

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1983 • \$3.50

## HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

TV'S SEXIEST SISTERS  
AUDREY AND JUDY LANDERS

STAR IN A MADE-FOR-PLAYBOY  
PICTORIAL

THE PLAYBOY READERS'  
SEX SURVEY  
THE RETURNS ARE IN!

PLAYBOY  
INTERVIEW:  
DUDLEY  
MOORE

## HOLIDAY HEAVYWEIGHTS

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER,  
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LEONARD MICHAELS, LARRY  
L. KING, D. KEITH MANO,  
PAUL ERDMAN, G. GORDON

LIDDY, EDDIE MURPHY,  
HERSCHEL WALKER, DAN  
GREENBURG AND

SUZANNE O'MALLEY

PLUS: SHANNON TWEED  
LOVINGLY

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GEORGE HURRELL,

CARS '83 AND A REVIEW OF THE  
PAST YEAR'S DELIGHTFUL DOZEN PLAYMATES



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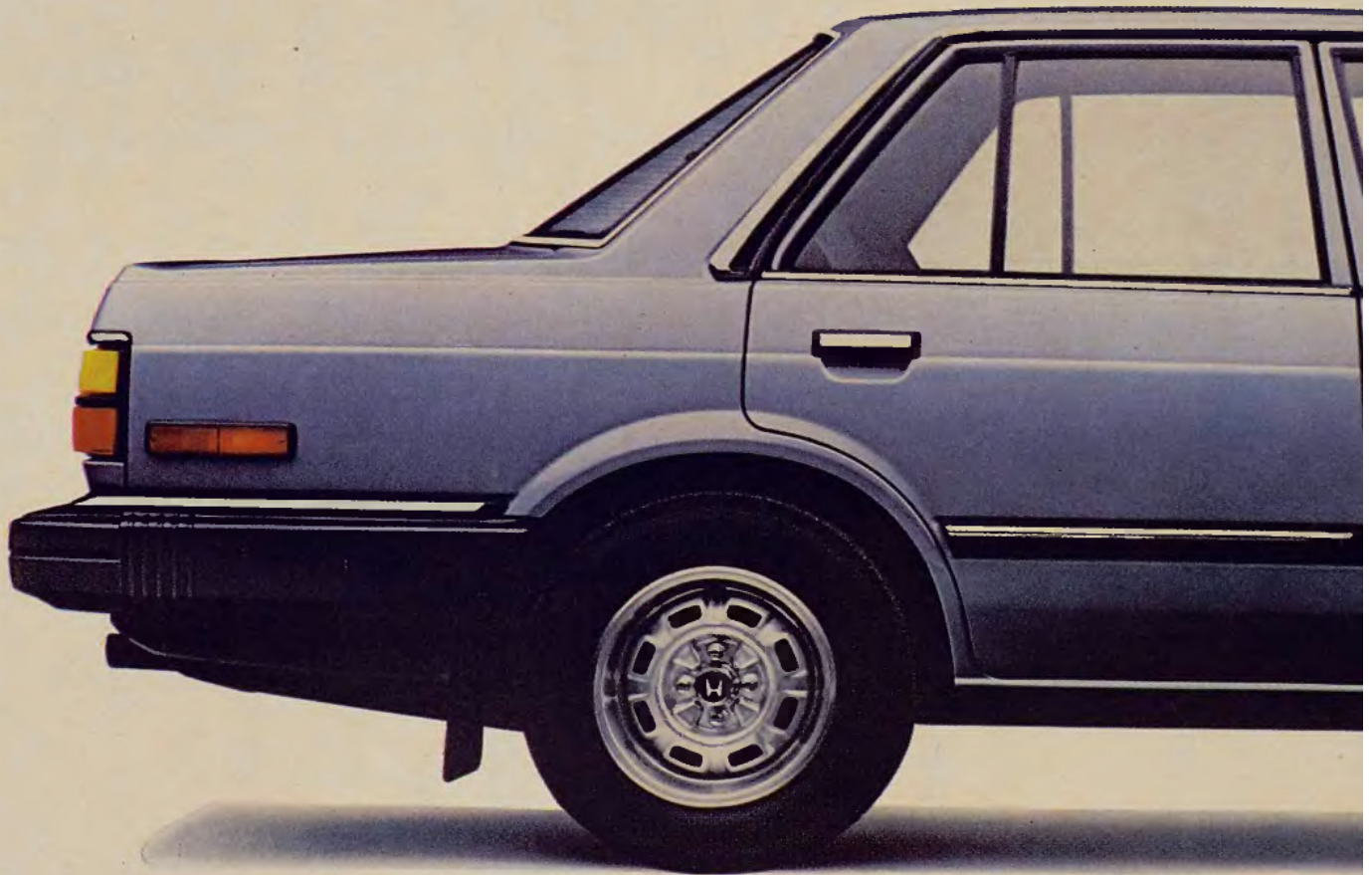
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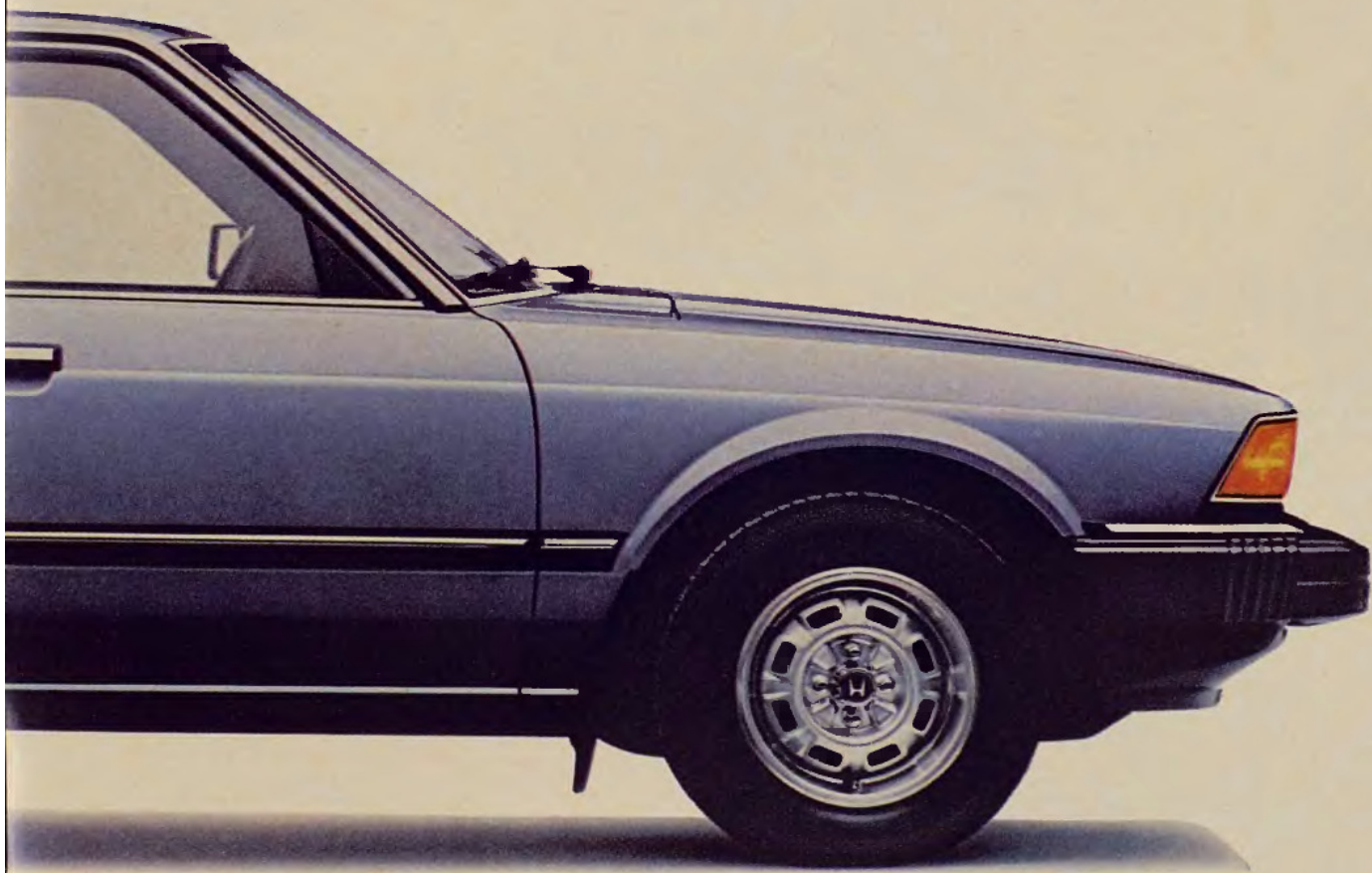
often compared to cars costing more than twice as much. Its elegant styling is sophisticated. The luxuriously plush interior designed to be comfortable for five.

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†For 5-speed transmission,  $\square$  EPA estimated mpg, 45 estimated highway. For automatic transmission,  $\square$  estimated mpg, 40 estimated highway. Use estimated mpg for comparison. Your mileage may vary according to weather, speed or length of trip. And you can expect actual highway mileage to be less. California mileage will be lower.

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# PLAYBILL

WELCOME. MAYBE you've just come reeling in from a wall-bumping holiday collision with auld lang syne, picking up your January PLAYBOY while you wait for your eyes to focus. However you got here, we're happy to have you. The magazine you hold is the ticket to some of the most exotic, erotic and refreshing encounters you're likely to find for \$3.50. So sit back, ignore the snow piling up and relax. If this month's stirring line-up doesn't warm you, try a hot shower.

Where to start? Well, we'll just follow the advice of boxer Max "The Iron Cup" Paluka and lead with the genitals. *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey, Part One* presents the results of the largest sex survey ever undertaken by a magazine. Those answers, responses to a questionnaire that appeared in PLAYBOY a year ago this month, reveal some startling conclusions about the veterans of the sexual revolution. *The Playboy Survey* is authored by Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen, is directed by Associate Editor Barbara Nellis and was the brain child of Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer. Completed with the aid of sociologists Janet Lever and Rosanna Hertz, as well as analytical consultants Richard Hay, Jr. (not pictured), and Richard Fritz, this is the first installment of a series designed to tell everything you've always wanted to know about your own sexual attitudes and practices.

There may seem slim connection between such physical matters and more fiscal ones. But with the banking business declining the way it is, the best investment for the Eighties may be in mattresses. In Paul Erdman's *Living on the Default Line*, the best-selling author of *The Crash of '79* gives the Western financial system a fiscal-fitness test and finds it in abysmal shape. He ought to know: Erdman spent ten months in the slammer in Switzerland sweating out a charge that the bank he ran had lost 50,000,000 dollars in unauthorized speculation. Exonerated, he became the nation's pre-eminent novelist of finance. Tom Ingham's blue-chip artwork accompanies Erdman's crashing-board-room article.

Passing Erdman on his way from the bank is Eddie Murphy, laughing all the way to it. Peter W. Kaplan tells us that *Eddie Murphy Is on Top of the World*, and things are still looking up for the hottest black comedian since Richard Pryor.

Dudley Moore spent the better parts of "10" and *Arthur* in bed, and those conquests have taken him from beyond the fringe of stardom to the center of the spotlight. In this month's revel-rousing *Playboy Interview*, Moore discusses late-found fame, how it feels to be a 5'2" comic romancing six-foot golden girl Susan Anton and everything else about living like, in the words of interviewer Nancy Collins, "the naughtiest little 47-year-old boy in the world."

The laughs are mostly grim ones in the awesome array of fiction we offer in this issue—in tales of a Jew gone from ridicule to martyrdom, relations gone to dust and technology gone straight to hell. Isaac Bashevis Singer, winner of the Nobel Prize for literature, narrates a young writer's struggles to be editor and elegist for a Polish refugee in *Why Heisherik Was Born*. Terror crafter Stephen King offers a Lovecrafty look at the soul of a rickety machine in *The Word Processor*. Thomas McGuane shakes *Like a Leaf* (illustrated by noted artist Larry Rivers) into our pages—a story the author describes as "a meditation on some of the lost souls I've known." You may not know that McGuane is the current champion cutting-horse rider of his home state, Montana.

The cutting edge of style, in this fashion-plated society, is what everyone else seems to be riding. But just what does it mean to have it, and how do you get it? Four stylish stylists are here to tell you in *A Matter of Style*. Get the whole story from novelists Leonard Michaels and D. Keith Mano, Texas terror Larry L. King (the man who made a bonanza of the Chicken



LEVER, HERTZ, FRITZ, KRETCHMER, PETERSEN, NELLIS



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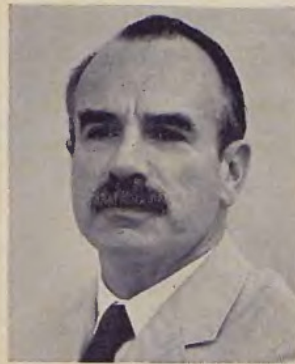
MANO



L. KING



BUCKLEY



LIDDY

Ranch) and publisher-intellectual-novelist-sailor-sesquipedalian-host-with-the-most **William F. Buckley, Jr.**

A man with a wholly different kind of style, **G. Gordon Liddy** is perhaps best known as the Watergator who once entertained by holding his hand over a flame. They say that the essence of humor is incongruity; if that's true, Liddy's *Ten Things That Make Me Laugh* must be the essential humor piece. It is very funny.

It's tough to have fun over the holidays if you don't survive, so if you're planning any time at the old homestead, you'd better be sure you've read *How To Survive the Holidays with Your Parents*, by **Dan Greenburg** and **Suzanne O'Malley**. Greenburg, the author of the best-selling *What Do Women Want?*, and O'Malley, former columnist and senior editor at *Esquire*, cooked up this recipe for holiday sanity.

A one-woman fashion revolution has put Tweed back in the limelight. **Shannon Tweed**, Diana Hunter in CBS's *Falcon Crest* and our current Playmate of the Year, makes an encore **PLAYBOY** appearance in this month's *Photos by Hurrell*. A portfolio by master lensman **George Hurrell**, it demonstrates that the wizardry he worked years ago on such bombshells as Jean Harlow is still explosive half a century later.

Just as incendiary is television's sexiest sister act, a bit of sibling rivalry called **Audrey** and **Judy Landers**. Audrey plays sultry songstress Alton Cooper in *Dallas*, and Judy, fresh from playing the aptly named Stacks in *B.J. and the Bear*, raises temperatures in the syndicated *Madame's Place*. Our pictorial *Blonde Ambitions*, shot by Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** and inspired by West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**, ought to give anyone starlet fever.

If you're feverish for a great set of wheels, you don't want to bypass **Gary Witzenburg's Cars '83: Year of the Driver**. **John Hamagami** renders the racing stripes in a high-speed illustration, while Witzenburg furnishes all the mechanics in an overview of the best new chassis this side of the centerfold. And anyone chilled by the dolorous drabs that can pass for fashion will be knocked out by **David Platt's Clothes of the Day**. It's our annual glance at the attire designed for **PLAYBOY** by a quintet of today's most innovative designers, with illustrations tailored by the haberdashing **Pater Sato**.

**Tom Koch**, the Caesar (Sid, that is) of versification, fires his retrorockets this month at the late, unlamented year 1982 in his annual *That Was the Year That Was*. And **Anson Mount**, the Sherman tank of sports predictors, marches to Georgia in order to ask *20 Questions of a Bulldog*: **Herschel Walker**, the man many consider the best running back ever to lumber o'er a linebacker's number.

Listen, children, and you shall hear of *The Midnight Ride* of **Emanuel Greenberg**. Don't rush to arms. It's just our notable potables expert serving up ideas for all your midnight-to-morn holiday partying. You'll want to try at least one of them by land, two by sea and the rest on the rocks.

Interpersonal relations on the rocks are often a topic of **Asa Baber's Men** column; but this month, in "Equal Rights for Men, 1983," he turns to the legal/political aspects involved in a world of sexual inequities. With divorce laws and draft policy (not to mention membership in The Go-Go's) against men, Baber suggests that women may be having it both ways.

Travelers on journalism's rocky roads can get it a lot of ways, all of them good, in *Playboy's Annual Awards*. We line up this year's worthies on page 192.

The Playmates of remembrance stir once more in our *Playboy's Playmate Review* for 1982. A retrospective on those dazzling duodecimals, it features, among other attractions, reproductions of each and every month's centerfold. We think you'll agree that the current Miss January, Canada's **Lonny Chin**, belongs in such company. Yet another **Freytag** photographic triumph, Lonny's pictorial may give "protruding Chin" a new connotation. Lonny is one of many Canadian Playmates brought to our attention by Vancouver photographer **Ken Honey**. All in all, a month of honeys.



O'MALLEY, GREENBURG



HURRELL, TWEED



GRABOWSKI, FREYTAG



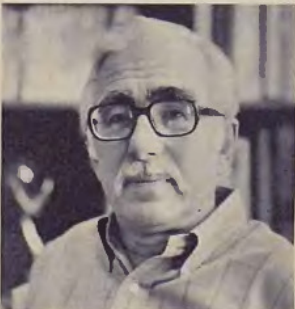
SATO



WITZENBURG



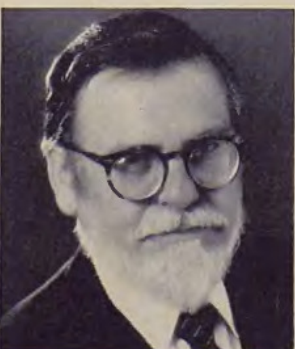
HAMAGAMI



KOCH



CHIN, HONEY



MOUNT



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**My sock runneth over.**

# PLAYBOY®

vol. 30, no. 1—january, 1983

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**COVER STORY**

You probably think we should be able to afford a tuxedo apiece for these dazzling blondes, but what we're trying to get across is that they're sisters. The Landers sisters, to be specific—Audrey and Judy, whose flourishing careers in showbiz you'll read about in our pictorial on page 98. The cover was photographed by Arny Freytag and produced by West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski. The reflective Rabbit comes compliments of Kiwi shoe polish.

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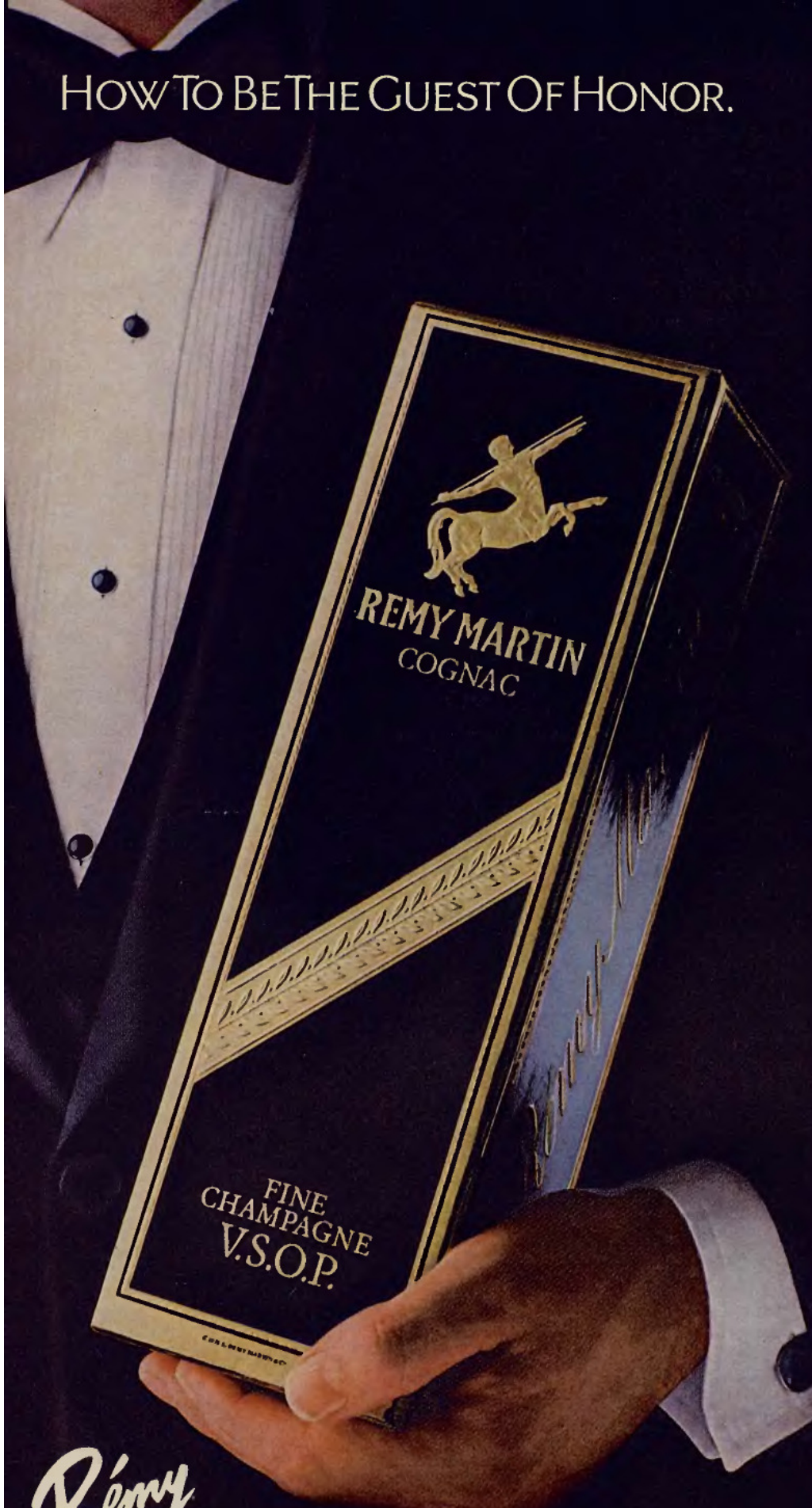
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HOW TO BE THE GUEST OF HONOR.



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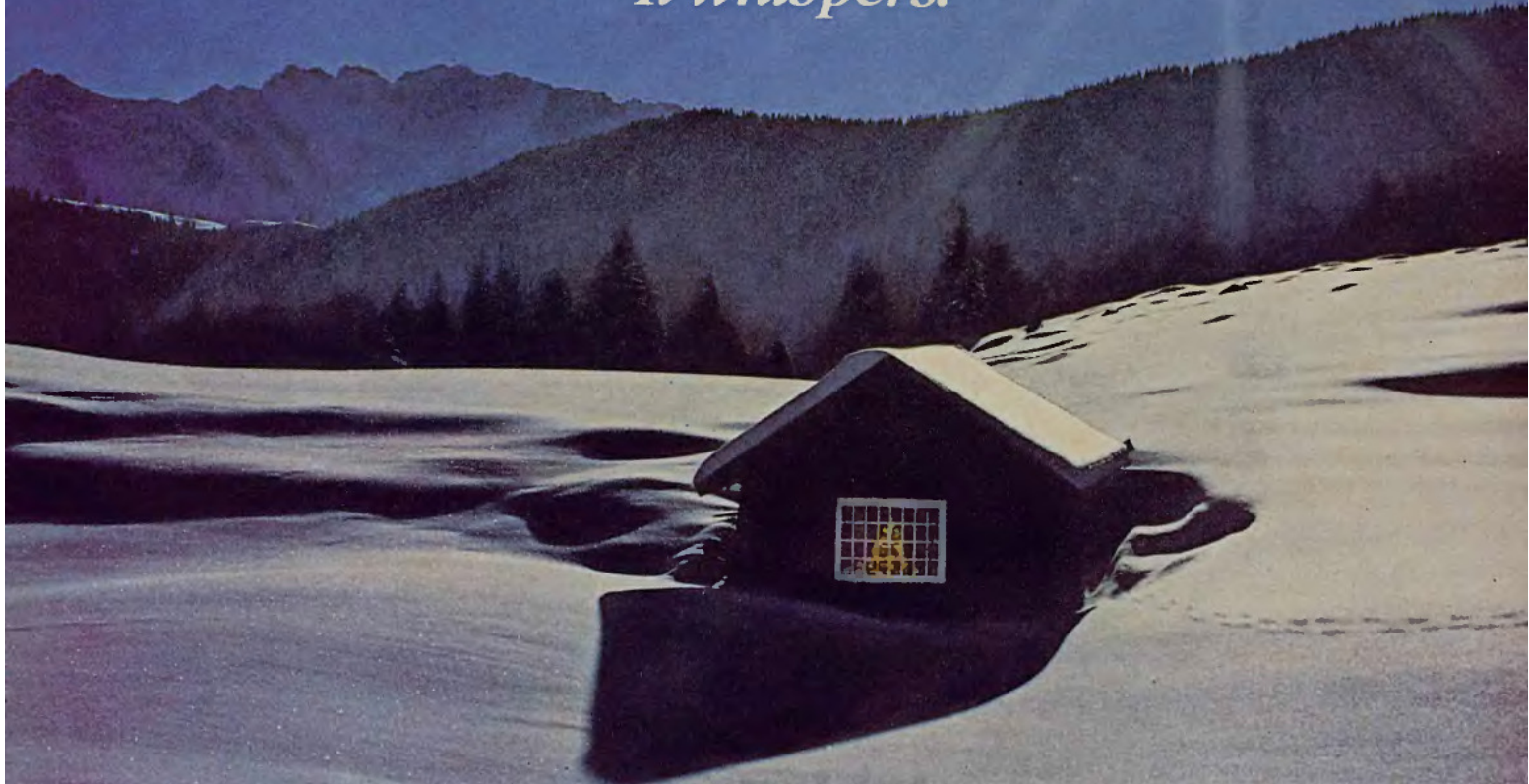
Take the 1983 Saab APC Turbo. Intellectually, you'll be impressed with the logic of its front-wheel drive, its four-wheel disc brakes, its active and passive safety features, not to mention its 53 cubic feet of luggage space.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES (1921-1936)

# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## LAVERNE AND CARRIE LIGHT OUR FIRE

Above, Hef in his convincing portrayal of Hef, founder of the Playboy empire, tapes an episode of the ABC-TV series *Laverne & Shirley*. Laverne, played by Penny Marshall, and guest star Carrie Fisher get jobs as Bunnies in the Los Angeles Playboy Club and things get kinda hot. Hef turned in his usual fine acting job, though we think the producers of the show may have been remiss in overlooking his famous vocal abilities. As for Penny and Carrie, welcome to the hutch.

## TANYA LAYS DOWN HER SPEARS

Below, Tanya Roberts, Charlie's last Angel and the star of our October 1982 cover, autographs a poster at the Chicago Playboy Club. Tanya dropped in during a promotional tour for the film *The Beastmaster*, in which she plays the spear-chucking slave girl Kiri.



## JAZZ DELUXE: WHAM, BAM, WHAT A JAM

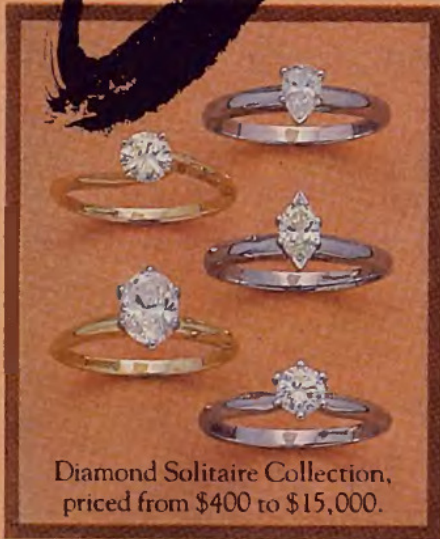
Just in case you haven't finished your yule shopping, here's a thought from the posh Sakowitz catalog. For \$10,000 (to be donated to the National Association of Jazz Educators), six friends can attend the 1983 Playboy Jazz Festival, mingle backstage, brunch at Mansion West, become lifetime Playboy Club members and probably develop an understanding of polyrhythm.

## FOR ART'S SAKE

Art Paul, founding Art Director of PLAYBOY, shares a podium with Christie Hefner at a Playboy-sponsored black-tie tribute to him at the Art Institute of Chicago. More than 200 attended. Paul has left his full-time duties at the magazine to paint, compose music and serve as consultant to the Playboy empire.



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### ANGEL NEAR THE CENTERFOLD

I have been reading PLAYBOY for close to 20 years, and when I'm approached by friends and colleagues who ask why I read it, I calmly say, "Because of all the good things there are to read—the pictorials are strictly secondary!" But now I've got my October issue. I take it all back! I plead the Fifth Amendment—I plead innocent by reason of insanity. Tanya, your pictorial of Tanya Roberts, absolutely blew me away.

John Ryzek  
Yuma, Arizona

Tanya Roberts hath charms, with savage breast to match. Hers is the most beautiful and captivating celebrity pictorial your magazine has ever published. Richard Fegley and Marilyn Grabowski deserve a cheer for their good work.

Louis Hernandez  
Port Chester, New York

As a dedicated Tanya Roberts fan, I enjoyed Bruce Williamson's personality profile of her in the October issue; however, I must comment on an essential ingredient missing in Fegley's photography. Any manufacturer of color film would certainly be proud to see the blue of the actress' eyes in a close-up photo; but, alas, such a pose is not presented.

Olin B. Jenkins  
Columbia, South Carolina

Thanks to PLAYBOY, I've finally seen the physical realization of the ideal woman—Tanya Roberts is nothing short of breath-taking. My compliments to Fegley for his excellent work.

Richard Berry  
New York, New York

I had to write to you to express my appreciation for your bringing us Tanya Roberts. She's gorgeous! I haven't seen

a lady in PLAYBOY who's turned me on so much since your pictorials on Mamie Van Doren. Remember when? 1964-1965?

Wayne Larcinesi  
San Jose, California

As a longtime reader of PLAYBOY and a proud collector of every issue you've ever published, I think Tanya Roberts' pictorial deserves special praise. Congratulations to Tanya for her appearance, and many thanks to PLAYBOY for continuing to bring us the very best of everything.

R. T. Silver  
Victoria, British Columbia

I had been expecting a photo spread similar in quality to that of your Suzanne Somers layout. But there's too much lion and tiger and not enough Tanya. However, I guess a little nude Tanya is better than none.

William C. Pollard  
Honolulu, Hawaii

Being a connoisseur of the delectable female derrière, I would like to compliment you on your photos of Tanya Roberts. She possesses one of the most exquisite posteriors that have ever graced your pages.

Dennis Von  
Denver, Colorado

My compliments to Fegley and Grabowski for Tanya, an excellent pictorial. Never before have these eyes seen such striking use of lighting, color and background. The pictorial will stand as the ultimate compliment to Roberts' beauty.

Robert Foust  
Knoxville, Tennessee

### SEMINAL IDEAS

Bravo to Paul Hendrickson for *Fear of Faggotry: Growing Up in the Seminary*

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(PLAYBOY, October). I studied for 13 years in similar seminaries and worked seven years full time in the priesthood before finishing my Ph.D. in clinical psychology. I resigned in 1964. Since Hendrickson is not, as he admits, a clinician, and since he studied for only the first seven (the easiest) years, he can write from only that one dimension. Consider the second dimension as the last years of study, the third dimension as years in the priesthood. Now I can write from the fourth dimension. It appears to me that everything Hendrickson says is correct.

Dean C. Dauw, Ph.D.  
Consulting Psychologist  
Chicago, Illinois

As a product of Catholic upbringing and a recent graduate of a Southern Baptist seminary, I am much amused but painfully awakened by Hendrickson's *Fear of Faggotry*. His accounts of the seminary sounds like my early days, when the nuns told us that good Catholic boys and girls don't have thoughts about sex. I left the Catholic Church in 1970 to become a born-again Christian. Yet Protestantism, especially conservative fundamentalism, carries the same view of women and sex one step further. Instead of saying that sex is good only for procreation, the Protestant churches say it's OK for women to be involved in the church, "but be good little Protestant girls and stay out of the pulpit; stay in the kitchen and the Sunday school." We have created religious sex objects: we adore women but use them for our own purposes. Maybe we need women to show us men that 2000 years of male rule in the church is enough.

Walter J. Turkowsky  
Winchester, Virginia

#### THE ORKAN MAN

I really love your Robin Williams *Interview* in the October PLAYBOY, and I truly think he is the best comic actor around. What disturbs me is the negative way Williams refers to *Popeye*. That the film was disliked by many critics in no way makes it bad. I want Williams to know that many serious filmgoers, such as myself, enjoyed him very much in *Popeye*, no matter what the critics said. By the way, I have a new entry to add to my best-films list: the serio-comic masterpiece *The World According to Garp*.

Cliff Rubin  
Scarsdale, New York

Thanks for a revealing *Playboy Interview* with Robin Williams and for that three-Rabbit rating for *The World According to Garp*. It is one of the year's best. Williams' performance, with such a wide range of emotions, tenderly leads one to the best glimpse around of man in the late Seventies and early Eighties. I have written to him to thank him for

his performance and to ask him to be gentle with one of our national treasures—himself.

Kay Finch  
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

#### BETTE IN THE BRONZE AGE

If you saw last month's "Update," you know that we joined in nationwide efforts to find the nude statue for which Bette Davis posed as a teenager ("The Playboy Interview," July). Why? Because it's there . . . somewhere. Well, it looks as if the hunt's over. Miss Davis has confirmed to us that this one, which was removed from a Boston park in 1933 for



being too risqué, is the only possibility. Now the property of Bob Edwards of Beverly, Massachusetts, it's the work of sculptress Anna Coleman Ladd. While Miss Davis says it's all been a furor over nothing, we think that even in bronze she's still really something.

#### BIG-BANG THEORIES

For the second time in seven years, I feel compelled to write to PLAYBOY. Congratulations on a survey—October's *Sex on Campus 1982*—that's very nicely composed. Its open and comically honest style is most enjoyable, but in addition to that, Skip Williamson has captured Austin, Texas, in just 14 tiny frames of cartoons! From Larry L. King's original Chicken Ranch piece (*The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*, April 1974) to *Sex on Campus*, you give that wonderful place its due every time. Heartfelt thanks from a branded- (U.T., of course) in-the-butt topsider.

Mrs. Kathy Lormand  
Buna, Texas

I am most concerned and alarmed by the statistics in *Sex on Campus 1982* concerning "procreation roulette." In answer to the question "When you do

have sex, how often do you use a contraceptive?" the number of male respondents who sometimes or never use contraceptives far outweighs the number of female respondents in the same category. It should be noted that the number of both men and women who sometimes or never use contraceptives is alarmingly high—45.6 percent of the men and 25 percent of the women. PLAYBOY's survey is borne out by Planned Parenthood's national statistics. As a college woman, I have found that men almost never ask if I am protected—and if they do ask, it is usually at a point so hot and heavy that I don't care! My point is this: Wake up, gentlemen! Protect yourselves or check it out with the ladies. Not every woman is on the pill, and abortion is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain and afford—and it is not the answer for every woman.

K. E. Jensen  
Wright State University  
Dayton, Ohio

There is some merit in *Sex on Campus 1982*, but it is obvious that PLAYBOY's knowledge of rural activity ends at the edge of the pavement. Very likely, you people would sit down to a meal of meadow muffins and prairie pies, judging from your calling the typical University of Iowa campus male a "thresher driver." Only a big-city ignoramus would think that team- or tractor-drawn "threshing machines" had ever been driven when they were in service 30 or 40 years ago. PLAYBOY probably meant to picture the typical Iowa male student as a tractor, combine, picker-sheller or pile driver.

W. F. Coret  
Woodbine, Iowa

The University of Texas may be number one, but we try harder!

Mark Kruzan  
Indiana University (Number Two)  
Bloomington, Indiana

#### FAITHFUL TO MARIANNE

PLAYBOY's fabulous October pictorial of Marianne Gravatte leaves absolutely no question in my mind as to who will grace your pages next June as Playmate of the Year. When Marianne decides to start a fan club, I'll be ready to join.

Jim Peronto  
Madison, Wisconsin

I have been subscribing to PLAYBOY for several years, and Marianne Gravatte is the sexiest, most sincere, most beautiful Playmate yet. She'll go far in the modeling business.

Stuart Norris  
Atlanta, Georgia

Talk about taking your breath away! I finally got a chance to take a second

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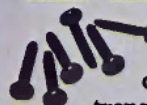
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look at Marianne Gravatte when I miraculously came out of a coma two weeks after my October PLAYBOY arrived. Not only is she a luscious, beautiful lady, she also has great taste in cars—as the shot of her in her blue 'Vette shows. Thanks to Fegley for a great job behind the shutter. But, most of all, thanks to Marianne. One more time, please. . . I'll hold my breath.

Bob Debiak  
Ravenswood, West Virginia

Do you have telepaths working on your staff? In your August issue, there is a pictorial on California girls. On the opening page, I saw something that stunned me—a facial shot of one of the most attractive women I'd ever seen, a blue-eyed blonde with sun blocker on her nose. Over and over, I kept turning to that page, but, alas, there was no name for that beautiful face. And then—praise Allah—October's PLAYBOY arrived. I have a name (Marianne Gravatte) for the face and am overjoyed to see that Marianne's face and body complement each other so well. A thousand thanks to Fegley for his excellent photography.

John Wesenberg  
Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan

To answer your question, John, "Dear Playboy's" editor is the only telepath



on our staff. We knew you'd like to know. And here's a special salud to you from Marianne. Hey—stop wishing she'd lift that cup.

#### TELLING OFF THE TELETHON

The Telethon (PLAYBOY, September) is a disgrace. It's a good thing you labeled it fiction, but some people may not notice that and others may not believe it. I always watch Jerry Lewis' telethon, and I saw it this year, too. I'm glad he socked it to the media the way he did. Anyone who

would say such things about Jerry and the telethon deserves it.

Karen Ackley  
Danville, Illinois

I don't read your magazine on a regular basis, but I doubt that I'll ever read it again. Never in my life have I been as offended as I am by *The Telethon*. What right does Stanley Elkin have to pick on a man who has devoted half of his life to helping "his kids" and finding a cure for muscular dystrophy?

Belinda DeVaney  
Auburn, Washington

I have read *The Telethon*, by Stanley Elkin, and find it a useless attack on Jerry Lewis and the Muscular Dystrophy Association. I do realize that this article is classified as fiction, but it still should not have been allowed in such a creditable magazine as *PLAYBOY*.

Martin E. Gibson  
Kewanee, Illinois

When asked to respond, Elkin told us that the piece in question is fiction, taken from a novel. He said it is not about Jerry Lewis and not about muscular dystrophy or "Jerry's kids." He also told us that he has already sent in his pledge.

#### MONOLITHIC SEQUEL

Congratulations to Arthur C. Clarke and to *PLAYBOY* on September's excellent *2010: Odyssey Two*. I have often wondered if Clarke would write a sequel to his immortal *2001* and have now been well rewarded for the long wait.

Erwin Spooner, Jr.  
Prospect, Maine

#### TALL TAILS

I am sure that none of these Playboy "Bunnies" would be desired as Playmates, but we in Third Central of Wesley Hall dorm felt that dressing up as your famous Bunnies would be our best bet to win the annual Halloween costume contest. Needless to say, we did! I am the one in the middle row with the good tan and the lousy make-up job.

A. D. Gordon  
Albion College  
Albion, Michigan

Being a Bunny is no piece of cheese-cake, and here you are making light of



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*Five gold rings*



*Six geese a-laying*



*Seven swans a-swimming*



*Eight maids a-milking*



*Nine ladies dancing*



*Ten lords a-leaping*



*Eleven pipers piping*



*Twelve drummers drumming*

What people gave before there was Chivas Regal.

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## DRESS FOR SUCCESS

Fashion model Jerry Hall—a long, tall Texan—currently resides with Mick Jagger. Hall recounted this fashion tip in a recent interview: “When the show is over, we usually go out to dinner with friends. Then we go home, and I climb into my black suspender belt and get into bed with Mick.”

We suspect that Pomona radio station KLIT-AM has those particular call letters because it's so difficult to find on the dial.

The *Birmingham Post-Herald* modified some earlier published information in a small piece titled “Corrections and Clarifications.”

## BEATING OFF

Here's Allen Ginsberg reflecting on the Beat Generation of the Fifties: “Who were we? A bunch of dopes sitting around trying to figure out where we were. Everybody else was a bunch of dopes, too, but they didn't know.” Someone revoke his poetic license.

The *Muncie Star* reported that Reggie Jackson “slapped a two-run pinch-hit double with one nut. . . .” The question remains whether or not he would have hit a homer if he had used two.

Our headline of the month comes from the *Anchorage Daily News*: “MARIJUANA FINE DROPPED TO \$100 BY JOINT PANEL.”

## DRIP, DRIP, DRIP

Now we know why they call it the nighttime cough syrup. The results of a study conducted at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia indicate that Robitussin and other cough medications may be effective in treating infertility. Dr. Jerome H. Check, an assistant obstet-

rics professor, credits the breakthrough to guaifenesin, an ingredient found in cough syrup. According to Dr. Check, guaifenesin thins the mucus in nasal passages and makes it easier for the patient to cough. Of the 40 infertile women who took Robitussin or guaifenesin capsules as part of Check's study, 15 became pregnant. The professor reasons that thinned mucus around the cervix clears the area for a sperm swim-off.

“A fair number of women are going to get pregnant just on Robitussin alone,” says an enthusiastic Check.

Or, at least—in combination with well-researched fertilizing methods—they may get a good night's rest.

## THE EYES HAVE IT

“It's the perfect gift for the recession,” says would-be tycoon William Ricktor of Ketchum, Idaho. Ricktor is talking about his latest innovation: boxes of gift-wrapped potatoes. “It's sort of like a Pet



Rock, except you can eat it,” he explains. Ricktor started his Awesome Potatoes mail-order business last May. He charges \$9.95, plus shipping, for a four-potato collection cradled in wood chips and housed in a mahogany-veneered box. At this point, he says business is coming along “very, very well,” with his tiny firm shipping 400 orders a month. Ricktor has yet to attract the Perrier-and-pâté crowd, however. Perhaps wrapping French fries might do it.

## WELL HUNG

A couple of years ago, Texan Jerry Lee Tommie got what you might call a bad hangover. After dressing in his wife's wig, bra, nightgown and panties, he slipped a nylon-rope noose around his neck, looped the end over the bedroom door and tied it to the knob on the other side. Why? He hoped to heighten the pleasure of masturbation. Instead, he hanged himself.

Although the insurance company claimed that the death was self-inflicted, the Texas Supreme Court recently upheld a lower court's ruling giving Tommie's wife and mother the contested \$120,000 life-insurance money on the grounds that Tommie had been “a well-adjusted, happy individual who was looking forward to the future. . . .”

## NYAH, NYAH, INC.

Are you a spurned lover? An angry spouse? An average guy who hates his relatives? If you live near Medford, Massachusetts, for \$20 to \$50, you can do something about it. Just call Paula Keefe, 26, of The Bitter Bouquet—a company dedicated to sending out the very worst to people you like the very least. “We tried to come up with the things people send on good occasions and then find something else,” she says. “Instead of sending someone a basket of fruit, we send lemons.” So far, happy

customers have sent squashed chocolates to their moms for Mother's Day, deflated balloons to hated people on their birthdays and bouquets of dead flowers to those really special someones. Paula and her partners, Neal Barkon and Joan Auspitz, are not resting on their laurels, either. They're expanding their line to include sour grapes, half-empty bottles of flat champagne, Geritol and packages of peach and plum pits.

#### EYES OF THE LAW

What *do* they mean by deliberations, anyway? The U.S. Supreme Court recently received as part of Court records the films and magazines ruled obscene in the trial of two Idaho adult-bookstore owners. When the appeal was dismissed and the material was returned, five films and four magazines were missing. In response to queries about the evidence, the Court clerk wrote to Idaho authorities that "the missing exhibits have not been recovered, and we cannot account for them. Please accept my apologies." Sure, they will.

#### SVEN SUSHI

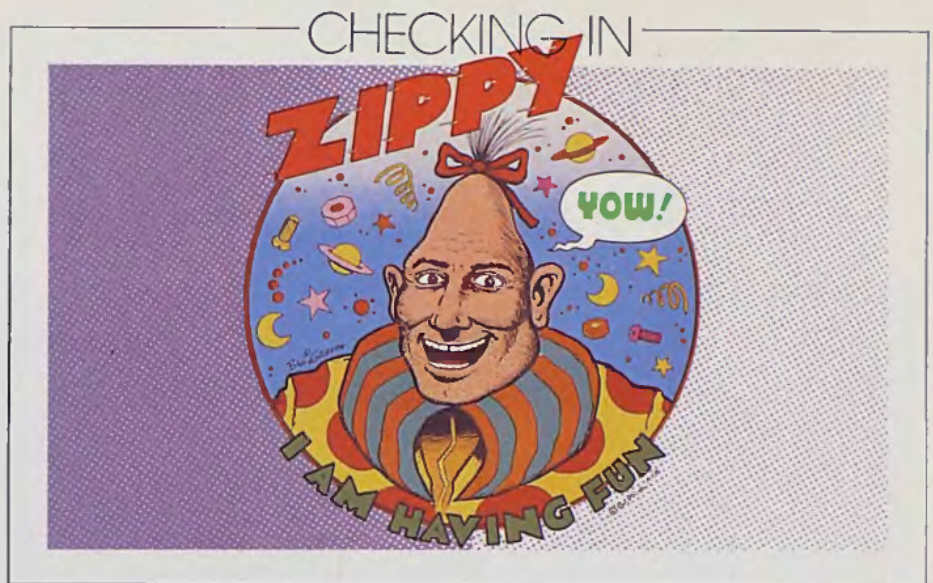
Guess it pays to diversify. A sign in the Sarashina Japanese restaurant in Los Angeles reads, YES, WE HAVE OLIE'S OLD-FASHIONED SWEDISH PANCAKES FOR BREAKFAST. Wonder what the customers have.

Thank heavens, they've finally found a cure. Dr. Elliot Rapaport of San Francisco contributed the article "Prevention of Recurrent Sudden Death" to a recent issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine*. And we thought the *first* dose was a killer.

#### LAVENDER PANTHERS

Los Angeles, which stole a football team from the San Francisco Bay Area, has now also stolen some of the Northerners' homosexually progressive thunder. Indeed, the first senior-citizens' gay-and-lesbian center in the nation has just opened in an L.A. apartment complex. And the Project Rainbow center got off with, well, a bang. Along with the president of L.A.'s city council, several hundred gay activists, doddering homosexuals and the like, Christine Jorgensen helped celebrate the center's coming out.

Project Rainbow will serve as an information center and referral service and will also sponsor luncheons, dinners, lectures, courses on self-defense and economic survival, card parties and field trips for the aged gays and lesbians. There will also be discussion groups on topics such as "Why am I a homosexual?" for those who haven't figured it out after seven decades, and "What is it like to be a homosexual at the age of 75?"



When author Nigey ("Mark Twain in California") Lennon apprehended underground cartoonist Bill Griffith, he was switching from the Chateau Marmont bungalow in which John Belushi had breathed his last to another room in that Hollywood hotel. Although he cocreated the infamous "Young Lust" comic series in the early Seventies, Griffith is best known for his comic-strip character Zippy the Pinhead, a lovable male microcephalic whose favorite expression is "Yow! I am having fun!" and whose culinary tastes run to Ding Dongs with taco sauce. Lennon describes their meeting: "Griffith, a good-natured introvert who looks nothing like his pinhead protégé, poured himself a Hennessy on the rocks, turned down the volume of the Sergeant Bilko episode on his video recorder and lay down on the sofa without removing his tennis shoes."

PLAYBOY: You once mentioned that you'd like to see *Zippy Stories* in the philosophy section of bookstores. What message does Zippy have for alienated modern man?

GRIFFITH: Zippy says, "Build a fur-lined fallout shelter and don't worry—alienation is just another lifestyle." He also believes that when you're contemplating the meaning of existence in a bar at two A.M., you could be having more fun with a jar of petroleum jelly, three drum majorettes and Tony Randall.

PLAYBOY: If Zippy went shopping on Rodeo Drive, what would he buy?

GRIFFITH: A jar of petroleum jelly, three drum majorettes and Tony Randall.

PLAYBOY: How much of Zippy is you?

GRIFFITH: It would be pointless to deny that Zippy is me, but the thought scares me sometimes. Does my brain really operate like a TV set on remote control, switching from one channel to the next every 15 seconds? Am I a pinhead? When I sit down to do Zippy strips, it feels as though Zippy were telling me what to do. The more I give in to his voice, the better the strip comes out. The trick is to stop listening just before I go shopping at Safeway. Otherwise, I'd come home with six dozen Ding Dongs and an industrial drum filled with *taco* sauce.

PLAYBOY: Why is Zippy such a big phenomenon in Europe?

GRIFFITH: It could be the Jerry Lewis syndrome. Europeans like to think of America as a land inhabited by uncivilized weirdos—but weirdos with style, such as cowboys and movie stars and rock musi-

cians. Zippy probably confirms their vision of a junk-food-obsessed, short-circuited, oblivious modern American. He also translates well into Czechoslovak.

PLAYBOY: What plans do you have for expanding the Zippy empire?

GRIFFITH: I'd like very much to do a live-action Zippy movie someday, with Liberace putting in a cameo appearance as Zippy's father. I'm also working with some musician friends on a Zippy party record tentatively titled *Chubby Checker Owns My Building!* Then there are T-shirts, rubber stamps, buttons, calendars—stuff like that. I'm in love with pop-culture artifacts. They say a lot more about America than Henry Kissinger or the space shuttle. I want to do all this merchandising before I become rich or famous. That way, I won't be corrupted by ambition. Have I sold out yet?

PLAYBOY: Describe Zippy's sex life.

GRIFFITH: Zippy prefers cranial to genital activity. Every two weeks or so, he enjoys mentally covering Tuesday Weld with Fluff and Wheat Thins.

PLAYBOY: Did you have an unusually bizarre childhood?

GRIFFITH: Everyone who grew up in Levittown, Long Island, had an unusually bizarre childhood. I was trapped inside a *Leave It to Beaver* episode until I was 17 years old. Jeez, I might have become a plastic-seat-cover salesman! My father was a career Army man who taught at a military academy, and my mother wrote science fiction on the side. I thought I was Jackson Pollock, Jr., until I discovered



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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.

# THE FUTURE'S SCIENCE FICTION

hollywood keeps its options open

Hollywood often runs itself into the ground, taking us with it. Just how far will science-fiction-movie premises be stretched? How many sequels will be sequeled? Dave Yuzo Spector made a survey of the screenplays currently making the studio rounds and tells us more than we want to know about them.

**Star Trek: The Wrath of Cohen**—Humanoid Audrey Cohen seeks damages against the commander of the U.S.S. Enterprise in the Federation Court after he beams her out of his life. Cohen claims she was responsible for his many promotions and diligently "took care of" the captain's log.

**E.T. Meets Mr. T**—The lovable alien has his first run-in with a bad-news Earthling. E.T. learns words that aren't on his Speak & Spell and befriends the boxer after he memorizes "E.T., phone for ribs."

**TRON Goes Hawaiian**—Exhausted from battling his way out of a vicious computer circuit, our hero gives his floppy disk a breather and takes a vacation. TRON swings back into action when he's hired to miniaturize himself and find evidence of life in Don Ho.

**Cheech and Chong's Up in Space**—The comic duo visit far reaches of the universe and come in contact with a beautiful supernova, a spectacular meteor shower and an entrancing family of space creatures—without ever leaving their van.

**My Dinner with Android**—A lonely intellectual in the year 1995 invites an android he designed years before to go out on the town and talk over old times. The friendship blows a fuse when the intellectual recalls that the robot was programmed never to pick up a check.

**On Golden Pod**—Aliens attempt to body-snatch Earthlings, but the mission fails when they attach their pods in the wrong location: a retirement community in Florida. More than 5000 senior citizens band together and successfully repel the invaders by boring them to death with talk of their operations.

**Poultry Heist**—An average family in Los Angeles is tormented when its

pet capon mysteriously vanishes into the microwave oven. A psychic cousin of Julia Child's discovers that the house rests on the former site of a perverted chick-sexing ranch and that the chicks' ghosts are seeking revenge.

**Road-Company Warriors**—An evil planet threatens Earth, and it's up to the U.S. to come to the rescue. When military leaders can't agree on a course of action, President Reagan sends a touring company of *Annie* in the interest of intergalactic good will. The planet signs a peace accord upon hearing the number *Tomorrow*.

**The Thing and I**—The romantic musical is updated for today's Friday-night drive-in crowd. Although picturesque Siam is now terrorized by the Thing, many of the memorable melodies, such as *Shall We Dance?* (Or *Are You Just Going to Slither Around All Day?*), are left intact.

**Pocket-Blade Runner**—Harrison Ford stars as the eighth successor to the Popeil gadget fortune. He invents and markets a \$9.95 device that not only tracks down defective robots but can slice, dice, chop, peel, grate, mince and purée whatever vegetables are left on earth.

**Star Malls**—In a joint venture, JC Penney and Hickory Farms of Ohio construct the first orbiting shopping center. Faulty gravity control ruins the opening-day festivities when shoppers are blinded by a sea of floating cheese balls and beef jerky.

**Godzilla Versus David Begelman**—The notorious Japanese monster comes out of retirement to make a movie for the embattled film executive. When Godzilla discovers that Begelman is keeping a second set of books, he lowers his tail onto the Columbia studio complex, which is later renamed the International House of Pancakes.

Superboy comics. I guess the survivor's response to suburbia is to make fun of it. **PLAYBOY:** Care to tell us about your first sexual experience?

**GRIFFITH:** I've never told anyone this before, but I had my first sexual experience at the age of seven, when I fell madly in love with a certain tree in my back yard. I would climb to the top and then slide down with my skinny little legs wrapped tightly around the trunk. I didn't associate sex with girls until the tenth grade. Even then, before I asked them out, I'd always check out their back yards first.

