?

**CHONG:** Maybe it would be if it were the old days, when the moguls put up their own money. But now it's the banks' and the big conglomerates' money. The studio guy gets a salary no matter what, and there's really no incentive to get excited over a low-budget film, because he doesn't get any more money when it comes in—oh, maybe a bonus, or his star might rise a little bit. But look at it this way: A big-budget movie generates income *immediately*. In front. There's millions for this and that, and a few hundred thou can easily disappear. So there's all this cash floating around before any money is *made*. Whoever has the money in his hands is gonna take as much of it as he can.

It's one big gargoyle: The artist grabs as much as he can out front and shoots the budget up right off. The studio head gets paid a wage, but if he guesses wrong, so what? Nobody's gonna kill him. The money's out there, everybody's making a living and basically, everybody's ripping everybody off. The unions are ripping you off because they're feather-bedding. They make you hire more drivers than you need, more crane operators than you need, cameramen you don't need. Over-time for meals. A good extra, if he knows what he's doing, can pull in good money to not do fuck-all. A clever electrician can fuck the wiring up. A grip can fuck with the light; that can take an hour to change. An hour is \$30,000 down the drain. A crane operator can say, "Crane don't work in the cold," and so, of course, it *don't*.

So the movie is made, the director's finished: "Fuck off, we don't need you." The film editors: "Hi, baby, love what you've done"; and when they're done, it's "Fuck off; we don't need you, either." The studio says take a fucking hike—unless it needs you for a reshoot; then you're the greatest guy in the world. The executives sit there and make "critical"

decisions, because their egos insist on it. If they like the movie. If they don't, they won't come near the fucking thing. So then it's give it to a distributor: it's *his* job now. So he flies out the exhibitors. Wines and dines Fat Al from Detroit because he owns a string of Midwest theaters. Al don't *like* movies, but it's a good way to make some bucks. So Fat Al agrees to take the picture, and he takes a few bucks in "expenses." Then back to the distributor and "overhead." Then back to the movie company and "creative bookkeeping."

**PLAYBOY:** How does that work?

**CHONG:** "We can't mail the check; the computer's broken down." Or "The secretary's sick till next week." So now the \$500,000 you're supposed to have sits there collecting interest for *them*. If they're smart, they'll stretch it out long enough so that the interest pays for a lot of perks. So you've gotta borrow money to pay *your* bills, which you have to pay interest on, and hire an accounting firm and pay them money, and then the studio says, "Jeez, why didn't you say so in the first place? Of *course*, you can have your money."

**CHEECH:** There's no way they can lose.

**PLAYBOY:** So how do you beat the system?

**CHONG:** Make all your money out front. Have total control—which we do. And make so much money that there ain't a laundromat in the world that can clean it.

**PLAYBOY:** Mel Brooks once said there should be a sign emblazoned atop every studio president's desk: WE MAKE THE MONEY; YOU FIND IT.

**CHONG:** Man, you can't even worry about it. If you stop and think about money, it's the scariest job in the world. You just think about how to make a better movie, party, have a good time. If you protect yourself, the bread always shows up. And never risk your own money. You put up your own money, you're a fool.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of your own money, what was it like when you realized that you were millionaires? That you'd never have to work another day if you didn't want to?

**CHONG:** I remember the day an accountant told us that—and we found out he was a crook. We never think about it. We do exactly what we want to do, and now the only difference is that instead of saying, "Thank you for letting us stay here," we own the joint.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your net worth?

**CHONG:** We don't know.

**CHEECH:** Never think of it. I just know my checks won't bounce.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the collaboration process when you make a movie?

**CHONG:** Cheech tells me his dreams, I tell him mine and we put them together. Cheech has a recurring dream—a nightmare that he has to go on a banana diet.

**CHEECH:** Yeah, that I've finally become a



# SEAGRAM'S GIN AND SCHWEPPE'S MAKE YOUR GIN & TONIC LETTER PERFECT.

The smooth and refreshing taste of Seagram's Gin makes the best drinks possible.  
Seagram's Gin and Schweppes tonic, a perfectly refreshing combination.  
Enjoy our quality in moderation.



100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.



vegetarian. Scares the shit out of me. I'm in my garden, digging up carrots.

**CHONG:** Hey, those little carrots scream carrot screams when you pull 'em out of the ground.

**CHEECH:** Fuck 'em; they're carrots.

**CHONG:** What we do is unconstructed. Just leave it at this: It works. If you have to explain it, it don't work.

**CHEECH:** Yeah, and if you want the secret, it's gonna cost you. No more free jokes. We churn 'em out; we just do it. We can deliver 10,000 jokes on the dock in Pittsburgh by Wednesday, but it's gonna cost you. Prices of jokes are going up—jokeflation, you know.

**CHONG:** Yeah, plus, the jokeflly killed the last crop. Gonna cost you more.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you guys political at all?

**CHEECH:** Now, *that's* a funny joke. I voted, once, a long time ago.

**CHONG:** I voted once, too, but I fucked up my ballot and it didn't count.

**CHEECH:** Politicians are a bunch of nerds. I mean, really stupid. We've met lots of 'em, because they're on planes getting drunk and they come over and introduce themselves to us. If they can see that far.

**CHONG:** People don't realize one thing about politicians: You're not supposed to love the guys. That was the trouble with Carter. He wanted everybody to love him. I *hated* him for that reason. And any time a politician tells you he's not gonna lie to you, you know that's exactly what he's gonna do. Like you tell your old lady, "I never did nothin' wrong while you were gone," and she says, "Well, why would you even bring it up to begin with, then?" I believe in monarchy; kings and queens come in handy. Gives you stability, some class.

**PLAYBOY:** Teaches all the peasants to stay in line?

**CHONG:** Yeah, until you learn your manners.

**PLAYBOY:** You'd tell that to a welfare mother in Mississippi? "Stay in line and learn your manners"?

**CHONG:** Sure. I grew up with people like that.

**PLAYBOY:** So it's anybody's own fault if he's poor, undernourished and illiterate?

**CHONG:** Absolutely, absolutely. You have the power within you to change any time. It can happen to anybody. When I started working at Motown, I was so pro-black, so *gung ho*, and you know what? I was the only one. The black guys didn't give a fuck; I was the only one with a social conscience. I thought to myself, finally, Why are you so set on changing their whole trip? Then I asked myself, "Why *are* they so down?" And the answer was that when one made it big, he would make everybody else a slave. When these guys become king, they treat every other nigger as their plantation hand.

**PLAYBOY:** But you just said you're a monarchist. Kings are supposed to do that, right? Keep 'em in line—

**CHONG:** I just know that the only way you can change the world is by changing yourself from within. It's not who *they* are, it's who *you* are. Just make your universe so attractive that it affects everybody else around you.

Hugh Hefner is a perfect example, and I know it sounds like I'm saying this to curry favor, but I really mean it. He started out with an idea that had never been done, never been tested. He made it, he won and he's just the perfect example of what I'm talking about. Man, just cut this part out so it won't seem like I'm ass licking. But with his positive attitude, he changed what could be done with print. Me and Cheech, we've changed what could be done with records, Vegas, movies. . . . We've looked forward to the *Playboy Interview*, because there are so many things that have not been said, that we can't do from our pulpit. And let's face it: The *Playboy Interview* is the ultimate showcase.

**CHEECH:** Yeah, you guys know how to make us illiterates make sense, or nonsense, or—anyway, we get a chance to talk with an audience in a way we

---

*"As a rich Canadian, I think Reagan is doing a swell job, by golly. I like him because he takes time off, like we do."*

---

haven't before. The only other team whose interview I've read in *PLAYBOY* is Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda.

**CHONG:** I hope we're funnier than *them*, eh? See, I was a *PLAYBOY* fan from the first issue—the very *first* issue. It was in '53, and from that day on, I was a *PLAYBOY freak*. I always thought that *PLAYBOY* stood for the best—total freedom of the press.

**CHEECH:** I got hip to *PLAYBOY* right away, too. Bought every issue when I was a kid.

**PLAYBOY:** For the literary content, no doubt?

**CHEECH:** Fuck, no—for the chicks, man. It was the first "open and unfold." Even with the brushed-out pubes, it got you plenty horny. *National Geographic* was the only alternative—topless natives. But they were untouchable because they were in fucking Africa. I remember my first time out, I bought a *PLAYBOY* and the centerfold was Janet Pilgrim, this real white girl with real blonde hair and real red lips and real big tits, and they said she was this secretary at *PLAYBOY* who had just been, ummm, "discovered" in the offices. I remember *so well*. . . . Ah, Janet. Moving right along?

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think about Ronald Reagan?

**CHEECH:** Fuck off and die, you ugly son of a bitch. [*Laughs*]

**CHONG:** Note, please, that Cheech said that. As a rich Canadian, I think Reagan is doing a swell job, by golly. I like him because he takes time off, like we do. I wouldn't trust any guy who worked 20 hours a day. Not when his hand is right next to the little red button. I mean, a month of hassles, 20 hours a day; he comes home and his wife won't fuck him—boom!—nuclear war.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there anything that could possibly shock you guys?

**CHEECH:** I really fucking doubt it. Maybe a true accounting from one of the studios.

**PLAYBOY:** So what are your future goals?

**CHEECH:** To keep this joint lit. [*Laughs*] Actually, to live happy forever or die happy tryin'.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you want to die?

**CHEECH:** I don't think I'd like to be impaled on a fender; that might scare me.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you want your tombstone to read?

**CHEECH:** PLEASE DO NOT TAKE THE FLOWERS AWAY; THEY'RE MINE.

**CHONG:** HE'S NOT HERE RIGHT NOW. See, I want to come back.

**PLAYBOY:** As what?

**CHONG:** I'd like to come back as the maitre de at the Polo Lounge.

**CHEECH:** I'd like to come back as a ground hog between Brooke Shields's legs. That'd be nice.

**PLAYBOY:** You guys got last year's award from the National Association of Theater Owners for being the comedy team of the Eighties—

**CHONG:** Yeah, it's the most prestigious award in the history of mankind. We're right up there with Albert Schweitzer and Mother Teresa now.

**CHEECH:** In all humility, we think it should have gone to Jerry Lewis for inventing muscular dystrophy.

**CHONG:** I hear that in his new movie with Robert De Niro, Lewis gets kidnaped. *That's* a great plot—kidnap him and send a ransom note to the French *auteurs*—

**CHEECH:** And they turn it over to the government, and the French government says, "Sorry, it's not in our budget. We finance our own diseases." [*Laughs*] Man, these *Playboy Interviews* are fucking *exhausting*.

**CHONG:** Amen.

**CHEECH:** Ain't there a final question?

**PLAYBOY:** All right: What's your place in history?

**CHEECH:** I want it to be remembered that we were the greatest Cheech and Chong ever.

**CHONG:** And the first.

**CHEECH:** And the only.







## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

Before the Big Game, he'd rather huddle on the tail gate of his vintage woody than rush to join the fans in the stands, because, as the lady will testify, he already knows the score. Seventy-one percent of PLAYBOY subscribers are college-educated, so it's academic—they choose the magazine that leads its field in seniority. That's why PLAYBOY is this man's second choice sensation for autumn recreation. Football, of course, is only third.





# 2010

## ODYSSEY TWO

By **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**  
*author of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY*

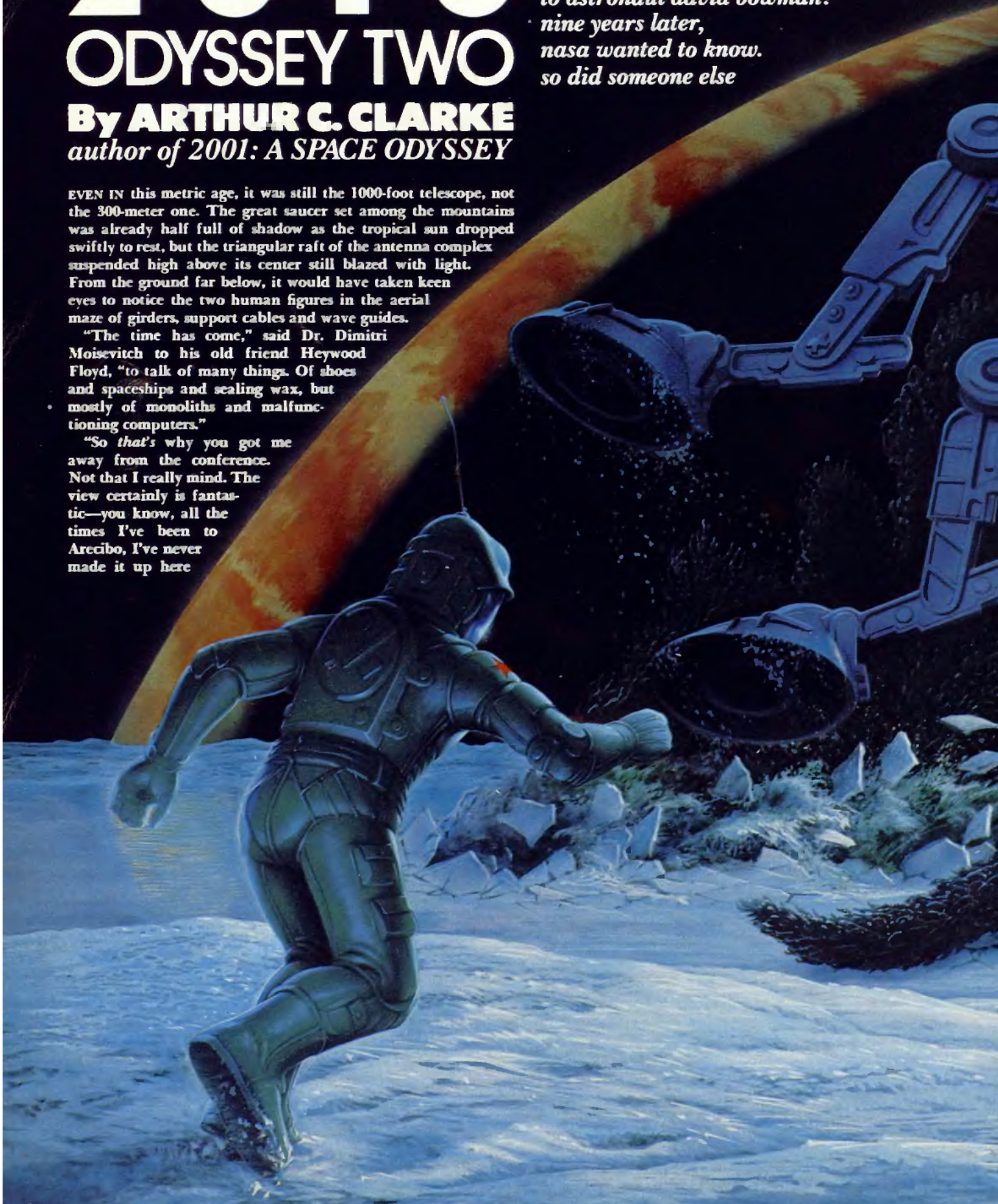
*what happened,  
near jupiter,  
to astronaut david bowman?  
nine years later,  
nasa wanted to know.  
so did someone else*

EVEN IN this metric age, it was still the 1000-foot telescope, not the 300-meter one. The great saucer set among the mountains was already half full of shadow as the tropical sun dropped swiftly to rest, but the triangular raft of the antenna complex suspended high above its center still blazed with light.

From the ground far below, it would have taken keen eyes to notice the two human figures in the aerial maze of girders, support cables and wave guides.

"The time has come," said Dr. Dimitri Moisevitch to his old friend Heywood Floyd, "to talk of many things. Of shoes and spaceships and sealing wax, but mostly of monoliths and malfunctioning computers."

"So *that's* why you got me away from the conference. Not that I really mind. The view certainly is fantastic—you know, all the times I've been to Arecibo, I've never made it up here





FIRST LOOK  
at a new novel



*mundhatz*



to the antenna feed."

"Shame on you. I've been here three times. Imagine—we're listening to the whole universe, but no one can overhear us. So let's talk."

"All right, you old Cossack. What do you want to know?"

"First of all, we'll overlook the ridiculous and frankly illegal secrecy with which your people dug up the Tycho monolith—"

"That wasn't my idea."

There was a gloomy silence while the two men contemplated the black enigma up there on the Moon, still contemptuously defying all the weapons that human ingenuity could bring to bear upon it. Then the Russian scientist continued.

"Anyway, whatever the Tycho monolith may be, there's something more important out at Jupiter. That's where it sent its signal, after all. And that's where your people ran into trouble. Frank Poole was the only one I knew personally. He seemed a good man."

"Thank you; they were *all* good men. I wish we knew what happened to them."

"Whatever it was, surely you'll admit that it now concerns the whole human race—not merely the United States. You can no longer try to use your knowledge for purely national advantage."

"Dimitri, you know perfectly well that your side would have done exactly the same thing. And you'd have helped."

"You're absolutely right. With a new President, perhaps wiser counsels will prevail."

"Possibly. Do you have any suggestions, and are they official, or just personal hopes?"

"Entirely *unofficial* at the moment. What the bloody politicians call exploratory talks. Which I shall flatly deny ever occurred."

"Fair enough. Go on."

"OK—here's the situation. You're assembling Discovery II in parking orbit as quickly as you can, but you can't hope to have it ready in less than three years, which means you'll miss the next launch window—"

"Don't let anyone know *I* told you we were afraid of that. But do go on."

"Because my bosses are just as stupid and shortsighted as yours, they want to go it alone. Which means that whatever went wrong with *you* may happen to us, and we'll all be back to square one—or worse."

"What do *you* think went wrong? We're just as baffled as you are. And don't tell me you haven't got all of Dave Bowman's transmissions."

"Of course we have. Right up to that last 'My God, it's full of stars!' We've even done a stress analysis on his voice patterns. We don't think he was hallucin-

ating; he was trying to describe what he actually saw."

"And what do you make of his Doppler shift?"

"Completely impossible, of course. When we lost his signal, he was receding at a tenth of the speed of light. And he'd reached that in less than two minutes. A quarter of a million gravities!"

"So he must have been killed instantly."

"Don't pretend to be naïve. Woody. Your space-pod radios aren't built to withstand even a hundredth of that acceleration. If *they* could survive, so could Bowman—at least until we lost contact."

"Just doing an independent check on your deductions. From there on, we're as much in the dark as you are. *If* you are."

"Merely playing with lots of crazy guesses I'd be ashamed to tell you. Yet none of them, I suspect, will be half as crazy as the truth."

"Well, Dimitri," Floyd said, "let's get to the point. Just what are you driving at?"

"There must be a vast amount of priceless information stored in Discovery's data banks; presumably it's still being gathered, even though the ship's stopped transmitting. We'd like to have that. And what I propose is cooperation. I'm convinced that's the best idea—but we may have a job selling it to our respective bosses."

"You want one of our astronauts to fly with Leonov?"

"Yes—preferably an engineer who's specialized in Discovery's systems. Like the ones you're training at Houston to bring the ship home."

"How did you know *that*?"

"For heaven's sake, Woody—it was on *Aviation Week's* video text at least a month ago."

"I *am* out of touch; nobody tells me what's been declassified."

"All the more reason to spend time in Washington. Will you back me up?"

"Absolutely; I agree with you one hundred percent. And—"

"I understand what you're driving at; many thanks. Anything else before we go down? I'm starting to freeze."

"Don't worry, old friend. As soon as you let all this filter through to Washington—wait a week or so until I'm clear—things are going to get very, very hot."

MISSION PROFILE

English Version

To: Captain Tanya Orlov, Commander, Spacecraft Cosmonaut Alexei Leonov  
From: U.S. National Council on Astronautics, Pennsylvania Ave-

nue, Washington, D.C.  
Commission on Outer Space,  
U.S.S.R. Academy of Science, Korolyov Prospect, Moscow

MISSION OBJECTIVES

The objectives of your mission are, in order of priority:

1. To proceed to the Jovian system and rendezvous with U.S. spacecraft Discovery;

2. To board this spacecraft and obtain all possible information relating to its earlier mission;

3. To reactivate spacecraft Discovery's on-board systems and, if propellant supplies are adequate, inject the ship into an Earth-return trajectory;

4. To locate the Jupiter monolith encountered by Discovery and to investigate it to the maximum extent possible by remote sensors;

5. If it seems advisable and Mission Control concurs, to rendezvous with this object for closer inspection;

6. To carry out a survey of Jupiter and its satellites, as far as this is compatible with the above objectives.

It is realized that unforeseen circumstances may require a change of priorities or even make it impossible to achieve some of these objectives. It must be clearly understood that the rendezvous with spacecraft Discovery is for the express purpose of obtaining information about the monolith; this must take precedence over all other objectives, including attempts at salvage.

CREW

The crew of spacecraft Alexei Leonov will consist of:

Captain Tanya Orlov (Engineering/Propulsion)

Dr. Vasili Orlov (Navigation/Astronomy)

Dr. Maxim Brailovsky (Engineering/Structures)

Dr. Alexander Kovalev (Engineering/Communications)

Dr. Nikolai Ternovsky (Engineering/Control Systems)

Surgeon-Commander Katerina Rudenko (Medical/Life Support)

Dr. Irina Yakunin (Medical/Nutrition)

In addition, the U.S. National Council on Astronautics will provide the following three experts:

Dr. Sivasubramanian Chandrasegarampillai (Engineering/Computer Systems)

Dr. Walter Curnow (Engineering/Control Systems)

(continued on page 206)





*BUCK BROWN*

*"By the way, are you using anything?"*







america's managers could achieve near perfection—if only they could learn to cope with human mistakes

## WHY THINGS DON'T WORK

DURING THE LATE SIXTIES and early Seventies, when *PLAYBOY* was examining the future of American life with what turned out to be grim accuracy, there was an orphaned assignment, *Why Things Don't Work*. No one ever did very much about it, because the subject was too overwhelming. A magazine article? It required an encyclopedia. Since then, the number of things that have not worked would tax the guilt reserves of an Old Testament prophet. A single minor aspect of the catastrophe inspired a major best seller, *Murphy's Law and Other Reasons Why Things Go Wrong*. After the recall of defective pacemakers (some of which had already been installed in people's chests), it would have come as more of a relief than a surprise had the entire planet been recalled.

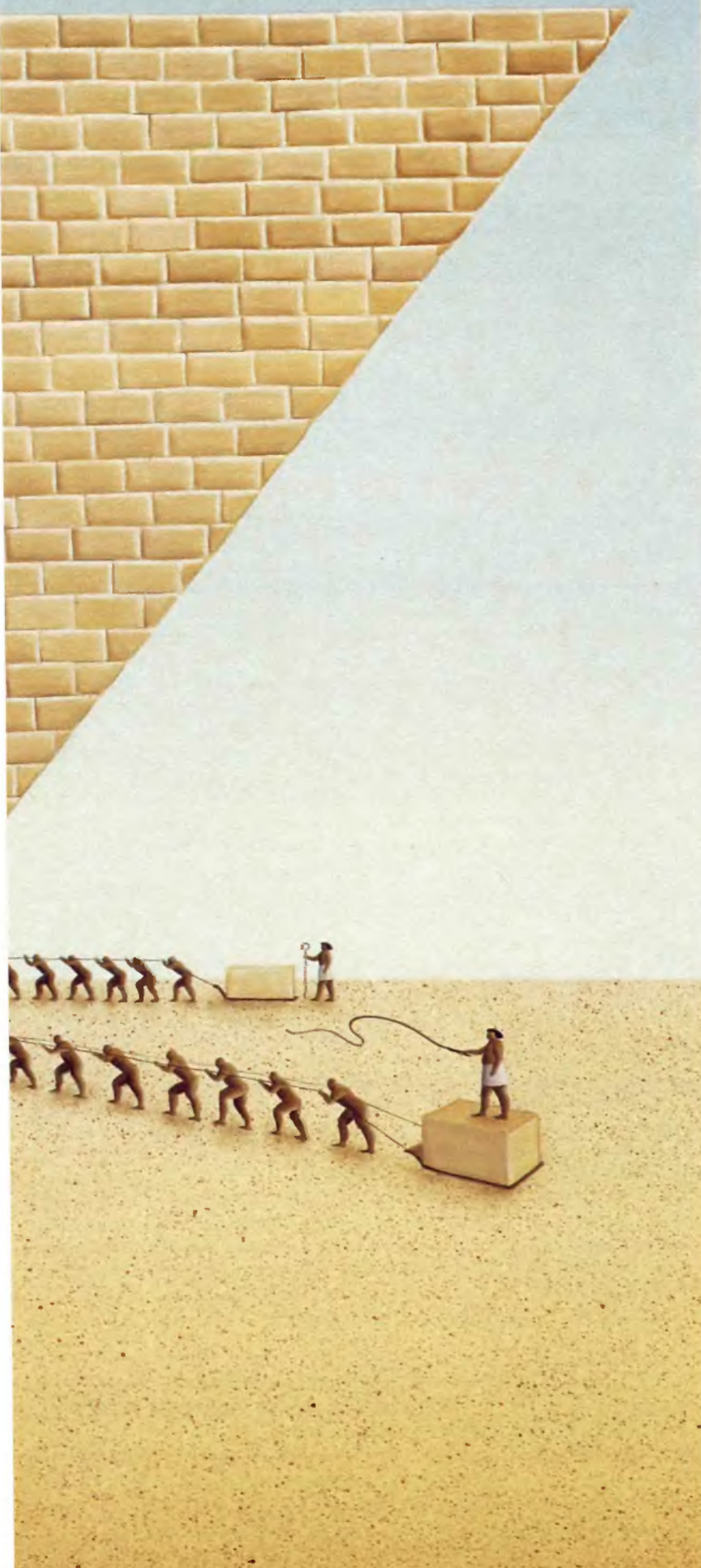
There are bright spots—of sorts. The bald eagle has become an endangered species, but so has the SMILE button. We have achieved a national unity of despair. That eliminates a lot of argument. Having agreed that everything is either rotten or poisonous, we are beginning to consider not merely what has happened but why. We have so far blamed our problems on everything from jelly beans to telepathic invasions from outer space. In fact, sugar *does* appear to be a malicious force. Astral energies *do* make people act funny. A breakdown in moral values has been shown to increase the spread of venereal disease. The list of symptoms and their causes is infinite, and so is the discussion, which grows more and more futile.

More complex weapons systems did not get our people out of Iran. Neither do more complicated prescriptions seem to be cleaning up our messes. If anything, they make them worse, becoming another part of the problem. But despite the anguish of the highbrows, the real answers are being found at what some might consider the simplest level: the automobile war between the United States and Japan. The Japanese are landing whole automobile factories in our heartlands. Our guys are closing the borders and calling for

essay

By **JULES SIEGEL**

ILLUSTRATION BY SANDRA HENDLER





saturation-bombing raids. Why is Japan whipping us? Apparently, because it has a value system that is superior to ours and that is reflected in greater and better productivity. "American businessmen surround themselves with yes men," says Mitsuko Shimomura, U. S. correspondent for *Asahi Shimbun* of Tokyo.

"Management tried to take too much," says Sony chairman Akio Morita. "They viewed the worker as a tool."

That sort of speculation is useful, but it doesn't go far enough. *Why* do American businessmen surround themselves with yes men? *Why* do they view workers as tools? And does it really matter, anyway? Throughout history, the attitudes of those in power have always been the same: If there were no complaints, all was well. If there were complaints, giving in would be a sign of weakness. So what if top-500 corporations are totalitarian, as Earl Shorris charges in his widely acclaimed book *The Oppressed Middle*? Totalitarian organizations, which seek to eliminate all individual independence, can produce immense material and psychic rewards. That's why they are so successful. Yet it does seem clear that they are almost always doomed to failure in the long run unless they can find ways in which to accommodate change, errors, eccentricities and other deviations from their norms. The single most interesting insight to come out of that debate is that success handles itself, but how you handle failure is crucial. Americans are very poor at dealing with failure. In our value system, failure doesn't exist.

•

Compare the defense industry, the nuclear-power industry and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). All use essentially the same technology, the same skills, the same kinds of financing. Our military equipment has become so poor in quality that it's possible to argue that one of the main factors in our Vietnam defeat was our inability to make a rifle that worked in combat. Atomic-energy progress has been halted, because insurance companies won't take any further risks and neither will the bond buyers who put up the money to build the plants. Would the space program have worked if the military had kept running it alone? I doubt it.

The difference is in how each field has traditionally handled mistakes. The military and the atomic-energy people attempt to control errors by increasing supervision and punishment. That has reached such insane proportions that there are now something like 88 managers for every 12 line workers in the defense industry. The usual reaction to

any attempt to report errors is the cover-up, frequently combined with retaliation—the Karen Silkwood syndrome. There is widespread secrecy and paranoia. Despite that (or because of it), the quality of the product continues to decline.

At the beginning of the space program, NASA found itself facing the same quality-control problems. Instead of repeating the errors of the military, it encouraged its contractors to deal with the issue in novel ways. One of the most significant of those was originated by Rockwell International specifically for the Apollo Project. When Rockwell studied the actual causes of employee errors, it found there were really only two: the system itself—the way in which the assembly line had been designed or the speed at which it was running, for example—and the simple fact that people *do* make mistakes no matter how well the workplace functions. It's possible to do some things almost perfectly for short periods of time, but over the long run, everyone makes mistakes. That's life. That's what it is to be human. It's also a function of the way you define error. Even in a relatively simple situation, such as firing a rifle at a target, the bullets fall in distribution patterns that seem to owe more to mathematics than to marksmanship. You can clamp a rifle to a bench and fire it at a target and still not be able to put two bullets in a row through the same hole.

Modern businesses are so large and the managers so far from the line that performance is measured not in person but through statistical methods using norms. The norm is the bull's-eye. If you make the bull's-eye too small for the distance involved, some of the bullets will fall outside it no matter how skilled the marksman. That applies as well to all situations in which you are trying to get people to turn out a standard product in a standard period of time. There will be variations, deviations, errors, mistakes, omissions. No amount of supervision can correct that. It is not merely wired into the system itself but is also a physical law of nature. You can argue with it, but you can't evade it. A way to feel what that means on a gut level is to fold a piece of paper in successive halves. No matter how big the paper is and how strong you are, you can't get past fold seven. Try it.

Although it is impossible to eliminate errors, it is possible to keep them to a minimum. Most important are ways of discovering them and correcting them before it's too late. First of all, according to Duane Gray, the psychologist who spearheaded the Rockwell study, you

can create a positive atmosphere of teamwork in a system that is designed to be comfortably challenging rather than brutally demanding. There will still be errors, of course, but Gray's solution was simple and revolutionary: Get the workers to find and correct their own mistakes.

Attempts to get workers to assist in quality control have usually been frustrated by traditional barriers between management and labor. The classic modern failure of that sort of approach is the Vega, produced by General Motors in a brand-new plant in Lordstown, Ohio, by young workers selected especially for their upbeat qualities. At first, the plant worked fine. Then, new supervisory techniques were introduced, along with a speed-up. Not only were all complaints crushed but so were the workers' unofficial ways of overcoming conditions that had been unworkable in the first place. When the line got too fast for one person to keep up, the workers in Lordstown tried to double up. One man would work as fast as he could at double time. His buddy would follow up and correct his mistakes at a more leisurely pace. Then they'd switch. Then management speeded up the assembly line so that everyone had to work fast. At the same time, workers were forbidden to use the buddy system. In order to meet production quotas, the workers continued doubling up and the foremen looked the other way, but the line was now moving so fast that it was impossible to maintain quality control. Grievances, of which there had been only a few hundred a year at the beginning, quickly rose to more than 5000 in the first few months of the new repression. The Vega soon became known as a lemon, not necessarily because it was badly designed but because the workers were unable to keep up with the speed of the line. Finally, they went out on strike.

What could have been a triumph for G.M. was turned into a defeat because of management's inability to admit that the new rules were a mistake. The heavier the pressure from above to conform, the more the workers rebelled. Out of frustration, they sabotaged cars on the line. The real problem was that no amount of supervision or enthusiasm could make up for the fact that although the program might have worked out on a slide rule or a computer simulation, it just did not work out on the line. The managers were more interested in asserting their authority than in turning out good cars.

Rockwell's Apollo managers faced  
(continued on page 198)



SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY KEN MARCUS

*we published some great shots  
of miss jeffries  
back in 1971. now, at 45,  
she looks better than ever*

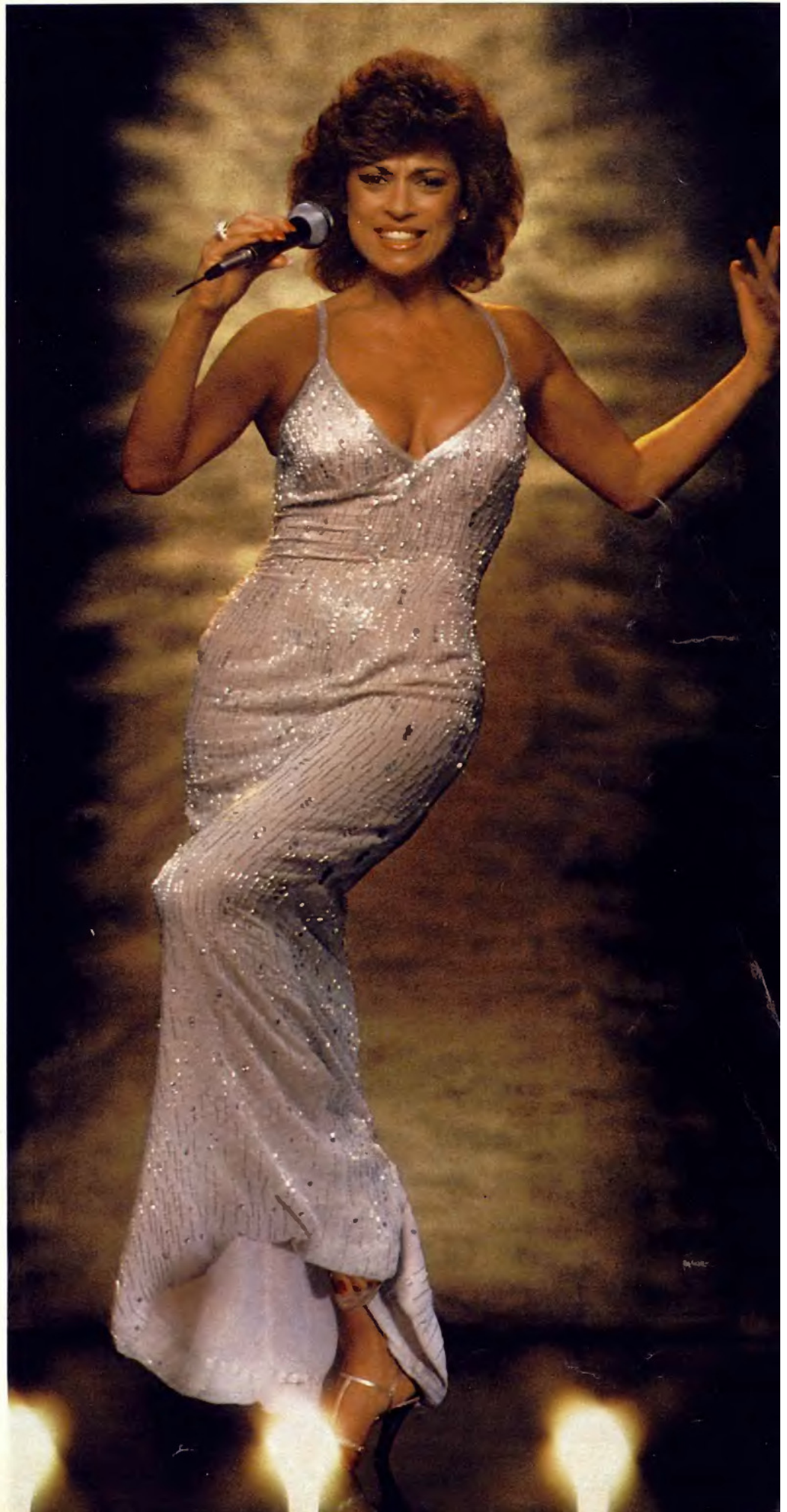
# STILL FRAN- TASTIC!

FRAN JEFFRIES, singer/dancer/actress, was pumped up. She was in Los Angeles, preparing for her opening at Marty's, a New York jazz club. Fran had worked out that morning, as she does every morning, and you could have lit a city block with her energy. This day, however, was special. It was her birthday, but not just *any* birthday. As Fran put it, it was "the big four-five."

The remarkable thing is not that she's 45 but that she's been able to jam so



When Fran Jeffries made her debut on *Del's Amateur Hour* radio show (above) at the age of 12, she had visions of taking her act on the road. At right, grown up and decidedly professional, Fran's still knocking audiences dead in showrooms all around the world.





much into those years. Name a top bistro; she's played it. Name a major male performer; she's worked with or known him. Name any area of the entertainment business—stage, movies, television, recording—at one time or another, Fran has had major billing.

Fran was 12 when she began her odyssey, winning an amateur contest that garnered



her "a Bulova watch and something like a month's worth of groceries at the local Safeway." By the age of 16, she was singing professionally at a North Beach club in San Francisco. Soon after, she was touring with Bob Scobey's Dixieland Band, setting a heady pace for herself that has not let up to this day.

She was still in her teens

In a career that now spans four decades, Fran Jeffries has worked in many facets of show business. In a summer replacement show in the Sixties called *Spotlight* (above), she appeared with some then-new talent, singer Tom Jones and comedian Jack Carter. She starred, with veteran actor Tony Curtis, in the 1964 film *Sex and the Single Girl* (below left), loosely based on the best seller by Helen Gurley Brown of *Cosmopolitan* magazine fame. Her second husband, Richard Quine, directed Fran in his 1969 flick *A Talent for Loving* (not shown).



Elvis Presley (above center) was Fran's leading man in the 1965 musical *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. In the 1964 hit Blake Edwards' *The Pink Panther* (above right), she was teamed with funnyman Peter Sellers in his bow as Inspector Clouseau. Fran has appeared with comedians Sheeky Greene, Jon Murrey, Bill Cosby and Don Rickles, shared billing with singers Lou Rawls and Sammy Davis Jr. and was guest vocalist on tour with Count Basie's Orchestra. In February 1971, she did her first *PLAYBOY* pictorial, *Fran-tastic!*, which produced the winning shot below.









when she met and married her eventual singing partner and mentor, Dick Haymes. It was, for a lot of reasons, the most significant occurrence in her life.

"I was young when I married him," she remembered. "I was 19 and he was 20 years my senior. I grew up fast."

Haymes taught her an appreciation for good, "tasty" music. "All the classy, sophisticated things I did," she said, "were really a result of his influence. Our professional relationship was based on getting the best music. We always had the finest tunes by the finest writers. Cy Coleman,





"Younger men?" mused Fran. "I don't find them a turn-on at all. I like to play the little girl; you can't do that with younger men. On the other hand, I can't imagine myself going out with somebody who's 70 years old. That's like dating your dad. Guys that age need a lot of sleep!"



Matt Dennis, Joe McCarthy, Mel Tormé, they were supplying us with material."

Fran was with Haymes for five years, working together for three and a half. Along the way, they produced a daughter, Stephanie. Musically, the union was a success, but it was not to last.

"Dick had a problem," Fran recalled, "a drinking problem. And I really couldn't cope with it as maybe I could today. I didn't want his problem to affect the relationship with our daughter. I just didn't want her to *see* all that. I had opportunities to work on different shows—Jonathan Winters, Perry Como—and they wanted me alone. That caused some friction. Then I decided I wanted to move from New York to L.A. and Dick wanted to stay there. So we split."

It was an amicable split and they remained friends until Haymes's death. "With all his hang-ups, I still considered him my friend. He called me when he was dying and I was there. It was nice—that he chose to call me out of all his seven wives!"

After her divorce from Haymes, Fran married a *(concluded on page 183)*





Robert Grossman



---

# THE TELETHON

*work it up, jerry—you give us the thrills, you get the pledge. delay will cost you at least ten bucks*

---

*fiction* **By STANLEY ELKIN**

THE GRIEFS ARE leaking. Everyone is watching the telethon and the griefs are leaking. Everyone is giving to the telethon and sympathy is pouring. There is lump in the throat like heavy hail. Everyone is watching and giving to the telethon and the griefs are big business. The Helbros tote board can barely keep up. The griefs are pandemic. There is a perspiration of griefs, tears like a sad grease. He watches the telethon from his bed and is catching the griefs, coming down with the griefs, contaged, indisposed with sentiment.

Cornell Messenger watches the telethon almost every year. He has been with Jerry Lewis for seven or eight telethons now. He knows when the entertainer will take off his bow tie; he knows when he will cry. I know when I will, Messenger thinks.

It is astonishing how much money is being raised. He is positive all the other channels are dark. It is Labor Day weekend, but he is certain that even those off

on picnics have seen some of it, that almost everyone has been touched, that this year's campaign will beat all the others. He expects Frank Sinatra to bring Dean Martin onto the show any minute now; he expects everyone to forgive his enemies, that there will be no enemies left. We are in armistice, Messenger thinks. Truce is legion, all hearts reconciled in the warm bath water of the griefs.

During the cutaway to the local station, he watches the children swarm in the shopping center. They tell their names to the Weather Lady and empty their jars and oatmeal boxes and coffee cans of cash into great plastic fish bowls.

The sums are staggering. Two grand from the firemen in Red Bud, Illinois, who have challenged the fire fighters of Mascoutah and Belleville and Alton and Edwardsville. This local has challenged that local; waitresses and cabdrivers have challenged other waitresses and cabdrivers to turn over their tips. He suspects that hookers have been turning tricks for Muscular Dystrophy.

He sees what is happening in the bi-state area and multiplies that by what must be going on in the rest of the country. He thinks they will probably make it—the \$25,000,000 Ed McMahon has predicted the telethon will take in. But there are only a few hours left. Will M.D. be licked in the poster kid's lifetime?

Messenger doesn't know what he thinks of Jerry Lewis. He suspects he is pretty thin-skinned, that he takes seriously his critics' charge that he's made his fortune mimicking crippled children, that for him, the telethon is only a sort of furious penance. It is as if—watch this now, this is tricky, he thinks—the Juggler of Our Lady, miming the prelapsarian absence of ordinary gravity, has come true, as everything is always coming true, the most current event incipient in the ancient, sleazy biologic sprawl. Something like that.

I guess he's OK, Messenger thinks. If only he will stop referring to them as *his* kids. He doesn't have to do that. Maybe he (*concluded on page 222*) 103



# PERSONAL BEST

---

*luxurious and  
stylish accouterments  
for the man of taste*

# A

lthough it's true that clothes make the man, the accessories in your life—from the type of shaving brush you lather up with in the morning to your taste in cuff links and key rings—also define your style. So this month, we're introducing a new PLAYBOY feature: *Personal Best*, a page that will showcase exceptional accouterments that we think you'll want to add to the landscape of your desktop, dresser, bar or bath or even to slip into your pocket. Tom Wolfe's phrase "the right stuff" has found a new home right here. Clockwise from 11: A man's dressing-table mirror on an adjustable brass-and-chrome stand, with a magnified image on the flip side, by Karl Springer Ltd., \$945. Next to it: A hand-wrought sterling-silver nautical cup, with a heavy-silver-rope motif, that's ideal as a cigarette holder, from Cartier, New York, \$350. Continuing clockwise: This lapis-lazuli-and-18-kt.-gold-plated shaving set that's made in Paris by Bernard Richards includes a hexagonal-handled toothbrush and a razor, plus a shaving stand with a removable gold-plated lather bowl and a badger-bristled shaving brush, from Perspective Ltd., New York, \$2124. Beside the shaving set is a handsome antique-silver inkwell, from Neiman-Marcus, \$270. Next to it: A sterling-silver pen with a felt tip, from Bulgari, New York, \$275. Those two leather cases near the corner are made in Italy of full-quill astrichskin; the one with the gold corners is designed for business cards, \$225, and the other one is a billfold, \$295, both from Mark Cross Inc. Bottom right: A pocket magnifying glass that's housed in a sterling-silver shell-shaped case, from Tiffany, New York, \$95. For your smokes, a sterling-silver cigarette case inlaid with 14-kt. gold, from Fortunoff, New York, \$350. The cuff-link set next to it is 14-kt. gold with cabochon sapphires, from Tiffany, New York, \$660. Above the cuff links: A 14-kt.-gold key ring with a tag that can be monogrammed with your initials, from Fortunoff, New York, \$415. A silver-plated double-horsehead corkscrew with sheath, from Hermès, Chicago, \$230; and a pewter hairbrush that's handmade in England, from Paul Stuart, New York, about \$45. Atop the hairbrush: A Swiss-made ultra-thin pocket watch created from two American ten-dollar gold pieces, by Patek Philippe, \$7900.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI











# THE BOMB...AND BEYOND

*to the leaders of the u.s. and russia, the idea of nuclear war is a weapon in itself. the rest of us are afraid it's an idea whose time is coming*

article **BY OTTO FRIEDRICH**

*The appearance of people was . . . well, they all had skin blackened by burns. . . . They had no hair, because their hair was burned, and at a glance, you couldn't tell whether you were looking at them from in front or in back. . . . They held their arms bent like this . . . and their skin—not only on their hands but on their faces and bodies, too—hung down. . . . Wherever I walked, I met these people. . . . Many of them died along the road—I can still picture them in my mind—like walking ghosts. . . . They didn't look like people of this world. . . . They had a special way of walking—very slowly. . . . I myself was one of them.*

—A GROCER IN HIROSHIMA

AT ALMOST the exact center of the United States, vibrant with pride in being at the heart of the heartland, lies the city of Omaha, Nebraska. Lewis and Clark paused here before the city was even founded, and so did the Mormon caravans searching for salvation in the wilds of Utah. Omaha was created in 1854 by some land speculators in Council Bluffs, Iowa, just across the Missouri River, who named it after a dispossessed Indian tribe and touted it as the prospective capital of the newly created Nebraska Territory and, thus, the logical starting point for the main railroad to California. They succeeded. Omaha became one of the great railroad centers of the Middle West, one of the great grain markets and cattle stockyards. With commerce came finance, and Omaha became home to a large number of insurance companies. With prosperity came culture, the Joslyn Art Museum and the Omaha Symphony Orchestra. Also the celebrated Boys Town, operated by Father Edward Flanagan, who declared it to be his belief that "there is no such thing as a bad boy."

To protect all that, Omaha looked toward Fort Crook, long the home of the 22nd U. S. Infantry Regiment. Over the years, military systems changed. During World War One, Fort Crook served as the

home base of the nation's first air unit, the 61st Balloon Company, and after the war, it was renamed Offutt Field in honor of First Lieutenant Jarvis J. Offutt, Omaha's first air casualty, who had been killed in 1918 while flying for the Royal Air Force. During World War Two, Martin B-24 and B-29 bombers were manufactured here, including the Enola Gay, which dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima; and in 1948, the newly independent Air Force established in Offutt the headquarters of its Strategic Air Command. Omaha is, thus, at the center not only of the United States, not only of grain and cattle and life insurance, but of the planning for World War Three. When the Columbia Broadcasting System decided last year to devote five prime-time hours and about \$1,000,000 to a documentary report titled *The Defense of the United States*, it seemed logical to begin by simulating (at a cost of \$85,000 for one minute's worth of special effects) the devastating consequences of a 15-megaton thermonuclear bomb's landing on Omaha. The narrator's voice recited all the usual statistics—the radius of the blast area, the number of deaths by fire—but what was unforgettable to anyone who saw it was the monstrous image of the mushroom cloud rising over the office buildings of Omaha. It was the ordinariness of Omaha that made the image so powerful. The spectacle of a nuclear fireball rising over the Empire State Building in New York would probably have looked like another Hollywood epic, like *King Kong* or *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms*, but the sight of that cloud over the office towers of Omaha made the viewer feel, as one feels at the onset of any commonplace disaster, an automobile collision or a heart attack. *So this is the way it is.*

If the Gallup Poll is to be believed—and there is no particular reason it shouldn't be—most Americans now think that World War Three may break out during the Eighties, that they themselves may not survive the atomic attack and that they would rather not think about the prospects. Specifically, a representative sampling of 671 adults was asked about the likelihood of an all-out nuclear war



between the United States and the Soviet Union within the next ten years. Thirty-eight percent, the largest group, thought there was "some chance it will happen"; 24 percent foresaw "a good chance"; and six percent thought it "almost certain."

And what did the respondents think their chances were of living through a Soviet atomic attack? Good: nine percent; poor: 43 percent; just 50-50: 43 percent.

As for their own attitudes, 47 percent, the largest category, subscribed to the view that "while I am concerned about the chances of a nuclear war, I try to put it out of my mind."

Despite the widespread desire to avoid thinking about an impending catastrophe, that sense of catastrophe itself exists mainly in the popular imagination. No nuclear-armed strategic missile has ever been fired, after all, though both of the superpowers have actually possessed for many years the weapons capable of inflicting the destruction that so many people dread. The varying intensity of public anxiety, therefore, varies not according to changes in Soviet military power, nor even to changes in the East-West political climate, but according to official manipulations of public opinion. The idea of the end of the world has finally become an instrument of international propaganda.

Today that idea seems strong, yet the students who demonstrate against the threat of nuclear war appear unaware that the threat was probably greater 20 years ago. Soviet and American nuclear tests in those days really did fill the atmosphere with a radioactive fallout of strontium 90 and iodine 131, and those half-forgotten carcinogens really did appear in the food chain, first in grass and cattle fodder, then in the cows' milk destined for babies.

Both sides brandished their new weapons with an almost reckless pugnacity. When Nikita Khrushchev shipped ballistic missiles to Cuba in 1962, President Kennedy threatened to retaliate with all the military forces at his command. There were supporting moves of extreme belligerence. Kennedy not only organized a national bomb-shelter program but urged all homeowners to start building their own fallout shelters in their back yards. The basic purpose was less to protect American lives than to persuade the Russians that Americans were ready to fight.

The strain was too great. Khrushchev backed down, then was deposed and disgraced. But to many Americans as well, the nuclear threats were terrifying, making the risks seem greater than any reward. Swarms of mothers marched through Washington, and there arose a national debate on whether or not it would be justifiable to shoot a neighbor

who was trying to force his way into one's bomb shelter. Faced with such public scruples, the Pentagon planners began to fret over the problem of what they called credibility. Of what value was American military strength if the Soviets did not believe Washington would use it?

During the Vietnam-war years, that question was tested at a lower level of danger—the level of infantry combat—and both sides kept accumulating nuclear weapons. Critics of those gigantic arsenals periodically observed that each superpower had enough atomic bombs to destroy the other ten times, or 100 times, over. But in that swollen excess of destructive power—today about 8000 or 9000 strategic warheads on each side—the generals saw a kind of stability, which they named with one of their most apt acronyms: MAD, for mutual assured destruction.

Behind the apparent stability of MAD, however, the American defeat in Vietnam caused new uncertainties about whether or not Washington could ever bring itself to use its nuclear weapons. Everything that reassures Americans that there will not be a nuclear war reassures the rulers of Russia that they have relatively little to fear from Washington, so when the Russians sent troops into Afghanistan late in 1979, they were surprised at President Carter's show of indignation. But Carter seemed to lack either the means or the will to use force. Apart from scrapping the strategic-arms-limitation treaty (SALT) that he and the Russians had recently signed, he limited his indignation to such gestures as restricting wheat sales to Russia and boycotting the Moscow Olympics.

Washington once again felt a need, then, to persuade the world that it really was preparing for nuclear war. If MAD were no longer credible—and was it ever really credible that the United States could protect itself by threatening suicide?—then Carter wanted it known that he was altering U. S. policy by aiming American missiles at the Soviets' military bases as well as at their cities. The implication of Presidential directive number 59, officially approved in the summer of 1980, was that Washington was ready not simply to deter war but to wage it.

And since the Minuteman missiles were reputed to be vulnerable to surprise attack, Carter asked Congress to approve a 34-billion-dollar program to build 200 mobile MX missiles, as well as a series of huge "race tracks" in Utah and Nevada to disguise the missiles' locations. Although Carter did not go so far as to replenish the crackers in the bomb shelters, he did ask for two billion dollars to plan the evacuation of American cities in case of attack.

Ronald Reagan's defeat of Carter in

1980 canceled all those maneuvers, for Reagan wanted to begin maneuvers of his own. The ridiculous race tracks were canceled as too expensive, but to the MX missile itself, Reagan added a long list of other weapons, a revival of the B-1 bomber that Carter had abandoned, further work on the so-called neutron bomb, even the demothballing of the battleships of World War Two. He also requested four billion dollars for a highly publicized revival of civil defense. Washington announced that that showy rearmament would cost more than a trillion dollars over five years, but as a deteriorating economy brought large budget deficits, it remained uncertain how many such military moves would ever be completed.

None of those measures had much effect on the essential danger, which had remained basically unchanged for many years, but Reagan, like his predecessors, did his best to impress the world with a rhetoric of strength. He talked loudly of Soviet threats and let it be known that he could imagine a limited nuclear exchange in Europe. His excitable Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, said there was a NATO contingency plan to detonate a nuclear bomb somewhere in Europe as a warning.

U. S. officials pressed a project of deploying more than 500 new Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe, and Europeans responded by starting a wave of protest demonstrations. When a resumption of arms-control talks was finally announced this summer, much of the world reached a state of acute anxiety.

For some, the anxiety was not new. The prestigious *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, which had expressed its concern over the years by publishing on the cover of each issue a clock with the hands near the midnight of doomsday, moved those hands forward at the beginning of 1980 from nine minutes to seven minutes before midnight. In January 1981, it moved them forward again to four minutes to midnight. "Both sides willfully delude themselves that a nuclear war can remain limited or even be won," it said. "In 1980, both sides officially declared nuclear war 'thinkable.'"

*I saw blue phosphorescent flames rising from the dead bodies—and there were plenty of them. These were quite different from the orange flames coming from the burning buildings. . . . These blue phosphorescent flames are what we Japanese look upon as spirits rising from dead bodies—in former days, we called them fireballs. And yet, at that time, I had no sense of fear, not a bit, but*  
(continued on page 184)





*"I'll show you my fraternity handshake if you'll show me your sorority hand job."*





*connie's been training herself for stardom  
for 20 years and she's still only 23,  
so the odds are in her favor*

---

# THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTON

---





PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

*En route to a shooting location in Connie's home town, Miami, we happened to pass the corner of Brighton Place (left) and couldn't restrain ourselves. Below, at the end of a busy day, Connie cools off on the terrace of her office overlooking Sailboat Bay in Coconut Grove.*



**L**AST SPRING, television host Phil Donahue devoted one of his programs to showbiz kids. Among his guests were the singing-and-dancing pip-squeaks in the chorus of the delightful hit musical *Annie*, plus half a dozen child models and actors in TV commercials. If Donahue had done that show a dozen years ago, Connie Brighton probably would have been on it: "My mother put me into a performing dance school when I was three, and by the time I was six, I was a trained, professional dancer. In my seventh year, I was performing in a Miami Beach hotel, dancing and singing in two shows a night. I even had my own little solo. What I remember most about my childhood is those mornings during the school year when my mother had to wake me up and dress me and feed me, because I was so exhausted from not







having had enough sleep. And I never got to go to the beach and play with the other kids, because I was always performing or going to dancing class or singing class or acting class. I've always thought that my mother must have had a *very* frustrated performer inside her." On the other hand, Connie doesn't regret her childhood career. It not only earned much-needed money for her large Coral Gables, Florida, family but also gave her the poise and confidence necessary to face the heady challenges of her adult life, currently including a dual career as a recording artist and as vice-president of Spero International Co., Inc., an entertainment-promotion company in Coconut Grove. The long road between three and 23 (her present age) was, naturally, strewn with more strange, fascinating and wonderful experiences than she can recount. Among the most memorable was becoming Telly ("Love ya, baby") Savalas' housemate in New York. "It was shortly after I got out of high



*Behind her desk in the plush offices of Spero International (above left) is a photo of Connie used in an ad for Sun System tanning lotion. Connie has just finished taping a pilot for TV, "Rock 'n' Roll Road Show," which she co-hosts. In the pictures above right and below, she pauses to catch a few rays at a friend's house in Miami Beach.*







*"I know that because of my childhood, I'll never be exactly normal, but I love the performing life. It's so full of intense feelings, strong emotions. I wouldn't give it up for anything in the world. Neither would most performers. Because of it, my life has been very eventful, never boring or stale."*

*Miss September stays in shape by dancing, swimming (right) and traveling constantly. After we interviewed her, she was off to Japan for a two-month business trip. She's back from the Orient now and is "spending most of my time commuting between Miami, New York and Great Britain."*





school," she recalls. "I was 17, and I went to New York to do a one-night show at the Waldorf and decided to stay in the city for a week to look for work. I had worked with Duke Ellington's granddaughter Mercedes in a Bicentennial show in Miami, and Mercedes lived in New York, so I called her up. She said she knew a choreographer who was putting together a troupe of girls for Telly's act. So I went to the address she gave me and auditioned. While we were all taking a break, Telly came in. I'd been there





since early that morning, so I said to him, 'Hey, you're late. You've kept me waiting for a while.' I guess he liked that. Anyway, he noticed me. And I was hired.

"First, I got an apartment with another dancer in the troupe, but it was in a real crummy neighborhood. Telly was protective of us and he'd have his driver take us home after rehearsals. One night, he said something like, 'Hey, this place you've got is a real dump. I've got a big place with several bedrooms. Why don't you girls move in with me?' At first, the other dancer and I were horrified. As for myself, I was rather prudish and still am. I wasn't a virgin, but just barely. We turned him down cold. Then, as time (text concluded on page 195)

*What with her two careers, Connie is usually all business, but she also has her playful side, as you can see on this and the facing page. Above, she does some warm-ups for photog Dick Fegley.*





*Connie is a great booster of Miami and things Miamian, including the action at the Miami Jai Alai Frontón. Jai alai is one of Connie's favorite sports, so when several of the players invited her to show off her stuff (above left), she couldn't resist. One admiring player (below left) said, "Hey, she's a natural." She's also a natural singer. At Criteria Recording Studios (above right), she rehearses a vocal as her producers from Fat Albert Productions look on.*



*One unique thing about Miami is that you can get real handmade cigars there. Our lady visited the Ernesto Perez-Carrillo, Jr.'s, El Credito cigar factory and learned how to roll her own. She mugs with it (above) while holding several dozen of El Credito's finest.*



MISS SEPTEMBER  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Connie Pringle*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Cornie Brighton

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115 SIGN: Taurus

BIRTH DATE: 5.14.59 BIRTHPLACE: Wichita Falls, Texas

OCCUPATION: Vice-pres. of Spers International, a promo company specializing in the field of entertainment; model.

TURN-ONS: Lamborghini's, my pit bull, good music, privacy, Moët & Chandon, the right man.

TURN-OFFS: Ignorance, Hypocrites, warm champagne, know-it-alls.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: David Bowie, Liza Minnelli, Cyd Charisse, Laurence Olivier

FAVORITE ARTISTS: Picasso, M.C. Escher, Le Roy Neuman, Andy Warhol.

FAVORITE CHARITY: Save the Brighton Pier Fund.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: The Beatles, Bus Boys, Young Straight

FAVORITE SPORTS: Jai alai

18 MONTHS, 1960



HELLP MEE!

5, 1964



PSSS MOM, - MY STAR'S SLIPPING

SUPER BOWL 1975



ONE PRIZE BALL.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

My taste in dates," the girl remarked during a lunch-hour hen session, "runs to men who are tall, dark and hung some."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *mincing voyeur* as a watch fop.

Historical footnote: The most salacious of all the rulers of Sodom and Gomorrah was the king known as Herpes II.



Would you like to hear my sexual philosophy?" the young man who believed in the direct approach suddenly asked his date.

"Well, now . . . I don't know . . . I suppose so," the girl responded uncomfortably.

"It can be stated quite briefly," pursued Mr. Candid, "in this fashion: Get It Up, Get It In, Get It Off and Get It Out. How does that strike you?"

"I'd classify it," said the girl, noticeably coolly, "as the Four-Get-It system."

Perhaps you've heard about the gay pair who were arrested in a vice raid for riding a bisexual built for two.

Because Sir Lancelot had been complaining about the fit, Queen Guinevere went secretly to a famous plastic surgeon for a general genital tightening. "And now," she mused happily, "I'm all tucked in for the knight!"

A despairing old landlord named Fyfe,  
With a frigid and quarrelsome wife,  
Let his third-story front  
To a willing young cunt,  
Who supplied him a new lease on life!

With the sun beginning to rise, the cabin of the jetliner was suddenly illuminated. "Who turned on the fucking lights?" a male passenger, who had been surly since boarding, snarled at a stewardess.

The girl had had enough of this particular character. "These are the breakfast lights, sir," she answered with forced sweetness. "The fucking lights are much dimmer, and you snored right through them."

You're so unresponsive," exclaimed the frustrated husband, "that I wouldn't be surprised if you used cold cream between your legs!"

"And you," cackled his spouse, "must use vanishing cream between yours!"

Many of these rebellious teenaged girls who flee their homes to live like vagrants in the city," stated the social worker, "are bound to become pregnant."

"In other words," said the talk-show host, "it's runaway inflation."

A highway-patrol buff named Claire  
Once screwed half a troop on a dare;  
And her parts grew so hot,  
There was steam from her twat—  
So they nicknamed her Smokey the Bare!

Underground literary footnote: The sexually precocious puppet whose juvenile penis grew every time he told a lie was, of course, named Pinookieo.

Brace yourself, Mr. Cassidy," the physician told the patient on whom he had performed a battery of costly tests. "You have approximately six months to live."

"But I don't have insurance, doctor," said Cassidy, "and I can't skimp and save enough to pay you in that time!"

"All right, all right," soothed the medical man. "Let's say nine months, then."

There's no one to 'say it with flowers' to me," a spinster wrote in her diary, "so I 'do it with bananas.'"



Sally Weiman

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *simian floozy* as a monkey wench.

You get to choose, Harvey," the fellow who had set up the double date told his buddy. "One of them has kind of a dumpy figure and is short on looks, but she's incredible when she gives a blow job! The other is pretty and has a perfect pair of legs, which she shows off by wearing shoes with very high heels—"

"Say no more, Fred," interrupted Harvey. "I'll go for head over heels any time."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.





*"Room service? This is 407. We'd like some orange juice, coffee, toast and honey . . . lots and lots of honey!"*



# THE BOOK OF CREATION

*herewith, a brand-new  
translation of a brand-new bible—  
proving in chapter and verse that you  
can't make a monkey out of god*

*humor by*

TONY HENDRA and SEAN KELLY

## CHAPTER ONE

IN THE BEGINNING, God created dates.

2 And the date was Monday, July 4,  
4004 B.C.

3 And God said, "Let there be Light";  
and there was Light.

And when there was Light, God saw the  
date, that it was an Monday, and He got  
down to work; for, verily, He had an Big  
Job to do.

4 And God made pottery  
shards and Silurian  
mollusks and Pre-  
Cambrian limestone  
strata; and  
flints and Ju-  
rassic masto-  
don tusks

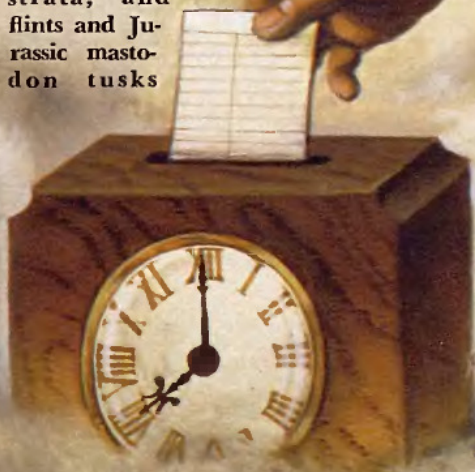






ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT



and *Pithecanthropus erectus* skulls and Cretaceous Placentalia made He; and those cave paintings at Lascaux. And that was *that* for the first Workday.

5 And God saw that He had made many wondrous things *but* that He had not wherein to put *it* all. And God said, "Let the heavens be divided from the earth; and *let* Us bury all of these Things which We have made in the earth; *but* not too deep."

6 And God buried all the Things which He had made, and that was *that*.

7 And the morning and the evening and the overtime were Tuesday.

8 And God said, "Let there be water; and let the dry *land* appear"; and that was *that*.

9 And God called the dry *land* Real Estate; and the water called He *the* Sea. And in the land and beneath *it* put He crude *oil*, grades one through six; and *natural* gas put He thereunder; and pre-historic carboniferous forests yielding anthracite and other ligneous matter; and all these called He Resources; and He made them Abundant.

10 And likewise all that was *in* the Sea, even onto 200 miles from the dry *land*, called He resources; all that was there-in, *like* manganese nodules, for instance.

11 And the morning unto the evening *had been* an long day, *which* He called Wednesday.

12 And on the fourth day, God noticed that there *had been* Mornings and Evenings and Light and Darkness for the *past* three days;

13 But *nevertheless*, God said, "Let there be lights in the Heavens to divide the Day from the Night"; and *that* was *that*.

14 And God said, "Let the water bring forth abundantly every moving creature I *can* think of, with or without backbones, with or without wings or feet or fins or claws, vestigial limbs and all, right *now*; and let each *one* be of a separate species. For, lo, I can make *whatsoever* I like, *whenever* I like."

15 And the earth brought forth abundantly *all* creatures, great and small, with and without backbones, with and without wings and feet and fins and claws, vestigial limbs and all, *from* bugs to Brontosaurus.

16 But God blessed them all, saying, "Be fruitful and multiply and *evolve* *not*."

17 And God looked upon the species He had made and saw that the earth was exceeding crowded, and He said *unto* them, "Let each species compete for what it needeth; for Healthy Competition is My Law." And the species competed amongst themselves, the cattle and the creeping things, the dogs and the dinosaurs; and some madeth it and some didn't; and the dogs ate the dinosaurs and God was pleased.

18 And God took the bones from the dinosaurs and caused them to appear *mighty* old; and cast He them about the land and the sea. And He took every tiny *creature* that had not madeth it and caused *them* to become fossils; and cast He them about *likewise*.

19 And just to put matters beyond the valley of the shadow of a *doubt*, God created carbon dating. And *that* is the origin of species.

20 And in the Evening of the day which was Thursday, God saw that He had put in *another* good day's work.

21 And God said, "Let Us make man in Our image, after Our likeness, *which* is tall and well formed and pale of hue; and let Us *also* make monkeys, which resembleth Us not in any wise *but* are short and ill formed and hairy." And God added, "Let man *have* dominion over the monkeys and the fowl of the air and every species, endangered or otherwise, and everything that is in the earth or on it or under it or over it or near it, including but not limited to mineral rights, timber rights, drilling rights, rights of way, easements and eminent domain, without let or hindrance, irrespective of prior claim, in perpetuity, *signed* God."

22 So God created Man in His *own* image; tall and well formed and pale of hue created He him, and nothing at all like the monkeys.

23 And God blessed him, and God said unto him, "See paragraph 21 above *passim*."

24 And God said, "Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of the earth. To you it shall be for meat. But ye shalt not smoketh it, *lest* it giveth *you* ideas.

25 "And to every beast of the earth and every fowl of the air I have given also every green herb, and to them it shall be for meat. But they shall be meat *for* you. And the Lord God your Host suggesteth that the flesh of cattle goeth well with the fin and the claw; thus shall Surf be wedded unto Turf."

26 And God saw everything He had made, and He saw that it was very good; and God said, "It *just* goes to show Me what the private sector can accomplish. With a lot of fool regulations, this could have taken *billions* of years."

27 And on the evening of the fifth day, *which had been* the roughest day yet, God said, "Thank Me it's Friday." And God made the weekend.

## CHAPTER TWO

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and *all* in five days, and all less than six thousand of years *ago*; and if thou believest it not, in a sling *shalt* thou find thy hindmost quarters.

2 Likewise, God took the dust of the ground and the slime of the Sea and the scum of the earth and formed Man there-

from; and *breathed* the breath of life right in his face. And he *became* Free to Choose.

3 And God made an market place eastward of Eden, in which the man was free *to* play. And this was the free play of the market place.

4 And out of the ground made the Lord God *to grow* four trees: the tree of Life, and the tree of Liberty, and the tree of the Pursuit of Happiness and the tree of the Knowledge of Sex.

5 And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, "This *is* My law, which is called the Law of Supply and Demand. Investeth thou in the trees of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, and thou shalt make for thyself an *fortune*. For *what* fruit thou eatest not, that thou mayest sell, and with the seeds thereof expand *thy* operations.

6 "But of the fruit of the tree of the Knowledge of Sex, thou mayest not eat; nor mayest thou invest therein, nor profit thereby nor expand *its* operations; for that is a mighty waste of seed."

7 And the man was exceeding glad. But he asked the Lord God: "Who then *shall* labor in this market place? For am I not management, *being* tall and well formed and pale of hue?"

8 And the Lord God said unto Himself, "Verily, this kid hath the potential which is Executive."

9 And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field and every fowl of the air, and brought them unto Adam to labor for him. And they labored for peanuts.

10 Then Adam was again exceeding glad. But he spake once more unto the Lord God, saying, "Lo, I am free to play in the market place of the Lord, and have cheap labor in plenty; but to whom shall I sell my surplus fruit and realize a fortune thereby?"

11 And the Lord God said unto Himself, "Verily, this is an Live One."

12 And He caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam and He took from him one of his ribs, which was an spare rib.

13 And the spare rib which the Lord God had taken from the man, made He woman. And He brought her unto the man, saying:

14 "This is Woman and she shall purchase your fruit, to eat it; and ye shall realize a fortune thereby. For Man produceth and Woman consumeth, wherefore she shall be called the Consumer."

15 And they were both decently clad, the Man and the Woman, from the neck even unto the ankles, so they were not ashamed.

## CHAPTER THREE

Now, the snake in the grass was *more* permissive than any beast of the  
(continued on page 218)



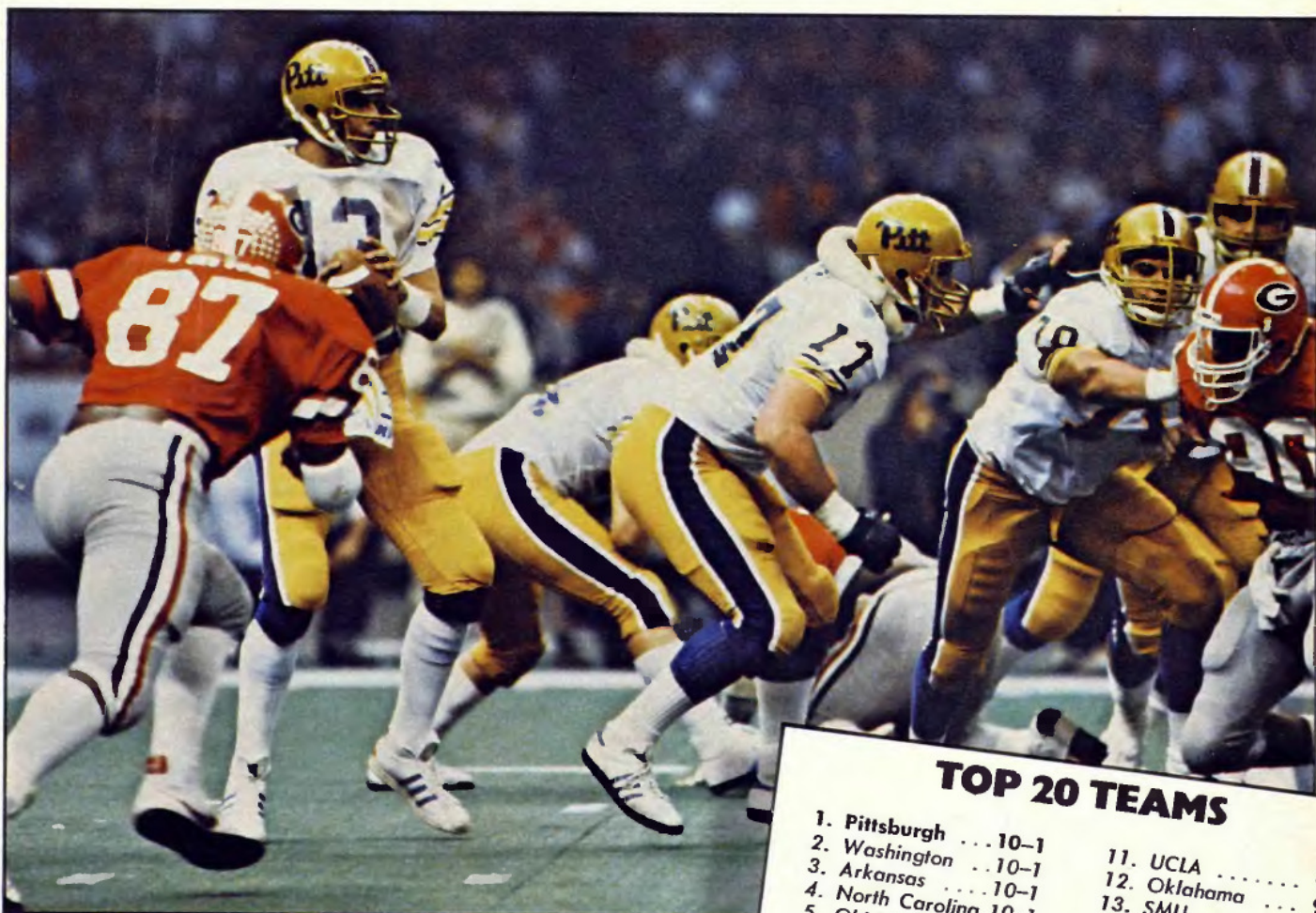
# PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

*the country's  
leading  
expert gives  
his pre-season  
picks for  
the top  
college teams  
and players*

*sports* **By ANSON MOUNT** WITH THE BURGEONING popularity of college football and the accompanying avalanche of big bucks, those behind-the-scenes manipulators known as athletic directors have had to take a course from the N.F.L.—Competitive Balance 101, it might be called, and the A.D.s have earned an A. By evening out the quality of competition, they've brought more fans into the stands, added gold to their glittering coffers and sold ever more razor blades for the people who advertise on N.C.A.A. football telecasts.

It started a few years ago with the inception of some stringent recruiting strictures that, for a change, gave small schools a shot at a reasonable share of the high school talent. Before then, the superpowers in college football had recruited players they had never intended to use, just to keep them away from their rivals.

More recent equalizing measures have been the N.C.A.A.'s various sanctions against football factories that give scholarships to illiterate athletes and then find a way to nurse



In the foding seconds of last January's Sugar Bowl game with Georgio, Pittsburgh quarterback Don Marino fades to throw o spectacular game-winning pass a split second before being decked by onrushing Jimmy Poyne. Both are Playboy All-Americans and Pittsburgh is our pick as this year's national champion.

## TOP 20 TEAMS

- |                        |                         |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Pittsburgh ... 10-1 | 11. UCLA ..... 9-2      |
| 2. Washington ..10-1   | 12. Oklahoma ... 9-2    |
| 3. Arkansas ....10-1   | 13. SMU ..... 9-2       |
| 4. North Carolina 10-1 | 14. Auburn ..... 9-2    |
| 5. Ohio State ... 10-1 | 15. Oklahoma State 9-2  |
| 6. Nebraska .... 9-2   | 16. Notre Dame .. 8-3   |
| 7. Southern Cal... 9-2 | 17. Penn State ... 8-3  |
| 8. Florida ..... 9-2   | 18. Alabama .... 8-3    |
| 9. Clemson ..... 9-2   | 19. Arizona State . 8-3 |
| 10. Georgia ..... 9-2  | 20. Brigham Young 8-3   |

**Possible Breakthroughs:** Southern Mississippi (8-3), Michigan (7-4), Illinois (7-4), South Carolina (8-3), Kansas (8-3), Houston (8-3), Texas A & M (8-3).





**DEFENSE**

Left to right, top to bottom: Tim Krumrie, lineman, Wisconsin; Jimmy Payne, lineman, Georgia; Mark Stewart, linebacker, Washington; Billy Ray Smith, lineman, Arkansas; Vernon Maxwell, linebacker, Arizona State; Jim Arnold, punter, Vanderbilt; Mike Pitts, lineman, Alabama; Mike Richardson, defensive back, Arizona State; Ricky Hunley, linebacker, Arizona; Terry Kinard, defensive back, Clemson; Eric Williams, defensive back, North Carolina State; Steve Brown, defensive back, Oregon.

# THE 1982 PLAYBOY





Left to right, top to bottom: Anthony Carter, receiver, Michigan; Jimbo Covert, tackle, Pittsburgh; Willie Gault, receiver, Tennessee; Dave Rimington, center, Nebraska; Joe Lukens, guard, Ohio State; Dan Marino, quarterback, Pittsburgh; Kelvin Bryant, runner, North Carolina; Don Mosebar, tackle, USC; Don James, Coach of the Year, Washington; Bruce Matthews, guard, USC; Stanley Wilson, runner, Oklahoma; Herschel Walker, runner, Georgia; Chuck Nelson, kicker, Washington.

# ALL-AMERICA TEAM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT



## THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Listed in order of excellence at their positions, all have a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

**QUARTERBACKS:** John Elway (Stanford), Tony Eason (Illinois), Reggie Collier (Southern Mississippi), Frank Seurer (Kansas), Jim Kelly (Miami)

**RUNNING BACKS:** Cyrus Lawrence (Virginia Tech), Eric Dickerson (Southern Methodist), Craig James (Southern Methodist), Joe McIntosh (North Carolina State), Vincent White (Stanford), Alfred Anderson (Baylor)

**RECEIVERS:** Cormac Carney (UCLA), Oliver Williams (Illinois), Stanley Washington (Texas Christian), Darius Durham (San Diego State), Robert Griffin (Tulane), Duane Gunn (Indiana)

**OFFENSIVE LINEMEN:** Bob Winckler (Wisconsin), David Lutz (Georgia Tech), Maceo Fifer (Houston), Robert Oxendine (Duke), David Drechsler (North Carolina), Harvey Salem (California), Steve Korte (Arkansas), Pat Phenix (Mississippi)

**CENTERS:** Joe DiGiorgio (Wyoming), Tom Dixon (Michigan)

**DEFENSIVE LINEMEN:** George Achica (Southern California), Mark Bortz (Iowa), Charles Benson (Baylor), Irv Eatman (UCLA), Reggie White (Tennessee), Falaniko Naga (Hawaii), Kiki DeAyala (Texas), Reggie Singletary (Kansas State)

**LINEBACKERS:** Marcus Marek (Ohio State), Rich Dixon (California), Robbie Jones (Alabama), Carl Banks (Michigan State), Steve Damkroger (Nebraska), Mike Robb (Minnesota), Will Cokley (Kansas State), Andy Ponsiego (Navy), Darryl Talley (West Virginia), Gary Moten (Southern Methodist)

**DEFENSIVE BACKS:** Ray Horton (Washington), Tommy Wilcox (Alabama), Matt Vanden Boom (Wisconsin), David Greenwood (Wisconsin), Jeremiah Castille (Alabama), Andy Molls (Kentucky), Mike Williams (Army), Vaughn Williams (Stanford), Russell Carter (Southern Methodist)

**KICKERS:** Reggie Roby (Iowa), Luis Zendejas (Arizona State), Stu Crum (Tulsa), Bucky Scribner (Kansas), Mike Black (Arizona State)

## FIRST-YEAR PHENOMS

(Incoming freshmen and transfers who should make it big)

|                                   |                      |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------|
| Kevin Spitzer, center             | Rutgers              |
| Keith Byars, fullback             | Ohio State           |
| Albert Bell, receiver             | Purdue               |
| Hal Von Wyl, kicker               | Notre Dame           |
| Vincent Jackson, runner           | Auburn               |
| Jon Hand, tackle                  | Alabama              |
| Sam Aiello, quarterback           | Tennessee            |
| Jim Dombrowski, offensive lineman | Virginia             |
| Sam Dejarnette, runner            | Southern Mississippi |
| Jeff Womack, runner               | Memphis State        |
| Marcus Dupree, runner             | Oklahoma             |
| Harold Brown, runner              | Iowa State           |
| Egypt Allen, defensive back       | Texas Christian      |
| David Randle, defensive lineman   | UCLA                 |
| Glenn Dennard, receiver           | Arizona State        |
| Rueben Mayes, runner              | Washington State     |
| Kevin Willhite, runner            | Oregon               |
| Lance Stewart, quarterback        | California           |
| Byron Nelson, offensive lineman   | Arizona              |
| Jim Plum, quarterback             | San Diego State      |
| Paul Berner, quarterback          | Pacific              |

them through four years of eligibility. UCLA coach Terry Donahue, when asked about a judge's insistence that one of his former players learn to read and write while in jail, said, "Gee, there's a lot of courses in this school where a student doesn't have to do much reading." The UCLA faculty must have loved hearing that.

There is also a rising resistance to pressures from rich and rabid alumni supporters. "Many alumni forget that a university is primarily an educational institution, not an athletic franchise," Vanderbilt athletic director Roy Kramer told us. "They'll get the message when coaches begin side-lining star quarterbacks because they've flunked English-literature exams."

But the most effective, though largely unnoticed, leavening influence in college football has been the increasing quality of talent coming from high school ranks. Many of the smaller schools have been successfully recruiting players as good as those who played for powerhouses a decade ago. High school seniors nowadays are often more skilled, better coached and more emotionally mature than the college seniors of two decades ago. There is a lot more talent to go around than there used to be.

The new balance in college football became evident last year, when, for example, Southern Mississippi was a top-20 team but Notre Dame wasn't. This season could be even nuttier, which means we football fans ought to enjoy it even more.

So let's pack our crystal ball with the various teams across the country and look at their prospects for 1982.

### THE EAST

Rarely has a new head coach enjoyed a more promising debut than that of Pittsburgh's Serafino Fazio. The Panthers barely missed winning the national championship both of the past two years, and with 18 starters returning, this should be the year they take it all. The Pitt squad is overloaded with talent. The big gun will still be the arm of Playboy All-America quarterback Dan Marino, who enjoys the protection of an awesome offensive line led by Marino's Playboy All-America teammate Jimbo Covert.

Penn State's major worry is rebuilding a superb offensive line that has been wiped out by graduation. The linebacking corps will also have to be fortified in pre-season drills. Fortunately for the Nittany Lions, sterling quarterback Todd Blackledge returns, along with an abundance of glue-fingered receivers.

The good news from Colgate goes beyond good checkups: Quarterback Steve  
(continued on page 172)





John  
Dempsey

*"Is something wrong, honey? You've stopped  
coming home for your nooners!"*







# BEHIND THE LINES IN THE NETWORK NEWS WAR

*with information exploding all around him, our correspondent threaded his way through the cross fire to bring you, yes, the real story*

**I**N THE SECOND YEAR after Cronkite, the situation was this: Order had broken down. Chaos had taken hold. There was panic in the streets.

No one could be trusted anymore. It was hard, in fact, to keep track of just who everyone was. Each time you turned on the tube, there was a new face, a new program, a new set. And, just about everywhere, news. Morning, noon and night, plus station breaks and specials. News from satellites. News from cable. News from networks. News, news, news. An avalanche of it. A tidal wave of it. More news than there was news. And still it kept coming.

America had never seen its like. Neither had television, and that was saying something. The stakes were high: primacy in the 80,000,000 homes with television sets. The number of dollars was enormous: 75,000,000 of them in each network's news-division budget. And the competition was ruthless. Fewer than three rating points separated the news leader (CBS) from the news loser (NBC). Each of those points was worth as much as \$7,000,000 in extra advertising revenue. Whoever held the most points captured not only money but prestige, affiliates and a good lead-in to *Laverne & Shirley*. Those were concerns worth fighting about. "War?" said Van Gordon Sauter, the commander of the CBS army. "You bet it is."

It *was* war, total and unconditional, and, as in any war, the casualties—the men whose contracts would not be renewed—were mounting. New recruits were being brought to the front; the big guns—Dan and Roger and Tom and Frank and Max and Peter—were wheeled into the fray. Recovering from earlier losses, CBS had taken the most ground. But not by much. A revived NBC, still short on ammunition, had begun to move along a narrow front. Meanwhile, ABC was, as usual, employing batteries of laser weapons, with lots of flash and zap. The battling was bitter, the outcome still in doubt. From the midst of the fighting came the following dispatches.

"You don't fix something," Boone Arledge often said, "if it's not broken."

That is what they were telling one another at ABC:

not to worry, all was well. The trouble was getting people to believe it.

Something had happened. After four years of phenomenal growth, four years of astounding innovation—four years in which the proverbial half of the "two-and-a-half network" news competition had become a feisty, full-fledged member—ABC News, the goingest of the go-gos, had been stopped dead in its tracks. "The wave," as one worried correspondent put it, "has crested. The tide is beginning to run out."

The signs of it were all around. *World News Tonight*, which had briefly been number one, was now permanently mired in second place; *Nightline*, so beloved by the critics, had yet to find a major audience; and *20/20*, for all its flash, was being clobbered in the ratings. So, depressingly, it went, through virtually the entire news schedule. The lone exception was *Good Morning, America*, and that was produced by the entertainment division. Something, clearly, was happening. But what?

It was not a subject people liked to talk about. When they discussed it, which was rarely, it was in whispers—cautiously, almost furtively, as if Boone (which was what everyone at ABC, where the atmosphere was finger-popping loose, called him) would burst in on them at any moment. If pressed, however, they would admit it. Yes, there was a problem. "The star gap," one well-known performer called it. "The real stars are *stars*, not stories," she explained. "They don't know that yet."

A major producer bemoaned the poor morale. "All the oars are in the water," she said. "They just aren't rowing in the same direction."

A senior executive blamed it on glitz—"the ca-ca syndrome," he called it. "It's gotta be that," the executive insisted. Then he shrugged. "Well," he sighed, "you figure it out."

No one could, which was the second problem. For as the worry persisted, it grew deeper and more pervasive, until nearly everything came into question, including, unthinkable—sacrilegiously, in the minds of some—Boone himself. Stated most starkly, the question was this: Had the master lost his touch?

The master didn't think so. If courage were the ability to keep one's head while everyone else was losing his, then the president of ABC News was a courageous man,

article

By ROBERT SAM ANSON



indeed. Trouble? Piffle. To hear Roone tell it, things were going swimmingly; had never been better, in fact. New improvements seemed to be coming on line every day. Frank was interviewing correspondents in the studio—an innovation (one picked up immediately by CBS but an innovation nonetheless). Max was getting out and about more, showing the skills Roone had known he possessed. Of course, there were still those rumors, but then, with a personality like Max in a town like Chicago, in a business like television, there would always be rumors. And Peter? A class act, as always. He had broadcasted from Cairo on the night of Sadat's assassination—a clear beat, even if all the attention had gone to Walter and Tom, who had flown in, breathless, the next day.

But that was the way it went with the print press, Roone said; they were always missing the story. If there were trouble at ABC News, as far as he was concerned, that was it: the way the profession regarded him—which is to say not seriously. By now, he should have gotten used to it. But he hadn't. The cracks about ABC's being *The Wide, Wide World of News* still hurt, because that wasn't fair. Roone was a serious man—"the guardian of a sacred trust," he called himself—and he could cite the record to prove it. It was the same with all that talk about ratings. He wanted people to know he didn't give a damn about ratings—wished, in fact, that the A. C. Nielsen company didn't exist. If he had his way, Roone said, no one would pay any attention to ratings. Newspapers wouldn't publish them week after week and drive down the price of ABC stock. If the networks had to use ratings, he argued, at least they could do it right: for the whole day, from sign-on to sign-off. That was the fair way. That was the way ABC News came in first.

All of that came pouring out, in a great, gulping gush. And it was not the end of it. There was one more bone Roone had to pick, and that was with Bob Lemon.

"You want to know why *20/20* is hurting?" Roone asked. Bob Lemon, that was why. The way Roone explained it, if the then-manager of the New York Yankees had been doing his job in the fall of 1981, the Yanks would have beaten the Dodgers in the sixth game of the world series. And if that had happened, there would have been a seventh game. And if there had been a seventh game, "no one in the world," as Roone put it, would have watched the premiere of *Hill Street Blues*, which ran opposite *20/20*. But, for want of a nail—or, in this case, a

good manager—the war was lost. "Kind of funny," Roone said. "Isn't it?"

It was said that when Jimmy Carter left office, the two things he most wanted to bequeath to his successor were Menachem Begin, the prime minister of Israel, and Sam Donaldson, the correspondent from ABC News. Two years later, to the surprise of many, both were still on the job.

Sam, for one, was not happy about it. The White House beat, he told his friends, was driving him crazy. Five years was long enough. He had to get out and get out soon, before he really caused trouble.

He had tried; Lord knows, he'd tried. He thought, for a time, when there were rumors circulating about Ted Koppel's taking over from Frank Reynolds, that he might inherit *Nightline*. That would have been fine with him. He liked the notion of doing *Nightline*. He could report there; he could interview; he could play to his strengths, which, for all his bombast, were considerable. More to the point, *Nightline* would give him the visibility his ego demanded. But then the *Nightline* deal fell through. Koppel stayed and Sam was stuck. Worse than stuck—enmeshed.

For ABC, in response to the competitive heat from CBS, had resorted to the old tactic of "front loading": heaping snippets of disconnected stories early in the broadcast on its most visible correspondent—namely, Donaldson. So there he would be, standing in front of the White House every night, palavering not only about the President but about all manner of things: Congress, defense, the Federal Trade Commission, anything the producers in New York thought they could get away with. There was no denying the wisdom of the strategy: "You go with your ace" was the way one producer explained it. And if there were any doubt about that approach, the fact that CBS was doing the same thing removed it.

Sam, however, was miserable. His chances of escaping were now more remote than ever. It was because of that, his friends said, that he started to get a little flaky. Never bashful, he was now butting in on visiting heads of state, peppering them with questions, breaking the ground rules, sending Larry Speakes and company up the wall. They tried to restrain him, imposing even tighter strictures, but Sam was irrepressible. He could say the darnedest things.

There was, for one notable instance, the time he caught Ronald Reagan on the way out of a banquet, one of those affairs Washington journalists are always hosting for their sources. "Mr.

President," Sam said, "did you hear about the study they conducted of what men do in the shower?" The President allowed as how he hadn't. So, as a growing knot of reporters listened in, Donaldson went on: "Yes, sir, they found that 70 percent of them sing in the shower and the remaining 30 percent play with themselves. And do you know what the 70 percent sing?" No, a grinning Reagan said, he didn't know that, either. "I didn't think so," Donaldson replied.

The office of Van Gordon Sauter, the president of CBS News, contained the following accouterments: a stained-glass wall hanging of a two-dollar bill, centered by the CBS eye and inscribed with the legend in NIELSEN WE TRUST; a roll-top desk; a large Victorian-era print of a lasciviously fleshy nude; a sign bearing the warning DANGER! MINES! in Spanish; two typewriters; one three-screened television set of Japanese manufacture; framed photographs of the Sauter family; an antique baby's cradle filled with newspapers and magazines; a rubber stamp that prints the words DRUGS, SEX, VIOLENCE; several popular novels; a stripped-pine writing table; a gadget that closed the office door with the push of a button; and, hung where Sauter could always see it, a framed quotation from Philo T. Farnsworth, the co-inventor of TV: TELEVISION IS A GIFT OF GOD, IT READS, AND GOD WILL HOLD THOSE WHO UTILIZE HIS DIVINE INSTRUMENT ACCOUNTABLE TO HIM.

Standard CBS issue this office was not, but then, Sauter wasn't standard CBS issue, either. He was fat, for one thing, and bearded, for another, and smoked big, black cigars, for a third; and no one who had ever before risen so high in the CBS hierarchy had been fat, bearded or cigar-smoking. Sauter didn't care. He was going to do things his way. And so he had—with a vengeance.

From the moment he burst onto the scene that day in November 1981, the old ways had been changing. He had fired. He had hired. He had jazzed the place up. The former reporter who, not too many years before, walked out of the *Chicago Daily News* with \$14 in his pocket and credit at the Billy Goat Tavern had been turning the House of Paley upside down. Out went good old Charlie Kuralt and the dull old *Morning News*. In came smily Bill Kurtis and a set that looked like a room in a Holiday Inn. Gone were the familiar faces of yore and the host of producers and bureau chiefs who vanished with them. Now there was a new team: brighter, hipper, crisper, as shiny as the graphics

(continued on page 110)



# BACK TO CAMPUS

*our annual autumnal survey of collegiate threads. rah! rah! rah!*



*attire* **By DAVID PLATT** There's plenty to cheer about this fall. For one thing, we've taken our *Back to Campus* show on the road and photographed the latest looks with some great lookers—all cheerleaders—at the University of Florida. For another thing, collegiate fashion is fun again. Sweaters are the touchstone for this season's

Above: Give us (left) a warsted wool vest, by Sperry Top-Sider, \$58; a wool crew-neck, by Jockey International, \$40; khaki slacks, by Ocean Pacific Longrider, \$28; and a ploid shirt, from Baracuto by Van Heusen, \$21.50; plus (right) a wool V-neck, \$110, a cotton shirt, \$37.50, both by Robert Stock; and corduroy slacks, by Angels Flight, \$29; then give us cheerleader Adina Britt.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STAN MALINOWSKI





Above left: Garland Avera and two great-looking collegiate styles, including (left) a cotton zippered jacket, by London Fog, \$83; coupled with a knit pullover, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$40; and corduroy slacks with leather piped trim, by Sergio Valente, \$34; and (right) a cotton crew-neck, \$37.50, plus cotton drawstring slacks, \$40, both from Clothes by Bob and Jane; and a three-button pullover, by Resilio, \$28. Above right: Another kinky cheerleader, Karen Watson, and our guy, who's wearing a classic wool tweed jacket, from The Gallery by Huggar, \$95; cotton pleated slacks, \$45, a plaid shirt, \$28, and a wool long-sleeved pullover, \$36, all by Resilio. Below: An all-star line (Jennifer Conti, Angie Mason and Jeanne Hazel), plus more local color—a cotton/polyester zippered sweat shirt with biswing back and zip angled pockets, \$65, cotton crunch-cloth drawstring slacks with elasticized cuffs, \$42.50, cotton knit two-button long-sleeved pullover, \$42.50, and a cotton turtleneck, \$30, all by Henry Grethel. Right: Pom-pom and circumstance, thanks to his wool striped boat-neck sweater with rib trim, \$55, cotton triple-snap pullover with solid-color contrasting collar, \$42, and wool drawstring slacks, \$75, all by Merona Sport.











Left: More Angie Mason, more snappy threads—including a zippered jacket, \$60, with convertible corduroy vest, \$45, that's combined with an acrylic/wool Aztec-patterned crew-neck, \$32.50, cotton slacks with corduroy pocket trim, \$36, and a cotton/polyester buttondown shirt, \$25, all by Jordache. The other outfit is a cotton poplin zippered blouson with hideaway hood and side-entry pockets, \$125, a worsted wool striped crew-neck, \$75, and cotton plaid shirt, \$40, all from Chaps by Ralph Lauren; plus wide-wale-corduroy slacks, by Sassoon, about \$32. Below: This classic collegiate look includes a wool houndstooth jacket, \$160, coupled with a multicolor wool crew-neck, \$60, corduroy slacks, \$42.50, and a cotton/polyester buttondown shirt, \$37, all from Evan Picone for Men. Right: Adina Britt turns the other cheek (oh, yaaaaa!) in favor of a deep-pleated cotton poplin topcoat, \$200, worn with a suede-and-raw-silk vest, \$150, gabardine slacks, \$170, tone-on-tone wing-collar shirt, \$120, and a multicolor silk foulard string tie, \$7.50, all by Robert Goldfeder for Acorn.



wardrobe in styles from stripes and brights to playful patterns. The sweater, of course, epitomizes not only easygoing style and moderate investment but also practicality and versatility. The same considerations come into play with the ever-increasing popularity of active-inspired casualwear (sweat shirts, pull-on drawstring slacks, etc.). Also in the same spirit are the stylishly functional outerwear looks with removable vests or linings that aid in keeping your wardrobe trim and to the point. Naturally, a great tweed sports coat or two will serve well for dressier occasions and, with scarf and gloves, as outerwear for all but the coldest days.







## NETWORK NEWS WAR (continued from page 134)

*"Three share points had been lost—2,550,000 homes vanished, as it were, from the face of the earth."*

on the Rather *Evening News*. And there were more changes to come: new talent, new methods, new looks, tactics quite unusual for CBS. Sauter didn't care about that, either. With the exception of Rather, he pronounced, "Everything at CBS News is zero based."

The critics had a different way of saying it. "Sauter on Tenth Avenue," they called it. Van Sauter liked that phrase. He wished he had thought of it himself.

It was a Tuesday morning now and, for the moment, Sauter was in his office, fooling with the button that closed the door. He wouldn't be there long. With the *Evening News* in the works, there were details that needed tending. If his schedule ran to form, he'd be visiting the newsroom three or four times before air time to ensure that everything was right. He'd also stay to watch the broadcast and, afterward, with Rather and the senior staff, pick over what went right and wrong. "Ya gotta keep up," he explained.

He was, even at that hour, in a combative mood. The critics, among others, had been lambasting him for the revamped appearance of the *Morning News*. "'Looks like local news'—that's what they're saying," Sauter sputtered. "Well, hell, that's what it's fucking well supposed to look like!" He stabbed at the air with his cigar. "There's a feeling in some quarters that if it doesn't look dull, it's not good journalism." He snorted. "What crap." He hoisted himself out of his couch and began to pace. "I'll admit it," he said. "Sometimes, you can go too far. Christ, I've seen the graphics make a broadcast look like a 3-D movie—Captain Saber chasing a lizard, flying out at me. When I see that stuff, I stop it. But we're talking about content, damn it." He wheeled around. "You tell me how the content on the *Morning News* has changed. You can't. Because it hasn't."

He rambled on, cataloging his problems: The international side needed beefing up; ABC was too strong in that area. Somehow, in the next few months, he would have to find a lot more bodies—97 of them—to staff the three-hour late-night newscast that was set to debut in September. *That* would flank Ted Turner. And then there was the matter of NBC. With Brokaw and Mudd, the competition would likely be better. In fact, it was all getting better;

the race was getting tighter. "ABC," he said, "spending all that money; Cable News Network; Satellite News Channel: It's like the old days in Chicago—four papers at one another's throats." He let out an exasperated gasp. "How will it turn out?" he mused, blowing out a puff. "I bet on horses. I bet on baseball games. I don't bet on news programs."

"I wish they would stop shooting the Pope," the NBC executive said. "Last time they did that, it cost me \$1,000,000. A million dollars! They've got to stop shooting him. It's too expensive."

The CBS correspondent who came to lunch was apologetic. "Just a hamburger," he said to the waitress. "No bun, well done, maybe a little cottage cheese and a slice of tomato on the side." He sighed. "I guess I can afford that."

He was on a diet, he explained, trying hard to shed five pounds. "In this business," he said, "you can't afford not to." He sighed again, this time at the sight of a glass of iced tea the waitress had brought to the table. "God," he whispered, "I'd love a drink. But . . ." He patted his middle. "Every calorie counts."

Once, the correspondent hadn't worried. He had eaten and drunk with gusto and let the calories be damned. But that was in the old days, when Cronkite was the anchor and Bill Leonard was CBS's president. Now there was a new regime, leaner (at least those on-camera) and meaner. Now calories did count, and rating points counted with them.