**PLAYBOY:** With whom—and with what equipment—would you like to be marooned on a desert island?

**GRIFFITH:** I'd like to be marooned on a desert island with Phil Silvers, a Betamax and every Sergeant Bilko episode from 1955 to 1959.

**PLAYBOY:** As a master architect of altered states of consciousness, how do you feel about recreational drug use?

**GRIFFITH:** My idea of a consciousness-altering experience would be to achieve a state of permanent room service at The Beverly Hilton. But if anyone else wants to drive past the legal speed limit in his Winnebago, who am I to judge?

**PLAYBOY:** What do you feel was the single most important sociocultural development of the Sixties?

**GRIFFITH:** It would be a tossup between the network cancellation of *My Mother the Car* and the invention of the hully gully. Whenever I think of the Sixties, I remember narrow lapels, beehives, abstract expressionism, robots, go-go boots. Actually, I showed up at the first Human Be-In in San Francisco in 1967 wearing a shiny blue suit and cordovan wing tips. Underground comics were originally the required reading matter of the counter-culture, and I was part of the whole phenomenon. But it always seemed like something we'd all grow out of. I feel indebted to that late-Sixties insanity, though. It let me be a crazy cartoonist and I didn't have to sell plastic seat covers.

**PLAYBOY:** If you could watch only one TV program a month, what would it be?

**GRIFFITH:** *The Honeymooners* would be my choice, I guess. There aren't many episodes on film, so you could probably absorb them all into your memory cells; and eventually, Ed Norton's voice would trigger a form of religious ecstasy inside you. Also, you get to see Norton's apartment in detail in only one show, so the thrill of that moment isn't dulled by overexposure. The contrast between his garish charge-account taste and the bleakness of Ralph and Alice's kitchen sends chills down my curved spine.

**PLAYBOY:** What annoys you more than anything else?

**GRIFFITH:** The fact that I'll probably have to do my own laundry for the rest of my life.



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The winged headdress on the "Hermes Head" stamp of Greece.

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# DIVERSIONS

The best video-game play is still in arcades, but that may change in the next few years. Home video is coming of age, becoming sophisticated faster than a Tom Robbins character in a Harold Robbins novel. The master tech builders are gearing up for an assault on your wallet, and there's more going on than you can shake a joy stick at.

Atari's VCS (Video Computer System) and Mattel's Intellivision are still the monsters of the home-game midway. Atari led the field early with great (for that time) graphics and a slew of game cartridges. Its VCS (selling for about \$150) vied with *Laverne and Shirley* for the pixels on thousands of TV screens.

Atari still offers more games than anyone else, but now those graphics don't look as hot and other people are selling more-exciting games. To counter those doldrums, Atari's new 5200, similar to an Atari 800-series computer with the video-game components intact, will soon be everywhere. A California-based company called Arcadia has begun hustling a new product called the Supercharger. Hook one into any Atari VCS and it soups the thing up, allowing you to play seven new Arcadia games. And in what seems a fit of miscegenation, Mattel Electronics is marketing its M Network. A solid step forward in VCS graphics, it enhances the resolution of your Atari and makes it compatible with a burgeoning library of new Mattel cartridges. So the VCS ain't D.O.A. yet.

Mattel's own Intellivision, George Plimpton's favorite, provides many passable sports games and fine visuals for about \$260. A new IntelliVoice module (sold separately) adds authentic-sounding vocals to the Mattel graphics, which across the board put Atari's to shame.

Odyssey<sup>2</sup> is out there with dozens of cartridges and a voice box as well. The Odyssey games aren't a challenge for the hair-trigger arcade fanatic (like me), but younger kids like the games—particularly a Donkey Kong clone called Pick Ax Pete—and the fact that they can program their own instructions into some of the games and learning modules.

Commodore's VIC-20 is a microcomputer as well as a video-game system. It has a low price tag (less than \$300), good graphics, a full keyboard with one (and only one) joy stick and the best home version of Pac-Man yet. Its game software is limited; but if you're looking for a small computer with video games as an added attraction, you can't do better than the VIC-20.

Now for the news: Two brand-new systems, hot off the press kits, deserve the attention of anyone who's in the market for interplanetary thrills.

Coleco, a little surprised by the success



"They're here"—with a vengeance.

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Video games come home  
for the holidays—here are the  
best and the brightest.

---

of its hand-held Pac-Man, has introduced its spectacular ColecoVision. The visuals are excellent, even beautiful, in games that range from Zaxxon to Smurf Rescue. The system includes a Donkey Kong cartridge that's practically as good as the arcade gorilla game. ColecoVision goes for slightly less than \$200. Most of its games are both attractive and exciting, the sound system is fun, the sports games are very good and the whole shebang is easily expandable with various accessories. There still aren't many video cartridges designed for small children, but Smurf Rescue is the cutest kids' game ever.

In the face of all that, it may be quibbling to say that the Coleco controls are a touch unresponsive. Or that Smurf Rescue, which is sure to be a huge seller, is *too hard* at the toughest skill level (any kids' game I can't master in a week of trying is too hard). And how come the planet's surface in Cosmic Avenger looks like Six Flags over Neptune? Alien worlds should look forbidding, not like someplace you get your weight guessed. But those are all small digs at a great debut by ColecoVision.

The next big poltergeist to come bopping into your neighborhood is General Consumer Electronics' Vectrex. It actually lives up to its billing as the one that "brings real arcade play home."

Vectrex is a programmable package that comes with its own nine-inch monitor. Advertised at around \$200, it boasts

the first-ever vector-graphics screen for home use. Color-television screens operate with raster scan, the process of lighting up zillions of tiny color dots to create images. Vector graphics, on the other hand, uses thin black-and-white line drawings to form clear, brilliant geometric shapes that can give the illusion of three-dimensionality. The arcade game Asteroids is the most popular example of vector graphics; Vectrex games look a lot like Asteroids.

The major vector-graphics drawback is that it can't produce color images, though we'll eventually see video games that combine the two styles. For those who get the hue downs and lose concentration without color, G.C.E. has equipped its system with a set of plastic slides that fit over the screen.

Standing near the G.C.E. display at last June's Consumer Electronics Show in Chicago, I overheard a competing company's rep sneer at Vectrex, "All this proves is that they haven't got color capability." He was right. But an even more distracting problem than the lack of color—which you'll get used to—is the simplicity of the shapes that vector graphics can create. It's hard to believe that that thing on the planet's surface in Scramble is an alien fuel repository when it looks more (exactly, in fact) like a box with an X through it.

Still, most of the Vectrex games are set in space, where six lines can represent a pretty fierce-looking Klingon cruiser. The action in these games is superior to that in any of the TV-dependent systems. The visuals are adequate, even starkly compelling at times; the joy stick and the four-button controls are extraordinarily sensitive; and the music is by turns challenging and inspiring.

Mine Storm, an unabashed imitation of Asteroids, is programmed into the Vectrex monitor. As a freebie, it's incomparable—tougher in some ways than Asteroids (not Asteroids Deluxe; nothing is tougher than that). The game presents plenty of mean mines, a devilish triangle that rushes out near the end of a rack and a mess of heat-seeking quasi-stellar things that'll make you wish you were a reptile. Remember Asteroids strategy: You've gotta fly or you'll never beat Mine Storm.

Vectrex is fast, challenging and stimulating, thanks to G.C.E.'s having liberated home video from the television set. Give it at least a test fly before you buy. The choice you finally make from among all of these games will depend largely on your personality and on what gets you off. Some of that decision will boil down to whether you want action or good looks—every former high school boy can identify with that. —KEVIN COOK

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**HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS:** 'Tis the season to be giving, and we've got some suggestions for holiday buying to please your whole list. We always like to start by acknowledging the fiction excerpted in *PLAYBOY* during the past year. Three novels in particular would make fine gifts: *Space* (Random House), by James Michener; *2010: Odyssey Two* (Del Rey), by Arthur C. Clarke; and Stanley Elkin's *George Mills* (Dutton).

Traditionally, we devote a paragraph to the special coffee-table books published by Harry N. Abrams. This year is bountiful. Photographer Reinhard Künkel has stalked elephants with his camera for years, and his book, *Elephants*, allows us close-range inspection. *Hopi: The Eagle's Cry*, by Susanne and Jake Page, is the first major photo book on the Hopi traditions (the tribe has always guarded its privacy). It's a magical inside look. And, finally, *Secrets of the Gnomes*, by Rien Poortvliet and Wil Huygen, presents the further adventures of the captivating little creatures.

We have a raft of photo books, from the whimsical to the sublime, to recommend. They include *Show Windows: 75 Years of the Art of Display* (Congdon & Weed), by Barry James Wood, a social history of the wonders of window display; Bernard Faucon's *Summer Camp* (Xavier Moreau), a collection of photos in which old-fashioned department-store dummies observe the rites of childhood. It's odd and utterly charming. Another Moreau book, *Big Nudes*, by Helmut Newton, includes only black-and-whites. You can color them in your fantasies. One of our two favorites is *Man Ray Photographs* (Thames and Hudson), which was

prepared for publication in conjunction with a major exhibit at the Pompidou Center in Paris in 1981. Man Ray said, "I would photograph an idea rather than an object and a dream rather than an idea." That gives you some idea of how unusual his images are. The other find, *Brassai: The Artists of My Life* (Viking Studio), shares with the reader Brassai's photos of Braque, Dali, Dufy, Miró, Picasso, Matisse and Rouault, among others.

Another Viking Studio book worth noting, *Advertising: Reflections of a Century*, by Bryan Holme, is a collection of ads, posters and magazine covers dating from the late 19th Century to the present. The reader can go from the ads of Toulouse-Lautrec to Woody Allen promoting Smirnoff vodka. Who could ask for anything more? Sierra Club Books, as you would expect, has got *the* mountain book, *Mountains of North America*, by Fred Beckey, with images by 58 nature photographers. It's enough to make even an armchair traveler want to climb.

*The Office Book: Ideas and Designs for Contemporary Work Spaces* (Facts on File), by Judy Graf Klein, is useful as well as attractive. First, you can learn about the history of office design, and then you can go downtown and put your ideas to work.

We have three unusual cookbooks to recommend this year. The *ABC Monday Night Football Cookbook and Restaurant Guide* (Chilton), by ABC cameramen Andy Armentani and Gary Donatelli, includes recipes from the teams' favorite restaurants in 27 National Football League cities; *The Farmers Market Cookbook* (Harvard Common Press), by Fran Jurga Garvan, is a collection of seasonal rec-

ipes, buying tips, consumer info and even a dissertation on roast pig; and *Comida Sabrosa: Home-Style Southwestern Cooking* (University of New Mexico Press), by Irene Barraza Sanchez and Gloria Sanchez Yund, will help you make *chili con queso* the right way at home.

Finally, three books that defy categorizing. First, *Foyer Pleasure: The Golden Age of Cinema Lobby Cards* (Arum Press), by John Kobal and V. A. Wilson. Lobby cards were a form of movie advertising to lure the moviegoing public into theaters. They were designed by such notable American illustrators as Petty, Vargas and Rockwell. The book has 70 full-color reproductions close to actual size. Second, *Zany Afternoons* (Knopf), by Bruce McCall. We don't know how to prepare you for the real McCall, artist and wit. The publicity release calls the book "great moments from the Golden Age of Play." You'll have to see it for yourself. Last, but never least, a recent book of nudes by Jeff Dunas, *Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle!* (Melrose/Grove Press), celebrates young women—something we've been known to do ourselves. Happy holidays and good reading to all.

What do you do with a guy who kills off his main character in the middle of his book and then goes on with the story? That much is a surprise, but Bill Granger, in *The Shattered Eye* (Crown), deals in the staples of the genre—spies pursuing spies and East and West tinkering with each other's war-game computers. Granger is less detailed and subtle than Le Carré, and a good deal bloodier; otherwise, he's in the same gruesome game.

Donald E. Westlake tends to take a given literary form and turn it inside out. He's best known for his comic crime novels—*The Fugitive Pigeon*, *God Save the Mark*—and his comic caper novels, the latter featuring the world's most unlucky burglar, John Dortmunder. In *Why Me* (Viking), Dortmunder pulls off the score of the century: He steals the priceless Byzantine Fire, only to discover that he can't even give the rock away. He then finds himself the target of several ethnic terrorist groups and the victim of several strange phone-answering devices. In all, a silly, wonderful read.

The field of television criticism isn't overburdened with talent, but one of the best of the breed is Tom Shales of *The Washington Post*. In his collection, *On the Air!* (Summit), there are pieces that hold up well (reviewing the first episode of *Happy Days*, he recommends a minor



character named Fonzie), a few that seem dated (such as an essay picking apart long-departed commercials) and, most of all, a fresh and funny sensibility that not only likes the tube but sees in it a wonderful cure for loneliness.

Mix the young good ol' boys from Okalie with the young good ol' boys from neighboring Copperas Cove—including coach and sheriff A. A. Game and lusty Judge Hannibal Duce—and an annual central-Texas-style football game, and there's bound to be trouble. Escalating trouble. In *Blind Man's Bluff* (Imperial Palm Press), Michael Adams handles it all with style, wit and increasing doses of terror as the situation slowly gets out of hand in this highly readable, very clever book. Not many people in or out of Texas have ever heard of the Imperial Palm Press, but it's found an excellent regional writer in Adams.

#### BOOK BAG

*The Rites of Spring* (Priam/Arbor House), by Bruce Jacobsen and Rollin Riggs: Good advice on how to get what you're looking for during spring break in Florida. These guys have been there.

*The Talk Show Book* (Facts on File), by Richard and Deanne Mincer: A kind of meta-self-help. How to negotiate your way to TV; also, how to hold your own with Phil, Johnny, Merv, Bryant and the rest of the folks who do our talking for us.

*Thinking About the Next War* (Knopf), by Thomas Powers: Smart essays, originally published in *Commonweal*, that make us confront the unthinkable.

*This Quiet Dust* (Random House), by William Styron: A first collection of nonfiction from one of our best. A sensible reaction to the furor over his *Nat Turner*; his assessment of other writers; the 1968 Chicago Democratic Convention. Lots of pleasures here.

*Last Stands: Notes from Memory* (Godine), by Hilary Masters: The son of poet Edgar Lee Masters has written an affecting—though affected—memoir of the creator of *Spoon River*. The most interesting character turns out to be not curmudgeon Edgar Lee but his wife.

*A Better World* (Simon & Schuster), by William L. O'Neill: A hard-nosed and clearheaded study of liberals in America; their decline and fall, due to their blind acceptance of Russia as a model society; and the prospects for more rational progressive thought in the future.

*Fingerprint* (Random House), by John Sack: Subtitled "The Autobiography of an American Man," this is a bright, offbeat satire of our culture, focusing on such topics as boy-scout camp, Vietnam, air disasters and efficiency experts.

*There's a race of men that don't fit in,  
A race that can't stay still;  
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,  
And they roam the world at will.*

Robert Service  
*The Men That Don't Fit In*



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## ROCK 'N' ROLL AND MISTLETOE:

About this time of year, the record companies start grinding out slab after slab of greatest-hits anthologies and everyone short of Benji brings out a Christmas-carol album. We looked around for a few of the more imaginative offerings—and not just those on records—available this season.

If you're really hummed out that Benji hasn't recorded, you may want to take a look at a new line of greeting cards called *Musigrams*, available at record stores and card shops for \$2.50. Each Christmas card includes a 33-rpm sound sheet of a Christmas song performed by a class act: Fred Astaire sings *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*; Willie Nelson sings *Blue Christmas*. But best of all, the Canine Chorus barks *Jingle Bells*, while the Tabbyncle Choir meows *Deck the Halls*. The only thing that could beat that is Bob Seger's original yule ballad, *Sock It to Me Santa*, recorded in the Sixties and now available on *Detroit Nuggets* (Radio-Active). Don't tell Bob we sent you.

This year's top stocking stuffer comes to you courtesy of Tom Scholz, who earned a master's from MIT and was a designer for Polaroid before he *really*

made it as the leader of Boston. Now he has invented *The Rockman*, a for-your-ears-only guitar amplifier that is every garage band's dream. Instead of speakers, *The Rockman* utilizes a headset and reproduces almost any kind of distortion you might wish upon a note. It retails for about \$250 wherever electric guitars are sold.

If you want a gift with historic merit, put out for a couple of Who concert tickets. The band's now starting the

second half of its American farewell tour before heading back to Europe, presumably to take brandy at the Royal Geographical Society and talk over the rock wars. You'll find more on that in *The Who: Maximum R&B* (St. Martin's), by Richard Barnes, the authorized biography packed with photos and a flexidisc of *My Generation* and *Pinball Wizard*.

Or how about a reissue of the largest-selling rock book ever published? *Rock Dreams* (Knopf), the volume of Guy Peellaert's paintings of imagined private moments in the lives of rock's greats, with text by Nik Cohn, has been repackaged with a touching new introduction by novelist Michael (Dispatches) Herr.

Something worth having is Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab's *The Beatles/The Collection*, the 14-record (remastered at half speed) anthology of every Beatles album as it was originally released in England. For \$325, the set includes a book of album-cover artwork and a snazzy black case with brass hinges. If your record store doesn't have it, it can order it.

Of course, not everyone celebrates the holidays in the same fashion. For those pals whose idea of festivity is dyeing their Mohawks green and bleeding, *Sic F\*cks* (Soz Yamuda), the first album by the notorious group of the same name, includes such wonderful holiday hits as *Insects Rule My World*, *Rock or Die* and *Spanish Bar Mitzvah*. Now, that's one way to finish off the holidays.

## REVIEWS

*Hooked on Swing* (RCA), a catchy, discofied medley of big-band hits by Larry Elgart and His Manhattan Swing Orchestra, caught on this year. If you're now ready to sample *real* swing, here's a short but essential guide to the recordings that made the Big War so much fun. All records mentioned here are in print.

*This Is Artie Shaw* (RCA). Exciting,

## TRUST US



At right, note Alice Cooper's new impression of Talking Head David Byrne. Unfortunately, that's where the resemblance ends. As a matter of fact, we preferred Alice's previous incarnation as the Mikado.



### HOT

1. Dire Straits / *Love over Gold*
2. Jack Mack and the Heart Attack / *Cardiac Party*
3. *The Adventures of Johnny Cash*
4. Arthur Blythe / *Elaborations*
5. The Who / *It's Hard*

### NOT

1. Alice Cooper / *Zipper Catches Skin*
2. Judi Scott / *Aerobic Dancing for the Family*
3. André Cymone / *Livin' in the New Wave*
4. The Osmond Brothers
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innovative swing featuring an early guest appearance by Billie Holiday and the definitive version of *Star Dust*.

**This Is Duke Ellington** (RCA). Everyone loves the Duke. And this collection contains most of the tunes (*Take the "A" Train*, *Sophisticated Lady*, et al.) Duke lovers love best.

**This Is Tommy Dorsey** (RCA). He began his career in the Twenties, playing Chicago-style jazz. This covers his swing period, featuring Buddy Rich, Jo Stafford and a skinny Italian kid from Hoboken.

**The Complete Charlie Barnet** (RCA Bluebird). The original white Duke (Ellington, that is), who bridged the gap from swing to bop. RCA has reissued four two-record sets. We recommend them all.

**The Best of Count Basie** (MCA). This album samples the Forties output of what many consider the swingiest of all the big bands. If you're interested in Basie's earlier work (featuring Lester Young), try *Super Chief* (Columbia).

**Glenn Miller—A Memorial** (RCA). These are the scratchy 78s your parents had (*Chattanooga Choo Choo*, *In the Mood*, et al.), only without the scratch and on 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ . For obsessional types, RCA's Bluebird series is complete with 300 cuts in nine two-record sets.

**Benny Goodman—Legendary Performer** (RCA). Most of the early white big bands pilfered the black sound. Goodman not only employed a black arranger (Fletcher Henderson), he put black players (Teddy Wilson and Lionel Hampton) on the *bandstand!* That's probably why these famous recordings still sound so good today.

Sweet, thick clouds of burnt ganja form a face above the crowd. Yes, mon, it's Marley's ghost come to haunt the music of *Reggae Sunsplash '81*, a *Tribute to Bob Marley* (Elektra). The two-album reggae sampler recorded live at Montego Bay includes strong cuts by the best bands in reggae: Third World, Steel Pulse, Black Uhuru and on and on. Like they say in Jamaica: No problem.

It is an unimportant sexist truth that classical guitarist Liona Boyd is appreciably better looking than Andrés Segovia, Julian Bream and John Williams. What is important is that she can play her instrument. If you place the cover of *A Guitar for Christmas* (CBS) face down to avoid distraction and simply listen to her—the songs are traditional and the orchestral support is understated—you'll succumb to her gentle, warm style. Then, when the music ends, turn over the jacket and double your pleasure.

Pop musicians can make careers turning sugary sentiment into something even worse, such as glucose. If you listen to Air Supply, for instance, you're

## FAST TRACKS



**THE LONG—AND THE SHORT—OF IT DEPARTMENT:** Once upon a time, there was a music-production company, Midget Delight, Inc., that created a new sound called fantasy rock. It launched a band, which it named David James and Neverland, and started to get some media attention. The man behind that shrewd PR is none other than multitalented Hervé (*Fantasy Island*) Villechaize, who says in his next life he'd like to come back as a musician. But, then, so would Barry Manilow.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** Keep your eye out for the NBC-TV movie *Living Proof*, starring Richard Thomas as Hank Williams, Jr. The film traces the singer's life in the shadow of his father's legend, his near-fatal fall from Ajax Mountain, his recovery and his new musical success. In all, an inspiring bit of business. . . . James Brown will be reunited with Dan Aykroyd in the movie *Dr. Detroit*. . . . Twentieth Century-Fox has taped one of the concerts on *The Who's* farewell tour for TV and home video. . . . *Dancing the Night Away Department:* The Stones and Hal Ashby are requesting room for dancing in any theater where *Time Is on Our Side* plays. . . . Devo, The Cars, The Police, Oingo Boingo and Blondie have all contributed songs to the sound track of a fairly sleazy-sounding movie, *The Last American Virgin*. Why? Says Billy Gerber, manager of Devo, "It's good business." . . . Rick Springfield says he has yet another movie—a police story called *Tango Palace*—in the works, and rumor has it that Diana Ross may get involved with the project.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Did Bill Graham pay up? We heard he was offering \$1750 for a map of Europe. Not just any map, mind you, but the map used during the Stones' blitz of Europe. It was covered with personal messages from the band to Graham. . . . Jimmy Buffett, as we've told you, is winding down the touring and winding up the writing. He recently attended a conference at Ole Miss on the works of William Faulkner—to prepare for his

screenwriting debut, we'd guess. . . . Memphis State University gave B. B. King its fourth annual Distinguished Achievement Award, presented in memory of Elvis. Two previous recipients, Jerry Lee Lewis and Charlie Rich, joined King at the ceremony for a jam session. That's the college news for this month. . . . Another Paul McCartney album, this one of tunes recorded during the *Tug of War* sessions, is due out any day now. . . . Harry Nilsson's ten-year-old TV special, *The Point*, is going to Broadway with a bunch of Harry's songs.

**RANDOM RUMORS:** As we went to press, our two favorite stories in the unconfirmed category were the debate between Moon Zappa and G. Gordon Liddy on the subject of the national-defense budget (you wanna talk grody to the max?) and Andy Gibb's making time with Tanya Tucker. Totally awesome. . . . Bob Geldof is grateful to Pink Floyd for giving him a break in the movies, and, he says, "I think the Pink Floyd people are very nice, indeed; but I'm not a fan, and I'm sure they're not fans of the Rats, either." . . . Heart's airplane had some strange trouble on the way to the Dominican Republic's concert series *Concerts for the Americas*. The plane began to act weirdly over the Bermuda Triangle: Its outer windshield shattered and the autopilot went off. . . . And, on a really heavy note, Steven Spielberg had a gig with the Boston Symphony at Tanglewood; he played the chimes in *The 1812 Overture*.

—BARBARA NELLIS

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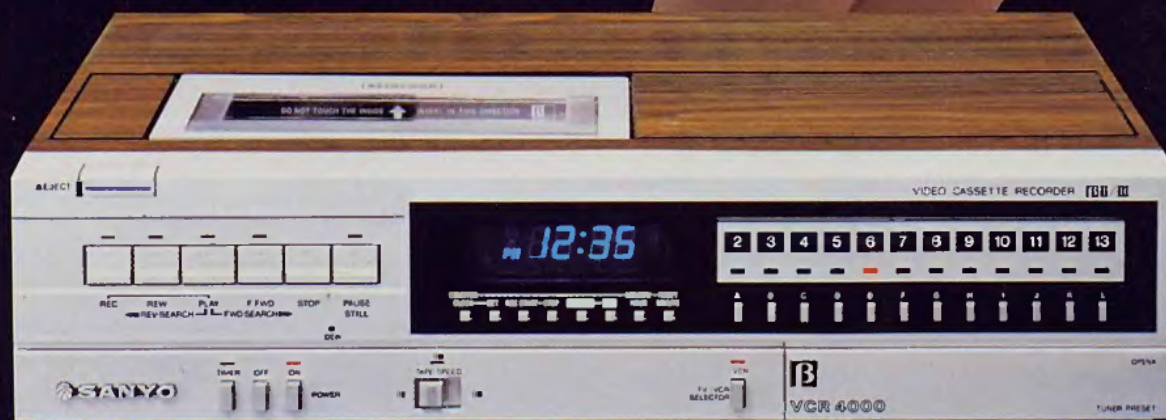


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already diabetic. Kenny Loggins does something different, and his is a small but significant genius. He digs basic emotion out of pop's lathery concerns, buffs it and presents it with such ingenuous sincerity that it looks like crystal. *High Adventure* (Columbia) is less an adventure than a stroll through the best kind of modern folk-rock, but it's as pleasant and vital as an Italian wedding. Don't skip over *Heartlight* to get to the hit songs—it's the best track on the album. Dedicated to the progressive Heartlight School in Canoga Park, California, and full of Loggins' candles, moonlight, rain and *faith*, it's about as smarmy as a song can get and just as inspiring. Maybe no one but Kenny could get away with this bucketful of sweetness and light.

Singer/string player Ricky Skaggs has been in the music business a good long time. He backed Flatt & Scruggs, The Stanley Brothers, The Country Gentlemen, J. D. Crowe and The New South and, finally, Emmylou Harris, meanwhile starting his own band in 1978. His second band's album, *Highways and Heartaches* (Epic), has just been released. Skaggs's style is not quite as mountain as, say, Roy Acuff's or quite as commercial as Willie Nelson's; he falls somewhere in between but is busily making the bridge between a nearly conventional bluegrass style (*Don't Let Your Sweet Love Die*) and a batch of modern, intentionally corny tunes that will have you whining and snuffling along in no time.

It is impossible to play *To the Unknown Man* (RCA), by Vangelis, without remembering that this is the guy who scored *Chariots of Fire*. The music comes off as propaganda. Somewhere in the layers of electronic pulses is the message: Get off your ass. Activities such as breaking the land-speed record, perfecting your tennis serve and retaking Poland seem like good ideas. If Hitler were around, he'd run out and buy this album.

#### SHORT CUTS

**Bananarama** (London): England's answer to The Go-Go's. Girls like these don't grow on trees.

**Earl Thomas Conley / Somewhere Between Right and Wrong** (RCA): Somewhere between Ray Charles and George Jones.

**Kim Carnes / Voyeur** (EMI America): Here's looking at you, Kim. Play it again.

**Kurtis Blow / Tough** (Mercury): This guy'll talk your ear off, but that's his job. Besides, how many raps can you dance to?

**Michael Stanley Band / MSB** (EMI America): More good stuff from one of America's most dependable groups.

**Tanya Tucker / Changes** (Arista): Her best work since *Delta Dawn*.

**Earl Scruggs & Tom T. Hall / The Storyteller and the Banjo Man** (Columbia): Two slick hick pickers click.

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# MOVIES

If there were a popularity contest to pick the most lovable screen character of the year, my prime candidate—running neck and neck with E.T., of course—would be *Gandhi* (Columbia). "This little brown man in the loincloth who led his country to freedom" is the subject of an engrossing, ennobling and grand biographical epic directed by England's Richard Attenborough. Assassinated in 1948, long before *ashram* and guru became buzz words for an entire generation, Mahatma Gandhi was a moral and spiritual giant among men, even among such illustrious world leaders as Roosevelt, Churchill and De Gaulle. Gandhi is portrayed with astonishing accuracy and inner light by a hitherto-little-known Anglo-Indian actor named Ben Kingsley, who makes the great exponent of nonviolent civil disobedience live again; his performance reminds us that we exist in an age hungry for heroes. That fact alone makes *Gandhi* an immensely moving saga.

Defying authority, hauled off to prison at regular intervals, sometimes fast-



Kingsley, superb as Gandhi.

Gandhi lives again in a triumphant film; Newman wins in *Verdict*; *Jinxed* trio terrific.



Mason vs. Newman in *Verdict*.

ing to the brink of death to force his will upon an imperfect world, Gandhi says quite simply to the British in India, "It is time you left"—and at last succeeds in throwing off the shackles of colonialism. This is capsule history and old-fashioned moviemaking as served up by Attenborough in the kind of flick that keeps chronological order by announcing the time and place every now and then: "Bombay, India—1915" or "Porbandar State, some years later." Don't let such signals worry you. All the big scenes work wonderfully, while the small ones restore human scale. The blazing intelligence of John Briley's screenplay, Kingsley's understated but unmistakable charisma and Attenborough's passionate conviction finally sweep away any residual doubt about *Gandhi* as a whole. The one weak link in a solid cast may be Candice Bergen, beautiful and earnest, if not 100



Wahl cuts such a deal with Bette.

percent persuasive, as the famed photojournalist Margaret Bourke-White. Rohini Hattangady, as Gandhi's wife, is marvelous in the impressive company of tough opponents and loyal followers headed by Martin Sheen, John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, John Mills and Edward Fox. Music by Ravi Shankar lends a touch of distinction, too. Aglow with enough memorable moments to light up any movie season, *Gandhi* is a monumental achievement. **YYYY**

Director Sidney Lumet's *The Verdict* (Fox) is a courtroom drama with an exemplary script (adapted from Barry Reed's novel) by playwright David Mamet and a heavyweight performance by Paul Newman to certify its big-league credentials. His golden-boy good looks have weathered well, age has added insight to the smirking innocence of his baby blues and he has never been better

than he is here as a burned-out, ambulance-chasing Boston lawyer who fights one more big case with everything he's got left. In seeking justice for the family of a young woman who has been turned into a vegetable through medical bungling at a huge Catholic hospital, he sets out to win a malpractice suit, though his deeper goal is to win back his self-respect. Some subtle questions of ethics are pointedly dramatized by Mamet, brought to room temperature by Lumet and snapped to life by Newman and his feisty co-stars: Jack Warden as his legal mentor, James Mason as his formidable opposition, Milo O'Shea as a hostile judge, gorgeous Charlotte Rampling as a divorcee whose moral support turns out to be rather fragile. *The Verdict* is slow, serious, almost palpably taking its time to weigh matters of importance. I'll admit to an ounce of prejudice in favor of a movie that's *about* something, a subject for grownups who relish the excitement of a flawed, frightened man bucking the system against impossible odds. Newman's underdog attorney could be the bar association's answer to *Rocky*. **YYY½**

The trouble with *Hey, Good Lookin'* (Warner) is that its appeal seems limited to good listenin'. John Madara and Ric Sandler wrote the rocking Fifties music on the sound track. The rest is routine animation by writer-producer-director Ralph Bakshi, doing a kind of *West Side Story* rumble epic in cartoon form, replete with four-letter words but displaying almost none of the genius he showed more than a decade ago in such milestone X-rated movies as *Fritz the Cat* and *Heavy Traffic*. The view from here suggests that Bakshi's genius is on hold. OK; we'll wait. **Y**

Bette Midler, Ken Wahl and Rip Torn beat the odds against them in *Jinxed* (MGM/UA). All three are terrific—hilarious, even—in a messy comedy that plays like a house afire, probably thanks to David Newman (co-author, with Burt Blessing, of the screenplay) for the workable gags. Torn plays a "subsistence gambler" working the Reno-Lake Tahoe circuit, dragging along a house trailer and a battered blonde lounge singer (Bette). He has a jinx on Wahl, as a harried blackjack dealer who can *never* beat him unless . . . well, unless the dealer steals something that belongs to him. Such as the blonde. Sex, intended murder and intrigue at Harrah's casino follow, with a couple of musical numbers by the Divine Bette thrown in just for the hell of it. "This isn't a medley, it's a *track meet*," she



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yells during one frantic stage break. And *Jinxed* is like that—everything at break-neck pace, full of broad jumps in credibility, with hams stretching at every turn. Despite persistent stories of animosity between Midler and Wahl (he told interviewers that their love scenes left him cold), they click as a zany romantic team. Midler, I'm convinced, can turn a scene upside down or sideways and make it completely her own, in much the way Mae West did. Director Don Siegel, an old pro usually identified with action films, manages his hand so well that the show's over before you realize he has bluffed you into thinking he was playing with a full deck. **✓✓½**

A sensational performance by Michael Moriarty as a frenetic ex-junkie and petty crook may be the major virtue of *Q* (United Film Distribution). Which is not to belittle the other good points in writer-producer-director Larry Cohen's clever, grisly shocker. There's a huge, predatory, airborne serpent preying upon New York (the Q stands for Quetzalcoatl, a winged Aztec god), and only Moriarty knows where the bird has its nest—in the spire of the Chrysler Building. Among the human sacrifices are high-rise construction workers and sun bathers snatched off rooftops. Grant him a few lapses, but Cohen has proved his skill with such horrific nonsense (his last gory smash hit was *It's Alive*), and here he combines shock with good humor, literate dialog, well-developed characters and Moriarty's kinky tour de force as a born loser on a power trip. Candy Clark, David Carradine and Richard Roundtree also play key roles in the shadow of a special-effects monster that looks like an American cousin to Godzilla. Stay home if you're queasy. *Q* is fasten-your-seat-belt entertainment for connoisseurs of the instant tingle. **✓✓½**

Liberated women are the central concern of *Independence Day* (Warner), from a fresh, perceptive first screenplay by novelist Alice Hoffman. Her female characters, stifled by small-town life and small-minded men, seek to escape via fatal illness or suicide, or simply by getting on a bus to Los Angeles. It's the last solution for Kathleen Quinlan, playing a plucky girl who yearns to study photography. Meanwhile, she has a beau (David Keith) who urges her to stay and watch him drive racing cars and a mother (Frances Sternhagen) who is succumbing to cancer but hopes to see her daughter escape before she dies. Although Quinlan always strikes me as more actressy than authentic, the cast is fine—especially Keith, justly rewarded with a star part to follow his staunch supporting role in *An Officer and a Gentleman*. Director Robert Mandel, making his feature-film debut, occasionally seems to have a loose grip on his



Quinlan, Keith in *Independence Day*.

Score two for liberated women, one for the monster and one for Jeremy Irons.



Madigan, Bridges produce a *Love Child*.

material. *Independence Day* works best when an actress named Dianne Wiest is onscreen, walking away with it as Keith's sister, an abused wife with suicidal tendencies and a sweetly self-deprecating sense of humor about her nervous breakdowns. She's crazy by local standards and knows it—and Wiest's tremulous vulnerability projects the kind of wounding truth that just might win a girl an Oscar if this picture is not lost in the shuffle. You won't forget her. **✓✓½**

The exuberant air of an E.R.A. pep rally manages to modify the stark subject matter of *Love Child* (Ladd/WB), subtitled "A True Story." Larry Peerce's film, written by Anne Gerard and Katherine Spektor, sets itself up to strike another blow for the women's movement by telling the story of Terry Jean Moore. A Florida teenager, she's sentenced to 15 years in prison on a charge of armed robbery—the caper nets five dollars—and is ultimately impregnated by one of her guards. Terry Jean's

fight to keep her child and her self-esteem seems like perfect material for a TV docudrama. A spunky, freckled gamin named Amy Madigan is a dynamo in the leading role—with Beau Bridges characteristically low key as the guilty guard and Mackenzie Phillips and Anna Maria Horsford on target as two of the more unruly inmates. Carly Simon sings the sound-track theme, and by the time the movie ended, I felt as if I'd been trundled off from that E.R.A. rally to a baby shower. **✓✓**

When the furniture started to fly in *Amityville II: The Possession* (Orion), my first thought was to slip away and see *Poltergeist* again. This soggy sequel returns to that infamous haunted house with a new family in residence. Burt Young and Rutanya Alda play Mom and Pop, with Jack Magner and Diane Franklin as the eldest of their four children—a pair of siblings driven to incest once the evil spirits get up steam. James Olson, a very intelligent actor, plays the neighborhood priest who brandishes his crucifix to no avail. Although there is a hook at the end for yet another *Amityville* horror, let's hope the demolition crew will beat the film crew to the punch. **✓**

Another tour-de-force performance by Jeremy Irons—the British actor who stole *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, then cinched his bid for stardom in *Brideshead Revisited* on television—is the best reason to see *Moonlighting* (Universal Classics). Writer-director Jerzy Skolimowski's resonant drama has political overtones that seem to be more insinuated than stated. The story, such as it is, brings four Polish workers to London on a one-month gig: renovating a town house for their boss, a sharpie back in Warsaw who obviously knows how to shield his assets on both sides of the iron curtain. Irons, as Nowak, is the only member of the crew who speaks English, which makes him foreman. Since the others seem about as competent as The Three Stooges, mostly silent and stupid and entirely unaware that martial law has been declared in Poland during their absence, *Moonlighting* is pretty much a one-man show. Irons is both narrator and pivotal character, who wheels and deals and shoplifts, spinning lies to keep his fellow workers on schedule, never telling them that Solidarity has triggered a crisis back home. Highly subjective and almost surreal at times, Skolimowski's bizarre fable offers some memorable moments—the foursome on their first foray into a London supermarket and Nowak fantasizing about his pretty wife, who wears a Wrangler T-shirt in the snapshot he carries and who may or may not be

having an affair with his boss. Visually, it's all angular and alienating, which must be exactly what the director intended. He's somewhat cool for my taste but saves the game by having Irons in the fire. **YY**

The funniest thing about *Jekyll and Hyde . . . Together Again* (Paramount) is its title. In the title role, madcap Mark Blankfield of TV's *Fridays* troupe—wearing a fright wig—wastes a lot of energy in his losing battle with a screenplay that had already defeated no fewer than four writers. This spoof is just an over-stretched drug joke, with Blankfield as Jekyll, a young doctor who accidentally sniffs the wrong white substance while drowsing over his research, then becomes the wildly hip Mr. Hyde, who sprouts gold chains and other junk jewelry. There's also a total-transplant scene in the operating room, a debacle that ends with doctors and nurses slipping around on vital organs. If you think that's funny, think again. The only class act in all this is Bess Armstrong, as Jekyll's super-WASP fiancée. Bess is best because she seems to understand that wild excess is not the key to comedy. **Y**

Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni's *Identification of a Woman*, still entertaining bids from the distributors as we go to press, is the old master's sexiest epic since *Blow-Up* in 1966. Now 70, Antonioni seems to have his own alter ego in the character played by Tomas Milian—a middle-aged movie director who's looking for an idea and, simultaneously, for a fascinating new lady to inspire his life and work. He finds several, though his most stunning discoveries are Mavi (Daniela Silverio), an elusive beauty who has a secret or two, and Ida (Christine Boisson), who's having another man's baby. Typically elliptical and cool, *Woman* has a couple of subtle, steamy love scenes as hot as any you'll find right now—plus a totally hypnotic sequence, featuring a quarreling couple and a parked car in the fog, that is pure cinematic poetry. Antonioni, of course, excels at this sort of thing. In a fleeting reflection across two faces behind a glass door, he captures eloquent imagery where a lesser moviemaker might simply wax wordy. Perhaps that's why even a minor piece by Antonioni is something of a marvel. **YYY**

Timely and provocative, *Endangered Species* (MGM) opens with a reminder that, as of 1969, "the U.S. banned further tests of chemical and germ warfare." Then writer-director Alan Rudolph starts winding up his somewhat paranoid solution to the mystery of cattle mutilation—a phenomenon recorded during the past dozen years or so in 27 states, in which more than 10,000 cattle carcasses



Blankfield as Hyde seeks Krista Erickson.

Frightful fright wiggery,  
awesome Antonioni  
and scary *Species*.

have been found gutted with almost surgical precision, most of their vital organs missing. *Species* is set in a cow town called Buffalo, Colorado, where a comely lady sheriff (JoBeth Williams) meets a cynical New York detective (Robert Urich, of TV's *Vegas* and *Gavilan*) who has moved West to straighten out his teenaged daughter (Marin Kanter) and his drinking habit. Paul Dooley is the resident crusading newspaperman (in the movies, every Western town has one); country singer Hoyt Axton is the powerful rancher with something to hide.

Full of things that go whomp in the night, *Endangered Species* has considerable holding power at the outset, when it's anyone's guess whether the mischief afoot is being perpetrated by alien presences from a UFO or by more conventional bad guys. After a while, though, credible suspense gives way to farfetched heroics better suited to James Bond. As a pair of testy lovebirds doing detective work between clinches, Williams and Urich generate nice chemistry. Even the magic of chemistry, alas, cannot hide gaping holes in a script. I suspect the problem is Rudolph, who obviously handles human frailties with more assurance than he handles the mechanics of hair-trigger suspense. Still, a tantalizing tale. **YY½**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

*Amityville II: The Possession* (Reviewed this month) The prequel, and a worse little horror house. **Y**

*Creepshow* A campy King omnibus directed by Romero. **YY**

*Diner* Guys, dolls and dropouts back in Baltimore, 1959. Just fine. **YYYY**

*Eating Raoul* Bright black comedy about what to do with a dead swinger. **YYY**

*Endangered Species* (Reviewed this month) Cowherd whodunit. **YY½**

*E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial* A shoo-in if he runs for President. **YYYY**

*Fitzcarraldo* Herzog's folly, with Klaus Kinski as a compulsive adventurer bringing opera to the Amazon. **YYY**

*Five Days One Summer* Alpine romance by Fred Zinnemann makes an easy climb for Sean Connery. **YY½**

*Gandhi* (Reviewed this month) The mahatma's bio. Magnificent. **YYYY**

*Hey, Good Lookin'* (Reviewed this month) Bakshi, below par. **Y**

*Identification of a Woman* (Reviewed this month) Antonioni returns with an arresting sexual odyssey. **YYY**

*Independence Day* (Reviewed this month) OK Americana, but dig Dianne Wiest—a real scene stealer. **YY½**

*Jekyll and Hyde . . . Together Again* (Reviewed this month) Is there a show doctor in the house? Ugh. **Y**

*Jinxed* (Reviewed this month) Men, murder and Midler. **YY½**

*Lola* Fassbinder on a fast track, revisiting *The Blue Angel*. **YYY**

*Lookin' to Get Out* Jon Voight in Vegas with Ann-Margret in Hal Ashby's altogether human comedy. **YYY**

*Love Child* (Reviewed this month) Babes behind bars. **YY**

*Moonlighting* (Reviewed this month) Four Polish workers sweating out Solidarity in London. **YY**

*My Favorite Year* Live TV's golden era, 1954, with Peter O'Toole in top form as a boozing guest star. **YY½**

*An Officer and a Gentleman* Navy cadets and chicks; heady romance with Richard Gere and Debra Winger. **YYY**

*Q* (Reviewed this month) Fun City terrorized by giant bird. **YY½**

*Split Image* Michael O'Keefe as a Moonie type in total eclipse. **YY½**

*Still of the Night* Streep and Scheider in mediocre suspense drama. **YY**

*Tempest* Shakespearean comedy updated if not upgraded by Paul Mazursky, with an admirable cast. **YY**

*The Verdict* (Reviewed this month) An acting coup for Paul Newman. **YYYY½**

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

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



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# ☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

**DOL GOSSIP:** Sylvester Stallone has been set to co-write, co-produce (with Robert Stigwood) and direct Paramount's sequel to *Saturday Night Fever*. Titled *Staying Alive* (after the popular Bee Gees song), the follow-up will star John Travolta, reprising his Tony Manero role. One fervently hopes that this will not mean the re-emergence of the disco craze. . . . Timothy Hutton and Ed Asner will star in the *Book of Daniel*, based on E. L. Doctorow's novel loosely based on the Rosenbergs. . . . The three talented wackos who gave us *Airplane!*—Jerry Zucker, David Zucker and Jim Abrahams—have a new film project in the works called *Top Secret*. So far, it seems to be living up to its title: Paramount publicists were unable to say whether the title denotes the film's subject or simply means that the subject is top secret. . . . Universal is planning a sequel to *Jaws 2*, tentatively titled *Jaws 3-D*. . . . Al Pacino has been set to star in *Scarface*, based on the classic 1932 film



Travolta

Stallone

that starred Paul Muni and George Raft. While the original was about Al Capone, the new version involves a Cuban who becomes a crime overlord. . . . The agenda at CBS-TV includes a made-for-TV movie based on the old *Leave It to Beaver* series. Called *Still the Beaver*, the film stars original-cast members Jerry Mathers (Beaver), Tony Dow (Wally), Barbara Billingsley (Mrs. Cleaver) and Ken Osmond (Eddie Haskell). The network also plans to reunite Robert Vaughn and David McCallum in *Return of the Man from U.N.C.L.E.* . . . Woody Allen, who customarily waits until postproduction to title his films, has named his new one *prior* to production. The Orion feature will be called *Broadway Danny Rose*.

**ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK:** *Get Crazy* is a film long overdue—a spoof of rock concerts. Set backstage at The Saturn Theater, a Fillmore East type of auditorium, on New Year's Eve 1982, the action covers 24 hours in the life of your typical rock concert, complete with every stereotype. Allen (*Continental Divide*) Goorwitz stars as a Bill Graham-style rock promoter trying desperately to make sure everything comes off, while behind his back, his young nephew (Miles Chapin) is

plotting to sabotage the concert. Malcolm McDowell is Reggie Wanker, your basic Brit-rock superstar modeled loosely on Rod Stewart, with a little Mick Jagger thrown in for good measure (McDowell sings for the first time since crooning *Singin' in the Rain* in *A Clockwork Orange*). Model-actress Anna Bjorn plays



Goorwitz

McDowell

McDowell's main squeeze, and her resemblance to Britt Ekland is no coincidence; Lou Reed, who wrote his own songs for the film, is a Dylanesque character named Auden; Daniel (Diner) Stern and Gail (*Making a Living*) Edwards play the only two straight, unstoned people in the joint. The flick is the brain child of director Allan (*Heartbeeps*) Arkush, who, while a film student at New York University, actually worked at the famed Fillmore East.

**AMERICAN NEW WAVE?** Orion's production of *Breathless* is not exactly a remake of French director Jean-Luc Godard's 1961 classic; it's actually more of an adaptation. The original had Jean-Paul Belmondo as a French hoodlum and Jean Seberg as an American girl who finds herself hopelessly attracted to him; Orion's version has Richard Gere playing an American car thief and model-actress Valerie Kaprisky as a French architectural student smitten by



Kaprisky

Gere

his charms. Plotwise, it goes like this: Gere is Jesse Lujack, a punk who casually steals cars whenever the mood strikes. Kaprisky is Monica Poiccard, a practical, levelheaded student in Los Angeles. Gere steals a car in Las Vegas and drives to Los Angeles, where he plans to pick up Monica and take her to Mexico. On the way, however, he kills a policeman, which complicates things considerably. Although William Tepper, Karen Black and

Art Metrano are listed as co-stars, *Breathless* is essentially a story about two people caught in an impossible affair.

**WESTWARD HO!** *National Lampoon's Vacation*, set for a summer 1983 release, looks, feels and smells like a runaway box-office smash. Based on a *Lampoon* story by John Hughes (who co-wrote the script with Chevy Chase and Harold [Stripes] Ramis, who also directs), it's the quintessential cross-country car trip, a sort of *Out of Towners Go West*. Chase plays Clark W. Griswold, a mild-mannered food-additives chemist who lives in a suburb of Chicago with his wife (Beverly D'Angelo) and kids (Dana Barron and Anthony Michael Hall). His two-week summer vacation has arrived, and Clark has de-



Chase

D'Angelo

cided to take his family on a trip out West. He's bought a brand-new car for the journey and has even plotted every leg of the trip on his home computer. So what could go wrong? Everything, of course. Trouble starts when Clark makes a wrong turn in St. Louis and ends up asking directions in the heart of the ghetto. Model Christie Brinkley co-stars (it's her film debut) as a blonde dream girl who periodically passes the family in a bright-red Ferrari. Also top-lining are veteran comedienne Imogene Coca as crotchety old Aunt Edna, Randy Quaid and Miriam Flynn.

**SHIP OF FOOLS:** How's this for a cast: Cheech and Chong; Monty Python's Graham Chapman, Eric Idle and John Cleese; *SCTV*'s John Candy; Madeline Kahn; Susannah York; Peter Cook; Peter Boyle; Marty Feldman; Martin Hewitt; and James Mason? Believe it or not, that's the line-up for a new Orion picture called *Yellowbeard*, described by one source as "a saga of the horniest group of pirates who ever sailed the seven seas." The flick's being shot aboard the same ship MGM used for its Marlon Brando remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty* back in 1962 (the ship was actually sailed all the way from Halifax to Mexico for the occasion). It's been renamed the Edith, which led one Orion publicist to note that the ship's john will be known as the . . . Edith head. Anchors aweigh!

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL





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## By ASA BABER

THE NEW YEAR is not a bad time for us men to take stock of our situation, to ask ourselves where we've been and where we're going and how we'll get there. For 15 to 20 years, we've moved to the sidelines while we've watched a necessary and revolutionary change in our society: the renewed fight for women's rights. That's where the action has been; that's where the sea change is occurring. So one of the questions we men confront today is whether or not we have anything to offer ourselves, our mates, our children, one another. Or are we essentially footnotes in the history of this time, unmindful of another struggle to which we have not attended: equal rights for men?

The phrase equal rights for men provokes quite an argument in some circles. Some people believe that men have been spoiled, protected and promoted beyond all logic and that it is foolish to suggest that they have been treated unfairly. Men, the argument goes, have tyrannized and oppressed: Why talk about equal rights for dictators? some people ask. I believe that that position took men by surprise, educated us to some of our blindness, hurt us and still echoes in our culture.

That one-sided view of the male came home to me a few weeks ago when a friend of mine tried to apply to a foundation for a grant. He heads an organization in Washington, D.C., called Free Men. He and I had discussed the possibility of organizing a conference on men in the Eighties, a meeting that would bring together the fledgling divorce-reform and men's-rights groups that are struggling to give some voice to the problems of American males. The foundation in question seemed reasonable to approach because of its work in women's rights and sex-law reform. But the woman who serves as its executive director did not encourage an application for aid. "We're not interested in your issues," she said.

Sexism, in short, takes many forms, and men are victims of it today, just as women are victims of it. If this society is after equal rights—not just women's rights or men's rights but equal rights for all—then there's work to be done on both sides. That is the significance of this new year: We men are beginning to recognize more clearly the job to be done.

One of the best examples of the unequal treatment of American men is the singular requirement for military service. I believe that there will never be equal rights for all in this country until that burden is shared by men and women. If



## EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN, 1983

"What is really maddening for men today is the belief that women are trying to have it both ways."

women are raised with the specter of rape as a terrorizing factor from their early years, men are raised with the specter of death in combat. How many millions of men have been killed or wounded in service to this country over the past 200 years? How many millions more have run that risk, set their lives up to accommodate it, survived it with some damage and then watched their sons prepare to go through the same traumatic cycle? No other single social responsibility causes such internal conflict for men as the fact that for a period of years, the state can own their lives.

It is inexcusable, I think, for some women to argue that they should not be equally subject to the call to defend their country. Until the time that women are as vulnerable as men to the military draft, I am afraid that inside the male psyche, there will be the perception that women are pampered, that society's contract is corrupt, that equality for men is a myth.

In much the same spirit, if you listen to men talk about the way divorce is granted in our legal system, you will hear mostly cynical discussion. Child custody, property settlements, legal fees, court costs, child support—all of those elements have been historically skewed against the

male. There is a great deal of work to be done before the divorce court becomes an equitable place for men. Fortunately, we are starting to do it (witness the progress of such divorce-reform groups as the National Congress for Men in Los Angeles; they are putting together the legislative packages needed to equalize divorce law). In divorce and child-custody decisions, men are still far too often automatically considered the bad guys. Surely, men deserve child custody more than the estimated five percent of the time they get it. Surely, financial obligations can be fairly divided between the couple.

Our systems of draft registration and divorce are just two of many unequal pressures on men. But what is really maddening for men today, I think, is the belief that women are trying to have it both ways. On the one hand, they are claiming their equal rights to jobs, liberated sex roles, social opportunities. On the other, many of them are willing to hide behind the fog of sexist definitions when it suits them, as it does when the draft board calls or the divorce judge sits. (It should not go unnoticed that women *and* men support E.R.A. in virtually equal numbers.)

Both men and women have logical reasons to believe they are victims of unfair laws and practices. Equality is not served up to either sex, and the tasks of reaching a compromise, of giving and gaining and communicating, are not easy for male or female. We live in a time of double signals, of national schizophrenia. There's only one way we're going to get it together as a people, and I think that at last, *both* men and women are doing it: Each sex has to form a solid sense of identity. Women have been doing so for a number of years. Now it's our turn.

"I think," writes Betty Friedan in *The Second Stage*, "that the women's movement has come just about as far as it can in terms of women alone." She goes on to say that "men may be at the cutting edge of the second stage" of that struggle for human liberation. Friedan is sending us a signal: It is our responsibility to define ourselves instead of letting others do that. If we men do the thinking and reading and writing that women have done for themselves, we will soon have a better sense of who we are. Then, perhaps, men and women will be able to turn to one another and behave fairly toward one another. Utopian? Probably. But worth working for.



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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**T**his is the first time I have written to you. I often read your column and find it most entertaining and helpful. I hope you can help me now. For the past few years, I have wanted to go to an orgy, a fuck fest, a party at which I could meet someone and swing just for the sake of sex. Now I have the opportunity to do it. My girlfriend knows someone (actually, he is someone she dated for a brief while) who can introduce us to that lifestyle. He may also prove to be an important business acquaintance for me. He is willing to help us if we can find him a suitable date. Apparently, this man is very successful, goes only to high-class parties of this type and wants a date who is successful, intelligent and attractive. This is an opportunity I don't want to miss. Therefore, I have two questions: Since we don't have any female friends who are interested in this sort of activity (we have already checked) and since my girlfriend already knows that he is not interested in her, how do we find a suitable date for him? And assuming that we attend one of those parties, is there a particular etiquette to follow? It would be the first time for both of us. How can we make the most of it?—J. G., Los Angeles, California.

*If your gentleman friend is such a swinger, how come he can't get his own date? Since neither you nor your girlfriend knows anyone willing to participate, your only recourse seems to be placement of an ad in an underground swing publication, which is a risky proposition at best. But why do you need to or want to provide a sexual partner for a potential business acquaintance? That can only taint your future dealings with him. If we were you, we'd pass on this fling and wait for word on a less complicated way to attend a swing party.*

**M**y car has about two good years left in it, but it needs new tires. Since most tires these days have a tread life in the neighborhood of 50,000 miles, it seems a waste to put them on my old car. Would I be in serious difficulty if I opted for the least expensive tires I can find? I doubt that I'll put more than 12,000 miles on them before I trade.—R. L., Springfield, Illinois.

*A lot can happen in two years on U.S. highways. Your tires do a lot more than keep the chassis from dragging. Acceleration can differ substantially between two sets of tires on the same car. Some tires can improve stopping distances. Some run better in the rain and*



*snow. Mileage is also affected by their quality. Handling is affected, as well. No other part of your car has as much to do with your riding comfort and safety. Rather than opt for the least expensive tires, we suggest that you buy the most expensive ones you can afford. Their cost can be added to your car's value at trade-in, or you can remove them and replace them with your old tires when you sell. Don't shortchange yourself or your car on tires. They can save your life.*

**I**'ve noticed that a number of helpful people have cited a work called *The Herpes Book*, by Dr. Richard Hamilton. I have been unable to find it in local stores, and I am somewhat embarrassed to walk up to a salesclerk and ask her to order it for me—not with a title that blunt. Can you tell me where to get it?—B. H., Dallas, Texas.

*You are not alone. A lot of people hesitate to buy a book on herpes in public and, consequently, they've had to rely on some of the more distorted press accounts of the disease. But there is a solution. You can order "The Herpes Book" from The Herpes Resource Center, 260 Sheridan Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94306. Just send the center a check for \$12 and the book will arrive in the proverbial plain wrapper.*

**W**hile I enjoy having a video cassette recorder, I'll soon have to mortgage my house to pay for the tapes for it. Be-

cause a lot of my tapes have empty space on them, I was hoping to find shorter ones to use, but I understand that they are more expensive. What is the most economical way to buy and use tapes?—R. D., San Diego, California.

*If your VCR is a fairly recent model, you should be able to run it at the slowest speed possible and still retain picture quality. The best way to figure tape cost is by determining the cost per hour. You'll find that a T120 VHS cassette at its slowest speed will cost about four bucks an hour, whereas a short tape—say, a T30—can run you about \$12 an hour at that same speed. That's a significant difference, and it makes it necessary that you plan your recording to fit onto a cassette. That means using your timer, counter or stop watch. You should also shop around to buy your tape in volume for a discount. Selectivity, too, can improve your financial situation. The thrill of taping anything and everything can wear pretty thin when the cost is high.*

**I** am an attractive 30-year-old married woman who is frustrated and a bit scared. My husband appears to be losing his sexual interest in me. Our sex life has gone through some rough times in the past because of work problems (not to mention our mental state). Now, after a year of trying to find ourselves, we still have the basic problem: Our sex life is no longer ours, it is his. He is healthy, in the prime of life and emotionally stable, but he no longer seems interested in me as a sex partner. I know he masturbates almost every day, so that eliminates the impotence question. My problem is, I can't turn him on anymore. I can do all the tricks I know (yes, I am experienced) and still no interest from him. In fact, he turns cold to my advances and gives me excuses of being too tired, too stoned, too nervous, not feeling good, etc. On those rare occasions when we do make love, he is rough, seemingly screwing an object instead of me; when we're done, he rolls over, stares at the ceiling (not touching me) and drops off to sleep. What the hell is wrong? During those times; I do things to him that he likes, and he seems satisfied; but I feel he doesn't care for my feelings. He knows I would like to make love more often (I am frustrated at always having to satisfy myself), but when the subject comes up, again he is cold. We haven't been married very long (less than ten years), and I find it hard to believe that the

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flame has died that quickly. When we talk about this problem, he blames it all on me, and we never get down to the nitty-gritty. I know it isn't my fault now, as the same excuses recur. Can it be that his hands are the only thing that satisfies him? Do you have any suggestions a poor girl can try, or is it shrink time?—Mrs. S. C., Los Angeles, California.

*There's no guarantee as to how long the flame lasts. Even if it goes out, sometimes it can be relighted. From past experience, our best advice in this situation is to communicate—the more the better. You should show your husband this letter; you should do everything you can to bring the depth of your problem to the surface. Make sure you say what you think the nitty-gritty is; and don't take the blame. You are not at fault. Take the conversation to a professional, someone who can help you both understand the nature of this impasse. If that doesn't work, separate and/or take your sex life and find someone else to share it with.*

**T**he other day, while enjoying some of my favorite smoking material, I got to wondering: Has anyone come up with a foolproof test—such as the Breathalyzer test of alcohol consumption—to determine whether or not one has been smoking marijuana?—M. P., Baltimore, Maryland.

*Until recently, the only way to test the tokers was with a blood or a urine sample. But a UCLA group has developed a new Breathalyzer type of device that can detect THC on the breath and in the saliva for a couple of hours after ingestion. It is not for roadside use, since it takes several hours to run tests on the device. It's also not without its detractors, who claim that THC doesn't even turn up in breath or saliva. And it will not legally prove anything, since no legal levels of intoxication exist for marijuana, as they do for alcohol. If any test is needed, we'd prefer a variation on the popular game show. It's called "Name Any Tune." If you can't name a tune, or if you forget the question, you're stoned.*

**I** am a woman who has always had a healthy respect for physical fitness and who enjoys the results of good exercise and the shape in which it keeps my body. However, another part of physical fitness that I've recently enjoyed has brought about some different results that have made me even more enthusiastic. I've recently joined a Nautilus exercise club and have found some of the exercises to be truly worth while. It seems that as I do my routine—particularly with those exercises that work the upper body—I experience orgasms. The

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more strenuous exercises bring about stronger sensations. Getting into shape has never been more rewarding. You can imagine my surprise and enjoyment the first time that occurred.

Secondly, the orgasms do not always happen while I'm working on the same machine. Two or three of the machines bring about the same pleasurable results. Therefore, it is not uncommon for me to have two or three thrilling exercises in a row. Why does exercise bring about such sensational results?—Miss D. S., Geneva, Illinois.

*While the situation you describe is a bit unusual, it is by no means unheard of. Exercise is a first-rate aphrodisiac. We've had people tell us that they have their best sexual encounters immediately after a strenuous game of racquetball. Strange as it sounds, that makes sense, because the rest of the body is at its peak after physical exertion—and sexual activity often starts where exercise leaves off. Perhaps you're more sensitive than most people, which is why you don't even need to finish exercising to get off. In any case, we say enjoy, and maybe we'll run into you at a health club someday.*

**M**aybe you can tell me: What is the difference between the kind of ski a World Cup racer uses and the kind I can buy in a store? The names are the same, so are the graphics; but a friend of mine says I'm a fool to believe that World Cuppers ski on off-the-rack gear. Is there any way I can lay my feet on a pair of handmade racers' skis?—T. P., New York, New York.

Every year, the ski manufacturers make up batches of skis especially for World Cup racers. The skiers test several models, then select a favorite. The company takes a blueprint of the ski—measuring camber, flex, pressure distribution, etc. It will make several pairs with the same characteristics for their team racers. The chances of laying your feet on genuine race stock are slim, but there is another solution. In the past few years, several companies have sprung up that custom-make skis by hand. Lacroix USA (P.O. Box 1185, Vail, Colorado 81657) is taking orders for a \$1000 custom ski. The customer fills out a form detailing his skiing style and needs. The ski is designed accordingly, with your name silk-screened on the tops. Research Dynamics (Box 303, Ketchum, Idaho 83340) hand-makes between 500 and 600 skis a year (they cost \$350 to \$425 per pair). Its Heliski is one of the best powder skis available. It also makes slalom racing skis, performance recreation skis and, for the crazies who like to do downhill on cross-country skis, a Norpine model. Phoenix Skis (111 Baltic Avenue, Aspen, Colorado 81611) also



hand-makes a racing ski for telemarkers (\$190) and a wilderness ski (\$175). Go for it.

**W**hile shopping for a new turntable recently, I came across something I hadn't seen before: a cartridge that seemed to plug right into the tonearm. Seemed like a good idea to me, but I have to wonder if that system is as good as the old one. I don't want to get stuck with something that's experimental. What do you know about it?—L. B., Toronto, Ontario.

*We could answer your question better if we knew what was so good about the old system. A cartridge that has to be professionally installed in order to avoid misalignment has little to recommend it. The new P-mount cartridges avoid that problem by having the signal-carrying pins plug directly into the tonearm sockets. The only possibility of misalignment is if you install it upside down. P-mount cartridges have been available for nearly four years, and there is a lot of noise about their becoming the industry standard. We say it couldn't happen to a more critical area of your stereo.*

**M**y girlfriend swears that she can tell when I have been drinking. Apparently, the taste of my ejaculate changes, and when she performs oral sex, she notices the difference. Is that possible?—D. A., Sacramento, California.

*Certain elements pass through the body with incredible speed. Garlic is perhaps the most noticeable; asparagus, another. The substance may show up in your sweat, your urine or, over a longer period of time, your ejaculate. So your girlfriend is probably mistaken. It is unlikely that a single drinking session would produce an instantaneous flavoring of your semen. Perhaps your girlfriend receives other clues to your boozing, such as diminished desire. For years, we've read anecdotal accounts—many taken from the oldest profession—about the phenomenon you describe. Apparently, women in the Orient say that there is a difference in taste between Oriental and Caucasian men. Whether that reflects the content of garlic in each diet or the balance of red meat and fish is a matter for further research.*

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



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# DEAR PLAYMATES

After all the publicity in the past few years about the new woman, we want to find out what our Playmates think about a demon that haunted women in the past: envy of men. For all we know, the very word envy is out now, but we're checking on the feeling, whatever it's called these days.

The question for the month:

Is there anything about men, or the way men live, that you envy?

I envy their power. I really do. I'm still conditioned to the traditional, semisubservient female position. At 29, I'm caught between two generations. On one hand, you're trying to be the new woman, and on the other hand, you've got to smile, act pretty and get another daddy to take care of you. Maybe it's just power envy. I envy women with power, too. I wouldn't mind having some myself.



*Cathy Larmouth*

CATHY LARMOUTH  
JUNE 1981

It's still a man's world. Our amendment didn't get passed, so men continue to have the upper hand. And a man may respect my business instincts, but he can get in the door more easily, make more money, get a bank loan faster. What has worked in favor of women is the economy. Things are bad, and that means that a lot of couples are out working. It's a joint effort today, more of a partnership.



The truth is that we all need a wife or someone who acts like a wife. Maybe we all need a mother: someone to cook, draw us a bath, rub our necks, make sure the

laundry is done. It would be great to have someone to take care of both sexes.

*Marcy Hanson*

MARCY HANSON  
OCTOBER 1978

I guess I envy the fact that they often play on their maleness. You know, the part of male behavior that allows them to get away with certain things just because they're men. Hang on. You want to know the truth? I don't think I envy men for anything at all. That's my answer. I don't envy them at all. Men are wonderful, and thank heaven for them. I don't envy them at all.



*Lorraine Michaels*

LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

I really don't envy men. I'm happy to be a woman. In fact, I think men really have a hard time. They're the ones who have to be assertive and take the rejection if a woman says no. It's tough to always be the one who has to make the first move. That's why I'm glad women are coming along and are more aggressive now. It takes some of the pressure off men and gives a woman dominance occasionally. It means I can choose to dance or sit one out. I can buy a man a drink. Sure, men are physically stronger, but I wouldn't want to be stronger just to go through life not afraid of being hurt. I'm happy being feminine.



*Cathy St. George*

CATHY ST. GEORGE  
AUGUST 1982

I do have days when I think it must be nice to have your cake and eat it, too. Days when I'm envious of male sexual freedom of choice, of the way a man can go out to some bar, see a girl he's attracted to and take her home to bed. But I don't really believe in that. The truth is, what would I really envy about a guy? Nothing. With liberation, I think women are going through the same things men are, and vice versa.



*Karen Price*

KAREN PRICE  
JANUARY 1981

If you had asked me that question 20 years ago, I would have said that I envied men in their professional lives, but times have changed and women are in more visible and powerful positions. I don't think that women's social situations have changed as much. Men still make most of the social moves, and if a woman tries to do the same, she's still thought of as too aggressive or too forward. It would be nice if women could go right up to men and not wait to be picked. And I could live with rejection. I can take it.



*Lynda Wiesmeier*

LYNDA WIESMEIER  
JULY 1982

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



tier



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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## MOCK LYNCHING

The most insensitive and racist event in the history of Iowa—or, possibly, of any other state—involved a mock Ku Klux Klan lynching at the close of a parade in the city of Masonville. The “Klansmen” were dressed in proper robes, and a city councilman said he saw nothing wrong in the behavior of the country boys. Those ersatz Klansmen ridiculed all the principles of legal and political equality on which this country was founded, and their memories are exceedingly short. According to a Thirties *Washington Post* article cited by a reader of *The Des Moines Register*, 250,000 Iowans joined the Klan during the years 1921 to 1925. I don’t know how many lynchings occurred; maybe none. The “niggers” weren’t all that “uppity” back then.

Don Morris  
Des Moines, Iowa

## JUSTICE

It’s obsolete and it’s not working and it should be replaced. I’m referring, of course, to the present system of crime and punishment in this country. Building more prisons, handing down stiffer sentences, reinstating the death penalty—those are futile attempts at dealing with the problem.

Punishment fulfills the primal human need for vengeance, but let’s admit that it’s no more effective than popping a pimple on an advanced case of acne. Crime is a social disease, one that we will have with us always to a greater or lesser extent. Understanding *why* some people behave while others misbehave is enormously complex. Certainly, there are some obviously dangerous members of society who must be taken out of its mainstream. But we are fooling ourselves if we believe that by locking them up, brutalizing them, killing them or otherwise dehumanizing them in squalid pesthouses we call penitentiaries, we are somehow protecting ourselves and deterring other criminals. Judging from rising crime rates, this whole system is failing miserably.

Reducing crime will involve a serious re-evaluation of some of our currently misdirected social and economic values. When crime does occur, let’s start thinking of the offender not as a criminal but as a patient. John Hinckley’s acquittal on an insanity defense should not have caused the commotion it did. He may

be mentally deranged and may for that reason have been acquitted. Perhaps he should never be released; I don’t know. But he should be incarcerated for treatment, not for punishment.

Bill Cain  
Bow, New Hampshire

## SCHOOL PRAYER

Proponents of a constitutional amendment to allow voluntary school prayer want to force children to pray. Children already have the right to pray silently

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*“Some people think our problems began when state-structured prayer was taken out of schools.”*

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any time, anyplace, to the god of their choice, whether it be Christ, Jehovah, Allah, Buddha, Krishna or, if they wish, Jerry Falwell.

Some people think our problems began when state-structured prayer was taken out of the schools. There is no evidence of that, and the futility of state-controlled prayer is shown by the following example: During hearings on a Senate bill (since defeated), a woman



from a Jewish organization read a prayer that Falwell would be proud to have mandated in the schools. She then gave evidence of that same prayer’s having been required reading in German schools during Hitler’s rise to power.

It seems to me that the Moral Majority would do well to heed the advice of its own God in *Matthew 6:5-6*:

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: For they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily, I say to you: They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

Moses Durham  
Easton, Maryland

## “SPECIALIST” LAW

Add the pharmacy-robbery act to the growing litany of “specialist” laws. Such laws, originally designed to provide extra deterrence to crimes against policemen and other risk-taking civil servants, now apply to druggists in Alabama. Described as the toughest such law in the country, the Alabama act calls for a minimum mandatory sentence of ten years at hard labor for a first-time perpetrator found guilty of robbing a pharmacy of controlled substances, with no possibility of pardon, parole or suspended sentence. A second conviction mandates a life sentence.

With the active sponsorship of U.S. Senator Roger W. Jepsen of Iowa, pharmacists across the country are pressing for legislation that would make such robberies Federal crimes. In a similar effort at self-protection from drug-related robberies, the Toluca Pharmacy of North Hollywood, California, posts signs in its windows: WE DO NOT HAVE DILAUDID, DEMEROL, RITALIN, PRELUDIN, DESOXYN. PLEASE GO ELSEWHERE FOR THESE DRUGS.

D. Tay  
Chicago, Illinois

## POETIC JUSTICE

This should give us all pause for thought: According to the Boise, Idaho, *Daily Statesman*, a prisoner in the Idaho State Penitentiary accidentally hanged himself by putting a cord around his

neck while masturbating. Lack of oxygen to the brain, the article explained, causes enhanced sexual enjoyment at the peak moment. Alas, the poor fellow was only 24 and had been sentenced to 15 years to life for strangling his wife. So he had a long way to go. I don't know whether that would be classified as sexual pleasure or as poetic justice.

Steve Zuehl  
Kuna, Idaho

*Sad to say, it's not the first time. We've reported on such misadventures in the past, though not among prison inmates.*

#### PRISON POETRY

We know that your publication is widely read in jails and prisons. It is our hope that you will help us inform inmates that an outlet exists for their poetry. We have a bimonthly competition among the poets whose work we receive, and the winner's submission is published in the form of a broadside. Any publicity for this venture will be appreciated.

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#### NICE GUYS. . . .

The tales of readers who complain that nice guys finish last (*The Playboy Forum*, May, September) strike a familiar chord. After pampering a woman I adored, I was consistently rewarded by her standing me up for such trivial reasons as "I promised my sister we'd clean my apartment tonight, and I forgot to tell you." When I finally gave her the ax, my previous girlfriend, whom I had treated rather poorly, came running back.

I'd like to share an idea I found helpful in understanding this phenomenon: the principle of least interest. It states that the person with less interest in the relationship will set its terms. Having been on both sides of this principle in numerous relationships, I believe it.

However, I do not believe that the attraction to people who treat us poorly is limited to the male gender. Nice gals may also finish last if they show too much interest early in a relationship. Readers who are intrigued by this principle may enjoy *Liking and Loving: An Invitation to Social Psychology*, by Zick Rubin.

(Name withheld by request)  
Cleveland, Ohio

#### SAVE THE PEOPLE

I have a great deal of trouble understanding our national priorities. The Save the Deer campaign in Florida received national coverage and support. The outrage voiced was amazing. Suits were brought in Federal courts; protests were

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### HOUSE OF ASSIGNATION

SAN FRANCISCO—The California Court of Appeal has decided that the word assignation—as in keeping a house "used for the purpose of assignation or prostitution"—is unconstitutionally vague and has ordered charges dismissed against a man accused of operating a brothel. The decision noted that when the law was passed, in 1872, assignation was understood to denote conduct involving "the commercial exploitation of illicit sexual activities." Today, it means a tryst, as in an agreement between lovers to meet.

#### GOD NOT ON TRIAL

MOBILE—A Federal court has rejected Governor Fob H. James's assertion that God alone should be the judge of Alabama's new school-prayer law. In refusing to dismiss a suit challenging the law, the court said, "I do not perceive of this as a suit against the Almighty. . . . The Lord is not a defendant. The state is." In legal briefs, the governor had taken the position that no court had "jurisdiction over God." One of the prayers in question was written by the governor's oldest son, Fob H. James III, a lawyer helping defend the state.

#### NO SCORE

RENO—An 82-year-old man, nearly blind and nearly deaf, was arrested on



charges of soliciting sex from an undercover policewoman. According to family members who had gone to the police station to report the man missing,

he often needed help and probably thought that was what he was getting. According to the police, the codger was horny and put the make on the lady cop. The man's son-in-law asked him later why he hadn't called home for help, and he explained that if his daughters found out something like that, he would be embarrassed.

#### BLACK NO MORE

NEW ORLEANS—A Louisiana woman descended from an 18th Century black slave has decided that state law is wrong in calling her black. She has asked a court to declare her white—and to find the 1970 law unconstitutional. That law assigns a black racial background to anyone with one 32nd Negro blood, and the woman told the Orleans Parish civil district court, "I am white. I am all white. I was raised as a white child. I went to a white school. I married white twice." She claims to be the great-great-great-great-granddaughter of a black slave and a white planter and is one of six members of a family suing to have the State Bureau of Vital Records change their racial classification. By state calculation, she and her siblings have three 32nds black ancestry.

#### NO FEDERAL CASE

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI—"Evidence acquired during the investigation does not establish that Federal civil rights statutes were violated," according to Federal officials investigating the killing of the town bully in front of some 60 eyewitnesses in 1981 (*PLAYBOY*, "High Noon in Skidmore," July 1982). The investigators were, however, able to turn over to local authorities new information on a suspect. So far, a coroner's inquest, a county grand jury and two Federal grand juries have refused to issue indictments in the murder, which occurred in the town of Skidmore, Missouri.

#### FROM THE FIRE TO THE FRYING PAN

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—Minutes before a jury returned a verdict of acquittal, a 30-year-old man changed his plea to guilty and accepted a 40-year prison sentence. The defendant said that Virginia's execution of Frank Coppola placed him in such fear that he didn't want to take the chance of ending up on death row. He claimed that his lawyers had panicked him by mentioning

Coppola. The lawyers disputed that, saying, "It was his decision. It was a bad one." Despite the plea change, the defendant insists on his innocence.

#### NO JUMPING SHIP

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Navy has decided that it will no longer automatically approve discharge requests from women personnel who become pregnant. Citing the need to keep sailors "in whom it has a substantial investment," the Navy, following the lead of the other Services, announced that in the future, it will consider such requests only on a case-by-case basis.

#### STRANGE SEX PLOY

VERNAL, UTAH—A 26-year-old man has been accused of strapping a phony bomb around his waist and telling his wife and sister-in-law that unless he engaged in deviant sex with them, kidnapers were going to blow him up by remote control. Investigators spent



the entire night looking for the man's alleged abductors, and Army experts finally determined that the explosives were fakes; the husband was then booked into the local jail on various charges. Police, meanwhile, discovered that the threatening note had been typed on a typewriter in the man's office and that he himself had purchased the devices he took home for use in the sexual acts. An officer said, "After we discovered that information, we began suspecting the defendant. Then, when the explosives team arrived and determined that the bomb was phony, we changed [his] status from victim to suspect." The man had managed to work the same scheme a month earlier.

#### CHEATING DEATH

MIAMI—Delbert Tibbs, charged with

rape and murder based on a 16-year-old girl's testimony in 1974, has finally been freed. The Florida supreme court overturned his conviction after two years on death row, but the prosecuting attorney appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court, which ordered a retrial. Tibbs established that he was 225 miles from the scene of the crime the day before and after, and the prosecutor, after nearly a decade, decided that his eyewitness lacked credibility.

In Boston, meanwhile, an inmate who had served almost 16 years for murder was released after a judge dismissed his conviction on the basis of another man's deathbed confession.

#### DAMAGE DONE

PORT HURON, MICHIGAN—A Federal court jury has awarded damages of \$321,000 to a 38-year-old teacher in rural Macomb County who had been suspended by the school district after complaints from parents about his teaching of a sex-education class. Allegedly, he had showed students pictures of his wife during childbirth and advised them against telling their parents if they thought they had a venereal disease. The jury apparently found the pictures inoffensive and noted that the school district itself had distributed pamphlets listing a toll-free number to call for V.D. information. The teacher claimed that his three-month suspension without a hearing violated his constitutional rights to due process and freedom of speech. An appeal is pending.

#### DECISION REVERSED

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA—A state appellate court has reversed its ruling that entitled divorced spouses to claim part of the future earnings of their mates. Earlier, the same court decided that a former spouse could share in the value of a medical degree received in the course of 13 years of marriage during which time the wife had supported the husband. Now the court has held, on a request for reconsideration raising other issues of law, that property "must have certain attributes, namely, those of being susceptible to ownership in common, of transfer and survival."

#### CENSORSHIP DENIED

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN—Forty percent of Muskegon's voters—compared with 27 percent in other parts of the state—turned out to defeat a censorship proposal by a margin of two to one. The ordinance, backed by a group of Baptist ministers, would have limited local cable-TV programming to movies rated PG or G.

#### SEXUAL CHAOS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Two major crop pests, tobacco budworms and cotton bollworms, are dying from the "sexual chaos" of trying to mate with members of the other species. The experiments have been conducted near Brownsville, Texas, and the U.S. Department of Agriculture reports that the confusion is the result of pheromones—sexual attractants—being sprayed on one species to give it the scent of the other. "Be-



cause of mismatched genitalia, the two species became locked together and eventually died," one of the scientists explains. He says the research raises the possibility of applying pheromones to areas to suppress both insect species.

#### FOOLS' NAMES. . . .

LOS ANGELES—In a novel effort to erase gang graffiti, a Los Angeles judge approved a temporary order that defined three gangs as unincorporated associations and made each member responsible for the defacement. The city had filed civil suits against the Dogtown, the Primera Flats and the 62nd Street Crips gangs, requiring them to remove graffiti in their areas as a public nuisance.

#### CENSORSHIP UPHELD

MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA—Newsweek magazine has been banned by the Minot School Board from ninth and tenth grade social-studies classes as "too liberal," though the magazine will remain in the school library. "I would rather I had not said 'liberal,'" a woman board member later commented. "Then I would have gotten away with it." The Minot Daily News called the board's action "a goofy, impetuous thing."

staged. So many other campaigns—to save the snail darter, the Salvadorans, the Haitians, local landmarks, and so on—are embraced so readily.

What about the poor of this country? The people who grow up in and live in environments that doom them to horrible lives of impoverishment and violence, with no hope for the future. What about those people? Aren't they Americans, too?

The oft-cited stories of how particular individuals struggled out of poverty to become extremely successful do nothing to mitigate the problem. Those refer only to rare exceptions.

Recently, a take-out-chicken store in Los Angeles advertised a minimum-wage-position opening. More than 1000 people showed up and stood in line for hours. That is desperation. Remember, that was a minimum-wage job, not a well-paying position.

Well-meaning citizens scream that they are tired of a Great Society welfare system that does little but give away money. Let people on welfare get jobs, like everyone else. I agree that many, if not most, welfare programs only marginally achieve their goals at best. But is that reason to abandon our efforts?

I guess that I am one of those corny people who believe in this country, who consider themselves patriots. I still believe that the U.S. is the home of the brave and the land of the free and the best place in the world to live.

V. Tom Wesson, C.P.A.  
San Diego, California

#### HERPES

Herpes may be reaching epidemic proportions. What about people, such as myself, who have had it for many years? I haven't allowed it to destroy my sex life or my love life. I was married eight years ago, before the present panic. Either I've been very careful or my wife is not susceptible. I get two or three brief outbreaks a year and have never worried too much about it until I started reading the papers.

(Name withheld by request)  
Cleveland, Ohio

#### GUN CONTROL

It astounds me that anybody really gives a damn about how many lowlives with illegal guns get drunk or stoned or whatever and shoot one another in local barroom fights. And that's what it boils down to. When I see national crime statistics on the percentages of killings that occur among "friends and acquaintances," I know who those people are. They are cretins, and it works like this: One bad guy starts giving a bad time to some other bad guy, who decides that the only way to prevent getting the shit beaten out of him is to grab for his piece. Now, either we end up with a shooting or we don't, but if we do, the

dead man is often the guy who started the attack. Now the guy with the gun is, in police reports, the assailant. And he's in trouble. Not the dude who started the argument.

Take my word for it: Friends and acquaintances are not, generally speaking, either friends or acquaintances but jerk-offs who have assembled in local bars or parking lots to fuck one another over one way or another.

(Name withheld by request)  
Chicago, Illinois

#### RIGHT TO CHOOSE

Ten years ago, the U.S. Supreme Court's *Roe vs. Wade* decision legalized abortion. Everyone cheered and went on to other social issues—though not the Playboy Foundation. Meanwhile, the right-to-life forces, starting small, have been waging what now amounts to a war on the right of women *not* to bear children. In 1975, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops launched a "pro-life" plan. In 1976, Representative Henry Hyde introduced legislation to strip Medicaid of abortion coverage. Then increasing crime brought to bear a new rightist politics that—wrong or not—helped Ronald Reagan gain the Presidency. Now the Catholic right (not to be confused with Catholics themselves) and the fundamentalist right (not to be confused with anyone else's right) are challenging the 1973 ruling. Senators and Congressmen representing not their constituents but special pressure groups were, this year, unable to break the Senate filibuster and so went down to defeat. Next year, who knows? It's a shameful way to celebrate what could be the tenth anniversary of women's right to take control of their own reproductive system. Support pro-choice organizations. They're now playing catch-up.

At a rest stop near Jackpot, Nevada, a deputy sheriff was shot in the head and killed by a man involved in a minor traffic accident. The man then turned on the others at the rest stop and, using the policeman's gun, apparently decided to leave no witnesses. He died with six bullets in him. When the police checked out his car, they found that it belonged to a California woman who, with her eight-year-old daughter, was already dead of stab wounds.

What does that tell us? That travelers should not carry guns? That police should not carry guns? That criminals should not carry guns? What about the stabbing victims? Should the woman have been carrying a gun? Should there be no guns? What about knives?

(Name withheld by request)  
Huston, Idaho

The National Rifle Association is preoccupied with attempting to justify the Second Amendment in the context of British common law and the politics of today, apparently not recognizing that so-called liberals have simply had their fill of the killing. Not just killing with handguns, which for many years has been a fad. I mean killing in general. With any weapon.

This is probably a reaction to the Vietnam war, but even if handguns were abolished, you can bet that criminals would start sawing off .22 rifles. Until our courts and cops receive the support they need, the killing will not subside. Until there is social justice in this country, it still will not subside.

M. Richardson  
Brooklyn, New York

The liberal mentality is beyond the average person's understanding. So is the conservative mentality. The first group cannot understand why crime can not be controlled or, at least, reduced by making weapons unavailable to criminals through some form of prohibition. The second group cannot understand why, with 200,000,000 firearms already in the country, anyone would consider that to be a crime-control measure. The issue turns, in fact, not on the Second Amendment, on which it is centered at present, but on what constitutes crime control.

Robert Mills  
Seattle, Washington

Gun control is terribly needed in the U.S. Yearly, more than 10,000 persons are murdered with handguns, and thousands of others are wounded. I, as a humanitarian, choose to disagree with that confused and egotistic Boston historian whose letter is published in the July *Playboy Forum*. First of all, armed crime is now as American as apple pie, and it affects and is committed by people of all classes and backgrounds. That gentleman thinks that gun crimes are popular among the lower levels of society. I would say that gun crimes are popular at every stratum of American society. Are John Hinckley and Mark David Chapman from lower-class backgrounds?

Eugene Charrington  
Brooklyn, New York

*Armed crime is not as American as apple pie, and you owe the usual apologies for stealing that line. On the other hand, it's a serious national problem; crimes against the lower classes just don't make the news.*

"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.



# THE PLAYBOY DEFENSE TEAM

*"getting them out of jail" has become our motto*

When Thomas Lynn Brady left prison, his North Carolina homecoming was a moving demonstration of loyalty. He was met by his entire family, including elderly parents, young wife, daughter, brothers, a sister and in-laws; by the private investigator, the attorney and the various local officials who had helped secure his release. Earlier, the Playboy Defense Team had been there. Senior Editor William J. Helmer twice flew to Asheboro for hearings on a new trial. Brady himself already had spent three and a half years behind bars for allegedly abducting and raping—twice—a young Asheboro woman, who later aroused suspicion by accusing friends and members of Brady's family of crimes ranging from rape to arson to leaving threatening messages. After days of testimony and weeks of waiting, the judge decided that, in fact, the woman lacked credibility; that, except for the arson, possibly none of the crimes had ever occurred. Two days later, the prosecutor called a press conference to announce that he was dropping charges. Brady, in 1982, was a free man.

The idea of a Playboy Defense Team goes back to 1975, when the magazine was becoming more and more involved in challenging sex, marijuana and other laws that had civil-liberties implications. The first case involved an "orphaned" Texan of 28 who had been raised in state institutions and, after two convictions for stealing from coin-operated machines (both felonies), was picked up for swindling a couple of undercover narcotics cops in Dallas. He tried to buy his way out with a borrowed pinch of marijuana, which made felony number three—and a mandatory life sentence. After more than a year of negotiating between PLAYBOY representatives and state authorities, he was freed on parole.

We have been involved in quite a few other cases, as well.

- An Indiana physician who placed himself in a mental institution—and then couldn't get out—finally was released on the condition that he move out of state.

- A Vietnam veteran aiding in peddling small amounts of heroin in the state of Washington to support his own habit missed going to "the Walls"—Walla Walla prison—and ended up at a halfway house.

- A Tulsa man, sentenced to 15 years and a \$25,000 fine for selling an obscene magazine at an adult bookstore, had his sentence reduced to three years, suspended, and the fine reduced to \$5000.

- A Vietnam-war protester in Florida

spent years in and out of jails and courts for saying "Goddamn" at a rally and resisting arrest when the police moved in, charging 11 people and injuring about a dozen more.

- Outside Boston, a pharmaceutical salesman was acquitted of rape but convicted of sodomy after his girlfriend—meeting him for their second date—called her sister, whose friend was a police officer. He was eventually freed.

- In a Chicago suburb, an 18-year-old girl was charged with performing her own abortion with a .22 gunshot wound to the



Helped by private investigator Tom McDonald, Tam Brady gets a hand at sheriff's car.

abdomen and received a two-year suspended sentence.

The Jerry Mitchell case in West Plains, Missouri, was one of our more interesting excursions into the vagaries of that state's laws. Mitchell, a college student at the time, was convicted of a nonprofit sale of half a lid of locally grown grass, through a friend, to a guy who turned out to be an undercover agent. At his trial, Mitchell was sentenced to 12 years, later reduced to seven. With the Playboy Defense Team and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws behind him, the sentence was appealed to the Missouri Supreme Court, which upheld it on the ground that the state legislature can do anything it likes with drug sellers. The team and NORML then went to the governor, who likewise

decided he'd best not tamper with legislative decrees. In the end, Mitchell spent 15 months in a medium-security state prison, but he was released early. Last we heard, he was in graduate school at Texas A & M.

A drug case in Red Lodge, Montana, had a different ending. Two families, including private investigator Lake Headley of Wounded Knee fame, were accused of growing marijuana on some local property. They were looking at up to life in prison and Headley, the least involved, assumed that the arrival of Fed-



Brady hugs his daughter, Irene, outside the courthouse in Asheboro, North Carolina.

eral, state, county and city agents was no more than a plot to nail him while he was on vacation. By then, the local "pot plantation" had disappeared and the authorities had so goofed up the chain of evidence—one or two pot plants—that after many thousands of dollars in taxpayer money, the county elected to drop the case. Once Headley was out of that fracas—thanks partly to a multimillion-dollar lawsuit filed by NORML for civil-rights violations—Headley's friend was busted for making speed in another town. Headley then went on to investigate—with some help from us—the 1976 Don Bolles bombing murder in Phoenix, which led to the exoneration of Max Dunlap, a local contractor who spent almost two years on death row for the murder and who has now filed a


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\$605,000,000 suit against the city of Phoenix and a group of police officers.

Out of Columbus, Ohio, came the Claudia Yasko case, developed when a go-go girl stepped up to a police officer and "confessed" her part in a particularly brutal three-person slaying. The Playboy Defense Team was alerted by a phone call from her attorney, who added that Claudia had something of a record for confessing to crimes, committed or not. She told Playboy investigator Russ Million that she hadn't meant to confess to anything, that she merely wanted to give a statement. But that was taken literally by a local vice cop, who, it turned out, spoon-fed her answers to critical questions involving the scene of the murder. She was arrested and charged, even though the murders continued, adding up to nine, maybe more. With our aid, she was released four days before her trial date.

Another murder case attracted even more attention. Here, a slum kid named Larry Hicks of Gary, Indiana, found himself on death row, two weeks from execution with no stay and no appeal filed. He managed to collar Indianapolis attorney Nile Stanton, who—as a favor—checked out his situation. The warden was grateful that Stanton had stepped in, because the original court-appointed attorney had done nothing. That led to hearings on the issue of legal competence, which led to the granting of another trial, in which the Playboy Defense Team figured prominently. Editorial Assistant Marta Haywood joined in the case. So did Helmer, plus a local investigator hired by Stanton, plus members of Stanton's staff. What it came down to was this: Two corpses had been found in

an alley behind an apartment that had been rented by two women and their men. As luck would have it, Hicks was their neighbor, pressed into service moving appliances. After a certain amount of squabbling over whose money could be spent on more wine, Hicks, who neither drank nor smoked, bowed out; at that time, his only court record involved a couple of traffic violations. The fact that he left by midnight and the bodies were discovered fresh in the snow the next morning cut no weight with the prosecutor, who figured somebody was lying, probably Larry or possibly his codefendant, who a few days later was found hanged in the local jail. Maybe somebody else, such as the women the two guys had helped move. Maybe everybody. Maybe they were all lying because another fellow was also on the scene, though his name did not enter into the testimony. After nearly two weeks of the new trial, a jury returned an acquittal. Hicks was free. That case won Playboy the President's Commendation from the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers.

The two cases that brought us the most amusement were those involving Wisconsin's Wauwatosa Lovers and Texas' Bowley and Wilson.

The first involved a young couple who were caught in the act of screwing—at three A.M., in a house they and their friends (another young man and woman) were painting, with the owner's permission. Their friends were cut loose; they were brought up on charges by the local police department, for lewd and lascivious behavior, or screwing with the woman on top. They didn't take

that lying down, as it were, and called the office of the Wisconsin Civil Liberties Union. The girl already had testified:

Q. Do you deny at this time that you were . . . having sexual intercourse?

A. If I was having sexual intercourse or not, with anyone, is my business.

Q. Do you deny that, yes or no, please. You are under oath right now, and I asked you to answer the question again.

A. Can I plead the Fifth?

Q. You must answer the question.

A. I must answer. Yes, I was.

A city judge fined the sex offenders \$75 each and was willing to let it go at that. But—as we learned later—a certain Sergeant Green Knees, as he's locally known, led the arrest, kept the kids undressed and finally booked them into jail, with wrappings. Eventually, the case was thrown out on a technicality.

The Bowley and Wilson case probably aroused as much interest as any other, even though they, too, were let go. Both were Dallas comedian-musicians who enjoyed insulting their collegiate audiences. They'd been warned once, but in the absence of any Texas Alcoholic Beverage Commission guidelines, they went ahead with their show. One act involved dusting each other with ostensible cocaine while singing the Thirties song *Cocaine*. When the T.A.B.C. agents went in to arrest them, everyone thought it was part of the act. Then, when they were booked into the Dallas County Jail, the district attorney picked up where the T.A.B.C. had left off: They were accused of giving an obscene performance. Which may or may not have included the cocaine dusting.

Helmer went to Dallas to consult with attorneys for the "Foulmouthed Two," as we called them, and came back without a story. Everything had been or was being settled out of court; the two were free, as before. That on the basis of the district attorney's decision that the T.A.B.C. law was unconstitutional (as it had been ruled)—and he didn't have enough evidence, in any event. So much for Bowley and Wilson, who are back to plying their trade.

We are presently trying to work out a deal with the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers in Houston and the Trial Lawyers for Public Justice to pursue such cases even more carefully. Stand by for reports on Viola Liuzzo, the woman possibly killed by a Klansman—FBI informant in 1965. And for one on the suit by Max Dunlap against the Phoenix police, among others.

RICHARD KLEIN



Attorney Nile Stanton (left), Hicks and PLAYBOY Senior Editor William J. Helmer leave the Lake County Courthouse after a second jury trial cleared Hicks of a double murder.

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DUDLEY MOORE

*a candid conversation with hollywood's unlikeliest romantic hero about his comedy, his art and his joyful, uninhibited, all-important sex life*

If an audition had been held just a few years ago to find someone who would become, by 1982, one of America's most popular sex symbols, Dudley Moore wouldn't have got past the stage door. At 5'2" and 47 years of age, with a clubfoot and a dirty mind, Moore isn't exactly cut from heroic cloth. But with two huge successes—in "10" and in "Arthur"—behind him and with three more big movies either breaking or in the offing, the British-born actor and comedian is one of the hottest screen talents in the world today. The fact that he both composes and plays music to professional and critical acclaim only adds to his popularity.

And there's something else: Although his marital record is disastrous and his eye for the ladies is renowned, people seem to sense that Moore is one of the last of the staggering, heart-clasping, full-tilt romantics. Actress Susan Anton, his girlfriend of the past three years, met him when she was recovering from a breakup with Sylvester Stallone and Moore was newly divorced from Tuesday Weld. Anton recalls their meeting:

"The first time I saw Dudley—at the National Association of Theater Owners' convention—he made me laugh, so I went up and introduced myself. Later, he came

to Vegas, where I was performing, to see me. When he came backstage after my show, we both thought we'd made a terrible mistake. I'd forgotten how short he was and he'd forgotten how tall I was. After a midnight dinner, I impulsively said, 'Why don't we go to my room? I've got a bottle of wine and we can talk.' So we went there and started talking. And pretty soon I said, 'Do you know what I want to do? I want to go to your room and I want to go to bed with you and I want you to hold me. I'm not ready for anyone to make love to me yet. I just want to be held.' Dudley said OK, and that was our first night together. He just held me and let me cry about everything that hurt me. The next morning, we watched 'Wuthering Heights' and we both cried. He cried about his divorce and I cried about my breakup with Sly. And that's how we fell in love."

Moore's origins were considerably less than romantic. Born in London with a deformed left foot, he was raised in the gray town of Dagenham, Essex. His father was a railway electrician and his mother a domineering and cold figure who instilled in her son her own shame about his deformity.

His childhood was isolated. Because of

his clubfoot, he was in and out of hospitals and was bullied by his peer group until, at 13, he struck back. His weapon was humor and he wielded it with a vengeance, metamorphosing overnight from class bookworm to class clown.

He employed the same tactic several years later at Oxford, where, as the recipient of an organ scholarship to Magdalen College, he spent his first two years miserable and insecure. During his junior year, Moore hooked up with the campus cabaret circuit and, again, found the acceptance he craved by making people laugh. By the time he was graduated with two degrees in music, he was notorious for his comic improvisations. Scotching his original notion of becoming a choirmaster, he headed for show business, hell-bent on performing both musically and in comedy revues.

His wish was soon granted. In 1959, after a frantic year of penning music for everything from ballets to commercials, as well as two whistle-stop orchestra tours of America, Moore ended up at the world-renowned Edinburgh Festival. There he joined three other young Englishmen—Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller and Alan Bennett—to form "Beyond the Fringe," the now-legendary satirical revue. Following a short run in Edinburgh, the show moved to London's West End. There it



"My mother either was anxious about my clubfoot or pretended it didn't exist. It was: 'You're perfect' or 'You're a cripple.' So with that came the idea that I was either a genius or a piece of crap."



"The ability to enjoy your sex life is central. I don't give a shit about anything else. My obsession is total. What else is there to live for? Chinese food and women. There is nothing else."



"I think you can have wonderful experiences with a person you've known for three minutes. By the way, I haven't had that many women—only as many as I could lay my hands on."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY L. LOGAN

played to packed houses for two years before crossing the Atlantic to repeat that success on Broadway.

In 1964, when "Beyond the Fringe" disbanded, Moore, then 29, teamed up again with Cook—a collaboration that was to stretch over the next 14 years and include movies, television, records and theater. Their first big success came with "Not Only . . . But Also," a weekly series of comedy sketches that ran on English television for three years. Shortly thereafter, they returned to the stage with "Good Evening," a two-man revue that played continually around the world for five years.

Their film efforts were decidedly less magical. With the exception of 1967's "Bedazzled" and, to a lesser degree, the cult favorite "The Bed Sitting Room," Moore and Cook's movies—"The Wrong Box," "Those Daring Young Men in Their Jaunty Jalopies" and "The Hound of the Baskervilles"—fizzled both critically and commercially. Moore's solo movie efforts—"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia"—were no more successful, but he earned a reputation as a composer of film scores, including the themes for "Bedazzled," "Staircase," "30 Is a Dangerous Age . . .," "Inadmissible Evidence" and, recently, "Six Weeks."

In 1973, Moore and Cook again courted notoriety with their record albums starring the foulmouthed janitors Derek and Clive. But in 1975, they parted ways. Cook returned to London, while Moore remained in Los Angeles to pursue a movie career—and actress Tuesday Weld, with whom he was involved. Moore and Weld were a bout made in heaven. Married in 1975, with Weld pregnant, and divorced in 1980, the two split up more than 20 times in the course of their five-year marriage. (Son Patrick, six, lives with Weld in New York but visits his father frequently.) It was Moore's second shot at matrimony; he had previously been married to British actress Suzy Kendall.

In 1978, the comedian finally cracked the American movie market with "Foul Play." Cast in a supporting role as an insatiable swinger with an appetite for sex aids, Moore nearly stole the show from its stars, Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase. A short time later, he met director Blake Edwards, who asked him to replace George Segal as the mid-life-crisis-stricken hero of "10." The movie, of course, was a hit, catapulting both Moore and his co-star, Bo Derek, to international stardom.

He followed that success with an even greater one: "Arthur." His portrayal of the happily drunk, softhearted millionaire, playing off Sir John Gielgud's long-suffering valet, netted Moore his first Oscar nomination as Best Actor.

It also filled his acting schedule to overflowing. Following this month's planned release of "Six Weeks," with Mary Tyler

Moore, he will be seen opposite Elizabeth McGovern in "Lovesick" and Mary Steenburgen in "Romantic Comedy."

Moore has never lost interest in his first love: music. From the time of his first orchestral piece, written at the age of 12 and titled, appropriately, "Anxiety," he has continued to write, compose and perform both classical music and jazz. His Dudley Moore Trio has toured the world, breaking house records in Australia and New Zealand. He has eight jazz albums to his credit, the latest of which—"Smilin' Through," released last summer—saw him teamed with his old pal singer Cleo Laine. In 1981, his love of classical music led him to perform at The Hollywood Bowl with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra—in "An Evening with George Gershwin"—and, later, at New York's Metropolitan Museum, where, with violinist Robert Mann of the Juilliard String Quartet, Moore presented a chamber-music concert.

PLAYBOY assigned reporter and interviewer Nancy Collins to get to know Moore over a five-month stretch. They talked in New York on the set of "Lovesick" and, later, in California on the set of

---

*"Basically, I just want the same things all men do: Rice Krispies and sucking."*

---

"Romantic Comedy" and at Moore's Marina del Rey home. Her report:

"What immediately strikes one about Dudley Moore is the simplicity with which he conducts the business of being a superstar. Now, that may be hard to believe, considering his two pet extravagances—a white Rolls-Royce and a two-seater Mercedes—but otherwise, his life is mercifully free of Hollywood trappings. He makes his own appointments, answers his own phone and, when a visitor arrives at his house, putters around the kitchen, fixing tea for two.

"His home is an unpretentious, charming, three-bedroom beach house in the singles' haven of Marina del Rey. The decor is that of a hip but well-lived-in bachelor pad. On the main floor, a large, comfortable L-shaped sofa and a baby-grand piano dominate the living room, where art is largely represented by framed posters from Moore's movies. Several pictures of girlfriend Susan Anton are prominently displayed, along with snaps of himself, the most obvious of which has a fully clad Moore standing in a sea of naked bodies, all extras in "10."

"Although, technically, his only housemate is a Pekingese named Kong, he admits that since he and Anton met, they have barely spent a night apart, prefer-

ring 'mooching around the house' to Hollywood socializing.

"A Dudley Moore movie set is a happy movie set. And intentionally so. 'Dudley has an uncanny ability not only to adjust immediately to new situations but also to nudge them along,' says Marshall Brickman, 'Lovesick's' writer and director. 'The tone of a set filters down from the director and the star, and Dudley is very clever about creating a happy atmosphere—one in which he can do the right things and in which those things seem right and are. He makes everybody feel happy and relaxed and smart.'

"Yet he can also be almost wincingly candid and profane to the point of embarrassing people—as he did one TV interviewer after being pestered about his height and his affair with Anton. 'Actually,' he said, grinning into the camera, 'I go up on Susan!' During our many hours of conversation, we covered a lot of ground, but he was curiously bland about the standard topics—movies, celebrities, success, even his beloved music—and astonishingly open about his own childhood and hang-ups and sex life. It became almost a form of therapy to him, as if he had stored up memories for just this kind of candid format.

"There's another thing that comes through clearly in this psychological self-portrait: The main thrust of Moore's life, which many of us would envy for its success and versatility, is to be loved. And because he wants it so badly—and lets you know it so openly—most people do love him. He's irrepressible. To use an outdated word, he's naughty—perhaps the naughtiest little 47-year-old boy in the world."

PLAYBOY: Let's start with the important stuff: You're perhaps the only man on this planet to have been in bed—on-screen, anyway—with both Raquel Welch, in *Bedazzled*, and Bo Derek, in "10." Tell us about it, please.

MOORE: Well, Raquel played a tempting creature known as Lillian Lust. Holy shit, she really has a great body! When she was supposed to seduce me in the bed scene, I wore three pairs of underpants, thinking, Christ, if I get an erection, maybe three pairs will help. I was thinking of tying my cock down with Band-Aids or something—literally! I thought it was going to be very embarrassing. But that kind of scene ultimately turns out to be unerotic, because you're thinking of something else.

PLAYBOY: And the scene with Bo?

MOORE: Well, I had to do both scenes with both women twice. Hmmmmmm, I think a little pattern is emerging here. [Chuckles] We were both naked, but they lighted it so you couldn't see a damned thing. I was nervous, but Bo wasn't. She had to get up from the bed



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and walk over to the hi-fi and then go back to the bed. Let me tell you, it wasn't easy for me.

**PLAYBOY:** The sacrifices one makes. . .

**MOORE:** Indeed. But it is embarrassing to have everyone staring, saying, "What's she got? What's he got?" You feel more stupid than turned on. You're thinking about your lines, your timing, your camera angles—not about sex.

**PLAYBOY:** But did you find Bo sexy?

**MOORE:** Bo is basically cool. I didn't think of her as a sexy person. I don't mean that as an insult. I just mean she doesn't farm it out in public. She's not like Bardot, who used to flirt with the world; nor is there a sensuality as you have with Anna Karina or Sophia Loren.

**PLAYBOY:** Movie scenes aside, sex appears to be a pretty important theme running through your life—right?

**MOORE:** I think sex is the most important part of anybody's life.

**PLAYBOY:** The most important part?

**MOORE:** The ability to enjoy your sex life is central. I don't give a shit about anything else. One's desire for another person is the most flattering thing you can take from that person. The best sex you can give anybody is what you take from her with the utmost enthusiasm.

**PLAYBOY:** Are women, then, more important to you than your work?

**MOORE:** Absolutely.

**PLAYBOY:** Are they the obsession of your life?

**MOORE:** Totally. What else is there to live for? Chinese food and women. There is nothing else. Actually, I sometimes hate women for having such an effect on me.

**PLAYBOY:** That comes through from time to time. Some of your humor—especially the early stuff with your former partner, Peter Cook—seems to have some anger toward women in it. Are you secretly a little hostile toward women?

**MOORE:** No. I just want to do everything to them. I want to murder them and love them and embrace them and die in them and live in them and *all* that stuff. *Everything!* Just go through the dictionary, and that's what I want to do: I want to aardvark them, Afghanistan them, blender them, demarcate them, Zulu them. I want to do *everything!*

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been to bed with more than one person?

**MOORE:** Yeah, with two women. But just once.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you like it?

**MOORE:** Yeah, it was fuckin' great. I also tried it once with a male friend and a woman, but we just ended up laughing. I mean, it was like choosing ends: "Which end do you want?" It was so exhilarating we couldn't do anything.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you realize you were going to be such a prisoner of sex?

**MOORE:** When I was about 11. I looked at girls, and suddenly, all I wanted to do was to love them, have them kiss me. I even remember their names. Joan Harold

and Shirley Powell and Louise McDonald and Jean Dabbs and—oh, fuck. . . . Yeah, sex really had me by the ears. I masturbated from five or six on, but it wasn't until a couple of years later that I focused on doing something more with girls.

As a teenager, I found the idea of intercourse completely frightening. I do remember the first breast I ever fondled. The girl wasn't exactly attractive, but she did have a fair pair of knockers. Anyway, we went behind her house, where I stood on some bricks so I could reach her. Then, as if by remote control, she guided my hand to her breast. I remember feeling this thing and thinking, Oh!—as though I'd put my hand on a sheep's eye or something.