"Look what happened to Ike," the correspondent said, referring to his colleague, former Pentagon correspondent Ike Pappas, now consigned to the relative oblivion of covering organized labor. "Great reporter, Ike. An old pro, and look what happens. All of a sudden, they're looking cross-eyed at him, wondering about his performance, wondering whether he's too fat. And the next thing you know, bang, he's gone." The correspondent shook his head ruefully. "And he's not the only one," he went on, picking at his meat. "Don Webster. Where is he today? A producer in London. A producer. Maraya McLaughlin? Benched. And when was the last time you saw Bob Pierpoint on the air? I'm telling you, it's tough."

The correspondent pushed the half-

eaten hamburger aside. "Watch my appearance?" he mused. "You bet I do. You've got to. We're dealing with a different generation now. They don't read. Even my own son doesn't read. It's appalling, but there it is. Everything is visual. They've changed the criteria. Now simply being a good reporter is not enough; you have to have presence. They won't admit it, but that's what it is: appearance. If you've got it, you get on the air. If you don't, well. . . ."

He sighed a final time and regarded his companion's plate. "Christ," he said, "those French fries look good."

*When in doubt, change the set.*

—FAMOUS ABC SAYING

*Today is the first day of the rest of your career.*

—FAMOUS CBS SAYING

*I'll have to call New York.*

—FAMOUS NBC SAYING

Dan Rather was puzzled. The quarterly ratings were in and, frankly, they didn't make any sense. Ratings never did, completely, as far as he was concerned. "One of life's great mysteries," he called them, and a damnable one at that. He didn't understand ratings; didn't know anyone who did; didn't, in fact, want his colleagues to discuss them in his presence. But this set of ratings was different. This set was weird.

There at the top was CBS, trailed closely by ABC, which, in turn, was trailed even more closely by NBC. So far, so good. The trouble was the numbers: Compared with those of the same quarter of 1981, they didn't add up. The year before, with Cronkite in the anchor chair, CBS had had a 27 share, a full four-point lead over its nearest rival, NBC. Now the gap had shrunk to two points—a total of 1,700,000 households. The question was, What had happened to the two other points? They hadn't gone to NBC, which had lost a share point of its own, nor had they gone to ABC, which remained unchanged. So three share points altogether had been lost—2,550,000 homes vanished, as it were, from the face of the earth.

Rather had heard the explanations: how cable was cutting into the market, how the independents were counterprogramming with reruns of *Charlie's Angels*, how the flow of the news had suddenly turned dull. "One good war," someone in his own shop had said before the Falklands and Lebanon, "will turn this thing around." Still, it troubled him. The past year had been filled with enough difficulties: worries about his own performance, revamping of the

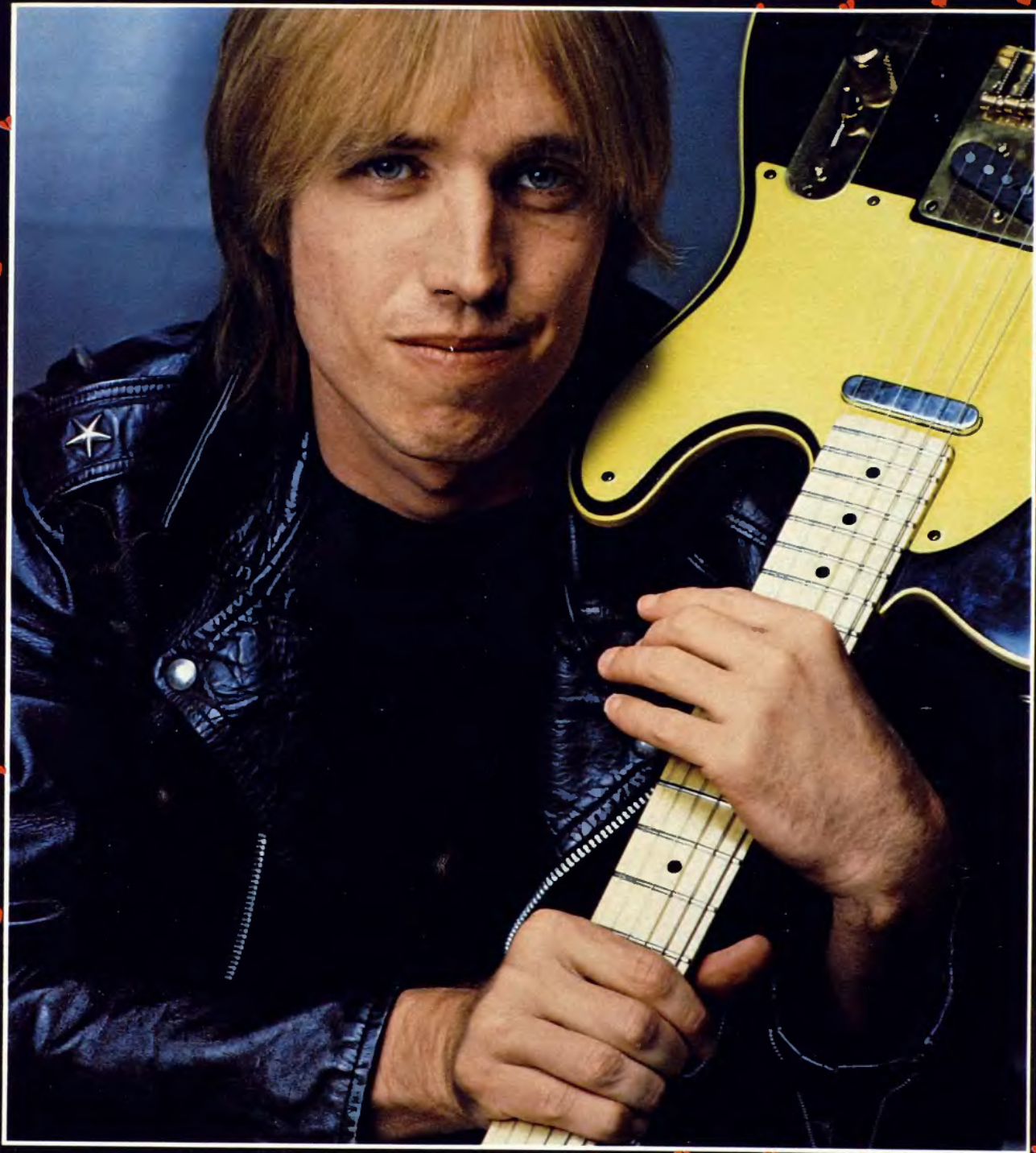
*(continued on page 168)*





*"Oh, I see. You had a heart of gold."*







# 20 QUESTIONS: TOM PETTY

*rock's hottest heartbreaker reveals dark secrets—about record-industry execs, rock-'n'-roll marriages and what's in his pockets*

**C**ontributing Editor David Rensin met with Tom Petty in Los Angeles during the recording sessions for his new album. "He's a regular guy," Rensin told us. "He drinks Coke. He doesn't even act like a rock star—though he is very skinny. But underneath his good manners are strong opinions and an informed rebelliousness. Presumably, that is what makes all the girls go crazy."

1.

**PLAYBOY:** You fought quite a battle in the press to keep the price of your *Hard Promises* album down to \$8.98. How much is this next one going to cost?

**PETTY:** [Laughs] Eight ninety-eight, I hope. It's funny that the prices haven't gone up yet. We were dead right. Mick Jagger told me that what we pulled off had a lot to do with keeping prices down. But if the record company came at me again with a price hike, I couldn't do much about it except scream. I never expected our battle to get as much play as it did. But we got so much mail, so many thanks from record buyers, that it felt real, real good.

2.

**PLAYBOY:** How has fame inhibited your lifestyle?

**PETTY:** It bugs me that I have to fight wanting to go down to the store or something. That's been the only inconvenience. On the other hand, I've never been a real sociable person. When strangers come up to me and start talking, it's hard for me not to be slightly rude. But if I were to see, say, Roger McGuinn someplace and went over and said, "Hey, Roger" and he just moaned and walked away, I'd be crushed forever. So I do try to be friendly to people, because I know how much it means to me. I'll never cry about the fame.

3.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been married for five years. You have two children. Do marriage and rock 'n' roll mix?

**PETTY:** You mean, like, wanting to take nine girls home each night? Well, I can't do that. But I don't have the desire, either. I've been a musician since I was 14. I was on the road the first time at 15.

I was playing when I met Jane, my wife, so we're both used to it; and at times, she's more of a rocker than I am. If I had a conflict, I wouldn't be married. Both of us would call it off. If I had to choose between my wife and my career, I'd choose my wife, but we both know we'd never be happy. I could say, "Well, babe, I'm gonna lay down the guitar and just hang out with you every day." But that would be bullshit. After a few days, I'd be down playing at some bar. And she knows it. For a long time, I never told anyone I was married, because I figured discussing it made us a public couple and pretty soon we'd be reading about ourselves in magazines. That would ruin it. I have a pretty good marriage these days. I haven't always.

4.

**PLAYBOY:** What's changed?

**PETTY:** When you're gone nine months out of the year, you're not really married. I used to be gone so much it was hard to feel I had anything going. Telephone romances don't work. I'd take Jane on the road with me, but it's awful to be on a tour and not have a job to do. We're both hyper people, and being a road wife is a waste of time. Jane used to do it, but she's not into it anymore. With two kids, she's got her hands full.

5.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you do if your children were listening to some music you couldn't stand?

**PETTY:** I might say, "How can you listen to this garbage?" but I'd never take the record away—which was done to me. For a long time, my father couldn't understand why I didn't go outside and play or go hunting with him. Now he's a huge fan. My kid listens to Olivia Newton-John, and I'm not really wild about her, though I've learned she makes good singles. I can appreciate them on a craftsmanship level, and there's something noble about making all those people happy. My kid also listens to Devo.

6.

**PLAYBOY:** The music business is in a slump these days. What's your analysis of the problem?

**PETTY:** There are no record people left in the record business; now it's some guy who used to be with the leased-car department and got a promotion. Or maybe he was an accountant and now he's a record-company president. And he hires more accountants and leased-car men. They just don't know what's good or bad. Records don't sell now because they aren't any good.

Those businessmen forget that with today's economy, a kid has maybe nine or ten albums at home—albums he paid for, unlike critics and reviewers. And the kid is rooting for the album to be good; it's his money on the turntable. But today's albums have maybe two or three tracks you can stomach and the rest is awful. You know there was no thought put into the remaining seven cuts. When you deliver an album, it should be something that will endure. I like to think that today our first album is still worth the bread.

I read the other day that video games are taking 15 billion dollars directly out of the record business. As far as I'm concerned, I'd rather put seven dollars' worth of quarters into a Pac-Man machine than into some dip-shit album.

7.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think about America's fascination with video games?

**PETTY:** We're bored. I've got a home system, and I've gotten real addicted. It frightens me. I feel weird after 30 minutes of smashing electronic rocks. I used to have a Pac-Man game at my house. I played it until my hand got fucked up and the skin rubbed off. I finally went, "What have I been doing eating dots for hours?"

8.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you get along with critics, reviewers and the record industry in general?

**PETTY:** I've never had much patience, even in the old days. I never entertain the record industry backstage; it's not a scene where I want a lot of people checking me out. I'm sorry for hurt feelings, but it's just too weird to have some guy in a three-piece suit tell me that the

(continued on page 204) 143







# ARCADE GAMES COME HOME!

article  
By **DANNY GOODMAN**

*lock the windows and bar the door! video and tabletop versions of pac-man, frogger, donkey kong and other monsters of the electronic midway are dropping by*

GIANT INSECTS, faceless interstellar invaders and other unimaginable creatures are on the loose. They've escaped from their arcade video screens and are headed your way, hidden inside hand-held boxes and video-game cartridges to engage you in man-vs.-computer battles in your own home. That's especially good news if you've been hesitant to drop a quarter into a coin-operated machine while a band of ten-year-olds stands ready to cite your every wrong move. If, on the other hand, you're an arcade-game addict and can actually keep up with the local prepubescent champ, home versions of your favorite games will save you a pocketful of quarters. In whichever category you fall, you'll have plenty of games to choose from by Christmastime. There'll be home versions of 30 or so popular arcade models ranging from the ever popular Space Invaders to the fascinating 3-D video effects of a new game called Zaxxon. Hold on as we grab a joy stick and guide you through the maze of arcade-derived electronic home games for fall 1982.

## HAND-HELD/TABLETOP GAMES

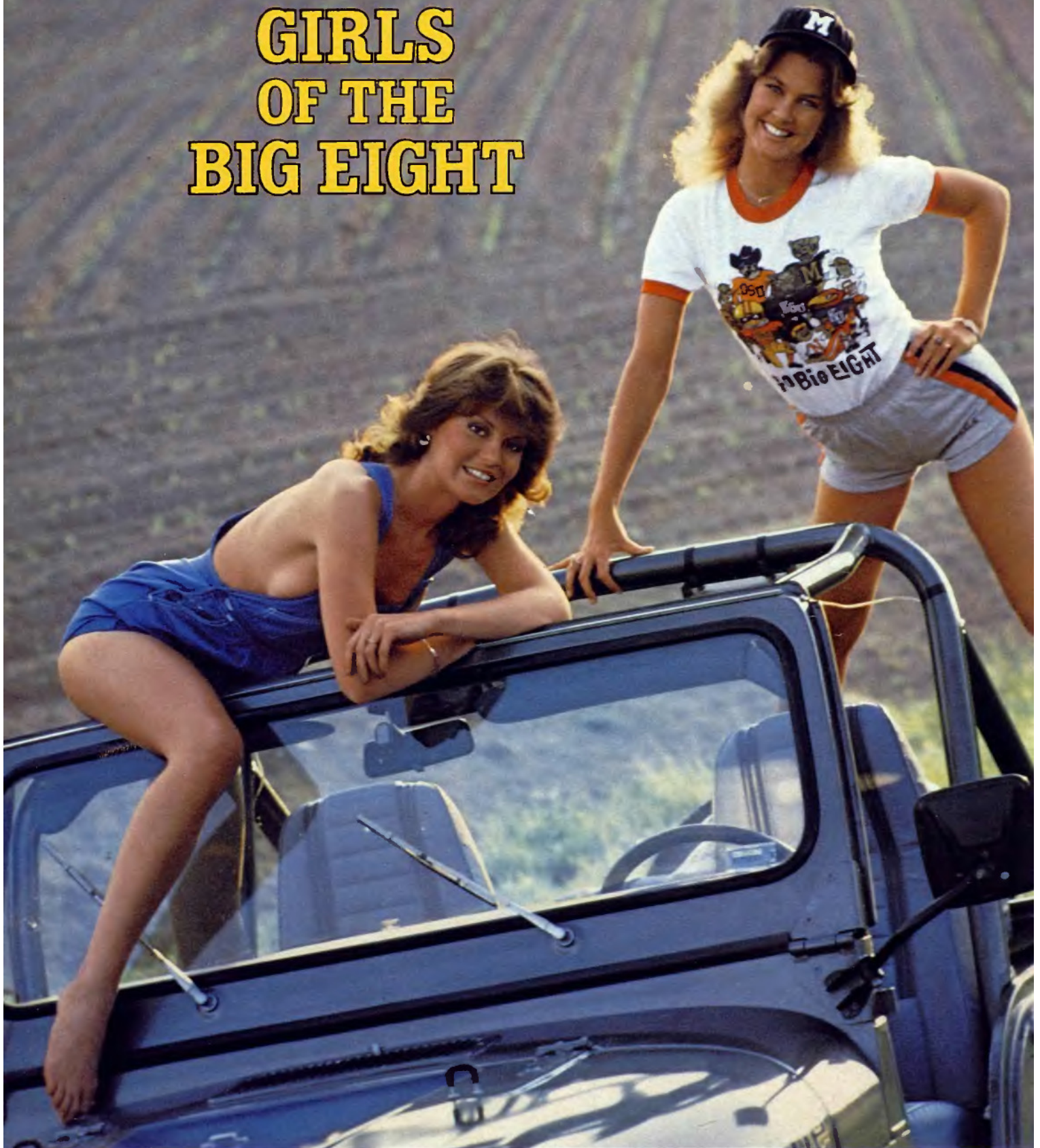
To test the hypothesis that some of America's 20 billion arcade quarters could be successfully diverted to hand-held games based on arcade themes, two toy companies rushed hand-held versions of dot/maze-type (nee Pac-Man) games onto store shelves just before last Christmas. Both were instant sellouts. Thus the good (continued on page 224)



Clockwise from nine: Coleco has brought arcade games home to stay with these four battery-powered tabletop models—a three-games-in-one version of Pac-Man, about \$70; a mini Galaxian, also featuring three games: Midway's Galaxian, Head to Head Galaxian and Attackers, \$70; Frogger, in which you guide a wandering frog back home without its being run over by cars, eaten by creatures, etc., \$70; and Donkey Kong, in which you try to rescue a damsel in distress from a mischievous ape that's carried her atop a high-rise building, \$70. Next to it is a new ColecoVision programmable console, about \$200, which can be fitted with an expansion module, about \$70, that enables it to play Atari cartridges, too (the Zaxxon cartridge shown, by Coleco, \$30). The streamlined game console is Atari's new high-resolution model 5200, which features an automatic switch box that eliminates fumbling behind the TV set when you want to reactivate normal reception, \$350 (the Galaxian and Star Rodder cartridges shown, by Atari, about \$40 each). In the middle of our picture is Crozy Climber, in which you maneuver your crazy climber up the outside of a skyscraper while dodging flowerpots, etc., by Bandai America, \$50. Last, a disk-shaped Tomytronic Pac Man hand-held game that resembles the adorable one himself, by Tomy, \$45.



# GIRLS OF THE BIG EIGHT



YOU KNOW, OF COURSE, that there are hundreds of gorgeous women on college campuses all over the country. Having already brought you *Girls of the Southeastern Conference*, *Girls of the Southwest Conference*, *Girls/Women of the Ivy League*, *Girls of the Big Ten* and *Girls of the Pac-10*, we don't have to convince you of that. But our expanding portfolio of America's most comely coeds wouldn't be definitive without a look at the *Girls of the Big Eight*. So we sent our intrepid Contributing Photographer David Chan off to the heartland of higher education—the universities of Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma and Nebraska and Iowa State, Kansas State and Oklahoma State universities. That's a lot of territory, and we wouldn't have been surprised if David had disappeared in a cornfield like the one above—if not forever, certainly (text concluded on page 220)



*on the sprawling campuses  
of middle america,  
they've got big football players,  
big fraternities  
and more beautiful coeds  
than you ever imagined—until now*

Lorna Tate (below), a fourth-year journalism major at the University of Colorado, is a cheerleader for the Colorado Buffaloes and an amateur photographer.



Above, Missouri's Allison Klote (left) and Linda Kay Kollmeyer pause on a jeep ride around campus. Allison wants to work with computers when college days are over. Linda is a nursing major. Alicia O'Bando (right), a sophomore dance major at the University of Kansas, likes dancing, singing, traveling, jogging and "tall, dark and muscular men."









See the blonde in the picture at right? That's Cara Anderson, a Kansas coed, and you'll see more of her later. Here, she's at the Pladium in Lawrence, where there's a male strip show for ladies only.



Angela DeLozier (left), 19, was Miss Teen Oklahoma before she entered the University of Oklahoma. She loves horseback riding and basketball. Willie Cole (above), a senior at Missouri, likes tennis, warm weather and athletic men. Pamela Veach (right), a junior at Kansas State, says she wants to get a B.A. in business and "work for a large corporation, like Playboy." Her alternate career plan is to "one day open my own gym." Pamela says she likes to spend her free time belly dancing, wrestling, practicing karate, pumping iron and raising great Danes. Whew.











Annette Reiss sun-bathes on the roof of a fraternity house (left) at Missouri. She's a junior majoring in psychology, and her favorite sport is racquetball. Janette Svoboda (right), a political-science major at the University of Nebraska, likes to camp and to fish. (She cooks her catch, too.)



Claudia Grassi (left) is a sophomore at the University of Colorado who wants to be a photojournalist. She loves to ski in "early-morning powder." Michelle Worrall (above) is a Kansas sophomore whose ambition is simply "to be rich," though she says she likes good-looking, athletic men whether "rich or poor." Suzanne DeClue (right), a junior at the University of Missouri, is an art-education major whose hobbies are photography, riding, running, aerobics and dancing. Suzanne wants to be a teacher.







All study and no play make Maggie Horner (left) and Karen Harston dull girls, so the two University of Missouri coeds (above) take a pillow-fight break to relax during exam week.







We discovered lovely Candy Loving on the OU campus in 1978 and made her our 25th Anniversary Playmate (far left). Candy returned to school and was graduated this year (left) with a B.A. in journalism. Schoolmate Lesli Jones (above) is a sophomore art major. At right, Pegi McGuire, another Oklahoma coed (majoring in business), helps a lucky bunch of fraternity men wash their auto.







Iowa State coed Sandy Redmond (left) hates "prejudice, violence, winter and seafood" and loves embroidery, cooking and collecting glass Siamese cats. Beth Krekel, a 21-year-old junior at Missouri (right), likes swimming, working out with weights and "men who are excited about me." Her main dislike is "not having money." Her ambition is "to own my own cosmetics shop after I graduate."



Christine Davis (left) is a junior art major at the University of Kansas; her ambition is to become an illustrator and a free-lance model. She likes jazz dancing, drawing and singing. In the photo above, you see four years' worth of Becker sisters (from left): Darcey, class of 'B4; Diane, 'B3; Dana, '85; and big sister Dawn, who was graduated from Iowa State this summer. Three of the sisters have been bat girls for the ISU baseball team. Kelly Jo Schoepf, 20 (right), is a sophomore at the University of Nebraska who wants to be a professional model.









Shannan Westbrooke (below), a sophomore at Kansas State University, sunbathes in an offcampus meadow. Shari Ann Scott, a junior at Oklahoma State, looks on as fellow student Shawn McManus gets a lift from the football team (right). Shari's a photography buff.



Cara Anderson (below), a KU sophomore, likes tennis, skiing, racquetball, good food, rock 'n' roll and whirlpools (don't we all!). Kelly Fallan (right) is a junior at the University of Colorado who writes poetry, likes fast sports cars and sad movies and hopes one day to own her own horse farm, where she can "breed and train thoroughbreds." Kelly allows that she likes her men to be "witty and charming."











*"Who'll buy a drink for a man who just spent two years up the Amazon?"*



THIRD SON Chang had the fortune, or misfortune, to marry the most beautiful girl in all the Middle Kingdom. Your opinion depends, of course, on whether or not you have ever been married to a true beauty. But the effect on Chang was that he no longer went to the countinghouse to work.

He gazed endlessly at his wife's lovely face; he invented small games to play with her; he caressed her and toyed with her; he made love to her many times during the day. In that way, the first six months of marriage passed, and then the first year.

Chang was not a rich man; he had simply lived on his earnings heretofore. Now he began to pawn their possessions. In two years, he had pawned or sold his wife's jewels, the chairs, the table, the linens and most of their clothes.

Finally, his wife said to him, "Love is all very well, but somehow we must find money to live on. Husband, you must go again to work."

"How can I?" Chang asked. "If I went to work during the day, another man would come here and, entranced by your perfection, he would make love to you." His wife could not convince him that that was mere supposition on his part.

At last, their poverty was unbearable; they were close to starving. Chang decided to go to town and ask for his old position in the countinghouse back again. On the road, he fell in with another wayfarer, and they became friendly.

Chang asked what art or trade the man followed, and the man replied with a smile. "I am a magician."

"Ah," said Chang, "you must know the answers to deep questions, then. How does a man keep the love of a most beautiful woman when he can no longer devote all day and all night to adoring her? When he must leave her during the day to work? Perfect beauty is so rare that all men wish to steal it."

"Philosophically, I can't help you," said the man. "I am but a journeyman magician and I haven't the ultimate answers about the perfect love or the theft of the heart. I do happen to be a rather clever workman, though, and so I will give you a pretty little bottle. Lacking the deep answers to the big questions of life, one must employ such things. Now, in the morning, when you leave for work, simply bottle up your wife. Look at her and blow into the bottle-neck and—behold!—she will be inside all day long. Oh, yes; do the same thing with a cushion so that she will be comfortable. In the evening, tip the bottle gently and she will slide out and resume her usual proportions." So saying, he took a three-inch bottle from his bag,

handed it to Chang and vanished.

The next morning, as Chang's wife was combing her hair, she looked into her mirror and saw her husband blowing into a small bottle. Suddenly, she lost consciousness. When she awoke, she was lying on a soft cushion in a little room with smooth, round walls.

Chang slipped the bottle into his pocket and went off happily to work. And all day long, he worked in perfect serenity. You who have a beautiful woman at home, can you say as much for yourself?

When Chang returned home at night, his wife felt her little room move through the air, and as it moved, the dark walls became flooded with light. The room tipped and she began to slide and to grow dizzy. When her head cleared, she was standing in her own house again, with her dear husband, Chang, smiling at her.

All went along well enough until one day when the washing had accumulated and Chang saw that he must leave his wife at home if he were to have any clean clothes. He begged her to go nowhere but to the river, to return directly home and then to stay inside the house throughout the rest of the day. She promised solemnly.

Things had been going along so smoothly day by day, and his wife's reassurances were so convincing, that Chang set out for town complacently.

His wife gathered the clothes, put them into a basket and went down to the riverside. She began to wash the clothes, enjoying the sunlight and the fresh air for the first time in many days. As she was washing one of Chang's shirts, she felt something hard in a pocket. She took it out carefully and found that it was a small bottle.

It looked so familiar that she examined it. "Each morning, my husband blows into a small bottle just like this, and the next thing I know, I am transported to that smooth little room. Can this be . . . ?" She looked into the mouth of the bottle and saw a tiny cushion,

very like her own, resting at the bottom.

With a thoughtful look, she put the bottle into her pocket and went on washing clothes. About noon, she sat down on a rock to eat the small meal she had brought with her, and while she was eating, she noticed a handsome young man who had come to sit in the sunlight on the other side of the river.

He smiled at her and she smiled back. Suddenly, the girl's head was in a whirl; scarcely knowing what she was doing, she plucked the bottle from her pocket and, staring at the young man, blew into it. At once, he disappeared from the riverbank. She peered once more into the bottle and quickly put it back into her pocket.

Chang, for his part, had missed the bottle sometime during the day, and the first thing he did when he returned home was demand it. With no change of expression, his wife handed it to him, and he put it in a safe place.

The next morning, all went as usual. Chang rose and dressed, and as his wife was combing her hair, he blew into the bottle and she disappeared. Congratulating himself once again on his cleverness in keeping his wife safe from the caresses of other men, he set out for the town.

During the day, the bottle became uncomfortably warm. Chang touched it, and it seemed to pulse a little under his finger tips. Therefore, he took it from his pocket and put it in a cool shadowed place on a shelf.

That evening, when he tipped the bottle, not only his wife appeared but with her the handsome young man.

Perhaps, in the innermost chamber of his heart, Chang had always known that something like this would happen. He said, "How very strange! I thought my wife quite safe shut up in a bottle, but now I find that she has had a man with her. No matter how devoted, how considerate, how adoring a man may be, it is impossible for him to have a beautiful woman for himself alone."

—Retold by Charles Chandu





# EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT ATARI®

## “Are they good for kids?”

Playing ATARI games can be very good for kids (providing they've done their homework and cleaned their bedrooms).

For one thing, it's time spent in the home, with the family. Increasing hand-eye coordination and developing a longer attention span. Learning how to be a good loser—and more importantly, a good winner. And finally, having fun while preparing for the future:

ATARI games are the forerunner of home computers. And although you may not be ready for the electronic age, your children will have to be.

## “Are they a passing fancy, like Hula Hoops?”

They're exactly the opposite. The ATARI Video Computer System™ Game is not a toy, to be put in the closet and forgotten. It's a permanent part of a home entertainment center. And just as there are constantly new records available for your stereo, Atari will constantly offer new Game Program™ cartridges for your system.

## “What if something breaks?”

Atari manufactures quality products. They're tested, inspected, and come with a 90-day limited warranty. (See your Atari dealer for the details.)

The fact is, the odds are against anything going wrong. But if something does, don't worry. Atari already has over 500 authorized service centers. And by the end of the year, there will be nearly 2,000 nationwide.





# ALWAYS WANTED TO GAMES, ETC, ETC.

**"Will they damage my TV set?"**

No. Your TV set doesn't care whether it's playing an exciting game or another re-run.

You can hook up an ATARI game to any set, once and for all, in about 5 minutes. After that, you're only a flick of a switch away from fun for the whole family.



**"Etc, etc."**

ATARI offers more video games than anyone else. Educational games, space games, sports games, action games, strategy games — including all-time classics, like PAC-MAN,<sup>®</sup> Space Invaders,<sup>™</sup> and Asteroids.<sup>™</sup>

But you can only play ATARI video games on an ATARI video game system. Which is something to think about before investing in one of the etoeteras.



ATARI MAKES MORE HOME VIDEO GAMES THAN ANYONE.  
**HAVE YOU PLAYED ATARI TODAY?**





*we knew there was a new film wave sweeping up from australia, but nothing had prepared us for*

## "WARRIOR" WOMAN



From top to bottom: The Humungus is the bad guy. Mad Max is the good guy. The Woman Warrior is something else again. Below, the Gyro Captain gets high and bikers run for it.

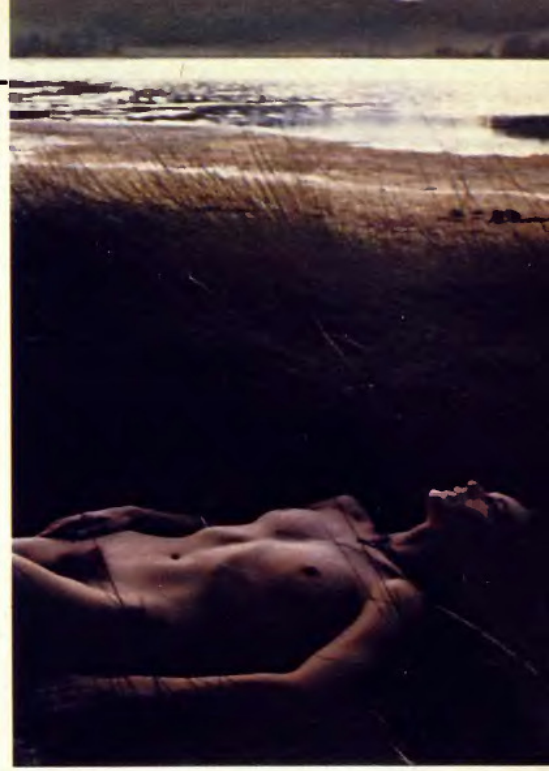


**A** PRESS RELEASE summarized the plot of *The Road Warrior* as follows: "I remember . . . a time of chaos . . . ruined dreams . . . this wasted land. Men began to feed on men. . . . On the roads, it was a white-line nightmare. Only those mobile enough to scavenge, brutal enough to pillage would survive." It sounded like a high-grade weird movie. Word of mouth on the new *Mad Max* was: "It has a serious lunatic quality. There's this gang of bikers. One rapes a girl. Then he kills her by firing a cross-bow bolt into her crotch. Then the real violence starts." What no one warned us about was Virginia Hey. Hey, she's fine.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER MCLEAN

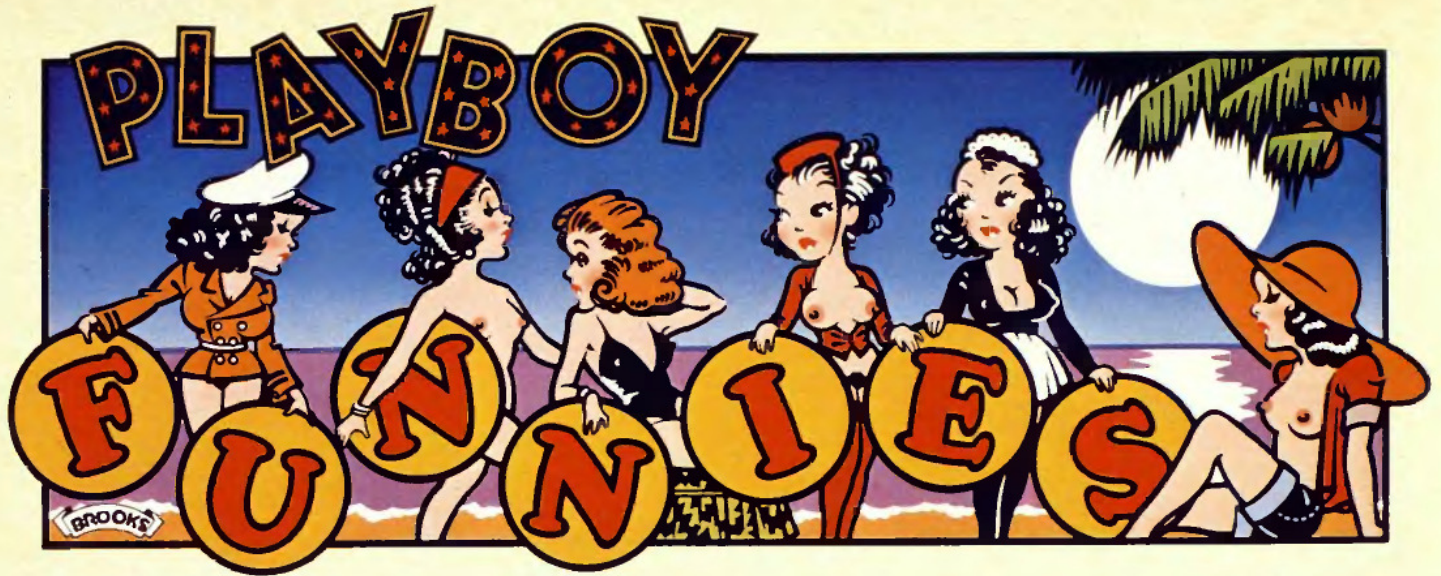




Virginia Hey plays the Woman Warrior, one of the defenders of an embattled oil refinery isolated in the middle of the wasteland. Hey is used to being in front of the camera. She was discovered at the age of 19 standing at a bus stop in Sydney. A woman talent scout approached and asked if she had considered modeling. Hey accepted the offer and subsequently became one of Australia's top fashion models. Since making her debut in *The Road Warrior*, she has completed two more movies: *The Return of Captain Invincible*, starring Alan Arkin, and *Norman Loves Rose*. We sent photographer Peter McLean to check in with the Say Hey kid in the flesh. The results are shown here.







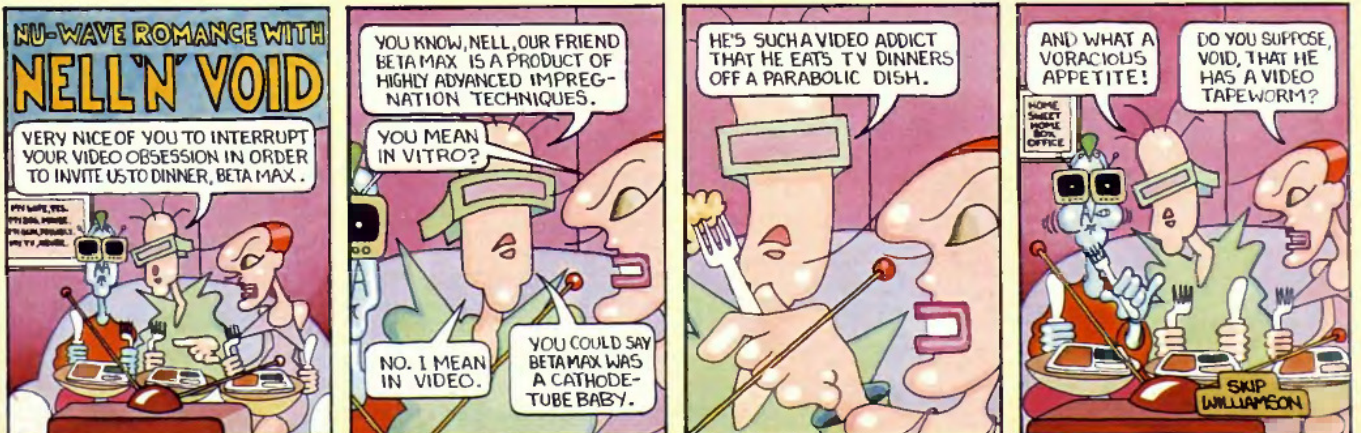
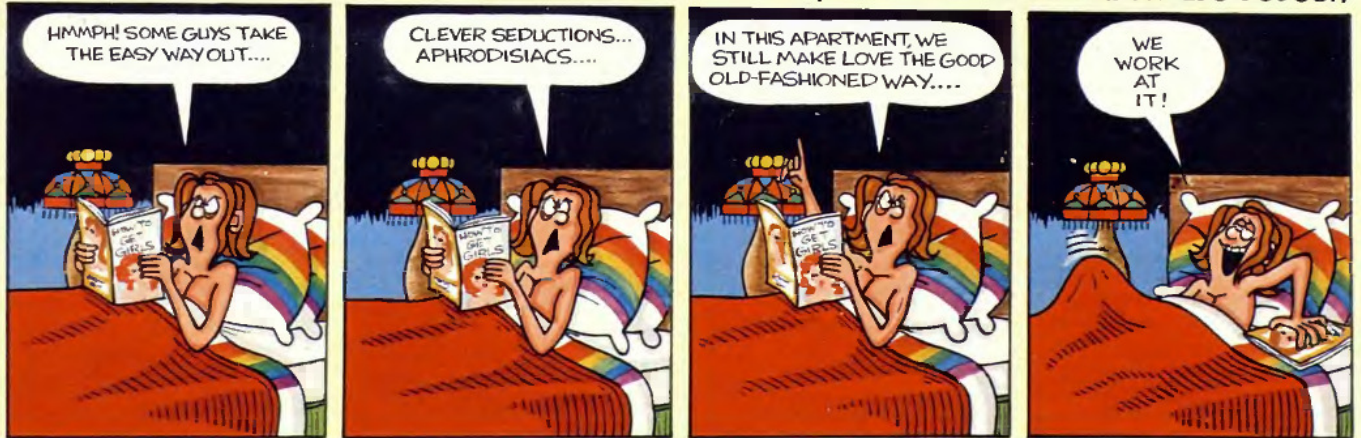
## annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard

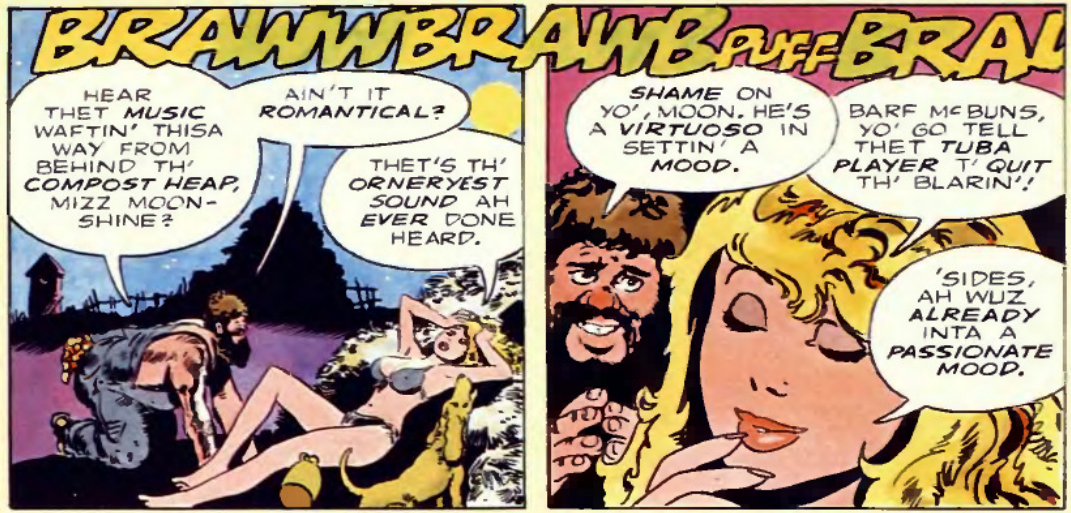


## THE LONER

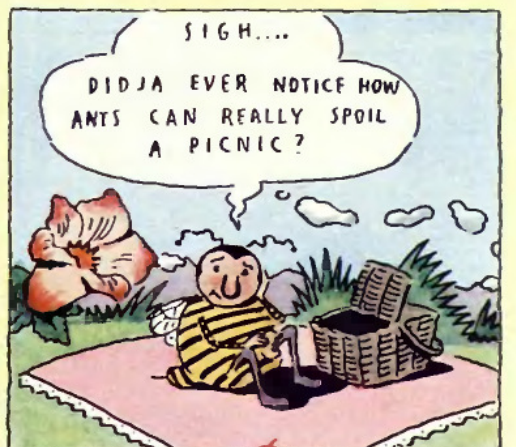
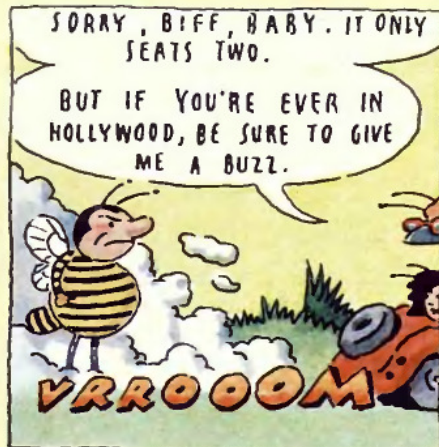
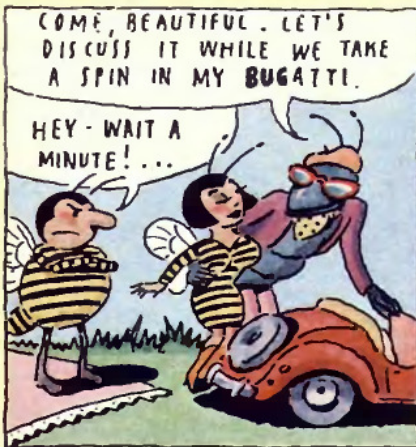
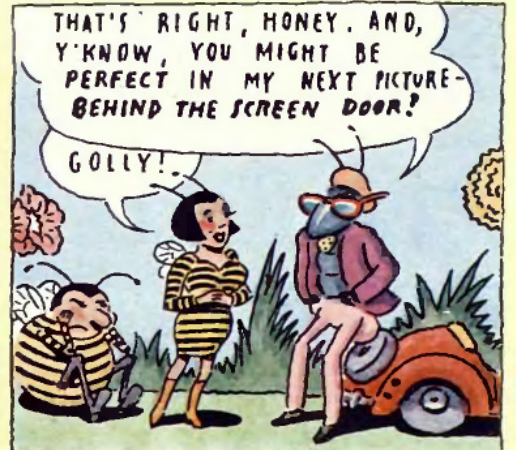
by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON











## BORN TOULOUS

Christopher Browne





I want you to know it's a pleasure having a student like you in my class. You pay attention and agree with everything I say.

I can't believe I'm walking down the street with my English Lit. professor.



I always have coffee and dessert after class. After three hours of you students, I deserve it.

I can't believe I'm sitting here having coffee with my English Lit. prof... I wonder if he knows our tenees are touching. Oh, Gaud, I can't believe it.



I'll pay for this.

I can't believe he's pressing himself against me. It is crowded in here. But I think I feel his... no, no, it's probably something in his pocket.



It's nice of you to let me use your bathroom. Ever since I was a kid and people were always walking in on me, I've disliked public toilets.

I can't believe he's going to MY apartment. I hope Jill isn't there. What am I talking about? He's just coming up to use the bathroom.



I shouldn't be here, Betsy. After all, I am a teacher and you're a student.

I can't believe he's sitting here having a drink. Is he flirting with me? How do older people flirt? He's probably great in bed... What am I thinking? I can't BELIEVE it.



My wife falls right asleep. This is a lot nicer... talking after making love.

I believe it.



Sarah Downs



*"Making NBC News competitive again was complicated. The problem was money: NBC didn't have it."*

broadcast's look and production team, conflicts with former friends in the Washington bureau, all those stories about his sweater. It was everything a rookie—even one with 20 years' experience—could handle and more. And now this—the mystery of the missing viewers.

So, very deliberately, Rather began to think about it. And as he did, the things around him kept changing. There weren't as many stories from Washington anymore and almost none at all that featured hearings. Bob Simon, who was young and fresh, was on the broadcast more; George Herman and Nelson Benton, who were not much of either, began showing up less. The animated image of the globe that had opened the broadcast disappeared and the basso-profundo voice that had introduced him went along with it. They moved his chair once, twice and then a third time, until they found the perfect spot, exactly 12 feet from where they had started. Sitting there, in or out of his sweater, he looked great. He felt great. It was his broadcast now, and as the days went on, he was increasingly marking it with his stamp. He could put up with the old guard's grumbling, even with the shouting that was coming from Washington. Because, quite literally, he was in the catbird seat, and if the current trends held, he would be there a long, long time. Cronkite had become dominant in six years; Rather was doing it in two.

Still, there was the mystery, the question of the missing viewers. He had thought about it, racked his brain, knitted his brow as only Dan Rather could knit. And then, one day, suddenly and without warning, the answer came to him. "It's like the moose," he announced. "They say the number of moose in Newfoundland are decreasing because of a change in the climate. Nobody knows if it is true, but people believe that it is true." He paused to smile. "It is like that with the ratings."

In the winter of 1982, a rumor began to circulate through the corridors of ABC News. Pierre Salinger, it was said, would be coming to Washington, returning in glory from France to be the new bureau chief. For weeks, the expectations mounted. Then, mysteriously, the reports stopped. Salinger, it was clear, was not coming to Washington after all. There were various theories put forth to explain it: He liked Paris; he hated Washington; he had children in school.

A source claiming to be in the know dismissed them all. "No," she said, "it's much simpler than that. Pierre's too good. He'd be a wonder here, a power. Do you think New York is crazy?"

The party NBC News threw to introduce Tom Brokaw and Roger Mudd to the press was a low-keyed, dignified affair, rather like NBC News itself. The place was upstairs at "21," away from the rush, in a private third-floor dining room: the time, noonish to twoish—long enough for a cocktail or two, a getting-to-know-you chat and a sit-down with some beef *Bourguignon*. The crowd was sparse but distinguished, including, as it did, not only Brokaw and Mudd and the requisite network brass but several eminent editors of *The New York Times*, who may have had nothing to do with covering television but who knew a good feed when they saw one.

Mudd, looking gray and uncomfortable, was doing his best to glad hand. It was not easy. He was a meat-and-potatoes-issues man not skilled at such affairs. That, some said, had hurt him at CBS. Mudd, understandably, didn't want to talk about it. He had already been impolitic on the subject of CBS, telling an interviewer what everyone in the room knew: that CBS had the bench strength, that NBC was always playing catch up. No one wanted to hear that anymore. Knowing that, Mudd now kept his mouth shut. He looked at his watch. Ninety minutes to go.

Across the room, his partner seemed in fine fettle. Brokaw, in fact, was beaming. "We're going to be the responsible ones," he winked. He rocked on the balls of his feet and popped a peanut into his mouth. "Just because they have Pac-Man doesn't mean we have to have Pac-Man. Our *Star Wars* don't have to be bigger than their *Star Wars*."

He grinned. "Got that?" he asked a scribbling reporter.

"Um-hum," the journalist answered.

"Make any sense?" Brokaw inquired.

"Nope," the man replied.

Brokaw laughed. "God," he said, "I hope not."

Near the steam table, nursing a drink, Reuven Frank was reminiscing about Huntley and Brinkley. It was one of the NBC News president's favorite topics; in another incarnation, he had created them. "How did it happen?" he shrugged. "How does anything in television happen? It just happened." His

listeners laughed and Frank laughed with them. He had a knack for making people feel good.

It was that quality, as much as anything, that explained his present circumstance: rebirth in a job he had held ten years before. Frank was a calmer, as comfortable as an old, soft shoe—which, just then, was precisely what NBC needed. The situation, to put it mildly, was awful. Morale was abysmal. The mother company was suffering. Affiliates had deserted in droves. But worse than any of that, "the family" had been sundered.

Family was a word they often used at NBC. They did, that is, until the regime of William Small, Frank's predecessor. Small, an *émigré* from CBS, had made people feel terrible about themselves. John Chancellor, the joke went, had been so rattled by him that he changed the way he pronounced his name. Most of what Small had done, though, had not been so funny, and letting 31-year veteran David Brinkley escape to ABC had been unfunniest of all. Enter Reuven Frank. "It is like Lombardi's taking over the Redskins," a friend said, watching him work the crowd. "There's only one way to go, and that's up."

Frank, for his part, was not taking himself, or the situation, all that seriously. "I'm still me," he was assuring people around the room. "The guy with the white hair and the nicotine stains on his teeth." Again, his listeners smiled. That, in itself, was half the battle.

The other half, making NBC News competitive again, was a somewhat more complicated task. The big problem was money: NBC didn't have it. It mounted fewer troops in the field. They traveled less. Their equipment was poorer. ABC, whose correspondents had, in cables to New York, referred to the competition in code—Charlie for CBS, Nancy for NBC—had, months before, posted an official notice: NANCY DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE. It would be a while before she returned. Frank had already asked for a budget increase and had been turned down. As a result, rumor had it, the purchase of new equipment had been canceled and major maintenance on much of the old equipment had been deferred.

That afternoon, at least, Frank did not look worried. "I think things are just peachy," he declared, and everyone laughed, knowing that Reuven was making another one of his jokes. "These young bloods," he went on, waving his hand disdainfully, "they love to play with those [electronic] toys. You get a good, bright sociologist in there, he'd have a picnic with them." He chuckled at his own remark. "All this technology," he said. "There's too much reliance on



# A SONY SO INGENIOUS IT ACTUALLY COMPENSATES FOR THE SHORTCOMINGS OF YOUR MEMORY.



## INTRODUCING DIRECT ACCESS TUNING: THE SOPHISTICATED MADE SIMPLE.

In just about every major metropolitan area there are literally scores of radio stations to choose from. Needless to say, remembering the station number for each requires a memory far beyond those of mortal men. So Sony created a receiver that does the remembering for you. The masterpiece of audio engineering you see here—the STR-VX33.

Obviously, everybody has a few favorite stations firmly entrenched in their minds. With Sony's exclusive Direct Access tuning you just punch them in di-

rectly. The same way you'd dial a number on a touch-tone phone.

But let's say you want to tune in a station and you can't remember the entire frequency. For example, you know it's one-zero-two-point-something. The VX33's intuitive tuning feature automatically finds the part you don't know. It's so easy you can do it with your eyes closed.

And once you find it you never have to remember it again. Because you can program it directly into the memory. Up to eight of your favorite stations can be stored in the memory at a time. Select keys one through eight and you retrieve the station you want instantly. And if you're not sure which one you want to

listen to, the Sony-developed Memory Scan gives you a four-second sampling of each.

And because of Sony's quartz frequency synthesis, there's no drifting, no signal fade. You get crisp, clear, unadulterated high-fidelity sound.

All that plus 40 watts per channel and Sony's unique Legato Linear amplifier circuitry for an inaudible 0.008% total harmonic distortion.\*

The Sony VX33. It's technology in characteristic Sony fashion.

The only thing uncharacteristic: the low price.

And that's something you should have no trouble remembering.

**SONY**® The one and only.

\*FEATURES AND SPECIFICATIONS: 40 watts per channel continuous power output (minimum RMS, both channels driven into 8 Ohms, from 20 Hz to 20 kHz, with no more than 0.008% THD). Legato Linear power amplifier reduces switching distortion. Two tape monitors with tape dubbing. Sony Corp. of America, Sony Drive, Park Ridge, New Jersey 07656 © 1982 Sony Corp. of America. Sony is a registered trademark of the Sony Corp.



it. What is television news, anyway? The transmission of experience. That's what its essence is. And that's what I want: the basic picture of seeing something happen."

Frank was rolling now, talking about people, places, stories. The listeners were crowding in. "Claus von Bulow," he was saying. "What a story! It had everything: rich people on trial, sex, money, even little kids. The only thing missing was a dog." Everyone was laughing. Brokaw and Mudd were smiling. Reuven Frank was going to be all right.

The fire in the young staff producer's eyes showed just how excited she was, just how deeply she believed in what she was saying. "I want to do a story about unemployment," she said in a rush. "About how it's affecting people. How they are suffering. What it is doing to their lives." She talked on, describing the human dimensions of the economic crisis, the side, she said, that was always ignored. She knew just how she would do it, the pictures she would get, the color, the angles; it would be, she promised, a great piece.

Her boss at ABC regarded her thoughtfully. "Listen," he told her when she had finished, "I know you care about the unemployed and all that. But what I really need is a piece on unidentified flying objects. How'd ya like to do that?" The producer thought her boss was kidding. He wasn't. She quit.

Sauter was explaining to Howard Stringer, the new executive producer of the *CBS Evening News*, what he would have to do on the job. Stringer, who had never before produced a daily news broadcast, was listening intently to his president. "There's one thing you have to know," said Sauter, puffing on a big cigar.

"What's that?" Stringer asked. Sauter pointed to his television set.

"You see this knob here?" Stringer nodded. "Turn it to the right and the sound gets louder."

The old order was changing, making way for the new. Almost all the Murrow crowd was gone now—picked off, died off, pensioned off one by one. "We're like veterans of World War One," said Bill Leonard, who had been among them. "You don't see us at parades anymore."

Richard Salant, who had been Leonard's predecessor, was still around, "consulting," as they called it, for NBC. What was he doing? someone asked him one day. "Nothing," he replied. The man who had installed Cronkite and discovered Rather laughed. "When they ask for advice," he said, "I give it to them." When do they ask? he was que-

ried. "Almost never," he said.

The caller, for whose interruption Salant had seemed grateful, had a final question. When there was a big story, he wondered, a real barnburner, like in the old days, to whom did he turn for news? "I look out my window," Salant answered, "and see what I can see."

The producer was proud of himself. He had a right to be. He was a wheel at ABC, a big wheel, and he had the office to prove it. It was a grand place, grander even than those in which the news presidents of NBC and CBS sat. Within his own news division, there was only one that topped it, and that belonged to Roone Arledge himself.

Roone was his patron. Roone had made him what he was, which was a wheel with a big office, and he had helped make Roone what *he* was, which was a bigger wheel with an even bigger office. But his day would come. Everyone at ABC knew that. Ten years from now, maybe sooner, he said, he'd be running a news division himself. He smiled a wide, wonderful, perfect-toothed smile, the kind that belongs to the young, the powerful and the talented. Smiling, he stretched out his long, limber, denim-clad legs (for he had reached that level at which he could afford not to wear a suit to the office), and as they were propped there on his corporate coffee table, he began to talk about television. Which was what he almost always talked about.

"Mr. Paley has folded his cards," he began, dismissing the founder and chairman of CBS. "We are breeding our own management now. We are the television generation. We no longer have a need for the Fred Friendlys of the world." He talked on expansively, boasting of his enterprise, and the more he talked, the more restless he became. He squirmed, he fidgeted, he played with his hair and, finally, he got up.

"You want to know what it's all about?" he demanded. "This is what it's all about." His arm swept over to his wall, chockablock with awards, citations and proclamations, the totems of his years in television. "And there's more where that came from," he bragged. "A whole other wallful." He paced purposefully before his decorations, like a child inspecting his playthings. Suddenly, something caught his attention. He stopped and peered closer at the photograph of a cake that had been baked for him, ABC #1 the icing had read. But someone had altered it. Now over the "#1" there hung a paper number four. The young producer scowled. He was not amused.

Frank Reynolds was getting fed up. Here he was, the old pro, the éminence grise of the business, the rock on which

Arledge—Captain Ca-Ca himself—had built ABC News, and now they (whoever they were in New York) were shopping his job all over town. They had approached Dan, they had approached Roger, they had approached Tom, they had even approached Koppel, his own colleague and friend. And one day, no doubt, they would finally approach someone who would say yes.

That didn't bother him. He hadn't wanted the anchor job in the first place. He hadn't "scratched and clawed," as he put it, to sit in that Washington studio five nights a week. He was quite content, thank you, to be a reporter, which, deep down, was what he remained—and a damned good one at that. The "glamor boys," as he called them, couldn't understand that. But then, they had never understood him. Not from the time, years ago, back in Chicago, when he had walked away from the soft local anchor spot and all that money so he could be what he wanted to be. People weren't supposed to do that in television. They didn't do a lot of the things he did, which might explain why he was in trouble now. At least, he *guessed* he was in trouble, because no one would tell him he was. They didn't have the guts.

Instead, they slunk around him and whispered in reporters' ears. He knew what they were saying. He knew that all of Roone's public proclamations of support were just that: proclamations for the public. And that didn't bother him, either. What bothered him, what ate at his insides, was the way they were going at him.

They were doing it to Max Robinson, too, of course: sniping at him, belittling him, making jokes about him—some of them too awful to repeat. But Max was different. He was black. No one was going to fire him. Reynolds, though, was a different story. He was expendable.

He tried, sometimes, to make light of it. "Maybe," he joshed, "I've been abrupt with some secretaries." But there was bitterness in his tone. He was a proud man, perhaps too proud for his own good, and it was his pride that the gossip was wounding. "I'm weary of it," he said one morning at his desk. "If they want to get rid of me, I'll save them the trouble. I didn't ask for this job. If they want to make a change, they can make it. I'm not the kind of guy who is going to sit through this stuff for another year. If they keep on waffling, I'll end the waffling."

His voice drifted off. It was 11 o'clock. The evening broadcast was still hours away, and already Frank Reynolds was tired.

The CBS producer had been working on the story for weeks, but it still wasn't ready. Three or four more days; that



# LIQUORE ITALIANO

Tuaca. Among its exquisite tastes one can perceive a whisper of vanilla and a kiss of orange. Very Italian and completely delicious. A golden amber liqueur with a rich aroma and bouquet that pleases the senses. Tuaca. About \$15 the bottle.



70 PROOF IMPORTED BY CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C., N.Y.

# TUACA





**Justin**<sup>®</sup>

**STANDARD OF THE WEST  
SINCE 1879**



In the Tradition  
of the American Cowboy

MEMBER



was all he needed. It was hot stuff, a sure blockbuster.

Suddenly, the producer got a call from his boss. They had to air the piece *that night*, the man said. ABC had the story and was going to run it on the evening news. The producer was shocked. "ABC doesn't have the story," he said. "I know what they've got, and they don't have the story."

"They've got it," the boss said. "I've got somebody over there, and they've got it." The producer protested, but the other man insisted on going with his spy. The story had to run that night.

And so, in haphazard fashion, it did. After the broadcast, the producer and his boss flipped to ABC to see how the competition had handled it. They watched and waited and watched some more. Nothing. A few weeks later, they heard that the ABC brass had pulled the story at that day's six o'clock meeting. But that still didn't answer the big question: Had CBS been doubled?

Provided you survived, it was a good time to be in television news. The competition for bodies was keen and the salaries had never been higher. With the bids going up, the \$8,000,000 contract that had landed Rather on the cover of *Time* now seemed like a trifle. NBC, it was reliably said, was paying Brokaw more than twice that. Even second-line correspondents were asking for and getting \$75,000 and up. "It's a meat market," a prominent ABC correspondent commented. His tone was approving, awed. He was being inspected himself.

There were dangers, of course. You had to keep on your toes. You had to stay fit. You had to look right. And you mustn't ever, ever grow old.

It had happened to one woman, a very well-known personality: She got old. Not so old that you would really notice but old enough for her to need more time in the morning to look the late 30s that she wanted to be instead of the mid-40s that she was. The viewers, who mattered most, however, were not fooled. When her contract expired and she began looking elsewhere for work, an executive at one of the competing networks advised her not to bother. The woman was startled. She was an award-winning veteran, a reporter of many years' standing. "That's the trouble," the executive explained. "Too many years."

The president of one of the network news divisions had a recurring nightmare. In it, the unspoken agreement that existed among CBS, NBC and ABC—the pact to be sane, sober and responsible—broke down, and, like a world devastated by nuclear war, the

civilization of news came to a fiery end. Miss Rona became the ABC anchor. In retaliation, NBC brought in Rupert Murdoch and the staff of the *New York Post*. What happened next was inevitable: The *CBS Evening News* became the *National Enquirer* of the air.

It was a horrifying vision, and when the president talked about it, tones of dread crept into his voice. "This," he said, nodding at his television set, "is an awesome instrument, a powerful instrument." He paused. "A terrifying instrument."

"He worries about it; he really does," said one of his assistants. "In a way, it's like possessing the bomb. It scares the hell out of him. It does out of all those guys. I mean, what if it worked?"

And so, week after week, the war continued. Like Vietnam, it was an expensive struggle ("My God," said Bill Small before he was fired. "News shouldn't have to cost this much") and an apparently futile one. For in all probability, the Nielsens would move not a statistically significant whit.

There would be changes, of course; in television, there would always be changes. At CBS, the experts said, the viewers would get used to Diane Sawyer's always smiling and, after the sixth switch of set and the fourth change of electronic theme music, the *Morning News* would advance from being dismally last in the ratings to being respectably last. At NBC, if the predictions held and the money flowed in, Tom and Roger might one day become second

best, which would make Reuven happy and Roone nervous and would eventually put Max and Frank out of their jobs. And somewhere on the battlefield that was Televisionland, the seers said, Tom Snyder would again be richly employed.

Mostly, though, it was the news that was changing—not getting better or worse but increasing in bulk. At one network, ABC, it now began at six A.M. and ended in exhaustion at one o'clock the following morning, after even Koppel had gone to sleep. CBS, for no other apparent reasons than air time to fill and idle talent to fill it, picked up the ball an hour later and ran until nearly dawn. And if the news commanders had their way, there would be even more—a half hour more, to be specific—added to each of the evening shows.

But there was also more worry—not over the ratings or the changes or even the resurrection of Snyder but anxiety of a more persuasive sort. One CBS correspondent, braver than most, said it plainly. "What we are," he sighed, "is dinosaurs, and the dinosaurs are dying."

It was true, and the numbers confirmed it. In Chicago, in L.A., in market after market, reruns of *M\*A\*S\*H* and *Charlie's Angels* were beating the hell out of them all. And the trend lines were getting worse. "We have but one hope," a senior network executive said grimly. "War."

"Ratings war?" a questioner asked.

"No," the executive answered. "Real war."



"Could it just be too many Big Macs, doctor?"



*"If Burtnett can escape the defensive doldrums, the Boilermakers may be the surprise team of the Big Ten."*

Calabria returns. A sophomore, he can only get better, and the Raider offense has been restructured to take advantage of his talents.

West Virginia coach Don Nehlen must find a new quarterback (Jeff Hostetler has the inside track) and break in some new blockers to protect the pocket. His veteran defensive unit will have to hold the fort in early games. The schedule looks like the toughest in school history.

The Navy team has a new skipper (Gary Tranquill) and an old problem (not much depth). The highlight of spring practice was transfer tight end Bill Rogers, who could have been the Mid-dies' leading offensive threat this fall. The low light of fall was that Rogers didn't go back to school, so 1982 will be rough sailing.

#### THE EAST

##### INDEPENDENTS

|               |      |                |     |
|---------------|------|----------------|-----|
| Pittsburgh    | 10-1 | Boston College | 6-5 |
| Penn State    | 8-3  | Temple         | 6-5 |
| Colgate       | 7-3  | Rutgers        | 5-6 |
| West Virginia | 7-4  | Army           | 5-6 |
| Navy          | 6-5  | Syracuse       | 3-8 |

##### IVY LEAGUE

|           |     |              |     |
|-----------|-----|--------------|-----|
| Dartmouth | 7-3 | Brown        | 4-6 |
| Yale      | 6-4 | Princeton    | 3-7 |
| Cornell   | 6-4 | Pennsylvania | 3-7 |
| Harvard   | 5-5 | Columbia     | 2-8 |

ALL-EAST: Marino, Covert, Dawkins, Fralic (Pittsburgh); Warner, Robinson, K. Jackson, Blackledge (Penn State); Calabria, Wolf (Colgate); Raugh, Talley, Fowlkes (West Virginia); Penseigo, Wallington (Navy); Belcher, Poles (Boston College); Riordan, Berger (Temple); Pickel, Spitzer (Rutgers); Williams, Walker (Army); Moore, Charles (Syracuse); Maher, Ferre (Dartmouth); Andrie, Burkus (Yale); Harmon, Lewis (Cornell); Brown, Villanueva (Harvard); Gradinger, Daniel (Brown); Schultheis (Princeton); McInerney (Pennsylvania); Witkowski (Columbia).

With quarterback Doug Flutie and all his receivers returning, Boston College will have an even better passing attack than last year's. Temple's success will depend on its defensive unit (possibly the best in school history) and the maturation of new quarterback Tim Riordan. At Rutgers, the graduation losses were severe, but coach Frank Burns had a banner recruiting year. The Scarlet, therefore, will be a young but colorful team.

With a little luck, Army could have its first winning season in memory. The Cadets have more experience and talent at skill positions than in recent campaigns, and the schedule is softer than

usual. Gerald Walker could break Glenn Davis' all-time career rushing record.

At Syracuse, on the other hand, they're looking toward another year of rebuilding. Especially critical is the quarterback spot: Steve Peach emerged in spring practice and will probably start. The defensive unit, dreadful in '81, should be much stronger.

In the Ivy League, Dartmouth will win the championship if the defensive platoon, almost depleted by commencement, can be quickly overhauled. The Greenies will be speedy and hard to stop when they have the ball. Yale's recent dominance in the league ended with last June's graduation ceremonies. Only four starters return, and they'll be led by quarterback Joe Dufek.

The story at Cornell is a bit different: The Big Red suffered from inexperience last fall, but all those youngsters are now a year older, and Cornell will be the most improved team in the league. Tailback Derrick Harmon will revive memories of Ed Marinaro.

Another strong offensive line will again make Harvard a powerful running team, but both the odds and the opposition's defenses will be stacked against the Crimson. Brown's major scoring threat will be tailback Vince Stephens; and Princeton's inexperienced offensive crew will be led by quarterback Brent Woods. Pennsylvania, with only two wins in the past three seasons, should be much improved this year. Sixteen starters return, so experience could be a major plus for the generally nonviolent Quakers.

Last season, the Columbia Lions turned the corner and became mildly competitive for the first time in many years. They have a respectable passing attack, but the offense is weak and the linebacking corps is seldom heard to roar.

#### THE MIDWEST

Three top-quality candidates will vie for the Ohio State quarterback assignment in pre-season drills. Whoever gets the job (probably Mike Tomczak) will operate behind a much bigger and stronger offensive line, led by Playboy All-America guard Joe Lukens. The major factor in the Buckeyes' great expectations is their much stronger and more experienced defensive unit.

This could be an off year at Michigan, due primarily to the departure of most of last season's superb offensive line. The running game will also be weaker. But multitalented quarterback Steve Smith is at last approaching his po-

tential. He will benefit from the presence of Playboy All-America receiver Anthony Carter, who is perhaps the most elusive pass catcher in the history of the game. An improved defensive unit will have to hold down the scores while the offense gets its act together.

The Illinois passing attack, featuring quarterback Tony Eason, will again be the toast of Champaign. Although most of the defensive starters return, many of them will see little action this fall, because coach Mike White has brought in a host of superstud junior college transfers to beef up the defense. White still has to beef up his offensive line and juice up his running attack.

#### THE MIDWEST

##### BIG TEN

|            |      |                |     |
|------------|------|----------------|-----|
| Ohio State | 10-1 | Minnesota      | 6-5 |
| Michigan   | 7-4  | Michigan State | 4-7 |
| Illinois   | 7-4  | Iowa           | 4-7 |
| Purdue     | 7-4  | Indiana        | 3-8 |
| Wisconsin  | 6-5  | Northwestern   | 2-9 |

##### MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

|               |     |                 |     |
|---------------|-----|-----------------|-----|
| Bowling Green | 9-2 | Miami           | 5-6 |
| Toledo        | 8-3 | Northern        |     |
| Central       |     | Illinois        | 5-6 |
| Michigan      | 7-4 | Eastern         |     |
| Ball State    | 6-5 | Michigan        | 5-6 |
| Western       |     | Ohio University | 3-8 |
| Michigan      | 6-5 | Kent State      | 2-9 |

##### INDEPENDENTS

|            |     |            |     |
|------------|-----|------------|-----|
| Notre Dame | 8-3 | Louisville | 4-7 |
| Cincinnati | 7-4 |            |     |

ALL-MIDWEST: Lukens, Marek, Williams (Ohio State); Carter, Dixon, Smith (Michigan); Eason, Williams (Illinois); Jelesky, Campbell (Purdue); Krumrie, Vanden Boom, Greenwood (Wisconsin); Robb, Hohensee (Minnesota); Banks, Turner (Michigan State); Roby, Bortz (Iowa); Gunn, Laufenberg (Indiana); Leonard (Northwestern); Bayless, Phelps (Bowling Green); Smiley (Toledo); Bentley (Central Michigan); Nelson (Ball State); Wilson (Western Michigan); Peterson (Miami); Alleyne (Northern Illinois); Price (Eastern Michigan); Harter (Ohio University); Hedderly (Kent State); Zavagnin, Carter, Hunter (Notre Dame); Gibson, Barrett (Cincinnati); Trautwein, Tharpe (Louisville).

New Purdue coach Leon Burtnett also must do a repair job on a running game that was dismal last fall. Best hopes are backs Mel Gray and Jimmy Smith and a formidable and experienced offensive line. Crack quarterback Scott Campbell's performance will be enhanced by the addition of freshman Albert Bell, who's going to add some lightning to the receiving brigade. If Burtnett can escape the defensive doldrums, the Boilermakers may be the surprise team of the Big Ten.

Wisconsin, with a relatively thin squad, must repeat last season's remarkable avoidance of serious injury to compete for conference laurels. The Badgers have two quality quarterbacks, Randy Wright and Jess Cole, and superb receiver Tim Stracka returns from a year's layoff with injury. The defensive backfield,



THE WORLD  
RENOWNED

AB

BUDW  
LIGHT

12 FL. OZ



# Budweiser LIGHT BEER

## Worthy of the King of Beers.



There's a tradition at Anheuser-Busch. A tradition that says never be satisfied until you've achieved the best. Now, out of this tradition, comes a light beer worthy of the King of Beers. One with a clean, distinctive taste. Budweiser Light.

It took time. Patience. And a quest for quality that led to the proud list of ingredients and the Beechwood Aging process made famous by the King of Beers.

We know the best never comes easy. That's why there's nothing else like it.



**Bring out your best.®**

©Anheuser-Busch, Inc. St. Louis, Mo.



with David Greenwood and Matt Vanden Boom (how's that name for a notorious hard-hitter?), could easily be the nation's best.

Minnesota will have a much better running game. The Gophers' offensive line will again be excellent, and last year's best runners will be reinforced by two promising newcomers, Alan Reid and Demetrius Chism. Redshirts and recruits will add to the effectiveness of quarterback Mike Hohensee. The defensive unit, a weakness last season, returns almost intact and will improve with experience.

Michigan State's long struggle to regain respectability may be foiled by a murderous early schedule. It will be a major accomplishment if the Spartans win two of their first six games. Quarterback John Leister will again lead a dangerous passing attack, and soph runner Aaron Roberts should reach stardom by December.

Iowa will struggle through a rebuilding year. Seldom have graduation ceremonies so depleted a great team. The Hawkeyes' defense, overwhelming a year ago, has only two returning starters.

Coach Hayden Fry does have the makings of a respectable offense, but he needs an adequate quarterback. Sophomore Chuck Long is the leading candidate for the job. Don't look for Iowa to be smelling any roses on New Year's Day 1983.

Indiana coach Lee Corso must build a sound running game to complement his superb aerial combo of quarterback Babe Laufenberg and receiver Duane "Runnin'" Gunn. The solution could be tailback Orlando Brown, who was the sensation of spring practice. The Cream and Crimson defense, gutted by graduation, will be greatly helped by several returnees who missed last season. A thin squad, the Hoosiers must avoid a repeat of last year's injury rash to enjoy a successful season.

Prospects are as grim as ever at Northwestern, and there's no light at the end of the tunnel. The Wildcats will be stronger, and a couple of weak sisters on the schedule should enable them to end their losing streak, now at 31 games, but don't look for a bowl bid. A cabal of silly, snobby and not very bright university administrators who like

to talk about Northwestern's being the "Haavad of the Midwest" (but who aren't smart enough to realize that a respectable athletic program generates alumni contributions to the library and to the medical school as well as to the athletic department) has given coach Dennis Green little or no support. Green, one of the few black coaches in the major college ranks, reportedly receives a ridiculously low salary.

The Mid-American title race will be hotly contested this fall, with Bowling Green, Toledo and Central Michigan having the best chances to hit the tape first. Bowling Green coach Denny Stolz has done a nearly miraculous job of building the Falcons' football program, and his efforts should pay big dividends this season. Nearly everybody returns from last year's team, including one of the country's stingiest defensive units.

Toledo will also have a strong defense, anchored by twins Mike and Marlin Russell, but new coach Dan Sinrell is still looking for a solution to his quarterback problem. And Central Michigan, though able to gain massive yardage around mid-field last season, must solve the problem of getting the ball into the end zone from within the ten-yard line. The team would be the best in the conference on a 90-yard field.

At Ball State, the major liability will again be a weak offensive line. But the added depth of experience that resulted from last season's injury epidemic should be a big plus, especially in the running game.

New Western Michigan coach Jack Harbaugh will install a much more imaginative offense than did his predecessors. The passing attack, featuring young quarterback Scott Smith, will generate some fireworks. Miami returns 16 starters from last year, but the Redskins' offense will be almost entirely shouldered by diminutive running back Jay Peterson and by the place kicking of Mike Kieback. And although Northern Illinois will benefit from a wealth of experience, the main goal of the pre-season drills will be to find a good quarterback. Junior college transfer Tim Tyrell and returnee Rick Bridges will share time taking the snap.

This should be the year in which Eastern Michigan finally climbs out of the cellar. The Hurons have an alphabetful of lettermen and a top group of rookies. At Ohio, the running attack will be immensely improved, but coach Brian Burke must find a quarterback (probably he'll go with Donny Harrison) to throw to a splendid corps of receivers. The quarterback situation is also unclear at Kent State, where freshman tailback Dana Wright may provide most of this year's offensive punch. But don't expect the opponents to be knocked out.

As for the independents, after last

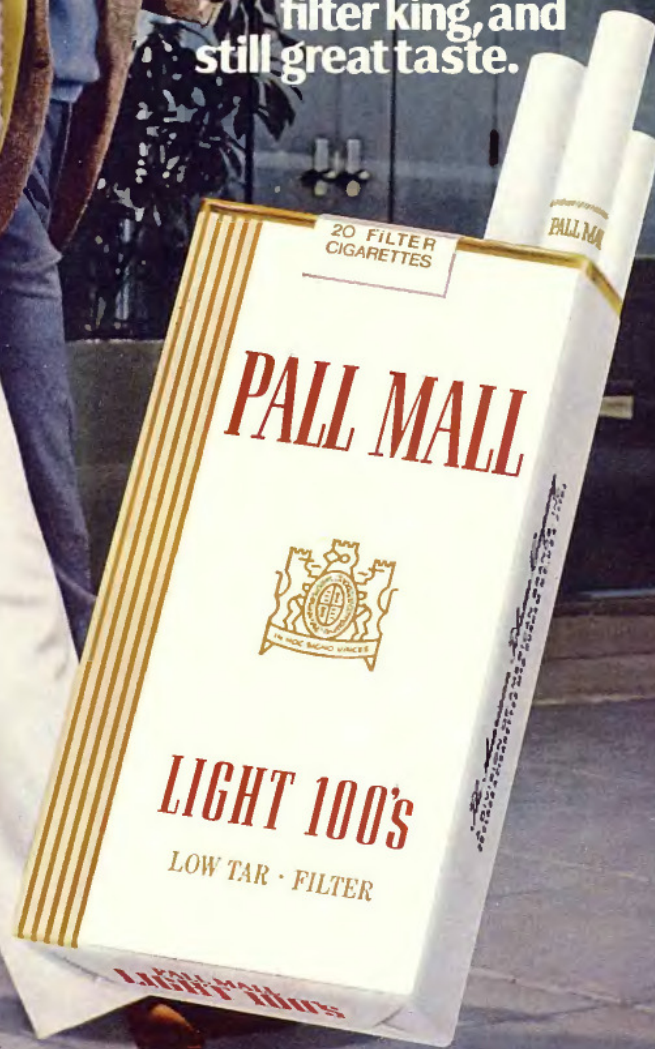


*"Now this position—do you enjoy it always, sometimes or never?"*



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

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



Pall Mall  
Light 100's            9mg. tar 0.8mg. nic.  
Leading filter king   15mg. tar 1.1mg. nic.  
Lowest brand  
less than            0.01mg. tar. 0.002mg. nic.

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

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



season's 5-6 nightmare, no one knows what to expect from Notre Dame this fall, but we have a feeling the Irish will bounce back—maybe in a big way. Nineteen starters return, a bumper crop of recruits is in camp and last year's glaring coaching mistakes probably won't be repeated. Successful football teams peak emotionally late in the season, but Gerry Faust was more of a cheerleader than a coach his first year at the helm, and the Irish peaked two weeks before the season had even begun. It was downhill the rest of the way. Faust has toughened; he isn't spending so much time convincing his players he is a nice guy, and he won't overload the team with new formations and terminology this time. With a little luck and adequate quarterbacking, the Irish could be national-championship contenders.

Cincinnati's major asset will again be a nearly impregnable wide-tackle-six defense. Quarterback Danny Barrett and a veteran receiving corps will generate a lot of yardage, but a good kicking game is not afoot. The schedule, featuring four tough Southern teams, is formidable.

Louisville also has a murderous menu. The Cardinals' fortunes this season will depend largely on the aerial acrobatics of passer Dean May and receiver Mark Clayton. The latest in a historic list of great Louisville line-backers is Jay Trautwein.

#### THE SOUTH

A few ill-timed strokes of misfortune and quite a bit of poor performance kept Florida from winning its first-ever Southeastern Conference championship last year. With 17 starters and 40 of last season's 47 top players returning, the Gators have enviable experience and depth. Quarterback Wayne Peace has reached his considerable potential, and the emergence in spring practice of tailback Lorenzo Hampton will fix the running game. This should be—at last—the year in Gainesville.

If Georgia coach Vince Dooley can get some fireworks out of quarterback John Lastinger and get some fresh talent for his pass-catching corps, this will be another banner year in Athens. The Bulldogs have lost only one conference game in the past four years, and with the best group of recruits in the nation, the winning habit won't soon be broken. Awesome line depth and All-Universerunner Herschel Walker will keep the 'Dawgs in the national-championship race.

Auburn, with a little luck, will be the most improved team in the conference. The defensive unit will be deep, experienced, confident and mean enough to traumatize opponents. Any of four heralded freshman running backs (Vincent Jackson and Alan Evans are the

best) could make it big his first year. The schedule, with eight home games, is made to order.

Alabama has another ludicrous schedule, including such nonconference powers as Arkansas State, Cincinnati and Georgia Tech, plus an executioner's row of the weakest teams in the conference. Penn State is included as a sop to respectability. The Crimson Tide will, of course, have another winning year, followed by a bowl bid, then followed by more tiresome accolades to the genius of Bear Bryant. The Tide's only possible weakness is the lack of great talent at quarterback. Playboy All-America lineman Mike Pitts will anchor the usual stingy defense.

#### THE SOUTH

##### SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

|                 |     |             |     |
|-----------------|-----|-------------|-----|
| Florida         | 9-2 | Mississippi |     |
| Georgia         | 9-2 | State       | 6-5 |
| Auburn          | 9-2 | Tennessee   | 6-5 |
| Alabama         | 8-3 | Mississippi | 5-6 |
| Louisiana State | 7-4 | Kentucky    | 3-8 |
|                 |     | Vanderbilt  | 3-8 |

##### ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

|                |      |                |     |
|----------------|------|----------------|-----|
| North Carolina | 10-1 | North Carolina |     |
| Clemson        | 9-2  | State          | 5-6 |
| Maryland       | 7-4  | Georgia Tech   | 5-6 |
| Virginia       | 6-5  | Duke           | 4-7 |
|                |      | Wake Forest    | 4-7 |

##### INDEPENDENTS

|                |     |                |     |
|----------------|-----|----------------|-----|
| Southern       |     | William & Mary | 7-4 |
| Mississippi    | 8-3 | Miami          | 6-5 |
| South Carolina | 8-3 | Florida State  | 6-5 |
| Tulane         | 7-4 | East Carolina  | 6-5 |
| Virginia Tech  | 7-4 | Memphis State  | 5-6 |

ALL-SOUTH: Peace, Marshall, Jones (Florida); Walker, Payne, Gilbert (Georgia); Humphrey, Dorminey, Martin (Auburn); Pitts, Wilcox, Castille, Jones (Alabama); Smith, Risher (Louisiana State); Young, Harris (Mississippi State); Gault, White (Tennessee); Phenix, Harmon (Mississippi); Molls (Kentucky); Arnold, Goolsby (Vanderbilt); Bryant, Drechsler, Fuller (North Carolina); Kinard, Jordan, Farr (Clemson); Esiason, Tice (Maryland); Chester (Virginia); Williams, McIntosh (North Carolina State); Lutz (Georgia Tech); Oxendine (Duke); Denfeld (Wake Forest); Collier, Tillman, Baylis (Southern Mississippi); Provence, Austin (South Carolina); Griffin, Lichtenstein (Tulane); Lawrence, Lee (Virginia Tech); Kelso, Wrigley (William & Mary); Kelly, Chickillo (Miami); Allen, Carreker (Florida State); Schulz (East Carolina); DeFeo (Memphis State).

Last year was a downer for LSU, but with 22 starters returning, the Bengals will come back up this season. Welcome stability will come from coach Jerry Stovall's switch to full-time use of the I formation. The Bengals have a severe shortage of quality receivers, but both lines are superb. Keep an eye on sophomore offensive tackle Lance Smith. At 6'2" and 276 pounds, he runs the 40-yard dash in five seconds flat. He's as quick as a hiccup and as strong as miracle glue. He'll be awesome when he reaches full growth.

The Mississippi State offense, featur-

ing quarterback John Bond and a stable of talented receivers, will have to score a lot of points while the defensive unit recovers from graduation losses. The Bulldogs must get their act together early, because the midseason schedule is murder.

Tennessee's long and painful climb back to gridiron competence may near the summit this season if quarterback Alan Cockrell can recapture his pre-injury form of a year ago. He'll be throwing to phenomenal flanker Willie Gault, who is probably the fastest player in the nation. Tackle Reggie White fortifies a formidable defensive front, and offensive lineman Bill Mayo is a future All-America.

Coach Steve Sloan's rebuilding project at Ole Miss is moving apace, and the Rebels will be a much stronger force this season. Best news is that three talented candidates are competing for the quarterback job, giving the Rebs more quality manpower at the position than they've had in years. (Sloan, a former Playboy All-America quarterback himself, has a mysterious weakness as a coach: He is a terrible judge of quarterback talent.) Split end Michael Harmon, one of the top receivers in the country, will further enhance the Rebels' passing attack.

New Kentucky coach Jerry Claiborne must pick up the pieces of emotional wreckage left behind by former coach Fran Curci. Claiborne inherits a full larder of talent, but he must fix an offensive line that was lousy a year ago and install a new wide-tackle-six defense. After an early-season shakedown, the Wildcats could upset some unsuspecting opponents.

Vanderbilt would be much stronger if graduation hadn't taken so many linemen. A contingent of junior college transfers will fill the holes. The wide-open multiple offense will again be operated to near perfection by quarterback Whit Taylor. The schedule, amazingly, is even more hazardous than in recent years. Playboy All-America punter Jim Arnold will have many opportunities to display his skills.

Over on the Atlantic Coast, North Carolina could make 1982 a jackpot year by adding the national football championship to its basketball success. The key to the Tar Heels' season will be keeping quarterback Rod Elkins and Playboy All-America runner Kelvin Bryant healthy. They'll be protected by a superb offensive line led by guard David Drechsler. If coach Dick Crum can fix the kicking game, the Tar Heels will be hard to stop.

Clemson will have a tough time defending its national title. There's still a lot of talent on the squad, including quarterback Homer Jordan and Playboy All-America defensive back Terry





*"Gee, Mabel—you sure are rotten to the corps!"*



Kinard, but the offensive line has been depleted. The schedule, except for Georgia, is a pushover.

First-year Maryland coach Bobby Ross inherits a relatively deep and experienced squad. Most prized of the holdover nuggets is southpaw passer Boomer Esiason, who will direct a new pro-style multiple offense. Ross must repair both the pass defense and the punting game.

Virginia also has a new coach in George Welsh, and he can field a much-improved team just by side-stepping a repeat of last season's injury plague. Welsh runs a tight ship, and the Cavaliers, traditionally a laid-back bunch, will profit from his stricter discipline. A future star is fierce offensive tackle Jim Dombrowski; he's 6'5", 295 pounds and awesome.

North Carolina State coach Monte Kiffin must rejuvenate the Wolfpack's passing attack to complement the excellent running of sophomore Joe McIntosh. Kiffin begins fall practice without an established quarterback, but newcomer Tim Esposito could fill the void. Playboy All-America Eric Williams heads one of the best defensive backfields in the country.

Eighteen returning starters and a bumper crop of recruits will make Georgia Tech much stronger. The schedule, fortunately, is easier than last year's. Runner Robert Lavette will have a sen-

sational year if he gets a little blocking. At Duke, the offensive unit will be deep, experienced and talented, but the defense is in trouble. Look for some high-scoring games in Durham. As for Wake Forest, its offense will again be built around passer Gary Schofield and a superb corps of receivers. Some talented freshmen will help revive the running attack. Accrued experience and junior college transfers may upgrade the Demon Deacons' defense.

In the independent ranks, Southern Mississippi rookie coach Jim Carmody welcomes one of the nation's most talented quarterbacks (Reggie Collier) and a fearsome defensive unit ("the Nasty Bunch") that returns almost intact. The schedule is the toughest in school history.

Unprecedented injuries at key positions resulted in a break-even season at South Carolina last year, causing dingbat university administrators to fire the heart of the coaching staff. The Gamecocks (what does South Carolina call its women's teams?) will remain a third-rate athletic enterprise as long as the spectators in Williams-Brice Stadium behave like the crowd in Shirley Jackson's *The Lottery* and visiting teams are confronted with flagrantly one-sided officiating (as in the University of the Pacific game last fall). Whatever their environment, the Gamecocks will be a much more experi-

enced, presumably healthier and probably more successful team this year.

This should be the best Tulane team in 40 years. Coach Vince Gibson has harvested his third consecutive prize crop of recruits, he has quality depth at nearly all positions (especially quarterback and the offensive line) and seven of this year's games are at home, in the intimidating (to opponents) Superdome.

Virginia Tech has only one obvious weakness, but it's a big one: There isn't a quarterback on the team with any varsity experience. Cyrus Lawrence is one of the country's premier runners, and he will be fronted by a strong offensive line.

William & Mary, with 18 returning starters, will be stronger, but so is its schedule. Sensational free safety Mark Kelso, only a sophomore, looks like a future Playboy All-America.

Quarterback Jim Kelly will be the key to Miami's continued success or lack thereof. The Hurricanes have suffered a whirlwind of graduation losses, so the early season will be devoted to-breaking in new starters. The offensive line is so deep that coach Howard Schnellenberger will use two platoons.

Florida State's schedule is easier, but coach Bobby Bowden must find a starting quarterback in pre-season drills and reinforce both lines. His defensive unit is especially questionable, and there

## ALAIN CLÉNET PUTS IN A PLUG FOR EXCELLENCE.

In designing his \$78,500 custom Roadsters, Alain Clénet was free to specify any spark plug in the world. Why did he select Nippondenso?

"In my concept of the hand-made luxury automobile, there must be excellence in every detail, from the lambswool floor mats to the spark plugs under the hood."

"Like Clénet Coachworks, Nippondenso has synthesized the best ideas from throughout their industry, added their own technology, and created a product of genuine excellence... a product that belongs in my cars."

And in yours.



**NIPPONDENSO**

The Fastest Growing Spark Plug in America.



CLÉNET COACHWORKS  
Santa Barbara, California.



aren't many answers in camp. Over at East Carolina, coach Ed Emory has installed the I formation. If he can find a dependable quarterback to run it (Greg Stewart is the best bet), the Pirates will be a much more exciting team. And Memphis State will be one of the most improved teams in the country. Nineteen starters return, and coach Rex Dockery has had a bonanza year in the recruiting wars. Best of the newcomers is runner Jeff Womack.

**THE NEAR WEST**

Nebraska's fortunes this year will depend on how well quarterback Turner Gill recovers from his leg injury. Coach Tom Osborne will probably devise a way to get both of his superrunners, Roger Craig and Mike Rozier, into the game at the same time. They will be helped by a great offensive line, led by Playboy All-America center Dave Rimington.

**THE NEAR WEST**

**BIG EIGHT**

|                |     |              |     |
|----------------|-----|--------------|-----|
| Nebraska       | 9-2 | Iowa State   | 7-4 |
| Oklahoma       | 9-2 | Kansas State | 7-4 |
| Oklahoma State | 9-2 | Missouri     | 6-5 |
| Kansas         | 8-3 | Colorado     | 2-9 |

**SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE**

|                    |      |                 |     |
|--------------------|------|-----------------|-----|
| Arkansas           | 10-1 | Texas           | 7-4 |
| Southern Methodist | 9-2  | Baylor          | 6-5 |
| Houston            | 8-3  | Texas Tech      | 5-6 |
| Texas A & M        | 8-3  | Rice            | 4-7 |
|                    |      | Texas Christian | 2-9 |

**MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE**

|                   |     |                  |     |
|-------------------|-----|------------------|-----|
| Wichita State     | 7-4 | West Texas State | 5-6 |
| Tulsa             | 7-4 | Illinois State   | 5-6 |
| Indiana State     | 6-5 | Drake            | 4-7 |
| Southern Illinois | 6-5 | New Mexico State | 3-8 |

ALL-NEAR WEST: Rimington, Craig, Rozier (Nebraska); Wilson, Bryan, Shipp (Oklahoma); Lewis, Green (Oklahoma State); Bell, Seurer (Kansas); Brown, Nelson (Iowa State); Singletary, Johnson (Kansas State); Potter, Gibley (Missouri); Rouson (Colorado); Smith, Korte, Clark (Arkansas); Dickerson, James, Carter (Southern Methodist); Fifer, Harris (Houston); Kubiak, Lewis (Texas A & M); DeAyala, Brewer (Texas); Anderson, Benson (Baylor); Joeckel, Hutchison (Texas Tech); Calhoun, Pierson (Rice); Washington (Texas Christian); McLunkins (Wichita State); Abramowitz (Tulsa); Robinson (Indiana State); Harper (Southern Illinois); McGee (West Texas State); Prior (Illinois State); Ware (Drake); Humphrey (New Mexico State).

The Oklahoma offense suffered from fumbleitis last fall, resulting in an uncharacteristic 7-4-1 season. Coach Barry Switzer installed the less risky I formation in spring practice. The Sooners have a wealth of fine runners, the best of whom is Playboy All-America halfback Stanley Wilson. The early-season schedule, unfortunately, features two biggies (Southern California and Texas), and the Sooners are traditionally a slow-starting team.

Oklahoma State could easily eclipse

# You can lose your lighter, but you can't lose your Uncle Henry.



The Brown Bear is our newest lockback made with outstanding quality and craftsmanship. Guaranteed against loss for one year from date of registration. It's 3" closed and comes with its own genuine leather sheath.

Get Brown Bear. You can't lose.

**UNCLE HENRY**  
SCHRADE

Write for your free Schrade Almanac to Schrade Cutlery Corp., Ellenville, N.Y. 12428-0590.

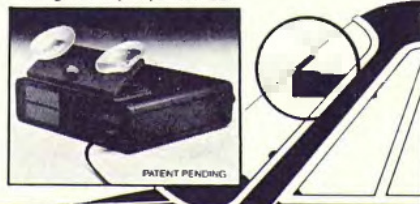
## FINALLY, A BETTER WAY TO MOUNT YOUR RADAR DETECTOR.

No more hassles with visor clips or fabric strips. Now your detector and bracket can be installed or removed in seconds, leaving no invitations behind for would be thieves.

Proven suction-cup design of black, brushed aluminum fits Escort, Fuzz-buster, Super Fox and Whistler Q1000.

Just \$14.95 postpaid, exclusively from: V. Polak, Inc., 2239P N.W. Raleigh St., Portland, OR 97210. Full moneyback guarantee. Send check, money order, or for fastest delivery, VISA and MC holders may order tollfree at

**(800) 547-1788**  
In Oregon, call (503) 295-0733



**V. POLAK**

BBS RECARO KONI

## WE'LL LURE YOU WITH OUR PRICES.... AND WIN YOU WITH OUR SERVICE! YOU'LL LOVE OUR 240 PAGE AUDIO/VIDEO CATALOG!

Packed with the greatest discounts in the nation on every major brand & it's FREE!

ORDER **800-221-8180**  
TOLL FREE: IN NEW YORK: (212) 752-8600

**THIS MONTH'S SUPER SPECIALS**

|                                |         |                               |          |
|--------------------------------|---------|-------------------------------|----------|
| CLARION ST00R (Car Stereo)     | \$199   | SONY Walkman 6 Stereo Cass    | \$89.95  |
| BLAUPUNKT CR-2002 (Car Stereo) | \$219   | SANYO MC-30 Stereo CD-CD      | \$64.95  |
| BLAUPUNKT CR-2010 (Car Stereo) | \$289   | SONY KV-1222M 12" Remote      | \$49.95  |
| JENSEN RE-518 (Car Stereo)     | \$169   | COMMODORE VC-20 Computer      | \$239    |
| PIONEER PE-5100 (Car Stereo)   | \$109   | ATARI 400 Home Computer       | \$329    |
| MARTELL UD01-4 of 8 C-90       | \$2.95  | ATARI 800 External Computer   | \$449    |
| MARTELL UD01-4 of 8 C-60       | \$2.89  | ATARI Video Game CR-3600      | \$159.95 |
| MARTELL UD-C90                 | \$5.99  | MATTEL Intellivision Game     | \$24.95  |
| MARTELL UD-55-90               | \$2.79  | ALL MATTEL GAME CARTRIDGES    | \$24.50  |
| TKK SAC-90                     | \$5.99  | ATARI Yar's Revenge           | \$27.55  |
| TKK S&X C-90                   | \$1.64  | ATARI Defender                | \$27.95  |
| TKK DC-90                      | \$1.25  | ATARI Pac-Man                 | \$19.95  |
| SONY LNK C-90                  | \$1.59  | VIDEOTAPE DECIPIER II         | \$24     |
| SONY LKCS C-60                 | \$2.40  | VIDEOTAPE DECIPIER            | \$35.95  |
| SONY LKCS C-60                 | \$2.40  | DISCWASHER                    | \$35.95  |
| ANY BRAND T-130 (EJECT HD)     | \$11.95 | Record Cleaning System        | \$9.95   |
| ANY BRAND L-500 (EJECT HD)     | \$9.95  | FREEDOM PHONE FT-3500         | \$89.95  |
| ANY BRAND L-750 (EJECT HD)     | \$11.99 | SHAWNEE CORDLESS TELEPHONE    | \$219.95 |
| ANY BRAND MCT-120              | \$15.95 | CASIO CA-951 CALCULATOR WATCH | \$49.95  |
| ANY BRAND MCL-500              | \$12.95 | CASIO J-100 Logging Watch     | \$42.95  |
| ANY BRAND MCL-750              | \$14.95 | CASIO M-1 Music Organ         | \$64.95  |

5% DISCOUNT ON 100 OR MORE ASSORTED TAPES—MINIMUM ORDER 12 TAPES

## FRED GIANT RECORD CATALOG!

SEND FOR YOUR FREE 32-PAGE RECORD AND TAPE CATALOG FILLED WITH OVER 10,000 DIFFERENT LISTINGS, MOST POPULAR ARTISTS & TITLES IN STOCK. POP, ROCK, JAZZ, COUNTRY & WESTERN.

|                   |                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| LIST PRICE \$3.99 | LIST PRICE \$6.99 | LIST PRICE \$7.99 |
| LP OR CASSETTE    | LP OR CASSETTE    | LP OR CASSETTE    |

HOW TO ORDER BY MAIL: FOR PROMPT AND COURTEOUS SHIPMENT, SEND MONEY ORDER, CERTIFIED CHECK, CASHIER'S CHECK, MASTERCARD, VISA, AMERICAN EXPRESS, OR DISCOVER. NO CASH. PERSONAL AND BUSINESS CHECKS MUST CLEAR OUR BANK BEFORE PROCESSING. SHIPPING HANDLING & INSURANCE CHARGES 3% OF TOTAL ORDER WITH A \$3.95 MINIMUM. WE SHIP TO CONTINENTAL U.S., ALASKA, HAWAII, PUERTO RICO, AND CANADA ONLY. Canadian Orders Add 10% Shipping. With a 12.95 minimum charge for shipments by air, please double these charges. REV. NEW STATE RESIDENTS PLEASE ADD SALES TAX. ALL MERCHANDISE SHIPPED BRAND NEW, FACTORY FRESH AND 100% GUARANTEED.

**J&R MUSIC WORLD**

23 PARK ROW, DEPT. P93, NEW YORK CITY 10038



WHEN YOU LIKE YOUR COLOGNE COMFORTABLE, AND EASY TO WEAR,

# STETSON® FITS.



Stetson Cologne & After Shave Lotion

© COTY N.Y. 1982

## Lose 4-6 inches of bulging fat BEFORE we cash your check!

### Let Us Take The Risk!

Use the Shrink Wrap System™ to reduce a combination of your waist and hips. **FAST!** Just fill out the coupon below and postdate your check for 30 days from today! You'll pay nothing now (not for 30 days), but we will send your Shrink Wrap System NOW! Try it. Use it. Watch inches disappear. If for any reason you are not delighted, send it back. We will return your check or money order. **UNCASHED!** Even if you send it back later, we'll still refund your purchase price. Over 304,000 satisfied customers make us bold enough to make this super guarantee!

That's right! 4-6 inches starting the very first day! Science has known about this principle for years. In fact, right now, professional and amateur athletes the world over are using it in their training programs. And many famous entertainers who have to trim down fast rely on this method. Now, you can melt away inches from your waist, your hips—anywhere!

### Don't Hold Fat In . . . Lose It!

Plastics and elastics are merely flimsy imitations. Girdles just squeeze it in. But the Shrink Wrap System takes it off . . . fast! The belt is adjustable, so you can put isometrics to work toning loose muscle tissue whenever you want. And, our easy exercise program helps you shed unsightly inches even more rapidly.

If you want to go even further, your waistline, hips, and other problem areas will continue to shrink when you use the Shrink Wrap System low-cal eating plans that won't leave you hungry. You can use it as often as you need it to keep those inches off. It's working right now for thousands of satisfied buyers and it can be working for you, if you order now!

Here are the impressive stories (all sworn and notarized) of a few outstanding users. Every one may not do as well, but if they can do this well, just think how many pounds and inches you will lose quickly with the Shrink Wrap System!™

"I lost 6 inches in 16 days!"  
Doug Fink of Asheville, North Carolina

"I've lost 5" from my waist and 6" from my hips over a 12 day period. My weight loss was 18 lbs."