**PLAYBOY:** And how did you feel about it afterward?

**MOORE:** Totally disgraced. I thought, That's it. I've done it now. I've blotted my copybook. That went on for some time—girls and very passionate snogging and smooching, a bit of breast fondling. But nothing very much of a south-waist nature. I remember once at a party sitting frozen in a chair with a girl on my lap. We were both pretending we were asleep, but I felt the sexual electricity just whipping through us. I didn't actually get into any heavy petting until I was about 16 or so and met a French girl. She terrified me. But I still used to visit her in Paris. She had a little garden house where we'd go and I would venture to insert part of my disgusting body into her, only to withdraw as if we were magnets with equal, but like, poles meeting.

And, then, of course, I used to wank myself to death over my father's magazines. He had quite a collection. Come to think of it, he's probably also the reason I've always fantasized about women with big tits. I mean, show me a fire hydrant and I'll come on the spot. But I also like a nice ass and legs. In the end, of course, none of it makes a damned bit of difference, because it's just pounds of flesh. Besides, basically, I just want the same things *all* men do: Rice Krispies and sucking.

**PLAYBOY:** How old were you when you got around to having intercourse?

**MOORE:** Oh, about 45. [Laughs] No, 22, 23. Technically, that is. What is that Chinese saying? To walk a thousand miles, you first have to walk one foot. Well, to fuck a girl, you have to put one inch in. And although I'd gotten that inch in now and then from the time I was 15, I was too afraid to leave anything as valuable as my penis in that cavern of no return.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you think was going to happen?

**MOORE:** I didn't know. Maybe pregnancy. I was just terrified; my repression had been so long and continuous.

**PLAYBOY:** Was part of that terror knowing

that in order to make love, you'd have to undress and expose your clubfoot?

**MOORE:** No, not necessarily. Although I was quite attuned to the possibility that I would have to make love in my duffel coat and snow boots, with just the offending member emerging and splurging. Emerge and splurge: the wisdom of life.

No, my dread was more general: that of allowing myself to be out of control with someone I hardly knew. Which is why masturbation is always very safe, because there you not only control the person you're with but you can leave when you want to. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** You've mentioned your clubfoot in public, usually briefly, but what exactly is your handicap?

**MOORE:** When I was born, both of my feet were turned in. The right one apparently righted itself, while the left one was more severely damaged. As a result, my left leg is one half inch shorter than my right and is shriveled from the knee down. If I look at it dispassionately, I realize it looks like a sweet child's foot. I've learned to see it that way because of the people who didn't throw up when they saw it.

**PLAYBOY:** Were there a lot of people who did, figuratively, throw up?

**MOORE:** When I was a child, yes. I was constantly made aware of it. I didn't realize my foot was different until I went to school and got laughed at. My leg was an object of ridicule. Kids used to shout, "Hopalong!" and mimic me. I always wore short pants, so the greatest day in my life was when—at 13—I was finally allowed to wear long pants and cover my leg.

**PLAYBOY:** Wouldn't it have been more humane to have put you in long pants sooner?

**MOORE:** Of course. But my mother didn't want me to feel there was anything wrong—and yet she did. On the one hand, she was very anxious about my foot, and on the other, she pretended it didn't exist, which made me very confused. She either overinflated me or underinflated me. It was either "You're perfect; there's nothing wrong with you" or "You're a complete cripple." So with that came the idea that I was either a genius or a piece of crap.

**PLAYBOY:** How did your leg affect you socially?

**MOORE:** I had a very isolated youth. I was either in the hospital, being operated on, or at home, sitting in splints, recovering. I spent so much time in the hospital, where the distance between me and another person was six feet, that when I finally got out in the world and was only two feet from a kid who was alive and kicking—not depressed and waiting to get well—it was suddenly very frightening. Any sense of humor I might have had was severely limited by my enormous fear of being out there.

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memories. During the war, I was on a ward that was loaded with soldiers. I was the only kid. One night, there was a soldier across from me who, when they drew the curtains around him, kept screaming, "No! No! No! No!" I was very frightened.

Later, I was wheeled into a darkened operating theater, where I was left alone. I stayed for what seemed like two hours before anybody knew I was there. I was dying of thirst, but nobody gave me water, because nobody saw me there. Finally, this guy came in—this prick of a doctor—and said, "It's the right leg off, isn't it?" I said, "No, no, no, no. It's the left!" As it turned out, that asshole was

trying to be funny.

Another crucial thing occurred when I was left in a hospital for about two weeks without visits from my parents. My mother said she just couldn't get there, bless her heart. But I gather from psychological studies that kids up to the age of five who are institutionalized or left on their own for more than two weeks generally freeze up. They never quite crack out of it. I'm not sure that happened to me, but even today, I'm afraid of family life. I like to be on my own, basically.

**PLAYBOY:** Your own family was English working class; did that mean you grew up poor?

**MOORE:** We were poor. But so was everybody. My father was an electrician for the Stratford East Railway and, as such, he never made more than £15 a week—that's about \$40. We didn't seem poor, but we didn't seem rich, either. Richness to me was having a bike with three speeds rather than a fixed wheel. When I did *Beyond the Fringe*, I earned in one week what my parents had managed to save in 20 years—£100.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get your sense of humor from your parents?

**MOORE:** They enjoyed humor very much. But my father was a quiet, hidden man whom I dearly loved but also despised because he wasn't stronger than he was. He was also a Christian Scientist, so his life was his church—apart, of course, from the steaming repressed sexuality that was locked inside him.

**PLAYBOY:** And your mother?

**MOORE:** An irredeemably repressed ball of floating anxiety.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds as though they were well matched.

**MOORE:** Yes. [*Chuckles*] My mother was a complete fucking mess in terms of knowing who she was and what rights she had. She felt she didn't have any right to her body and, in fact, was disgusted by it. Yet, with all that, there was a humor and brightness that just kept her nose above water. That—and being incredibly defensive—kept her going until she was 81.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you funny as a kid?

**MOORE:** No. Quite frankly, I never had any sense of humor. I was a very pompous little boy who was *driven* to humor.

**PLAYBOY:** As a defense against your club-foot?

**MOORE:** Yeah. And my height. I got funny so I wouldn't get beaten up anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you actually brutalized by other children?

**MOORE:** Bullied and pushed, mostly. See, I also liked schoolwork. I was a hard-working kid who used to ask teachers for more work in front of other kids. I just loved to work. But, as a result, I got punished by my peer group. Once I started being funny, making fun of the teachers as they did, I was accepted.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you keep up your studies?

**MOORE:** No. I stopped reading when I started clowning. I always had a vivid imagination and read like a maniac, two or three books a night. So I very much resented having to clown, because it stopped me from learning and developing. Sometimes I despise the fact that I make people laugh. But being funny is a way of drawing blood without revealing where the arrow came from.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if you and your mother had a complicated relationship.

**MOORE:** We did. I was very attached to her—but very angry with her, too. She made me feel that if I made one false

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step, she would die. You must understand, I don't blame her for it. I don't have any bad feelings toward her now. But then she was constantly worried about my foot.

**PLAYBOY:** Worried or embarrassed?

**MOORE:** Both. My mother was obsessed by my foot and, because of that, made me obsessed by it.

**PLAYBOY:** Why that obsession?

**MOORE:** She had wanted to produce something perfect. My mother had a brother on whom she was quite fixated. He was a missionary in Africa and died of some disease. When she lost him, she longed to have someone replace him. But instead of producing the perfect brother, she produced this *leg*.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you sure you're not reading into her motivations?

**MOORE:** No. She told me she felt that way. She said the pain I was going to suffer was unbearable—but, obviously, it was the pain *she* was going to suffer, feeling, as she did, that she was on trial for producing a hunchback.

**PLAYBOY:** Was she warm or affectionate with you?

**MOORE:** No. There was nothing from her, no hugs or anything. Her excuse was that I shouldn't be touched because the plaster might break on my leg. So I often felt as if I were stuck on the mantel with a sign reading DON'T TOUCH HIM.

My first intimation of the effect that physical affection, particularly from a woman, had on me came from a nurse in a convalescent home. When I went into the home, I was terrified. It was my first night, and this nurse said, "Should I kiss you good night?" I said no. But then, as she was going, I said yes, and she bent down and kissed me, so loving and gentle and sweet. That kiss affected my whole life. A friend said to me, "You've looked for that tenderness throughout your whole life." And I have. It haunts and sustains me. Which is why, I suppose, I live for touching and being touched.

**PLAYBOY:** When you got older, did you and your mother ever talk about what she'd done to you as a child?

**MOORE:** There was one moment, the last time I saw her before she went into the hospital. I think she had intimations that she was about to bum off. She started bringing out photographs of herself as a young girl. And she said, "I don't know why you say you were unhappy as a child. Look at this picture of you." And there was this picture of me smiling.

Anyway, one Sunday afternoon, I remember saying goodbye to her, and I remember her doing what she often did: She looked at me in a peculiar, obsessive way, as if she had to put everything into it because that was the only way she could express it—nonverbally. That particular time, I looked at her and we just nodded at each other as if to say, "Yeah, I know what we feel for each other and I know

there's no way of unraveling it or somehow making good the bad parts." But in that 30 seconds, I felt as though the whole of the thing had been straightened out. And that was the last time I saw her before she went into the hospital and had an operation from which she never fully recovered.

**PLAYBOY:** Today, if you see someone with a clubfoot, how do you respond?

**MOORE:** I'm repelled. I guess because I equate it with my own repulsion about myself. It's not something I will ever be totally at ease with. In fact, my foot stops me from doing certain things. As a kid, I was very athletic, but now I do nothing, probably because I'm well known and feel, Oh, no. I can't show *that* to people.

**PLAYBOY:** If you don't want people to know about your foot, why talk about it like this?

**MOORE:** I didn't for a long time. Finally, I did because I thought it was a way to air it, get rid of my feelings. But I never got rid of them. I wish I could say, "Fuck it—who cares about a twisted piece of bone?" But I can't. It's been an enormous influence on me. I know there are people who have much more grossly incapacitating things who don't seem to have any awareness of them. Take Itzhak Perlman, for instance. He's got two carcasses attached to his thighs and heaves them around like logs. But I don't see any sadness in him, because somehow his family was able to make him feel, OK, those two bits of flesh don't work, but you can play the violin. With my situation, there was a focusing of a deadly nature upon my foot.

**PLAYBOY:** With your success now, don't you feel vindicated?

**MOORE:** No. I'm simply more at home with the pain. It doesn't go away. Once, during analysis, I was asked to draw my foot. I drew the foot with a typical curvature, making it look like a penis, because an erect penis turns up slightly at the end. Then I drew a stiff club. It was like saying, "This foot represents my sexuality, which I'm freezing into a dead club that I'm going to hit the world with." Of course, that's oversimplified, but that's what was really draining my energy—pointing to this thing and saying, "This is responsible for my feeling inadequate."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still feel inadequate?

**MOORE:** I'll always be enraged and humiliated by my handicap, except now I can deal with it without being persecuted.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you link your foot to your sexuality, what happened once you started having sex with women? Did you tell them about your foot beforehand?

**MOORE:** Oh, I always felt I had to bring up this odious skeleton, as if somehow it would fly out of bed and hit them on the head if I didn't. I always had to say, "I have to tell you something. I've got

this . . ." and go through great agonies. I felt they had to know they were going to bed with this deformed fish.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there ever any woman who was unkind about it?

**MOORE:** Never. Never in my life. Some women, in fact, couldn't understand it at all. You know: "What are you *talking* about? So you've got a bent finger or a bent ear. What's that got to do with anything?" But even then, I wasn't convinced. I still felt I had to come up with this prologue: "Hello, I want to stick my foot up you."

**PLAYBOY:** Let's stay with your sex life for a while. Who first told you about sex?

**MOORE:** Kenny Vare. I was about nine or ten, and Kenny came running into the playground as if he were bearing the news of the vikings' landing. "Do you know what you have to do when you grow up?" he asked. "You have to put your winkle in a girl."

Well, by that time, having already masturbated myself into the ground, I thought, My God. I've done it. I've ruined myself for this ghastly task. I really thought there was something wrong with me.

**PLAYBOY:** We gather that your mother didn't know about your preoccupation.

**MOORE:** God, no! But I've got some hilarious stories about masturbation. In fact, I've always wanted to do a film about it. I remember, through sheer fear and lust, coming six times in one evening when I was supposed to be doing my homework. I just sat there masturbating, with my parents next door. That always made things a little more titillating, you know.

See, I had a carpet by my bed. And I used to come all over the carpet and then rub it in. The carpet became like sculpted grass. I'll never know why on earth it was never discovered, except that my mother would occasionally say, "This carpet got all funny. Very strange, isn't it?"

But the actual idea of masturbation never got brought up at all. Except once. We—my mother, my father, my sister and I—were all sitting around in the living room, the only room in the house, besides the bathroom, where you wouldn't freeze your balls off in winter. Anyway, Mother was sitting across the room, darning socks, while I sat on the sofa, hand in my pocket, having a nice, quiet feel. The only person watching me, as far as I could tell, was the Virgin Mary, who happened to be in a picture above our fireplace—and I knew *she* sure wasn't going to blow the whistle on me. Anyway, on the radio came a coloratura soprano, singing some Viennese piece. [*He breaks into an operatic aria*] Suddenly, she hit an extremely high note, prompting my mother to say, without missing a beat, "This-woman-is-singing-the-highest-note-that's-





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Well, the moment was frozen, because my mother had discovered me. And from that night onward, I could be found in the early hours of the morning, frantically flipping the radio dial to find a coloratura to masturbate by. I could always come on the top note.

**PLAYBOY:** Do high notes still do it for you?

**MOORE:** No, unfortunately. I get a twinge, but it's just not the same thing. When I was at Oxford, however, I went into a record shop and discovered a record by somebody called Mado Robin, who probably never knew what she did for me.

Robin was a coloratura soprano in the French opera. On that record, she sings a B-flat in altissimo, which is, I think, the highest recorded note. Well, when I heard that, my whole body went into a fever. I thought, God, if I buy this record, I'll wank myself to death. So, instead of buying it, I used to go to the record shop, wearing my father's raincoat, slip into the glass booth and play certain cuts of the record, to which I would masturbate.

**PLAYBOY:** Weren't you afraid that people would catch you in the act?

**MOORE:** No, because I was wearing the raincoat. However, every time I came, I not only screwed up my face but slapped myself on the forehead—and that *did* draw considerable attention. I think the owners of the shop always wondered why I never bought the record. Finally, I did buy it and then didn't leave my room for a week. It was like a Pavlovian response—hilarious.

**PLAYBOY:** Who was your first real lover?

**MOORE:** A very beautiful actress.

**PLAYBOY:** Thus beginning an unalterable preference in women.

**MOORE:** Shit! I hadn't even thought of that, but you're right.

**PLAYBOY:** What is it you find so compelling about actresses? You've married two and you're seeing another one now.

**MOORE:** It's the fact that they compel you to look at them. Beautiful women are generally the most insecure about their looks, so they're sometimes like flashers in Central Park. They may not want to have sex with the whole world, but they do need to be *attractive* to the whole world.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, back to your first actress.

**MOORE:** Well, this girl was intrigued that I was a virgin.

**PLAYBOY:** Did she seduce you?

**MOORE:** I don't remember how it came up, but I told her I'd never had an orgasm inside a woman. She said, "Oh, I think you *ought* to," and we agreed to meet in a hotel in Oxford. She came up from London on the milk train, arriving at five A.M. after having missed the 11 P.M. train. I was sitting on the platform waiting for her, trembling with

fear, shame, anticipation and cold. We went to the hotel and got into bed. I recall her looking over my shoulder at something on the wall while we were doing it. You can imagine how heartening that was.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel?

**MOORE:** I found the whole thing not very exciting at all. As I came—and I'm surprised I did—she said, "Oh, I forgot to put my thing in," meaning her diaphragm. Well, she got pregnant. She told me later but said she'd deal with it and did. I saw her a couple of times after that, but it didn't work.

**PLAYBOY:** So after all those years of silent lust, reality was a disappointment.

**MOORE:** I felt a great fear in my loins—a traction of fear that shriveled me spiritually and organically. I cringed with fear and shame and disappointment. Eventually, however, I came out of that theological funk.

**PLAYBOY:** And became even more obsessed with women?

**MOORE:** Shortly thereafter, I was doing *Beyond the Fringe* in London and by that time had decided that what I wanted to do with my life was perform onstage, make people laugh and play jazz because it attracts women. So I did that; I started playing jazz in the basement of a club called The Establishment, which Peter Cook had founded. Each night, after the performance, I'd go to play jazz and [giggles] stroke girls.

**PLAYBOY:** Were women the sole reason you started playing jazz?

**MOORE:** Yeah. You ask any jazz musician why he wants to play jazz and he'll tell you the same thing.

**PLAYBOY:** What is the correlation between jazz and sex?

**MOORE:** Jazz is very upfront, if you'll pardon the expression. A visceral, unambiguously sexual sort of music. There's an excitement to jazz that, if you understand it enough to play it, manifests itself in other areas.

**PLAYBOY:** In other words, if you can improvise well on the keyboard, chances are you can improvise well in bed.

**MOORE:** That's right.

**PLAYBOY:** Then may one assume that men who love jazz are exceptional lovers?

**MOORE:** Oh, we are. An unbeatable crowd.

**PLAYBOY:** Onward. Who started *Beyond the Fringe*?

**MOORE:** A man named John Bassett, then assistant director of the famous Edinburgh Festival. He decided it would be a good idea to have a late-night university revue, featuring two men from Cambridge and two from Oxford, that would be presented each night after the official festival presentation. Bassett asked me from Oxford and Jonathan Miller from Cambridge to work on it. We each recommended another person.

Jonathan recommended Peter Cook and I suggested Alan Bennett.

**PLAYBOY:** Where did you get the title *Beyond the Fringe*?

**MOORE:** Because it was not official, it was called The Fringe Festival. So, naturally, they wanted a fringe-type entertainment, which is why we were called *Beyond the Fringe*.

**PLAYBOY:** According to legend, Miller and Cook wrote most of the material.

**MOORE:** Not true. Peter wrote most of it. Jonathan is often credited with more, but Peter was the main creative force. I'd say that on a percentage scale, starting with me at zero, Peter probably contributed 67 percent and Jonathan and Alan the rest.

**PLAYBOY:** You wrote nothing?

**MOORE:** I didn't contribute a word. I provided music and did musical satires.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't you write anything?

**MOORE:** Because I was intimidated by the others. Their thrust was political, social, literary, philosophical—every area I knew nothing about. The only humor I could really get into was the humor of my own background. They seemed much more knowledgeable about what was going on in the world. I didn't read the newspapers then.

**PLAYBOY:** Cook has said that your contributions to the group were treated with "benign contempt." Were they?

**MOORE:** Oh, yeah. It was total scorn, thinly disguised.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't that hurt you?

**MOORE:** Sure. I just felt I couldn't contribute anything to that lot. I was always terrified that we'd get arrested for everything we did. I was very timid.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**MOORE:** Because I didn't know what my rights were. I came from a family that was scared of policemen, librarians, schoolteachers—everybody. There was always a feeling of not really having the right to be wherever you were at the moment.

**PLAYBOY:** How did Miller, Bennett and Cook treat that fear? Also with benign contempt?

**MOORE:** Yes. Even today, the same sense of patronizing continues. Peter says, "I can't understand Dudley's success," and Jonathan says, "I think he can do better." I think they feel I'm a lightweight—doing lightweight material, having a lightweight life, lightweight hobbies and lightweight interests.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever considered yourself an intellectual?

**MOORE:** I'm a performer. And there is an intellectual exercise in that. I am as intellectual as any of them in an area they don't know fuck-all about—music. To write music is an intellectual activity. Anyway, my feelings about an intellectual life are that it's the by-product of an emotional life. The intellect is the muscle growth on top of the



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**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you're a good musician?

**MOORE:** I think I'm a terrific musician. I think I'm hot shit! I also think I'm a terrific actor and a terrific comedian.

**PLAYBOY:** But you still care more about your music than about your performing?

**MOORE:** Absolutely. Always have.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get started in music?

**MOORE:** I started studying piano and singing in the church choir at the age of six. From the age of 11 to 18, I used to go to London to the Guildhall School of Music every Saturday morning to study violin and organ. It was actually the headmaster of Guildhall who suggested I apply to Oxford for an organ scholarship.

**PLAYBOY:** Not many working-class kids applied to Oxford in those days. Did you think you'd get in?

**MOORE:** Well, in those days I wanted very much to please, so it seemed like a distinguished thing to do and I did. I competed in an organ-scholarship competition and won a scholarship to Magdalen College. As a working-class boy, I was, indeed, greatly surprised to have been accepted. I remember the day we got the notification, my mother went absolutely wild with ecstasy. She ran down the road like Archimedes, scream-

ing, "My son's going to Oxford!"

**PLAYBOY:** The thought of Oxford must have been pretty frightening.

**MOORE:** I was very frightened. And when I got there, I felt very ill equipped. Everybody spoke so factually. I had the feeling I was in the presence of very superior beings. I felt they'd all had a classical education, were older and had done national service, which I hadn't because of my leg. I felt very inferior.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the toughest part of that first year?

**MOORE:** Not knowing how to open my mouth without having it sound like an old saw, because, coming from Dagenham, I spoke in a very lazy accent—not Cockney but sort of suburban. I went through a terrible stage of trying to imitate other people's voices, so I ended up with a peculiar voice, very untidy, with vowels lurching in every direction. I still talk that way today.

I was also at odds with the place because it was too beautiful. Magdalen College is breath-takingly beautiful. And there I was, this clubfooted wanker sitting on the organ seat, playing this beautiful organ in this beautiful chapel. I felt I really didn't deserve to be there.

**PLAYBOY:** How long did you feel that way?

**MOORE:** For two years.

**PLAYBOY:** Then what happened?

**MOORE:** Comedy. My third year, I started

doing cabaret, and it was like being the school clown all over again. I found a niche and became rather well known around campus as a cabaret performer, a guy who improvised and generally made a fool of himself. After that, I started acting in sketches and doing revues, which ultimately led to *Beyond the Fringe*.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have a favorite sketch from *Beyond the Fringe*?

**MOORE:** I really liked the war sketch, about the so-called romance of World War Two. A lot of World War Two stories involved pilots who never returned. So in that sketch, there is one scene between Peter and Jonathan in which Jonathan says, "It's up to you, Perkins. I want you to fly up in a crate, take a shuft [have a look] over Bremen and don't come back!" Peter says, "Well, thank you, sir. Is this au revoir?" "No," replies Jonathan, "this is goodbye."

**PLAYBOY:** Did the four of you ever use drugs to write or perform *Beyond the Fringe*?

**MOORE:** No. None of us ever used drugs then. Ever.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you use drugs now?

**MOORE:** I don't like drugs. I have no temptation. Now, I do eat a lot of sugar and salt—masses of salt. I was reading an article in *Time* about people's salt consumption, and I eat twice as much as the person with the largest intake. It's

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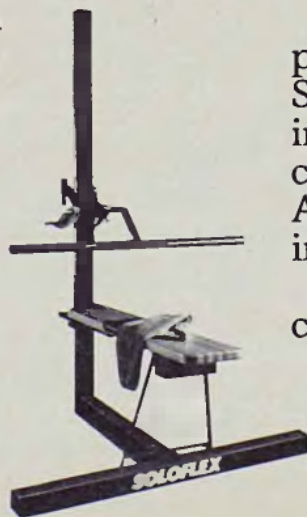
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probably just eating away at my balls, replacing all the sperm with sodium chloride. One day, I'll come and there'll be this little puff of salt out the end and I'll give birth to Lot's wife. [Laughs] I did read once that salt intake gives you hardening of the penis. Now, in that case, I may double my already excessive salt intake—though, let me hasten to add, I have never had a problem with hardening of the penis.

**PLAYBOY:** If you say so. But what's more difficult to believe is that you've never tried drugs. A little marijuana, maybe?

**MOORE:** I have sucked on a marijuana cigarette about a dozen times, and, once, it did give me an orgasm that lasted for three days. But, then, I don't need pot, because my orgasms normally last that long, anyway.

**PLAYBOY:** Undoubtedly. And have you ever tried cocaine?

**MOORE:** I've had one minor sniff of cocaine, which I did under protest, because I didn't even want to try it. Well, nothing happened. Of course, that's what everybody says, but [he breaks into swinger jargon, like his character in "Foul Play"], "Hey, I'm no different. I've just had 17 snorts of cocaine, but nothing's different, baby."

Fact is, not only do I fear being out of control but I get a buzz from a cup of coffee; so if I took cocaine, my ass would fall to the ground, my cock would explode into 1000 stars and a breast would turn into a cantaloupe—you know, the usual humdrum stuff.

**PLAYBOY:** When *Beyond the Fringe* went beyond its modest beginnings and opened in the West End of London, how did you celebrate? With limousines, caviar, more salt?

**MOORE:** I continued living the same way I always had. I was living in a small room that cost me ten shillings a week—that's about 90 cents—and I stayed there. I drove a silly little car, a 1935 Austin box car, that I finally had to abandon on the side of the road, whereupon I bought another car for £40—that was \$100.

**PLAYBOY:** When *Beyond the Fringe* broke up, you and Cook teamed up, off and on, for the next 14 years, doing movies, another stage revue, *Good Evening*, and *Not Only . . . but Also*—a hit TV series for the BBC. What was *Not Only . . . but Also*?

**MOORE:** *Not Only Peter Cook . . . but Also Dudley Moore*. Basically, we did the same type of comedy sketches, the same eccentric humor with some slightly smutty jokes thrown in.

**PLAYBOY:** Slightly smutty?

**MOORE:** Well, it was the BBC.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the BBC try to censor you?

**MOORE:** Yeah, but it was a strange censorship, purely subjective. For instance, we once did a sketch about a confrontation between a scriptwriter and the head

of the BBC. The BBC guy was saying, "Listen, you can't say bloody this many times. You already said bum [meaning ass] five times!" Finally, the writer says, "All right. I'll drop bloody if you'll let me have another bum."

That sketch was based on an actual meeting, except at ours it was between tits and bum. We got away with tits, though I'm amazed we did. Peter loved it when we got away with things. Like the time he talked about a bottle of wine that, instead of being called Châteauneuf Margaux or Châteauneuf-du-Pape, was called Chât All over the Carpet.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Cook again do all the writing?

**MOORE:** No. He wrote about 70 percent of our material and I did about 30. I used to build my humor by elaborating on things that had happened to me. Peter's came out of left field.

**PLAYBOY:** For instance?

**MOORE:** "The Frog and the Peach," a really ridiculous sketch from the *Alice in Wonderland* segment of Peter's mind, all about the only restaurant left where one can find a "very big frog and a damned fine peach."

**PLAYBOY:** What were the specialties of the house?

**MOORE:** Frog à la pêche and pêche à la frog. Frog à la pêche is a frog with a peach stuck in its mouth and covered with flaming Cointreau, while pêche à la frog is a peach sliced down the middle to reveal hundreds of squiggling little tadpoles.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your Bo Dudley character?

**MOORE:** Ah, yes. That was a take-off on James Brown's song *Papa's Got a Brand-New Bag*. In the sketch, I'm supposed to be one of the great blues singers, who advertises himself as black even though he is actually white. Naturally, I am wearing dark glasses and sitting at a piano. The name is obviously from Bo Diddley—and it's probably how Bo Derek got her name, too.

Peter, meanwhile, plays a very upper-class BBC-type commentator who, totally mystified by R&B, has asked me to explain the song to him, literally lyric by lyric. He says, "Now, what does this line 'Momma's got a brand-new bag' mean?" And I say, "The darky mother has gone into the bustling market streets of Harlem to purchase a gaily colored bag." He then asks about "I'm gonna groove it, we're gonna groove it all night long." And I say, "There is some sort of celebration for the darky baby for which the mother will be making some indentations into the bag with a groover, the work of which will take her all night long." Peter then asks about "You turn the light on for me, baby," and I explain that the baby turns the light on, lighting the circuits and causing the whole wigwam to go up in smoke.

It is then left to Peter to paraphrase

the entire song, which he does, concluding that the moral of the story can be summed up in one question: Is it wise to let people buy gaily colored plastic bags when they should instead have the electrical wiring redone in their houses?

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have a favorite Cook line?

**MOORE:** My favorite line was one that Peter came out with one afternoon. We were talking about his wife and he said, "My wife does all the cooking . . . and all the eating. She goes down to the well every morning, but she is not a well woman." And then I said, "How did you meet your wife?" And he said, "I met her during World War Two. She blew in through the window on a piece of shrapnel and became embedded in the sofa. One thing led to my mother, and we were married within the hour." There's such a marvelous thoroughness about the whole thing. Very British. Somehow, he'd summed up colonization, the empire—everything—all in one go.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you describe Cook?

**MOORE:** Basically, a fucking cunt. [Chuckles] He's an enormously soft-hearted/hardhearted, sweet/sour, vulnerable/invulnerable man. He lives on the edge of two poles.

**PLAYBOY:** We hear you two had a pretty volatile relationship.

**MOORE:** I always enjoy Peter on my own, but if I'm with somebody else, we always get into an argument. There's a video tape coming out of an album we did titled *Ad Nauseam*. It's really a documentary about Peter and me, showing the irritability that existed between us. I mean *real* irritability. We've always gotten pissed at each other. Peter's always pissed off with my nitpicking, logical mind. And I used to get pissed off at his lack of directness in dealing with people.

**PLAYBOY:** Obviously, the irritation worked as a creative catalyst.

**MOORE:** Yes, and it also endeared us to each other. Although we never speak unless we bump into each other.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you two split up?

**MOORE:** I don't know that we have. That makes it sound as though we'll never work together again. I'm sure that if something were right for us, we'd do it. I feel that Peter is more interested in doing caricature stuff than in acting. He's a very funny comedian, but he's not as interested in comedic acting as I am. Right now, I just consider what I'm doing solo stuff.

It's true, though, that after we'd taken *Good Evening* to Australia, things just ground to a halt. But we did go on to do other things, such as the Derek and Clive albums.

**PLAYBOY:** The Derek and Clive albums are three of the most notorious, raunchy

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comedy albums in the business. How did they come about?

**MOORE:** Peter and I wanted to do some material we couldn't do on radio, TV or stage. So we rented a recording studio, went in and basically improvised as we recorded. The first cut—or the first cunt, as we say in the vernacular, or the venereal—was *The Worst Job I Ever Had*. Peter said [*does a Cockney accent*], "The worst job I ever had was gettin' lobsters out of Jayne Mansfield's asshole. Jayne used to go swimm'in' off the beach at Mally-boo and these fuckin' lobsters used to go flyin' up her ass. And I used to have to pull the fuckers out."

Again, I love that image. It's like a reversal, if you'll pardon the expression, of a cunt's having teeth. Up the ass are giant lobsters ready to get you. No matter where you stick it, you find teeth.

**PLAYBOY:** Cook has described Derek and Clive as "two stupid hooligans, bored and angry about everything, who spend all their time trying to outdo each other in areas about which they have no knowledge." Why all the dirty talk, though?

**MOORE:** In England, there are whole classes of people who talk just like Derek and Clive, whose total means of communication is in language some people call obscene. For instance, there's one cut on the album in which this bloke Pete calls me a cunt. I say back to him, in a morally outraged tone, "Who are you calling cunt, cunt?" So he says, "You cunt, you." I say, "You fucking cunt! You called me a cunt. You fucking cunt!" So he says, "You're calling me a cunt, you cunt?" And it just goes back and forth like that.

What we basically did on the Derek and Clive albums was speak the unspeakable. Take, for instance, cancer, which Peter and I discuss on one album. The thing about cancer is that it's one of those subjects that, when they come up, cause everyone to put on a serious face. Everybody fears it, because we all secretly feel it's self-induced through anxiety or doubt. I know that sometimes I sink into days when I get so anxious that I conjure up an image of a white-eyed, greedy rodent gnawing away at my asshole. *That's* cancer-causing.

Anyway, even though Peter and I knew that cancer was awful, it was still something we wanted to ventilate. And in doing so, we got into the most outrageous convolutions until we ended up competing with each other over who had the worse cancer. For instance, Peter said, "I've got cancer of my wife." And I said, "That's nothing. I've got cancer of my whole fucking ass." Then he'd say, "Only that? Well, listen, I've got cancer of the house." And it went on like that until we both got hysterical with laughter. As Peter says, there's absolutely no socially redeeming value



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about cancer, which is one of its greatest merits.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, even very open-minded people wince at some of the words and images you guys use on those albums.

**MOORE:** First of all, let me make a conventional remark: True obscenities are not orifices. Shit and holes of the human body are not obscene, nor is making love or screwing or whatever you want to call it. Pictures of war or violence can be obscene. You know, a woman being handed her husband in a plastic bag in Vietnam. Dreadful. And obscene.

I remember the first time I asked my mother, "What does cunt mean?" Well, she farted, snorted, her head blew off and her arms fell out. She didn't know what to do with herself. She said it was the filthiest word that had ever been invented. Imagine.

**PLAYBOY:** When you cut the Derek and Clive tracks, did you really plan to release them?

**MOORE:** Originally, we recorded them for our personal use. Copies ended up with a lot of rock groups, such as The Rolling Stones and The Who. They used to tell us they listened to them on the plane, fucking laughing their fucking heads off. Suddenly, we thought, Fuck, maybe we should release this fucking thing. Finally, we did and caused a certain small tempest in a teacup among the British press, which pretended to be self-righteous and moral. Generally, the disapproval came from those newspapers that ran a girl with bare tits on page three and talked about a vicar fucking a rooster on page four. They were the ones who objected to us boys' talking dirty or calling people fucking cunts. But we got the record released and then did two others.

**PLAYBOY:** But both in this interview and in some of your work, you show a preference for the scatological. You really do have a fairly dirty sense of humor, don't you?

**MOORE:** Oh, sure. I have a very ribald sense of humor, what is conventionally known as obscene. It's always there and it's always been there. It's just my way of thinking. People always wonder how, with this ribald outlook, I can also write such emotional, moving music. They can't put together the feeling swings. Not to make a comparison, but Mozart had a very scatological sense of humor, too. He was always talking about farting and cunts and asses. He had a very *basic* sense of humor. I don't find anything wrong with that. I just love having a fun time, cocking a snoot, as they say.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you always talked dirty?

**MOORE:** From the time I was about 13. But there's a misconception that if you talk dirty, you're not a serious person.

**PLAYBOY:** *Six Weeks* is one of the first films, if not the first, in which you play a serious role. Do you think people

really want to see Dudley Moore being serious?

**MOORE:** I don't know. I think the order of events is that I want to *be* serious. Listen, I'm gambling. I'm throwing my dice here. But I don't feel it's a gamble, because I'm quite comfortable being serious.

The *Six Weeks* script gave me more to work with, because I didn't have to put my finger into the comedy socket on the wall to gain that extra dimension. I pared myself down to exactly who I am, which in many ways gave me more breadth as a person.

In my next film, *Lovesick*, by Marshall Brickman, my character overcomes his fears to pursue a young girl. He throws over the so-called ethics of psychoanalysis—he is a psychoanalyst—and jeopardizes his place in the profession to have an affair with a young girl of 21. As a result, he falls in love with her, sort of against his nature, and changes his way of working. It's a serious comedy.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Dudley Moore a serious person?

**MOORE:** Of course. Very, very serious, indeed. Gosh. Absolutely. Profoundly serious. Very, very, very serious. Phew. Gosh. Golly again. Fucking-A serious.

**PLAYBOY:** With the exception of *Bedazzled*, the Moore/Cook combination has never really succeeded in movies. *The Wrong Box*, *The Bed Sitting Room*, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*—now, that was a stinker, wasn't it?

**MOORE:** You can say that again. And mainly because we were working with [director] Paul Morrissey, who frustrated us at every turn. I will not take blame for that, except that we should have dumped the entire idea.

**PLAYBOY:** Some people also feel that way about *Wholly Moses!*

**MOORE:** It wasn't as farcical or as romantic as it should have been. But when I was approached by the producers, I found them so nice and friendly that, even though I thought they were nuts to do the material, I said yes. In retrospect, I was nuts to have done it.

**PLAYBOY:** We're showing a dangerous tendency toward drifting away from your crucial subject—sex. Let's get back to it quickly. What do you find sexy in a woman?

**MOORE:** I love romanticism in a woman, even though in many ways I strongly disapprove of it. I like a woman passionate and focused on me, without, of course, drifting into cannibalism. I look for someone who's huggable, has a sense of humor, a lot of feeling and can talk about the crucial things in life: enjoying yourself, dying, enjoying yourself. [Laughs] You know, "Oh, God, oh, God, I'm coming. Bang, pop . . . ah, done." That sort of thing.

**PLAYBOY:** What about brains?

**MOORE:** I don't want a woman who has anything of magnitude or devastating

interest to say. Basically, I want someone to have a good time with. Fun!

**PLAYBOY:** So your women don't have to be smart?

**MOORE:** Not in the slightest. Or only in the very slightest. If I want to be stirred up intellectually, I have my books and my films. It's not important to find that with the woman I'm with.

**PLAYBOY:** You do seem to have a definite physical type—tall, blonde, gentle. Are you sure you're not Jewish?

**MOORE:** [Laughs] Well, I married two blondes and am with one now. Actually, I go for women with an overbite and flared nostrils, an aggressive, slightly hostile look. I love the looks of Bardot and Marthe Keller, both of whom have that vaguely toothy quality. And, of course, Susan [Anton] has enough to feed the world.

**PLAYBOY:** What attracts you to Susan?

**MOORE:** She's a wonderful, amazingly nurturing, amazingly loving woman. She's passionate, sensitive, full of emotions, curious and very willing to learn. But there's not an academic debate going on there. I don't require that. We're great companions. I lead a very sealed life with her.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you naturally monogamous?

**MOORE:** No. I am not a monogamous person, though I am with Susan. She has interested me enough for three years to be monogamous.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you feel if you found out Susan was having an affair?

**MOORE:** I'm perfectly prepared for anything. I just don't want to know about it. Period.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you the jealous type?

**MOORE:** *Very.*

**PLAYBOY:** How does it manifest itself?

**MOORE:** Murder and shoving Steinways up people's assholes.

**PLAYBOY:** Not to indulge in gossip, but there *have* been press reports that you and Susan have been having some problems lately. How would you describe the current status of your relationship?

**MOORE:** We're together. We spend days and nights together.

**PLAYBOY:** And is the relationship still a monogamous one on your part?

**MOORE:** Um-hum. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** Why are you smiling? [*His smile gets broader.*] Falling in love with one's leading ladies seems to be an occupational hazard for a movie star. So, straight out: Have you ever had an affair with any of your leading ladies?

**MOORE:** No. [*Smiles again*]

**PLAYBOY:** Would you tell us if you had?

**MOORE:** Oh, yes. [*Still smiles and now blinks madly*]

**PLAYBOY:** What about Elizabeth McGovern, your co-star in *Lovesick*? It was reported that you two got involved during the filming of the movie.

**MOORE:** There was one report—in *People*—that probably popped up in

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every paper after that. I've been known to be very friendly with all my lovely leading ladies, and I hope I always will be.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you and Elizabeth, in fact, have an affair?

**MOORE:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think that relationship got misinterpreted?

**MOORE:** It wasn't misinterpreted. I'm seeing Susan. We've been together ever since I got back from filming in New York. But what is it that people are fascinated by, anyway? Whether you put your pee-pee in somebody else's pee-pee? It's *my* business where I put my Willie Winkie—nobody else's. They can go wank themselves to death over stories about other people; I'm not going to open my fucking mouth about anything ever again.

It's just the arid sexual lives of most people that make the supposed sexual lives of famous people interesting. The problem is that most people generally aren't doing anything except planting themselves into the vacuum system of their apartments, which I once did myself. And, Christ, it felt good. Besides, how can somebody deduce the fact that I'm having an affair with somebody because I'm talking to her at a party?

**PLAYBOY:** You've been with Susan for three years, and before that, you were married twice, first to Suzy Kendall and then to Tuesday Weld. Do you think you'll ever marry again?

**MOORE:** I don't want to. And I say that with the greatest love for Susan. Marriage doesn't add anything to my life. In fact, it takes away, because I don't like the idea. It means some kind of respectability that I don't respect—some sort of making a good woman out of somebody, which I think is crass.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the most difficult part for you of being married?

**MOORE:** Just *being* married. Just the notion of being married is such anathema to me that it colors my whole life. I feel starved. I feel as if I'm not available to the rest of the world—as if I have to curtail my feelings. I think being on such a monogamous level with my mother made me feel that I don't want to be married to her—or to anybody else. I've already experienced the horror and anxiety of feeling I can't move.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think you got married the two times you did?

**MOORE:** Oh, that's not available.

**PLAYBOY:** To whom?

**MOORE:** To the world. You can't expect me to talk about my marriages.

**PLAYBOY:** You're so open about the rest of your life; why not about your relationships, since you say they're the most important part of your life?

**MOORE:** Because there's a real distinction here. I want to love people and have them love *me*. So why should I sound off against my ex-wives, whom I love?

**PLAYBOY:** Then let's just talk about Weld, the woman. You know, she's a near cult figure to a lot of men. What attracted you to her?

**MOORE:** I was very attracted by her waywardness, her devilishness, her unpredictability, her unbelievably aggressive humor. When I bantered with her, she always won. That was half the attraction, trying to win with her. But there was no winning, because I was afraid of her.

**PLAYBOY:** Afraid of what?

**MOORE:** Of being rejected, and I think she knew that, even though she didn't reject me. I've always been afraid of rejection. That's been the primary fear of my life; and, therefore, it's easy for me to feel in an inferior position a great deal of the time. Tuesday is very sweet and soft as butter, really. But she has weapons that she uses quite devastatingly. Anybody who responds to them is finished. The main reason we finally parted was a constant locking of horns. But we're good friends and, of course, share our son, Patrick.

**PLAYBOY:** Patrick is six now. How did you feel about becoming a father? Did you want children?

**MOORE:** No. I've always been terrified of them. It's not so bad now, but, frankly, I really don't want children. Now I'm glad as hell that I have Patrick, but for me, the first years were not massively attractive. I'm not that sort of person. And before he was born, I was worried to death that he'd inherit my foot.

There are some men who are wonderful fathers. They enjoy the years of seeing a child grow. But it's not my cup of tea, to put it in a banal way. However, now that he's six, it's increasingly delicious. I used to think children were mainly enjoyable to women, but Patrick—well, he came, he saw, he conquered.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't live lavishly. Without large family obligations, what do you do with your money?

**MOORE:** I invest. I don't buy anything, because I have everything I want. As long as I eat well, have an occasional bottle of good red wine and do my work, I'm content. I get my pleasure from everything that's free.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you spread your wealth around?

**MOORE:** I'm sometimes generous. I don't like jewelry, but I *am* giving Susan the score I composed for *Six Weeks*—the original sketches. I'm having them bound. I've dedicated the score to her, because she really loves it. I've never given anybody my original sketches before. She suggested the gift, though I had already thought of the idea. She said, "I want your music bound." Here in California, they fucking bind everything. And I said, "I've already thought of that, you cunt." She said, "It would mean more to me than anything, either

marriage or child, because it's the essence of you." And it is—the inner blood, the most valuable thing I have to offer.

**PLAYBOY:** Needless to say, you're romantic.

**MOORE:** I'm romantic in a way that's unreachable. My romance is out there in the dust of the galaxies. That sounds so cheap, doesn't it? My God, I can even smell ghostly perfume! My passion and romance are buried in the deep past of my youth—longing to be loved. That's the inspiration of my music. The other is sheer jest and joy.

**PLAYBOY:** In some ways—your height, for instance—you're an unlikely romantic lead. Does being short still bother you?

**MOORE:** On occasion, though not that much. It bothers me if I am overweight, because then I look like a fucking tennis ball. That neurosis has really faded, because every leading lady I've had has been taller. When we were doing *Six Weeks*, the first scene Mary [Tyler Moore] and I had was a party scene. She was wearing heels that none of us liked. She said, "Well, I didn't want to wear flats, in case anybody thought I was trying to accommodate Dudley's size." She didn't give a shit! Julie Andrews, on the other hand, hadn't wanted to act with me in "*10*" because she didn't want to act with somebody who was smaller than herself.

**PLAYBOY:** Your role in "*10*" was that of a guy having a mid-life crisis—

**MOORE:** I've been having a mid-life crisis since I was two weeks old. I went right from a midwife to a mid-life crisis.

In fact, I was in the process then of writing a story on the same subject as "*10*," except the man went off with a lot of women instead of one. Then again, I've always been greedy. But it was certainly a great opportunity to have met Blake Edwards when I did, but I was primed to go and one way or the other, I would have forced myself into a situation and gotten some movie going.

**PLAYBOY:** Between wives and girlfriends, you've covered a lot of ground with women, indulging in what you once called "meaningful one-night stands." What is a meaningful one-night stand?

**MOORE:** I think you can love everybody. You can have a very deep and loving relationship with somebody—

**PLAYBOY:** Whom you've known two hours?

**MOORE:** Abso-bloody-lutely! If, that is, you're willing to let yourself go to the point of intimacy. I think you can have wonderful experiences with a person you've known for three minutes. By the way, I don't know that I've had that many women—only as many as I could lay my hands on.

**PLAYBOY:** Your obsession with sex seems total. Is there anything you don't like about sex?

**MOORE:** Well, in terms of oral sex, I

*Give the Lord of Canadians.*



never had anybody's mouth around my nob until 1960. I was doing *Beyond the Fringe* in London and there was this girl with huge tits I was just mad for, who, one day, came to the theater and said, "Dudley, I want to suck your cock." Well, there I was, 25 years old and never had it done to me. Don't ask why. But the next two years were just great. Jeez, I didn't know the delights I'd been missing. Of course, I was never keen on doing it myself, but one soon realizes there are results from reciprocity.

**PLAYBOY:** In other words, you would prefer not to reciprocate?

**MOORE:** I'm not an ardent devotee. In fact, I'm always amazed at people who wouldn't do anything else. They're probably rather favored by women. It's probably a good enthusiasm to have.

My own feelings about it go back to the castration complex. I'm often amazed that women can get hold of those things and pop them into their mouths. I mean, they're strange-looking creatures. If it were a bar of chocolate, I could understand. I don't think I have any taboos about it; I just haven't gone out of my way to do it. Although, I must say, I have used it to seduce women when I felt that nothing else would do the job.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of that period in your life, Jonathan Miller told us that during the *Beyond the Fringe* days, the other guys were absolutely amazed at the stream of women always parading in and out of your dressing room.

**MOORE:** Yes, well, I did make up for lost time. Jonathan was married, as I think Peter was. Alan didn't seem that interested in pursuing girls at that time, so that left only me. I had a marvelous time. In London, after every performance, I'd play in this club from 11 P.M. until four or five in the morning. And there were always lots of beautiful girls around. I remember one girl I was absolutely mad for whom I never dreamed I'd be able to come to grips with. Well, I finally did, and it was such an extraordinary experience.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**MOORE:** Oh, I was just so turned on to her that I couldn't think of anything else. I remember one night, during a performance, I was fucking her in my dressing room. Suddenly, I heard my cue. I was supposed to be onstage, but I was just coming. I went, "Oh, my God!" and I ran down the stairs—having just come, of course—and ran onto the stage with my hair dripping wet. I looked at the others and said, "Oh, hi." They just looked at me and said hello. They knew *exactly* what I'd been doing. [Laughs] I can't think of anything in life more pleasurable than that.

**PLAYBOY:** Wasn't it then that you got tagged "Cuddly Dudley"?

**MOORE:** Yes, well, I was called that in

the British press for a while. And rather accurately, I might add. For me, cuddling is the most exciting thing in the world. I love it.

**PLAYBOY:** You're obviously more at peace now about love and life than you were then. How did you get to this point?

**MOORE:** Through analysis and living and wiving. I wived. [Laughs] It's just a process. I've been in therapy since 1964.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you categorize your illness?

**MOORE:** It was just a general depression, basically.

**PLAYBOY:** Summarize your psychiatric experiences, if you don't mind.

**MOORE:** I started in England going to a therapist twice a week. When I went to Australia, I couldn't do it, but I made a lot of progress by reading books on analysis. When I came to New York in 1973, I was with a woman who practiced bio-energetics, an offshoot of Reichian therapy whose basic idea is that neuroses are reflected in a corporeal display of muscular spasms. I did Reichian therapy for a time but found it too studiously self-conscious. When I got to California, I went into group therapy and found it one of the best moves I'd made. But I stopped therapy a year ago.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it a permanent halt?

**MOORE:** I think so. I may go in to brush my teeth every now and again. But, basically, I feel fine.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think it took so long? Why 18 years of therapy?

**MOORE:** I just went at my own pace.

**PLAYBOY:** Vis-à-vis your therapy and your finding yourself, Cook once said that on your deathbed, you'd be issuing a press release saying, "Wait. I'm nearly there."

**MOORE:** Yes, and he also said, "Dudley has been looking for himself for years. Why bother? I found him years ago." You know, I absorb all these swipes and keep on going.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there one overriding influence for the kind of humor that brought you and Cook this far?

**MOORE:** In 1952, Britain had a radio show called *The Goon Show*, starring Peter Sellers, Michael Bentine, Spike Milligan—one of the great British clowns—and Harry Secombe, a wonderfully funny basic comedian. Their program was absolutely mad. They gave birth to that kind of humor. We didn't emulate them in any way, but there was still a fascination with eccentric humor.

**PLAYBOY:** What is the funniest sketch you've ever seen?

**MOORE:** It was done by Georges Carl, who performs at the Crazy Horse Saloon in Paris. Carl, who must be 60, comes onstage and for about six minutes gets tangled up in his microphone. And that's all that happens. He gets tangled up in his microphone. He releases himself from one tangle and gets tangled up somewhere else. It's so hilarious it's

almost indescribable. Finally, he gets out his harmonica, which looks like a walkie-talkie, and starts playing it. He plays more and more passionately until he hits this enormous climax and the whole thing collapses into cutlery—knives, forks, spoons—crashing to the floor.

**PLAYBOY:** Who are the funniest people you know?

**MOORE:** Marshall Brickman, who wrote and directed *Lovesick*, is one of the funniest people I've ever met. And Peter Cook could be at times. Steve Gordon, who wrote *Arthur*. Laraine Newman is hilarious, the funniest woman I've ever met, though I haven't met Joan Rivers, who really makes me laugh. I also find Ted Knight and Betty White very funny. I find something funny in almost everybody, actually. I love people such as Foster Brooks, the late Paul Lynde, Milton Berle—especially his early shows. I also like Robin Williams, David Brenner, Johnny Carson.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you in any sense a satirist?

**MOORE:** That's the *last* thing I am. Satire in its best form is both destructive and constructive. Mort Sahl is a real satirist. He gets enormous enjoyment out of his contempt for things. And for that reason, he is very funny, even though at times the contempt overrides the joy so much that you don't enjoy him as much as you might.

As for my being a satirist, I'm just a person acting who I am at this point in my life. I'm not making any commentary or any messages. I'm just being myself, even though that is such a fucking stupid phrase. Some people may want me to say there is more to what I do, but there isn't. In all my movies, I basically play myself. "*10*" was the first movie in which I was comfortable enough to finally play myself, which is why, I think, it worked so well. And now I basically look for material in which I can play myself in one form or another.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your greatest strength?

**MOORE:** I am very stubborn and very sensitive, but I also have the ability to put my hand in my chest and pull my heart out. And I don't mean wearing it on my sleeve or brandishing it above my head.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think is the biggest misunderstanding about Dudley Moore?

**MOORE:** My intellectual friends think I'm stupid and my friends who've had very little education think I'm a fucking brain surgeon. Actually, what I really am is a terrific musician and a terrific comedic actor.

**PLAYBOY:** Words for your tombstone?


**MOORE:** *That I want to read, quite simply, HE DIED AND ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD.*







## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

Both musician and audiophile (PLAYBOY readers buy 28 percent of the stereo equipment sold in America), he's decided that a melody is like a pretty girl: composed of overtones, harmonies and rests. The woman who accompanies him appreciates his discipline and doesn't intrude on his work. She has her own. Still, she knows that when the lines are played out and the cover's turned down, he won't leave all his talents at the keyboard. 