Dr. J. Lee Briers of New Castle, Delaware

"I lost 5 inches off my waist & 5 inches off my hips! I am amazed at the way the Shrink Wrap System works. I'll recommend it to everyone!" Helena Smith of Vandalia, Michigan

"I lost 9 pounds & 4 inches off my waist in 2 weeks! It's just unbelievable that it took so little time and effort to produce such amazing results!"

Robert N. Nilsen of Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania

©1982 The New Body Boutique, Inc.

Member U.S. Chamber of Commerce

NOW ONLY  
**\$9.99**



Shrink Wrap System™, Dept. BMK231  
122 Portion Road, Lake Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779  
Sirs: I have enclosed my check or m.o. Please rush me the Super Action Shrink Wrap System!  Check here if you want us to hold your check or m.o. uncashed for 30 days.

Waist size \_\_\_\_\_ (N.Y. & Ct. res. add sales tax.)  
 Rush 1 belt at \$9.99 plus \$1.50 p&h  
 (Save \$3) Rush 2 belts at \$17.99 plus \$2 p&h

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
 (#107)

its cross-state rival this season. Eighteen starters return, the offensive line is bigger and meaner, the defense will be much quicker and the Cowboys have rounded up the best recruits they've had in many seasons.

The Kansas offense, with quarterback Frank Seurer and tailback Kerwin Bell, should be breath-taking. Seurer will be helped by a seasoned corps of receivers and the protection of a veteran line. The kicking game, with punter Bucky Scribner, could really take off.

Iowa State has 15 returning starters, an excellent crop of junior college transfers, a huge offensive line and solid senior leadership. The Cyclones' pre-season euphoria is diminished, however, by an uncertain quarterback situation and a schedule that includes seven 1981 bowl teams.

Kansas State has (count 'em) 25 returning starters this season. That's because coach Jim Dickey redshirted every squad member who had completed puberty a year ago. This will be, consequently, the deepest and most talented Wildcat team since the late Sixties. All those quality redshirts are sick of standing on the side lines in street clothes, so look for Kansas State to pull off some big upsets in the Big Eight this season.

Missouri's offensive unit will have to carry the load in the early games while the defense jells. The quarterback position, with Brad Perry, is more stable than last year's, the offensive line is more seasoned and several hot-shot freshman runners will provide juice for the running attack.

It will be the same old story at Colorado: Nowheresville. Quality depth, especially in the lines, will be a major problem. The Colorado football program will stay in the pits as long as the administration permits rich but not very bright alumni to call the shots in the athletic department.

This should be the Year of the Hogs in the Southwest Conference. Arkansas coach Lou Holtz will have 17 returning starters, two top-grade quarterbacks (Tom Jones and Brad Taylor) and a much improved defensive unit, led by Playboy All-America lineman Billy Ray Smith.

Southern Methodist will enjoy another banner year if the coaching change (Bobby Collins takes the helm) goes smoothly. The Mustangs return most of last season's firepower, including runners Eric Dickerson and Craig James. A not even semitough nonconference schedule will also help. The opening game, with Tulane, will be a harbinger for the rest of the season.

Houston coach Bill Yeoman must find a respectable runner and adequate receivers to help quarterback Lionel Wilson. The offensive line will benefit from



experience, and incoming freshman T. J. Turner will plug a big hole in the middle of the defensive line. The schedule is fierce.

Coach Jackie Sherrill's first year at Texas A & M should be a big success, thanks largely to a plethora of talent left by the previous coaching staff. Sherrill has installed a pro-type passing attack to complement A & M's already excellent option-running game. If quarterback Gary Kubiak has a good year, so will the Aggies.

With 15 of last year's starters taken by graduation, this should be an off year for the Texas Longhorns. There are, as always, a lot of talented players waiting in the wings, so by season's end, the Longhorns will probably be back to their accustomed championship caliber. Quarterback Robert Brewer could become a superstar.

The good news at Baylor is that the defensive unit, a major disappointment last year, will be much improved. On the other side of the line, Mike Brannan will be the new quarterback, and flashy runner Alfred Anderson could become the best in school history.

Texas Tech gets massive reinforcements from a host of transfers and red-shirts. New quarterback Jim Hart's scrambling ability will be a big plus, as will the improved kicking game. And

with 32 returning seniors, Rice will have its most experienced team in history. Quarterback Michael Calhoun will throw to receiver Vince Courville, another of the fastest men in college football. A vigorous off-season-strength program will make the Owls a much tougher opponent. As for Texas Christian, 18 incoming junior college transfers will help the team on its long and tedious climb back to respectability. The defensive side will benefit most from the newcomers. First priority in pre-season drills will be finding someone to stand behind center.

Wichita State and Tulsa are cofavorites to win the Missouri Valley Conference. Wichita State will have an established quarterback (Prince McJunkins, a man with a truly fine name), but Tulsa will have to search among five heralded freshmen for a dependable one. William Oliver should win the job.

Scott Bartel will be the new quarterback at Indiana State. He will get some help from a much-improved running game but not much help anywhere else.

Last year, the Southern Illinois team, mixing average talent with an abundance of spirit and desire, wound up with a surprising 7-4 record. The inroads of graduation will cripple the offense early this season, but a veteran defensive unit will assure another win-

ning record. West Texas State coach Don Davis will field a pass-oriented offense that should gain a lot of ground, but the defensive bunch, with only two returning starters, will be even weaker than last year's. His coaches think that massive center Robin Ham is one of the best in the country. And it's the same old story at Illinois State: no quality linemen. The incoming freshman class, fortunately, will bring some needed reinforcements.

Drake's graduation losses were major, so it will be difficult for the Bulldogs to duplicate last season's success. Quarterback Gary Yagelski and runner Amero Ware (wonder if they call him Tupper?) will provide a potent offense. The New Mexico State defensive line will—maybe—be much improved. Runner James Hebert will give the Aggies a powerful ground gainer.

#### THE FAR WEST

Washington has everything a team needs for a championship season—and more. Thirty-seven of the 44 players who wiped out Iowa in the Rose Bowl are coming back. Playboy All-America linebacker Mark Stewart and cornerback Ray Horton lead the best defensive crew in the West. Playboy All-America kicker Chuck Nelson will again lead his team in scoring. Quarterback Steve Pelluer, much improved in spring practice,

# 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.

BASF Chrome is like no other tape in the world, because BASF Chrome is made like no other tape in the world. Perfectly shaped and uniformly sized particles of pure chromium dioxide provide a magnetic medium that delivers all the highs, without the hiss.

With BASF Chrome, you hear only what you want to hear—because we "kissed the hiss goodbye."

For the best recordings you'll ever make.



# BASF

Audio/Video Tapes



throws to one of the nation's best rosters of receivers. Don James, a superb gentleman as well as a skilled coach, has done such a remarkable job of rejuvenating the long-dormant Washington football program that we've tabbed him Playboy's Coach of the Year.

Southern California, as always, will be scrapping for the Pacific Ten Conference championship. Coach John Robinson's main challenge this fall will be to add iron to an anemic passing attack. Incumbent quarterback John Mazur will be seriously threatened by an abundantly talented sophomore named Sean Salisbury. The offensive line, anchored by Playboy All-Americans Bruce Matthews and Don Mosebar, could be the nation's best.

The UCLA Bruins will benefit from experience (15 starters return) and a favorable schedule. If the offensive line solidifies in pre-season drills, the Bruins will be strong contenders for conference laurels. The defensive UCLAers, led by superb tackle Irv Eatman, will be especially formidable. Don Rogers could be the country's finest defensive back before he graduates.

The Arizona State offensive II was wiped out by graduation ceremonies, so the defensive crew, led by Playboy All-Americans Mike Richardson and Vernon Maxwell, will have to hold off the enemy while the attackers regroup. The offensive line, unfortunately, is like a dollar bill—still green and paper-thin.

Washington State has three good quarterbacks in camp but few dependable receivers to stop their bullets. Freshman Rueben Mayes, an import from Canada, has the best credentials of any Cougar running back in years.

At Stanford, quarterback John Elway will again be the top gun. His receivers, featuring sticky-fingered Mike Tolliver and Emile Harry, will be much better. Runner Vincent White, having played in the shadow of Darrin Nelson for three years, could be one of the West Coast's big surprises this season.

Oregon can be a vastly improved team merely by avoiding the disastrous plague of injuries that wiped out the quarterbacks and the offensive line last season. Both of those contingents will be deep and experienced this fall. Hark: The heralded tailback Kevin Willhite could attain instant stardom.

At California, new coach Joe Kapp brings leadership, no-nonsense coaching, discipline and gutsy determination to that school's traditionally flaky football program.

A tough schedule will probably preclude a winning season for Arizona. The passing game, featuring quarterback Tom Tunnicliffe, will be improved, and the offensive line will also be better. The Wildcats are still rebuilding, though, and will be for a few more years.

And speaking of building, Oregon

State's fortunes depend largely on how quickly the young offensive line matures. The Beavers have two excellent runners in Lucius High (a transfer from Vanderbilt) and Randy Holmes.

Brigham Young should again dominate the Western Athletic Conference. Heir apparent to the departed Jim McMahon is Steve Young, the great-great-grandson of that old polygamist Brigham. He will be aided by an improved running game but is allowed only one girlfriend.

The New Mexico offense, pitiful a year ago, will be much stronger this season. The Lobos' defense should be the best in the conference. Lack of depth at quarterback and in the offensive line could sink the ship, though.

With a little luck, Wyoming could challenge BYU and New Mexico. The offense, with quarterback Craig Johnson and superb tight end James Williams,

Hawaii, having won nine games last season, is no longer considered a push-over by mainlanders. The defensive line, built around nose guard Falaniko Noga (he's not from Kentucky), will be the best in school history. But this will be a desolate year for Utah. Graduation wiped out most of the offensive platoon, and the schedule maker must be a sadist.

At Colorado State, new coach Leon Fuller must cement a porous defense that was responsible for last year's winless season. This year's team will again be dominated by underclassmen but should improve dramatically by the end of the season. And Air Force, having finally mastered the intricacies of the wishbone attack, should fly a little higher in the scoring department. But a weak defensive unit, which suffered severe graduation losses, will preclude a winning season.

Coach Bill Yung's rebuilding program at Texas-El Paso continues apace, and an abundance of returning veterans will make this a much more competitive team. An obstacle-course schedule, unfortunately, keep the Miners from striking gold.

The arrival of highly acclaimed junior college quarterback Paul Berner will make Pacific the dominant team in the Pacific Coast Conference. An easier non-conference schedule will also help. Pacific, the only private school in the conference, should win its first-ever P.C.A.A. title.

Utah State had its third straight recruiting bonanza, and the payoff should begin to show this year. Ten offensive starters return. If a dependable quarterback emerges in pre-season drills, the Aggies will be in the thick of things.

This will be a rebuilding year at San Jose State, because graduation losses have been devastating, though there are some promising replacements. Best hope for a respectable season is the return of quarterback Steve Clarkson. Long Beach State was also wiped out by *Pomp and Circumstance*. Fortunately, a bumper crop of recruits is in camp, the best of which is quarterback Todd Dillon. Lenny Montgomery could be the best runner in the conference this fall. Fresno State will benefit from an influx of junior college transfers. Freshman Kevin Sweeney, the coach's son, looks like a future star.

Fullerton State, with an easier early schedule, has a chance to post its first winning season since 1973. The defense, with nine returning starters, will be parsimonious.

This is the first year of conference play for Nevada-Las Vegas, and new coach Harvey Hyde faces massive rebuilding. Finding a new quarterback will be his first priority. We hear that Terry Bradshaw is working up a Vegas act. . . .

### THE FAR WEST

#### PACIFIC TEN

|                     |      |              |     |
|---------------------|------|--------------|-----|
| Washington          | 10-1 | Stanford     | 6-5 |
| Southern California |      | Oregon       | 6-5 |
| UCLA                | 9-2  | California   | 5-6 |
| Arizona State       | 8-3  | Arizona      | 3-8 |
| Washington State    | 7-4  | Oregon State | 2-9 |

#### WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

|                 |     |                |     |
|-----------------|-----|----------------|-----|
| Brigham Young   | 8-3 | Utah           | 4-7 |
| New Mexico      | 8-3 | Colorado State | 4-7 |
| Wyoming         | 8-4 | Air Force      | 3-9 |
| San Diego State | 8-4 | Texas-El Paso  | 3-9 |
| Hawaii          | 7-4 |                |     |

#### PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE

|                  |     |                  |     |
|------------------|-----|------------------|-----|
| Pacific          | 8-3 | Fresno State     | 5-6 |
| Utah State       | 7-4 | Fullerton State  | 4-7 |
| San Jose State   | 5-6 | Nevada-Las Vegas | 3-8 |
| Long Beach State | 5-6 |                  |     |

ALL-FAR WEST: Stewart, Nelson, Horton (Washington); Matthews, Mosebar, Achica (Southern California); Carney, Eatman, Morgan (UCLA); Richardson, Maxwell, Zendejas, Black (Arizona State); Harris, Blakeney (Washington State); Elway, Williams, Tolliver, White (Stanford); Brown, Robertson (Oregon); Salem, Dixon (California); Hunley, Kiewel (Arizona); Holmes, Wilson (Oregon State); Oates, Hudson (Brigham Young); Carter, Jackson (New Mexico); DiGiorgio, Williams (Wyoming); Durham (San Diego State); Noga, Sapolu (Hawaii); Monroe (Utah); Champine (Colorado State); Schreck (Air Force); Belcher (Texas-El Paso); Dunlap, Berner (Pacific); Miller, Crum (Utah State); Byrd, Clarkson (San Jose State); Montgomery, Howard (Long Beach State); Darrow, Ellard (Fresno State); Kennedy (Fullerton State).

will be as potent as white lightning. The offensive line will be the best at Wyoming in 15 years.

Optimism also runs high at San Diego State. Sixteen returning starters, a dozen promising redshirts and the best recruiting class in SDS history will make the Aztecs the dark horses of the conference. Freshman Jim Plum could take over at quarterback by season's end.





## STILL FRAN-TASTIC! (continued from page 101)

*"I work on my body and I'm proud of it. I think it looks pretty damned good."*

mutual friend of theirs, director Richard Quine, setting up house in a mansion on Benedict Canyon Road. That, too, became a magical period for Fran; this time, she juggled careers as an entertainer and a Hollywood hostess. "I mean, there were stars dropping in every day. It was wonderful. I'm going back 15 years, but when everybody would gather for Sunday brunch, you'd get Orry-Kelly, a great designer, you'd get Jennifer Jones, you'd get Jack Lemmon. Bill Holden used to come in from Africa and want to talk about what he was doing. Natalie Wood used to come over with Warren Beatty to swim in the pool. Leslie Caron, who was also a date of Warren's, would come and Warren would play the piano for her. Barbra Streisand stopped in when she was auditioning for *Funny Girl*. Billy Wilder and Audrey Wilder. George and Joanie Axelrod, who wrote all the Marilyn Monroe things. . . . I mean, there were *fabulous* people."

In the Sixties, Fran's movie career took off. She did *Sex and the Single Girl* with Tony Curtis and recorded the sound-track album. She co-starred with Richard Widmark in the Quine-directed *A Talent for Loving*. Blake Edwards chose her to sing the Henry Mancini hit *It Had Better Be Tonight* when she starred with Peter Sellers in the original *Pink Panther*. Fran remembers Sellers as "very intelligent, a good actor and a good musician: he played the drums and he loved to sing. He never spoke any foreign languages, but he had the best dialects going. A very, very sensitive man who was a little crazy at times."

Co-starring in the movie *Harum Scarum*, Fran and Elvis Presley got to be great friends. "He was shy but very warm. He'd say, 'Come on, Fran, let's talk karate,' because he knew I was always interested in anything physical. At the time, his body was *so* together. He really did know his craft, always knew his lines. He wanted to be sure he was the best at whatever he did. He'd be at the MGM in Las Vegas when I was performing at the Riviera. I'd call and say, 'I'm here with my daughter, Stephanie,' and he'd say, 'Come see the show.' Then he'd ask me, 'How did I sound? How did I sing?' I'd laugh and say, 'Does it really matter?' I mean, he'd have *thousands* of people out there to see him."

When she wasn't making movies, Fran

was singing. She did "a lot" of Ed Sullivan shows. She was a featured performer on the *Playboy After Dark* television series. And, in February of 1971, she appeared in her own *PLAYBOY* pictorial, which we called *Fran-tastic!* After her appearance early this year at the Playboy Club in Los Angeles, we decided that a reprise was in order. Fran, as always, was game.

"I think I look better now than I did ten years ago," she told us. "I'm a big fan of older women, anyway. There's *depth* there. There's something to say. The Dyan Cannons, the Diahann Carrolls, Barbara McNair . . . she should do *PLAYBOY* again; she's a beautiful lady."

Now, following a brief marriage to a businessman, Fran is alone again, and she's ecstatic. Things are once more starting to happen for her and she can call her own shots.

"I'm free now," she asserted; "have been for three years, and I love it. I'm sorry that I didn't spend more time being free, because I am very independ-

ent. If I hadn't gotten married so many times, I might have had a bigger success with my career. But I lent my time and energy to my husbands.

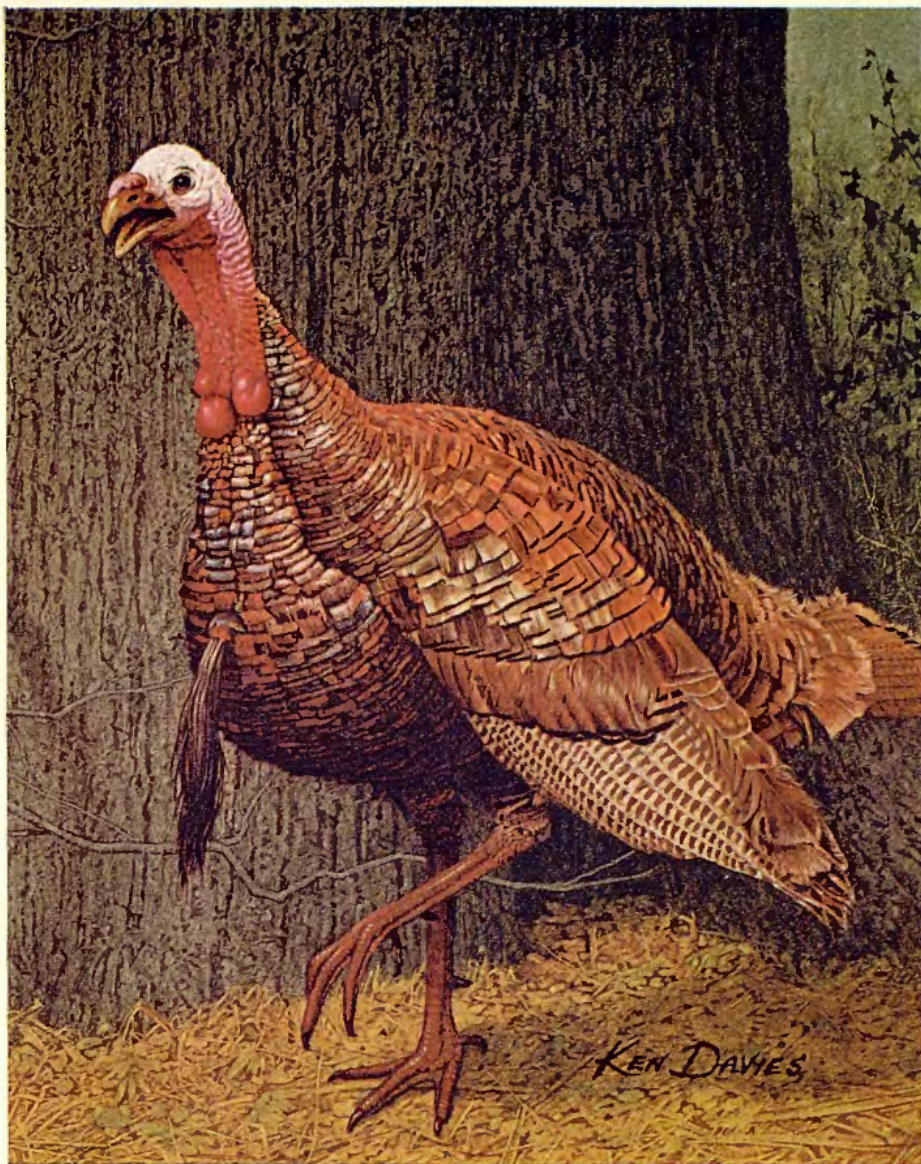
"I was the wife, and I was a good one, and I am a good mother and I'm also a good entertainer; so it was hard for me to divide it all up. For a few years, I forgot about Fran and what she could do. That's OK. I'm doing it now. I have lots of boyfriends, but I don't want anyone staying with me now. I mean, *out!* I like my privacy and my independence. I'm not at all sorry about the things I've done, because they made me the person I am now. This person, today, is the best person she could ever be, and it has to be from all those experiences.

"These are the best days of my life; between the ages of 35 and, oh, 55 are the best, I think. After that, I'm gonna go plant flowers! No, that's not true. I'm going to look better when I get older. Women over 40 are looking real good nowadays. They're keeping it together and I think men like that. I work on my body and I'm proud of it. I think it looks pretty damned good. I'll come back to *PLAYBOY* when I'm 60!" And until then? "Well, I've been free for only three years. I wanna play. I'm having a *good* time in my playpen now."



*"My advice to young people like you, Jim, would be to pay no mind to old folks like me, but just— Jim, I'm talking to you."*





For personally signed Ken Davies print, 18" x 19", send \$10, payable to 'ANCO', Box 2832-PB, NYC, 10163

## Outruns Them All

The Wild Turkey is an incredible bird, capable of out-running a galloping horse in a short sprint.

It is also the symbol of Wild Turkey, an incredible whiskey widely recognized as the finest whiskey produced in America.



**WILD TURKEY®/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD**  
AUSTIN, NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY © 1962

## THE BOMB...AND BEYOND

(continued from page 108)

*merely thought, Those dead bodies are still burning.*

—A NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICER  
IN HIROSHIMA

Would it now be possible to see an actual missile? The much-discussed and much-feared thing itself? What does a nuclear-armed Minuteman III, ready for launching, really look like?

The U. S. Air Force would like to oblige. It welcomes the inquiring visitor to the Minot Air Force Base, in Minot, North Dakota, and offers to demonstrate all its capabilities. Minot has a large new hospital and a base library with 30,000 books and a nine-hole golf course and a Hustlers' Square-Dancing Club. Handel's *Messiah* is performed every Christmas. The actual missiles, unfortunately, cannot be seen. Each of them is hidden away in an underground silo that is 90 feet deep, and each silo is plugged with a concrete "door" that weighs 110 tons. Only about once a year, says the Air Force spokesman, is the door opened by a compressed-air pump, so that maintenance men can check whether or not the missile is still in working order. The snows are heavy in North Dakota, and sometimes water seeps into the silos.

For inquiring visitors, however, the Air Force has built a Potemkin missile inside a Potemkin silo. It looks exactly like a Minuteman III—color photographs of it appear occasionally in national magazines—but it is harmless. It is an optical illusion, a *trompe l'oeil*. But come and look. Underneath the concrete door, propped open now on a large ratchet bar, is a second stopper, known as a B plug. It weighs seven tons and it takes 30 minutes to open—long enough, according to Air Force calculations, for the Air Police to catch any saboteurs or terrorists who might try to open it. The Air Force is acutely sensitive to the idea of saboteurs' interfering with its plans, and there is talk of electronic sensors and savage guard dogs, though no one can recall an actual sabotage attempt.

The tip of the missile, which has no warhead, has a silvery sheath. The bottom section, 60 feet below, is made of concrete and is painted apple green. Steel scaffolding encircles the missile, and teams of electricians labor over its wiring with screwdrivers, shining their lights into the innards of the vehicle, occasionally calling out instructions to one another. The gigantic missile is a strange and impressive object, but it does not arouse any emotion. It is there only to be looked at. It cannot fly. It cannot kill.

Would it then be possible to see, if not a real missile, a real missile man? One







obvious question that has been asked again and again: What do they think they would think at the moment the launching order came? The captain is ready with his answer. The question has been part of his training from the start. Each new officer is made to sign a statement declaring that he knows what his task will be, that he knows what is involved, that he will push the button when ordered to do so. At the end of his training, he signs another statement declaring once again that he understands what he is to do and agrees to do it.

But has he actually tried to imagine what the moment of decision would be like?

"If you had a lot of time, you'd probably think about it; that's only human," the captain says, then pauses. "But we're trained not to think about it. There are lots of things that have to be done, and you concentrate on that. You're trying to do the job."

He turns to the lieutenant and asks him if he has anything to add.

"I assume that if the launch order

were given, it would be a matter of national survival," the lieutenant says. "I'd have no qualms."

*My daughter . . . had no burns and only minor external wounds, so I took her with me to my country house. She was quite all right for a while, but on the fourth of September, she suddenly became sick. . . . She had spots all over her body. . . . Her hair began to fall out. She vomited small clumps of blood many times. Finally, she began to bleed all over her mouth. And at times, her fever was very high. . . . We didn't know what it was. I thought it was a kind of epidemic—something like cholera. So I told the rest of my family not to touch her and to disinfect all utensils and everything she used. . . . Even the doctor didn't know what it was. . . . After ten days of agony and torture, she died. . . . I thought it was very cruel that my daughter, who had nothing to do with the war, had*

*to be killed in this way.*

—A MANUFACTURER IN HIROSHIMA

When one talks with military men for any length of time, one realizes that they speak a unique language. It is partly the language of bureaucracy, freighted with acronyms and technical terminology, and those who use it tend to use jargon for even the most ordinary concepts. "In the 1976-type time frame" is simply an Air Force officer's way of saying 1976. Another one says, "You can go to a standoff mode" when a civilian would say, "It's a draw." Quite often, though, military men use military terminology to avoid the words that would convey the realities of nuclear warfare. L.U.A. means launch under attack, and D.E. means damage estimate. "The enemy-threat area" means Russia. "The button-up period" is the P.O.I., or period of interest, during which the survivors of a nuclear attack would be huddled in their fallout shelters. Such word games are natural enough to people who play war games and who use the language of games to describe even real wars. "It depends," says an officer at Minot, "on what kind of war you're playing."

"But it's not just those military words that don't mean anything anymore," says a middle-aged journalist with a red mustache, back in New York. "The real words we keep using for that kind of disaster—holocaust, apocalypse, doomsday—what do any of them mean?"

"About 20 years ago, I used to write for the foreign-news section of *Newsweek*," he goes on, "and every week I had to describe whatever happened that week as momentous, epic: 'History changed last week.' There was a lot of atomic strategy going on in those days, and I began to get the feeling that none of the epic stories I wrote meant much of anything. The words were all getting worn out."

"So I thought up a sort of test. I said to my boss, the foreign editor, 'Suppose World War Three really started right now, and the Russians and the Americans fired a lot of nuclear missiles at each other and there were more than 100,000,000 dead on each side but for some reason, New York was spared, and *Newsweek* wanted to keep right on publishing and you had to write the lead story. What would your first sentence say?'"

"He sort of smiled and hesitated, as though he suspected a trick, and then he said, 'What would yours be?' I said I didn't know. Then he got a kind of glassy-eyed look, the way he did when he started writing inside his head, and he went over to his typewriter and began hammering away. After a while, he cranked this piece of copy paper out of his typewriter and showed it to me. Quite proud of it he was, too. And I



*"That wish is rated X and can only be granted to persons eighteen or older."*



# "This Code-A-Phone® 1750 lets me conduct two kinds of business at once"



"Beethoven didn't have to take phone calls while instructing his pupils. And now I don't have to either—not since I bought my Code-A-Phone® 1750.

"Now I can concentrate on my advanced students here, and still take the calls that keep my business in business. I can even get messages up to thirty minutes long, like when Ricky McQuiston had the mumps and phoned in that Bach sonata."

## "And Note These Other Terrific Features."

"The 1750 Voice Control Switch gives me the option of limiting my callers to a 45-second message. That forces my tardy students to keep their excuses short.

"The 1750 also has remote command capabilities. So I can get my messages just by beeping my pocket coder into the mouthpiece of any phone in the world. And with the message repeat feature, I can hear my messages as often as I like without re-dialing.

"I can clear them from my machine by remote command, too.

"But the thing I like most about my 1750 is its simplicity.

It's easy to install. And easy to operate. In fact, it's so easy to

operate, a beginner could master it in a Minuet."

## The Code-A-Phone 1750 Does More Of What You Buy A Telephone Answering System For.

- **Announcement Playback** provides immediate review of your announcement with no long wait for tapes to recycle.
- **Playback "Calls" Control** automatically rewinds your message tape and plays back your messages with the push of a single button.
- **Voice Control Switch** lets you choose between voice-controlled message recording so callers can leave long messages (up to 30 minutes total) or limit messages to 45 seconds each.
- **Announcement Record Button** allows you to record your 2- to 30-second announcement with one button. The 1750 puts the "beep" at the end automatically.
- **Call Monitoring** lets you hear incoming calls. You decide which calls to answer personally.
- **Electronic Pocket Coder** is a real time saver. You can review messages and record memos from any telephone in the world.
- **Memo Record** lets you leave messages for family members and business associates. Simply press the button and talk as long as you like up to 30 minutes.
- **Easy Installation** means you can connect it to any phone jack. It complies with all FCC regulations.
- **Fast-Forward/Rewind** enables you to review sections of messages quickly.
- **Ready/Message Received Light** tells you the 1750 is ready to take calls automatically. The light blinks to tell you at a glance that messages have been received.
- **Magic Touch™ Controls** means easy operation at your fingertips.



Model 1750, suggested retail \$299.95.

## CODE-A-PHONE®

America's getting the message.



For the name of your nearest Code-A-Phone dealer, call 1-800-547-4683. Oregon, Alaska and Hawaii call (503) 655-8940 collect. Code-A-Phone® is a registered trademark of Ford Industries, Inc., 16261 S.E. 130th, Clackamas, Oregon 97015. © 1981 Ford Industries, Inc.



DESIGNER SHEETS  
Elegant, sensuous, delightful

# Satin Sheets

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

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

3 letter monogram on 2 cases - \$4.00

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

**HOT LINE NUMBER!**  
Call 201-222-2211

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



Complete Set  
**\$29**  
twin set

**Royal Creations, Ltd.**  
Dpt. P-9 350 Fifth Ave. (3308) New York, NY 10001

## TREASURE YOUR CHEST.

Now you can look as smart as you are. With this unique diamond accented medallion of precious metals. Our overstocked inventory allows this one-time special offer. Only \$149.00

20 inch, beautiful gold filled rope chain.

Authentic walking liberty silver half-dollar.

Lustrous certified full cut diamond. (approx. 5 pts.)

22 karat gold plating.



Enclosed is my  Check     Money Order

For \_\_\_\_\_ medallions at \$149.00 each.

(quantity)

Total \_\_\_\_\_

(Postage and handling included)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Send today to:

**American Gold Exchange**

P.O. Box 3638, San Diego, CA 92103

(100% Satisfaction or Return Within 10 days for full refund.)

looked at it, and it was just like any other *Newsweek* lead, the kind of thing I wrote every week. I still remember, it began: 'At last, it had happened. The unthinkable tragedy that mankind had feared for so long. . . .' And so on and so on and so on."

*I climbed Hijiya Hill and looked down. I saw that Hiroshima had disappeared. . . . What I felt then and still feel now I just can't explain with words. Of course, I saw many dreadful scenes after that, but that experience—looking down and finding nothing left of Hiroshima—was so shocking that I simply can't express what I felt. . . . Hiroshima didn't exist; that was mainly what I saw. Hiroshima just didn't exist.*

—A HISTORY PROFESSOR IN HIROSHIMA

It is difficult for the nation's official experts to confront the menacing prospect of nuclear war without attempting to predict what would actually happen. How many would die in the first attack? How would the survivors survive? What would they have to eat? Would there be any electricity? Would money still serve as money? Would the victims help or prey on one another?

Large amounts of information have been fed into various computers and many re-emerging statistics have been weighed and puzzled over. The answers are largely guesswork, of course, because even the simplest results of the first attack would depend on a large number of variables. Who can predict whether the attack would be large or small, aimed at missile bases in the remote prairies or at oil refineries near big cities, whether the enemy warheads would be detonated in midair or at ground level, whether the radioactive fallout from a ground-level explosion would be carried near or far by various winds?

All that the experts can do, then, is suggest a series of hypotheses. In 1978, when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee asked Congress' Office of Technology Assessment (OTA) to study "the impact that various levels of attack would have on populations and economies of the United States and the Soviet Union," the OTA experts somewhat arbitrarily decided on four basic sets of hypotheses. Even within each set, the estimates of the dead varied by tens of millions. Still, if thinking about the unthinkable has any value, then one must begin somewhere.

Begin by imagining, the OTA report says, that the Soviets decided to retaliate against some unspecified provocation by attacking just one American city with just one of their thousands of warheads. Imagine Detroit, to be specific, hit by a one-megaton weapon—a relatively small weapon but still about 50 times the size of the Hiroshima bomb. Imagine that it

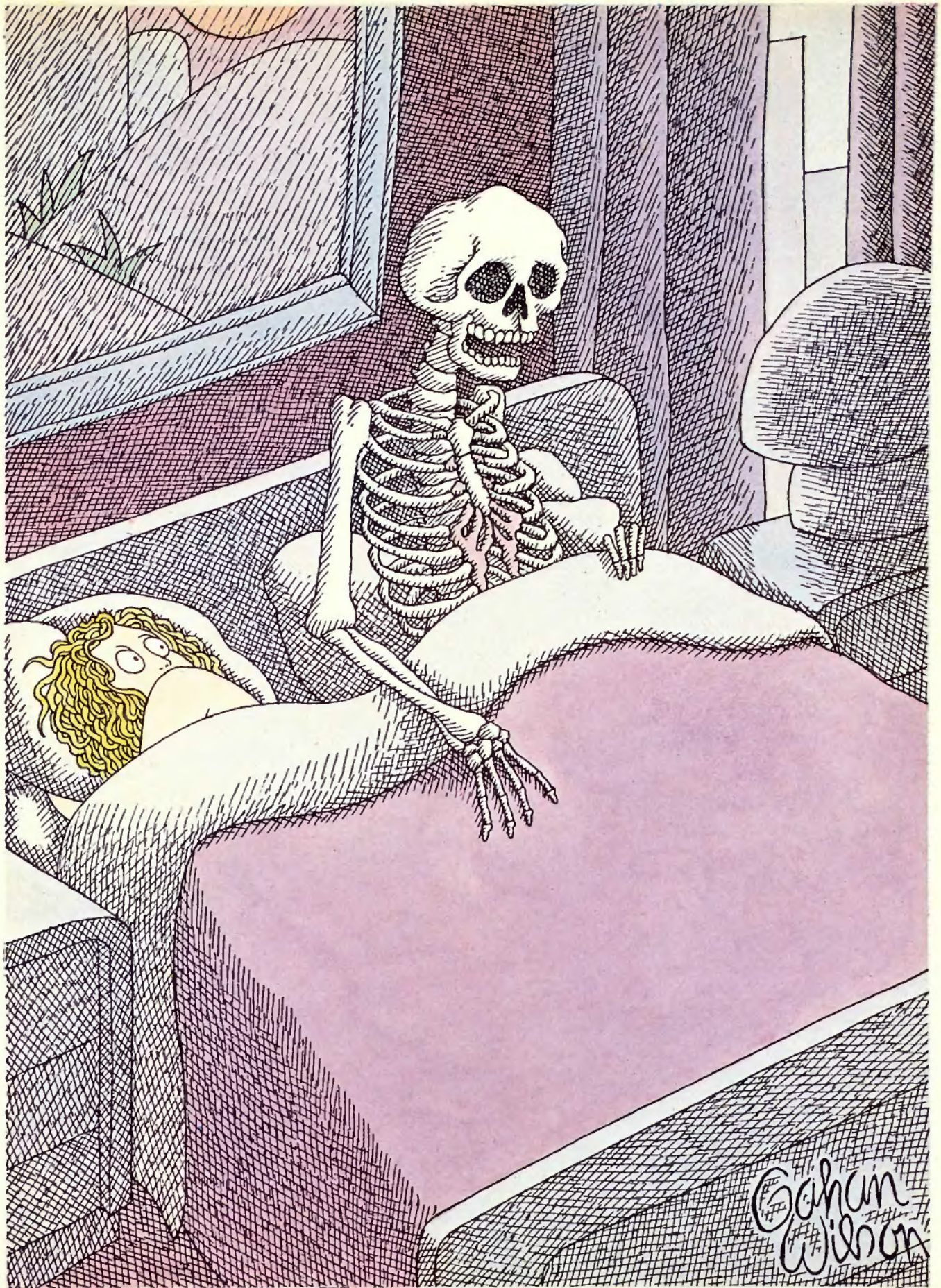
exploded at ground level, at night, in front of the civic center at the intersection of highways I-75 and I-94.

Where the civic center now stands, there would be nothing but a crater about 200 feet deep and 1000 feet wide, surrounded by a rim of highly radioactive earth. Out to a distance of .6 mile from that crater, the OTA says, "there [would] be nothing recognizable remaining, with the exception of some massive concrete bridge abutments and building foundations." From .6 to 1.3 miles out, there would remain only "a few strongly constructed buildings . . . with the interiors totally destroyed." About 1.7 miles would be "the closest range where any significant structure [would] remain standing." That 1.7-mile ring, encircling the area that would be subjected to blast pressure of more than 12 pounds per square inch (psi), extends from Grosse Point Park in the east to Ferndale in the northwest and River Rouge in the southwest. By day, there are about 200,000 people at work within that ring, in central Detroit; by night, when the hypothetical attack occurs, the number drops to 70,000. Of those, says the OTA report, "there [would] be virtually no survivors."

The OTA provides estimates of what might remain outside the 12-psi ring, as the blast pressure decreased. Between 1.7 and 2.7 miles from the explosion, pressure would drop to five psi. Although most walls would be blown out, "at the greater distances, the skeletal structures [would] remain standing." The streets would be a mass of rubble, from tens of feet in depth in downtown Detroit to a few inches in the outer ring. About 250,000 people live there by night, and the OTA estimates that 130,000 would be killed, 100,000 injured. Most of the deaths would be caused by collapsing buildings, but there also begin the deaths from burns and radiation. Those casualties would vary widely according to the time of year and the weather conditions, which would alter the number of people caught out in the open. Eventual deaths from burns could range from 1200 to 30,000. Many fires would start in the rubble, but most would die down after the blast wave had passed.

From 2.7 to 4.7 miles out, under a pressure of two psi, the nature of the destruction would change considerably. The planes and the hangars at the Detroit City Airport would be destroyed, and such major industrial buildings as the Cadillac plant would be severely damaged. Of the 400,000 inhabitants, about 20,000 would be killed and perhaps 200,000 injured. Only about five percent of the buildings would catch fire, but the fires would spread much more extensively through the surviving buildings than through the devastated central areas of the city. The fires





*"I've just had the most horrible dream!"*



would go on spreading for at least 24 hours and would destroy half of all the buildings. In the outermost damaged areas, up to 7.4 miles from the center, there would be "only an insignificant number killed," but about 150,000 of the 600,000 inhabitants would be injured. Damage to buildings would be "light" to "moderate," and "fires would be comparatively rare."

All in all, the OTA portrays a scene of almost unimaginable devastation, and yet not one of apocalyptic annihilation. Of Detroit's population of 1.3 million, some 220,000 would be dead, 430,000 injured and 670,000 uninjured. The question, then, is how the survivors would remain alive in the ruins. Very few of the injured would ever get to hospitals. In Detroit, specifically, Wayne, Macomb and Oakland counties have 63 hospitals containing about 18,000 beds, but more than half of them would be destroyed. But as the OTA experts try to predict the over-all process of recovery, they sketch a surprisingly optimistic picture. Electricity would immediately be cut off throughout the city, but the main electrical power plants at Grosse Point Park and Zug Island should receive "only superficial damage." Power could be restored as far as the one-psi ring within 24 hours, to the two-psi ring within a few days. The water supply should remain usable and service could resume as soon as the electric pumps were restored to duty.

Such estimates of recovery, however, are based on several implausibilities: that the Soviets attack only Detroit, in some kind of symbolic reprisal and with only a single one-megaton warhead, that radioactive fallout would be correspondingly limited and that the surrounding regions stand ready and able to provide help. The OTA would not disagree about the unlikelihood of those circumstances; it is trying only to examine some of the possibilities.

*I kept screaming, "Mother!" very loudly, and then I saw my mother staggering toward me. . . . She pulled the debris away from my body and then there was a hole I could crawl out through. . . . But my mother was very weak and began to collapse and fall on her side. So I helped her up and tried to drag her along. But the road was cluttered with pieces of destroyed houses and I couldn't move her at all. . . . The fire was all around us. . . . I was suffocating from the smoke, and I thought if we stayed like this, then both of us would be killed. . . . I found a neighbor and told him my mother was lying in there and asked him to please fetch her. . . . My mother [was] found dead, face down in a water tank, very close to the spot where I left*

*her. . . . If I had been a little older or stronger, I could have rescued her.*

—A STUDENT IN HIROSHIMA

Imagine now a slightly more plausible scenario for Soviet attack. Imagine that instead of limiting themselves to one city, the Soviets decide to cripple the entire U. S. economy by destroying one essential industry. The OTA picked the oil-refining industry, since it is highly concentrated and highly vulnerable. It arbitrarily hypothesized that the Soviets would launch that "limited" attack with ten intercontinental missiles, each armed with eight one-megaton warheads. It also assumed that the Soviets would aim at only the refineries, without attempting either to kill or to avoid killing civilians. The 65 principal refineries are all located near major cities, however, so the 80 Soviet warheads would devastate the New York-Philadelphia area, the Detroit-Chicago area, the Kansas City area, the Gulf Coast from New Orleans to Houston and most of California.

The attack would kill more than 5,000,000 people if the warheads were detonated in the air, the OTA estimates, and slightly more than 3,000,000 if they were detonated at ground level. It would also destroy 64 percent of U. S. refinery capacity for many months. Again, the OTA tries to illustrate the effects of the attack by concentrating on one city—Philadelphia. There, two warheads would land near an Exxon refinery on the Schuylkill River. About 135,000 of the 155,000 people within two miles of the explosion would be killed immediately; so would 410,000 of the 785,000 within five miles. The oil fires would be disastrous. "Some oil tanks would rupture and the oil would leak onto the rivers or harbors, where it would ignite and spread fire," the report says. "Fires at refineries could not be extinguished because of intense heat, local fallout, an inadequate supply of chemicals to use on petroleum fires and roads blocked by rubble and evacuees. . . ." Again, that scenario assumes that there will be only one limited raid and that the survivors will care for the casualties and repair the damages.

Most U. S. official planners believe, however, that a "limited" Soviet attack would be aimed not against economic installations but against American strategic forces, the missiles and bombers that threaten Russia. They call that a "counterforce attack." In one of OTA's rare ventures into making judgments, it reports that "some observers" believe such a counterforce attack would be "the least irrational way of waging strategic war." The Pentagon has already attempted several studies of a raid against its 48 strategic-bomber bases and nine intercontinental-missile bases, scattered across 35 states, plus the nuclear-submarine base at Charleston, South Carolina.

Some cities, such as Charleston and Little Rock, would suffer major damage, but since most of the bases are in fairly remote areas, the deaths caused by the blast waves would be fewer than in an urban attack. Since more missiles would be used, however, fallout casualties might well be higher. That would depend on variables ranging from wind conditions to the amount of shelter available. Combining the various Pentagon studies, the OTA concludes only that civilian deaths would total between 1,000,000 and 20,000,000, but it adds that any estimate lower than 8,000,000 "requires quite optimistic assumptions."

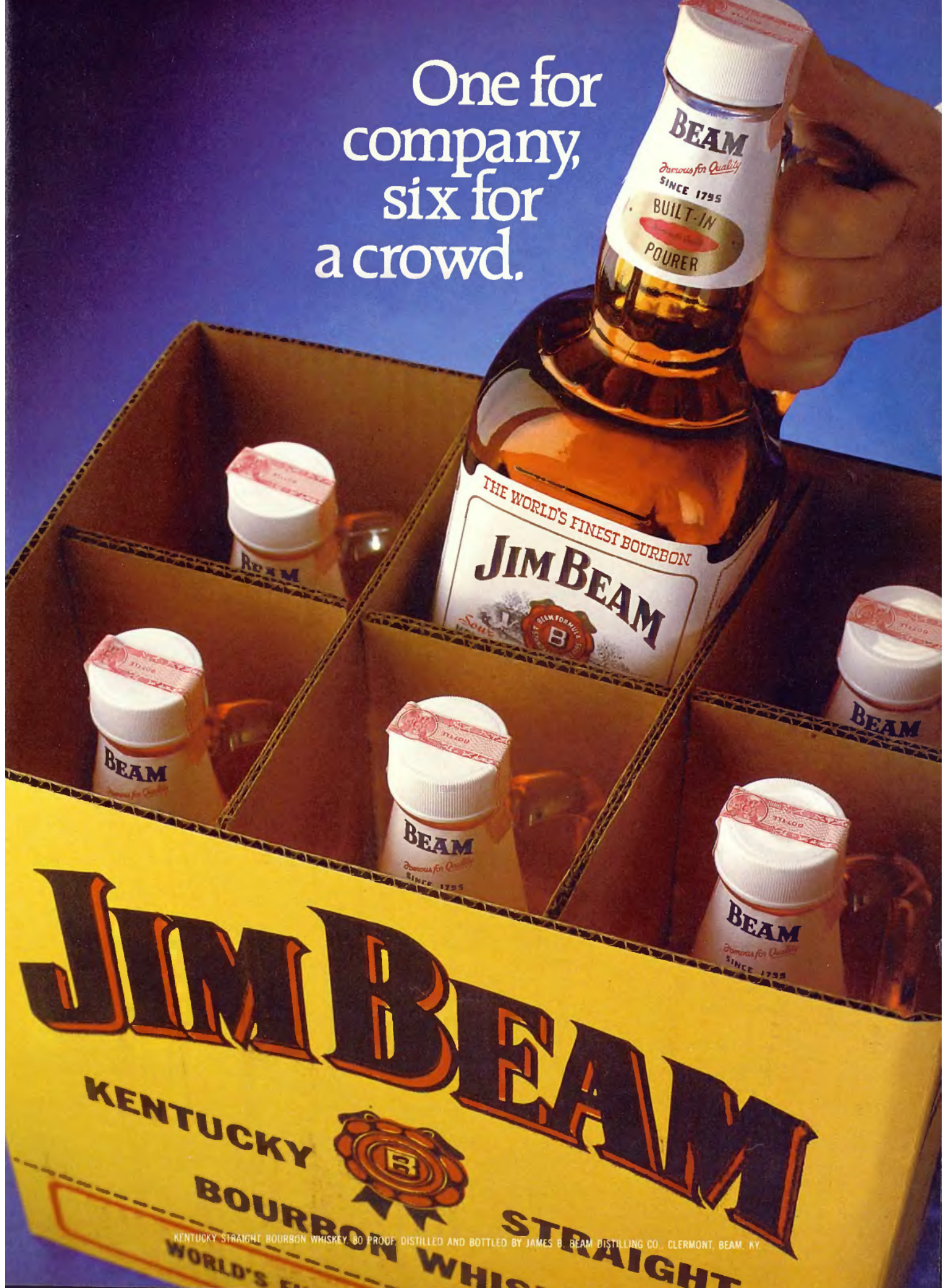
The most optimistic of all assumptions, once again, is that any limited attack will remain limited. One authoritative study, compiled by Dr. Desmond Ball of Australia and published in 1981 by the International Institute for Strategic Studies in London, took considerable pains to refute that idea. The standard Pentagon theory that "escalation can be controlled" by the military-command structure is "most unrealistic," says Dr. Ball. His own estimate of deaths in Europe sounds much like the OTA figures on deaths in the U. S.: 2,000,000 to 20,000,000. But that would be only in the "unrealistic" case of the military's maintaining restraints. An unrestrained nuclear war in Europe, says Ball, would kill 200,000,000, or about one third of the population.

The American estimates of death in an all-out nuclear war are hardly less nebulous. The OTA cites a 1977 Pentagon study that estimated a death toll of 155,000,000 to 165,000,000 if no civil-defense measures were taken. It claimed that the use of existing shelters could reduce that figure to 110,000,000 to 145,000,000. But the OTA also cites a similar analysis by the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency that computes the death toll at 105,000,000 to 131,000,000 without shelters and 76,000,000 to 85,000,000 with shelters. Deaths could be still further reduced to 40,000,000 to 55,000,000, the Pentagon suggests hopefully, if civilians could somehow be evacuated from major cities.

Having cited all its statistics, the OTA study makes a modest attempt to portray what the first hours of nuclear attack would be like: "Fires will be raging, water mains will be flooding, power lines will be down, bridges will be gone, freeway overpasses will be collapsed and debris will be everywhere." It even attempts to speculate on the social chaos that would follow: "While some degree of law and order could probably be maintained in localities where a fairly dense population survived, the remaining highways might become quite unsafe, which would reduce trade over substantial distances. . . . There is a possibility that the country might break up into several regional entities. If these



One for  
company,  
six for  
a crowd.



**JIM BEAM**  
KENTUCKY  
BOURBON STRAIGHT WHISKEY

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 80 PROOF DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JAMES B. BEAM DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KY.

WORLD'S FINEST BOURBON WHISKEY



came into conflict with one another, there would be further waste and destruction. . . . Such an attack would place in question whether the United States would ever recover its position as an organized, industrial and powerful country."