# LIVING ON THE DEFAULT LINE

*through greed, the world's biggest banks  
have gotten themselves into deep trouble—  
maybe as deep as your own pockets*

article **By PAUL ERDMAN**

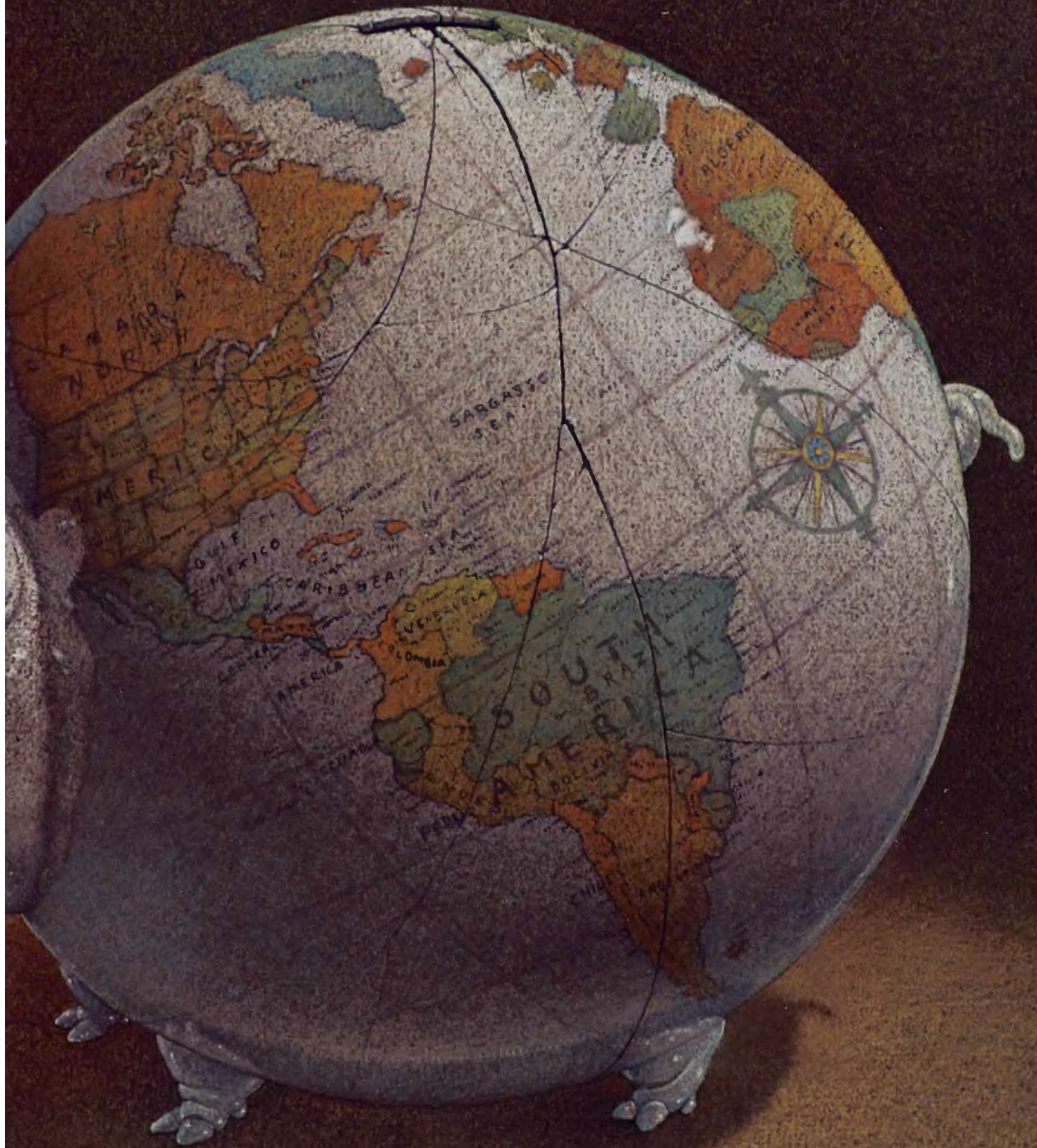
UNTIL SEPTEMBER TENTH OF 1970, I was a banker, head of a group of banks in Basel, Zurich, Geneva, Lugano and Luxembourg, with joint ventures brewing in Scandinavia and the Far East, all affiliated with the eighth-largest banking entity in the U.S. Heady stuff for a 38-year-old fellow. By noon of that day, it was all over. The Swiss police had arrested me. The charge—at least the eventual charge: My bank had lost \$50 million in unauthorized speculation in precious metals and commodities. Since I had both founded the bank and run it as C.E.O., the theory was that I had engineered that financial misadventure. So I spent the next ten months in a medieval dungeon while they tried to prove it. After they let me out, I left Switzerland hurriedly and banking permanently and embarked upon a new life as a novelist, first in England, then in California.

Almost every day now, somebody comes up to me and says, "Erdman, that was the best thing that ever happened to you." That's probably right. Banking has become a highly dangerous profession. I was warned early on that being a Swiss banker meant that you always had one foot in jail. If I were to issue a warning to bankers today, it would be that being a banker *anywhere* means that you have one foot in the bankruptcy court. Someone wittier than I has suggested that today's global banking situation is one in which the world's great financial institutions have come to the edge of a great abyss—and are about to take a giant step forward. The ugly word that haunts every banker on every continent these days is *default*.

94 The size of potential defaults facing the men running

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM INGHAM





Chase Manhattan Bank of New York or Continental Illinois Bank of Chicago or the Royal Bank of Canada in Montreal or the Dresdner Bank in Frankfurt are of such staggering proportions that it makes the little accident I had with my bank in Switzerland look *literally* like peanuts. Yet in 1970, mine was the biggest banking scandal in the entire world.

To put the current situation into perspective: If just one more major country—Brazil, a borderline case—were to join three other countries already in *de facto* default—namely, Mexico, Argentina and Poland—the endangered loans by the Western financial system to that foursome alone would total \$231 billion. If you added up the amounts that all of the Third World and Eastern Europe owe to us (both of those regions being regarded almost in their entirety as potential financial basket cases), you would end up with a grand total of \$735 billion.

American banks are probably on the line for a third of that. And it is the ten largest banks in the United States, the so-called money-center banks, that have lent the lion's share. To get an idea of how exposed they are, consider this: The total *combined* capital, or shareholders' equity, of those ten banks as of the end of 1981 was \$22.6 billion. If you lose your capital, you must close your doors as a bank. One country alone—Mexico—owes those ten banks \$12.9 billion, or exactly 57 percent of the buffer that stands between them and bankruptcy. Mexico is broke. Which is why a lot of bankers today wish they were novelists.

How did the world's banks get into this state of global crisis? As with so many of our current woes, it started in 1973 with oil. When the price went from two dollars to ten dollars a barrel, a lot of countries got very rich overnight—countries such as Saudi Arabia and Kuwait and Venezuela and Nigeria; i.e., the less-developed countries (L.D.C.s) *with* oil. A lot of other nations—such as Zaire and Argentina and Pakistan; i.e., the L.D.C.s *without* oil—got poor or poorer. The countries of the former group were piling up oil income much faster than they could spend it, while the countries of the latter group were suddenly paying energy-import bills five times the size they had been used to, draining even further their limited foreign-exchange resources.

The obvious solution would have been for the rich L.D.C.s with oil to lend some of their surplus dollars to the poor L.D.C.s. But that would have been too logical. Plus the fact that the Arabs aren't dumb. Why take the risk of lending money to basket cases?

Enter creative financing, mastermind-

ed by the hot-shots from Chase and Citibank and Manufacturers Hanover. Lend the money to us, they told the fellows in Riyadh, and *we* will lend it to the basket cases. Sovereign loans are what they called them. And their reasoning was this: People go broke, companies go broke—even banks, God help us, sometimes go broke—but countries *never* do. Right? How safe can you get? And to whom else can you lend billions at one crack and thus save an enormous amount of paperwork? Only countries, that's who.

So the immense supply of surplus petrodollars created its own demand in the form of sovereign loans. The money poured into the banks from OPEC countries, and the men in their pinstripe suits got onto Pan Am and headed for darkest Africa, remotest Latin America, searching for sovereign nations that would take some of those billions off their hands—at at least a percentage point over the rate they were paying the Arabs, plus enormous front-end fees. They found them quickly enough. Peru took a couple of billion. Brazil took tens of billions. Zaire, Argentina, Costa Rica, Pakistan—the list never ended. Then, the bankers of Germany, fearing that their greedy American competitors were in the process of wrapping up the whole world, discovered Eastern Europe. Hell, if Brazil were good for \$40 billion, Poland had to be good for at least \$20 billion. And if Poland were good for \$20 billion, then Romania and Hungary had to be good for half of that.

So it went between 1973 and 1977. By the end of that period, Western bank loans to L.D.C.s and Eastern Europe had gone from almost scratch to more than \$250 billion. Then came the second oil "shock." The price of crude, which had seemingly stabilized in the ten-dollar range, suddenly zoomed to \$20 a barrel, then \$30, then \$40. The OPEC surpluses quadrupled. And there was not an energy expert on earth who was not firmly, indisputably, irrevocably forecasting that \$60 and then \$80 and then \$100 a barrel were inevitable, probably by as early as the mid-Eighties. Which meant that there would be money gushing out of the Arabian peninsula into the hands of the world's bankers ad infinitum. So they scrambled around the world ever faster, lining up takers willing to pledge their country—maybe for the tenth time—as collateral for yet another sovereign loan. Result: Between 1977 and 1980, the banks *doubled* their borrowings from the Arabs and also *doubled* their lendings to the L.D.C.s and Communist Europe—bringing the grand total to well over one half trillion dollars.

Then came a new wrinkle. Theretofore, the oil-producing L.D.C.s had been the *suppliers* of funds to the banks, and the non-oil-producing L.D.C.s had been the borrowers of the same funds from the same banks. Beginning in 1979, that changed. Nigeria, Mexico, Venezuela—oil-rich nations if there ever were such—suddenly decided that if the price of oil were inevitably headed toward \$100 a barrel, then they might as well lie back and enjoy it. Emulate the Yankees' formula for success: Buy now, pay later.

So they embarked upon massive development programs financed 50–50 cash/debt—one half from their current oil income, the other half borrowing dollars from the banks of the developed world. Mexico borrowed \$81 billion; Venezuela took \$35.5 billion; Indonesia, \$21.9 billion; the Philippines, \$18 billion; Nigeria, \$10 billion.

As a result, Mexico became the fastest-growing nation on earth. Venezuela was second. Everybody was happy, especially the bankers. What better borrowers could be found than sovereign states with the highest economic growth rates on earth and hundreds of billions of dollars' worth of oil in the ground?

And then came the oil glut.

Instead of soaring from \$40 a barrel to \$60 a barrel as everybody had said it would, the oil price went down to \$35 and then \$32. The projected oil income of the oil-producing L.D.C.s collapsed along with the price. The resulting problem was compounded by the fact that those countries had borrowed short term even though the development projects they were financing were, by definition, long term. Thus, in 1982, Mexico was committed to repay the banks of the developed world \$29.2 billion in the form of either interest or short-term debt that had already come due. As a result of capital flight from the country, Mexico had lost all its gold and dollar reserves, and its oil income in 1982 was only \$14 billion. So Mexico had no choice but to join the list of nations that had already gone into default in that critical year 1982, when the global financial house started to fall apart.

In the order of the magnitude of their *de facto* default, the countries in Chapter 11 were Mexico, Argentina, Poland, Romania, Peru, Vietnam, Costa Rica, Sudan, Zaire, Bolivia, Pakistan, Togo, Senegal, Honduras, Madagascar, Guyana, Malawi, Sierra Leone, Uganda, Liberia and the Central African Republic.

To give you an idea of how rapidly such a crisis developed, I should point out that as late as 1978, only two countries on earth—Peru and Turkey—were in default, and the grand amount involved was a paltry \$2.3 billion.

(continued on page 251)



John  
Dempsy

*"Really, Bob, you should be awfully proud to have a wife who can give the greatest gift of all—the gift of love."*





# BLONDE AMBITIONS

*judy and audrey landers,  
tv's sexiest sister act,  
are well on their way  
to redefining prime time*



**T**HE BEDROOM WALLS are pink silk, the bed a mauve-draped four-poster from a cheerleader's daydream. Two TV-acting types are trading overwrought lines as the smoky Los Angeles light slips in through lace-trimmed windows.

"I'm leaving you for Cliff," says Afton Cooper to J. R. Ewing, trepidation in her voice. "You can keep all that money and virility—I've found true love."

Now, J.R. is the meanest, most powerful son of a bitch in Texas, and he's pissed. Don't *nobody* talk to him like that. Besides, Afton's his mistress—rounded, blonde and shrewd, with a form that cries out to be fondled. And she wants to dump him for a simpering, no-account wimp?

"But, Afton, honey," he says with a strange squeak, "I'm tired of my killin' and dastardly ways. You come and sit right here on my lap—" In the middle of the line, this J.R. comes out of character for a second to adjust a frilly bra strap.

No, it's not *J. R. Ewing Meets K-Y Jelly*. It's a practice scene that will play half a dozen times before Audrey Landers, who plays Afton on *Dallas*, feels she's got all her inflections right. Then sister Judy (the other half of the sexiest sibling act on television) will toss down the J.R. script and they'll work on a scene from one of *her* shows. It happens all the time.

There's a long road between kitchen skits at home in New York to weekly TV in Hollywood, but the Landers sisters have made it in less time than it takes to say starlet fever. Older sis Audrey, in fact, (text concluded on page 106)

To our left and from the top, we have two positive numbers dressed to the nines, but don't worry—they're going to work their way down to zero. That's Judy on the left, Audrey on the right in each pose. On the facing page, the positions are reversed.



The Landers sisters will gladly visit your home—just spin your dial correctly. Audrey (above left) is a fan of the songstress she plays on *Dallas*, since Afton Cooper sings Audrey's material. Judy (above right) was a fine fixture of *B.J. and the Bear*.







"Being in PLAYBOY is a little scary when you first consider it," says Judy (at top in photo above). "I get butterflies wondering about what our grandparents may think. But I'm an adult—we both wanted to do it."





"I enjoy playing a villainess," Audrey says of her sly, foxy role in *Dallas* (she's at left in both lower pictures). "A villain can do the things you wouldn't dare do; a nice character has all kinds of limitations."

Audrey: "All those featherers were from down pillows, and they kept flying away all over everything." So maybe that's why all our photographers kept yelling "Get down!"





PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARMY FREYTAG

has 11 years of showbiz experience at the age of 23. She sang on Merv Griffin's show at 12, then slid into the soap *The Secret Storm* a year after that. She played opposite Broadway Joe Namath in *The Waverly Wonders*, did an entire programming day's worth of commercials, then landed the Afton Cooper role on her 21st birthday. She's the one who told J.R. last season just what he could do with those oil wells.

"Afton's the only woman ever to have dumped J.R.," boasts Audrey. "Nobody in his right mind would tell off J.R. Ewing. But she's an opportunist. She's going to set up all the little plots and subplots going on in *Dallas* this year. It's exciting."

While Audrey was singing with verve for Merv and splitting a show with Joe, little sister Judy (now 22) decorated walls with her back.

"Audrey's been an actress since I was a little girl," says Judy in a little-girl chirp. "She was the outgoing one. I was the wallflower. I'd go with her to rehearsals and sit in the corner. I would learn every single character's part from beginning to end. Pretty soon, I wanted to be an actress, too."

Keeping an eye on both blondes' ambitions was mother Ruth—former actress as well as manager and guru. When Judy was graduated from high school (a year early) in New York and headed for the City of Angels, Ruth got her an audition for *What Really Happened to the Class of '65?* Judy became Wanda the Bod for turgidity, not dramaturgy, but she's been working ever since.

Now Audrey emotes every Friday as one of *Dallas*' sizzling sexpots, and Judy flounces through yet another dizzy-blonde role in the syndicated *Madame's Place* (which stars a horny-old-bag marionette). Among Audrey's previous roles was that of Betty in a televised version of the *Archie* comic strip; Judy's characters have had names like Bambi, Bunny, Cookie, Boom-Boom and Stacks, not to mention the robust Wanda. It seems reasonable to suspect that these women owe their success more to T&A than to Stanislavski. Judy, in particular, is open to such criticism, but she bounces back without a jiggle.

"I have a little *voice*, and I've done three series and many, many other roles playing silly blondes. But I need to be working to be happy. If people think I'm like the characters I play, then that's flattering. In ten years, I'd like to be doing more dramatic roles—one or two movies a year—but I don't want to give up comedy. This role in *Madame's Place* is really the epitome of the dumb blonde. It's almost spoofing it, and I'm having a great time."

Audrey is more established in her

career than her sister is, but even she was initially hit with the T&A tag. "Afton is the first role I've ever played in which I am womanly," she says. "I've always played the typical teenaged, all-American character. But when I first read for Afton, I gave her a flirtatious, naughty quality that wasn't in the script. I think that helped the producers decide I could do more with the character than they had expected. I guess I'm growing up."

"For the first time, through *PLAYBOY*," Judy chimes in (she really does chime), "I want the world to know who and what we really are. For the people who see me as silly and airheaded—well, I don't think I'll come across that way in *PLAYBOY*. Most people see me as looking very wholesome. This is a little less wholesome."

Says Audrey, "It's something of an image change for us. It takes us into an area in which we can be a little bit more sophisticated, more seductive and sexy."

But the trip from wholesome to seductive can be arduous—and ticklish, for that matter. To get a wind-blown effect in their pictorial without running up enormous bills (the price of down keeps going up), the girls had some of the feathers glued to their bodies. Audrey recalls that they finished the session about 1:30 in the morning and had to be on the set at six A.M. "No matter how many showers we took, we still had feathers stuck to us."

The Landers sisters have feathered their résumés with so many credits, you've probably seen them more times than you could count. One of Audrey's more challenging jobs was working up affection for one of serial TV's flakiest guys—she played Ralph Malph's girlfriend on *Happy Days*. She was in a *Fantasy Island* episode called "Tattoo's Romance," and she was the title. "We played a lot of scenes sitting down but, finally, Tattoo [Hervé Villechaize] realized I was the wrong girl for him." Too tall, for one thing. Audrey's been heavenly in *Charlie's Angels*, undereducated in *Room 222*, hugged in *B.J. and the Bear* and sick in *Marcus Welby, M.D.* Judy is still remembered as Angie in *Vegas* ("Did I do good, Dan?"), but she, too, has guested in dozens of series and months' worth of made-for-TV movies. She has just finished a stint as the quaintly named Stacks in *B.J. and the Bear*.

Film is the next destination for these two driven young ladies. They've just realized a special ambition, starring together in a feature film titled *The Tennessee Stallion*. Today, even as Audrey works up a Las Vegas act—she sings her own compositions when not seducing in *Dallas*—and Judy follows in

the tiptoes of Harlow and Holliday, they're polishing their skills for shots at the silver screen. Audrey met Lana Turner, one of her idols, not long ago.

"It was amazing," Audrey says. "I don't even know how to say this, but she told me she's a fan of mine. She was able to bring across in films so many of the values that I believe in—she's a beautiful, sexy woman, but she has retained her sensitivity and her vulnerability."

Should we look for a movie starring Audrey Landers as the sweater girl?

"Well, we've been talking about that. I'd never want to say anything until I knew for sure . . . but it would be spectacular."

Judy's part in *The Tennessee Stallion* is the more pivotal, and now she's starting a singing career. She and Audrey are working on yet another film project in which they'd play sisters. Sounds as though there's no room for *men* in all this skyrocketing.

"I don't think I'm ready for *marriage* yet," says Judy, "but I'm definitely a one-man woman. I've had only two boyfriends in my whole life. I'm a complete romantic."

So is big sis. "I can romanticize anything," Audrey laughs. "I guess that's the actress in me. If I fall in love with somebody, I don't fall in love a little bit. I mean, I am *gone*."

Neither is married; neither is engaged. Are those the sighs of 1,000,000 men heating up the page?

Through it all—the jobs and the jeers, the lines they hear and the ones they have to learn, the money and the double-take recognition in the street—they're really a pair of old-fashioned young women. Call them unaffected or just innocent—they're known as two of the kindest, most conscientious actresses in the most disingenuous business of all. They have just bought a house to share in Beverly Hills, decorated the bedrooms themselves (Judy's room is where our hypothetical *Dallas* scene took place) and they're excited as bubbles about it. They get up almost every morning to run, though even that has become more frantic than it used to be.

"One morning, we were running down one of the main streets, very involved in our own conversation," Audrey remembers. "Well, somebody was watching us. All of a sudden, we heard a screech of brakes, and there was a three-car pile-up. It's a good thing nobody was hurt. Now we run in parks and on side streets."

This is a sweet/sexy sister act that wouldn't hurt a soul or dent a fender, even by accident.





*"I used to make a fool of myself every New Year's Eve—  
inhibited like you just wouldn't believe!"*

*how often do you do it? with whom? how many times a night? how many ways? do you enjoy it? are you a good lover? more than 100,000 readers responded to our questionnaire—their answers celebrate sex, love and lust*

# THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY

part one

*the first in a series of reports on the state of the sexual union*

IN THE BEGINNING was the questionnaire. Almost two years ago, the editors of PLAYBOY decided to launch an investigation into the sexes. As part of a seven-part series of articles (*Man and Woman*, PLAYBOY, January–July, 1982), we prepared a questionnaire consisting of 133 queries about sexual behavior, habits and attitudes. We enlisted the aid of some of the most knowledgeable people in the field: Marcia Lipetz and Janet Lever, sociologists from Northwestern University who specialize in sex-role research. Psychologist Carol Tavris, who co-authored *The Redbook Report on Female Sexuality*, and Richard Jaffe, who heads a polling firm called the Institute for Social Action, served as consultants on the final drafts.

What exactly did we want to find out? What had been asked before? Did we allow room for surprises? What could our readers teach us about sex? We pretested the survey on willing volunteers: Members of an all-men's bowling league answered the questionnaire, as did a women's consciousness-raising group and a sex-roles class at a local university. The questionnaire went through numerous revisions; we added questions until the last minute, stopping only when the presses began to roll. We knew we had something, but we were not prepared for the astonishing response from PLAYBOY readers.

The answer sheets began to arrive within days of the questionnaire's appearance in our January 1982 issue. We stacked them in an empty office, in lots of 100, and piled up considerably more than 100,000 responses. Even though we had declared a six-week deadline, questionnaires still keep pouring in from all regions of the U.S., from all corners of the world. Four out of five have come from men, one out of five from women. The breakdown reflects our audience, which is 80 percent male, 20 percent female. The volume of the response was noteworthy. In his landmark studies of sex in the U.S. in the Forties, Alfred Kinsey reported on 5940 women and 5300 men. Shere Hite interrogated 3019 women and 7239 men for the 1976 *Hite Report on Female Sexuality* and the 1981 *Hite Report on Male Sexuality*. Morton Hunt, the author of the PLAYBOY series *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*, tried to replicate the Kinsey studies with a survey of 2026 Americans. More recently, *Redbook* reported on 2278 married women drawn from 100,000 readers who responded to a questionnaire, while *Cosmopolitan* did a close analysis of 15,000 readers out of 106,000 respondents. The 1982 PLAYBOY survey was different from the last two because it could compare the answers of large numbers of men and women responding to the same questions. We did not try to get a statistically

random sample. Our readers do not constitute a cross section of America. (Neither did Kinsey's nor Hunt's participants.) What we can do is talk about the people who are willing to talk about sex; to quote Kinsey, the people "who have believed in the research strongly enough to contribute their histories." If you've ever wondered about the private behavior of a significant number of Americans who grew up during the sexual revolution, this is the place to find out.

The people who answered our questionnaire meet two requirements: They are readers of PLAYBOY and they are interested in sex. Compared with the population at large as reflected in the census figures, the people who answered our survey are younger, more educated and more affluent. The women in our survey are similar in many respects to those who answered the *Cosmopolitan* and *Redbook* questionnaires. But it would be a mistake to underestimate the diversity of our group. There are large numbers of people in every major sociological category, people of all ages, all walks of life and all known sexual preferences. Eight out of 20 are single and have never been married; an equal number are married at present. One in 20 is living with someone. In an unprecedented statistical procedure for a sample this size, PLAYBOY ran every response that it received (continued on page 241)



Playboy Magazine  
919 N. Michigan Avenue  
Chicago, Ill. 60611



# ANSWERS

The Playboy Questionnaire gives us an opportunity to find out what you think, feel and do about sex and relationships. It is not a test. Take your time. If you want to compare notes with someone else, terrific. Invite your best friend over for some wine, intimacy and insight. We're interested in her or his response, too. Feel free to run off a second questionnaire to send in, but make the copy before you mark the original.

To use this answer sheet, tear along the perforation. Carefully circle your choice of letter or letters that apply to each question. Skip the ones that do not apply

to you. If there are some that you prefer not to answer, simply skip them as well. The value of the questionnaire will depend on your candor. All replies are anonymous.

Please mail your answers to Playboy, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611, before January 15, 1982. (This perforated sheet is self-addressed and stamped.) We will discuss the results of the survey in a future issue of PLAYBOY at the conclusion of the Man and Woman series. Thank you for your cooperation and collaboration.

- 1.  A  B  C  D
- 2.  A  B  C  D
- 3.  A  B  C  D
- 4.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 5.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 6.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H
- 7.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H
- 8.  A  B  C  D  E  F
- 9.  A  B  C  D  E  F
- 10.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 11.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 12.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H
- 13.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H
- 14.  A  B  C  D  E  F
- 15.  A  B  C  D  E  F
- 16.  A  B  C  D  E  F
- 17.  A  B  C  D  E  F
- 18.  A  B  C  D  E  F
- 19.  A  B  C  D  E  F
- 20.  A  B  C  D  E  F
- 21.  A  B  C  D  E  F
- 22.  A  B  C  D  E  F
- 23.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 24.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 25.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 26.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 27.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 28.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I

- 91.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G
- 92.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 93.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
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- 95.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
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- 108.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 109.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 110.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 111.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 112.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 113.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 114.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 115.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 116.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I
- 117.  A  B  C  D  E  F  G  H  I

*neck back hands*

*lots of pants*

*usually*

*want over chains*

*sexy undies*

*a nice ass*

*experimental*

*sometimes*

*The Playboy Advisor n/a*

*how often  
night?  
low*

31. M more time for sex
32. A B C D E F G H I J K L
33. A B C
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35. A B C
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37. A B C D E F G H I J
38. A B C D
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76. A B C D E F G H I J K L
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78. A B C D E F G H n/a
79. A B C D E F G H I J K L
80. A B C D E F G H I J K L
81. A B C D E F G H I J K L
82. A B C D E F G H I J K L
83. A B C D E F G H I J K L
84. A B C D E F G H I J K L
85. A B C D E F G H I J K L
86. A B C D E F G H I my lover
87. A B C D E F G H I not political
88. A B C D E F G H I J K L
89. A B C D E F G H I J K L
90. A B C D E F G H I J K L

119. A B C D E F G H I J K L
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128. A B C D E F G H I J K L
129. A B C D E F G H I J K L
130. A B C D E F G H I J K L
131. A B C D E F G H I J K L
132. A B C D E F G H I J K L
133. A B C D E F G H I J K L

40. A B C D E
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42. A B C
43. A B
44. A B

B C D E G H I J K L

ANSWERS

10. A B C
11. A B C
12. A B C
13. A B C
14. A B C
15. A B C
16. A B C

102. A B C D E F
103. A B C
104. A B

26. A B C D E
27. A B C D E
28. A B C D E
29. A B C D E
30. A B C D E

74. A B C D E
75. A B C D E
76. A B C D E

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## A MATTER OF S T Y L E

*in a world where fad and fashion  
too often prevail, what does it mean to have style?  
we asked four distinctive stylists  
to define that singular quality that  
sets a man off from the crowd*

By WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

I FEEL THE NEED to admit that I have not given much explicit thought to the definition of style, notwithstanding that I am said to possess it, by which a compliment is sometimes but not always intended ("style" is widely misread as affectation). But finding myself in the pressure cooker, it came to me after very little ratiocination that style is, really, timing. Let me tell you, by giving you a story, what I mean by this.

It is a story by one of the 19th Century Russians, and timing here is one reason (concluded on page 261)



By LARRY L. KING

MY STYLE IS to get it when you can, where you can, and don't trouble to look over your shoulder with a lot of fuddy-duddy moralizing in mind. I excuse this by believing that should you permit yourself to grow up poorer than orphan shit, then you naturally shall be tempted by riches early on.

Never mind I was raised a raggedy-ass yellow-dog Democrat; I wanted to be what we in Texas called a bidness man. Them suckers ran thangs, I observed, and hardly ever got caught at sweat work. (continued on page 258)

By D. KEITH MANO

I KNOW YOU, *compadre*. You deal with style the way pliers would deal with a hemorrhoid. But don't let it sprain your heart. Cheer up. I, too, gave my parents empty-nest syndrome at birth.

Hey, so what if you corn-row your armpit hair? So what if you grew a mustache to look more mature and found out that it really meant "Kiss me, I'm gay"? So what if you requested day rates at the Carlyle Hotel? So what if you just bought a Cuisinart turntable (concluded on page 262)

By LEONARD MICHAELS

ONE SUNDAY, watching the New York Knicks on TV, I saw Walt Frazier get the ball near the top of the key, start to his left with a sort of no-beat dribble, then break to his right, heading for the basket at a hard slant with his opponent going just as fast for two or three steps, then not fast enough. Frazier went by untouched, soaring toward delivery. The ball whispered through the net before he touched the floor. From beginning to end, the move took maybe one second, yet it seemed packed (continued overleaf)

with sensational detail; and I felt strangely unbalanced, because I was alone and had nobody to confirm that it had really happened. Then, Bill Russell, who was commenting on the action, said, "Frazier doesn't look fast, but that's because he's so smooth." Russell often says things better than the game itself, but this struck me as what I needed. More than a confirmation of my impression that a great deal had happened in very little time, Russell said what I had actually seen. Frazier was so smooth, he looked almost slow. He had the clarity of tremendous style.

Years ago, sitting in the bleachers of Yankee Stadium, I'd watch Joe DiMaggio take off after a long fly ball in the vast plain of center field, and I would think he wasn't going to catch it, he wasn't running fast enough, until the ball vanished in his glove. Then, with a slight shock, I'd feel ordinary life resume and the long, hallucinatory moment would return to me in memory: DiMaggio gliding into the depths of center field beneath a speeding white speck, which I detected before I heard the crack of the bat or understood why DiMaggio was moving, and, just as I was about to go insane worrying that he wouldn't catch it, he would let the ball vanish in his glove as if he'd known all along that his glove was the only place the ball wanted to go.

Such impeccable agreement between men and the laws of ballistics is tremendous style. I call it clarity because I didn't simply watch Frazier and DiMaggio. By virtue of style, they gave me to see.

One night, in a bar called Basin Street, in Greenwich Village, Miles Davis offered a similar experience—virtually a lesson in style. He did it by turning his back to the audience, then shaping the finest phrases with his horn. I don't know what he intended, but when he turned, he faced the same direction as the audience and symbolically became one of us. It was as if he had said, "Don't look at me. Listen to it." His style had the clarity I'm talking about—special independent life, other than himself.

Some artists never distinguish themselves from their work, as was the case of a friend of mine who published a novel that was much praised and made him a lot of money. One day, I visited his apartment and found him sitting at his typewriter, high on cocaine, smiling, shaking his head at the keys and saying repeatedly, "I'm so good that I don't even have to write." His work was himself; he had nothing more to do but be. I saw him again, months later, drunk, peeing against a wall. He didn't look good. His novel, however, had changed not one bit.

If someone studies a painting and says, "That's a Matisse," it's not the same as saying "That's a Chevrolet" or "That's a chicken." To hang a man's name on the indefinite article—a Matisse—is to burden the tiny word with terrible weight. Thus, we acknowledge the mysterious, awesome power of style—to seem personal and impersonal at once. Matisse names a style as separate from the man as a shooting star, yet names the man who sickens and dies.

When you see rotten style, you see nothing but the man. For example, the infamous secret tapes of Richard Nixon, full of mean-minded ideas and gratuitous obscenities; or Henry Kissinger's description of his diplomatic style as that of a cowboy gun fighter. On the other hand, if it is deliberately, outrageously, publicly rotten, it's not the man. Punk-rock star Johnny Rotten, for instance. His real name is Lydon. Rotten refers to the actual condition of his teeth, as well as to the message of his group, The Sex Pistols. Here are two lines from one of their songs:

*God save the queen.  
She ain't no human being.*

Whatever the queen ain't, she is certainly the epitome of style. For just that reason, one could say she seems nonhuman. The same is often said of high-fashion models, who deal in the depersonalizing, dehumanizing effects of sheer style. At the opposite extreme are such figures as Einstein and Socrates, famous for genius and simplicity. In their case, no style is the man.

One of the best and happiest treatments of the idea—that style is the man—is Cole Porter's song *You're the Top* as rendered by Anita O'Day. The song is all about style, and nobody has ever had that very thing more splendidly than O'Day. In the lyrics, a lover is celebrated as "the top" and is said to be a Shakespeare sonnet, the Eiffel Tower, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, the Nile, Mickey Mouse, the smile on the *Mona Lisa*, Sarah Vaughan, Billy Eckstine, Lena Horne, Benny Goodman and other miracles of artistic pleasure and nature.

All in all, the song is classy, witty, down-home, deliriously high and marvelously loving, but whatever it tells you or makes you feel, it's clear that the celebrated lover is everything wonderful except himself. It mustn't be imagined that I'm contradicting Porter and O'Day. If they believe the style is the man, that's good enough for me. Nevertheless, in my heart, I also believe the man is not the style.

The idea, though simple, is like

water: difficult to hold on to. I'll give you a concrete picture.

A friend of mine has a 15-year-old daughter. She has a small head, an elegant neck and long, slender, muscular legs. She's beautiful, and you can see, instantly, that she's a ballet dancer. She eats hardly anything but fast food and candy, and she never goes out on dates. When you talk to her, she answers pleasantly but not as if it really matters whether or not you're talking to her. She is always flexing her legs, as if on the verge of a magnificent leap across the living room. In the Manhattan apartment, she looks totally unnatural. I can imagine how, flying across a stage, pursued by spotlights, she would look supernatural. That's where she belongs; that's where she lives in her mind and heart. She is possessed by ballet, enslaved by style from her head to her pointed toe.

My friend notices all this only to criticize her. He says she's too intelligent for a completely physical life, and her dancing should be a hobby, nothing more. He says her decision not to go to college, not to become a tax accountant like himself, is driving him crazy. He says this to her. She stands like a beautiful giraffe, gazing at him from an immense and invincible distance, as if he were an insect; yet they have the same eyes and the same color hair. He refuses to accept the distinction between himself, good, practical man, and his daughter, grand creature of style. She is me, he insists, not unearthly style. No, she thinks, the style is herself. Between them, compromise is not possible. It's a fight to the death.

In ballet, as in athletics, jazz or fiction, great style is great physics, a human gift for creating relations among physical things—sounds, colors, bodily motions—in a way that seems to have clarity and life independent of the one responsible for it. This might suggest that I'm talking about God, but He has no style. He made nature. When physicists describe a theory as elegant or beautiful, they don't mean it's necessarily true but only that it has style, in contrast to nature, which can seem problematic and messy. But there would be no such thing as style, effective or rotten, if it didn't answer to forces already built into the structure of the universe. We recognize great style because its look or feel is already in our skin and bones and muscles and the purely impersonal configurations of the distant nebulae.

Even *haiku*, very delicate and sublime poems, fall into this idea of style, for they are essentially physical, being  
(concluded on page 258)

# THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

*rest ye merry, gentlemen procrastinators. playboy once again comes up with a sleighful of last-minute yuletide goodies*



**1** The big swing in tennis these days is to wooden rackets, and here's one of the best—a leather-grip Maxply McEnroe model that's crafted from eight woods and is individually weighed to ensure perfect balance, by Dunlop, \$70 unstrung. A real net gain.

**2** This rugged personal stereo AM/FM cassette player is ideal for skiers, skaters, joggers, bikers, et al., as its distinctive urethane-foam outer shell provides protection against severe weather conditions, moisture and impact, by Astraltune Stereopack, \$259.



**3** Click the shutter on this easy-to-operate 3-D 35mm camera with automatic-exposure system connected to four lenses, drop off the film for special processing and get back superrealistic photographs you can almost reach right into, by Nimslo, \$269.95.

**4** Now that the park no longer seems like a roller derby, serious skaters will wish to pick up a pair of Frollerscates—roller skates made of a space-age material with an inner layer that conforms to your feet for maximum support, by Indusco, \$139.



**5** The Eltron Universal Shaver is the ideal gift for peripatetic friends, as it can be used with a cord or a rechargeable battery. It automatically adjusts to voltages from 110 to 240 (alternating current), by Braun, \$150, including a zippered carrying case.

**6** Carry on in style, traveler! This 21" x 12½" x 7" calfskin bag that's made in Spain is linen lined, has zippered exterior compartments on both sides, two inside pockets and a convenient detachable shoulder strap, from Loewe, New York City, \$625.

# THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA



**7** Portable and pint-sized, the PearlCorder XR Microcassette recorder with an attachable AM/FM tuner is a compact unit for travel or home on which you can record conversations or radio broadcasts, by Olympus Corporation of America, about \$380.



**8** Four CLAM buckles, plus lateral cant adjustments, give maximum support to the Dolomite Slalom Mid Secret Weapon, a ski boot designed for upper-level skiers (it was tested by our ski team at the 1980 Olympic Winter Games), about \$250, in red or black.



**9** The Polo Club Collection is a gift that keeps on giving: After the cologne, after-shave and after-shave balm are gone, the ceramic canister that had held those liquids can be re-used as a penny jar or dresser catchall, from Warner Cosmetics, \$45.



**10** Jim Beam's J. B. Turner locomotive decanter, about \$75, and its wood tender, \$21.95, are Regal China porcelain reproductions of the original engine and fuel car; the locomotive comes with 80-proof, 100-month-old Kentucky bourbon.

**11** The Peerless PMB-100 Orthodynamic Headphones adapt readily to the contour of one's head; minimum distortion is maintained by large diaphragms that create a uniform sonic field, from DLK Acoustical Products, St. Paul, Minnesota, \$150.



**12** If you like being talked back to, you'll love The Voice Module, a unit that brings realism to video games when you plug it into an Odyssey<sup>2</sup> console, by N.A.P. Consumer Electronics, \$99.95; cartridges \$20 to \$50; console, \$199.95.





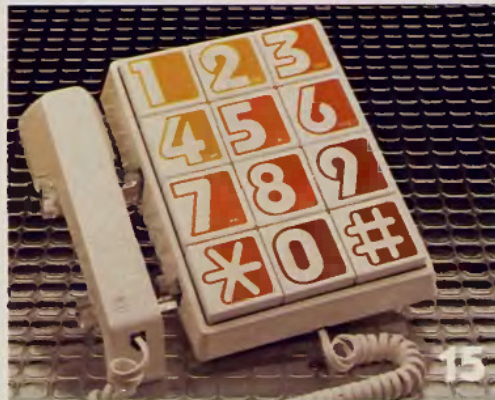
# THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA



13



14



15

**13** The Vectrex Arcade System has its own 9" screen and duplicates a video-arcade experience in 3-D graphics and sounds, \$229; Scramble, Berzerk and others are available in cartridge form, with changeable overlays, \$30 each, all by GCE.

**14** Omega's latest wrist action is its Titanium Watch—a rugged timepiece crafted in 18-kt. rose gold and titanium that's extremely resistant to corrosion; quartz movement is protected by a screw-lock crown and water-resistant crystal, \$1250.

**15** It may look like child's play, but the Big Button Telephone is actually a contemporary table-model phone that you don't have to be a fumble finger to enjoy. It's available from Bell Phone-Center Stores nationwide, about \$175.



16

**16** Somebody said Sony's new CFS-700 Transound AM/FM/cassette portable stereo system looks like two speakers attached to a car battery. Oh, yeah? Wait until you hear its sound as those speakers swivel and separate, about \$320.



17



18

**17** Playboy's gone video, gang, and the first in our Playboy Video series (in Beta, VHS, disc) is 86 minutes long and features such exciting fare as Bo and John Derek and Shannon Tweed, by Playboy Productions, \$80 for cassettes; \$30 for discs.

**18** The International Pasta & Dough Machine X-2000 can automatically turn a pound of dough into pasta, taco shells, bagels, pretzels, won-ton skins and more in just minutes, by Osrow Products, about \$250, including a handy recipe file.

L I K E

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L E A F

*she's a deadrock local with zip for morals. one  
encounter with her and i'm a different guy*

*fiction*

BY THOMAS MCGUANE

I'M UNDERNEATH my small house in Deadrock. The real-estate people call it a starter home, however late in life you buy one. It's a modest house that gives you the feeling either that you're going places or that this won't do. This starter home is different; this one is it.

From under here, I can hear the neighbors talking. He is a newspaperman named Deke Patwell. His wife is away and he is having an affair with the lady across the street, a sweet and exciting lady I've not met yet. Frequently, he says to her, "I am going to impact on you, baby." Today, they are at one of their many turning points.

"I think I'm coming unglued," she says.

"Now, now."

"I don't follow," she says with a little heat.

"All is not easy."

"Yeah, I got that part, but when do we go someplace nice?"

She has a beautiful voice, and underneath the house, I remember she is pretty. What am I doing here? I'm distributing bottle caps of arsenic for the rats that come up from the river and dispute the cats over trifles. I represent civilization in a small but real way.

Deke Patwell laughs with some wild relief. Once, I saw him at the municipal pool, watching young girls. He was wearing trunks and allergy-warning dog tags. What a guy! To me, he



was like a crude foreigner or a Gaucho. Anyway, I came down here because of the rats. Read your history: They carry black plague. Mrs. Patwell was on a Vegas excursion with the Deadrock Symphony Club.

When I get back inside, the flies are orchestrating a broad, dumb movement on the windows. We never had flies like this on the ranch. We had songbirds, apple blossoms and no flies. My wife was alive then and saw to that. We didn't impact; we loved each other. She had an aneurysm let go while carding wool. She went so quietly, it was some months before I got it. She just nodded her pretty face and headed out. I sat there like a stoop. They came for her, and I just knocked around the place trying to get it. I headed for town and started seeing the doctor. Things came together: I was able to locate a place to live in, catch the series and set up housekeeping. Plus, the Gulch, everyone agrees, is Deadrock's nicest neighborhood. A traffic violator is taken right aside and lined out quick. It's a neighborhood where folks teach the dog to bring the paper to the porch, so a guy can sit back in his rocker and find out who's making hamburger of the world. I was one of this area's better cattlemen, and town life doesn't come easy. Where I once had coyotes and bears, I now have rats. Where I once had the old-time marriages of my neighbors, I now have Impact Man poking a real sweet gal who never gets taken somewheres nice.

My eating became hit or miss. All I cared about was the world series after a broken season. I was high and dry, and when you're like that, you need someone or something to take you away. Death makes you different, like the colored are different. I felt I was under the spell of what had happened to me. Then someone threw a bottle onto the field in the third or fourth game of the series and almost hit the Yankee left fielder, Dave Winfield. I felt completely poisoned. I felt like a rat with a mouthful of bottle caps.

What were my wife and I discussing when she died? The Kona coast. It seems so small. Sometimes, when I think how small our topic was, I feel the weight of my hair tearing at my face. I bought a youth bed to reduce the size of the unoccupied area. The doctor says because of the shaking, I get quite a little bit less rest per hour than the normal guy.

Truthfully speaking, part of me has always wanted to live in town. You hear the big milling at the switching yard; and on stormy nights, the transcontinental trucks reroute off the interstate

and it's busy and kind of like a last-minute party at somebody's house. The big outfits are parked all over with their engines running and the heat shivers at the end of the stacks. The old people seem brave trying to get around on the ice: One fall and they're through, but they keep chunking, going on forward with a whole heck of a lot of grit. That fact gives me a boost.

And I love to window-shop. I go from window to window alongside people I don't know. There's never anything I want in there, but I feel good because I am excited when somebody picks out a daffy pair of shoes or a hat you wouldn't put on your dog. My wife couldn't understand this. Nature was a shrine to her. I wanted to see people more than suited her. Sit around with just anybody and make smart remarks. Sometimes, I'd pack the two of us into the hills. My wife would be in heaven. I'd want to buy a disguise and slip off to town and stare through the windows. That's the thing about heaven. It comes in all sizes and shapes.

Anyone in my position feels left behind. It's normal. But you got to keep picking them up and keep on throwing them; you have got to play the combinations or quit. What I'd like is a person, a person I could enjoy until she's blue in the face. This, I believe. When the time comes, stand back from your television set.

I don't know why Doc keeps an office in the kind of place he does, which is merely the downstairs of a not-so-good house. I go to him because he is never busy. He claims this saves him the cost of a receptionist.

Doc and I agree on one thing: It's all in your head. The only exception would be aspirin. Because we believe it's all in your head, we believe in immortality. Immortality is important to me, because without it, I don't get to see my wife again. Or, on the lighter side, my bird dogs and horses. That's it; that's all you need to know about the hereafter. The rest is for the professors, the regular egghead types who don't have to make the payroll.

We agree about my fling with the person. I hope to use Doc's stethoscope to hear the speeding of the person's heart. All of this has a sporting side, like hunting coyotes. When Doc and I grow old and the end is in sight, we're going to become addicted to opium. If we get our timing wrong, we'll cure ourselves with aspirin. We plan to see all the shiny cities, then *adios*. We speak of cavalry fire fights, Indian medicine, baseball and pussy.

Doc doesn't come out from behind

the desk. He squints, knowing I could lie, then listens:

"My house in town is going to work fine. The attic has a swing-down ladder, and you look from a round window up there into the back yards. You can hear the radios and see people. Sometimes, couples have little shoving matches over odd things: starting the charcoal or the way the dog's been acting. I wrote some of them down in a railroad seniority book to tell you. They seem to dry up quick."

"Still window-shopping?"

"You bet."

"If you don't buy something soon, you're going to have to give that up."

"I'll think about it," I say.

"What have you been doing?"

"Not a whole heck of a lot."

"See a movie, any movie."

"I'll try."

"Take a trip."

"I can't."

"Then pack for one and don't go."

"I can do that."

"Stay out of the wind. It makes people nervous, and this is a windy town. Do what you have to do. You can always find a phone booth, but get out of that wind when it picks up. And any time you feel like falling silent, do it. Above all, don't brood about women."

"OK. Anything else?"

"Trust aspirin."

"I've been working on my mingling."

"Work on it some more."

"Doc," I say, "I've got a funny feeling about where I'm headed."

"You know anybody who doesn't?"

"So what do I do?"

"Look at the sunny side. Anyway, I better let you go. There's someone in the lobby with Blue Cross."

I go.

By hauling an end table out to the porch, despite that the weather is not quite up to it, and putting a chair behind it, I make a fine place for my microwave Alfredo fettuccini. I can also watch our world with curiosity and terror. If necessary, I can speak when spoken to by sipping my ice water to keep the chalk from my mouth.

A car pulls up in front of Patwell's; Mrs. Patwell gets out with a small suitcase and goes to the house. That saves me from calling a lot of travel agents. The world belongs to me.

I begin to eat the Alfredo fettuccini, slow, spacing each mouthful. After eating about four inches of it, the lady from across the street—the Person—appears on the irregular sidewalk, gently patting each bursting tree trunk as she comes. As I am now practically a mute, I watch

(continued on page 126)



*"It's all right, Eddie—these are the ghosts of Christmas past!"*

welcome to a private showing from a very special collection



## PROVOCATIVE PERIOD PIECES

THIS SELECTION of works collected by Boston dealer Charles Martignette is the second in a series we will run over the next few years (the first appeared in October 1980). Martignette has what he believes is the world's largest private collection of erotica. On this spread are reproductions of engravings from a rare eight-volume edition of Casanova's *Memoirs*, published in Brussels in 1872. The first major illustrative version of the *Memoirs*, the engravings were based on 279 original drawings by Jean Adolph Chauvet, from which 102 prints were struck by Barraud. One of the copies of the edition, with drawings, was confiscated by U.S. Customs officials in 1946. That copy is now smoking up the stacks in the Library of Congress.



Above left, Casanova checks out some *prima* feminine geography. That thing in her hand is a dildo, which might have been superfluous when the big C was around. Above, Casanova must have been dreaming of something other than a white Christmas. The woman seems to understand that someone is very glad to see her. On the opposite page, clockwise from top left, Casanova slips it to an otherwise sensible woman while the group lets the world go by below their balustrade. Next to it is not one of the first etchings of the Woo Grotto at Playboy Mansion West. Instead, it's of Casanova, trying out the soothing effects of an early version of the hot tub with a few of his closest friends. Perhaps some of the kinks shown here should have been



# CASANOVA

*the world's  
greatest lover inspired  
these prints charming*



left in the later models. Below it is an 18th Century stacked swimming pool. There appears to be no lifeguard on duty. At bottom, an illustration of a line in the *Memoirs* that goes something like, "Letting my hand follow the wrong trail, I asked Barberine if the fruit I was holding were ready to be picked." At center, Casanova and friends have refreshments in a setting identified as the Chinese room. Along the walls are illustrations of a variety of sexual traditions that are still enjoyed by Americans and Europeans today. To the left, Casanova tries to shield his shy conversation partner from the randiness happening behind them. Above that is the kind of specialized ballet you just don't see anymore. This dancer seems to be signifying that she is a member in good standing of the bush league.

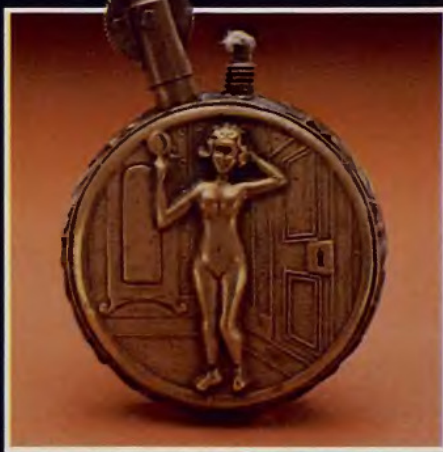
# PROVOCATIVE PERIOD PIECES



## MOVING PARTS

Artists of various bents, working in various media, often get around to depicting erotic themes. As the creative mind stumbles around looking for something to latch on to, sex just naturally pops up. The items here include both serious and frivolous takes by fine and folk artists. Part of the purpose behind Martignette's voracious collecting is to explore every aspect of erotic representation. And that sometimes shows up in unexpected places. The artistic trick is to make something forbidden commonplace—while presenting it in a new light.

Below left is something that would spruce up the looks of your favorite blazer. It's a brass button, almost an inch in diameter, that was made in England in 1775. The gentleman depicted is helping his girlfriend practice hygiene or contraception by working a vacuum pump that serves as a douche. Back then, it seems, they did not go gently into that good night. Below center and right are the two faces of a World War One cigarette lighter probably used in the trenches by smokers making the world safe for democracy. It's made of copper and brass, was fashioned in France around 1917 and may have also kept some home fires burning. On one side, a man is eagerly peeping through a keyhole; on the other side is the worthy object of his peep.



Below and at right is a reclining mechanical nude, circa 1885, that not only looks great but does you the favor of snipping off your cigar end. Cast in solid bronze and signed by the Western artist Charles Kauba, it reclines 8½" x 3"; with leg up, the figure is 4½" high.







At far left, opposite, is an intriguing piece of Americana. This object and others like it were called Pistol-Packing Mommas—because if you held them in your hand like a pistol, a pull on the trigger would activate penetration. It was pointed in a Yankee folk-art style and was made in Boston around 1930. It's 7½" x 5" and is made of half-inch plywood. At near left is the same sort of mechanical design, this time depicting two donkeys giddily at play, serving the noble purpose of perpetuating their species. This 7" x 6" x ⅛" example of art-deco-inspired folk art was hand-crafted from leather, and Martignette tells us that it was made around 1930 in Jacksonville, Florida, by a skilled artist.



Here, Leda enjoys a swan dive in a bronze by Richard Klein. "This work is an example of German art deco at its best," Martignette says. The 7" x 7" x 4" tableau of the lusty Winged Victory was done around 1925.

*"With her bounce, her cigarettes and her iffy hours, she's just the kind of woman my wife had no use for."*

for visible things I can predict. And all I look for is her quick glance at Deke Patwell's house and then a turn through her chain-link gate. I love that she is pretty and carries nothing, like the Chinese ladies Doc tells me about who achieve great beauty by teetering around on feet that have been bound. I feel I am listening to the sound of a big cornfield in springtime. My heart is an urgent thud.

To my astonishment, she swings up her walk without a look. Her wantonness overpowers me. Impossible! Does she not know the Wife is home from Vegas?

I look up and down the street before lobbing the Alfredo fettuccini to a mutt. He eats in jerking movements and stares at me like I'm going to take it back. Which I'm quite capable of doing but won't. I have a taste in my mouth like the one you get in those frantic close-ins hunting coyotes. I feel like a happy crook. Sometimes, when I told my wife I felt like this, she was touched. She said I had absolutely no secret life. The sad thing is, I probably don't.

I begin sleeping in the attic. I am alone and not at full strength; so this way, I feel safer. I don't have to answer door or phone. I can see around the neighborhood better, and I have the basic timing of everybody's day down pat. For example, the lady goes to work on time every day but comes home at a different time every day. Does this suggest that she is a carefree person or that she is seeing an irregular person after work, a person to whom time means nothing or who is, perhaps, opposed to time's effects and therefore defiant about regularity? I don't know.

Before I know it, I am window-shopping again. Each day, there is more in the air, more excitement among the shoppers who seem to spill off the windows into the doors of the stores. The sun is out, and I stand before the things my wife would never buy, not risqué things but things that would stand up. She seems very far away now. But when people come to my store windows, I sense a warmth that is like friendship. Any time I feel uncomfortable in front of a particular store, I move to sporting goods, where it is clear that I am OK and, besides, Doc is fixing me. My docile staring comes from the last word in

tedium: guns and ammo; compound bows; fishing rods.

When I say that I am OK, I mean that I am happy in the company of most people. What is wrong with me comes from my wife having unexpectedly died and from my having read the works of Ralph Waldo Emerson when my doctor and I were boning up on immortality. But I am watching the street, and something will turn up. In the concise movements of the person I'm most interested in, and in the irregularity of her returns, which she certainly despises, I sense a glow directed toward me—the kind of light in a desolate place that guides the weary traveler to his rest.

Today, she walks home. She is very nearly on time. She walks so fast her pumps clatter on our broken Deadrock sidewalk. She swings her shoulder bag like a cheerful weapon and arcs into the street automatically to avoid carelessly placed sprinklers. She touches a safety match to a long filter brand as she surveys her little yard and goes in. She works, I understand, at the county assessor's office, and I certainly imagine she does a fine job for those folks. With her bounce, her cigarettes and her iffy hours, she makes just the kind of woman my wife had no use for. Hey! It takes all kinds. Human life is filled with variety, and if I have a regret in my own thus far, it is that I have not been close to that variety—that is, right up against it.