After considering all those official assessments, the only conclusion that one can safely draw is that the reality would be much worse. Statistics on millions of deaths come to seem abstract—"acceptable" is the military term—unless one can imagine one's own children with their faces burned away, and one cannot. As is clear in the words of Hiroshima survivors, collected in Robert Jay Lifton's book *Death in Life*, the shock of nuclear attack surpasses anyone's capacity for comprehending catastrophe. The mutilated and the uninjured seem equally unable to realize what has happened to them. They wander about in a numbed state of near madness. Even several decades after the explosion, they are still haunted by guilt and anxiety. And the scars of their burns have not healed.

Yet one must keep remembering that the Hiroshima bomb was a little thing, about 1/50th the size of the one-megaton weapons that are the smallest to figure in the OTA report. No less important is the fact that Hiroshima and Nagasaki were the only cities attacked and that the rest of Japan stood ready to help. Doctors and ambulances soon arrived from other areas. Hiroshima's electricity was partially restored the day after the raid and train service to the city resumed on the day after that. In all disasters, the knowledge that help is on the way, that there is normal life outside the disaster area, provides critical support to the victims. In an all-out nuclear attack on the United States, the victims could know only that they were helpless.

Some of them would take refuge in fallout shelters, but Pentagon statistics on the value of such shelters give no idea of what life there would be like. Many of the shelters that now exist have neither sufficient food nor adequate ventilation. Many of the victims seeking safety in those overcrowded dens would already be suffering the effects of radiation, including nausea, vomiting, bleeding from the mouth and the rectum, diarrhea with large amounts of blood in the stool. Whether the people jammed into such pestilential places for days on end would help or attack one another is impossible to predict. The prediction depends heavily on the forecaster's philosophy of human nature, on whether Rousseau's view of life was truer than that of Hobbes, on whether or not men are animals. Presumably, the circumstances would vary considerably. After the first major New York City blackout, in 1965, there was much self-congratulation about the altruism and the aplomb

with which New Yorkers had reacted to the crisis; during the second blackout, a decade later, looting was epidemic. And those were disturbances of only a few hours' duration, with nobody injured and the full police force in action.

Thinking about the unthinkable usually includes one final illusion: that the generals in charge of the missiles would themselves be thinking. While popular fantasies sometimes predict a total extermination of the human race, virtually every official scenario of World War Three has assumed that after one or two nuclear exchanges, the firing would stop. Both sides would then try to figure out who had won, or else declare a ruinous stalemate and begin the process of recovery. It seems just as plausible, however, to argue that if the generals were that rational, they would never fire the missiles at all. The mentality required to launch a nuclear attack does not by any means necessarily imply a cool ability to cease firing. On the contrary, it is at least as easy to imagine that once one's own side had suffered millions of casualties, a general who controlled some of the remaining missiles might well consider it his sacred duty to continue firing at any remaining sign of life.

*I tried to take some things out of the house, but everything was buried . . . and so, carrying only the baby's diapers . . . and myself wearing only a panty and slip, the three of us—a mother with two children—what should we do? In what direction should we escape? . . . I had no clear destination, but I felt we had to run away. . . . The eight-year-old began to complain that her stomach was hot, and she threw up—a dark liquid, like coal tar . . . and then the baby began to throw up, also. . . . I tried to go over a nearby bridge, but it was on fire, so we couldn't go that way. . . . And then I lost consciousness. . . . It was not so much my bodily injuries but the feeling of helpless desperation . . . the things I saw around me. . . . I didn't know what I could do about caring for my children, what would happen to us. . . .*

—A HOUSEWIFE IN HIROSHIMA

Just as the prospect of a major nuclear war is inherently absurd—a contradiction of any goal that might inspire it—all reactions to it are also absurd.

It is absurd, to begin with, for governments that spend billions of dollars on the weapons of destruction to spend almost nothing on defending their own citizens from attack. Bomb shelters are absurd, but the lack of bomb shelters is also absurd. The idea of evacuating major cities in a time of crisis is absurd, but if such evacuations may save millions

of lives, then the absence of any serious evacuation plan is absurd. It is absurd that the U. S. Government claims to have built antimissile missiles that can destroy all incoming warheads, but it is equally absurd that such purely defensive missiles are the only ones now forbidden by Soviet-American treaty. According to the logic of strategic thinking, any effective defensive measure, such as the building of defensive missiles or bomb shelters, is by definition provocative and threatening. It implies a dangerously increased readiness to fight, because it reduces, no matter how slightly, the absurdity of war. In absurdity, therefore, lies safety. That statement, too, is absurd.

And what is to become of Western civilization? In 1954, a number of nations gathered at The Hague and signed a convention for the protection of cultural objects in case of armed conflict. The U. S. did not sign—though it had signed a similar treaty in 1935—but West Germany was among 70 nations that did; and after the Bundestag finally ratified the agreement, about 100 German officials and experts began, in 1979, the process of listing, labeling and, where possible, duplicating some 15,000 objects that were considered essential parts of the national heritage. The selections included the Cologne cathedral, the Arnsberg monastery, various medieval tax records and the speeches of Adolf Hitler. Such efforts to save old buildings and records in the midst of a nuclear war seem absurd, but so does the reckless willingness to leave the treasures of civilization lying exposed to ruin on the battlefields of the future.

Since both Washington and Moscow seem unwilling to renounce their nuclear weapons, various eminent citizens have felt themselves obliged to protest and demonstrate against official obduracy. Peace marches and newspaper advertisements have made the same impassioned arguments for many years, but each new demonstrator needs to believe that his gesture of protest is the one that will finally have some effect. Dr. Howard Hiatt, dean of The Harvard School of Public Health, takes pride in having organized doctors and scientists against nuclear weapons. "We don't have the luxury of simply doing nothing," Dr. Hiatt says. The implication is that he has done something, achieved some purpose. To protest is absurd; not to protest is absurd.

Since protests seem to have as little effect as disarmament conferences, a number of citizens have decided in recent years to undertake absurd protective measures of their own. They call themselves "survivalists," and they have built little fortresses for themselves in remote areas of the country, filling their



# If you thought hi-fi components were a great idea, wait'll you see this.



## JVC introduces the component video system.

Remember your very first hi-fi component system? Each component was a new experience. And together, a high adventure in high fidelity.

Now, the adventure continues. This time in high tech video with the new JVC Component Video System.

JVC's new component VCR and Tuner/Timer give you uncanny flexibility. They can perform the audio/video gymnastics of even the most sophisticated home recorders. And with the

wireless, infrared remote, you can control virtually every VCR function from across the room.

But the video component adventure really begins when you strap on the VCR, plug in the light weight camera and start shooting. Suddenly, you're in the world of a professional-quality color video camera. A creative world of two-speed zooms. Black and white fades. Dolby\* stereo recording. Macro shooting, and much more.

Isn't it high time you experienced the adventure of high tech video? See this Higher Tech Component Video System at your JVC dealer soon. TOMORROW'S VIDEO TODAY.

**JVC** VHS  
**VIDSTAR**

JVC COMPANY OF AMERICA  
Home Entertainment Division  
41 Slater Drive, Elmwood Park, NJ 07407  
JVC CANADA INC., Scarborough, Ont.

WARNING TO PURCHASERS: One federal court has held that in-home use of videotape recorders for off-air recording of copyrighted TV programming is copyright infringement.  
\*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.



cellars with canned food and medicines and guns.

It is clear that the survivalists are not really preparing to defend themselves against a Soviet missile attack, much less against a Soviet army of occupation, but rather against their neighbors. It is the neighbors who threaten, in a struggle for survival, to become the enemy. The actual outcome of such a confrontation might well be that a horde of neighbors would strip the survivalist of his guns and his food and then tear him limb from limb. But in all the public anxiety, it becomes apparent that the impending disaster we call World War Three may not, finally, be a nuclear war at all. In the nightmares of the would-be survivors and of many others who have done nothing in particular to save themselves, the anticipated catastrophe takes a number of forms, all reflecting in one way or another the dreamer's own anxieties. To some, Armageddon will be a racial conflagration, a final orgy of hatred and revenge. Others imagine a total economic collapse, the loss of all savings and all security, the ruin of all conventional values (hence, the need for stored supplies). Or some vast natural disaster, a new flood, a new earthquake, a new epidemic, a new poisoning of air and water, some recurrence of those mystifying scourges that modern technology only seems to have conquered. "Something," says Roger Oie, who moved 110 miles north of Phoenix to find shelter on a 12-acre ranch, "has to collapse."

*Those who survived the atom bomb were the people who ignored their friends crying out in extremis or who shook off wounded neighbors who clung to them, pleading to be saved. . . . In short, those who survived the bomb were, if not mere-*

*ly lucky, in a greater or lesser degree selfish, self-centered, guided by instinct and not civilization . . . and we know it, we who have survived. Knowing it is a dull ache.*

—A PHYSICIAN AT NAGASAKI

PEACE IS OUR PROFESSION, reads the sign at the entrance to the Strategic Air Command, just outside Omaha. The headquarters building itself is a nondescript rectangle of brown bricks, surrounded by an expanse of neatly clipped crab grass. It could be a post office or a public library. On a concrete platform outside the front door stands a Minuteman I missile, bright-white and sleek as Brancusi's bird. It is obsolete now, a relic; the missiles waiting in their silos are called Minuteman III. A small brown rabbit incongruously hops out from behind the missile, pauses for a moment, nibbling, and then hops away. Peace is our profession.

It is a sunny Sunday morning in May. It is, in fact, Mother's Day, and the Strategic Air Command is welcoming the mothers of its men to Offutt Air Force Base. At the club, just across from the headquarters building, the line of mothers and men waiting to get their breakfast extends almost the length of the building. Behind the club, there are a swimming pool and a golf course and a neatly trimmed field reaching all the way to the highway. T. S. Eliot comes to mind: "And the wind shall say: 'Here were decent, godless people, / Their only monument the asphalt road / And a thousand lost golf balls.'"

Despite its pastoral surroundings, the interior of the SAC headquarters building is closely guarded. There is an elaborate protocol of signing in and receiving an identity card, which must be affixed to the lapel. The military police,

heroically outfitted in berets and white braid, watch closely at each check point. The guide leads the way downward, three stories underground, through a maze of bleak corridors. Food and supplies for 30 days have been stored here, the guide says, though the headquarters building itself has never been "hardened." A warhead anywhere nearby would obliterate it. The survivors in some other headquarters would have to carry on.

In the control center itself, finally, the commanding general's easy chair dominates a long balcony overlooking banks of computers. A sign in front of the vacant chair announces the commander's official identity: CINC SAC. A touch of awe enters the guide's voice as he pronounces the title: "Sink Sack." Would the visitor like to sit on the throne for a moment? The visitor would. In front of him now stand the CinC SAC's seven telephones. The news of the apocalypse would come in on the yellow telephone and go out on the red one.

On the far wall, four clocks announce Omaha time, Zulu time (Greenwich time), Moscow time and Guam time. The wall's 20 giant video screens can provide, in seven colors, any kind of information the CinC SAC would like. Within a minute, for example, the Air Force can produce a report on weather conditions anywhere in the world. Would the visitor like to test the system? Would the visitor choose a place, any place in the world? The visitor chooses Guam. In about 20 seconds, letters flicker onto one of the screens to announce that the temperature is 84 degrees in Guam.

As a last touch, the Air Force would like to present its PACC, which stands for Post Attack Command Control. The voice now speaking on the telephone is that of General W., who greets the visitor by name and reports that he is calling from an airplane now flying "somewhere over the central United States." Ever since 1961, every day and every night, a plane of that type has been circling somewhere over the U. S. There is always a general on duty, like the Flying Dutchman, waiting at the controls of the devices that could launch the missiles from their underground silos. That means, says the general, that even if an enemy surprise attack destroyed Washington, even if an enemy surprise attack destroyed Omaha and New York and Chicago and Los Angeles, there would still be a general circling through the skies, ready to perform his function, to retaliate.

After explaining his mission, the general asks if there are any questions.

"No, thanks," says the visitor.

"Well, goodbye, then," says the general, "and happy Mother's Day."



"Good morning. I'm the bluebird of fellatio."





*"Telly is a perfect gentleman. He even invited his mother over to have dinner and meet us."*

went by, we thought about it. One day she said to me, 'You know, this place is a dump.' We looked at each other, laughed and called Telly. But before we moved in, we set all these very strict conditions: one, no strings attached; two, we paid our own rent; three, we lived our separate lives. He agreed, and we moved in. It was very nice, really. He is a perfect gentleman. He even invited his mother over to have dinner and meet us while we stayed with him." That lasted about nine months, after which Connie decided to move to California. That also lasted about nine months. "I didn't like California. In some ways, it's even faster than New York. Very hard for a young girl, even with my experience, to survive there. So I went back home to Miami."

There she met promoter Ian Spero, who has since become her husband. Together, they've built Spero International into a headline-grabbing company.

"Our company is something along the lines of a professional star maker. We

represent a few elite individuals and bands. We fashion an image for them, find them a market and promote them accordingly. Our company provides our clients with business management, attorneys and other services. Our last big concert promotion was Gary U. S. Bonds in Tampa. We're also promoting a great band out of Brighton, England, called Going Straight."

That the band is from Brighton is no coincidence. Connie's husband is from England, and when he suggested that she choose a stage name from one of three British locations ("He gave me a choice: London, Sussex or Brighton"), she chose Brighton. She has since visited that town several times and has made a personal crusade of saving the Brighton Pier. "It's this beautiful, quaint old pier that's in terrible disrepair, and it's up for sale for two dollars. If someone can come up with the money to rebuild it, he'd be saving a wonderful old landmark."

Maybe if Connie's prospective single, a remake of an old Sixties hit called *Any*

*Way That You Want Me*, is a hit, Connie can renovate the pier herself. At any rate, she's currently knee-deep in a singing career. "I've just signed with Fat Albert Productions in Miami. They've produced more than 25 gold and platinum albums. We're working in Criteria Studios—where the Gibb brothers used to record—on a remake of *Born to Be Wild*, which I hope to release next." As if that weren't enough to keep her busy, Connie also acts now and then. She is currently appearing in a feature film that's on view in Germany.

With all that going on, we couldn't help wondering why (and how) she found the time to become Miss September.

"Why did I do it? Well, as I've said, I've always been a prude, and when Stan Malinowski coaxed me into taking my top off for your August 1981 pictorial *The Girls of Summer*, I was very nervous. However, when I saw the shot in *PLAYBOY*, I was very pleased. So when I was approached for the centerfold, I thought, Why not? *PLAYBOY* is not just the best men's magazine, it's *the* men's magazine. If I had a message for any of your readers, it would be that there's a time when everybody should step out of his or her own particular closet and say, 'I'm here. I'm real. See me!'"



## It's almost like getting a new VCR for the cost of a tape.

### New JVC High Grade VHS Tape

Now from JVC, the originators of the VHS system, comes High Grade VHS video tape. A tape so advanced, so perfected, that alone it can make a significant difference in the quality of your VCR's performance.

JVC High Grade. A video tape that's ultrasmooth, ultrarefined, ultrasensitive. With it, you'll possess all the advanced qualities required for consistent, maximum recording and playback excellence.

What's more, there is no software anywhere that performs better in today's world of punishing "slow-speed" VCR features like six hour recording, slow motion, and freeze frame. Plus, JVC High Grade reduces the possibility of drop-outs to an all time low.

JVC High Grade comes in both 60 and 120 minute lengths. It's the one new video tape no VCR should be without. See it at your JVC Vidstar dealer today.



**JVC**<sup>®</sup>  
JVC COMPANY OF AMERICA  
Home Entertainment Division  
41 Slater Drive, Elmwood Park, NJ 07407  
JVC CANADA INC., Scarborough, Ont.



# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

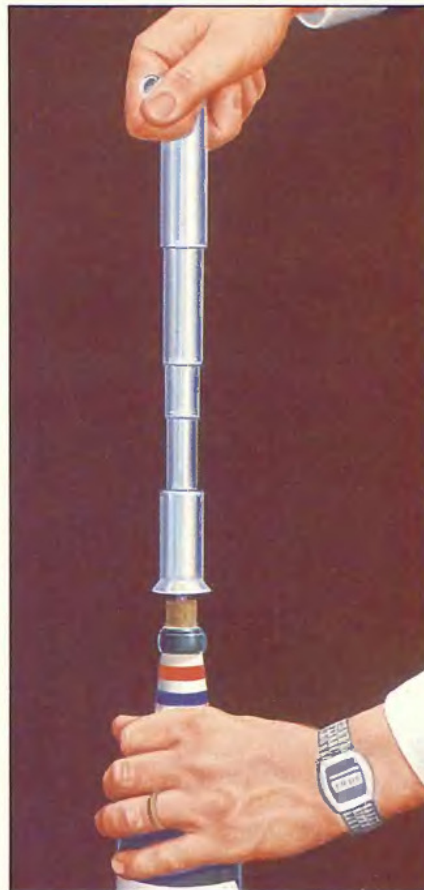
## NEW DOGHOUSE IN TOWN

Everyone thinks Manhattan's going to the dogs anyway, so we're not surprised to learn that The Dog Museum of America (sponsored by the American Kennel Club Foundation) has just opened on the main floor of 51 Madison Avenue. Regular features include doggy artwork (of dogs, not by them) and a library devoted to books and manuscripts dealing with man's best friend. Rumor has it that a collection of fire hydrants may also go on display.



## LADIES OF THE ELECTRONIC NIGHT

Yes, there is life after buying a home computer—Street Life, that is, as that's the name of a new jive-ass game that puts anyone who owns an Apple II computer with 48K memory and one-disc drive in the driver's seat of a pimpmobile, prowling for hooker's wages and gambling money while fending off the cops, rival gangs and God knows what else. Fortunately, the price for all those cheap thrills is cheap, too: only \$31.50, postpaid, from Millionaire Pastimes, 6703 Rowell Court, Missouri City, Texas 77489. Go!



## FRENCH PULL

Ah, the French! Give them a bottle of wine and—*sacrebleu!*—they invent a crazy-looking gadget called Le Corkscrew Telescopique, which extends to twice its normal length, thus increasing your pulling power by five. (The secret is a cleverly engineered hidden-pulley system that gives you enough leverage to extract the most recalcitrant cork.) Le Telescopique is available in 24-kt. gold plate for \$82, in silver plate for \$74 and in chrome for \$52 (prices postpaid), from Gary Hawthorn Associates, P.O. Box 1160, Fort Myer Station, Virginia 22211. And soon, a number of companion pieces for Le Telescopique will be available, including a shoulder corkscrew holster—designed for the well-dressed sommelier.



## HONEY, I'LL BE LATE. . . .

We've all had one of those days when there's some pressing reason why we can't head straight home. But if you call from the corner bar or wherever—oh, Momma, will you catch hell. That's when you need a little help from your friends at Phone-Y Alibis (P.O. Box 4112, Chevy Chase, Maryland 20815). For \$6, postpaid, they'll send you a cassette with intervals of background sounds that include an office, an airport, an accident scene and more. For those who like to live dangerously, there are party sounds, too.



### THE ELEPHANT WALK

If you've been everywhere and are partial to pachyderms, then consider Kuoni Travel's November 15th \$3048 20-day Asian Adventure tour. One stop is Surin, Thailand, for the annual dumbo roundup, when 200 swingers take over the town. Then it's on to an elephant forestry camp at Ayutthaya and an elephant orphanage in Sri Lanka. Finally, you wing to Hong Kong for jade jumbos. Kuoni is at 11 East 44th Street, New York, New York 10017. Pack your trunk.



### SEND IN THE CLOWN

Back when you were a kid, the only bozo you had to contend with was cherry-nosed Bozo the Clown. But as an adult, you've probably got more bozos in your life than you've ever seen at the circus. To keep them at bay, HNK Enterprises, 177 Riverside Drive, Suite F, Newport Beach, California 92663, is offering eight silly stickers that proclaim NO BOZOS!—for only \$5.25, postpaid. And soon they'll have NO BOZOS! hats, T-shirts and panties, too.



### ANONYMOUS BOSH

"My Dear Brown Nose / You're Looking for Love in All the Wrong Places."

"On the Surface, You Appear to Be Rather Dashing and Continental / Yet I Get the Impression You Probably Scratch Your Nuts with the Salad Fork."

"I'm Not Afraid of You / I Could Lick You Any Time, Anyplace and Anywhere."

Vengeance is thine, says Anonymously Yours, which produces cards "that speak your mind when you can't." Just \$14.95 sent to P.O. Box 2507, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206, will get you 24 mixed situations, from wise-ass put-downs to sly sexual hints. All sent anonymously, of course.



### HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU, LUDWIG

Since most T-shirts with witty remarks printed on them are aimed at those who partake of recreational drugs, it's good to find a shirt that's pushing something more profound—such as a dry martini. Not only is the Beethoven's Fifth Martini T-shirt the color of old vermouth but across the front are printed some bars from his *Fifth Symphony*, using olives for notes. Shirts are available in small to extra-large, for \$11.50 each, from Mid-American Industries, 11142 Askew, Kansas City, Missouri 64137. Drink up!



### YAZOO NUMBER TWO

Last May, in *Playboy Potpourri*, we ran a boxed set of Heroes of the Blues cards, illustrated by the renowned underground cartoonist R. Crumb. Now comes Yazoo's latest card set, *Early Jazz Greats* (also illustrated by Crumb), including 36 musical giants from Louis Armstrong and Fats Waller to Jimmy Blythe and the ever-popular Tiny Parham. The price of this set is also \$7.98, sent to Yazoo Records, 245 Waverly Place, New York, New York 10014. After you get your set, check out the picture of famous Dixieland cornetist Muggsy Spanier. We think he's the spitting image of Tommy Smothers.





**FATALE**

Temporarily feminine, this cool cotton pinafore-styled baby doll features a delicately scalloped eyelet bodice, a lavish eyelet ruffle all around the hem, and lace beading ties at each side. Matching g-string panties. Made of a crisp cotton/poly blend. Machine washable. Sizes: P-S-M-L. \$19.95. You must be absolutely satisfied, or your money will be cheerfully refunded.



st. michele

**NICOLE**

Tightly fitting camisole top and g-string panty are beautifully made of white eyelet 100% cotton. Camisole is designed to round each breast perfectly and ties at the cleavage with a soft satin bow. Sizes P(7-8), S(9-10), M(11-12), L(13-15). Just \$18.50. Same iron-clad money-back guarantee.



**st. michele fashions**

2125th Ave., Suite 412  
Dept. YPB-12, NY, NY 10010

MasterCard  VISA  
Acct. # \_\_\_\_\_  
Expires \_\_\_\_\_  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Please rush under your money-back guarantee:

- #8W Fatale ..... Size ..... \$19.95
- #9W Nicole ..... Size ..... \$18.50
- #Y1 Both (SAVE!) ..... Size ..... \$34.60
- #9979 FREE Catalog

I enclose payment in full by check, money order or credit card.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

©1981 SE

**WHY THINGS DON'T WORK**

(continued from page 96)

those issues and wrote a new book on employee motivation. Instead of punishing workers for their errors, it rewarded them for finding them and correcting them. The company also sold the program to workers and management alike in motivational communication sessions inspired by encounter-therapy techniques. The entire campaign was so successful that Gray's guide was written up in detail and circulated by NASA throughout the aerospace industry. It was later made available free to anyone in business who asked for a copy; many firms did ask and achieved very strong results. Ironically, Rockwell has continued to experiment, introducing with the Space Shuttle project a style of employee motivation different from the one used during Apollo. And considering the military's increasing reinvolvement in the space program, other changes may be forthcoming. Whatever works. The important thing is for the program's managers to be strong enough and creative enough to keep looking for new ways to solve the old problems.

But there are several factors involved in American management's general resistance to new concepts. One is cultural lag: It takes time for a new idea to spread through any system. Despite all evidence to the contrary, most U. S. businessmen seem to believe that the average human being has an inherent dislike of work and will avoid it if he can. The consequence of that basic attitude is the belief that most people must be coerced, controlled, directed and threatened with punishment to get them to put forth adequate effort toward achievement of the organization's objectives. The alternative attitude is that work is as natural as play or rest. External control and punishment are not the only means for getting people to work effectively; workers have to have a feeling of commitment to their company's goals. That is a function of the rewards associated with their achievement. Human beings not only accept but *seek* responsibility. Imagination, ingenuity and creativity exist throughout the organization, not just at the top.

Those opposing theories of management are discussed in a book called *The Human Side of Enterprise*, by Douglas McGregor of the MIT School of Industrial Management. McGregor concludes that under the conditions of modern industrial life, the intellectual potential of the average human being is mostly wasted. The basic attitude of the businessman toward the worker was well expressed many years ago by an officer of a major coal company. Asked by Clare Boothe Luce about the guards with machine guns whom she saw on her tour of a mine, he answered, "You can't run

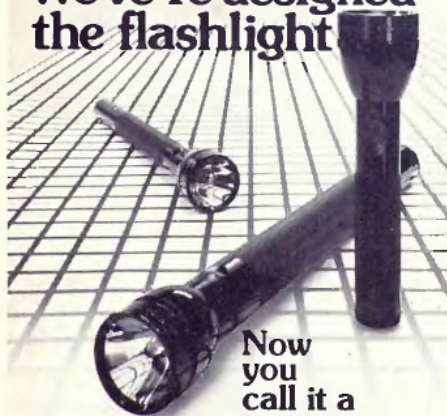
a coal mine without machine guns."

That might not have been true even then, but you could run a coal mine with machine guns only as long as the norms were actually reachable. In his novel *The Rebellion of the Hanged*, B. Traven vividly traces the origins of the Mexican revolution to precisely that process in the mahogany industry, which he chooses as typical of the time. Logging was done almost entirely by hand by workers held in a form of wage slavery in guarded camps deep in the mountain jungles. Failure to achieve quotas was punished first by beating, then by hanging the worker in a net in the treetops for 24 hours or more, tied hand and foot, to be eaten alive by insects, snakes, vampire bats and other vermin. Those who survived that ordeal—and most did, so hardy is the nature of Mexican Indians—somehow made their quotas. Any worker who attempted to escape before his term was up was hunted down and hung in that way. Timber was a major export item. The government of Mexico under dictator Porfirio Diaz was hungry for foreign exchange. The quotas were set higher and higher until, finally, no torture sufficed. Hardened by the horrors of that treatment, the loggers at last rose with invincible fury. The pattern was repeated throughout Mexico. Those were the barefoot soldiers who brought down the government.

Terror isn't much of a motivation in any production situation, because even the mildest forms of punishment tend to create anxiety, hostility and the desire for revenge. As Gray points out, the worker always has the weapon of sabotage. He or she can perform the task in a manner that appears acceptable but in fact is not. When you set the norms too tight and enforce them by punishment, not even machine guns work for very long. The new products of post-industrial high technology are made to increasingly finer tolerances. In order to meet them, it is necessary to engage the worker's attention on a new level.

Businessmen find themselves unable to do that, Shorris claims, because they have learned to define their pleasure not through work or play but through exercising authority over other people. But why do they persist in doing that with punishment instead of reward? Because punishing a worker is the boss's reward. It makes the boss feel strong and superior and confident. The problem is, that tactic may work in slave-gang situations in which gross output is measured in tons, but it is never going to work in manufacturing space-age equipment whose effectiveness is measured not by how many but by how well. There are

**We've re-designed the flashlight**



Now you call it a

**mag·lite®**

A machine tooled instrument! Features: Aircraft aluminum head and barrel; Lexan lens and reflector; Patented, sealed switch that rotates to clean itself; flush, no snag on-off button. And, Mag-Lite is... **the original adjustable beam flashlight.**



The patented cam action, with just ¼ turn of the head cap, goes from a "hot" spot to a "soft" flood. This has long been the choice of police agencies, internationally.

The right light for any job! Available at most sporting, police equipment and hardware outlets.

**Mag Instrument**  
P.O. Box 1840, Ontario, CA 91762  
FREE BROCHURE ON REQUEST



# There's magic and more for you at Playboy Clubs



There's no illusion to the magic at Playboy Clubs. No hocus pocus. Just the extraordinary things it takes to make every day a celebration and every evening something special. There's magic and more for you at Playboy Clubs. A whole lot more! More elegant dining. More fabulous food. More sensational entertainment. More exciting music. More enchanting good times at more reasonable prices than ever before! Plus incredible Keyholder bonuses, too!

## PUT THE PLAYBOY MAGIC INTO YOUR LIFE: SEND FOR YOUR PLAYBOY CLUB KEY TODAY

Sample the Playboy Club magic for 30 days without risk! Your Initial Key Fee entitles you to a world of good times and outstanding savings:

- Gain admission to Playboy Clubs

across the nation and around the world.

- Save over \$250 twice a year with Playboy Preferred Passbooks. Your ticket to 2-for-1 dining at more than 700 restaurants nationwide and to valuable sports and entertainment discounts, too.
- Save on Hertz® car rental and leasing rates across the country.
- Save as much as your Key Fee for the year when you pick up your choice of PLAYBOY or GAMES Magazine 12 times a year at no charge at any U.S. Playboy Club.
- Save hundreds of dollars on name brand merchandise with Comp-U-Card™—the phone shopping service that lets you buy from home.

### IT'S NO TRICK TO ORDER

Simply complete and mail the postage-

paid reply card. You don't risk a cent. We'll rush your Key and bill you later.

If the card is missing, send your name and address including zip code to PLAYBOY CLUBS, P.O. Box 9125, Boulder, CO 80301.

### FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS:

Call 800/525-2850 right now while the idea is fresh in your mind. Ask for Bunny Susan.

### SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Playboy Clubs International is happy to make this guarantee. If within 30 days of receipt of your Key, you're not convinced the Playboy Club is where you belong, return your Key. We'll return your money in full or credit your account.

There's magic and more for you at Playboy!





# 3:06 P.M.

35,000 ft.-When you said let's get away for the weekend, she never expected Rome.

Now it's two First Class seats and two tumblers of Grand Marnier on the rocks. She obviously admires you for your taste.



*What time today  
will you say,  
"Grand Marnier"?*





too many subtle ways in which the worker can screw you up. Those Vegas looked slick enough coming off the line. The employees' revenge appeared long afterward.

Moreover, as the success of new products is defined by such intangible factors as appearance, taste and texture rather than by crude utility, totalitarian techniques tend automatically to produce failure, though authoritarian methods can be successful. The difference between totalitarian and authoritarian is one of degree. Authoritarian systems rely on obedience within limits. Personal life, for example, is not supervised. Totalitarian organizations demand total obedience. It's not merely that one's personal life is supervised; there is no personal life. Hitler's architect, Albert Speer, wrote, "The whole structure of the system was aimed at preventing conflicts of conscience from even arising. The result was the total sterility of all conversations and discussions among these like-minded persons. It was boring for people to confirm one another in their uniform opinions."

Military organizations are typically authoritarian. It's pretty much your own life when you're off base in your civvies. Intelligence organizations tend to be more totalitarian. Counterintelligence organizations, whose functions are to ferret out disloyalty, are the most totalitarian of all. Their rules are more and more abstract and theoretical—guilt by association, crimes of thought rather than of action. In a successful totalitarian society, such as Russia under Stalin, the terror is almost absolutely random. There is no way to avoid making mistakes, because there is no way to know what those mistakes are. Even the rules are secret or change so rapidly in response to secret policy decisions that it is impossible to anticipate the results of any action. And though the punishments are savage to a degree almost unknown in our society, the rules of the game are similar to those of a typical modern American conglomerate. Chief executive officers of divisions are fired for success as well as for failure, because the Stalins of industry mistrust bright young men. They were bright young men themselves once. So each person retreats into his or her private cell of paranoia, doomed to a lifetime of self-imposed solitary confinement. Everyone makes small talk, because anything important is too dangerous to say.

Communications media are especially vulnerable to self-destruction by obedience. People in television wear their shackles with irritating dignity. When formats are timed to the second and everything must appear spontaneous yet perfectly smooth and grammatical, there is little room for personal interpretation.

The oncamera people lead lives of isolation from reality. The top people have bodyguards with machine guns. Armed men in uniform patrol the studios. When Bob Dylan demanded too much from Columbia Records, the company let him go. The reason was not that it couldn't afford to give him what he wanted or that as one of its biggest money-makers he didn't deserve it; it let him go because no star is bigger than the system. D.j.s no longer pick their own records; they play the program director's list and make small talk. Computerized programming needs no d.j. An engineer pushes the buttons. Safe.

The great waste in that is that the best entertainment takes place offcamera, between takes. A few years ago, I was in the newsroom of KNXT-TV, a CBS flagship station in Los Angeles. There was a sudden beeping. "This is air control New York," said the voice of Hal the computer. Stand by for a live Indianapolis hostage. Coded countdown phrases, and then, wow, there he was, with a shotgun pointed at his head, sweating like a candle in a furnace as the kidnaper raved his insane demands. They were waiting for the President to come to the telephone.

"This is what television has come to:



*"And then there was  
the iceman, the milkman, the boy with  
the groceries, the vacuum-cleaner salesman—aah,  
those were the days."*



a gun at a man's head—live," said one of the men in the newsroom at the end of the segment.

"That's right," said then-anchor man Joseph Benti, the dean of cynics. "It's terrible. We're all fools for allowing ourselves to be used as pawns in this suckers' madhouse." He looked around meaningfully. The fellas were getting a little nervous. "Why should we take this anymore?" Benti intoned dramatically. "Let's all get up and leave now!" he said, rising from his seat and mimicking a voice out of *Waiting for Lefty*, the Thirties labor melodrama. No one moved.

"No one's leaving?" Benti asked sardonically.

A moment of silence—then, "Aww, c'mon, Joe, stop busting our balls."

Benti laughed at them and they all got back to work. And it was work—that was all. Who wants to watch unhappy people working? Benti is no longer on television.

The point is, they can't do things like that on the air. The mood of rebellion might become infectious. Someone like Benti might begin to make fun of sacred norms. In television, the technicians save the bloopers that normally get cut and show them privately to insiders. What comedy! They are really funny, much funnier than Johnny Carson or the old *Saturday Night Live*. But those are mistakes that must be erased. The flaw shall not show. Everyone must look smoother and larger than life, as in the heroic art of national cemeteries or of military-recruiting posters of any epoch.

Network-television ratings are declining because of boredom with the obedient mood. In any communication transfer, mood is the most significant, though the most elusive, factor. The best mood for productivity and communication is lively and interactive, an exchange of energies with a nice feeling of bounce. The worst mood is sullen obedience. Forced good cheer, especially in the form of hearty banter, is the most nauseating expression of that mood. What else is the "happy talk" television-news format but the ultimate performance of our most talented actors pretending to be jolly newsfolk in matching blazers?

In an age in which laughter is a product, it is interesting to observe that no one can make you laugh by issuing orders. It's like sneezing; try sneezing on command. Try laughing out loud right now. We do laugh at the boss's jokes, and the laughter is usually genuine: The boss almost always tickles your funny bone by stepping out of his authoritarian mood. For the moment, you are equals. The boss is even a little vulnerable, because it's awkward to make a

joke and have no one laugh. But your laughter doesn't come from the desire to obey; it comes from the relaxation of tension. The boss isn't being a boss. He's just being himself. For a moment, you can be yourself, too. Honesty is the most potent euphoriant. All good administrators know that and use it. Bob Hope always got the Servicemen screaming by making jokes about the brass—who laughed the hardest.

The reason things go wrong in America these days is that we don't know how to laugh at our mistakes. Honesty is a disease that makes you unemployable. It is easy to have a few laughs on yourself when you are winning the greatest war in history for the noblest cause. In the bunker there with Adolf, it was a little quiet at times.

But take heart: The Old Man is not dead yet. They are actually making good cars again in America. "We are all in this together, plant workers and management alike," one unnamed auto executive told *The New York Times*. "And frankly, for too long, we didn't recognize that or try to create a working environment that makes everybody want to pull in the same direction."

Victory breeds arrogance. Defeat demands humility. There has been much study of Japanese methods of employee motivation. The most important factor appears to be the ability to produce a mood of relaxation rather than of tension. Workers at all levels are pretty much hired for life. Rarely is anyone fired, though people are transferred out of situations in which they consistently do not perform well. The Japanese theory and practice of quality control appeals to the workers' intrinsic creativity, which is encouraged rather than suppressed.

A revolution is in process in the United States. It is being made not by generals but by colonels, in response not to internal power struggles but to events in the real world: the loss of major markets, catastrophic failures of the environment too large to hide. The generals grew up in a world in which wars were limited in time and space. Now the wars are economic wars. There are no limits. No one can escape. There is no place to go. Finally, and perhaps most important, we are now witnessing the working out of very real structural changes in the deepest levels of American society. The colonels might have been neglected by their parents, but they have come of age in the most highly permissive period of our history. All our values—from toilet training to automobile design—have been brought into question. It is no accident that the cult of obedience comes from a period of strict toilet training and most closely resembles Freud's de-

scriptions of the anal character: compulsively neat, stingy and stubborn; everything must be just right or there's hell to pay. People who lived in communes in the Sixties are now moving into very senior positions throughout industry and Government. They do not believe in strict toilet training. They breast-feed their young. They do not trust leaders. They do not want nuclear war. They wear three-button suits to the office, but they smoke pot at home.

At the same time, the character of the American gross national product is changing. There's only so much hardware we can sell at home. Software—programming, education, entertainment, information—is an infinite demand. But world markets are also changing. The capital surpluses are coming from Third World countries. Saudi Arabia's biggest export is oil. Its second largest—and maybe equally important—is capital. The Arabs are simply making so much money that they can't spend it all at home. They are now lending it to other Third World countries. Most of those funds will be used for industrialization, for the purchase of entire systems of production, such as steel mills and automobile factories. There are only a few places you can buy those things. In a real boom, only the United States would have a big enough economy to deliver massive quantities of capital goods. In such a boom, we will set our own prices, because we will have the only store in town.

What we need now in order to be ready for that is a general amnesty in which worker and executive alike can identify the errors that have accumulated in our rush toward material success. We have to take a different attitude toward mistakes, no matter who makes them. Tail fins and gas hogs were a mistake. Fine. We all agree about that, but I remember when I thought there was nothing greater looking than a 1962 Cadillac convertible with Batmobile rocket spurs. Most reformers throughout history have failed because they themselves have been obsessed with punishment. All revolutions end in the substitution of new masters.

We don't want new masters; we want a new sense of partnership. A number of years ago, when I asked Bobby Seale what he would do with all the unemployed cops if the Black Panthers succeeded, he said he "would send them back to school and teach them how to be human beings." Maybe we first have to agree on what it is to be human. One of the axioms is that all humans make mistakes. What we do with that very simple fact is the key to everything else.







# What makes this radar detector so desirable that people used to willingly wait months for it?

Anyone who has used a conventional passive radar detector knows that they don't work over hills, around corners, or from behind. The ESCORT® radar warning receiver does. Its uncanny sensitivity enables it to pick up radar traps 3 to 5 times farther than common detectors. It detects the thinly scattered residue of a radar beam like the glow of headlights on a dark, foggy road. You don't need to be in the direct beam. Conventional detectors do. Plus, ESCORT's extraordinary range doesn't come at the expense of more false alarms. In fact, ESCORT has fewer types and sources of false alarms than do the lower technology units. Here's how we do it.

### The unfair advantage

ESCORT's secret weapon is its superheterodyne receiving circuitry. The technique was discovered by Signal Corps Capt. Edwin H. Armstrong in the military's quest for more sensitive receiving equipment. ESCORT's Varactor-Tuned Gunn Oscillator singles out X and K band (10.525 and 24.150GHz) radar frequencies for close, careful, and timely examination. Only ESCORT uses this costly, exacting component. But now the dilemma.

### The Lady or The Tiger

At the instant of contact, how can you tell a faint glimmer from an intense radar beam? Is it a far away glint or a trigger type radar dead ahead? With ESCORT it's easy: smooth, accurate signal strength information. A soothing, variable speed beep reacts to radar like a Geiger counter, while an illuminated meter registers fine gradations. You'll know whether the radar is miles away or right next to you. In addition, the sound you'll hear is different for each radar band. K band doesn't travel as far, so its sound is more urgent. ESCORT keeps you totally informed.

### The right stuff

ESCORT looks and feels right. Its inconspicuous size (1.5Hx5.25Wx50), 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.

### Made in Cincinnati

Another nice thing about owning an ESCORT is that you deal directly with the factory. You get the advantage

of speaking with the most knowledgeable experts available and saving us both money at the same time. Further, in the unlikely event that your ESCORT ever needs repair, our service professionals are at your personal disposal. Everything you need is only a phone call or parcel delivery away.



Carrying case and visor clip included

### Corroborating evidence

**CAR and DRIVER** . . . "Ranked according to performance, the ESCORT is first choice . . . it looks like precision equipment, has a convenient visor mount, and has the most informative warning system of any unit on the market . . . the ESCORT boasts the most careful and clever planning, the most pleasing packaging, and the most solid construction of the lot."

**BMWCCA ROUNDEL** . . . "The volume control has a 'silky' feel to it; in fact, the entire unit does. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it!"

**PLAYBOY** . . . "ESCORT radar detectors . . . (are) generally acknowledged to be the finest, most sensitive, most uncompromising effort at high technology in the field."

**PENTHOUSE** . . . "ESCORT's performance stood out like an F-15 in a covey of Sabrajets."

**AUTOWEEK** . . . "The ESCORT detector by Cincinnati Microwave . . . is still the most sensitive, versatile detector of the lot."

### The acid test

There's only one way to really find out what ESCORT is all about. We'll give you 30 days to test it for yourself. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund

your purchase as well as pay for your postage costs to return it. In fact, try an ESCORT and any other detector of your choice. Test them both for 30 days and return the one you don't like. We're not worried because we know which one you'll keep. As further insurance for your investment, ESCORT comes with a full one year limited warranty on both parts and labor. This doesn't worry us either because ESCORT has a reputation for reliability. We know that once you try an ESCORT, radar will never be the same again. So go ahead and do it. Order today.

### You don't have to wait

Just send the following to the address below:

- Your name and complete street address.
- How many ESCORTs you want.
- Any special shipping instructions.
- Your daytime telephone number.
- A check or money order.



Visa and MasterCard buyers may substitute their credit card number and expiration date for the check. Or call us toll free and save the trip to the mail box.

**CALL TOLL FREE . . . 800-543-1608**  
**IN OHIO CALL . . . 800-582-2696**

**ESCORT (Includes everything) . . . \$245.00**  
Ohio residents add \$13.48 sales tax.

### Extra speedy delivery

If you order with a bank check, money order, Visa, or MasterCard, your order is processed for shipping immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

# ESCORT®

RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

- CINCINNATI MICROWAVE  
Department 907  
One Microwave Plaza  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45242



# TOM PETTY

(continued from page 143)

*"I don't talk to people on cocaine. I get tired of hearing that something is so great and blah, blah, blah..."*

show was "really rocking." As for critics, there are some I know personally and like. Most are saying, "Impress me"—like, with free records. But I don't have a huge beef, because they've been good to me. Reviews don't mean shit, but you always want to believe them when they're good.

9.

PLAYBOY: Where were you when John Lennon was shot? And what was your reaction?

PETTY: His death hurt real bad, still hurts. Each time I see his picture or hear him sing, I immediately get pissed off that some fucking jerk could just blow him away. In fact, the only two people I have ever looked up to, idolized—Lennon and Elvis—are both dead. And I'm not someone into idols.

I was in the studio when Lennon died. My producer, Jimmy Iovine, had worked on a few of John's albums, and Ringo was recording just down the hall from me. The day before John died, we heard that he was planning to come out and do something with Ringo, and I thought, Great! He'll be right next door. When he got shot, Jimmy got a call with the news. We went on working for a while, then stopped. The spark was gone. It hurt for so long, it fucked me up. My mom died the same year. It was a black

year. But I don't worry about it much now. I saw the Stones recently on cable TV, and there was some guy who ran onstage and went for Keith. Keith jabbed him in the head with his Telecaster. I stood up and cheered. Fucking A, no one's gonna shoot Keith. It's the attitude you have to take.

10.

PLAYBOY: You're an acknowledged Beach Boys fan. Given a choice of listening to their 1966 album *Pet Sounds* or the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, which would you choose?

PETTY: Interesting question. Well, I like both. But these days, I'd probably play *Pet Sounds*. I can hear *Sgt. Pepper* without playing it, but, frankly, I don't think it wears that well into the Eighties. *Pet Sounds* still sounds great to me. Hell, I once heard a radio interview with Paul McCartney in which he said that after hearing *Pet Sounds*, he had to do something like *Sgt. Pepper*. And he was right. Brian Wilson is the greatest. The root of his personal problems was that he did genius work and never got recognition for it from the man in the street. He took a real artistic risk. It's a brilliant album.

11.

PLAYBOY: Drugs eventually became part of Wilson's problem. You claim to have

gone through your drug phase, saying you haven't used cocaine in two years. How, then, do you deal with the cocaine consciousness supposedly rampant in the industry?

PETTY: I don't talk to people on cocaine. I get tired of hearing people tell me something is so fucking great and blah, blah, blah, until the coke wears off and they're embarrassed and I'm embarrassed. But I'm not knocking it. If I want a line, I may have one. Once, I was a person who couldn't keep his shit together on cocaine. It made me weird. I lost my temper regularly. I got into these huge depressions. And then I'd wonder why and do another line. But I never looked at it as if I were some big drug addict. Maybe I was; I don't know. I do smoke a lot of marijuana, though. It helps keep me level. It makes some people paranoid, lazy or sleepy. Not me. I enjoy a good joint. But I don't take drugs when I play. Alcohol tends to fuck things up in the business more than drugs do. Most of the musicians who are supposed to be great junkies are just drunks. I've seen guys drink 15 beers before going onstage. But, again, I don't want to be prudish about it. It just doesn't work for me, that's all.

12.

PLAYBOY: You've spoken of Elvis as a hero. You once met him. What was that like? And what did you think of the Albert Goldman bio?

PETTY: I couldn't read the book. I don't care what Elvis did offstage or out of the studio. I never gave a fuck about how many women he had or about girls in cotton panties. If I died tonight and Goldman came to find out what sort of panties I liked on a girl, I wonder who could give him the straight poop? Who could give him the dirt? There's nobody who can tell us what Elvis dug, not even the girls he was with. Goldman is a real jerk. Another guy cashing in on Elvis.

As for meeting Elvis, I was 11 years old. It was on a movie set and I just said, "Hi." All I remember is a scene with thousands of people. And trailers. And Elvis in a white Cadillac. He looked great.

13.

PLAYBOY: What was the first thing you bought when you finally had enough money to buy anything you wanted?

PETTY: A Camaro. I had been driving a rented Camaro, and I liked it. So I went to this car lot and said, "I want to see your Camaros." They were all pretty much the same color, so I just got in and checked out all the radios. Then I paid the guy cash and was broke again. I



*"I told you we didn't have time for a quickie before the kids got home from school."*



learned later that paying cash for anything is real stupid, but it was a rush to say, "I want *that* one."

14.

PLAYBOY: How has your attitude toward women changed in your songs since the early days? Do you *really* like them?

PETTY: I like women more than I used to. But I don't want to get so hung up that I can't write some sexy fuck song. I hate women raising hell about The Rolling Stones' songs. Those songs don't give women shit; they're just good rock 'n' roll. I have lots of women friends, but I've never gotten much into women's liberation. I've always thought it was boring. In fact, I've written a lot of songs about this one character—a small-town chick who knows there's more out there for her but doesn't know how to get at it. And she gets fucked up trying. The American girl. I've always felt sympathetic toward her. She was, as I've said, raised on promises.

15.

PLAYBOY: What should women know about men that they don't?

PETTY: Women know more than they let on most of the time.

16.

PLAYBOY: What's in your pockets now?

PETTY: I've never been asked that question. Let's see—\$35, 55 cents, two guitar picks and the keys to the Jag.

17.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel at Winterland in 1978, when you were pulled off the stage by *adoring* fans?

PETTY: I honestly thought I was dead. I know they loved me, but they were trying to kill me. I watched a video tape of the whole thing later, and though it didn't take so long on tape, I thought I was down there for an eternity. My roadie, Bugs, dived in—"crowd swimming," he calls it. I could see him about five layers of people away. Our eyes met for a moment, and he gave me an "I don't know if I can get you" look. I've noticed that I can't get near an audience as Bruce Springsteen does. They rip me up. Bruce can walk *through* them. I think they look at him as their buddy. With me, there seem to be some violent or sexual vibes. I'm the last guy on earth to be violent. But there is a definite sexual thing to the show. Girls enjoy it tremendously.

18.

PLAYBOY: What are you listening to these days?

PETTY: I bought the last Police album. Otherwise, there's been nothing lately. I'll always go back and buy another Roy Orbison collection, though.

19.

PLAYBOY: Are you still writing songs about your wife?

PETTY: Not all the time. That would be boring, you know? If you write romantic songs, there's so much to draw from. I just keep my eyes open. Of course, I have been fortunate, from a writer's standpoint, in having a pretty wild relationship. I've been thrown out and I've been brought back in. We've been on and we've been off. But usually, I draw on other people's experiences. I don't like to get too autobiographical,

because I don't feel I'm that interesting. Even when I do, I never do it graphically.

20.

PLAYBOY: Mick Jagger used to say he didn't want to be doing what he was doing when he was 40. He is. Elvis was. Will you?

PETTY: I'll do it as long as I can. I don't see any reason to quit. I don't see myself going into insurance sales. I've been fired from every job I've ever had except playing music. So as long as somebody is willing to listen, I'll do it. Hell, Muddy Waters is only 67.



80 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS © BOOTH'S DISTILLERY LONDON N.J. 07032

Ved-d-dy ved-d-dy dry



“‘Something unexpected has happened. We’re in a race to reach Discovery—and we’re going to lose.’”

Dr. Heywood Floyd (Technical Advisor)

Floyd was rapidly acquiring his space legs; by the time he reached Dr. Vasili Orlov, he was maneuvering almost as confidently as his guide. The chief scientist greeted Floyd warmly.