I need a break and go for a daylight drive. I take the river road through the foothills north of Deadrock—a peerless jaunt—to our prison. It is an elegant old dungeon that housed many famous Western outlaws in its day. The ground it rests on was never farmed, having gone from buffalo pasture to lockup many years ago. Now it has razor wire surrounding it and a real up-to-date tower, like back East.

One man stands in blue light behind its high windows. When you see him from the county road, you think, That certainly must be the loneliest man in the world. But actually, it's not true. His name is Al Costello, and he's a good friend of mine. He's the head of a large Catholic household, and the tower is all the peace he gets.

The lonely guy is the warden, an out-

of-stater, a professional imprisoned by card files: a man no one likes. He looks like Rock Hudson and he can't get a date.

Sometimes, I stop in to see Al. I go up into the tower and we look down into the yard at the goons and make specific comments about the human situation. Sometimes we knock back a beer or two. Sometimes I take a shot at one of his favorite ball clubs and sometimes he lights into mine. It's just human fellowship in kind of a funny spot.

Instead, today, I keep on cruising, out among the jack rabbits and the sagebrush, high above the running irrigation, all the way around the little burg, then back into town. I stop in front of the doughnut shop, waiting for the sun to travel the street and open the shop and herald its blazing magic up commercially zoned Deadrock. Waiting in front is a sick-looking young man muttering to himself at a high, relentless pitch of the kind we associate with Moslem fundamentalism. At eight sharp, the door opens and the Moslem and I shoot in for the counter. He seems to have lost something by coming inside, and I am riveted upon his loss. By absolute happenstance, we both order glazed. Then I add an order of jelly-filled, which I deliver, still hot, to the lady's doorstep.

I'm going to stop reading this newspaper. In one week, the following has been reported: A Deadrock man shot himself fatally in a bar demonstrating the safety of his pistol. Another man, listening to the rail, had his head run over by every car of a train that took half an hour to go by. Incidents like these make it hard for me to clearly see the spirit winging its way to heaven. And though I would like to stop reading the paper, I really know I won't. It would set a bad example for the people on the porches who have trained Spot to fetch.

"Did you get the doughnuts?" I called out that evening.

Tonight, as I fall asleep, I have a strange thought, indeed. It goes like this: Darling (my late wife), I don't know if you are watching all this or not. If you are, I have but one request: Put yourself in my shoes. That's quite an assignment, but give it the old college try for yours truly.

I know they've been talking when I see Deke Patwell give me the fishy look. I cannot imagine which exact locution she had used—probably that I was "bothering" her—but she has very evidently made of me a fly in Deke's soup. There is not a lot he can do, standing

(continued on page 254)



*“‘From a secret admirer.’ Well! Isn’t that sweet?”*





# THE GIRL WITH KALEIDOSCOPE EYES

*lonny from liverpool  
is a fab fifth who proves  
that some british imports  
are as classy as ever*

**T**HOSE EYES. Soft, brown and inviting. Lonny Chin's eyes seem to hide nothing. There's a disarming openness in her gaze that relaxes strangers and warms friends. Lonny wants to be liked, and she succeeds.

Her magic potion is empathy. Thoughtful and sensitive, she gives her all to brief encounters, feeling another's happiness or pain, understanding, giving her friendship willingly. It's a gift not easily refused.

Lonny spent the first six years of her life in Liverpool. Her father is Chinese/Jamaican, *(text continued on page 132)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARMY FREYTAG



*If you spend any time with Lonny, you get used to long silences during which she's lost in reverie. It's an old habit. "All my teachers used to say, 'Lonny is a smart girl, but she spends too much time daydreaming.'" And what does she dream about? "I think about life and about people. Why is an important word in my vocabulary. Another person can sit down and read a book for three hours; I can sit down and think for three hours. Right now, I dream about being a star. I want to be one."*





her mother Welsh/Swedish. She had barely perfected her Liverpudlian accent when her family boarded a liner bound for the Canadian shore. The seven-day journey was not pleasant. "The entire family was seasick," Lonny recalls. To top it off, their destination was Quebec, where the preferred tongue was French.

Lonny learned enough

*Lonny works hard at modeling. "When I do a job, I like to do it right. I want to be perfect. I know I can be a good model, and eventually, I'll be a good actress."*







French to get her through the third grade; then it was moving time again. In a series of hops, the family went westward: London, Ontario; Calgary, Alberta; and, finally, Vancouver, British Columbia.

Lonny enjoyed the nomadic life. "I'm the type of person who's very inquisitive. I've always wanted to see and experience everything. I once forced

*"I'm very much a mind person. I want to know why people do things, why they think a certain way. Someday, I would like to take a few courses in psychology."*



*The life and the people south of the Canadian border provided a bit of a shock for Lonny. "It's so much faster here. Girls here at 18 are like girls of 25 in Canada. Canadian women are innocent compared with those in the U.S. That's not good or bad; it's just different."* 133



a boyfriend to take me to a strip show, just because I'd never seen one. And, once, when I got curious about bikers, I went to visit one of the places where they hung out, to watch them. Of course, I didn't know at the time that you just don't do that!"

A few months ago, Lonny moved to Los Angeles, where she is currently pursuing a career as a model. Very successfully. "I was lucky enough to be chosen as the first video Playmate on both the cassette and the disc versions that will be sold all over the world," she says. "We did some filming in the studio and a lot in Vancouver, especially in the store where I used to work. It was fun and a good way of letting people get to know me as a person."

At first, the pace of life in Los Angeles—the hard-core capitalism and the city-wide meat market—intimidated Lonny. "I was very nervous when I arrived," she admits. "But now, I've opened up. I have more confidence in myself; I've found that facing new situations makes you stronger. If you want to be a success, you have to deal with change." For a sensitive and shy girl from Liverpool, Lonny sounds like a survivor.



*At left, Lonny lunches with our photo crew in Sun Valley; above, she gets set for a view of Playboy's new TV efforts. Lonny is our first video-cassette and video-disc Playmate; for the packaged version, rush to your video shop.*



*"I've learned a lot about people since I've been in L.A.," Lonny says. "I've grown up a lot, too. It's very competitive. Too often, that competition turns vindictive. I don't like that. I think I can have what I want and that I can do it the right way. I'm stubborn as a mule." Taking a turn on the rink, Lonny finds more stability on three points than on two.*



MISS JANUARY  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Lenny Chen*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Lonny Chin

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: Aug 12, 1960 BIRTHPLACE: Liverpool, England

AMBITIONS: To be a professional fashion model.

TURN-ONS: nature, animals, honest people, true friends, colognes, pretty colors

TURN-OFFS: dirty fingernails, jealous women, liars, show-offs, heavy smokers, conceit

FAVORITE MOVIES: Splendor in the Grass, Lady Sings the Blues, The Godfather, French Connection II

FAVORITE FOODS: sushi, Chinese barbecued pork, calamari, fruit salads

FAVORITE PLACE: Playboy Mansion West

IDEAL EVENING: To have a home-cooked meal and spend the evening with a friend

BIGGEST JOY: To have had the opportunity to be a Playmate.

Age 4



my favorite baby picture

Age 12



me and my dog Kelly

Age 19



trying to be sexy!!

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Now that we're back at my place," the young man sounded out the girl, "do you want to play 20 Questions?"

"That sounds like fun," she replied.

"And maybe screw afterward?"

"That sounds like fun, too!"

"In that case," said the fellow, smiling, "I somehow think we've just skipped the first 19 questions."



It's rumored that a new patent medicine will soon appear on the market. It's called Preparation A, and it's for video-game addicts who have asteroids.

An uptight young lady gloried in her virginity and often berated a swinging girlfriend for her loose ways. "Until I'm married," she once declared, "I'm keeping *my* legs closed to all men!" But then, one fateful night, she met a fool and his money . . . and they soon parted.

The ultimate gesture to a guest in one San Francisco hotel is said to be sending a complimentary fruit to the individual's room.

I think we'll have to find another baby sitter," announced the man. "That Sharon is just too worldly-wise for a teenager."

"But Timmy said she told him some sort of interesting story about animals last night," countered his wife.

"Yes—and when I pressed Timmy for details, he said it was about a wolf who was trapped into giving a mink to a fox with a beaver!"

**Bumper sticker:** SUPPORT THE GIRL SCOUTS. TODAY'S BROWNIE IS TOMORROW'S COOKIE.

Harvey is *too* much of a veteran pilot at this point," the stewardess confided to a sister crew member the morning after their layover. "When he attempted a second take-off with me last night, he couldn't gain altitude."

**A savvy young hooker named Gail**  
Got busted and lodged in the jail.

But the jailer got hot

To be lodged in her twat,

And so Gail made the bail with her tail.

There is no such thing," was the wry comment of an executive who had just been found responsible in a six-figure paternity suit, "as a free lunge."

The reason I like dating Mortimer," the girl remarked primly, "is that he's on the up-and-up."

"And the reason I'm dating Don," her classmate said with a grin, "is that he's into the up and down."

Maybe you've heard about the young lady whose free-spirited attitude toward sex caused men to take her at sit-on-the-face value.

A flaky artist used to dump cans of paint onto a huge canvas lying on the floor and then have nude models slither around on it to form abstract designs. "Do you derive special enjoyment from using that particular technique?" an art critic asked him.

"Not really," the man replied, "but what is a lot of fun is cleaning the brushes!"

*It had snowed, and the man in the drift*  
Flagged her down and asked, "Give me a lift?"

*They sat in her Bentley . . .*

*She fondled him gently . . .*

*And the lift that he'd asked for was swift!*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *lubricated condoms* as bedroom slippers.



*Isley Weiman*

Chuck and I were made for each other!" the coed announced happily during vacation to her best friend back home. "He's a B.M.O.C.—you know, a big man on campus—and in the double sense of being a big wheel and having a big whang!"

"And how do you fit in specially with him, Debby?" inquired the friend.

"I'm generally considered to be the female B.M.O.C. at Tech," said Debby, smiling.

"Female B.M.O.C.?"

"Best Mouth on Campus!"

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.



Cribson

*"Having fun, you two . . . er, three?"*

# CARS '83: YEAR OF THE DRIVER

*once again, you're king of the road as we present a selection of peppy, performance-oriented automobiles that have the breeding to satisfy the urbane owner*

NISSAN  
PULSAR NX

MASERATI BITURBO



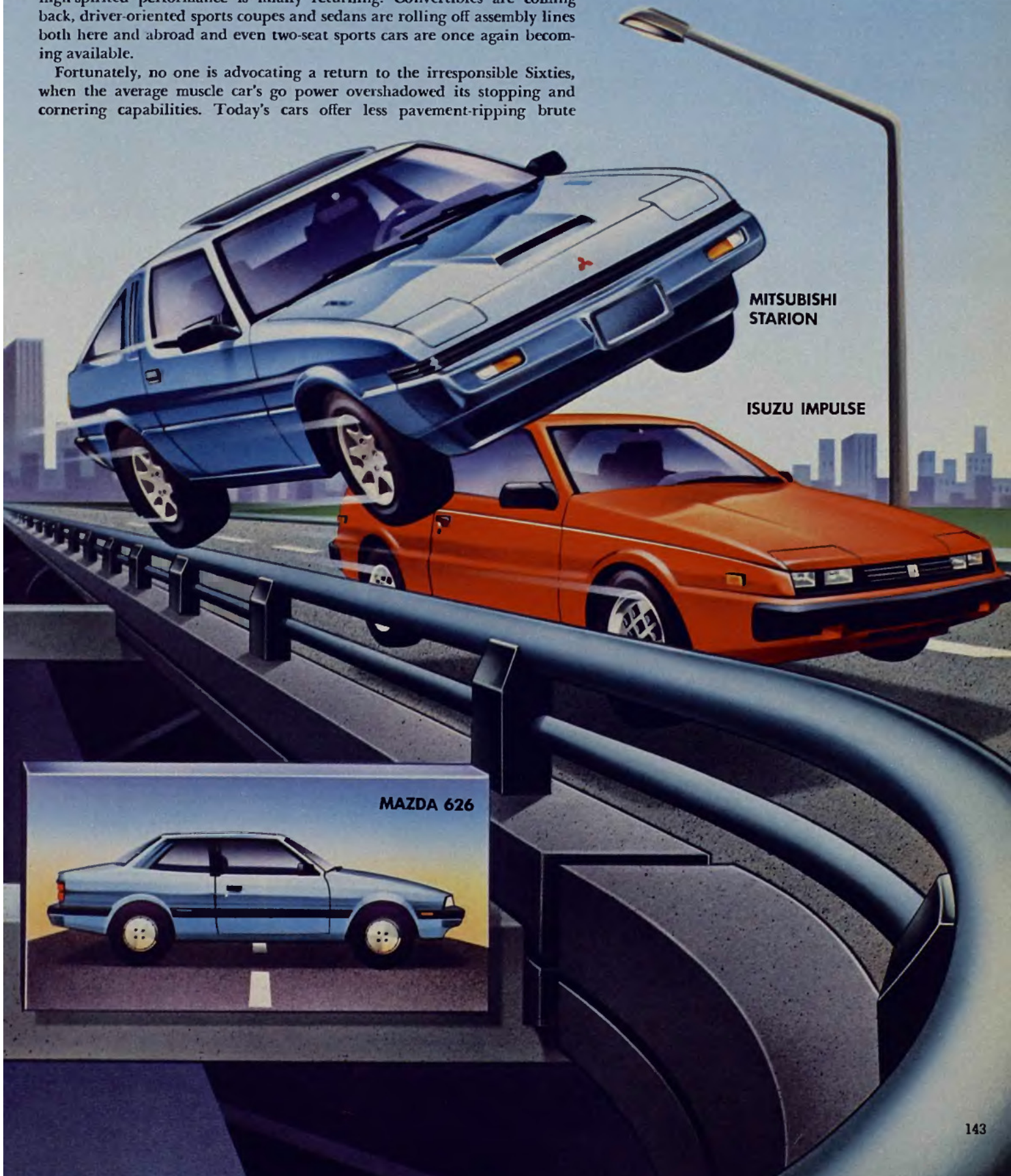
FORD THUNDERBIRD





*modern living* **By GARY WITZENBURG** It used to be OK to love your car—or at least to like it a lot. Open-road driving was a ball before cars became boring and 55 miles per hour was decreed the national automotive norm. The good news is that auto makers are striving to put the fun back into car ownership. Styling is shifting from boxy to aerodynamic, suspensions are moving from mushy to agile and high-spirited performance is finally returning. Convertibles are coming back, driver-oriented sports coupes and sedans are rolling off assembly lines both here and abroad and even two-seat sports cars are once again becoming available.

Fortunately, no one is advocating a return to the irresponsible Sixties, when the average muscle car's go power overshadowed its stopping and cornering capabilities. Today's cars offer less pavement-ripping brute



**MITSUBISHI  
STARION**

**ISUZU IMPULSE**

**MAZDA 626**

horsepower but much more stable and responsive steering and suspensions, better brakes and, of course, vastly superior fuel efficiency. That is the way the top European cars have long been engineered, and it's the way both Detroit and Japan are going.

Automotive styling is also moving toward European tastes: clean, functional and uncluttered. Even conservative American buyers are growing tired of fake wire-wheel covers, padded-vinyl tops, opera windows, coach lamps and reams of chrome. Replacing all that is a trend toward blacked-out or body-colored trim and bumpers, black-wall tires on styled steel or aluminum wheels and fewer decorative gewgaws. Aerodynamic considerations are leading toward more wedge-shaped bodies with rounded contours and corners. Driver-oriented cars also call for driver-oriented interiors,

**CHEVROLET  
CORVETTE**



**RENAULT  
ALLIANCE**



**VOLVO 760 GLE**



meaning more contoured bucket seats and better-designed dashboards with a full complement of gauges. But enough generalities. Let's hit the road for a look at drivers' cars for 1983 from here and abroad.

AMERICAN CARS

First it was safety and emissions, then fuel economy and quality. Now that Detroit has gotten its act together on all counts, the emphasis is beginning to switch to honing and refining. General Motors has vastly improved the driving character of its small importlike front-wheel-drive (fwd) J-car series—Chevrolet Cavalier, Pontiac 2000, Oldsmobile Firenza, Buick Skyhawk and Cadillac Cimarron—with two new engines and the addition of a five-speed gearbox. Convertibles (continued on page 228)



DODGE 600 ES



PORSCHE  
911SC CABRIOLET



TOYOTA TERCEL SR5 4WD





# EDDIE MURPHY IS ON TOP OF THE WORLD

*"saturday night live's" young man of many faces looks more and more like a funny guy to take seriously*

personality **By PETER W. KAPLAN**

**E**DDIE MURPHY, a man of 21 years, has a check for \$45,000 in his back pocket, a manager with tinted sunglasses standing near the bar, a producer from a Hollywood studio watching him from the door, a sound-and-video crew recording his every word, a full house chanting his name over and over again, a real-estate tycoon spotting him as an investment, a clean sweater and blue jeans covering his long, thin body, a gold watch on his dark wrist, a mother and a stepfather sitting close at a reserved table, a Datsun 280-ZX double parked on Second Avenue, calling him to fly (its dark, shiny shell gorgeous in the lit frenzy of an Upper East Side New York May night). Eddie Murphy stands onstage at a comedy club and smiles, showing his puppy-white teeth. He grabs the mike hard.

"What are you laughing for?" he says. "You're going to be leaving here in an hour saying, 'The motherfucker wasn't even funny.'" At the word motherfucker, the audience explodes.

Eddie Murphy's manager laughs. His producer laughs. The real-estate tycoon laughs. His mother and stepfather laugh. "Ed-dee! Ed-dee!" says the crowd.

The comedian's manager stands in the corner. His wife stands near him. He wipes a drop of sweat from his nose. A beat after the audience, he laughs in a syncopated rasp: "Ha-ha! Ha-ha!"

"I'm not here to talk about Ronald Reagan or politics or give you a message," Eddie Murphy says. "Nobody's going to spend their money to come out here on a Saturday night to hear a nigger complain about Ronald Reagan.

"I'm here," he says, "to talk about my real comedy, which is about dicks, farts and boogies."

The audience goes berserk. Manager, producer, tycoon, mother and stepfather all seem to love that sound—they laugh and clap. But Eddie hardly notices;

Eddie Murphy is working. "Dicks, farts and boogies," he says.

Eddie Murphy, a kind of innocent, works a comedy club as though it were social-studies class between periods. His strength and his momentum don't have much to do with an early generation of club comics who won their professionalism on other people's terms, trying to gauge what club owners and TV producers wanted. Eddie Murphy found his support at Roosevelt Junior-Senior High School, from his peers, the kids—and he took their fully developed endorsement as his security, as his merchandise, to the open market. He was seen; he was bid upon; he became a viable commodity.

He had a smooth and self-endowed power. He seized his audience directly and knew that tentativeness was counter-productive for him. He had learned from Richard Pryor that he was allowed to plug his huge voltage into a crowd and that they would sit up. He said shit and fuck a great deal (almost every other word, you felt), because he knew that it was like giving a high five to the audience and that black audiences liked it and white audiences were grateful for it. He was good with the girls in his class—he knew what would keep them entranced and what would turn them away—and he was good with the boys, whom he knew how to rank out. Eddie Murphy had his act down, because he was at that essential moment at the end of his adolescence when he was working on eight cylinders with no distractions, when honesty pays and existential problems lay low, when insight is yours and if they don't like it, they're wrong. Eddie Murphy was having his dandelion time.

"This was a good year for me," he says to the crowd, "and not just because of the TV and all that shit, but I was happy and shit. Was it a good year for you? It was a good year for me. But some bad shit happened in 1981. They shot Reagan. . . ."

Somebody in the audience claps and yells.

"Who out there clapped?" Eddie says. "You must be crazy. Shooting people, that's bad shit; I don't care who it is. I mean, that's bad shit. They shot Reagan and they shot Sadat and Lennon and they shot the Pope. I mean, who would shoot the Pope? What's your intention in shooting the Pope unless you're saying, 'Look, I want to get to hell and I don't want to stand on line?'"

This hits the audience right, and they erupt.

"I mean, whoever shot the Pope, they'll say to him, 'You shot the Pope? Go on the express line, motherfucker.'" The crowd goes mad for this, and Eddie no longer has to throw hard: He talks

about getting hit by a car and about how he loves to take down any girl in sight ("When I walk into my room, the fish stop swimming") and about how he suddenly has to deal with recognition on the street. His material is good, but his delivery sets up a hot and intimate relationship with his audience, so that even when he talks and riffs and his material collapses or just ceases to exist, he is still in there with them, hooked on the same intravenous line to childhood experience and neighborhood anarchy—the best friend, remembering the horror/ecstasy of growing up in an assaultive world.

He tells a long and painful story about his father's coming home drunk and challenging him and his brother to a fight. It is the best and the funniest piece of evocative sketch Eddie has. The gist of the story has to do with the boys' bewilderment and irritation at seeing their drunken father infuriated by their manful, staked-out presence in his house. The father comes in blotto and they are watching *Quincy*, and there's dog shit on the floor and he pushes them to a fight, putting his *pay check* down as the stakes. Eddie's punch line is "We beat the shit out of him."

It is a hard and self-revelatory piece of stand-up, pulled off with a guileless respect for the truth. It is the best thing he has, and he works more and more strongly as it goes along. It's dangerous territory—while he negotiates it, he's like a wildly intent sword fighter on a rocking ship's deck—but it hits home and cuts into the audience. It's experience raised to a new perspective, and Eddie has seen it, his own conflict, for a group of people who are no longer strangers. They applaud the sketch hard. Eddie grins and laughs an octave higher than usual.

He works on, and the real-estate tycoon—Sam Lefrak, owner of the vast sprawl of apartments known as Lefrak City, of tremendous New York tracts and of the record label for which Eddie will record his first album—gets up to walk out of the club. Eddie introduces him to cursory applause and does what the sure and the powerful do: He ranks him out before the Saturday-night crowd, certain that he can keep the whip of his jokes in control and away from Lefrak's nose. Lefrak, looking as expansive as his ownings, stands in the middle of the floor at The Comic Strip on 81st Street and Second Avenue and watches the thin black kid, of whom he owns one of the early pieces, standing onstage grinning down at him. Lefrak is as happy as a Polaroid stockholder who has just been shown his first SX-70. He smiles, calls a quiet rejoinder to Eddie up onstage, gives a thumbs up and leaves. Eddie's

manager, the owner of the club, heaves a huge sigh and shakes his head back and forth. Eddie's mother takes a long drag of a cigarette. The audience has turned back to the stage. Eddie Murphy has something to say about Chinese restaurants.

After the first show, Eddie, his manager, his mother and stepfather and his best friend, Clinton Smith, all go next door for a seafood dinner. They meet one of Eddie's idols there: his fifth-grade teacher, who has come to take in the midnight performance. The entire night at The Comic Strip is being recorded for Eddie's first album, and there's an almost historic air to the evening. Eddie has been signed, as well, to act in his first movie. The Hollywood producer Larry Gordon has put him in a prison picture, a drama set for Christmas release, called *48 HRS.* Nick Nolte is the star. Eddie is in the best position in which a young actor can find himself: Like Mae West and Lassie before him, he has the chance to walk into somebody else's picture and walk away with it. The movie has surely been built that way—the producer very much wants Eddie Murphy to be a star, a big star.

Eddie's manager is exultant. The album, *Eddie Murphy*, is to come out in the summer. Eddie has the first advance check from it in his wallet. He could pay cash and buy a house or three or four good cars or 100 suits. He's not thinking about any of that. He's thinking about business, about cuts for the album.

"How'd it go?" he wants to know.

"Great, Eddie," each person at the table tells him.

He looks at the table. He stares and nods. "I think I've got enough now," he says. "I've got all I need. Next show, I can just fool around."

Nobody disagrees.

Eddie walks back outside, onto the street, and looks over at his sleek Datsun double parked in front of the club.

"Nobody's going to steal that?" he asks.

"Nobody's going to steal it," his manager says.

"Nobody's going to tow it?"

"Not here," says his manager.

"Hey, Eddie!" a white kid on the street yells. "Do Buckwheat!"

Eddie keeps walking. "Damn. 'Do Buckwheat,'" he says. "'Do Buckwheat.'"

"What's the matter with 'Do Buckwheat?'" his manager asks.

"Nothing," says Eddie. "I just want to do better stuff than that."

"Buckwheat!" the kid yells.

Eddie goes in for the midnight show, and the sound of stamping and yelling pants out onto Second Avenue. He passes through the crowd and the panting on the street gets louder and louder,

(continued on page 151)



*"Did you hear about Fezziwig? He almost got in there last New Year's."*

*five fashion  
designers select  
trend-setting  
look-ahead  
looks  
especially  
for playboy*

## **CLOTHES OF THE DAY**

*attire by*  
**DAVID PLATT**



### **GIL TRUEDSSON**

"Today's preoccupation with physical fitness translates into a slim, leaner look with subtle color blends," states our first designer, who selected a tropical wool suit with gabordine vest, about \$475; spread-collar shirt, about \$60; silk tie, about \$35; and pocket square, about \$15; all by Gil Truedsson for Tiger of Sweden.



EACH JANUARY, we invite leading menswear designers to select from their forthcoming lines a specific outfit that they predict will be an important influence on the direction men's fashion takes in the near future. This year's designers are Gil Truedsson, Andrew Fezza, Alan Flusser and Gene Pressman and Lance Karesh, who create exclusively for Basco Sportswear. The message derived from their selections is that the subtle, unexpected use of colors and fabrics is often just as important as sweeping style changes that are more trendy than tasteful. Check out the way these designers have wed neutral shades to faded pastels. The looks are simple, stylish and fresh—fashion words to live by in the year ahead.



### ANDREW FEZZA

Best known for his leather apparel, this designer will expand his métier this spring to include this Irish-linen pinstriped robe with drop shoulders and roll-up sleeves, about \$210, that's shown with matching shorts with an elasticized waist and angled patch pockets; the shorts reverse to pinstriped linen, about \$70.





**GENE PRESSMAN  
LANCE KARESH**

Linen also captures the fancy of this design pair, who "believe in faded fabrics that wrinkle and look as though they've been worn a little." Pictured here are a cotton/linen cardigan sweater, \$85; a linen knit shirt, \$36; and double-pleated linen slacks, about \$75; all by Pressman and Karesh for Basco Sportswear.



### **ALAN FLUSSER**

Sweaters continue to be garments for all seasons as our last designer, Alan Flusser, selects a faded-plaid cotton crew-neck, about \$80; a cotton knit short-sleeved pullover, about \$30; and double-pleated oxford-cloth slacks with a hinder-binder buckle-strap back, high waist and suspender buttons, about \$90. Harold Teen, eat your heart out!



## EDDIE MURPHY

(continued from page 148)

*"The way they're talking, I'm going to be bigger than Richard Pryor. I'm going to be Charlie Chaplin."*

until the club doors close and a boy with a big box radio walks by and two kids holding beer bottles push a full wire garbage can into the street and begin rolling it down the cobblestoned avenue.

When television was just getting going in the late Forties and the technology was massive and heavy—not tiny and full of chips—NBC filled Studio 8-H in the RCA building with election crews and concerts; ramshackle brilliance and highbrow shadows; Kukla, Fran and Toscanini. With its hanging-vine cables and concrete expanse, 8-H still looks like what television meant in the first place. The old-pro technicians wheel around huge booms, bringing up and bringing down the cameramen who swoop in the electric ocular and transmit images to the masses. Actors walk around wondering whether or not the producer likes them. The director blocks and choreographs. The producer, a young man in tight pants and a turtleneck, paces and whispers and looks very important. Two comedians stand on a low stage and look up at a disembodied voice.

"Joe, Tony!" the voice says.

Joe and Tony look toward the voice.

"Move together."

They do.

"Step forward."

They do.

"OK. Let's go."

Joe Piscopo and Tony Rosato, two members of a recent cast of *Saturday Night Live*, begin reading a mildly unfunny sketch about the show-business delusions of Pope John Paul II. In the sketch, the Pope, played by Piscopo, turns slowly into a Frank Sinatra paradigm of nasty egotism and disdainful cool as he receives more and more mass adulation. He develops a Las Vegas harshness. He visits Africa.

"Ed-deel!" the disembodied voice calls. "Where the hell is Eddie?"

Eddie Murphy looks up out of the shadows just beneath the stage. He blinks his big eyes a couple of times. He doesn't move. This sketch he's been watching has nothing to it.

"Where the hell is Eddie?" says the voice.

"Here I am," says Eddie Murphy.

"Well, get up there," the voice says, "You have a scene."

Eddie Murphy blinks a couple of more times. He is to play an African priest

in the sketch, one of the few filler parts he has had to kick in to the show in the months since he has become its most distinctive personality. Not only that, the sketch has a gratuitous race joke in it, the only point of which is to get a laugh out of Eddie's black skin.

"I'm coming," he says and hops onto the stage.

"All right," says the voice, "now open the door and say your lines, Eddie."

He walks through the sketch, reads his lines, finishes and hops off the stage and leans against an empty throne to be used in another sketch. He looks off at nothing in particular, his 21-year-old-boy's face calm, without a crease in it. He listens to the lines being read on-stage, puts his hands on the arms of the throne and shakes his head.

"Mediocre stuff," he says. "Really mediocre stuff." Eddie Murphy shakes his head another time, almost wearily, runs his hand over his smooth face and walks back to his dressing room to call Clinton Smith.

"This kid," says Eddie's manager, Bob Wachs, "this kid has instincts like you cannot believe. Like you won't believe. Like you will *never* believe. This kid has instincts."

Wachs is standing in the elevator lobby of International Creative Management, a huge talent agency that handles many important entertainers. I.C.M. takes up offices on several floors in a skyscraper on 57th Street in Manhattan. Eddie is to meet Wachs there to discuss his future in the movies, but he has not yet shown up.

"He'll be here," says Wachs. "This kid, you will not believe what instincts he has. Last week, we were out in Hollywood, you know, seeing some movie executives—and they were diddling us around, you know, offering us the moon but no money. And Eddie is sitting there being told by a bunch of movie executives that he is the greatest thing to come along in who knows how long a time—since forever. Now, this would turn some people's heads, you know, but not Eddie. Eddie says to me, 'If they're not going to offer us a deal, let's go.' They didn't, and we went. What dopes.

"I'll tell you, though: As we were walking out from one meeting, Eddie turned to me. 'I've always idolized Richard Pryor,' he says, 'but the way they're talk-

ing, I'm not going to be Richard Pryor; I'm going to be bigger than Richard Pryor. I'm going to be Charlie Chaplin.' "That," Wachs says, "is how they were talking."

He takes off his tinted sunglasses. He is a handsome man, around 40, with large, open features and a slight resemblance to George Segal. "Now, I don't know if we're going to be that big—but we're going to be big." He looks through the revolving doors and Eddie is not in sight. "The way they're talking, anyhow," Wachs says.

Wachs met Eddie Murphy a couple of years ago, when he went to audition for a slot at The Comic Strip, in which Wachs has a partnership.

"He was cocky, this kid," Wachs says. "He complained we wouldn't let him get right up. He was full of himself. I told him, 'Too bad; come back later.' He waited. He worked the club. I knew."

Eddie Murphy came flying out of either heaven or Hempstead, Long Island, about two years ago, and when he auditioned for and won his place at Wachs's club, he already had what he needed, which was not his wit so much as this *presence* he had.

"I mean, I couldn't believe it," Wachs says. "His material was a little rough, but he had this smile and this voice." He was the kind of property developers search for for years, Wachs could see, and he'd walked into his club. From where had he walked? Directly from his childhood, from his adolescence, with no stops or crises—no military, no sputtering first marriage, no nights broke and alone (good for him!) in cities whose names sounded Venusian if you said them more than twice. Eddie Murphy was, they say, a happy kid. He stayed close to home. He played ball with Clinton Smith. He got his comedy training where most young comics got their training, in high school.

"We just cut up all day," says Clinton. "I mean, that's what we did all day in Roosevelt High; we just cut up." Clinton is a head shorter than Eddie, and quieter, but the two—as it happens when you meet somebody the same age at the right moment—telecommunicate. They have a merged sense of humor. They can finish each other's sentences, and this may have happened due to the circumstance of their meeting: On the first day of gym class in seventh grade, for some nearly inexplicable reason, Clinton Smith ran up to little Eddie Murphy—just as though they had been in Little Archie Comics—and jumped on his head. Instead of throwing him off, little Eddie found this act tremendously funny, and in the years since, it

(continued on page 208)

# WHY HEISHERIK WAS BORN

*when he pestered me with his woeful tales, i wondered, what is the point to this man's life? many years later i found out*



*fiction*

**By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER**

**I**N MY FIRST YEARS at the Warsaw Yiddish Writers' Club, I became known as an editor of manuscripts. Working as a proofreader for the *Literarische Bleter*, I had published a few stories and reviews and had edited a book or two for the Kletzkin Publishing Company. They paid pennies, but I could live on pennies. I was a boarder in a private apartment where the rent was cheap, and I had no need for clothes; year in and year out, my clothes lasted. I had still *(continued on page 212)*





*all the ingredients for throwing a gala new year's eve gallop that's off and running at the stroke of 12*

## *The* **MIDNIGHT RIDE**

EVERY American knows about Paul Revere's epic ride to immortality in 1775. With all due respect to the dauntless equestrian, we have something different, though equally exciting, in mind: an exuberant midnight-till-morn romp into the new year. It may not ensure your place in the history books, but it's bound to be one hell of a fling. The climax of this come-late, stay-late revel is a rejuvenating New Year's breakfast as the morning sun smiles over the horizon.

You'll notice Scandinavian influences on this year's blueprint for pleasure. They're deliberate. In learning how to survive the long, boring winters, Scandinavian hosts have elevated partying to an art form. They keep things loose and light. Refreshments, though lavish, are easy to prepare, making no heavy demands on either guests or hosts. For the most part, people help themselves as they wish, creating an ideal atmosphere for free-wheeling revelry.

Here's the suggested game plan for your triumphant  
*(concluded on page 176)*

*food and drink*

**By EMANUEL GREENBERG**

# HOW TO SURVIVE THE HOLIDAYS WITH YOUR PARENTS

*at this most heart-warming time of year,  
here's a guide to keep you from getting burned*

*humor*

By DAN GREENBURG  
and  
SUZANNE O'MALLEY

**U**NLESS YOU ARE AN orphan or an extraterrestrial, your parents probably expect you to return to the old homestead every year for the holidays. Never mind that you have a girlfriend or a wife with whom you would like to share those special days. Never mind that you're not eager to subject her to a visit with your folks. Never mind that she has parents who expect her to return to *her* old homestead.

The prospect of spending the holidays with *either* set of parents is about as inviting as checking into the hospital for a lower-G.I. series, but you will probably have to do it anyway. We have assembled a few pointers to help you through this ordeal, but first let us pause to ask:

Is there no way to avoid going home for the holidays? (Note: "Home" is where the parent is. Even if the child is 46 years old and owns a \$1,000,000 mansion, this is considered a temporary residence to be lived in until the child comes to his senses and moves back home where he belongs.)

No matter what your religion is, your parents would probably most like you to come home for Christmas. Christmas is erroneously thought to be the jolliest of the holidays, so it's the time of year when we find the greatest disparity between expectation and reality. It is, traditionally, the occasion for the worst family fights and an impressive number of intra-family homicides. Consequently, you must try to avoid Christmas with the folks like the Black Death.

A useful thing to know is that if you visit your parents on any occasion that falls within 31 days of Christmas (as Thanksgiving does this year), you are eligible for the Christmas Exemption. To exercise it, you should have the following conversation by phone with your parents:

you: Gosh, Mom, it just won't seem right not being home for Thanksgiving this year.

mom: Well, then, come home.

you: Great! There's just one thing, though. With Christmas so close to Thanksgiving, I won't be able to come home for *both* holidays.

A word of caution: It is extremely dangerous to plead poverty as an excuse for not going home for Christmas. Your

parents are very likely to send you a prepaid airline ticket. Not only will your excuse be invalid but the ticket will be the bargain sort requiring you to spend ten days to two weeks at your destination. Premature departure will result in your having to pay regular fare—nearly double the bargain rate. (It is widely assumed that airlines designed that type of ticket to benefit tourists and vacationers. The truth is that it was intended to keep visiting children home under threat of financial penalties.)

## TAKING SOMEBODY HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

It is always preferable to visit home with a friend. Your parents will not be pleased with this plan, because they want you all to themselves and because in the presence of your friend, they will have to act like mature human beings.

The worst kind of friend to take home is a girl, because in that case, there is the potential that your parents will lose you not just for the duration of the visit but forever. The worst *kind* of girl to take home is one of a different religion: Not only will you be lost to your parents forever but you will be lost to a woman who is immune to their religious/moral arguments and whose example will irretrievably corrupt you.

Let's say you've fallen in love with just such a girl and would like to take her home for the holidays. You are aware of your parents' xenophobic response to anyone of a different religion. How to prepare them for the shock?

Simple. Call them up shortly before your visit and tell them that you have gotten quite serious about somebody who is of a different religion, a different race and the same sex. Tell them you have already invited this person to meet them. Give the information a moment to sink in and then remark that you were only kidding, that your lover is merely of a different religion. They will be so relieved they will welcome her with open arms.

## SLEEPING ARRANGEMENTS IN THE PARENTAL HOME

Many parents today are aware that their grown children engage in sexual activity. Some may even know that one of their offspring is living with a member of the opposite sex





out of wedlock. Hard as it may be to believe, parents enjoy having their friends commiserate with them about your scandalous living arrangements and are secretly delighted that you have provided them with something colorful to talk about.

But remember: Having a little harmless fun at your expense in no way obligates your parents to accept the sexual realities of your life. It's all right for them to know what you're doing but *not* all right for them to let you know they know what you're doing. Such acknowledgment may mistakenly imply approval of your behavior.

For that reason, it is absolutely out of the question for parents to allow you to share a bedroom with your girlfriend during your holiday visit. Any suggestion that you do so will result in the popular parental exhortation "Not under *this* roof you won't!" (We are acquainted with a former University of Massachusetts student who circumvented that edict by pitching a tent in his parents' back yard and sleeping with his beloved inside it.)

If you'll be spending the holidays at your girlfriend's parents' home, it is useful to point out that most girls' fathers would be more vexed to learn that you had had carnal knowledge of their daughters than that you had slept with their wives. For that reason, we suggest that you do not request sleeping arrangements in the same bedroom as their daughter. (Even if you are *married*, chances are that any suggestion that you and she share the same bed will receive a chilly reception.)

Whether it's your parents' home or hers, you will be given separate accommodations and will have to slip into her room after the parents have gone to sleep. At such time, remember to be mute in the throes of ecstasy, leave no telltale evidence of your pleasure on the sheets and return to your own bed before first light.

Now it is time we reflect on a very perplexing question:

Why is going to visit your parents always such a horrendous ordeal?

It is a horrendous ordeal for four reasons:

Reason #1: Parents' perception of a son's or daughter's age always has at least a three-year lag and does not compute past the age of 16. Leading an independent adult life and then suddenly being forced to become a teenager for a week is a traumatic shock to the nervous system that can cause disorientation, crankiness, acne and a tendency to whine when asking to borrow the family car.

Reason #2: Parents do not approve of anything you have done in the past,

anything you are doing in the present or anything you contemplate doing in the future. As far as they are concerned, if it is your idea and not theirs, it is by definition alarming, illegal, immoral or just plain stupid.

Reason #3: Parents do not want you to do anything you'd like to do while you are in their home—only things *they'd* like you to do. These things they'd like you to do are not even things that they themselves enjoy: things such as visiting a relative who is even less fun than they are—a shut-in aunt, a bed-ridden and senile uncle in a nursing home, a grandparent in a coma who does not even know you are there—or attending a cousin's friend's funeral. Parents do not want you to do anything that is interesting or fun, such as visit your best friend from childhood whom you haven't seen in six years, because *they resent any time you spend with anybody but them, even if it's after they have gone to sleep.*

Reason #4: Parents do not want you to follow the schedule you are used to following in your own home but—what is worse—they pretend they do. Despite what they say, they want you to do things on a schedule that *they* find convenient. When Frank Sinatra sang, "I did it *my* way," he was not describing a visit to his parents' home.

Here is an example of the sort of pretense we mean:

The pretense: Parents will let you have dinner wherever and whenever you like.

The reality:

PARENT: What time would you like me to fix dinner tonight?

YOU: Oh, hey, you don't have to cook for us—why don't I take us out to a nice French restaurant?

PARENT: Nonsense. There's no point in going out to some fancy place and spending a lot of money when you can have a much more nourishing meal at home, where it won't cost you a nickel. Now, then, what time would you like your dinner—about six o'clock?

YOU: Well, at home, we usually like to eat around eight or eight-thirty.

PARENT: Isn't that a little late?

YOU: No, it's ideal—eight or eight-thirty is when we get hungry.

PARENT: Eating that late isn't healthy.

YOU: OK, then, let's eat any time you like.

PARENT: Oh, no, I'll make dinner any time you say. After all, you're the guest.

YOU: OK, then, how about eight o'clock?

PARENT: I don't know. To me, eat-

ing as late as eight puts a strain on the digestive system. But if that's what you want to do, it's perfectly all right with me.

YOU: All right. [*Sigh*] Let's eat at six.

PARENT: Are you sure that isn't too early for you?

YOU: No, no, six will be just fine.

PARENT: Well, OK, but only if that's what you really want to do.

*Analysis:* Note that from the outset of the dialog, there is, in the parent's mind, only one correct answer to the question "What time would you like me to fix dinner tonight?" In this case, the parent has supplied the correct answer herself. In our next example, there is also only one correct answer, but the parent has decided to make *you* find out what it is.

The pretense: Parents will let you sleep as late as you like when you visit them over the holidays.

The reality:

PARENT: How late would you like us to let you sleep tomorrow?

YOU: Oh, I don't know. Ten o'clock or ten-thirty.

PARENT: That late?

YOU: Well, that's how late I usually like to sleep when I don't have to get up for work, but if that's going to create problems for you, I could probably get up earlier.

PARENT: Oh, no, I understand; you need your sleep. And, besides, you're on vacation and you're entitled to it. The only thing is, the man is coming to wash the windows tomorrow and he has to start with your room.

YOU: What time does he come?

PARENT: Seven o'clock. But if you want to sleep late, I'll make him a cup of coffee and have him do a few things in the kitchen, and you can stay in bed as late as seven-thirty.

YOU: Seven-thirty? Look, why does he have to start with *my* room? Why can't he do my room *last*?

PARENT: Well, that's the way he likes to do it. We've tried to convince him to do it differently, but he's an old man and he's set in his ways, and, besides, he's had a lot of sadness in his family recently—his sister had to be put in an institution and his wife ran off with a chiropractor—and I just don't want to upset him. But if seven-thirty is too early for you, I'll just tell him to come another time—

YOU: Boy, I'd really appreciate that, because—

PARENT: I'll have to pay him, of course, for doing nothing, and that would be a shame; but I

(continued on page 204)

PHOTOS BY

Hurrell



*the magic he worked on jean harlow, bette davis and maria montez is still effective. ask shannon tweed*

GEORGE HURRELL sits in the darkroom of his San Fernando Valley house, working on his latest assignment—a photographic portrait of a Texas oil baron and his wife. With an X-acto knife, he scratches away at the gigantic 8" x 10" black-and-white negative, actually removing part of the man's cheeks, making him look slimmer, younger and, well, more glamorous. It's painstaking work—one slip will ruin the negative and send Hurrell



At the top, Jean Harlow in 1935; above, Hurrell takes a champagne break with pal Bette Davis, 1940.

into a sputtering rage—and it seems out of place for Hurrell to be doing it himself. He is, after all, one of the most famous men in photography, the legendary king of the Hollywood glamor photographers for more than 56 years, a man who can easily afford to have someone else do the drudgery—the developing, the retouching, the prints themselves.

Not Hurrell. Never mind that his



"How would you like to tussle with Russell?" That's what Howard Hughes asked when he promoted *The Outlaw*, a film so steamy for its time it was banned across the country. Hurrell's famous 1942 haystack shot of Jane Russell (above) caught almost as much flak from the bluenoses as the film did, particularly tagged with this caption: WHAT ARE THE TWO GREAT REASONS FOR JANE RUSSELL'S RISE TO STARDOM?

work hangs in galleries all over the world or that people pay thousands of dollars to put a framed Hurrell original on the wall. He has farmed out work before, only to have it end up in the hands of young technicians who lacked his drive for perfection. So, at 78 years



Hurrell's style is as distinctive as his models. He made Rita Hayworth (top left) one of World War Two's great pinups; another favorite subject, Bette Davis (top right), became a close friend. While Mae West (above left) could be uninhibited before a camera, screen temptress Maria Montez (above right) was usually much more modest. "That shot was about as sexy as we could get in those days," says Hurrell.

of age, he is still taking pictures—lots of them, in fact—and still maintaining the attention to detail that made him famous.

Since he shot his first portrait of a celebrity—Ramon Novarro, in 1927—Hurrell *(text continued on page 172)*



As an experienced model, Shannon is no stranger to a photo studio, but she found Hurrell's Old World charm special. "He was so cheerful, so professional," she says. "If I always worked for photographers who treated me the way he did, it wouldn't be work at all. Because of his age, you'd think he'd work slowly, but we shot for only two hours. He knew exactly what he wanted." Above, the artist and his subject.





SHANNON TWEED  
Hurrell Photograph



SHANNON TWEED  
Hurrell Photograph







"The new actresses don't have the sense of posing that the old stars did," says Hurrell. "There's no one around to train them—that's why Hollywood seems less glamorous. But Shannon is different. She knows how to pose and what to do with herself. What surprised me more than anything about her was her nice personality—the kind of personality that has an intellect to go with it. I was quite impressed with that."

# THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By TOM KOCH**

The E.T. boom shocked film tycoons,  
Their chairs they almost fell off.  
The year's big heartthrob looked much like  
A turtle with its shell off.



Ron hoped the Russian pipeline plan  
Would never come to pass.  
He'd rather see our allies cook  
With lead-free, Red-free gas.

When fighting stopped, her troops became  
Miss Thatcher's little helpers.  
Three thousand stayed to baby-sit  
With eighteen hundred kelpers.

Some cops are awed by TV stars,  
But one proved more than spunky.  
He ticketed *Tonight Show's* host  
While crying out, "Heeeeere's Drunky!"



When Miss Loren was put in jail,  
She took it quite sedately.  
Less calm were men who volunteered  
To share her plight cellmately.



When NBC picked *Taxi* up,  
Some network faces fell.  
Would such a castoff bomb again  
Or ring a Tinker bell?

Ann Landers, caught recycling some  
Old columns of advice,  
Was told, "Your wisdom drops like pearls  
But please don't drop it twice."



Fernando's holdout left him drained  
Of strength till nearly June.  
Or was he still exhausted from  
His winter honeymoon?

Von Bülow's saintly pose in court  
Could not prevent his fall.  
The jury ruled that Claus was not  
A Santa after all.



John Glenn was hyped for President,  
But will he make the race?  
Or will the trial balloon he launched  
Drift up to outer space?



The hoop-la for the new Brit prince  
Made Princess Anne turn grim.  
Would she play royal kitchy-koo  
Or take a swing at him?

At Wimbledon, Jim Connors found  
His cheering section growing.  
His key to popularity:  
More play, less McEnroeing.

Heart surgery for Kissinger  
Restored his active life.  
Now some contend his ego, too,  
Should undergo the knife.

*tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry personalities and events that made news in 1982*

The L.A. Lakers won it all  
With play both strong and steady.  
Some other Lakers fared less well—  
There was, for instance, Freddie.



Miss King drew cheers at Wimbledon.  
Her stamina was great,  
Assuring younger fans there still  
Is life at thirty-eight.



In Washington, a page boy told  
His secret of success:  
When Congressmen gave him the eye,  
He always nodded yes.



Dan Rather fought the ratings war  
With sweat just short of blood.  
He even learned to smile on cue,  
Lest he sink into Mudd.

In Russia, Billy Graham heard  
No talk of persecution.  
Of course, he didn't hear from those  
Who'd had their execution.



The paths of Liz and Richard crossed,  
Which caused their fans to shout,  
"Don't start again! The rules are clear:  
Three marriages, you're out!"

A Buckingham intruder left  
The guards with faces red.  
He didn't have the pass required  
To join the queen in bed.

A State Department language change  
Helped put our allies at ease.  
George Shultz, in English, has replaced  
Al Haig and his Pentagonese.



To have a test-tube baby got  
More common every day.  
Though most agreed conception was  
More fun the other way.



The year had both its ups and downs.  
Some wept while others cheered.  
General Dozier turned up sound,  
But George Bush disappeared.

Ambassador Kirkpatrick was  
Our nation's peace trustee.  
But bouts she had with Washington  
Resembled World War Three.

*Hurrell* (continued from page 164)

*"Hurrell, who seldom photographs nudes, thought Shannon would make a perfect subject."*

has taken some of the most memorable pictures ever to come out of Hollywood. The subjects' names alone are synonymous with film's golden era: Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Bette Davis, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Jane Russell, the Barrymores, Humphrey Bogart and hundreds of others. His style, which combines his distinctive use of an 8" x 10" camera with creative lighting designs—using spotlights instead of strobes—has not changed for more than half a century. While the rest of the world clicks away with 35mm motor-driven cameras, Hurrell uses the old techniques to impress a new audience, including a spate of rock stars who have hired him to shoot their album covers. Not a small achievement for a man who started back with the talking picture.

Take what happened to our own Shannon Tweed. Hurrell, who seldom photographs nudes, thought Shannon would make a perfect subject; his instincts, as you can tell by these photos, are still impeccable. She came away from her photo session in awe. "He knew just what he was doing," she says. "His techniques are his own. No one can copy him." Shannon also got a quick lesson in the value of a Hurrell portrait. "I put one of the Hurrells in my portfolio and Lina Wertmuller took it," she explains. "She was supposedly doing a movie in Rome, starring Sophia Loren, that she wanted me to be part of. The movie's since been canceled, but she was so fascinated with the photograph that she took it. She doesn't speak English very well and I didn't have the nerve to say, 'Please don't take my Hurrell.' She was so impressed with the picture that she was going to show it to Fellini that evening at dinner."

Wertmuller has an eye for art. Some Hurrell photographs are priced as high as \$20,000 each.

Now that he's 78, Hurrell works mostly at home. The man who defined glamor for several generations lives with Betty, his third wife, in an unassuming part of the San Fernando Valley—"a good old flat, ordinary part of the valley," he says, where you're more likely to find Laverne and Shirley than the girls Moon Unit Zappa sings about. It's about as close in spirit to Beverly Hills as New Jersey is to Manhattan.

His living there is not a matter of economics. It's just that Hurrell is so caught up in his work that he tends not

to dwell on the incidentals of his life. He's not sure when he married his present wife (it was in either 1954 or 1955) and he sometimes has trouble remembering the ages of his six children, but he can easily recall minute details about a photo he took before World War Two. "If you're like me, you don't pay much attention to anything except getting the work out," he says.

There's another telling fact apparent in the house. "When my friend Helmut Newton was out here one night, he looked around and asked, 'Where the hell are your photographs?'" Indeed, the walls feature only oil paintings, all originals by Hurrell and only one of them finished. The others could be considered works in progress—except for the fact that there is no progress. An unfinished portrait of his daughter—partially sketched, partially painted—has stayed that way for several years, and a still life that is a mere outline was begun in the Forties. The only photo to be seen is a snapshot of George and Betty in a perfect-posture pose outside a local restaurant. It's the kind of shot you can take with an Instamatic and get developed at Fotomat.

Why no Hurrell photography? "There's no place to put it," he insists. "So much of my work is just people; after you've looked at them half a dozen times, you just get tired of looking at them."

"I don't have a super ego inside my belly," he says, patting his ample girth. "If I have a special talent, it's because I work hard at it and try my damndest. Maybe it's mostly sweat." Lest that sound like false modesty, it should be pointed out that Hurrell is not necessarily a modest man. He can beam with pride while showing you some of his recent work. It's as if he's gained a certain wisdom with age that keeps the various aspects of his life in perspective.

As Shannon said after meeting him, "You want to sit at his feet and learn everything he knows."

Meanwhile, his paintings stay unfinished because he can't find the time to put down his camera and pick up his palette. "All I ever wanted to be was an artist," he recalls. "I always thought I'd give up photography and go into painting. As I went along, I kept finding out that I could paint only for fun. If you want to paint seriously, you have to do nothing but paint. I would have been happier if I had done it and probably

had a more exciting life, too."

It was his desire to paint—plus bad health—that made Hurrell leave Chicago in 1925 for the burgeoning artists' colony in Laguna Beach, California. Laguna was also a summer playground for the rich from Los Angeles, and since he wasn't selling many paintings, he made extra cash by taking photographic portraits of the well-heeled vacationers.

At least one customer was satisfied enough to recommend Hurrell to Ramon Novarro. Novarro, who was under contract to MGM, wanted to become an opera star and thought a new set of portraits, giving him a more artistic image, would help. He was so pleased with the results that he showed them to Norma Shearer, another MGM star and the wife of the studio's reigning production genius, Irving Thalberg. Shearer, too, was in the market for a make-over: Despite her obvious connections, she found herself relegated to light, ladylike roles and wanted to make the switch to heavy drama.