“Welcome aboard, Heywood. How do you feel?”

“Fine, apart from slowly starving to death.”

For a moment, Orlov looked puzzled; then his face split into a broad smile.

“Oh, I’d forgotten. Well, it won’t be for long. In ten months’ time, you can eat as much as you like.”

Hibernators went on a low-residue diet a week in advance; for the last 24 hours, they took nothing but liquid. Floyd was beginning to wonder how much of his increasing lightheadedness was due to starvation and how much to zero gravity.

“So *there* you are, Dr. Floyd,” said an authoritative female voice. “Why didn’t you report to *me*?”

Floyd rotated slowly on his axis by gently torquing himself with one hand. He saw a massive, maternal figure wearing a curious uniform adorned with dozens of pockets and pouches; the effect was not unlike that of a Cossack trooper draped with cartridge belts.

“Nice to meet you again, doctor—I’m still exploring.”

“Now, Dr. Floyd, you’re going to have plenty of time later to explore our little ship. My colleagues are too polite to say this, but they’ve work to do and you’re in the way. I’d like to get you—all three of you—nice and peaceful as quickly as we can. Then we’ll have less to worry about.”

“I was afraid of that, but I quite see your point of view. I’m ready as soon as you are.”

“I’m *always* ready. Come along, please.”

The ship’s hospital was just large enough to hold an operating table, two exercise bicycles, a few cabinets of equipment and an X-ray machine. Dr. Rudenko gave Floyd a quick but thorough examination; then she gave him a painless injection with a gas-gun hypodermic and told him to come back as soon as he was sleepy. That, she assured him, would be in less than two hours.

“Meanwhile, relax completely,” she ordered. “There’s an observation port on this level—Station D.Six. Why don’t

you go there?”

It seemed a good idea, and Floyd drifted away with a docility that would have surprised his friends.

When he reached the D.6 viewport, Floyd found Drs. Chandra and Curnow already there. They looked at him with a total lack of recognition, then turned back toward the awesome spectacle outside.

A totally unfamiliar planet hung there, gleaming with glorious blues and dazzling whites. “How strange,” Floyd told himself. “What has happened to the Earth?” Why, of course—no wonder he didn’t recognize it! *It was upside down!* What a disaster; he wept briefly for all those poor people falling off into space. . . .

He barely noticed when two crew members removed Chandra’s unresisting form. When they came back for Curnow, Floyd’s own eyes were shut, but he was still breathing. When they returned for him, even his breathing had ceased.

And they told us we wouldn’t dream, thought Heywood Floyd with more surprise than annoyance. The glorious pink glow that surrounded him was very soothing; it reminded him of barbecues and the crackling logs of Christmas fires. But there was no warmth; indeed, he felt a distinct though not uncomfortable coldness.

Voices were murmuring just too softly for him to understand the words. They became louder, but still he could not understand.

The lovely glow faded; he opened his eyes and had a blurred glimpse of a flashlight being withdrawn from his face. He was lying on a couch, held against it by elastic webbing; figures were standing around him, but they were too out of focus to identify.

Gentle fingers closed his eyelids and massaged his forehead.

“Don’t exert yourself. Breathe deeply . . . again . . . that’s right. . . . Now how do you feel?”

“I don’t know . . . strange . . . light-headed . . . and *hungry*.”

“That’s a good sign. Do you know where you are? You can open your eyes now.”

The figures came into focus—first Dr. Rudenko, then Captain Tanya Orlov.

“So I made it,” Floyd said. “We’ve arrived at Jupiter.”

Tanya looked at him somberly. “No, Heywood,” she said. “We’re still a

month away. Don’t be alarmed—the ship’s fine and everything’s running normally. But your friends in Washington have asked us to wake you up ahead of time. Something very unexpected has happened. We’re in a race to reach Discovery—and I’m afraid we’re going to lose.”

*H. Floyd’s Transmission to Washington*

“I still find it hard to believe; in some ways, it doesn’t even make sense. The Chinese can’t *possibly* have enough fuel for a safe return to Earth; we don’t even see how they can make the rendezvous.

“We never saw them, of course. Even at its closest, Tsien was more than fifty million kilometers away. They had plenty of time to answer our signals if they wanted to, but they ignored us completely. Now they’ll be much too busy for a friendly chat. In a few hours, they’ll hit Jupiter’s atmosphere—and then we’ll see how well *their* aerobraking system works. If it does its job, that will be good for our morale. But if it fails—well, let’s not talk about that.

“The Russians are taking it remarkably well, all things considered. They’re angry and disappointed, of course—but I’ve heard many expressions of frank admiration. It was certainly a brilliant trick, building that ship in full view and making everyone think it was a space station until they hitched on those boosters.

“Well, there’s nothing we can do, except watch. And at our distance, we won’t have a much better view than your best telescopes. I can’t help wishing them luck, though, of course, I hope they leave Discovery alone. That’s *our* property, and I bet the State Department’s reminding them of it, every hour on the hour.”

The image of Jupiter, with its ribbons of white cloud, its mottled bands of salmon pink and the great red spot staring out like a baleful eye, hung steady on the flight-deck projection screen. It was three quarters full, but no one was looking at the illuminated disk; all eyes were focused on the crescent of darkness at its edge. There, over the night-side of the planet, the Chinese ship was about to meet its moment of truth.

Tsien had closed down all voice, video and data circuits two hours before, as the long-range antennas were withdrawn into the protective shadow of the heat shield. Only the omnidirectional beacon was still transmitting, accurately pinpointing the Chinese ship’s position as it plunged toward that ocean of continent-sized clouds. The shrill *beep . . . beep . . . beep . . .* was the only sound in Leonov’s control room. Each of those pulses had left Jupiter more than two minutes earlier; by this time, their





*Buck Brown*

*"Skip the flowers, girlie, where's the lay the travel agency promised me?"*



source might already be a cloud of incandescent gas, dispersing in the Jovian stratosphere.

The signal was fading, becoming noisy. The beeps were getting distorted; several dropped out completely, then the sequence returned. A plasma sheath was building up around Tsien and would soon cut off all communications until the ship re-emerged. If it ever did.

They could see that the tiny elongated spark had moved appreciably away from the sunward face of the planet and would soon disappear into the night side. By then, if all had gone according to plan, Jupiter would have captured the ship, destroying its unwanted velocity. When it emerged from behind the giant world, it would be another Jovian satellite.

The spark flickered out. Tsien had rounded the curve of the planet and was heading over the night side. There would be nothing to see or to hear until it emerged from shadow—if all went well, in just under an hour. It would be a very long hour for the Chinese.

Vasili switched off the computer display, spun around in his chair, loosened his seat belt and addressed the patiently waiting audience.

"Earliest reappearance is in forty-two minutes. Why don't you spectators go for a walk, so we can concentrate on getting all this into good shape? See you in thirty-five minutes. Shoo! *Ukhodite!*"

Reluctantly, the unwanted bodies left the bridge—but, to Vasili's disgust, everyone was back again in little more than 30 minutes. He was still chiding them for their lack of faith in his calculations when the familiar *beep . . .*

*beep . . . beep . . .* of Tsien's tracking beacon burst from the loud-speakers.

Vasili looked astonished and mortified but soon joined in the spontaneous round of applause; Floyd could not see who had first started the clapping. Rivals though they might be, they were all astronauts together, as far from home as any men had ever traveled—"Ambassadors for Mankind," in the noble words of the first UN Space Treaty. Even if they did not want the Chinese to succeed, neither did they wish them to meet disaster.

A large element of self-interest was also involved, Floyd could not help thinking. Now the odds in Leonov's own favor were significantly improved; Tsien had demonstrated that the aerobraking maneuver was, indeed, possible. The data on Jupiter were correct; its atmosphere did not contain unexpected and perhaps fatal surprises.

"Well!" said Tanya. "I suppose we should send them a message of congratulations. But even if we did, they wouldn't acknowledge it."

Some of his colleagues were still making fun of Vasili, who was staring at his computer output in frank disbelief.

"I don't understand it!" he exclaimed. "They should still be behind Jupiter!"

Another silent dialog was held with the computer; then Vasili gave a long, low whistle.

"Something's wrong. They're in a capture orbit, all right—but it won't let them make a rendezvous with Discovery. The orbit they're on now will take them way beyond Jupiter's moon Io—I'll have more accurate data when we've tracked them for another five minutes."

"Vasili, will you give me their final orbit as soon as you've worked it out?" asked Floyd. "I'm going down to my cabin to do some homework."

Floyd unlocked his little communications console and called for the information on Tsien that had been transmitted to him from Washington. He stared intently at the excellent photographs of the Chinese ship, taken when it had revealed its true colors and was just about to leave Earth's orbit. There were later shots—not so clear, because by then it had been far away from the prying cameras—of the final stage as it hurtled toward Jupiter. Those were the ones that interested him most; even more useful were the cutaway drawings and estimates of performance.

Granted the most optimistic assumptions, it was difficult to see what the Chinese hoped to do. They must have burned up at least 90 percent of their propellant in that mad dash across the Solar System. Unless it was literally a suicide mission—something that could not be ruled out—only a plan involving hibernation and later rescue made any sense. And Intelligence did not believe that Chinese hibernation technology was sufficiently far advanced to make that a viable option.

With a sigh, Floyd started once more to skim the 500 pages of data, keeping his mind as blankly receptive as possible while diagrams, charts, photographs, news items, lists of delegates to scientific conferences, titles of technical publications and even commercial documents scrolled swiftly down the high-resolution screen.

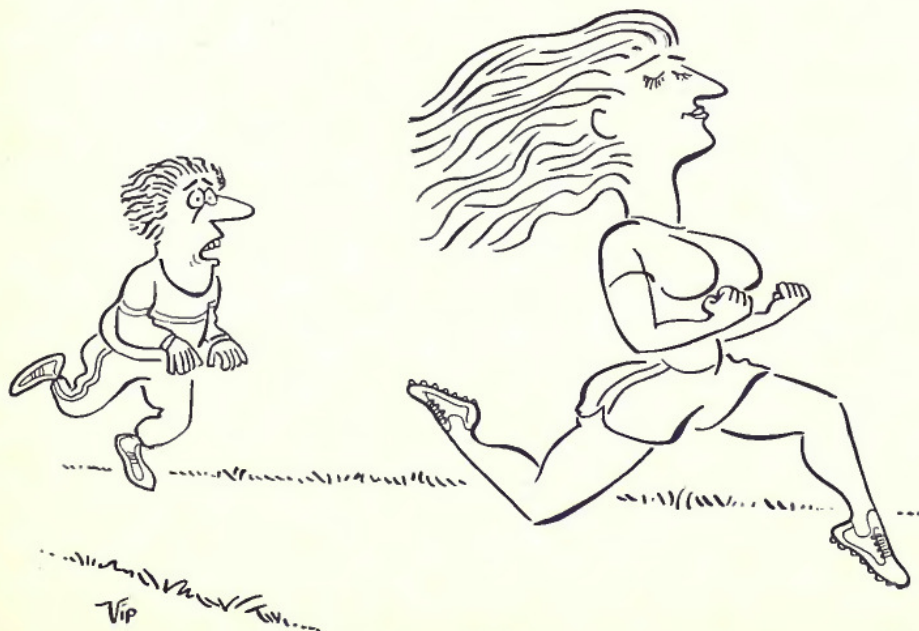
Some of the items must have been included by accident; they could not possibly relate to the mission. If the Chinese had placed a secret order for 1000 infrared sensors through a dummy corporation in Singapore, that was the concern of only the military; it seemed highly unlikely that Tsien expected to be chased by heat-seeking missiles. And this one was *really* funny—specialized surveying and prospecting equipment from Glacier Geophysics, Inc., of Anchorage, Alaska. What lame-brain imagined that a deep-space expedition would have any need—

The smile froze on Floyd's lips; he felt the skin crawl on the back of his neck. My God—they wouldn't *dare!* But they had already dared greatly; and now, at last, everything made sense.

Floyd called the bridge. "Vasili," he said, "have you worked out their orbit yet?"

"Yes, I have," the navigator replied in a curiously subdued voice.

Floyd could tell at once that something had turned up. He took a long shot. "They're making a rendezvous with Europa, aren't they?"



"No fair. You've got bigger lungs than I have."



There was an explosive gasp of disbelief from the other end.

"*Chyort voz'mi!* How did you know?"  
"I didn't—I've just guessed it."

"There can't be any mistake—I've checked the figures to six places. The braking maneuver worked out *exactly* as they intended. They're right on course for Europa—it couldn't have happened by chance. They'll be there in seventeen hours. Why should *anyone* want to land on Europa? What's there, for heaven's sake?"

Floyd was enjoying his little moment of triumph. Of course, he might still be completely wrong.

"What's on Europa? Only the most valuable substance in the Universe."

He had overdone it; Vasili was no fool and snatched the answer from his lips.

"Of course—water!"

"Exactly. Billions and billions of tons of it. Enough to fill up the propellant tanks, go cruising around *all* the satellites and still have plenty left for the rendezvous with *Discovery* and the voyage home. I hate to say this, Vasili, but our Chinese friends have outsmarted us again.

"Always assuming, of course, that they can get away with it."

On Leonov's bridge, Captain Orlov was looking thoughtfully at a dense mass of words and figures on the main display. Floyd had painfully started to transliterate them when she interrupted him.

"Don't worry about the details. These are estimates of the time it will take for Tsien to refill its tanks and get ready for lift-off. Making educated guesses about pipe deployment, drilling through the ice and so on—well, we think they could lift off again in five days."

"Five days!"

"If they're lucky and everything works perfectly. And if they don't wait to fill their propellant tanks but merely take on just enough for a safe rendezvous with *Discovery* before we do. Even if they beat us by a single hour, that would be enough. They could claim salvage rights, at the very least."

"*Discovery* is merely a few billion dollars' worth of hardware. The ship's not important—only the information it carries."

"Exactly. Information that could be copied and then erased."

Someone was shaking him awake. "Dr. Floyd—please wake up! You're wanted on the flight deck!"

Reluctantly, Floyd opened his eyes.

"What's the problem, Max?" he said.  
"Is something wrong?"

"We think so—but not with us. Tsien's in trouble."

Captain, navigator and chief engineer

were strapped in their seats on the flight deck; the rest of the crew orbited anxiously around convenient handholds or watched on the monitors.

"Sorry to wake you up, Heywood," Tanya apologized brusquely. "Here's the situation. Ten minutes ago, we had a Class-One Priority from Mission Control. Tsien's gone off the air. It happened very suddenly, in the middle of a cipher message: there were a few seconds of garbled transmission—then nothing."

"Their beacon?"

"That's stopped as well. *We* can't receive it, either."

"Phew! Then it must be serious—a major breakdown. Any theories?"

"Lots—but all guesswork. An explosion—landslide—earthquake: Who knows?"

"And we may never know—until

someone else lands on Europa or we do a close flyby and take a look."

Tanya shook her head. "We don't have enough delta vee. The closest we could get is fifty thousand kilometers. Not much you could see from that distance."

"Then there's absolutely nothing we can do."

"Not quite, Heywood. Mission Control has a suggestion. They'd like us to swing our big dish around, away from Earth toward Tsien just in case we can pick up any weak emergency transmissions. It's—how do you say—a long shot but worth trying. What do you think?"

"I agree," he said. "Let Earth know what we're doing and start listening. I suppose you'll try all the space-mayday frequencies."

"Yes, as soon as we've worked out the



"Just remember one thing, young man.  
My daughter's still a virgin, and I'm a damn sight  
prouder about that than she is!"



LIGHTS: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,  
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1982 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

A man and a woman are sitting in a log raft on a river. The man is on the left, wearing a light-colored polo shirt and dark shorts, smoking a cigarette. The woman is on the right, wearing a purple t-shirt and light-colored shorts, also smoking a cigarette and smiling. The raft is made of logs and is on a river with green foliage in the background.

*You've got what it takes.*

# *Salem Spirit*



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



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





Doppler corrections. How's it going, Alexander?"

"Give me another two minutes and I'll have the automatic search running. How long should we listen?"

"Listen for fifty minutes and report back to Earth for ten. Then repeat the cycle."

The 50 minutes seemed like hours. When they were up, Alexander swung the ship's antenna complex back toward Earth and reported failure. While he was using the rest of the ten minutes to send a backlog of messages, he looked inquiringly at the captain.

"Is it worth trying again?" he said in a voice that clearly expressed his own pessimism.

"Of course. We may cut back the search time—but we'll keep listening."

On the hour, the big dish was once more focused upon Europa. And almost at once, the automatic monitor started flashing its ALERT light.

Alexander's hand darted to the audio gain, and the voice of Jupiter filled the cabin. Superimposed upon that, like a whisper heard against a thunderstorm, was the faint but completely unmistakable sound of human speech.

Alexander played skillfully with fine-tuning and band-width controls, and the words became clearer. The language was undoubtedly English.

There is one combination of sounds that every human ear can detect instantly, even in the noisiest environment. When it suddenly emerged from the Jovian background, it seemed to Floyd that he could not possibly be awake but was trapped in some fantastic dream. His colleagues took a little longer to react; then they stared at him with equal amazement.

For the first recognizable words from Europa were: "Dr. Floyd—Dr. Floyd—I hope you can hear me."

•

"Who is it?" whispered someone to a chorus of shushes. Floyd raised his hands in a gesture of ignorance.

"Know you are aboard Leonov . . . may not have much time . . . aiming my suit antenna where I think. . ."

The signal vanished for agonizing seconds, then came back much clearer, though not appreciably louder.

"Relay this information to Earth. Tsien destroyed. I'm only survivor. Using my suit radio; no idea if it has enough range, but it's the only chance. Please listen carefully. *There is life on Europa.* I repeat: *There is life on Europa.* . . ."

The signal faded again. A stunned silence followed that no one attempted to interrupt. While he was waiting, Floyd searched his memory furiously. He could not recognize the voice; it might have been that of any Western-educated

Chinese. Probably it was someone he had met at a scientific conference, but unless the speaker identified himself, he would never know.

"Soon after local midnight. We were pumping steadily and the tanks were almost half full. Dr. Lee and I went out to check the pipe insulation. Tsien stands—stood—about thirty meters from the edge of the Grand Canal. Pipes go directly from it and down through the ice. Very thin—not safe to walk on. The warm upwelling. . ."

Again a long silence. Floyd wondered if the speaker was moving and had been momentarily cut off by some obstruction.

"No problem—five kilowatts of lighting strung up on the ship. Like a Christmas tree—beautiful, shining right through the ice. Glorious colors. Lee saw it first—a huge dark mass rising up from the depths. At first, we thought it was a school of fish—too large for a single organism—then it started to break through the ice.

"Dr. Floyd, I hope you can hear me. This is Professor Chang; we met in 'Oh-two—Boston I.A.U. conference."

Instantly, incongruously, Floyd's thoughts were a billion kilometers away. He vaguely remembered that reception, after the closing session of the International Astronomical Union Congress—the last one that the Chinese had attended before the Second Cultural Revolution. And now he recalled Chang very distinctly—a small, humorous astronomer and exobiologist with a good fund of jokes. He wasn't joking now.

"Like huge strands of wet seaweed, crawling along the ground. Lee ran back to the ship to get a camera; I stayed to watch, reporting over the radio. The thing moved so slowly I could easily outrun it. I was much more excited than alarmed. Thought I knew what kind of creature it was—I've seen pictures of the kelp forests of California—but I was quite wrong.

"I could tell it was in trouble. It couldn't possibly survive at a temperature a hundred and fifty below its normal environment. It was freezing solid as it moved forward—bits were breaking off like glass—but it was still advancing toward the ship, a black tidal wave, slowing down all the time. . ."

"Is there any way we can call him back?" Floyd whispered urgently.

"No—it's too late. Europa will soon be behind Jupiter. We'll have to wait until it comes out of eclipse."

"Climbing up the ship, building a kind of ice tunnel as it advanced. Perhaps this was insulating it from the cold—the way termites protect themselves from sunlight with their little corridors of mud.

"Tons of ice on the ship. The radio antennas broke off first. Then I could

see the landing legs beginning to buckle—all in slow motion, like a dream.

"Not until the ship started to topple did I realize what the thing was trying to do—and then it was too late. We could have saved ourselves if we'd only switched off those lights.

"Perhaps it's a phototrope, its biological cycle triggered by the sunlight that filters through the ice. Or it could have been attracted like a moth to a candle. Our floodlights must have been more brilliant than anything that Europa has ever known. . ."

"Then the ship crashed. I saw the hull split, a cloud of snowflakes form as moisture condensed. All the lights went out except for one swinging back and forth on a cable a couple of meters above the ground.

"I don't know what happened immediately after that. The next thing I remember, I was standing under the light, beside the wreck of the ship, with a fine powdering of fresh snow all around me. I could see my footsteps in it very clearly. I must have run there; perhaps only a minute or two had elapsed. . ."

"The plant—I still thought of it as a plant—was motionless. I wondered if it had been damaged by the impact; large sections—as thick as a man's arm—had splintered off, like broken twigs.

"Then the main trunk started to move again. It pulled away from the hull and began to crawl toward me. That was when I knew for certain that the thing was light-sensitive: I was standing immediately under the thousand-watt lamp, which had stopped swinging now.

"Imagine an oak tree—better still, a banyan, with its multiple trunks and roots—flattened out by gravity and trying to creep along the ground. It got to within five meters of the light, then started to spread out until it had made a perfect circle around me. Presumably, that was the limit of its tolerance—the point at which photo-attraction turned to repulsion. After that, nothing happened for several minutes. I wondered if it was dead—frozen solid at last.

"Then I saw that large buds were forming on many of the branches. It was like watching a time-lapse film of flowers opening. In fact, I thought they *were* flowers—each about as big as a man's head.

"Delicate, beautifully colored membranes started to unfold. Even then, it occurred to me that no one—no *thing*—could ever have seen these colors before; they had no existence until we brought our lights—our fatal lights—to this world.

"Tendrils, stamens waving feebly. . . I walked over to the living wall that surrounded me so that I could see exactly what was happening. Neither then



nor at any other time had I felt the slightest fear of the creature. I was certain that it was not malevolent—if, indeed, it was conscious at all.

"There were scores of the big flowers in various stages of unfolding. Now they reminded me of butterflies just emerging from the chrysalis, wings crumpled, still feeble . . . I was getting closer and closer to the truth.

"But they were freezing—dying as quickly as they formed. Then, one after another, they dropped off from the parent buds. For a few moments, they flopped around like fish stranded on dry land—and, at last, I realized exactly what they were. Those membranes weren't petals: they were *fins* or their equivalent. This was the free-swimming larval stage of the creature. Probably it spends much of its life rooted on the sea bed, then sends those mobile offspring in search of new territory. Just like the corals of Earth's oceans.

"I knelt down to get a closer look at one of the little creatures. The beautiful colors were fading now to a drab brown. Some of the petal fins had snapped off, becoming brittle shards as they froze. But it was still moving feebly, and as I approached, it tried to avoid me. I wondered how it had sensed my presence.

"Then I noticed that the stamens—as I'd called them—all carried bright blue dots at their tips. They looked like tiny star sapphires or the blue eyes along the mantle of a scallop—aware of light but unable to form true images. As I watched, the vivid blue faded; the sapphires became dull, ordinary stones. . . .

"Dr. Floyd—or anyone else who is listening—I haven't much more time: Jupiter will soon block my signal. But I've almost finished.

"I knew then what I had to do. The cable to that thousand-watt lamp was hanging almost to the ground. I gave it a few tugs and the light went out in a shower of sparks.

"I wondered if it was too late. For a few minutes, nothing happened. So I walked over to the wall of tangled branches around me and *kicked* it.

"Slowly, the creature started to unweave itself and to retreat back to the canal. I followed the creature all the way back to the water, encouraging it with more kicks when it slowed down, feeling the fragments of ice crunching all the time beneath my boots. As it neared the canal, it seemed to gain strength and energy, as if it knew that it was approaching its natural home. I wondered if it would survive to bud again.

"It disappeared through the surface, leaving a few last dead larvae on the alien land. The exposed free water bubbled for a few minutes until a scab of protective ice sealed it from the vacuum above. Then I walked back to the ship



"You never bought me Chivas Regal."



to see if there was anything to salvage. I don't want to talk about that.

"Jupiter will be cutting us off in a few minutes. I wish I knew whether anyone was receiving me. Anyway, I'll repeat this message when we're in line of sight again—if my suit's life-support system lasts that long. . . ."

The signal faded abruptly, came back for a moment, then disappeared completely below the noise level. Although Leonov listened again on the same frequency, there was no further message from Professor Chang.

Back on Earth, Dr. Chang was already a hero and his countrymen had, with obvious embarrassment, acknowledged countless messages of sympathy. One had been sent in the name of Leonov's crew—after, Floyd gathered, considerable redrafting in Moscow. The feeling on board the ship was ambiguous—a mixture of admiration, regret and relief. All astronauts, irrespective of their national origins, regarded themselves as citizens of space and felt a common bond, sharing one another's triumphs and tragedies. No one on Leonov was happy because the Chinese expedition had met with disaster; yet at the same time, there was a muted sense of relief that the race had not gone to the swiftest.

The unexpected discovery of life on Europa had added a new element to the situation: Did this life have any connection with the Tycho monolith and with the still more mysterious monolith in orbit near Io?

No time remained for much speculation or discussion, for the ship was gaining speed at last, on the downhill run toward Jupiter. The crew was busy almost nonstop, preparing for the encounter and the brief onset of weight after months in free-fall. All loose objects had to be secured before the ship entered Jupiter's atmosphere.

In the hours immediately before encounter, Floyd saw little of captain or navigator. The Orlovs scarcely left the bridge as they continually checked the approach orbit and made minute refinements to Leonov's course. The ship was now on the critical path that would just graze the outer atmosphere; if it went too high, frictional braking would not be sufficient to slow it down and it would go racing out of the Solar System, beyond all possibility of rescue. If it went too low, it would burn up like a meteor. Between those two extremes there was little margin for error.

The Chinese had proved that aerobraking could be done, but there was always the chance that something would go wrong.

Floyd retreated to his cabin. Now there was nothing to do but wait. His sleeping bag was slung in preparation for the return of gravity when deceleration commenced, and he had only to climb into it—

"Antennas retracted, all protective shields up," said the intercom speaker. "We should feel first braking in five minutes. Everything normal."

"That's hardly the word *I'd* use," Floyd muttered to himself. "I think you mean nominal."

Now it was too late for second thoughts. From far, far away came the first faint whisper of sound, like the wailing of some lost soul. At the same moment, the ship gave a barely perceptible jerk; the sleeping bag began to swing around and its suspension tightened. After weeks of weightlessness, gravity was returning.

Within seconds, the faint wail had risen to a steady roar as the ship decelerated; already it was difficult to breathe.

Floyd wondered how the rest of the crew was faring, and he gave a momentary thought to Chandra and Curnow, sleeping peacefully through it all. They would never know if Leonov became a meteor shower in the Jovian sky. He did not envy them; they had missed the



## How could a condom so thin be so strong?

You're looking at an untouched photograph of a typical Sheik® condom being used in a rather untypical way.

We may be stretching a point, but we're doing it to prove that a condom doesn't have to be thick to be safe.

Measuring a thin three one-thousandths of an inch, Sheik condoms offer the perfect balance of strength and sensitivity.

If they were any thinner, you wouldn't feel quite so safe. Any thicker and you wouldn't feel all there is to feel.

How were we able to achieve such a perfect balance? By not compromising on the quality of our materials or our testing procedures.

In fact, Sheik condoms are actually tested up to seven different times by advanced scientific techniques—including individual

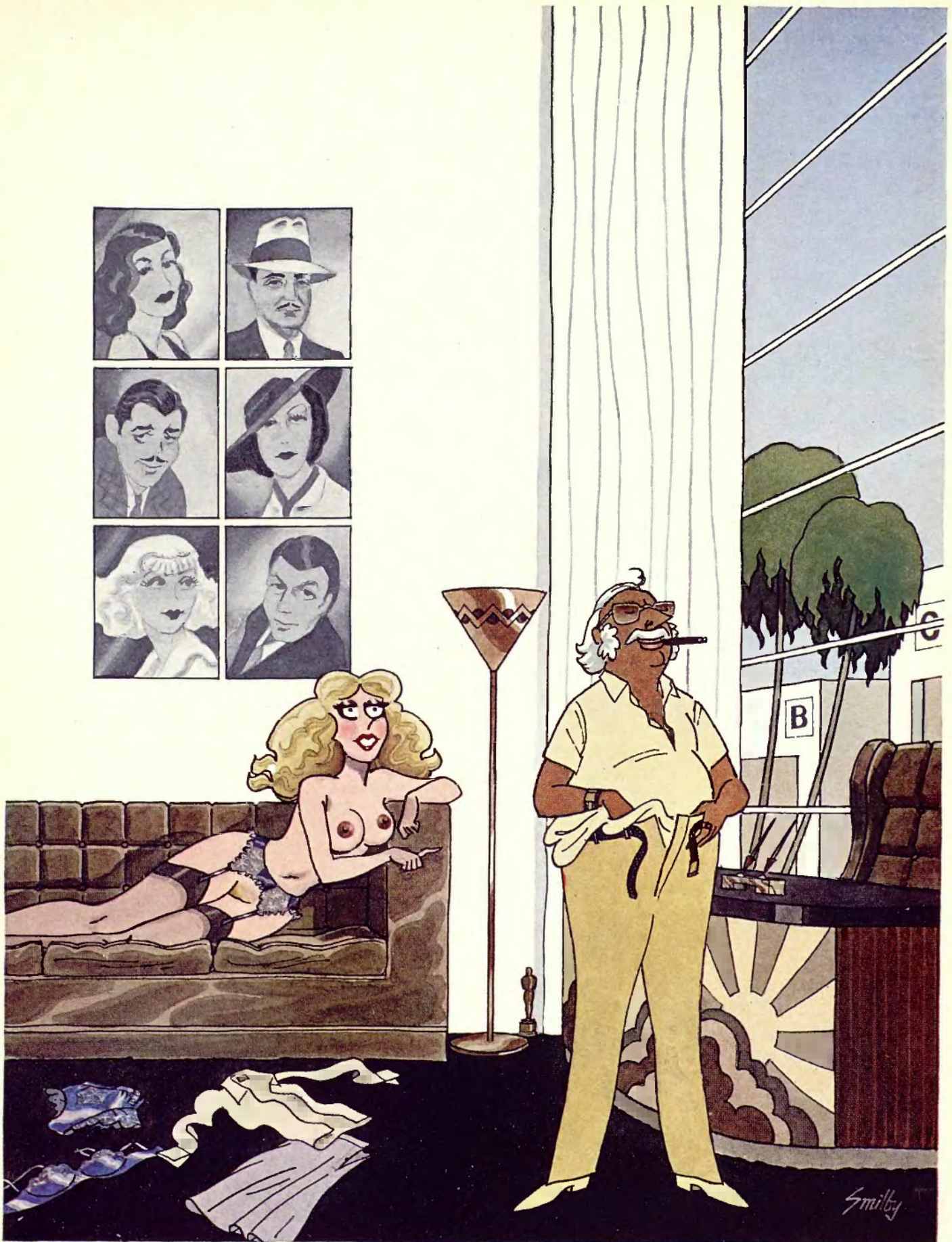
electronic testing.

Yet, with all their strength, Sheiks feel so natural you'd swear you weren't wearing a condom at all.

*Sensi-Creme Lubricated, Ribbed, Reservoir End, and Plain End.*  
Schmid Products Company, Little Falls,  
New Jersey.

**Sheik**  
The strong, sensitive type.





*"But, of course, I won't do any nudity or sex scenes unless the emotional and dramatic demands of the script require it."*



experience of a lifetime.

Tanya was speaking over the intercom; her words were lost in the roar, but her voice sounded calm and perfectly normal, just as if she were making a routine announcement. Floyd managed to glance at his watch and was astonished to see that they were already at the mid-point of the braking maneuver. At that very moment, Leonov was at its closest approach to Jupiter.

The ship was now rocking noticeably, like a small boat on a choppy sea. Was that normal? wondered Floyd. Just for a moment, he had a vision of the walls suddenly glowing cherry red and caving in upon him. Like the nightmare fantasy of Edgar Allan Poe's *The Pit and the Pendulum*, which he'd forgotten for 30 years.

But that would never happen. If the heat shield failed, the ship would crumple instantly, hammered flat by a solid wall of gas. There would be no pain: his nervous system would not have time to react before it ceased to exist. He had experienced more consoling thoughts, but that one was not to be despised.

The buffeting slowly weakened. There was another inaudible announcement from Tanya. Now time seemed to be going much more slowly; after a while, he stopped looking at his watch, because he could not believe it. The digits changed so slowly that he could almost imagine himself in some Einsteinian time dilation.

Suddenly, Floyd became aware of an almost postorgasmic drowsiness, as if he had been emotionally drained by the encounter. He had to fight to remain awake. . . .

And then he was falling . . . fall-

ing . . . falling . . . it was all over. The ship was back in space, where it belonged.

When Floyd reached the observation deck, Jupiter already seemed farther away. But that must be an illusion based on his knowledge, not the evidence of his eyes. They had barely emerged from the Jovian atmosphere, and the planet still filled half the sky.

And now they were—as intended—its prisoners. During the last incandescent hour, they had deliberately jettisoned the excess speed that could have carried them right out of the Solar System and on to the stars. Now they were traveling in an ellipse that would shuttle them back between Jupiter and the orbit of Io, 350,000 kilometers higher. If they did not—or *could* not—fire their motors again, Leonov would swing back and forth between those limits, completing one revolution every 19 hours. It would become the closest of Jupiter's moons—though not for long. Each time it grazed the atmosphere, it would lose altitude, until it spiraled into destruction.

Floyd had never really enjoyed vodka, but he joined the others without any reservations in drinking a triumphant toast to the ship's designers, coupled with a vote of thanks to Sir Isaac Newton. Then Tanya put the bottle firmly back in its cupboard; there was still much to be done.

Although they were all expecting it, everyone jumped at the sudden muffled thud of explosive charges and the jolt of separation. A few seconds later, a large, still-glowing disk floated into view, slowly turning end over end as it drifted away from the ship.

"Look!" cried Max. "A flying saucer!

Who's got a camera?"

There was a distinct note of hysterical relief in the laughter that followed. It was interrupted by the captain, in a more serious vein.

"Goodbye, faithful heat shield! You did a wonderful job."

Everyone applauded those noble sentiments as the jettisoned shield cooled to yellow, then to red and finally became as black as the space around it. It vanished from sight only a few kilometers away, though occasionally the sudden reappearance of an eclipsed star would betray its presence.

"Preliminary orbit check completed," said Vasili. "We're within ten meters a second of our right vector. Not bad for a first try."

There was a subdued sigh of relief at the news, and a few minutes later, Vasili made another announcement.

"Changing attitude for course correction; delta vee six meters a second. Twenty-second burn coming up in one minute."

They were still so close to Jupiter it was impossible to believe that the ship was orbiting the planet; they might have been in a high-flying aircraft that had just emerged from a sea of clouds. There was no sense of scale; it was easy to imagine that they were speeding away from some terrestrial sunset: The reds and pinks and crimsons sliding below were so familiar.

And that was an illusion; nothing here had any parallels with Earth. Those colors were intrinsic, not borrowed from the setting sun. The very gases were utterly alien—methane and ammonia and a witch's brew of hydrocarbons, stirred in a hydrogen-helium caldron. Not one trace of free oxygen, the breath of human life.

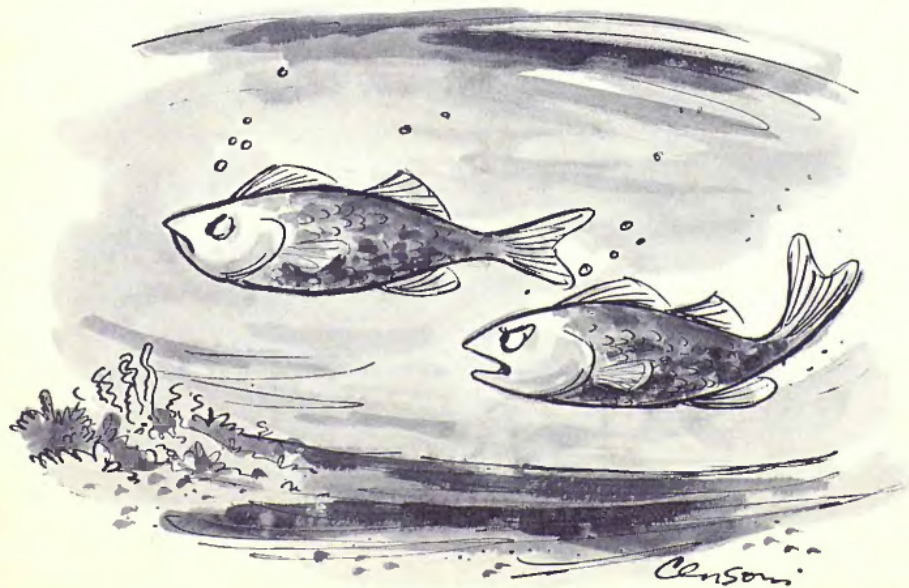
The clouds marched from horizon to horizon in parallel rows, distorted by occasional swirls and eddies. Here and there, upwellings of brighter gas broke the pattern, and Floyd could also see the dark rim of a great whirlpool, a maelstrom of gas leading down into unfathomable Jovian depths.

"Correction completed. We're now on interception orbit with Io. Arrival time: eight hours, fifty-five minutes."

Less than nine hours to climb up from Jupiter and meet whatever is waiting for us, thought Floyd. We've escaped from the giant—but he represents a danger we understood and could prepare for. What lies ahead is utter mystery.

And when we have survived *that* challenge, we must return to Jupiter once again. We shall need his strength to send us safely home.

*The exciting conclusion to "2010: Odyssey Two" will be featured in our December issue.*



"You knew I was a cold fish when you married me!"



"2 months' salary showed the future Mrs. Smith what the future will be like."



You can't look at Jane and tell me she's not worth 2 months' salary. I mean just look at her. So I wanted to get her a diamond engagement ring that said exactly that, 'Just look.' I'd found out that a good spending guideline today is about 2 months' salary. That got me the biggest and best diamond I could afford, without breaking my budget. Now the only thing that other men ask her is, 'When's the wedding day?'



Prices shown are based on retail quotations and may vary. Send for the booklet "Everything You'd Love to Know...About Diamonds!" Just mail \$1.00 to Diamond Information Center, Dept. DPS, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10105.

A diamond is forever. De Beers



# BOOK OF CREATION (continued from page 126)

*"And the woman then loosened Adam's uppermost garment, and he likewise loosened hers."*

field which the Lord God *had* made. And he said *unto* the woman. "Why hast thou accepted this lowly and submissive *role*? For art thou not human, *even* as the man is human?"

2 And the woman said unto the snake in the grass. "The Lord God hath ordained that I am placed under the man and must do whatsoever he telleth me to do; for is *he* not the Man?"

3 But the snake in the grass laughed an cunning laugh, and said unto the woman, "Is it not right and just that thou shouldst fulfill thy *potential*? For art thou not comely in thy flesh, *even* as the man is comely in his flesh?"

4 And the woman said, "Nay, I know not; for hath not the Lord God clad us decently, from the neck *even* unto the ankles, and forbidden that we eat of the tree of the Knowledge of Sex?"

5 But the snake in the grass said unto the woman, whispering *even* into her very ear, "Whatsoever feeleth good, do thou *it*; and believest thou me, it feeleth *good*."

6 And when the woman saw the fruit

of the tree of the Knowledge of Sex, that it was firm and plump and juicy, she plucked thereof, and sank her teeth *therein*, and gave also to her husband, *and* he likewise sank his teeth *therein*.

7 And the eyes of *both* of them were opened, and they saw that they were not naked.

8 And the woman *then* loosened Adam's uppermost garment, and he likewise loosened hers; and she loosened his nethermost garment, and the man *then* loosened her nethermost garment; until they were out of their garments both, and *likewise* of their minds.

9 And, lo! They did dance *upon* the grass of the ground, and they did rock backward and roll forward continuously.

10 And as they did rock and roll, the serpent that *was* cunning did play upon a stringed *instrument* of music and did smite his tail upon the ground in an hypnotic rhythm; and he did sing *in a voice* that was like unto four voices. "She loveth you, yea, yea, yea."

11 And they did both twist and shout and fall into an frenzy, both the man *and*

the woman, and lie *themselves* upon the ground, and commit there abominations. 12 And when they *were* spent from their abominations, they did take the herb bearing seed, and did roll it and smoke it; and, lo! It gaveth them ideas, *even* as the Lord God *had* said; and they were like *to commit* new abominations.

13 Now, the Lord God was walking in the garden in the cool of the day, with His dog; and as Adam and his wife were *beginning* these new abominations, the Lord God did stub the toe of His *foot* upon their hindmost quarters.

14 And the Lord God *waxed* wroth, and said unto Adam, "Wherefore art thou naked? And what is *that* thou smokest? And why art thou not at thy *work*? For have I not said that it is the man's part to produce, and the part of the woman to consume whatsoever he produceth?"

15 And Adam and his wife did look *upon* each other, and did giggle.

16 Whereupon the Lord God waxed exceeding wroth, and He said, "Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded *thee* that thou *shouldst* not eat?"

17 And the man said, "The woman *whom* Thou gavest to be *with me* made me do it."

18 And the Lord God said unto the woman, "What is *this* that thou hast done?"

**When you buy any Brunswick bowling ball, get a super sports bag free.**

Made of durable blue nylon, this bag is as versatile as it is stylish.

And there are lots of great Brunswick balls to choose from. There's our legendary LT-48, our incredible Edge, the colorful Crown Jewels, and many others.

So buy a Brunswick ball at a participating dealer and get a great sports bag free.

**BRUNSWICK.**

**MAKING BOWLING BETTER.**

OFFER EXPIRES OCTOBER 31, 1982. WHILE SUPPLIES LAST.



And the woman said, "The snake in the grass made me do it."

19 And the snake in the grass said, "The Devil made *me* do it."

20 And the Lord God said unto the snake in the grass, "Thou art an permissive *beast*; wherefore art thou cursed to crawl upon thy belly, and be *made into* belts and boots and handbags hereafter."

21 Unto the woman He said, "Since thou hast hearkened unto the snake in the grass, which is broad of mind and permissive, henceforth let it be thy lot to be confused and *scattered* in thy brains, and to be plagued by demons who shall tempt thee to become that which thou canst not be: such as an warrior, or an extinguisher of fires, or an operator of heavy machinery.

22 "And since thou hast put aside the decent clothing wherein I clad thee, hereafter, no garment *shall* satisfy thee, and thou shalt be overcome by longings to change thy raiment *every* spring and fall.

23 "And above all this, since thou hast desired to taste of the fruit of the tree of the Knowledge of Sex, now let thy *very* body be a curse unto thee. From generation unto generation, men *shall* whistle and hoot after thee *as* thou passest; yea, and women also."

24 And unto Adam he said, "Woe unto thee who hast hearkened not to the voice of the Lord thy God but rather to her who is *thy* inferior; for thou wast free to choose. Now shalt thou be banished from the market place and the free play thereof; *neither* shalt thou pluck the fruit from the trees of Life and Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

25 "In the sweat of thy face *shalt* thou earn thy bread, and bankruptcy shall be *thy* lot; and upon thy back, as a burden *unto* thee, thou shalt bear Big Government; for thou hast sinned."

26 And the Lord God said unto the man, "Behold, thy knowledge of sex shall be as a curse upon thee and thy generations; and thy loins shall be a trial unto thee.

27 "For whensoever thou goest into a public place, *then* shall thy member rise *up*; when thou sittest to eat and drink among thy fellows, likewise shall it rise *up*; yea, even when thou standest before the people to preach unto *them* in My name shall it rise *up*, and be a scandal unto thee, and make an unseemly lump *in* thy garments; yet when thou goest into thy wife shall thy member wither and rise *up* not."

28 And then the Lord God was silent, and waxed sad, and made as if to leave them *there*. But He turned, and spoke softly *unto* Adam and his wife, Eve, saying, "Knowest thou *something*? Mine *only* hope is this: that someday, ye have children who do *unto* ye the way ye have done *unto* Me."



# A video cassette mechanism needs to be more than a package for your tape.



Your video cassette mechanism needs to do more than store and transport your video tape.

Because a lot can go wrong with your picture that has nothing to do with your tape.

Our specially engineered cassette mechanism maintains proper tape tension, preventing jamming and snapped leaders so that your tape can have a longer life.

We also designed our mechanism for optimal tape-to-head contact to prevent skewing and jitters. And we use stainless steel pins to support the guide rollers which provide better alignment and tape-edge protection than the plastic pins used by some manufacturers.

TDK maintains tolerances up to 2½ times tighter than industry standards. We even build our video cassette shell halves to micron

tolerances for an exact top and bottom match.

We do everything we can to make sure that TDK Super Avilyn video tape and the TDK super precision mechanism will combine to give you the best possible picture.

That's why our video cassette mechanism is every bit as impressive as our tape.



 **TDK**<sup>®</sup>  
The vision of the future.



*"But in the Big Eight, there's something even more important than scholarship or partying. Football."*

until harvest time. We can picture the scenario now: Farmer Jeb comes running into the main house, shouting, "Maud, it's the goldangdest thing you ever saw. We just emptied out the combine from the back 40 and guess what jumped out? A little Chinese feller with a lot of fancy cameras. He asked me if this was the University of Missouri and where to find the women. I tol' him you was the only woman around here and he asked if you wanted to pose clothed, seminude or nude. I woulda shot him, except he says he's from PLAYBOY. Maud? Where you going, Maud? Put your clothes back on, Maud. . . ." In truth, Chan, a veteran of our five previous campus campaigns, found his way around just fine and brought back photos of such lovelies as Kansas sophomore Cara Anderson. We asked Cara whether or not most of the schools in the Big Eight have similar atmospheres and similar student bodies (aggregate, not singular, bodies, buddy) and she said, not surprisingly, that the University of Kansas is unique. "We have all types of people here. A lot of the other schools are very preppie, very

Greek. Here, we've got flower children, sorority people, freaky people, punk people, *everybody*. Yet it's very friendly all around. It's not a cliquish school at all." Cara said that the number of girls who had turned out to meet Chan had given her very little hope of appearing in the magazine. "When I went to see David at his hotel, there was a roomful of girls. Some of them had big portfolios full of pictures. And there are a lot of pretty girls at Kansas. A lot."

Cara was right about the strong Greek influence on many of the Big Eight campuses. Dawn Becker, one of four successive Becker sisters who have graced the Iowa State campus in the past four years, says, "We have a very strong Greek system at Iowa. There are 16 sororities and 32 fraternities, and each sorority has at least 70 members." One would think that with all those frat houses on campus, there would be a lot of heavy boogieing going on at Iowa State, but Dawn says no. "Iowa State is a pretty tough school academically, so you can't afford to have *too* good a time or you'll flunk out."

By contrast, the University of Mis-

souri, according to coed Allison Klote, is "the biggest partying university in the country. The town of Columbia is packed with bars—one on every street corner. However, it's also *very* preppie. When the guys down here aren't partying, it's alligators and polo ponies on the shirts. Top-Sider shoes and short haircuts high above the ears. The girls have to be preppie to get the preppie guys. You have to dress the same and hang out at the same bars to catch these weirdos. I, as you can tell, am not much into preppie. I'm into punk. New Wave. In fact, if there's one thing I'd like to say to everybody, it's 'Whip it!'"

But in the Big Eight, there's something even more important than scholarship or partying. "Football," says Janette Svoboda, a Nebraska senior, "is the biggest thing around here. The Huskers [Nebraska Cornhuskers] are *it*." It's the same at Colorado, where Lorna Tate, also a senior, is a pom-pom girl for the Colorado Buffaloes. Partying comes in a close second, though, says Lorna. "In Boulder, *anything* goes," she says, adding that the third most popular activity (often combined with the second) is skiing.

One of the nicest surprises of Chan's trip was an invitation to attend the graduation of our 25th Anniversary Playmate, Candy Loving, from the University of Oklahoma. Four years ago, when we discovered Candy on the Oklahoma campus and took her away with us to our photography studio in Chicago, she vowed that she would return to school and get her B.A. in journalism and public relations. She kept her word. "When I start something," says Candy, "I like to finish it."

The biggest thing at OU, says Candy, is the Sooners football team, but "we're also becoming famous for our energy-research departments, which have really become top-notch over the past decade." Why did Candy decide to return to school after having seen the bright lights of the big cities? "I needed the change of pace. Badly. I can't tell you how much. After living the way I've lived the past three years, I was ready to just relax, kick back and enjoy the wonderful life of a student. You don't know what a carefree existence it is until you get away from it for a while." Despite her extended leave, says Candy, she was accepted back on campus by the other students "pretty easily. They'd ask why I'd given up that life for this one and I'd tell them, 'Well, I know what that world is like, so I figured that if I came back, I'd have had the best of both worlds.'" Candy's next goal is an M.A. in human relations. We wish her and all of our heartthrobs in the Big Eight the best of both worlds. They've certainly made ours more beautiful.



*"Pro football! Is that all you ever think of?"*



# "Somewhere soon you'll discover our Puerto Rican white rum."



**"It's smoother with tonic than vodka or gin, and really terrific after a couple of fast sets."**

*Ronald Ramos, Civil Engineer and his wife Gladys*

People everywhere are discovering the crisp appeal of white rum and tonic. In fact, Puerto Rican white rum makes a more satisfying drink than vodka or gin — whether it's mixed with tonic, soda, orange juice or tomato juice.

The reason? Smoothness. By law, all rum from Puerto Rico must be aged at least one year. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.

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

Great rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder over 86% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

**RUMS OF PUERTO RICO**  
Aged for smoothness and taste.



For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Puerto Rican Rums, Dept P-8, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. N.Y. 10102 © 1982 Government of Puerto Rico.