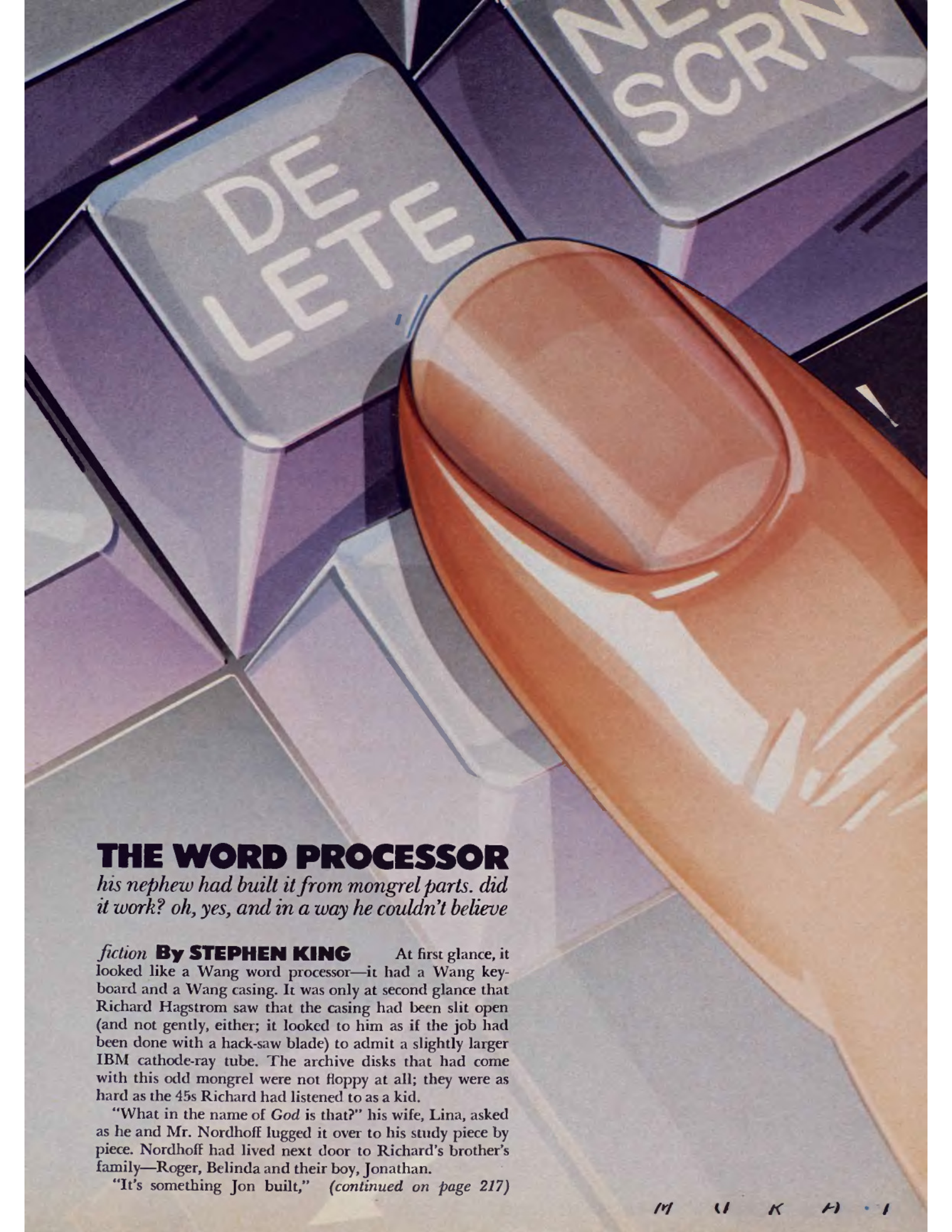
"She was trying to get this sexy role that her husband didn't think she could handle," recalls Hurrell, who was pleased to find a second celebrity seeking an image-altering portfolio. "I made her look like what was considered sexy in those days—a leg showing, a little shoulder. Today, it would be so tame you'd laugh at it."

Shearer didn't laugh. Neither did Thalberg, who was so impressed with the pictures that he gave his wife the part she wanted and asked Hurrell to come to work full time at MGM as a still photographer. America was entering the Depression and Hurrell was a starving artist. When he found out he'd make \$150 a week at MGM, he jumped at it.

MGM's slogan in those days was "More stars than there are in heaven," and Hurrell photographed them all. As the years passed, he bounced from studio to studio as the staff photographer or free-lanced from his own small studio on the Sunset Strip. His life was a parade of stars and his work was seen in newspaper rotogravure sections and magazines around the world.

Hurrell's success came from a combination of artistry, technique and unusual antics. Full of boundless energy and a quick-witted charm—both of which he still has today—he played music to get his subjects into the desired mood. If that didn't work, he'd jump around the room like one of the Three Stooges, even standing on his head to get a spark out of his more sobersided subjects. Other times, when he was dealing with some of the more naturally outgoing stars, the results were surprising. Mae West showed up for a photo session at Paramount one evening in 1934 with

(concluded on page 234)



## THE WORD PROCESSOR

*his nephew had built it from mongrel parts. did it work? oh, yes, and in a way he couldn't believe*

*fiction* **By STEPHEN KING** At first glance, it looked like a Wang word processor—it had a Wang keyboard and a Wang casing. It was only at second glance that Richard Hagstrom saw that the casing had been slit open (and not gently, either; it looked to him as if the job had been done with a hack-saw blade) to admit a slightly larger IBM cathode-ray tube. The archive disks that had come with this odd mongrel were not floppy at all; they were as hard as the 45s Richard had listened to as a kid.

“What in the name of *God* is that?” his wife, Lina, asked as he and Mr. Nordhoff lugged it over to his study piece by piece. Nordhoff had lived next door to Richard’s brother’s family—Roger, Belinda and their boy, Jonathan.

“It’s something Jon built,” *(continued on page 217)*

# TEN THINGS THAT MAKE ME LAUGH

they say you can tell a lot about a man by his sense of humor—but then, they've never met the iceman of watergate

article

By G. GORDON LIDDY

HUGH HEFNER's bucking the establishment again. No sooner does *The Washington Post* dub me "the Darth Vader of the Nixon Administration" than PLAYBOY asks me to play Han Solo and tell you the kinds of things I find funny. Well, aside from the fact that I find such a request the funniest thing since they sat down to grade John Sirica's bar-exam paper, there are at least nine other things I find to laugh about in this world.

For instance, I find jargon funny. The next time you're aboard a commercial flight, listen to the stewardess as she announces, "In the unlikely event of a water landing, your seat cushion may be employed as a flotation device. . . ."

In plain English, what the woman is saying is, "If we crash at sea, you can use your seat cushion as a float." If she were to say *that*, of course, half the passengers would get up and leave before take-off.

Stewardesses are a funny lot, anyway. Listen to the inflection, the emphasis, as any one of them announces:

"Ladies and gentlemen, Captain Spinwell is beginning our final descent into the Fudville area, and he *has* turned on the NO SMOKING and FASTEN SEAT BELT signs and *does* request that you bring all seat backs. . . ."

The clear implication is that a mass of hostile passengers have somehow challenged her statements and asserted that the captain had done no such things.

Military jargon is funny, too. As the last time I was on active duty was in 1954, I'd forgotten that. Then my son, Tom, returned from having his eyes examined and showed me the result on standard form 513. He passed. But under REASON FOR REQUEST was typed the following: "This 19 y/o male with a history of applying for a commission in the U.S. Marine Corps as an aviator."

If that sounds to you like a complaint of illness ("This 19 y/o male with a history of hip dysplasia and deafness in one eye"), it's probably because the form had been filled out by a member of the U.S. Navy requesting a medical facility of the U.S. Air Force to examine a young man with the good sense to want to fly with

the U.S. Marine Corps. What it meant to say was, "This 19-year-old male has applied for a commission in the U.S. Marine Corps as an aviator." But the military couldn't do that. We are dealing here with people for whom the verbs load and unload are impossible to understand. They have to onload and offload the aircraft.

Another thing I find funny is the press. The ladies and gentlemen of the fourth estate don't often coin new words, but their creative ability should not be underestimated. Recently, as I was checking into a hotel on Hilton Head Island in South Carolina, a young lady representing *The Island Packet* was on hand and interviewed me. In the course of telling her what I was doing these days, I mentioned that I was the host of a soon-to-be-syndicated television interview program and gave as an example of my guests Admiral Gene La Rocque of the Center for Defense Information in Washington, D.C. Although the young lady wrote that down, she must not have been able to read her notes when she got back to her paper. Undaunted, she just made something up, creating an officer with a name I'd never heard and, uncertain of his rank, appointed him a "general admiral"—surely a first in American military and naval history. Not to worry. When she grows up, she can join *The Washington Post*, make up entire stories and win the Pulitzer Prize.

The aftermath of Watergate continues to amuse me. The latest source of amusement is the report that Jeb Magruder has made a mid-life career change and has metamorphosed into a Protestant minister. Somehow, I did not find his ghostwritten autobiography on a par with *The Confessions of Saint Augustine*; instead of the awe inspired by the account of the striking to the ground of Saul of Tarsus by the hand of God, a chuckle is all I can manage for this mincing away from marketing. I wonder who's watching the poor box?

Sex, as some people practice it, makes me laugh. The subject came up recently when my friend the noted screenwriter

Bob Dellinger had my wife, Fran, and me in tow, showing off his home town of Venice, California. As we walked along the waterfront, dodging microbikined teenyboppers hurtling by on state-of-the-art roller skates like so many Exocet missiles with jammed guidance systems, Bob spotted an attractive young woman limping toward us pushing a bicycle. He hailed her and we were all introduced by our first names (surnames have been outlawed in California); the usual "How are ya?" elicited the fact that his friend was suffering from shin splints. We all commiserated and the poor woman hobbled off, leaning on her bicycle for support.

"Now, there's an interesting woman," Bob commented. "I used her case as the basis for a television script for a cop show a while ago. There's nothing like ordinary people to give you something fresh for a long-running series."

According to Dellinger, since puberty the woman had had a fantasy of making it with a uniformed policeman (preferably one assigned to motorcycle duty); upon reaching adulthood, she proceeded to act out her fantasy in spades. At the end of each episode, as her officer of the day got back into his uniform preparatory to hopping on his Harley to hit the freeway, relieved of the stresses built up in the war against crime, she would hand him his gun belt lovingly—but not without first slipping from the cartridge carrier a souvenir round of .38 special.

"By the time I met her," said Bob, "that chick had more ammunition than we left on the ground in Vietnam."

"My God," said my awe-struck wife, "no wonder the poor thing can't walk! You'd think she'd find another fantasy."

"She did," said Dellinger. "Ran out of cops. Still digs uniforms, though. Now she's into bus drivers. Waits till everyone else gets off at the end of the line, then hits on them."

"Don't tell me," said Fran. "Now she collects. . . ."

"You got it," Bob said. "Transfers!"

"I thought," (concluded on page 237)





# MIDNIGHT RIDE

(continued from page 157)

*"When dawn breaks, the ride's nearly over. Eye openers and nourishment will lift flagging spirits."*

gallop into 1983: Pop a few champagne corks around midnight to get the ride on the road. Then trot out the Stockholm Punch, prepared earlier that day; unlike so many of its sort, it's a brisk, well-laced potion. Snacks for the early furlongs are simple and savory: a Scandinavian herring platter; a smoked-seafood platter; Danish Flares; shrimps cooked in beer; several zesty Danish cheeses, such as Saga Blue and Havarti; and a delicious taste for the new year—sun-dried-Italian-tomato canapés. Fill any spaces on the table with tangy Niçoise olives, pickled baby beets and crisp vegetable sticks—celery, zucchini, carrot and cucumber. Directions for preparation, where required, follow.

Sometime around three A.M., the crowd will be ready to regroup and re-fuel; that's the time for your star attraction—lobster, ham and turkey in an avocado dressing—and a change of quaffs. Champagne punch is a sparkling idea and complements the main dish handsomely. Supplement the punch with jugs of red and white wines and a choice of beers. Since party appetites aren't predictable, you may augment the lobster mélange with a fresh roast ham or a whole poached salmon. (Add a jar of preserved lingonberries to the buffet if ham is on your program.) Complete the gastronomic still life with cole slaw, potato salad, cherry tomatoes and *cornichons* or half-sour pickles.

When dawn breaks, the ride's nearly over. Eye openers and a bit of nourishment will lift flagging spirits. That means Mary Peppers or black velvets, eggs and Danish pastry. One for the road? Make it black coffee.

#### MARY PEPPER

1 oz. vodka  
3 ozs. thick tomato juice, chilled  
½ teaspoon prepared horseradish, optional  
Lemon pepper, to taste  
Pinch garlic powder  
Dash salt, if desired  
2 teaspoons lime juice  
Shake all ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into tumbler or wine-glass.

*Note:* This is on the light side, about right for the time and circumstance.

#### CHAMPAGNE-MELON PUNCH (20 servings)

A punch is a nice way to extend champagne without diluting the spell it casts.

3 ozs. cognac  
1 oz. Midori melon liqueur, optional  
1 pint pineapple juice, chilled  
½ package frozen melon balls, half-thawed  
2 bottles champagne, chilled

Place small block of hard-frozen ice in 1-gallon bowl. Add everything but champagne; stir quickly. Pour in champagne, stir once and serve immediately, dipping a melon ball into each portion.

*Note:* When replenishing, start from scratch, including fresh ice.

#### STOCKHOLM PUNCH (25 servings)

1 liter vodka  
1 bottle (500 ml.) apricot liqueur  
2 cups lemon juice  
1 can (15½ ozs.) apricot halves, with syrup  
Superfine sugar, if desired

Pour all ingredients except sugar over block of ice in large punch bowl. Stir well to chill and dilute. Taste for sweetness. Serve in cocktail glasses, small wineglasses or punch cups; a 3-oz. portion is a good drink.

#### HERRING PLATTER

Choose several from among herring in cream sauce, wine sauce, oil, mustard or spice. Decorate with red onion rings.

#### SMOKED-SEAFOOD PLATTER

Serve slices of smoked salmon and sturgeon and fillets of smoked eel. Decorate with sprays of dill or parsley and lemon wedges. Present pepper mill.

#### PUMATE SANREMO CANAPÉS (About 50 servings)

1 jar (7 ozs.) Pumate Sanremo (sun-dried tomatoes)  
2 long French breads  
12 ozs. to 1 lb. goat cheese or cream cheese  
Black pepper  
Halve breads horizontally. Brush cut sides with olive oil from jar of tomatoes. Spread with soft, mild goat cheese or cream cheese. Separate tomatoes and layer over cheese. Grind on pepper or

sprinkle lightly with oregano. Cut through bread at 1-inch intervals to make individual canapés.

#### DANISH FLARES (40 to 50 servings)

2 lbs. cocktail franks  
Unsalted butter

Crosscut each wiener on both ends, about ¼ inch deep. Grill franks in hot butter or oil. As franks heat and brown, the ends will flare out. Impale on picks; flank with mustard.

#### COLD LOBSTER, HAM AND TURKEY IN AVOCADO DRESSING (About 20 servings)

4 cups diced cooked lobster-tail chunks  
4 cups diced cooked turkey breast  
2 cups boiled or baked ham, in strips  
1 can (8 ozs.) water chestnuts, thinly sliced  
1 large Bosc pear, unpeeled, cored and diced  
6 ozs. fresh or frozen snow peas, crisp-cooked and halved  
2 cups long, seedless cucumbers, peeled and chopped

½ cup pimientos, rinsed and diced  
Avocado dressing (see below)  
Combine all ingredients except dressing in large container. Fold in dressing in stages, mixing well, until properly moist. To serve, arrange half of mixture on large platter or in decorative bowl. Garnish with sprigs of water cress or ring of kiwi slices. Replenish platter as needed.

#### AVOCADO DRESSING

1 ripe avocado  
3 cups mayonnaise  
½ cup white-wine vinegar or lemon juice  
1 large garlic clove, crushed  
Salt, if desired  
White pepper, to taste  
1 teaspoon dried tarragon, optional  
½ cup minced scallions, including some of green  
Mash avocado with fork until smooth. Add mayonnaise and mix well. Stir in vinegar; add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Taste for seasoning; correct if necessary. If you like, thin with nip of vinegar or dry vermouth—but not too much. Dressing should be fairly thick.

Since January first is on a Saturday, you have the whole weekend to recuperate from your wild and crazy midnight ride into 1983. And so to bed. You've earned your rest.



# Playboy's Playmate Review



*a roundup of the past delightful dozen*

IF YOU FIGURE that about half of the world's four billion people are women, you'll understand our difficulty in choosing 12 of the most beautiful to grace our centerfolds each year. But it's a job we relish; and we're pretty good at it, if we do say so. Witness the pulchritudinous selection here. And just think: There are 1,999,999,988 girls to go before we collapse.





### *Miss April*

Our equestrienne, April Playmate Linda Rhys Vaughn (left), has gotten serious about acting over the past few months, appearing in four Shakespeare roles with a community-theater group. She had major parts in *Hamlet* and *The Taming of the Shrew* and also played Lady Macbeth, though she was obviously cast against type. When not on the boards, Linda was on the road doing Playmate promotions.

### *Miss January*

After her January appearance, Kimberly McArthur (right) made her movie debut in *Young Doctors in Love*, then took the first steps toward a singing career by recording a demo tape at a Houston studio. She describes the reaction to her centerfold as "wonderful, wonderful. I met lots of good people and learned a lot on my promotional tour. I'd be a Playmate all over again if Hef would only let me."





## Miss October

Shy October Playmate Marianne Gravatte (left) has had little time to herself since appearing in our centerfold. Her already hot model's bookings increased substantially with the Playmate title, and Marianne has been touring constantly. She recently tested for the Mexican edition of *Vogue* magazine and will be seen on its cover soon. Obviously, it's only the beginning of beautiful things for Marianne.

## Miss November

November Playmate Marlene Janssen (right) is doing just what she wants to do, which is touring and meeting people. "I like being one of PLAYBOY's ambassadors, and I think I'll be good at it." First stop on her travels was back home in Rock Island, Illinois, where Marlene got star treatment. After her tour, there will be more modeling and, with a bit of luck, parts in two upcoming motion pictures.

## Miss February

The first love of February Playmate Anne-Marie Fox (left) is high-fashion modeling, which she really can't do from her beach home at Malibu; so it's off to New York, then Paris and Milan, where the fashion action is centered. Not that she's been idle; Anne-Marie has racked up nearly 50 modeling assignments since her appearance in PLAYBOY. In New York, she tells us, she'll also enroll in a few acting classes.





### *Miss July*

July Playmate Lynda Wiesmeier (above) has practically been adopted by the readers of *Overdrive* magazine, a truckers' monthly for which she has done a cover and a poster. Lynda has also appeared in a *Ribald Classic* segment on The Playboy Channel. More movies and modeling are in the offing; we'll be watching.





*Miss May*

Kym Malin's career is in full swing. Since her May appearance, Kym (above) has done a TV show, *The Book of Lists*, with Bill Bixby and acted in *Mike's Murder*, a movie with Paul Winfield and Debra Winger. She has also been a guest on TV's *Real People* and is due next in Bob Fosse's *STAR 80* and in *Video Madness* with Joe Don Baker. 183



### *Miss September*

All those contrails you've seen overhead belong to Connie Brighton (right), who has just completed a three-month tour of Japan, a two-week trip to London and several weeks in the Bahamas. The peripatetic Miss September also recorded her debut single, *The Clapping Song*, and has appeared on *PM Magazine* in her capacity as spokeswoman for Miami in the Miami's for Me ad campaign.

### *Miss March*

Miss March, Karen Witter (left), took part of her Playmate earnings and treated her parents to a New Zealand vacation. To avoid the Hawaii commute, Karen moved to the mainland while touring for *PLAYBOY*. She's now taking a few courses at the University of California, Irvine to keep up her studies, and on a good day, she can usually be found at the docks at Newport Beach, hoping to thumb a sailboat ride.

### *Miss December*

You met our December pride, Charlotte Kemp (right), only last month; she's the girl who loves flying, swimming, tennis and at least one of the Chicago Bears, and with any luck, she'll be in your neighborhood soon. Char's in the process of putting together her modeling portfolio—though so far, she's doing quite well without it, participating in many promotions around Chicago, her new home town.





### *Miss June*

June Playmate Lourdes Estores (above) had to leave her beloved Hawaii following her centerfold appearance in order to tour for PLAYBOY on the mainland. But not before she had done an interview for *Honolulu* magazine and appeared in a local TV commercial. Currently, Lourdes is one of the managers of a band called Blvd.



### *Miss August*

Friends of August Playmate Cathy St. George (above) tossed a big bash for her at Studio 54 in New York following her centerfold appearance. But she was back in L.A. modeling and taping a *CHiPs* episode before the smoke cleared. You may have seen her on the cover of the fall/winter 1982 *Playboy Guide* to electronic entertainment.

# Playmates' Progress



Finding just the right model is the dream of any artist, and Pat Nagel seems to have found his in Cothy St. George (above), who has posed for many of Nagel's illustrations, regular features of *The Playboy Advisor*.



Kym Malin lent her obvious expertise to the annual "Most Perfect Body in Texas" contest, which she co-hosted this year with comedian Louis Nye (above). It was a homecoming for Kym, who won the title herself in 1980.



In the Ramona, California, community production of a Shakespearean revue, Linda Rhys Vaughn (above with Roger Swift) copped the roles of Ophelia in *Hamlet* and Kathorino in *The Taming of the Shrew*.



Kimberly McArthur moved closer to a country-singing career when she cut a demo ditty, *A Fool Such as I*, in Houston (above). Connie Brighton (below) takes a catamaran break in Miami after a tour of Japan, where she modeled and did commercials.



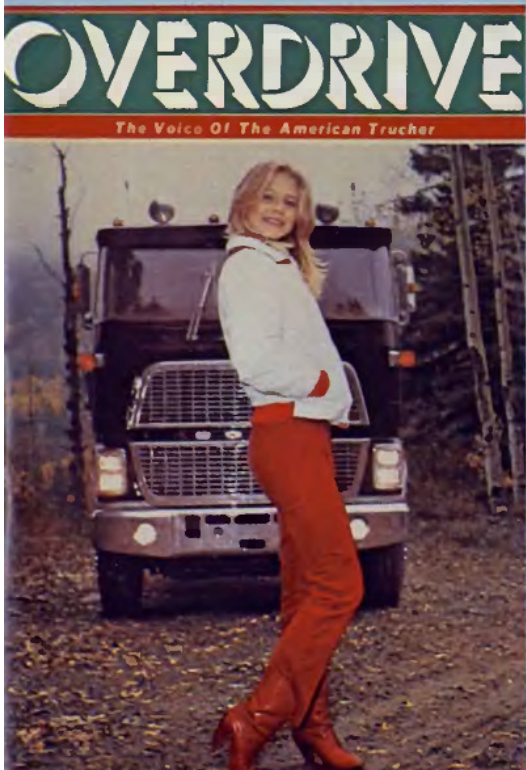
Charlotte Kemp (above) didn't sit out the pro football strike. She's been increasingly in demand as a model in her new home town of Chicago. Here she's being made picture perfect for a sudsy promotional campaign.



At the 23rd edition of Hot Rod Show World in Atlantic City, Koren Witter (above) compared chassis with a 1967 Chevelle, which we think come in a distant second. Morlene Janssen (below) picked up some spare change as well as showbiz tips during a stint as girl Friday to Jan Berry, half of the legendary singing duo Jan and Dean.



After a long, hard day of the 19th wheel of a semi, a trucker likes to relax with a favored issue of *Overdrive*, especially when the cover model (below) is July's Lynda Wiesmeier, who has become something of a truckers' mascot.



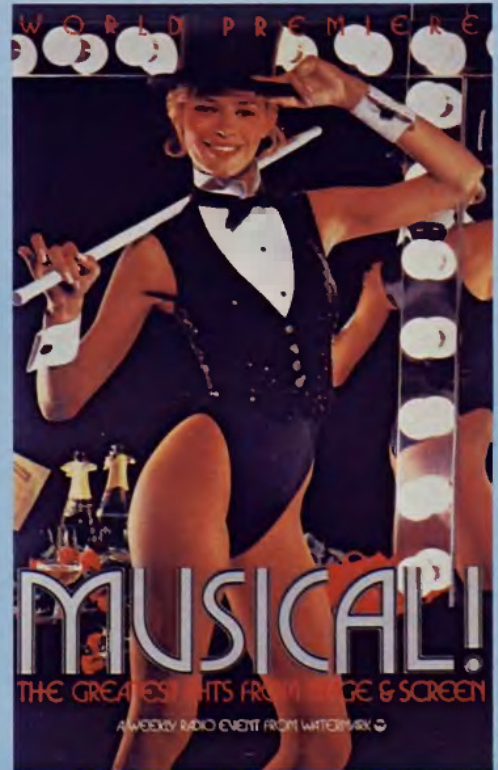
Punk-funk rocker Rick James needed a fox for the jacket of his latest album, and they don't come any better than February's Anne-Morie Fox (below), who's bound to boost sales.



Under the protective, if slightly dozed, eye of an Army MP, Lourdes Estores (below) makes GIs and airmen feel right at home during an outgrouping session at Schofield Barracks on the island of Oahu in Hawaii. It's enough to make you re-up.



Poster girl for the new syndicated radio show *Musical!*, which features the music of stage and screen, is none other than October's Morionne Grovotte (below), just about the hottest ticket in town since her appearance on these pages.





*"Hank, as in hanky-panky."*



ONCE, NEAR Onyang, there lived two brothers with a strange intelligence. They could understand the speech of birds and they could sense the origins of things. One day, when they were very young, they walked along a path through the rice fields. One of the brothers suddenly said, "Look, the grass on the left side of the path has been eaten."

"Yes," said the other, "a cow with a blind right eye has gone before us." And when they had walked some distance farther, they came upon the very animal.

One day, when they were older, they went walking in the mountains, and a magpie called to them from the top of a pine tree, "Come here, young gentlemen; here is a sight to see!" When they reached the spot, they found a man lying on the ground all pale and bloody and with a sword stuck in his chest. Filled with horror, the brothers turned to flee, but a villainous-visaged fellow came out of the woods and said, "Aha, I have caught you murderers!" He took them by the arms and hauled them off to the authorities. Later, when the boys appeared before the magistrate, the evil-looking stranger testified that he had seen them kill the victim. They were put in prison.

The next day, they were brought before the magistrate for a hearing. After they had told their story, the magistrate said, "So you can understand the little birds, eh? Well, there is a crane over yonder in that maidenhair tree and he seems to have a lot to say."

"Yes," said the elder brother, "I have been listening to him say some outrageous things about you, your Honor. He declares that you had one of your men steal the eggs from his nest while he was away and that even now you have the eggs in your sleeves, wrapped in silk."

The magistrate was awed and a little afraid. He promptly called his servant and gave him the eggs to restore to the crane's nest. Then he released the brothers, invited them to his house that evening for dinner and suggested that they stay the night.

He had the finest food and drink served at dinner, but soon after the platters appeared, the brothers fell silent and simply stared at each other across the table. They made a show of tasting the beef and the beer, but they did not partake.

The magistrate hid his fury, but after he had bidden the brothers good night, he hurried to an adjacent room to listen to their conversation.

"That beef had a taste of human flesh, didn't it?" said the elder brother.



"I knew it at once," said the younger. "And did you refuse the beer, as I did, because it had the smack of human blood?"

"Not blood, precisely, I believe," said the elder. "But a human taste, nevertheless."

In the morning, the magistrate's guards appeared at the boys' room and hauled them unceremoniously before their master. "What did you mean by saying that my good beef tasted like human flesh and my good beer like human blood?" he thundered. "That is certainly not true. You must prove those accusations or go back to prison."

"Please call the butcher to testify," said the elder brother.

"Please call the brewer," said the younger.

When the butcher arrived, he testified that a calf had been born; its mother having died, he had fed it with his wife's milk for a few days. In the course of time, the calf had grown up and had eventually furnished the beef for the magistrate's table.

The magistrate rolled his eyes to heaven in amazement. Next, he heard the brewer. In answer to the question put to him, the brewer explained that the wheat used in the beer had been grown in a field next to a graveyard.

The magistrate promptly released the brothers and apologized at length. He said that he felt much disturbed at the inconvenience he had caused them, at the false accusation and at the rude treatment.

The brothers, their young faces very grave, said that they bore him no ill will and that they had, in fact, sensed that he would at first misunderstand appearances relating to them.

"Then I'm not a bad fellow?" the magistrate asked, smiling.

"You are a man of good heart," said the elder.

"In fact, you are quite clever for the

son of a wandering monk," said the younger.

The magistrate choked but was silent. He had always been known as the son of a royal official, a man of some distinction. But now he no longer doubted the boys' word in anything.

After he had said goodbye to the boys, he went to his mother and said, "I want you to tell me my true surname. I want you to tell me the name of my actual father. I want to know the circumstance of my birth."


"Now, those are strange demands, aren't they?" said his mother. "The answers are as you have always known them."

"I do not believe you," said her son. "I shall retire to my room and starve myself until you give me truthful answers." And so he did. The days went by, and he grew so thin and weak that the doctor began to despair of him. His mother went to see him daily, shed a few tears, then shook her head and went away in silence.

Finally, she could stand it no longer. She made sure that no one was nearby; then she went to the bedside and whispered that she would tell him the truth.

"As for your first question," she said, "the surname you know is the only one you have ever had. As for your second question, I do not remember. As for your third, it was this way. Soon after we were married, your father went up to Seoul for the civil examinations and stayed away a whole year. I was very lonely, and I made friends with a Buddhist monk who used to come to the door to beg alms. My love for you has always had this shadow of shame across it. Now do you understand?"

The magistrate forgave her. He soon resigned his post, however, with a humble and contrite heart, and retired to a temple in the mountains. He became a priest and devoted himself to prayer and contemplation as long as he lived.

—Retold by Ken Matsuda  191

# PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL AWARDS

*Let's hear it for the "a" team! Here are the authors, artists and photographers whose contributions were judged by our staff to be the past year's most outstanding*

## WRITING

### Best Major Work



**ARTHUR C. CLARKE**, chancellor of the University of Moratuwa in Sri Lanka, returned to his comfortable niche in the 21st Century for his novel *2010: Odyssey Two*, which we excerpted last September and December. His knowing introduction to the world of microwaves, satellites and other technologies has made the 20th Century a more comfy time span for all of us. Because Clarke's distinguished science writing—fiction and nonfiction—has appeared here since 1958, this award gives us special pleasure. We eagerly await the next *Odyssey*.

### Best Short Story



**JOHN UPDIKE** captures his fourth *PLAYBOY* writing award this year with a touching short story ironically titled *Killing* (January). Last year, he picked up the Best Major Work prize, and he has won twice in the Best Short Story category. Last time we checked with this fiction heavyweight, he was working on a new book.

### Best New Contributor: Fiction



**BOB SHACOCHIS** spent a year working as a journalist while he was a Peace Corps volunteer in the West Indies. We figure it was more than coincidence that Barbados was the locale for his winning short story, *Lord Short Shoe Wants the Monkey* (July), a heatedly erotic tale. Keep a lookout for more of his work here.





# ILLUSTRATION

## Best Nonfiction Illustration



**SANDRA HENDLER** wields an extraordinary amount of power in her drawing pencil. As her masterpiece for *Why Things Don't Work* (September) attests, she seems capable of creating the eighth natural wonder of the world. Hendler collected the same prize in 1981 for her caricature of silver glutton Bunker Hunt.

## Best Fiction Illustration



**ED PASCHKE** is one of America's most original artists and has contributed to *PLAYBOY* since 1962. That was even before he joined the plucky surrealist movement The Hairy Who. Now he claims top prize in Fiction Illustration for the candy-colored portrait accompanying Stanley Elkin's story *George Mills* (November).

## Best Service Illustration



**KINUKO Y. CRAFT** has taken our breath away on many occasions with her detailed and moody work, which first appeared in *PLAYBOY* in July 1967. This year, her delicately romantic painting for June's *Japanese Connection* makes us all bow to the East and grant her the well-earned prize for Best Service Illustration.

## Best Pictorial Essay



**RICHARD FEGLEY** now has an award to add to those he won in 1981 and 1982. This year, he shares Best Pictorial Essay for photographing our *Playmate of the Year*, Shannan Tweed, in June. Also this year, Fegley created his first book, *Dreams*, for which he took 12 beautiful women to 12 exotic places and took pictures.

## Best Playmate Pictorial



**ARNY FREYTAG**, a *PLAYBOY* Contributing Photographer, wins this year's Best Playmate Pictorial prize for documenting Miss January 1982, Kim McArthur. That took him to her home state of Texas, where he proved to all that Kim is one of the Lone Star's stellar attractions. In 1980, Freytag won Best Pictorial Essay.

# PHOTOGRAPHY

## Best Pictorial Essay



**ERNST HAAS**, the celebrated photo-essayist, chartered a sailboat to Maine, among other destinations, to shoot his winning pictorial *Quest for Dawn* (May). We concur wholeheartedly with the subject of those shots, Rae Dawn Chong, who declared, "I'm really excited by these images, by the whole experience."

## Best Service Pictorial



**RICHARD IZUI** wins Best Service Pictorial for his look at the new convertibles in June's *Return of the Ragtop*. Izui gave us something new that was black and white and red all over. Suddenly, headlights and reflections became art—and, honestly, we're still not sure how he did it. And that's exactly why he wins prizes.

# CARTOONS

## Best Color Cartoon



**ROWLAND B. WILSON** must have been inspired by his postgraduate studies in primitive art for this prize-winning take on what's-his-name and Jane (February). A successful animation designer and illustrator, Wilson draws cartoons exclusively for *PLAYBOY*. He is working on a cartoon novel due in about two years.

## Best Black-and-White Cartoon



"We're not. You're the man of pasta digger!"

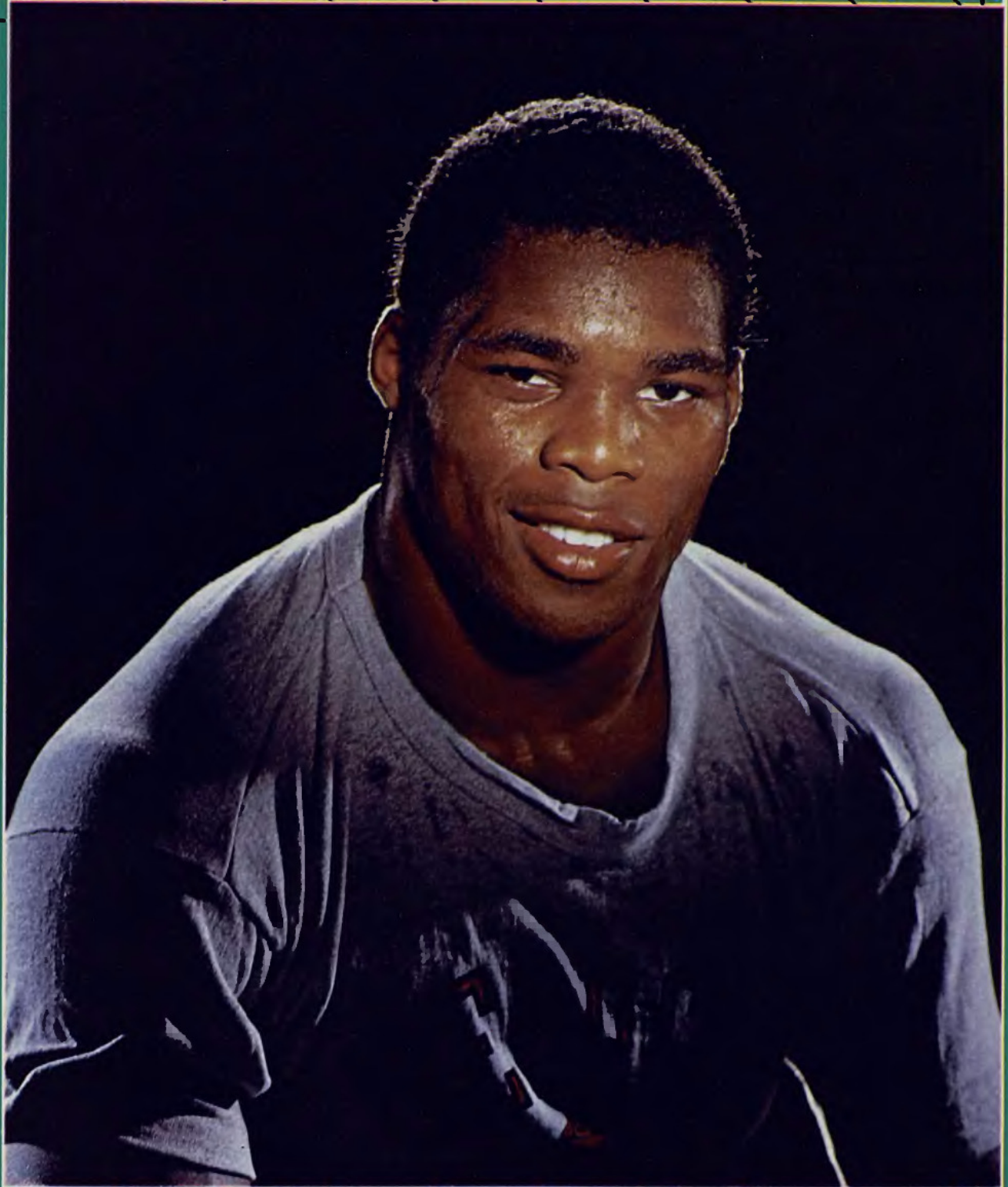


**B. KLIBAN** was born on New Year's Day. Happy birthday, Hap (his nickname. Don't ask what the B stands for). We don't know where Kliban finds his inspiration, but whether he's drawing his famous and lucrative cats or these pasta diggers of 1982 (June), he's tops. This one makes his second *PLAYBOY* editorial award.

## Best Comic Strip



**STEVEN GUARNACCIA** and **ART SPIEGELMAN** penned this year's Best Comic Strip, the September episode of *Buggery*. Guarnaccia, who teaches at the Parsons School of Design, draws the strip; Spiegelman (also a cartoonist) writes it. Spiegelman publishes *Raw*, the magazine "for your bomb shelter's coffee table."



# 20 QUESTIONS: HERSCHEL WALKER

*college football's best running back  
on under-the-table offers, the lack of black place kickers  
and the body he calls a temple*

**H**erschel Walker is only 20 years old and in his junior year at the University of Georgia, but many football observers believe he is already the best running back in the history of the game. An honors student in both high school and college, he also has a fetish for clean living.

Contributing Editor Anson Mount talked with him in Athens, Georgia, on a recent Sunday afternoon. Says Mount: "I found him hitting the books in his dormitory room."

1.

PLAYBOY: You must have trouble buying clothes that fit.

WALKER: Gee, yes, a lot of trouble, because I have a small waist, my legs are big and my shoulders are real broad. If the pants fit my legs, they have to be taken in about ten inches in the waist and they don't look so hot. Just about all my clothes have to be tailor-made, and that's expensive. I just don't have the time for a job and I feel very guilty about asking my folks for money, so I don't have many clothes. I can't go long between wash loads.

2.

PLAYBOY: You're into martial arts. Usually, one takes up self-defense because one gets picked on a lot. That didn't happen to you, did it?

WALKER: When I was young, I was real little, and I got beaten up a lot. I was the runt in my class from first to sixth grade. But the main reason I got into martial arts was that I saw a lot of movies and TV and I wanted to be known as one of the bad guys. When I got into it, I realized it helped me in logical thinking and respect for others. And in return, it made them respect me. It's also helped me control myself.

3.

PLAYBOY: Very few players are as composed as you are on the field. How do you control your anger?

WALKER: If a person's going to cheap-shot me, it just shows how low he is.

And I don't think I'm low. I'd rather play a guy straight up. I'd rather look someone straight in the eye and hit him with a look instead of my fist.

4.

PLAYBOY: You have a 3.2 grade point average—an accomplishment not shared by many of your college football colleagues. Do you take a full load during the season?

WALKER: I overload. A full load is 12 hours and I take about 20—but sometimes only 17. I enjoy calculus, history and philosophy—it depends on the professors. I don't take any gut courses, and I've always managed to find enough time to study—usually real late at night. I'm majoring in prelaw and I'm thinking about going to law school later.

5.

PLAYBOY: We hear you'd like to work for the CIA or the FBI. Why?

WALKER: I love excitement, and those jobs seem exciting to me. Also, enforcing the law is something I could do to help society.

6.

PLAYBOY: How could you ever work undercover?

WALKER: Well, maybe I could put on some make-up.

7.

PLAYBOY: On the way here, there was a crowd of high school cheerleaders waiting to see you. How do you apportion your time among all the young ladies who are trying to attract your attention?

WALKER: The University of Georgia has a lot of good-looking ladies on campus, but I date only one person. That's one reason I can keep my head together. She's a girl who cares for my feelings and not for my athletic ability or what I might do in the future. She's someone for whom love is something special. You can care for a lot of people, but you can care deep down inside for only one person. She is a person I care deep down inside for.

8.

PLAYBOY: Which school has the prettiest cheerleaders?

WALKER: Georgia has the prettiest ones, of course. After that, it's Florida. But I'm usually so busy playing, I don't have time to notice.

9.

PLAYBOY: What music do you like?

WALKER: Disco music. I love to dance and I like any music that can get me moving.

10.

PLAYBOY: Apparently, there's a lot of drug use even in college athletics. Ever get involved in that?

WALKER: No. My body is a temple that I should keep sacred and clean. You have to deal with problems, and even if you take \$1,000,000 worth of drugs, your problems are still going to be there when the money's gone.

11.

PLAYBOY: What do you do to get in shape for football? Do you lift weights?

WALKER: No, I never lift weights. While the other players are doing that, I'm running track.

12.

PLAYBOY: People your size need a lot of food to keep going, don't they?

WALKER: I don't eat a lot. My favorite foods are hamburgers and cheeseburgers. I used to eat a lot of junk food, but now I'm not eating that much of anything. I don't know how I maintain my weight. It's sort of strange, because I stay the same weight year after year.

13.

PLAYBOY: If the money were the same, would you rather be a track star or a professional football player?

WALKER: A track star, because I love track. But I'm a better football player, and I think you should do what you are best at.

14.

PLAYBOY: Do you watch much football on TV? (concluded on page 236)

# Where In The World Does Bols

*Everywhere from Amsterdam to Zanzibar. Bols goes the distance, searching the globe for the choicest natural ingredients available, in order to assure the richest, most appealing taste in every one of our liqueurs. The recipes that Lucas Bols perfected over four hundred years ago, when the Dutch ruled the seas and owned the world's trade routes, are the same recipes we use today. We go to West Africa for cacao beans, to Zanzibar for cloves, to Colombia for coffee beans*



BOLS Liqueurs and Brandies 30-78 proof. Produced and bottled in the U.S.A. under personal supervision of the Amsterdam Directors of Royal Distilleries Erven



Get Its Taste?

*and to  
Madagascar  
for vanilla.*

*We go to the source  
because there is no short  
cut to excellence. And  
when you use exclusively  
natural ingredients, as Bols  
does, they must be the best. The  
next time you shop for your favorite liqueur, consider the source.  
The best ingredients in the world mean the best tasting drinks.*



**BOLS Liqueurs  
Bring A World Of Taste  
To Your Drinks.**



# Playboy FUNNIES

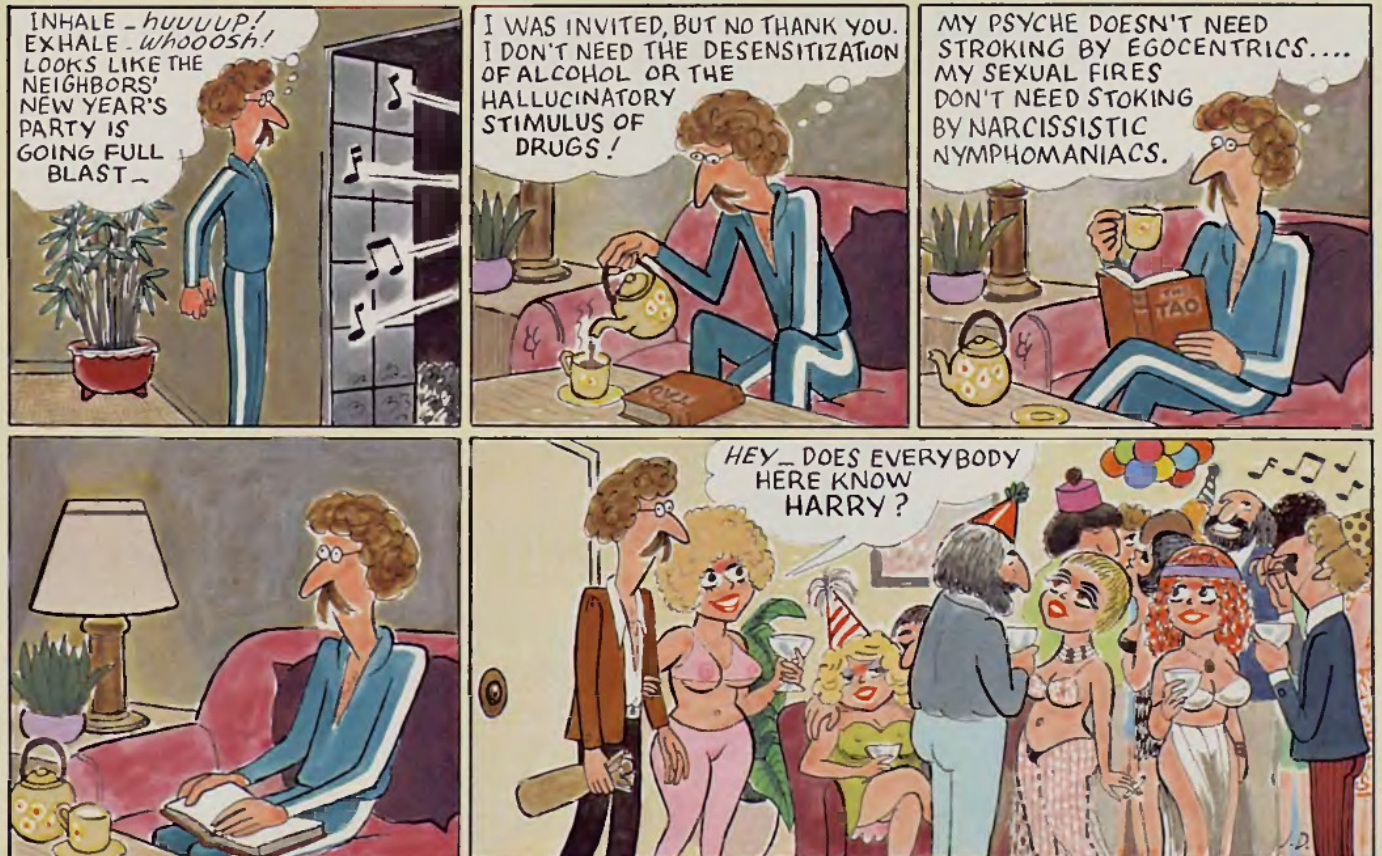
## annie & albert

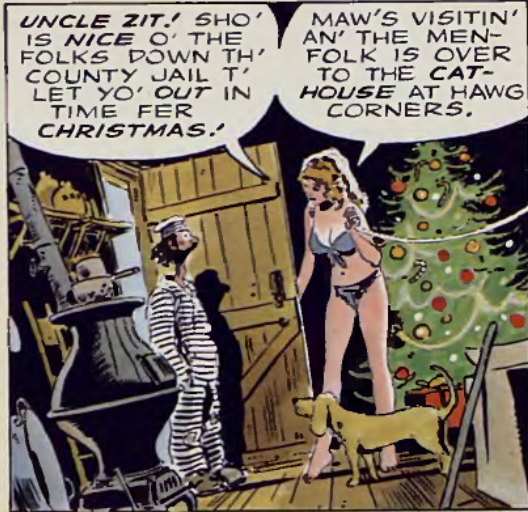
by J. Michael Leonard



## HOLISTIC HARRY

by J. DELMAR





UNCLE ZIT! SHO' IS NICE O' THE FOLKS DOWN TH' COUNTY JAIL T' LET YO' OUT IN TIME FER CHRISTMAS!

MAW'S VISITIN' AN' THE MEN-FOLK IS OVER TO THE CAT-HOUSE AT HAWG CORNERS.



GLORY! GUESS IT'S BEEN A SPELL SINCE YO' SEED ANY ACTION LIKE THET!

YO' MUSTA BEEN IN TH' SLAMMER OVER TEN YEAR.



AH WUZ JUS' A TAD WHEN YO WUZ BUSTED.

AH GRATEFULLY RECALLS HOW YO' SAVED ME WHEN AH FELL OFFA TH' MULE.



AH STILL GOT TH' TEENY SCAR, SEE?

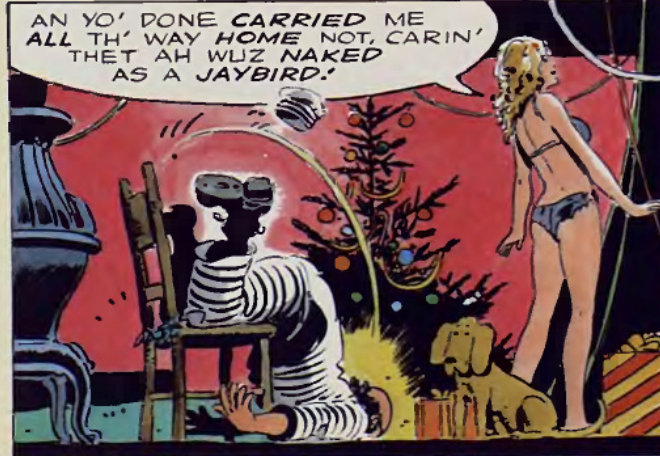
AN' THE TIME THET BULLFRAWG DONE JUMPED INTA MAH BLOUSE!



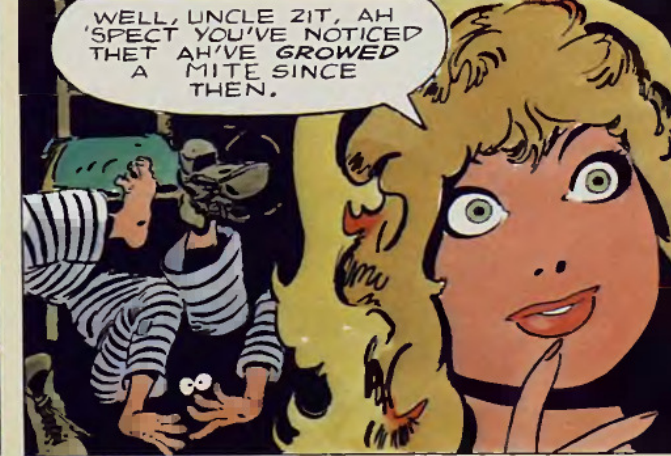
AH WUZ ALL A-SHIVER, BUT YO' JUS' REACHED RIGHT IN AN' PULLED TH' LI'L CRITTER OUT.



THEN WUZ TH' TIME AH WERE SKINNY-DIPPIN' DOWN AT TH' CREEK AN' THEM MC BUNS BOYS COME BY AN STOLE MAH CLOTHES.

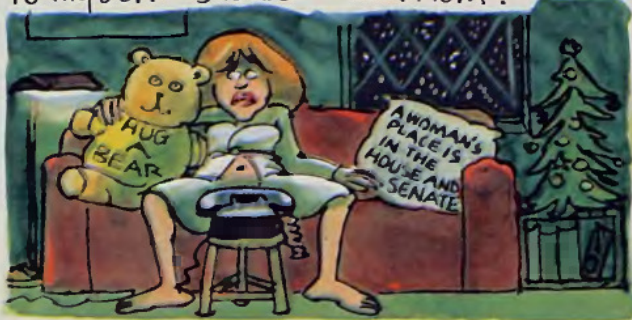


AN YO' DONE CARRIED ME ALL TH' WAY HOME NOT, CARIN' THET AH WUZ NAKED AS A JAYBIRD!



WELL, UNCLE ZIT, AH 'SPECT YOU'VE NOTICED THET AH'VE GROWED A MITE SINCE THEN.

The holidays are so depressing...roommates gone for the week...God, I'm lonely - I should be happy to have the apartment to myself. Should I call Mom?



No, I just saw her and we're talked out. Besides, I flew back here just yesterday, so she's probably depressed about that - which, if I talked to her, would make me feel guilty and more depressed... Should I call Joey?... He's never there when I need him. Just because he has to write a brief... I need a boyfriend to be there - not an asshole like Joseph.



JOEY! I WAS JUST THINKING OF YOU! You knew, didn't you?! You came just when I wanted to talk to someone.



I couldn't call Mom. She would've ended up suggesting how not to feel lonely. Then she'd get Dad to call - and the whole family would know I'm not coping.



I couldn't call YOU. You know how you've been so preoccupied with doing well on your first case. But...HEY - WHAT ARE YOU DOING?



Haven't you been listening? That's not what I need. Isn't it obvious I want a FRIEND? I need COMFORTING!

Oh, shit! I can't take this. I have to prepare for my court date. I still have transcripts to read. All I ask from you is a little lovin'!



Getting laid is not what I want. It's not the end-all to my problems. So what do I want?



That's right! A large pepperoni pizza - plenty of mushrooms and go heavy on the cheese.



ACH! IZ SOON DER NEU YAR BELLS IZ GERINGEN!

YI!! DIS VILL COOL DER FIRE IN MEIN LOING!

ACH! MEIN CUCKOLD IZ GERCUPPLED MIT DER HUBBY-

HIMMEL! ITZ DER BARON-COME IN!

I'M IN!

ACH, BARON, MIT RUFFLES UND LACE FOR THE BALL IM DRESSINK!

YAH! FOR DER RUFFLES UND LACE UND DER BALLIN' I'M UNDESSINK!

MIT DER RUFFLES UND LACE ITZ VUNDERBAH! YAH! YAH!

ACH-YAH! ITZ VUNDERBAH! PROSIT DER NEU YAR!

BONG! BONG!

SO DER AULT YAR VENT OUDT AS DER BARON CAME IN, MIT LACE IN HIZ EARS UND UP TO HIZ CHIN!