## TELETHON

(continued from page 103)

*"The horrors, the horrors, he thinks absently. Once he's phoned in his pledge he loses interest."*

doesn't know.

Jerry sweats griefs. His mood swings are terrific. He *tummels* and scolds, goes from the most calculated sincerity to the most abandoned woe. A guy who says he's the head of the Las Vegas sanitation workers presents him with a check for \$27,000 and he thanks him, crying. Then, sober again, he davens his own introduction. The lights go down and, when the spotlight finds him, he's on a stool, singing *My Kids*. It's a wonderful song, powerful and sad. The music's better than the lyrics, but that's all right. The griefs are in it. The griefs are stunning, wonderful, thrilling. I'm sold, Messenger thinks, and calls for a kid to fetch his wallet from downstairs.

He'll phone in his pledge in front of the kid who brings his wallet up, reading the numbers off his MasterCard. He is setting an example. The example is that no one must ever be turned down.

He is surprised. He's been watching the telethon for seven or eight hours now, and in all that time, the St. Louis number has been superimposed on the bottom of the screen, alternating with the numbers of other communities in the bistate area, but he still doesn't know it and has to wait until the roster of towns completes itself and the St. Louis number comes back on. He calls from across the room, where he cannot read the number on the screen, and asks the kid to do it, first telling the 13-year-old dyslectic what to look for.

"S," Harve says uncertainly. "T, L—"

"No, Harve, the number. You're spelling St. Louis. The number's what we want here. Jeanne, help him."

His kid sister whispers the number to him and Harve brokenly begins to relay it back to him. Messenger checks the numbers she gives him against those he can find on the screen. Then the number goes off and Harve calls out numbers indiscriminately. He gives Messenger an Illinois exchange.

"Damn it, Jeanne, you give me the number."

The delay has cost Muscular Dystrophy ten bucks. Grief leaks through Messenger's inconvenience. A cure for this scourge will forever be ten dollars behind itself.

The announcer is complaining that fewer than half the phones are ringing, that Kansas City, with less population, has already pledged \$40,000 more than we have. Not that it's a contest, he says: the important thing is to get the job done, but he won't put his jacket on

until we go over the top. It doesn't make any difference what happens nationally; we don't meet our goal, he won't wear his jacket. He's referring to a spectacularly loud jacket he wears only during M.D. campaigns. Messenger, who's been with the telethon for years, wants to see him put it on. It's a dumb ploy. Messenger knows that. So unprofessional that just by itself it explains why he's in St. Louis and Ed McMahon is out there in Vegas with Jerry and Frank and Dean; but no form of show business is alien to Messenger and he hopes he gets to see the announcer put on his sports coat.

His grown son picks up an extension. "Get off," Messenger says, "I'm making a call."

"This will only take a minute."

"So will this. Get off."

"Jesus."

Why don't they answer? He carries the phone as far as it will reach and sits down on the bed. It's true. Most of the volunteers have nothing to do. They know the camera is on them, and those who aren't actually speaking with callers try to look busy. They stare at the phones, make notes on pieces of paper. His son picks up the phone again, replaces it fiercely.

"Do you want to break the damn thing?" Messenger shouts. "What's wrong with you?"

There are three ranks of telephones, eight volunteers in each rank. Although he's never seen one, they remind him of a grand jury. The phone has rung perhaps 20 times.

"Jeanne, did you give me the right number?"

"727-2700."

It's on the screen. Messenger hangs up and dials again. This time someone answers on the third ring.

"The bitch gave you the wrong number," Harve says.

"I did not," Jeanne says.

"That's baloney-o. That's shit," Harve says.

"Please," Messenger says.

He says his name to the volunteer and gives his address. Speaking slowly and clearly, he reads the dozen or so numbers off his charge card. He volunteers its expiration date, his voice low with dignity and reserve, the voice of a man with 11 months to go on his MasterCard.

"Are you going to give them three million dollars, Daddy?" Harve asks.

Messenger frowns at him.

"What do you want to pledge, sir?"

"Twenty dollars," he says, splitting

the difference between anger and conscience.

"Challenge your friends," his daughter says. "Challenge the English department. Challenge everyone left-handed. Make her wave, Daddy."

What the hell; he asks her if she will wave to his daughter and, remarkably, from the very center of the volunteers, a hand actually shoots up.

"Ooh," Jeanne says, "she's pretty."

"Dumb shit thinks she can see us," Harve says. "Can she, Daddy?"

"Are you almost through?" his other son asks on the extension. "Mike wants me to find out when the movie starts."

"Goddamn it," Messenger roars.

"Will the little boys walk now?" Harve asks. "Will they run and read?"

"Tell your brother I'm off the phone."

Harve hangs back. "What if there's a fire? How would the crippled children escape from a fire?"

"Escape, Harve," Messenger says.

"Excuse," Harve says.

"There's not going to be any fire. Stop thinking about fire." The griefs are all about. The griefs are leaking. Harve's third-degree burned by them.

"They should take all the money and get the cripples fire stingers."

"Cut it out. Stop with the fucking fire shit."

"They should."

"Do what I tell you!"

His son leaves the bedroom, his fine blond hair suddenly incendiary as it catches the light from the window.

The horrors, the horrors, he thinks absently.

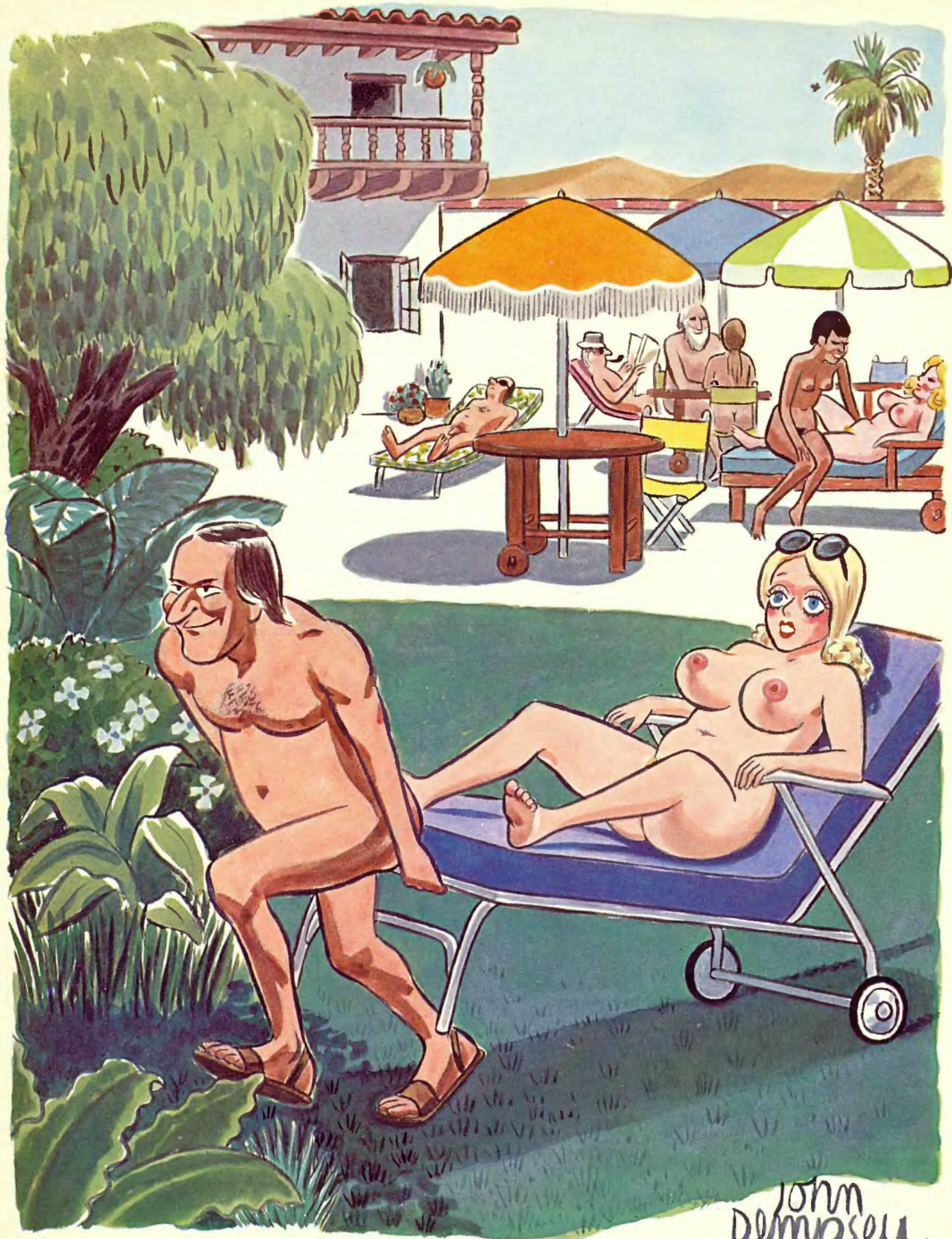
Once he's phoned in his pledge he loses interest. It's what always happens, but he takes a last look at the telethon before he dresses. The entertainers sweat griefs and plug records. It's all right. Messenger forgives them. This is only the world.

Of course they'll reach their goal, Messenger thinks. Everybody is watching the telethon. Besides, the fix is in. Eleventh-hour operetta is ready to put them over the top. Soft-drink, ballpoint-pen, timepiece, fast-food, 24-hour Mom-and-Pop shops, roller-skate and dancing-school cartels are already in the wings. An afflicted airline executive and a backyard-carnival representative stand by. Why, his own kids dropped three or four bucks at a neighbor kid's carnival two months before. Then what is the telethon for, anyway? TV time that Messenger's 20 bucks and the 50 or 60 the kids have raised and the perhaps half-dozen million or so of other private griever all across the country may not even cover, make up? What is it for?

Why, the griefs, the griefs, of course—remotest mourning's thrill-a-minute patriotics, its brazen, spectacular top-hat, high-strutting, rim-shot sympathies.







*"I just wanted you to move me into the shade of an umbrella, Mr. Brooks."*



*"In the original Defender, for example, the player needs two and a half to three hands. . . ."*

omens for Christmas 1982.

That nonaggressive yellow Pac-Man character is still the hot topic this year, even though arcade interest in the dot eater peaked last fall. He'll be gobbling dots, fleeing monsters and aiming for "energizers" so that he can eat the monsters on two hand-held versions of the eminent maze game. Tomy's Pac Man, suitably housed in a circular yellow case, offers a stylized version of the original game's maze layout. Movement of your valiant Pac Man is by way of four directional push buttons. The game offers two difficulty levels, depending on your skill at avoiding the pursuing monsters. Unfortunately, in this low-end unit, Pac Man can eat dots only when he is moving in one direction.

Another hand-held Pac-Man is one of a series of six clever portable self-contained versions of arcade games by Coleco. All the cases bear a resemblance to the colorfully decorated, partially hooded private enclave of a one-on-one, man-on-machine video-game battle. From a practical standpoint, too, the hood partially shields colorful and detailed vacuum-fluorescent displays from glare.

The Coleco Pac-Man unit is a winner

from the start: The player is treated to the same lead-off tune that bellows from the big-time arcade box. The maze layout is practically identical to the original's, though with fewer dots to gobble. Better yet, there are two other game variations built into the unit, including an exciting two-player, head-to-head game in which each player tries to outdo the other in eating dots and (when Pac-Man is properly energized) monsters.

Other titles of the self-contained portable arcade games include Galaxian, Omega Race, Berzerk (it's you *vs.* a mazel of deadly robots), Frogger (get your frogs safely across a busy freeway and through a swamp teeming with creatures and other dangers) and Donkey Kong (dodge barrels and other hindrances as you climb a series of ladders and girders to rescue your girl from Kong's rooftop perch). Priced around \$70 each, those games are not cheap, especially if you'd like to play several, but their multiple game variations and fidelity to the arcade action are worth every penny.

Other nonaggressive, maze-type arcade titles are coming to hand-held size. Crazy Climber gives you a chance to imitate the legendary building scaler Dan Goodwin.

Instead of dodging firemen or window washers' scaffolds, you've got to keep an eye out for windows' closing on your hands, an old man who throws flowerpots from above and an obnoxious condor that aims its droppings toward your head. Bandai offers an interpretation of the climber's journey to the top. As in the original arcade setup, left and right joy sticks work corresponding hands of the climber, requiring a bit of coordination and advance planning for you to wend your way around closed and closing windows and up the building.

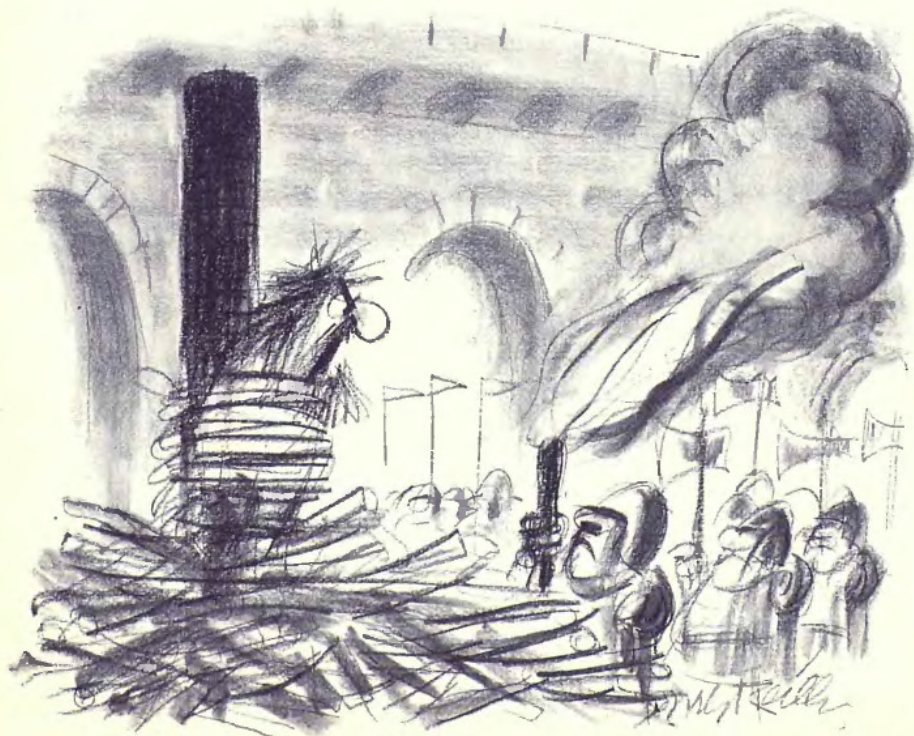
In yet another bizarre situation, Bandai's Frisky Tom puts you in charge of a plumber trying to keep the water works flowing between a reservoir and a tub-bathing beauty. Pesky mice (or rats, presumably, if you're a city dweller) undo sections of pipe, disrupting service. Your plumber's got to fetch the fallen sections, climb over to the open areas and get the system going again.

For many arcade addicts, though, the more *macho*, blast-'em-away outer-space games are the ones to get excited about, especially since they are usually the most complex games in the arcade. In the original Defender, for example, the player needs two and a half to three hands to control a joy stick and five push buttons in some of the fastest action on any arcade video screen. The story line of that game places you in command of a spaceship defending its fellow humanoids on the planet surface below from being picked up by alien landers and transformed into deadly mutants. At the same time, it's the target of various other alien ships in midspace. No matter how hard you try to thwart it, an alien lander will pick off a humanoid. You've then got to shoot the alien ship down, catch the free-falling humanoid and bring him (or her?) back to the surface for *mucho* points.

Veteran game maker Entex has managed to compress all that action into a tabletop Defender. One pleasing feature of all Entex games is that you can play in a mute mode, so you won't draw too much attention to your battles while waiting in an airport lounge.

For experienced players, one particularly attractive feature of many arcade games is having the action progress through increasingly difficult levels of play or through completely different screen layouts at advanced levels. Tomy's Scramble, for example, makes you progress through five levels of defense (as in the arcade version), each leaving you less space to maneuver your jet fighter. You've got to fend off various missiles and UFOs and hit oil tanks to replenish your own ship's dwindling fuel supply. Your ultimate *macho* goal: to destroy the enemy's space base, of course.

Multiple game levels and displays also appear in the unusual-looking TRON, by Tomy. Based on the new special-effects video-arcade-theme movie by Walt



*"I'd just like to add that it's this kind of thing that keeps good people out of public life!"*



Disney, the hand-held TRON comes in a translucent case revealing a hint of the circuitry inside. Enough characters for three different games appear on the colorful vacuum-fluorescent display screen.

#### HOME-VIDEO GAMES

Without question, this year is the most exciting time for home-video games since the whole mania began in 1972 with Magnavox' Odyssey TV game. Today, there is a flood of new cartridges from all directions for the Atari VCS, Mattel's Intellivision and Astrocade (formerly Bally) consoles, plus two entirely new game systems from Atari and Coleco just reaching the stores. Fueling the fires behind home-video-game enthusiasm is manufacturers' interest in translating arcade action for those systems. With such successes as Atari's Space Invaders, Asteroids and Pac-Man cartridges in the history books, there's little doubt that arcade themes are a big drawing card.

Of course, translating arcade quality to home-video games is no small challenge, especially when cartridge buyers' expectations are so high. In all cases, the cartridge designer must make trade-offs, because home-video-game consoles have built-in limitations in game complexity, and the graphics resolution of the home color TV is inherently poorer than that of arcade video screens. If you already own a game console, be sure to try cartridges out before you buy to make sure you understand the home version's limits.

Most owners of Atari's VCS video-game system probably already own Pac-Man, a somewhat more challenging reproduction of the arcade original. But even if arcade freaks were a bit disappointed in the VCS Pac-Man, they will see greater justice done to Berzerk and, especially, to the complex Defender.

The complexities of the original Defender (indeed, those complexities are some of its attractions for the *macho* player) are well represented by VCS graphics resolution and a simple joy-stick-action button controller. The radar screen (which lets you see a schematic diagram of alien activity on either side of the TV screen), several distinct sound cues and dogfights with mutants after the planet's ruin make for an exciting adaptation.

If you thought Activision was the only other company making Atari-compatible cartridges, you've got a big surprise coming. Since last January, six others, including archival Mattel Electronics, have joined in. Three of those are producing arcade-derived games.

Parker Brothers (yep, the Monopoly company) has a detailed reproduction of Frogger for the VCS. The graphics display contains every element of the original maze (auto traffic, diving turtles, alligators, etc.), with ten levels of increasing difficulty. One advantage that you don't have in any other arcade game is that the accomplished player can start

at a higher level instead of having to go through the easier levels every time. Parker also plans to release, by early 1983, the arcade titles Amidar, Super Cobra and a hair-raising game called Reactor.

Gabriel, another major toymaker, plans to release at least three Atari-compatible cartridges by Christmas, all licensed from Bally's arcade games. Possible titles: Gorf, Omega Race, Kick Man.

From Coleco comes an armada of nine arcade-theme cartridges for the Atari VCS. Donkey Kong, with its recent success in the arcades, will surely be a top favorite. But two others to look for are Turbo and Zaxxon, both licensed to

Coleco by Sega/Gremlin. Turbo puts you behind the wheel of a cross-country speed racer shooting through narrow city streets, around sharp mountain curves and through dark tunnels—while swerving around other cars.

But for 3-D effects and realism in an arcade original, the Zaxxon space game is a true marvel. Your delta-winged spaceship conquers intriguing floating space worlds, encounters enemy fighters in open space and finally stands face to face with a massive alien robot and its missile, which must be shot six times to be destroyed. Depending on Coleco's final rendering of the cartridge for the

**POUR ON THE GOOD TIMES  
WITH DOS EQUIS.**

Pour it on with Dos Equis beer—The Uncommon Import. Uncommon from the rich, amber color that glows in every glass to a big, bold taste no other beer can match.

**DOS EQUIS**  
THE UNCOMMON IMPORT.  
Amber and Special Lager

DOS EQUIS  
SPECIAL LAGER

DOS EQUIS  
BEER

© CERVECERIA MOCTEZUMA, S.A.



Atari, Zaxxon could be the most graphically exciting game playable on the VCS.

Mattel's Intellivision, too, will get the benefits of Coleco's foray into the cartridge field with the introduction of 11 Intellivision-compatible cartridges in 1982. Intellivision's high-resolution graphics will add considerably to the reproduction of detailed displays such as those in Zaxxon.

Mattel is getting into the arcade-cartridge act for itself with three Intellivision cartridges based on the theme from the TRON video-game movie—coincident with Midway's own arcade version of a TRON video game. One Mattel cartridge puts you in control of the hero, TRON, as he fights his way out of the computer to escape the Master Control Program. Another puts our hero in the center of a game of deadly flying discs—a game of killer Frisbee, if you will.

Remember the Bally Professional Arcade home game? A new company has taken over the system and renamed it Astrocade. (The company was formerly called Astrovision.) Two arcade-derived cartridges have been added to its line-up of good-sounding high-resolution games.

Space Fortress is a rare case of a home version of an arcade game (Space Zap) being more enjoyable than the original. The fortress you control in the center of the screen must fire at alien ships that appear suddenly and at random from the top, bottom, left and right of the screen. Those alien ships also shoot fireballs at your fortress. Your goal is to aim your joy stick at an alien ship each time it appears and destroy both fireball and alien ship. Eventually, the alien ships shoot at such a rate of speed that all four seem to be shooting at you at once. Even the best-coordinated player can hold out for only so long, and a fireball inevitably hits the fortress, yielding the most spectacular sonic explosion of any cartridge in any game system. Astrocade's other home game, The Incredible Wizard, is similar to the Wizard of Wor arcade model. The story of this dungeon journey involves many characters, a number of them invisible. Fortunately, a radar screen shows where everyone is in the maze.

At the top end of the home-video-game-console price range, we find Atari's new \$350 video-game system (the original VCS will stay in production as well).

You can't use your old VCS cartridges in the new system, but the cartridges Atari plans for the system's introduction have enough arcade action and home-computer-quality graphics to be quite attractive. Initial offerings include a very true-to-arcade Pac-Man, Galaxian, Space Invaders, Asteroids, Missile Command and the only Centipede yet available in a home-game unit. (High-resolution cartridges for all but Galaxian are also available for Atari's 400 and 800 home computers.) New controllers incorporate joy stick, steering and a 12-button key pad in one well-designed handful; plus, you can reset the game from the controller instead of running to the console.

As befits a game system in that price range, several improvements over the budget VCS have been made that will appeal to veteran home-game players. First, you don't have to turn the system off to change cartridges—just pull it out and insert the new one. Second, the annoyance of reaching for the TV-GAME switch box on the back of the TV is gone. Once you hook the system up, all you have to do is turn on the game console; the switch box automatically switches to GAME—and back to TV when you turn the unit off. And last, there is an extra jack in the console's rear panel that foretells of add-on modules to come—probably a speech synthesizer and, perhaps, a speech recognizer sometime later.

Last, the latest developments from ColecoVision are definitely impressive. Priced midway between the Atari VCS and Mattel's Intellivision, Coleco's new video-game system (an independent development of the cartridges we spoke of earlier) has greater graphics resolution than Intellivision and will be adaptable (via a separate add-on module) to all Atari VCS-compatible cartridges (with VCS graphics resolution). Twelve titles of the initial 22-cartridge library will have arcade-game themes, including Donkey Kong (packed with the console), Venture, Side Trak, Mouse Trap, Spectar, Rip Cord, Lady Bug, Zaxxon and Carnival.

Indicative of its effort to reproduce the original arcade action and excitement, ColecoVision's Donkey Kong cartridge will feature three completely different screen-action configurations (out of the original's four) known to arcade freaks as Ramps, Rivets and Elevators. And in Turbo, the cartridge will be packaged with a special tabletop racing controller set that has a hefty steering wheel, plus a wired remote foot pedal for the accelerator—just like the white-knuckled arcade experience.

It's hard to believe that only ten years ago, we were amazed that we could finally play a game such as Pong on our own TVs instead of only at bars. If you think we've come a long way since then, stay tuned for the magical tours ahead.



*"I'm only asking you to go home with me!  
We can discuss the merits of a religious versus a  
civil ceremony tomorrow!"*





# Fit a Promotion into your Career

When you're fit, promotions come easier, you have more energy for your personal life and more skills for sports and hobbies. That's why more and more active and involved people are using the DP GymPac™ 1000 to reach the peak of fitness, energy and success, quickly and conveniently. And that's why many busi-

**DP**  
Fit for Life 

nesses are installing it for employees. This complete, compact home and office gym provides over 50 professional exercises yet requires less than a foot of floor space and stores easily. So inspect the GymPac 1000 at your favorite sporting goods department...it's a fitting way to better performance and a happier life.

Diversified Products • 309 Williamson Ave. • Opelika AL 36202

THE DP GYMPAC 1000 FEATURED IN THIS AD IS

**MADE IN THE U.S.A.**







# WILL IT BE THERE WHEN YOU NEED IT?

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

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

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

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

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



# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### HABITAT

## MAKING IT IN PICTURES

Now that cameras do everything but press the shutter release, it figures that the same breed of geniuses who simplified still photography to point and shoot would next focus on the development of inexpensive print-making equipment that simplifies home color-film developing. In fact, one unit pictured here is the answer to a

stag-film fanatic's prayer: Just run a roll of Super-8 film through Agfa's Family Monitor, push a button when you come to the frame you like and—voilà!—you have a print. And if that sounds too good to be true, there's also Polaroid's Polaprinter, which delivers clear color prints made from slides faster than you can say "Wonders never cease."



Left: Polaroid's handy Polaprinter slide-copier system makes instant color or black-and-white reproductions from 35mm color slides and features easy manual exposure and contrast controls for maximum creative flexibility, about \$595.



Above: Jobo's new CPP-2 color processor develops up to ten rolls of film simultaneously, makes prints as large as 16" x 20" (using your own photo enlarger) and handles all processing functions with a super-accurate digital electrical control, from Standard Photo Supply, Chicago, Illinois, about \$715.

Below: All that cavorting on your wedding night, and other Super-8 cinematic moments that you got past the film processors and now want to preserve in the family scrapbook, can be turned into prints with the Agfa Family Monitor tabletop projector and instant-print maker, about \$340. Our photo-album shelf runneth over.



Above: With Kodak's Ektaflex PCT Model 8 one-solution print maker (plus your own enlarger), you can create enlargements up to 8" x 10" from negatives or transparencies without the hassle of chemical mixing or critical temperature requirements, about \$135.



# CANADA AT ITS BEST<sup>®</sup>

Light. Smooth. Imported Canadian Mist.<sup>®</sup>  
The whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.



*Share some tonight.*

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD., N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF, © 1979.

Photographed at Lake Beauvert, Jasper, Canada.

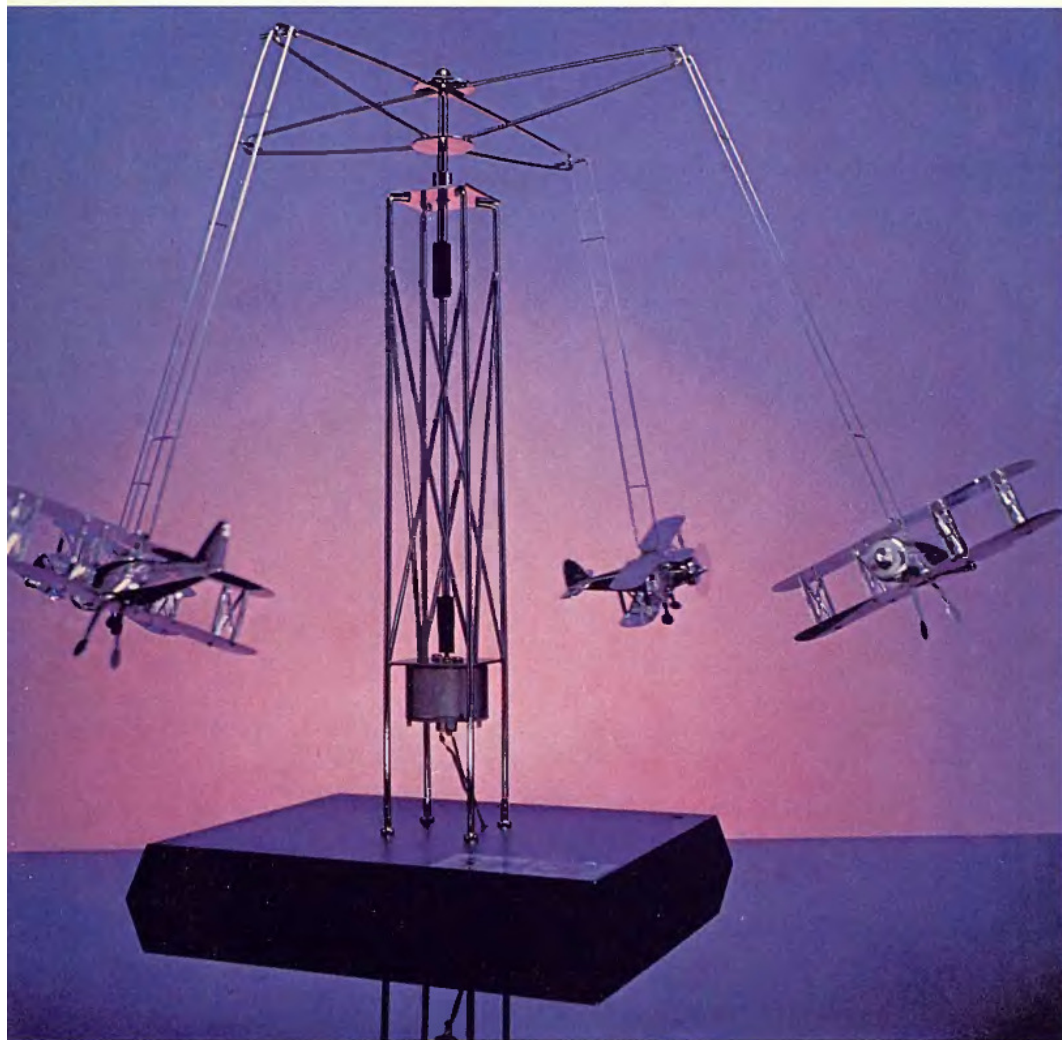


## SUNNY DISPOSITION

It appears as though sun worshipers have overrun the landscape of gadgetry, waking folks all over the world with solar alarm clocks that play *Good Morning Starshine*.

Now that there's a solar vacuum bottle, can sun-powered deodorant soap be far behind? (Call it Sundial.) The photovoltaic cell, which converts sunlight to electric power, is to solar electronics what the transistor is to radios and

calculators—it makes things small and inexpensive enough to fit most palms. This month's sunny horizon comes packed with everything from lighters that practically flame forever to incredibly accurate light-powered watches—and even includes a solar biplane version of *The Blue Max*. So heat up your life with a little star fire and stop worrying about power outages. Unless there's a solar eclipse.



Left: Stage a dogfight at dawn with this 12"-tall biplane squadron that wings skyward any time sunlight or incandescent lamp-light hits the solar cell, by Hof-fritz, \$50. Below: A Riehl Time Synchroner 2100 superaccurate solar-powered calendar watch, \$199; and an AM/FM solar-and-battery-powered portable radio, by Aldermaston, \$49.95.



Above left: Old Sol lights the fire of this Rowenta Solartronic table lighter that stands three and a half inches tall and flames at least 1500 times when fully charged, from Peterson's Ltd., New York, \$350. Above center: For toting hot beverages, there's Edmund Scientific's solar flask that holds 21 steamy ounces in a glass vacuum container, about \$100. Above right: Ricoh's single-lens-reflex XR-S is a 35mm little wonder, featuring a liquid quartz crystal display, that incorporates a solar cell to recharge the camera battery; \$400 for the camera body, \$155 for the 50mm lens shown.



# FASHION

## SWITCH HITS

Increase the versatility of your wardrobe and, at the same time, stretch your expense allowance by taking a tip from what designers have been doing lately: Rethink your preconceived notion about clothes. (For example, you may recall last December's fashion feature, with a black acrylic pullover, a wing-collared shirt and a red-satin

bow tie used as a decidedly offbeat but interesting formal-wear idea.) In other words, if you let your imagination soar, a single item can be made to play many roles. Try a cardigan sweater as a sports jacket, a sports coat layered over sweaters as an outerwear substitute or a loosely knotted necktie worn as a casual accessory. You're the designer. —DAVID PLATT



Left: It's all-work-and-no-play clothes for this guy, who's strictly business in his all-wool double-breasted suit with notch lapels, side vents and straight legs, by Giorgio Sant' Angelo Men's Collection, \$225; worn with a polyester/cotton shirt with a contrasting spread collar, by Yves Saint Laurent, \$23.50; and a silk crepe de Chine striped tie, by Fumagalli's Neckwear, \$32.50. Below: Our fellow has loosened his somber gray-flannel image by donning a cotton/polyester shirt with wing collar, by Pierre Cardin, about \$30; and a wool plaid tie, by Vicky Davis, \$13.50; with the same suit.



## DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

It's no big secret that the top-coat/overcoat industry has been given the cold shoulder in our recessionary economy as more and more dollar-wise consumers make do with last year's models. If your coat is on its last, threadbare legs, however, we recommend two style directions. The first is to check out coats that have a removable liner for obvious all-weather versatility. The other is to look again at what used to be called car coats (or three-quarter-length coats), as they're re-emerging with more style and flair.

Color trends this fall continue to be toward the multiples, blended in a single garment (Donegal and other tweed jackets, for example) or in mixed pattern-on-pattern looks. The over-all direction, however, is toward more subtle, smoky colors. The major color showing up as the touchstone in everything from suits and sports jackets to knits is olive drab.

The layered look continues to grow for reasons of both style and practicality. One hybrid look we particularly like is a notch-lapelled corduroy jacket cut slightly fuller (allowing for sweater layering underneath), with a zippered closure that can be pulled up to the neck. Other details of the jacket are traditional, so that it can also be worn with a shirt and tie.

The first new suit silhouette in years—dubbed the "English drape" by designer Alan Flusser—is debuting this fall and it's an admitted emulation of a Savile Row look that's been around for generations. If you liked the ruffled, casually calculated elegance of *Brideshead Revisited*, Flusser's new line will be just your cuppa.

Left: We like the easygoing appeal of an embossed lambskin bomber-style jacket, by Sasson for Ossy and Co., \$265; plus a suede pullover, \$250, and suede drawstring slacks, \$200, both by Merona Sport. Above: That same jacket can be dressed up with a cashmere sleeveless pullover, by Daniel Caron, \$155; a windowpane-plaid shirt, \$27.50, charcoal wool/polyester slacks, \$62.50, and a knit tie, \$12.50, all by Yves Saint Laurent; plus a spiffy velour felt hat, by Makins Hats, about \$55.

J. VERSER ENGELHARD





**Supremely Baaad**

It's probably no coincidence that the Tony-award-winning musical *Dreamgirls*, about the rise of an all-girl group something like the Supremes, and the return of singer MARY WILSON to music happened about the same time. Wilson hopes to record soon and, possibly, to collaborate with such songwriters as Rick James and Lionel Richie, Jr. She's also considering writing her autobiography. *Dreamgirls* is terrific, but it's just a story. Wilson's got all the facts straight.



**Stick-Shift Chevy**

An L.A. benefit for the National Committee for an Effective Congress (The Night of More Than a Dozen Stars) featured (from left) LEWIS ARQUETTE, CHEVY CHASE, LARAINÉ NEWMAN, ED ASNER and HOWARD HESSEMAN. Laraine's got things under control.

**Swords and Sandahl**

Actress/dancer SANDAHL BERGMAN, now co-starring with Arnold Schwarzenegger as Valeria, Queen of Thieves, to his Conan the Barbarian, had no problem getting in shape for her role. She is in shape, and anyone who saw the *Air Rotica* dance sequence in *All That Jazz* can attest to it. Seeing Sandahl twice doubles our pleasure.



© 1983 STEPHEN ELLISON/GAMMA-LIAISON

**A Is for Adorable**

Actress KAREN ALLEN's gorgeous and talented. From such movies as *Raiders* and *Shoot the Moon* to the Broadway production of *Monday After the Miracle* (she plays Helen Keller), Allen has proved her versatility.



© 1983 LYNN GOLDSMITH/IGFA





© 1989 WINTER/FACES ANGELS



© 1989 MERRY ALPERIN/LO

### Bombing Mission

We figure if New Wave music can bring back the sweaty feel of the late Fifties and the early Sixties, The B-52s can bring back teased hair. This tacky little ensemble is out of Athens, Georgia, has had a hit with a ditty titled *Rock Lobster* and, more recently, has produced an EP called *Mesopotamia*. We hope that they play Japan before the next time we mention them in *Grapevine*. If so, we've already planned the headline: "THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO."



© 1989 ALAN MARKFIELD/REPORTAGE '87'S

### Some Kind of Hero

Here's the plot of ALAN ARKIN's Christmas movie musical, *The Return of Captain Invincible*: The growing power of archvillain Midnight forces the President to put out a world-wide plea for the return of the captain, who has turned into a drunken bum adrift in Australia. Once his power's restored, the Invincible flies home to do battle.

© 1989 CHRIS SANDOVAL



### Half Moon Is Better Than No Moon at All

California's MARY MOON has appeared on TV in such shows as *The Love Boat*, *Fantasy Island*, *CHiPs* and *The Incredible Hulk*. She's also had film roles in *Hooper* and the forthcoming *Portrait of a Madman*. Being noticed primarily for her physical charms used to bother Mary, but she decided that the Hulk had the right attitude: If you've got it, flaunt it!



## SPOT NEWS

The term G Spot refers to a location on the anterior wall of the vagina. It's bean-shaped, varies in size and, when properly stimulated, results in arousal and/or orgasm.

By Christmas, the term will be fitted to the American pop lexicon as neatly as the zoot suit and the G string. Surely, the G Spot will merit a mention in Carson's

*Tonight Show* monolog; and we think Pat Benatar's going to write a song about it.

Until then, we have some explaining to do. First, we'd like to explain to the couple pictured at right, happily in search of the G Spot, that they're starting at the wrong end and that perhaps they'd better read the new book that has kicked off this hot sport, *The G Spot and Other Recent Discoveries About Human Sexuality* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston), by psychologist Alice Kahn Ladas and sex researchers Beverly Whipple and John D. Perry. This is a scientific, eyewitness case for the vaginal orgasm and female ejaculation.

If you think the authors haven't got professional guts, remember, on the orgasm question, they're taking on not only Alfred Kinsey but Masters and Johnson as well, all of whom have maintained that female orgasm is solely a product of clitoral stimulation and all of whom are viewed as the oracle at Delphi by those who study sex.

Assessing the book, Perry told us, "The most important fact is that there is a vaginal orgasm with a vaginal trigger." Several years ago, Whipple and Perry began to search for vaginal sensitivity among laboratory subjects. They found it consistently among all of the 400 women who were examined and promptly called the well-defined area the Gräfenberg Spot after Ernst Gräfenberg, a Fifties sex researcher who had written about such a spot.

Whipple told us, "About half of our subjects knew they had the sensitive spot but hadn't touched it. During examinations, I had them feel it through the abdominal wall. It's very interesting to watch their faces—'Aha, that's it.'"

Whipple and Perry found that when it was stimulated, the spot swelled and led to orgasm, often multiple, and that at the instant of orgasm, many women ejaculated a clear semenlike fluid through the urethra. The researchers have movies to prove that it happens

and lab analyses to show that the fluid is not urine. Also, they found a relationship between the strength of a woman's pelvic (pubococcygeus) muscles and her ability to orgasm. They found that a woman could be taught through biofeedback to strengthen and control those muscles and that by exercising his pelvic muscles, a man could have multiple orgasms. Clearly, they'd been busy researchers.

Enter Ladas, the third author, a psychologist who had been concerned with Freud's belief that women who responded to clitoral stimulation were childish fixated, while mature women climaxed only vaginally, in contrast to Kinsey's and Masters and Johnson's later findings. Ladas had become convinced that both Freud and the American sexologists were partly right and partly wrong. Freud, she said, was correct in identifying two orgasms, while Kinsey et al. were correct in saying that clitoral stimulation wasn't aberrant. And now, she says, Perry and Whipple's work provides the synthesis of those

tioned to misidentify their vaginal orgasms. Those points were borne out when Whipple talked about their studies on the Phil Donahue show. In response to her visit, hundreds of viewers sent letters describing their own vaginal orgasms. The mail wasn't from college students but from a broader age and socioeconomic range, some reflecting very little schooling. One said, "We've called it rabbit nose for years."

In addition to the evidence for vaginal orgasm and ejaculation, the book provides a complete set of exercises that will help build the pelvic muscles that contribute to orgasm, descriptions of the actual pyrotechnics of stimulating the G Spot to orgasm, theories on what produces the ejaculate, plus graphic details on how to find the G Spot. Just for the record: The woman should sit down or squat. With one hand, explore the upper wall of the vagina while firmly applying pressure. Meanwhile, apply simultaneous downward pressure with the other hand against the abdomen just above the pubic bone. The spot feels like a bean



DAVID MEECEY

two theories. The authors describe a "continuum of erotic response" that weds clitoral and vaginal stimulation to other elements of arousal.

So how come vaginal orgasm hasn't been more widely reported? Ladas, Whipple and Perry say that clinical-test populations have been too young, that most sexual studies have been done on college-aged women with limited sexual experience. It's possible that the women studied had never had vaginal orgasms, says Perry: "That type of experience comes with maturity; older women have more variety in sex." He also suggests that students who'd taken sexology courses were precondi-

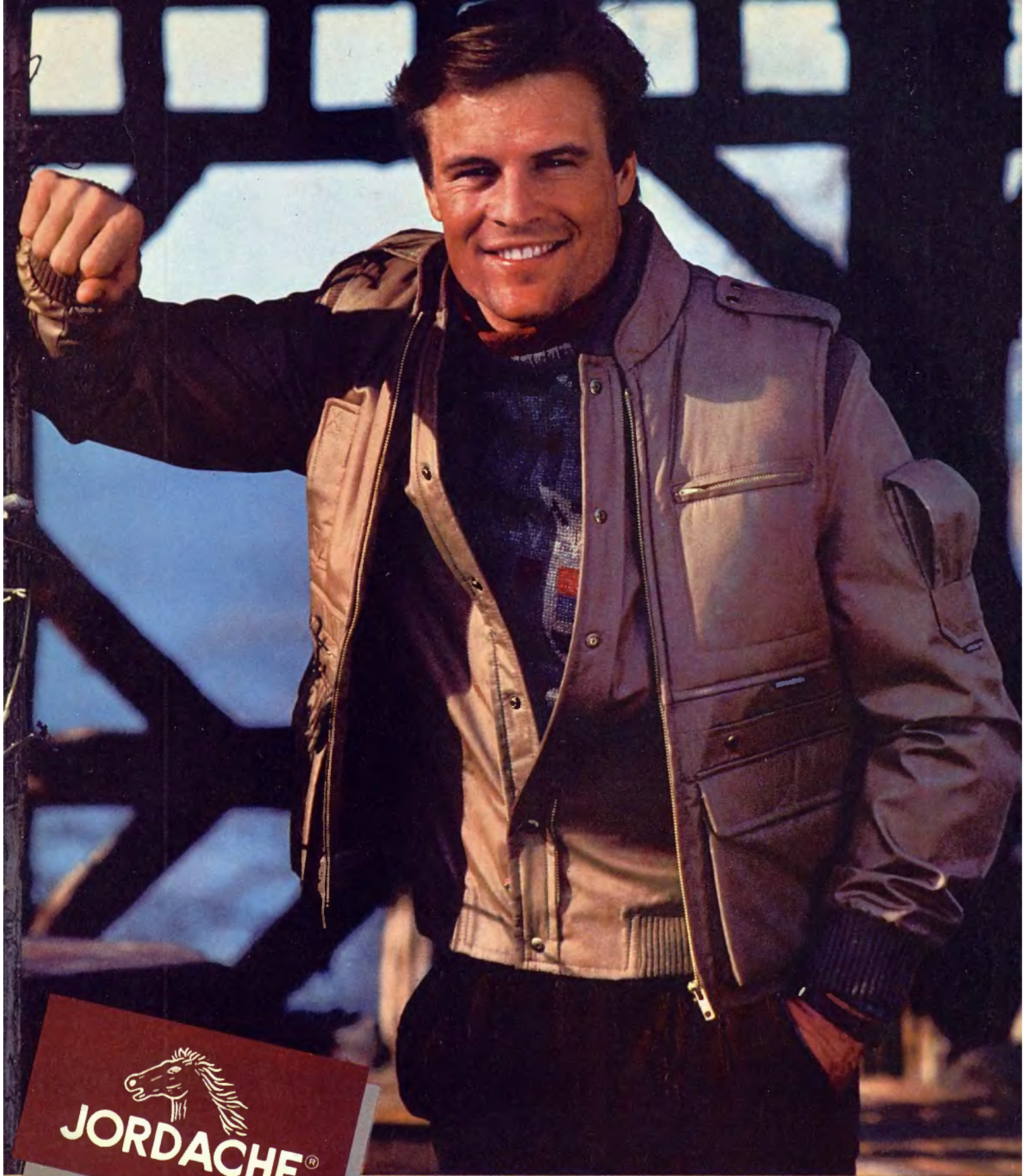
and will begin to swell when rubbed. Don't be put off by the urge to urinate. Persistence pays off in this sport.

G Spot notwithstanding, our favorite piece of information is what the authors call "the towel trick." In order to strengthen male pelvic muscles, they must be given a workout through contraction and relaxation. Here's the exercise, as Whipple described it: Put a hankie over your erect penis; try to lift it. Then use a washcloth, a hand towel, a bath towel and, finally, said Whipple with naked irony in her voice, "a wet bath towel."

We think Whipple would be fun at parties.







*the jordache look*

Jordache Men's Sportswear  
498 Seventh Avenue, New York N.Y. 10018, Telephone (212) 279-7343



**LYNCHBURG**  
 HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

23 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352



## JACK DANIEL SQUARE GLASS SET

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

Send check, money order or use American Express, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature (Add 6% sales tax for TN delivery.) For a color catalog full of old Tennessee items and Jack Daniel's memorabilia, send \$1.00 to the above address. In continental U.S. of A call 1-800-251-8600. Tennessee residents call 615-759-7184.



Let the  
fun shine in!

## SWIMHUT

### your PHYSICAL FITNESS AND ENTERTAINMENT CENTER

You can exercise and entertain daily without regard to weather in the comfort of a SOLAR HEATED SWIMHUT. This simple, portable pool enclosure not only solar heats but also provides an insulation of air to separate cold outside breezes from water and deck. Select from an attractive variety of designs and colors. Come home to your own Swimhut physical fitness and recreation center. Ships in a complete unit ready to use within a few hours at a fraction of permanent structure cost.

For further information write or call:

### AQUAGARD POOL COVERS

2801 SAN FERNANDO ROAD, DEPT. P.  
LOS ANGELES, CA. 90065 (213) 254-2256

## NEXT MONTH:



JAPANESE GIRLS



MOON MISHAP



TANYA ROBERTS



FAGGOTRY FEAR

**"SPACE"**—THREE AMERICAN ASTRONAUTS HEAD FOR THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON ON A MISSION DOOMED BY THE SUN. GRIPPING SCIENCE FICTION BY **JAMES MICHENER**

**"BAD BLOOD: MURDER IN MARIN COUNTY"**—TO AN OUTSIDER, THEY MIGHT HAVE SEEMED LIKE ORDINARY TEENAGERS. THE ANATOMY OF A GORY DOUBLE MURDER—BY **RICHARD LEVINE**

**"TANYA ROBERTS"**—THE LAST OF CHARLIE'S FALLEN ANGELS STRIKES OUT ON A NEW AND HAZARDOUS TRAIL IN THE UPCOMING HIGH-ADVENTURE FILM *THE BEASTMASTER*

**"CAMPUS SEX 1982"**—OUR FIRST COLLEGE-SEX SURVEY IN 13 YEARS, PLUS A BACK-TO-SCHOOL CARNAL-KNOWLEDGE CHART SURE TO GET US IN HOT WATER WITH DROVES OF ACADEMICS

**LUCIANO PAVAROTTI** TALKS ABOUT WINE, WOMEN, SONG, DIETING AND HIS RIVALRY WITH PLACIDO DOMINGO FOR THE SPOT OF *PRIMO TENORE* IN A FULL-THROATED **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"FEAR OF FAGGOTRY: GROWING UP IN THE SEMINARY"**—HOW DOES A YOUNG MAN, WITH A YOUNG MAN'S NORMAL COMPLEMENT OF HORMONES, DEAL WITH THE PRIESTLY VOW OF CELIBACY? ANSWER: WITH DIFFICULTY. THE WORD FROM ONE WHO'S BEEN THERE—**PAUL HENDRICKSON**

**"DAPHNE'S TUNE"**—A FAMILIAR MELODY BECOMES THE THEME SONG FOR REMEMBRANCES OF CUCKOLDRIES PAST AND PRESENT IN A WRY STORY BY **FRANÇOIS CAMOIN**

**"IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE MOVIEHOUSE?"**—SPIRITED SEND-UPS OF THE FILM PHYSICIAN, FROM DR. CALIGARI TO BEN CASEY, AS IMPERSONATED BY **MICHAEL MC KEAN**, STAR OF THE NEW SPOOF *YOUNG DOCTORS IN LOVE*

**"THE GIRLS OF JAPAN"**—WE REALLY MEAN IT THIS TIME, GUYS: A PULCHRITUDINOUS PORTFOLIO OF THE LADIES WHO KEEP THE SONS OF THE RISING SUN RISING. SO SORRY FOR DELAY





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

Slightly more portable by  
the bottle.







Come to  
**Marlboro  
Country.**



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—  
you get a lot to like.

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

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