**MEATY MYTHS**  
By FRED SCHRIER

HICUP

COME ON, FARDLE, THERES AN EMPTY BEDROOM UPSTAIRS WHERE WE CAN BRING IN THE NEW YEAR.

MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION WAS TO ENJOY AS MANY MEN AS POSSIBLE THIS YEAR...  
**OOOH!**

WHAT WAS YOURS?

ME?... OH, I THINK RESOLUTIONS SHOULD MAKE ONE'S LIFE HEALTHIER, SO....

**BLAST**

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

SCREECH

YOW

SOMY RESOLUTION IS TO ONLY MAKE IT WITH WOMEN WHOSE HUSBANDS CAN'T RUN WORTH A DAMN! MAKES FOR A HAPPIER YEAR.

*"There are only two topics that parents are interested in discussing: who died recently, and the weather."*

know how you like to sleep, and I'll try to make him understand. I only hope he doesn't go into one of his convulsions.

YOU: [Sigh] If you want me to get up at seven-thirty, I'll get up at seven-thirty.

PARENT: Only if that's the time you want to get up.

Our advice is to ascertain, whenever possible, exactly what the parent wishes you to do, then volunteer to do it before the manipulation begins. We advise this not because we advocate a conciliatory attitude toward parents but merely to save time.

In the following example, note the time saved by circumventing the manipulation:

PARENT: What time would you like to go to Sunday Mass?

YOU: As early as possible. Nine A.M.

I never like to sleep past seven-thirty on a Sunday, anyway. Let's go to the nine-o'clock one, OK?

PARENT: Oh, um, well, sure, nine will be fine.

#### SUBJECTS TO AVOID IN CONVERSATION WITH PARENTS OR IN-LAWS

When you are not engaged in a conversation designed to manipulate you into or out of doing something, it will be necessary to engage in idle conversation. Try to avoid discussing anything about your sex life, anything about your parents' sex life, anything about politics, anything about religion, anything about psychotherapy, anything about any problems in your life or your girlfriend's or wife's life, anything about drugs, anything profound or meaningful.

#### SUBJECTS TO DISCUSS WITH PARENTS OR IN-LAWS

There are only two topics that parents or in-laws are interested in discussing with you: who died recently, and the weather.

Weather is the ideal subject for you to discuss with parents, because it's one of the very few they don't find controversial. Try to keep abreast of the world weather situation so that during your holiday visit you will be able to discuss the various weather systems around the globe.

Another excellent way to prepare yourself for yuletide meteorological discussions is to recall some of the scintillating weather conversations you've shared

by long-distance telephone, usually at your expense:

PARENT: How's the weather there?

YOU: Oh, it's fine.

PARENT: It's not snowing?

YOU: No.

PARENT: I heard on the weather report that it's snowing there.

YOU: No, it snowed last week, but not—

PARENT: We had some snow *here*.

YOU: Oh?

PARENT: The ice snapped a limb off the big tree in the front yard.

YOU: Mmmhmm.

PARENT: And it was in the fifties just the day before.

YOU: Imagine that.

PARENT: You say it's not snowing there?

YOU: No, it's *not*.

PARENT: You remember old Cousin Sadie in Idaho?

YOU: Cousin Sadie? No, I don't think so.

PARENT: You remember Cousin Sadie. You used to play with her grandson Willy.

YOU: No, I don't really think—

PARENT: You don't remember Sadie?

YOU: Well, sort of. I guess so. Yes. Definitely. Old Cousin Sadie.

PARENT: Well, it got down below zero a couple of days ago up there at Sadie's.

YOU: No kidding?

PARENT: Yep. You know, it was a lot warmer this time last year.

YOU: Mmmmm.

PARENT: You sure it's not snowing there?

YOU: Well, no . . . uh, yes. Yes. I can see it now out the window. It just this minute started to snow. Listen, I've got to go. The doorbell's ringing.

We do not mean that weather is the only subject that parents feel comfortable discussing. Here are just a few examples of remarks you can expect to hear from them on subjects as diverse as:

Travel: "When you got on the plane to come here, what was the weather like?"

Politics: "Last election day, it was raining so hard we never did get to the polls."

Philosophy: "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it."

History: "I remember a blizzard we

had when I was growing up in Wisconsin. . . ."

Agriculture: "Think the rain will hurt the rhubarb?"

Poultry: "Well, it's nice weather for ducks."

Thermonuclear energy: "I think all those bomb tests are changing the weather."

The occult: "It's colder than a witch's tit."

Gourmet cooking: "It's so hot you could fry an egg on the sidewalk."

Familial relations: "It's colder than a stepmother's kiss."

Humor: "Is it hot enough for you?"

Now that you have mastered the art of conversing with parents, you are ready to sit down to

#### THE HOLIDAY MEAL

To you, Christmas dinner may be the once-a-year occasion when the entire family manages to sit down at the same table to share a meal. To your folks, it is an opportunity to relive better days when dinner was a time for bringing individual family members up on charges before the tribal council.

Your mother's turkey dinner is the thing you've been looking forward to throughout your stay. You've begun to feel that you've made it through the first holiday visit you've ever spent without a major disaster and feel you can safely enjoy the reward of a good, home-cooked meal. But just as you get the first forkful of turkey dressing to your lips, your father looks at your beloved and says to you, "Do you think if I bought that girlfriend of yours a bra, she'd wear it?"

What to do? If you plan to stick around for the entire visit, you can say, "Gee, Pop, that sounds like a great idea—could you please pass the cranberries?" If you have a plane to catch within the next hour, you can reply, "Gee, Pop, that sounds like a great idea—then you won't have to spend so much time contemplating her bosom."

#### WHEN PARENTS COME TO VISIT YOU FOR THE HOLIDAYS

You may think that you can avoid much of the grief of holidays with your folks by having them come to stay with you instead. If they are on your turf, you may reason, they will be better behaved and less likely to impose their will on you.

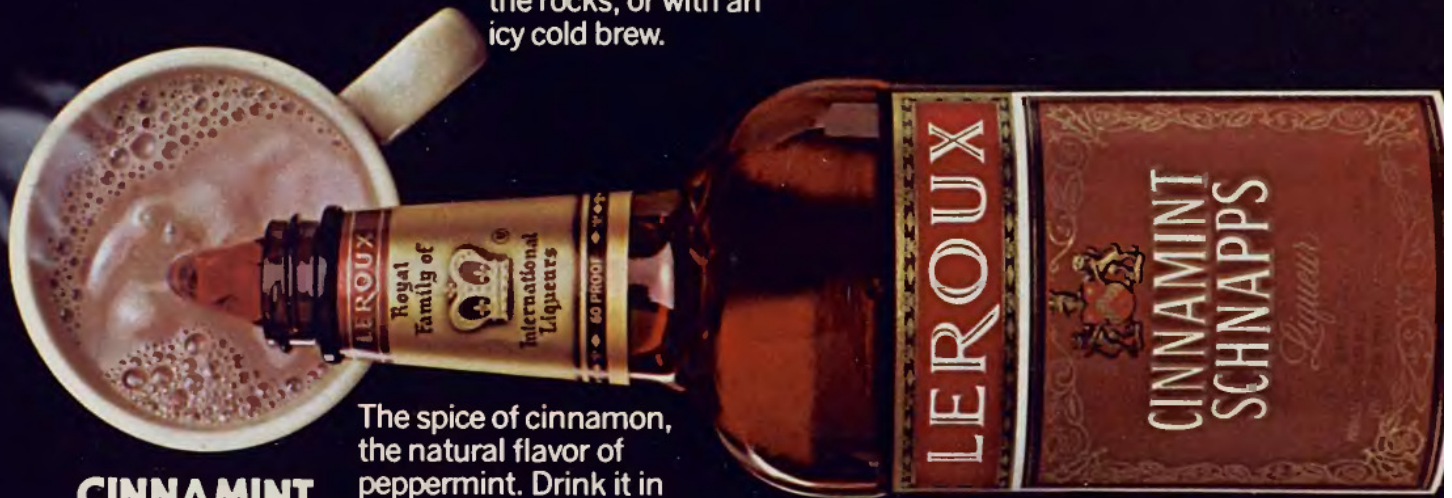
There is little evidence that that is true. For one thing, they will be unwilling or unable to change their sleeping schedule. They will arise about three hours after you have gone to bed and tiptoe around your apartment, whispering just loudly enough for you to be unable to sleep. And when you do get up, they will say that they couldn't find anything to eat and they practically starved. They may make an attempt to stay up late, but they will start yawning about nine P.M.

# Now from Leroux. The three great tastes in Schnapps. All naturally delicious.



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The spice of cinnamon,  
the natural flavor of  
peppermint. Drink it in  
the traditional ways, or  
in a steaming cup of hot  
chocolate. Delicious.



## SPEARMINT

A refreshing change  
of taste with the naturally  
fresh flavor of spearmint.  
Enjoy it straight, on the  
rocks, or in a delicious  
spearmint julep.

## LEROUX SCHNAPPS

Once you've tasted Leroux, no other schnapps will do.

and begin dozing off by nine-thirty. They will turn in by ten, making up the convertible sofa in the living room, assuring you that your staying up won't bother them at all, but they will toss fitfully and cough tragically until you retire.

What is worse, parents visiting their children's homes manifest a curious condition that resembles either premature senility or second childhood. Your parents may display awesome mechanical abilities in their own home, for example, but when they visit you, they are suddenly incapable of figuring out how to work the toaster oven or the light switches. And the mental grasping of the simplest plans for going out to dinner may wholly elude them:

PARENT: What time did you make the reservation for dinner?

YOU: Eight o'clock.

PARENT: Eight o'clock?

YOU: Yes.

PARENT: And how long will it take to get there?

YOU: A half hour at most.

PARENT: So we should plan to leave the house when?

YOU: Seven-thirty.

PARENT: Seven-thirty?

YOU: Yes.

PARENT: And what time should we start getting ready?

YOU: I don't know; how long does it take you to get ready? An hour?

PARENT: [To other parent] How long does it take us to get ready?

OTHER PARENT: I don't know; how long does it take us?

YOU: Why don't you allow an hour? That means you should start getting ready about six-thirty.

PARENT: Will that be enough time?

YOU: Sure.

PARENT: And we have to leave when?

YOU: Seven-thirty.

PARENT: But when is our reservation at the restaurant?

YOU: Eight o'clock.

PARENT: You said it was seven-thirty.

YOU: No, I said we should *leave* at seven-thirty. The reservation is at eight o'clock. *Not* seven-thirty; eight!

PARENT: Don't you be disrespectful, young man. If you're disrespectful, we don't have to go at all.

YOU: I'm sorry.

PARENT: We may be in your home, and you may think you're a grown-up and a big shot, but we still happen to be your parents. So either you learn to use a respectful tone when you talk to us or we can forget about going anywhere.

YOU: I'm sorry. I *said* I'm sorry.

PARENT: That's better. Now, tell me: What time do you think we ought to leave the house?

A discussion such as that brings us inexorably to the next question:

Why do we bother spending the holidays with our parents, anyway?

Ultimately, if visiting our parents is as awful as we have indicated it is, we have to ask why it is that we go home at all. What are we, lemmings? There are people whose entire relationship with their parents consists of as little as two phone calls a year. Why are we any different?

The answer is guilt. Regardless of how much you hate to visit them, your parents did bring you into the world. They fed you and clothed you and brought you up to be neurotic and guilt-ridden. And you'll be forever in their debt.

"ALL WE WANT IS FOR YOU TO BE HAPPY"

That is the classic phrase that all parents utilize in summing up any condemnation they make of your lifestyle. It is not an accurate statement. Here is an accurate statement:

"All we want is for you to be as happy as we are, *but no happier.*"

#### SAYING YOUR GOODBYES

After all is said and done, it wasn't really such a bad visit, was it? And what did it cost you? A few days of your time. A thousand bucks in air fare. Loss of sleep. Loss of sex. Loss of sanity. But, hey, they're your folks—the only ones you've got—and whether or not you choose to admit it, you still need that tie to them, as anachronistic and painful as it is. And be honest—if you ever have kids of your own, don't you hope they'll come home to visit you for the holidays, even if they think you're an arteriosclerotic old airhead?

But it's all over now. You have somehow managed to stifle your own needs and feelings, and you have actually succeeded in bringing a little extra joy and happiness into your parents' lives. You're even starting to feel glad you came. And as you say your goodbyes and prepare to depart, what makes it all worth while is to have your gray-haired little old mother open her arms to you, give you a great big goodbye hug and whisper sweetly in your ear, "Honey, you've made me so happy by being here . . . this old house will be so empty and lonely once you're gone. . . . I almost wish you hadn't come."



"Charles? Why don't you drop by for a drink? . . . I've got a case of Herbie's. . . . Charles? . . . Hello? . . . Hello? . . . Charles? . . ."



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## 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.

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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.

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\*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.

# EDDIE MURPHY

(continued from page 154)

*"Eddie was no rebel; he was a comedian of the middle class, a young American for his own freedom."*

has served as a reasonably exact statement of their relationship: Clinton sits on Eddie's head, serves as a lookout, absorbs Eddie's jokes, sends down his own. High school continues to be the central informing experience in their lives.

"After a while," says Clinton, "they stopped expecting us to go to all our classes. We'd just walk by. No one wanted to work. They'd rather be laughing all day than learning geometry." Roosevelt High became their comedy club, their chance to work on material and find out where the laughs came. They worked assemblies and classes like professionals. Eddie was good, better than anyone else in school and, he found out, better than any of the comics working in local clubs.

He began playing small rooms around town, talking it up in bars, and then he moved into showcases. On Long Island, he played the East Side Comedy Club and Richard M. Dixon's White House Inn, a club built by the Nixon impersonator. "The first night he went on," Clinton says, "he was better than almost anybody else there, better than comics who had been working for a long time." He worked for a while in a group called the Identical Triplets; the joke was that Eddie was the only black. He went back to the East Side Comedy Club over and over and, finally, decided to go to The Comic Strip in Manhattan. It might not have been big-league pitching, but it was closer.

Wachs and his partner, Richie Tienkin, saw Eddie and sent him down to work another club they owned in Florida. "He didn't tell anybody he was up for the *Saturday Night Live* slot," Clinton says, "and then, when it came through, he was mad it was only a featured slot and not full-cast-member status." Eddie put off college and went to work.

He made it, nevertheless—and his featured status was the best thing that could have happened. Jean Doumanian's one-year tenure as producer of *Saturday Night Live*, the year after Lorne Michaels left, became one of the biggest car wrecks in television history. It was instantaneous and the debris was flung through the entire landscape. As the man in the rumble seat, however, Eddie flew into the air, stayed up and, when he came down, landed in a big limousine with the new cast of the revamped 1981–1982 *Saturday Night Live*. He was no

longer featured; he was billed as a star.

Eddie Murphy smiled on camera and Eddie Murphy became a star. He evolved with the speed of grass growing in time-lapse photography. He had that thing, that protected adolescent assurance, that sense of his own rightness and assured existence—undisturbed and unscarred—that transmits. He spoke twice as loudly as anyone else on the show and he enunciated, and his words came flying to the ear as though varoomed through an exceptionally powerful shotgun. He could, it seemed, do almost anything—give delicacy or power, imitate or establish character, intimidate or embroider. Most of all, he had that smile that was ice cream on the eyes, that turned the show into his show, the smile that was like a curtsy after even the most vicious sketches.

In the first few weeks of the show, the writing was better than it had been the season before—but it was bad and disjointed, nonetheless. The old *Saturday Night Live*—well, you know about that: It was a good ball club, hitting .310 as a team. The next crew put together a black hole of a show, and the one after that did not really seem to be an entity unto itself. It was the Ford Administration shuttled in in an emergency, and it did its work, gaining a nation's mild thanks. Eddie, however, did better.

Who knows why? Eddie was the only member of the cast who knew how to look the camera in the eye and speak to it. Handsome and loud, distinct and telegenic, he *liked* being on television. Most of all, Eddie—knocked about less than any other member of the cast, by far the youngest—had the inner rebellion and the egotistical self-righteousness about the material; and, somehow, his attitude toward authority, his self-respect and his individuality registered on the air. Somehow, bad assignments and rotten lines seemed to roll off him as his comedy sense took over; while he worked faithfully, without mugging or overtly separating himself from no-laugh pieces, he somehow communicated a belief in himself as a person and as a hard-working comic who made the tattered spots on the program seem beside the point. He somehow made you think, Well, there's Eddie Murphy working with that bad stuff, poor little orphink. He grinned with the sense of a valiant against the worst odds, and it made him his own man on television.

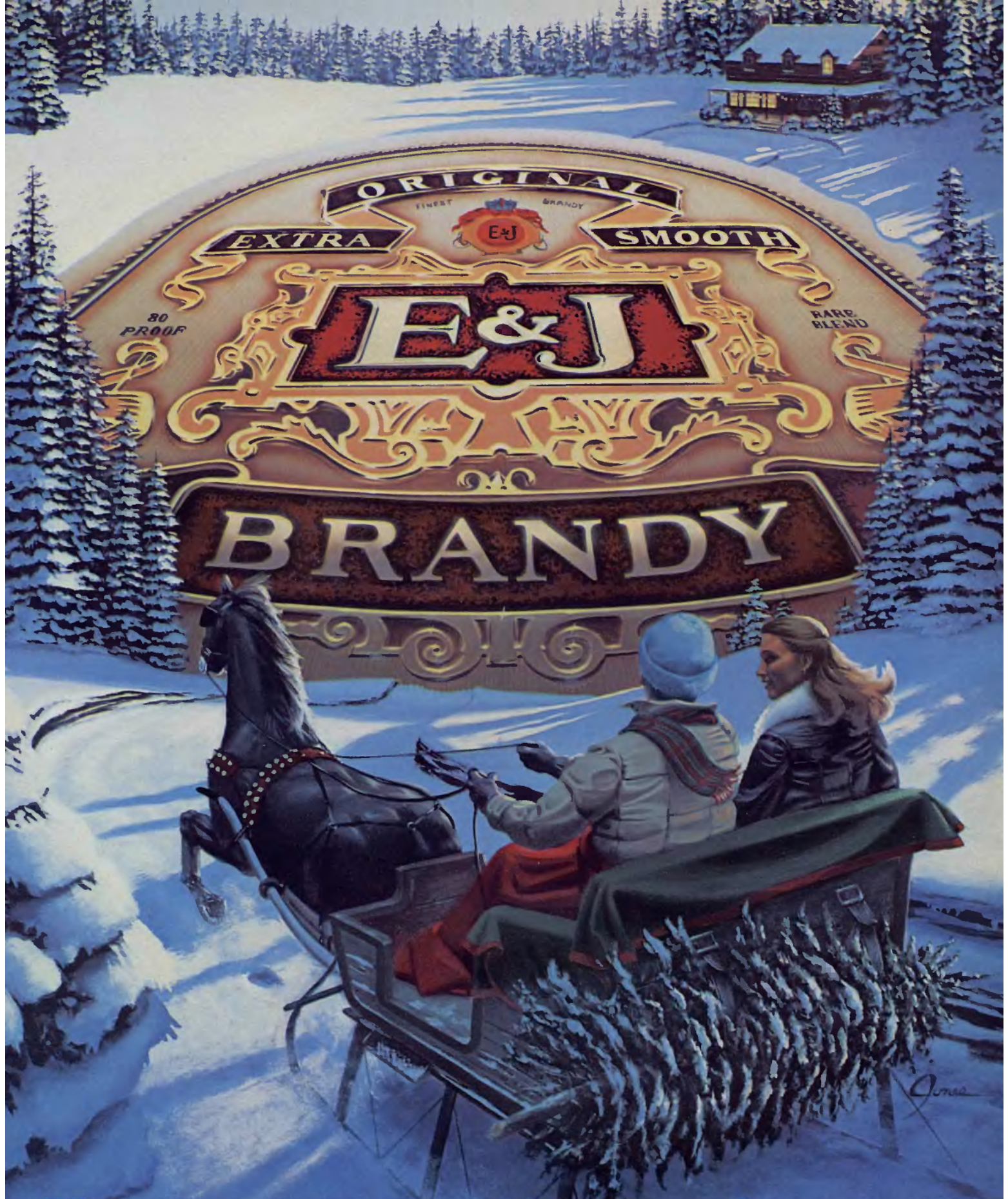
And, in fact, some of the sketches were

just right for him. In the first weeks of the show, he was handed a few pieces of the kind that people don't forget. A sketch on literary prisoners in the wake of the Jack Henry Abbott incident had Eddie reading a poem from jail called *Kill My Landlord* ("C-I-L-L—kill my landlord/Kill my landlord"), and it was right on target, and audiences went crazy for it, and for Eddie.

In other shows, he wrote his own stuff: He played Buckwheat of *The Little Rascals* without distancing himself from the subject, which would have ruined the joke. A generation of black comedians preceding him could never have put on the Buckwheat wig and gone into his dissonant speech—Dick Gregory and Bill Cosby (though neither was a sketch comic) had to *establish* their dignity as stand-ups, not abandon it—and those comedians had cleared the forest for Eddie. As a child of television, Eddie, in his version of Buckwheat, was no more dangerous than Robert Klein had been in his *Little Rascals* sketch ten years before. Eddie's Bill Cosby imitation, however, had a devastating edge to it that built a prickling, fascinating border between himself and the Big Daddy of black comedians.

Eddie would put on a loud V-neck sweater, a suit and a pair of tinted sunglasses, and he'd hold the requisite Las Vegas cigar, bringing in his lips to the Cosby huckster smile and winding on and on with a jokeless story that had no punch lines. Eddie had told a *Sepia* magazine interviewer that "morally . . . I admire the shit out of Bill Cosby. You don't pick up the paper and read Bill Cosby shot his dog or some shit like that"—but he did not admire his comedy. It said a great deal about Eddie Murphy that he admired the most bourgeois black comedian of his moment (Las Vegas; commercials for Ford, Jell-O, Coke—a portfolio almost too full to believe) but expressed displeasure at his skills as a comic. Not only because of his values but because of his belief in product, Eddie Murphy was no rebel; he was a comedian of the middle class, a young American for his own freedom.

Somehow, in a perverse way, Richard Pryor, whom Eddie worshiped, had paved the way for all of that. Pryor had made the transition that Hollywood loved most: From magnificent comedy terrorist, he had somehow become a fierce house pet of the industry. He had been scary and uncontrollable, then he became an element in the business; he achieved success on Hollywood's terms without alienating his own audience. And so Pryor, who had been angry and wild and a great pioneer of street-war guerrilla comedy, somehow became a Ray Stark product in Hollywood, working his way into suburban theaters



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**E&J BRANDY**

E&J Distillers, Modesto, CA.

as (the market researchers must have had the triumph of their lives with this one) Cosby's black-bourgeois tennis foe in the disgracefully conceived third segment of Neil Simon's *California Suite*. Pryor had been moved by forces bigger than himself and brought into the value spectrum of the Hollywood power guard. You can't say anything was wrong with it; he was just turned into a star (in fact, a superstar). Before that, he had been an unplaced part, as a turbo engine would have been if it had shown up at an airplane factory in 1926. Once the industry caught up with him and he became fitted, he also became part of it all—neither a mad rebel with a red flag nor a prophet around whom the disaffected might rally.

The black comedian, the *very* black comedian in America, had finally become commercial. Americans were ready to acknowledge the fact that they shared his distance from their national destiny; that alienation had become sufficiently funny to join; that blacks represented all of us more than anyone had wanted to admit for the entire nightmarish history of the race wars in the United States. Pryor was the first to come home with the news; his genius had taken him the last mile, and the money men had spotted it. Eddie Murphy, as his most talented suburban black successor, would be the second to slide home free, without terrible compromise, without having to hand over his blackness, without having to make the high, bloody fight of his courageous predecessors, either. Unlike Dick Gregory or Lenny Bruce or Pryor, Eddie Murphy would have to make no Custer's Last Stand of comedy; he would be allowed to be a star as other comedians were allowed to be stars. He would not have to open up his organs in order to do it.

Yet one felt that if he had to, and if he'd been made to, Eddie might have done it. He had strength and intelligence and the arrogance he needed in case there were ever a moment—in a crisis—in which he had to reach down and call on it. He liked to yelp and rebel and he was good at it, and there wasn't a person who knew him who didn't suspect that what he was displacing at the moment was a resolve that had shown up often, in the younger days of his very self-made life as a comedian.

"He was always that way," his mother says, sitting in a basement room in her Long Island home. A huge poster of Eddie looks down at her and her husband—who, as a former professional boxer, is following the Saturday-afternoon bout on television with a manager's attention. "He always just wanted to do his own thing and took no guff from anybody. He liked to do things his own way and see things his own way. He was a friendly little boy, but he didn't like to be told what to do."

"That's right," says Clinton Smith, "he just *did*, and he knew exactly what was right for him and didn't let anybody tell him he was wrong."

Eddie and Clinton and Bob Wachs sit in a recording studio listening to the tapes from Eddie's Comic Strip nights.

"Do you think," Eddie says, "this can win a Grammy? What wins Grammys?"

"I don't know," says Wachs, "but I think it can go platinum—gold, at least, but maybe platinum."

The album is what Sam Lefrak has put his money on—a traditional launching-the-comedian christening in which Eddie does live-concert material, plus two studio songs, one of which has him singing a duet featuring Buckwheat and another of his TV characters, Little Richard Simmons, the other a hyperbolically accelerated black rap song with dirty lyrics.

A Falkland Islands report is on television in the next room. Eddie goes out to watch it for a moment. He listens to all the takes on the record and chooses surely. He knows what sounds good and what is funny. He lies on a couch in the studio while Wachs and Clinton sit, and he puts a finger in the air when he likes something he said.

His taped voice comes through the speakers: "Anybody count how many times I said fuck tonight?" The audience on the tape laughs.

"I'd like to know," says Eddie, lying on the couch. "About every other line."

Wachs is making notes on the tape.

"Fuck," says Eddie, getting up. "I'm 21, man, and my back hurts." He stands up.

"I'll tell you," he says, "I'm tired. All this shit, all these people. I just don't know." He listens to his voice on the tape. "Johnny Carson summed it up," he says. "When I was on the show, he took me aside: 'You don't change; the people around you change.'"

Wachs makes some more notes. Clinton looks up at Eddie. Eddie's taped voice comes on.

"That's good," he says, listening. "That can be a single cut."

"You think so?" says Wachs. "I don't know; I think it can be a lot of little cuts."

"A single cut," says Eddie Murphy.

They are due uptown in a half hour for a recording session at the RCA studio for *Boogie in Your Butt*, the rap-song parody Eddie will record. Eddie and Clinton decide it may be a good idea to have some Chinese food before the recording session.

"I need some Chinese duck," Eddie says.

"That's good," says Clinton.

So the three of them walk to a restaurant in the West 40s, Wachs leading the way. They sit down and begin their favorite dialog. Eddie and Clinton are suddenly two washed-up blues singers in their 60s visiting New York. They talk in

old-man-Southern-blues-singer voices and speak only to each other.

"It's good bein' in New Yawk," Eddie says.

"Mm-hm," Clinton says. "Is good."

"But problem is," Eddie says, "no house here is good enough to play us anymore. No house."

"No house that good," says Clinton.

"Now, take those other singers, what their name? The uh, the uh—"

"I know who you mean," Clinton says.

"They washed up."

"Washed up."

"Not us," says the 60-year-old Eddie. "We goin' strong."

"I'll say," says Clinton. "We stronger than ever."

"We'd play this town if it was worth playin'."

"Yeah—but it ain't."

"No, no, but I'll tell you somethin'."

"What's that?"

"We goin' to."

"I know."

"Someday soon, we goin' to."

"We goin' to good."

"All we need's a good enough house."

"A good house."

"And we'll pack it, pack it right up to the top. 'Course, we need a good manager, too, you know."

"Don't you know that's true?"

"You like this here rice?"

"I like it. I like this pork and these spareribs."

"I like 'em, but I'll tell you."

"What?"

"We need a good house to play in."

"That's right."

"Uh-huh."

"Mm-hm."

"Remember Kansas City?"

"I do. I remember it good."

"We had a good house there."

"We did."

"This good egg foocy."

Wachs looks around for a waiter, looks desperately for a check. Eddie and Clinton fade deeper and deeper into old-man personae.

"You lookin' good."

"I know."

The two of them get up and begin walking out of the restaurant. Eddie pays the bill. They walk down the street toward RCA, huddling deeper still into the old bluesmen and, finally, Wachs stops.

"All right, guys, just stop it. Let's go in."

"You hear him?" Eddie says in an old, old voice.

"Hear what?" Clinton says.

"That man."

"What man? Where we goin'?"

Eddie puts his hand on Clinton's shoulder and the two black sunshine boys get into the RCA elevator.

"We goin' up," Eddie Murphy says.





*"Boy, this is the life!"*

## WHY HEISHERIK WAS BORN

(continued from page 155)

*"Near him people lost hands and legs, their lives as well; but somehow, he remained alive."*

not found my way as a writer, and I spent most of my time with beginners like myself.

One day, at the writers' club, the hostess told me that someone was asking for me. I went to the door and saw a little man with a black beard, dressed in shabby clothes and patched boots. He looked to me like a street peddler. He carried a large package tied with much-knotted string. He said this bundle was his manuscript; he had written a book. Someone had told him that I could edit Yiddish writing.

I had to persuade the hostess to let the man in. Strangers were forbidden entrance. After some hesitation, she allowed him to join me for 15 minutes. I sat with him, and he slowly unbound the knots on his package. His manuscript contained at least 1000 scrawled sheets. I could see immediately that he could neither spell nor punctuate.

He told me that he had served in the Polish army in 1919 and 1920, in the time of the Polish-Bolshevist war. He marched with the army until Kiev, and then he ran back from Kiev to the Vistula, chased by the Red Army. The Reds had been about to take the whole of Poland, but at the famous battle of the Vistula, Pilsudski's army managed to stop the Bolshevist attack. The man told me that he was a pious Jew, that in all those battles he had never missed a prayer or eaten anything that wasn't kosher. Whenever his division came into a town where Jews lived, he went to the synagogue or the study house to pray in a quorum. He also attended the ritual bath for men, even though the water was always cold.

The Christian soldiers mocked him, called him names and played mischievous tricks on him. His decision to eat only kosher food bordered on the impossible. Sometimes, he had to fast for days or live on only a dry slice of bread. He was running and starving. He had to eat with the other soldiers, and the smell of their soups and meats made him almost insane. Some of the soldiers tried to push a piece of pork into his mouth. They laid him out spread-eagled and tried to pry open his jaws to thrust strips of bacon into his mouth; but he struggled with all his might, and after a while, they let him go. A miracle happened to him. There was a Catholic priest in his company who defended him. Not one miracle but a thousand happened to him. Bullets flew over his head; near him people lost hands and legs, their

lives as well; but somehow, he remained alive.

"I describe it all in this volume," he said. "I want Jews to read this and to know there is a God in heaven. I went to some newspapers and publishers, and they all told me I'm in need of an editor. My spelling seems to be not quite right. I have great difficulties with the Hebrew words. I have studied in the heder the Pentateuch with Rashi, even the beginning of Gemara, but my father—he should intercede for me—died of typhoid fever, and my mother could not pay the tuition. She became sick with consumption, and I had to peddle merchandise behind the city markets to provide for my brothers and sisters. Every day was a struggle to bring home a few groschen. From this alone, one could write a thick book. Already then the miracles began to happen to me. Later, when I became a soldier and lay in the trenches where the Angel of Death appeared constantly, I vowed that if I had the merit to survive this slaughter, I would describe all of it in a book so that people should know that Providence takes score of all human beings each minute and each second. I kept a little book of *Psalms* in my bosom pocket, and by the light of the bursting shrapnel, I used to recite a passage or two in the trench."

I said, "You didn't write your name on the manuscript. What's your name?"

"Heisherik. Moishe Groinam Heisherik. The gentiles, the bigoted ones, made fun of my name, but a name is a name."

"How do you make a living?" I asked.

"I buy up tripe—entrails, liver, kidneys—in the slaughterhouses as well as in the kosher butcher shops, and I sell it to soup kitchens. This is hard work but, thank God, I have a wife with seven children, and they need to eat. In the day, I have no time; but at dawn, I wake up and I write. How much will you charge me to go over my manuscript?"

I knew quite well that I would have to rewrite the entire book. Not only couldn't he spell but he had no notion of sentence structure. After each three words, he put a period, an exclamation point or three dashes. For no reason, he put quotation marks around words. Some of his smearings and smudges I could never hope to decipher. The truth is, I should not have squandered my time on such works if I wanted to become a writer myself; but for some reason, I was overcome with compassion for this schlemiel who had suffered so much and had remained faithful to his Jewishness.

I offered him a rate that was cheaper than cheap, but he winced and began to bargain and haggle with me. He called the pittance that I had asked for a fortune. He began to scold me and to scream.

"You sit here in this luxurious salon without a hat, without side locks, your beard shaved, and you try to rob a poor writer. Where shall I get so much money? Every groschen I make comes out of the marrow of my bones. I would have to take away the last bit of food from my children to pay you such sums. God punishes for exploitation. Who do you think I am—Rothschild? I live in a single cellar room with my whole family. Every month, when I pay rent, it is a miracle, like the splitting of the Red Sea."

The man's voice became louder and shriller. A few young writers stopped to listen and to mock. I became so embarrassed that I said, "In that case, I will correct your manuscript with no payment at all."

"I don't ask you to do it for nothing. I'm not a schnorrer, God forbid. When this memoir is completed, all the newspapers will compete to publish it, and I'll pay you for your efforts—but you must give me a deadline on when you'll finish it. I cannot leave the manuscript without completing arrangements. I don't have a copy. If you lose some of it, God forbid, it will be a catastrophe. You must guard it like the apple of your eye."

For a while, we remained silent. I could see that besides his piety, Heisherik had a lot of *chutzpah*. I knew quite well that no matter how good a job I did, no paper would publish it. The Polish-Bolshevist war was already remote. I could see from thumbing through the manuscript that there was no tension to attract a simple reader, nor were there descriptions to please a more sophisticated one. I wanted to return his manuscript immediately and tell him to find some other victim but, again, I was swept away by pity. If this creature who had suffered so much for his Jewishness could wake up at dawn and work on his manuscript for hours, why shouldn't I give him some of the time that I spent with gossipers and jokers at the writers' club?

I said to him, "All right, I will do what I can; but I can't give you any guarantees in the event of a fire or some other disaster. According to the Talmud, a person who undertakes to take care of someone's property without reward is not obliged to be responsible in case of theft or loss."

"What? Since it was ordained in heaven that I should write it, God will not allow any evil to happen to it—"

He was about to say more, but the doorkeeper came over and said, "Mister, your fifteen minutes are over. You must leave now."

"What is this, a police station?" Heisherik asked. "I'm a Jew and a writer, and

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I will not be driven out of here. I have some business with this young man."

"You have to leave right now," the woman insisted.

Heisherik argued for a while. I was in the presence of something I would term religious arrogance. The Talmud has a saying about it: "Insolence helps even in heaven." How else could this little man withstand the hunger, the cold, the mischief that the other soldiers had inflicted on him? I had taken upon myself to do a virtuous deed, and I was resolved to do it as well as I could.

Many weeks passed, but Heisherik never showed up. From time to time, I tried to do some editing on the manuscript. I often had to laugh at his writing. This Jew who knew little of Jewish lore was convinced that submerging in the ritual bath on Friday was no less important than the Ten Commandments. He had often risked his life to perform some ritual that a Talmudic scholar would have ignored altogether. Heisherik had actually broken the Talmudic law by endangering his life for such minor rituals. He had been beaten by the corporals and the sergeants. He had been put into a military prison. He could easily have been court-martialed and shot for insubordination. While the nations had waged war with one another for their worldly ambitions, Heisherik had waged war against man's intolerance. When it came to numerous battle descriptions, he used for each the identical cliché: "Blood was flowing like water." Like many of the other soldiers, Heisherik had had no

idea of where he was marching and what he was fighting for. Both the Poles and their enemies, the Bolsheviks, were to him the same gentiles whose goal it was to restrain a Jewish soldier from attending religious services on time. I edited some 50 pages, but Heisherik never appeared. He had not left me his address.

One day, when I was sitting in the lounge hall of the writers' club with a few young writers, discussing literature—who had talent and who did not—a young member of the club came over, his face full of laughter, and said, "Isaac, your girlfriend is looking for you."

"My girlfriend?"

"Yes, your girlfriend—a great beauty she is. Piff-paff!"

I went to the entrance hall, and an ugly, shabby woman stood at the door. She was wrapped in a tattered shawl and wore scruffy men's shoes. In each hand, she held a basket covered with rags. She said, "I'm Heisherik's wife."

When she spoke, I saw that she hadn't a tooth in her mouth.

"Yes?" I said. "What can I do for you?"

The woman immediately burst out crying, and her wrinkled face became abominably distorted.

She screeched, "My husband deserted me and left me an abandoned woman without a crumb of bread for my seven swallows. Father in heaven, what shall I do? The little ones are hungry. Woe, what happened to me! Such a misfortune, such a calamity, such an ordeal. What shall I do and where shall I go? Merciful God!"

The woman wailed and wiped her tears with her sleeves. She put down both bas-

kets and pinched her cheeks. The hall was full of writers, young and old, and they all came over. Some gaped; others laughed. I asked the woman, "Where did he go? How can a pious Jew do something like this?"

The woman said, "To the Holy Land."

"To the Holy Land? Do they let Jews in? You have to show a thousand pounds sterling. You also need a foreign passport and a visa," I said.

"What do I know? For weeks, he went around telling everyone he had to go to the land of Israel. I said to him, 'Murderer, what will happen to me and your children?,' but he remained stubborn. A dead saint came to him in a dream and ordered him to go there. I'm only a female and I'm not versed in books. He's a writer, a great man, and I can barely read from the prayer book; but I need to eat and my children are without bread. How can a saint tell a man to desert his wife and children? How can a writer be such a cruel beast?"

The woman howled and clapped her hands as if she were at a funeral.

I said, "I'm sorry, but what do you expect me to do?"

"You work for him—you took his money. He took away the last food from me and his infants and gave it to you."

"My dear woman, he hasn't given me a single groschen."

"He gave you, he gave you. He stuffed you with money and left us naked and starving. God almighty, You see everything. You wait long and Your punishment is severe. Give us back the money that you grabbed from him. This was not money but sweat and blood. People, have pity on us. Don't let my kittens die from hunger."

And she beat her head with both her fists.

The older writers frowned. The younger ones laughed. I said to the woman, "I swear by God and by everything holy to me that I haven't taken from your husband a single groschen."

"You took, you took. People like you overeat and let a mother with her children expire from hunger. The landlord threatens me that he will throw us and our belongings out into the gutter. We owe him three months' rent. A fire should consume him, his fever should jump as high as a roof, and then he will taste my bitterness."

The hostess took the woman by the elbow and tried to push her out, but she would not go. Someone said, "Call the police."

"The police, huh? You call yourselves writers; bandits you are, not writers," Mrs. Heisherik howled.

I put my hand into my pocket and found a bank note there. It was ten zlotys. I gave it to the woman and said, "That's all I have; take it and never



*Shot Gerberg*  
 "Sorry, no Christmas bonus this year, Ms. Jensen, but I do promise not to make any sexist jokes at the office party."



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come again. I've taken nothing from your husband, and there's no reason for you to create scandals."

The woman snatched the bank note and lifted both her baskets. She uttered a long roster of curses and left, slamming the door. One should not do favors for anyone, the Evil One advised me. From now on, if anyone asks a favor of me, I will tell him to go to hell, I thought. I was hungry and had no money to eat supper that night.

The older writers shrugged their shoulders and went back to their tables, but the younger ones joshed me. One of them said, "Confess: You made her pregnant. We know, we know."

Another one said, "If she sues you, you'll have to pay alimony, like they do in America."

On the way home, I swore to myself that I would cast Heisherik's manuscript into the garbage. But somehow, I could not bring myself to do it. I decided to wait until he came and give it back to him. However, for weeks, his wife came to me at the writers' club—always at the same day, same time—and I had to hand her a ten-zloty note through the aperture in the front door. Each time, she screamed that I had become rich from her husband's advances. My colleagues, the younger writers, never missed a performance.

A few months passed, and I began to believe that Heisherik's wife would remain deserted forever and I would continue to pay her "alimony" for the rest of my life. But one day, Heisherik returned. I could barely recognize him. He looked sunburned and as swarthy as a gypsy. His

clothes were in tatters. A part of his beard had become dirty gray. I asked him how he, a religious Jew, could have left a wife and children without any support, and he said, "I had to do it. A great yearning drew me to the land of Israel, so great that I cannot describe it to you. I felt that if I didn't do it, I would die. The Patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob—and Mother Rachel came to me in my dreams. What I went through could not be written in a thousand books. As a matter of fact, I began to add new sections to the manuscript you hold."

I told him that I would not do any further work on his manuscript, and he said, "When the editors of our newspapers read the new chapters, it will cause a tremendous sensation, and you'll be richly rewarded for all your efforts."

He sat with me for more than an hour and told me all the details of his adventurous wanderings. He walked hundreds of miles on foot. He begged alms. He found a way to smuggle himself into the Holy Land. He slept in fields and deserts, sometimes in city gutters. He walked the length and the width of the Holy Land barefoot. He prostrated himself on all the holy graves, slept in ruins and caves. Snakes bit him. He was attacked by Bedouins and jackals. But the pleasure of breathing the sacred air healed his wounds. Sometimes, weeks passed and all that he had to nurture him was water and prickly plants of the scorched earth.

I knew that he was not lying. I was especially impressed by his story of how he had burned the soles of his feet by walking on the hot sand. It had burned

him like blazing coals, and he had had to tear off his shirt and wrap his blistered feet. He did all that to reach a grave of a saint whose name I had never heard. I was so touched by the man's love for the Holy Land that I promised to continue editing his book.

As far as I can remember, I never finished that work. Heisherik began to send fragments to the Yiddish newspapers, and two or three were published in some provincial magazines. The Warsaw editors scolded me for troubling them with this illiterate maniac's ravings, and I had to swear to them that I would never again burden them with such scribblings. Needless to say, I have never received a penny for my efforts.

I could finish the story here, but life added an important chapter to the Heisherik story, and I cannot avoid reciting it.

As we know, from September 1939 until the end of World War Two, many families in Nazi-occupied Poland were broken up. Many men managed to escape the part of Poland that Hitler had invaded and found sanctuary in the Soviet-occupied territory. Since there was no postal service between those two regions, an illegal messenger service developed. Those messengers were called holy messengers. They not only risked their lives but also were subjected to the most savage torture when they were caught. Most of them—or, perhaps, all of them—were motivated by a desire to hold the split families together, since no money in the world could have compensated them for their terrible hazard. Eventually, most of them perished.

After the war, I learned that Heisherik had been one of those messengers, and he had been the most diligent of them all. He had finally been caught smuggling letters on the road from Bialystok to Warsaw and had been tortured to death. While Heisherik bothered me with his woebegone tales about the war of 1920 and, later, with his roaming, I often wondered, What is the purpose of this man's life? Why was Heisherik born? But it seems that martyrs, like soldiers, have to be trained for the mission that fate has in store for them. He could never have become a holy messenger without having gone through all the ordeals he had described in his pathetic book and had recited to me at such length. I believe that there must be, somewhere in the universe, an archive in which all human sufferings and acts of self-sacrifice are stored. There could be no divine justice if Heisherik's story did not grace God's infinite library for time eternal.

—Translated by the author and  
Lester Goran



"Now be a good little girl and go tell Mommy to come sit on Santa's knee."

*"He nodded at the word processor. 'You don't suppose that thing really works, do you?'"*

Richard said. "Meant for me to have it, Mr. Nordhoff says. It looks like a word processor."

"Oh, yeah," Nordhoff said. He would not see his 60s again, and he was badly out of breath. "That's what he said it was, the poor kid. Think we could set it down for a minute, Mr. Hagstrom? I'm pooped."

"You bet," Richard said and then called to his son, Seth, who was tooling odd, atonal chords out of his Fender guitar downstairs. The room Richard had envisioned as a family room when he had paneled it had become his son's rehearsal hall instead.

"Seth!" he yelled. "Come give us a hand!"

Downstairs, Seth just went on warping chords out of the Fender. Richard looked at Nordhoff and shrugged, ashamed and unable to hide it. Nordhoff shrugged back as if to say, "Kids! Who expects anything better from them these days?" Except they both knew that Jon—poor, doomed Jon Hagstrom, Richard's worthless brother's son—had been better.

"You were good to help me with this," Richard said.

Nordhoff shrugged. "What else has an old man got to do with his time? And I guess it was the least I could do for Jonny. He used to cut my lawn gratis, do you know that? I wanted to pay him, but the kid wouldn't take it. He was quite a boy." Nordhoff was still quite badly out of breath. "Do you think I could have a glass of water, Mr. Hagstrom?"

"You bet." Richard got it himself when his wife didn't move from the kitchen table, where she was reading a bodice-ripper paperback and eating a Twinkie. "Seth!" he yelled again. "Come on up here and help us, OK?"

But Seth just went on playing muffled and rather sour bar chords on the Fender, for which Richard was still paying.

Richard invited Nordhoff to stay for supper, but Nordhoff refused politely. Richard nodded, embarrassed again but perhaps hiding it a little better this time. "What's a nice guy like you doing with a family like that?" his friend Bernie Epstein had asked him once, and Richard had only been able to shake his head, feeling the same dull embarrassment he was feeling now. He *was* a nice guy. And yet, somehow, this was what he had come out with: an overweight, sullen wife, who felt cheated out of the good things in life, who felt that she had backed a losing horse (but who would never come right out and say so), and an uncommunicative

15-year-old son, who was doing marginal work in the school at which Richard taught—a son who played weird chords on the guitar morning, noon and night (mostly night) and who seemed to think that that would somehow be enough.

"I could stand a beer before I go, though," Nordhoff said.

Richard nodded gratefully and went back to get them a couple of Buds.

His study was in a small shedlike building that stood apart from the house—like the family room, it had been fixed up by Richard himself. But unlike the family room, it was a place he thought of as his own—a place where he could shut out the stranger he had married and the stranger to whom she had given birth.

Lina did not, of course, approve of his having a place where he could shut them out, but she had not been able to prevent it—it was one of the few little victories he had managed over her. He supposed that, in a way, she *had* backed a losing horse; when they had gotten married, 16 years before, they had both believed that he would write wonderful, lucrative novels and they would soon be driving around in Mercedes-Benzes. But the one novel he had published had not been lucrative, and the critics had been quick to point out that it wasn't very wonderful, either. Lina had seen things the critics' way, and that had been the beginning of their drifting apart.

So the high school teaching job that both of them had seen as only a stepping-stone on their way to fame, glory and riches had been their major source of income for the past 15 years—one hell of a long steppingstone, he sometimes thought. But he had never quite let go of his dream. He wrote short stories and an occasional article. He was a member in good standing of The Authors Guild. He brought in about \$5000 in additional income with his typewriter each year, and no matter how much Lina might grouse about it, that rated him his own study—especially since she refused to work.

"You've got a nice place here," Nordhoff said, looking around the small room with the mixture of old-fashioned prints on the walls. The mongrel word processor sat on the desk, with the CPU tucked underneath. Richard's old Olivetti electric had been put aside for the time being on top of one of the filing cabinets.

"It serves the purpose," Richard said. He nodded at the word processor. "You don't suppose that thing really works, do you? Jon was . . . what? Fourteen?"

Nordhoff laughed. "You don't know the

half of it," he said. "I peeked down into the back of the cabinet with the TV screen in it. Some of the wires are stamped RADIO SHACK. And believe it or not, a whole bunch more are labeled ERECTOR." He sipped his beer and said, in a kind of afterthought, "Fifteen. He had just turned fifteen."

"Erector?" Richard blinked at the old man.

"That's right. Erector puts out an electric-model kit. Jon had one of them since he was . . . oh, maybe six. I gave it to him for Christmas one year. He was crazy for gadgets even then. Any kind of gadget would do him, and did that little box of Erector motors tickle him? I guess it did. He kept it for almost nine years. Not many kids do that, Mr. Hagstrom."

"No," Richard said, thinking of the boxes of Seth's toys—discarded, forgotten or wantonly broken—he had lugged out over those same nine years. He glanced at the word processor. "It doesn't work, then."

"I wouldn't bet on that until you try it," Nordhoff said. "The kid was damn near an electrical genius. Did you know that?"

"I know he was good with gadgets, as you say. He won the state science fair when he was in the sixth grade, competing against kids who were high school seniors. His project had something to do with electronic-games programs, I think. But this—"

Nordhoff set his beer down. "There was a kid, back in the Fifties," he said, "who made an atom smasher out of two soup cans and about five dollars' worth of electrical equipment. Jon told me about that. And he said there was a kid out in some hick town in New Mexico who discovered tachyons—negative particles that are supposed to travel backward through time—back in 1954. A kid in Waterbury, Connecticut—eleven years old—who made a pipe bomb out of the celluloid he scraped off the backs of a deck of playing cards. He blew up an empty doghouse with it. Kids're funny sometimes. The supersmart ones in particular. You might be surprised."

"Maybe. Maybe I will be."

"He was a fine boy."

"You loved him a little, didn't you?"

"Mr. Hagstrom," Nordhoff said, "I loved him a lot. He was a genuinely all-right kid."

And Richard thought how strange it was: His brother, who had been an utter shit since the age of six, had gotten a fine woman and a fine, bright son. He himself, who had always tried to be gentle and good (whatever "good" meant in this crazy world), had married Lina, who had developed into a silent, piggy woman, and had gotten Seth by her. Looking at Nordhoff's honest, tired face, he found himself wondering exactly how that had happened and how much of it had been

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his own fault, a natural result of his own quiet weakness.

"Yes," Richard said. "He was, wasn't he?"

"Wouldn't surprise me if it worked," Nordhoff said. "Wouldn't surprise me at all."

After Nordhoff had gone, Richard plugged the word processor in and turned it on. There was a hum, and he waited to see if the letters IBM would come up on the face of the screen. They did not. Instead, eerily, like a voice from the grave, these words swam up, green ghosts from the darkness:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, UNCLE RICHARD!  
JON.

"Christ," Richard whispered, sitting down hard. The accident that had killed his brother, his wife and their son had happened two weeks before; they had been coming back from some sort of day trip and Roger had been drunk—a perfectly ordinary occurrence in the life of Roger Hagstrom. But this time, his luck had simply run out, and he had driven his dusty old van off the edge of a 90-foot drop. It had crashed and burned.

Two weeks ago. And Richard's 37th birthday was. . . .

A week from today. The word processor had been Jon's birthday present for him.

That made it worse, somehow. Richard could not have said precisely how or why, but it did. He reached out to turn off the screen and then withdrew his hand.

*"Some kid made an atom smasher out of two soup cans and five dollars' worth of electrical equipment."*

He got up, went around to the back of the CRT and looked through the ventilation slots. Yes, it was as Nordhoff had said. Wires stamped RADIO SHACK. Wires stamped ERECTOR, with the little circled trademark ®. And he saw something else, something Nordhoff either had missed or hadn't wanted to mention. There was a Lionel train transformer in there, wired up like the Bride of Frankenstein.

"Christ," he said, laughing but suddenly near tears. "Christ, Jonny, what did you think you were doing?"

But he knew that, too. He had dreamed about and talked about owning a word processor for years, and when Lina's laughter had become too sarcastic to bear, he had talked about it to Jon. "I could write faster, rewrite faster and submit more," he remembered telling Jon last summer. The boy had looked at him seriously, his light-blue eyes, intelligent but always so carefully wary, magnified behind his glasses. "It would be great . . . really great."

"Then why don't you get one, Uncle Rich?"

"They don't exactly give them away," Richard had said, smiling. "The Radio

Shack model starts at around three grand. From there, you can work yourself up into the eighteen-thousand-dollar range."

"Well, maybe I'll build you one sometime," Jon had said.

"Maybe you just will," Richard had said, clapping him on the back. And until Nordhoff had called, he had thought no more about it.

Wires from hobby-shop electrical models.

A Lionel train transformer.

Christ.

He went around to the front again, meaning to turn it off, as if to actually try to write something on it—and fail—would somehow defile what his earnest, fragile

(doomed)  
nephew had intended.

Instead, he pushed the EXECUTE button on the board. A little chill scraped across his spine as he did it—EXECUTE was a funny word to use, when you thought of it. It wasn't a word he associated with writing; it was a word he associated with gas chambers and electric chairs . . . and, perhaps, with dusty old vans plunging into space.

EXECUTE.

The CPU was humming louder than any he had ever heard on the occasions when he had window-shopped word processors; it was, in fact, almost roaring. What's in the memory box, Jon? he wondered. Bedsprings? Train transformers all in a row? Soup cans? He thought again of Jon's eyes, of his still and delicate face. Was it strange, maybe even sick, to be jealous of another man's son?

But he should have been mine. I knew it . . . and I think he knew it, too. And then there was Belinda, Roger's wife. Belinda, who wore sunglasses too often on cloudy days. The big ones, because those bruises around the eyes had a nasty way of spreading. But he had looked at her sometimes, sitting there still and watchful in the loud umbrella of Roger's laughter, and he had thought almost the same thing: She should have been mine.

It was a terrifying thought, because they had both known Belinda in high school and had both dated her. He and Roger had been two years apart in age, and Belinda had been perfectly between them, a year older than Richard and a year younger than Roger. Richard had actually been first to date the girl who would grow up to become Jon's mother. Then Roger had stepped in—Roger, who was older and bigger; Roger, who always got what he wanted; Roger, who would hurt you if you tried to stand in his way.

I got scared. I got scared and I let her get away. Was it as simple as that? Dear God, help me, I think it was. I'd like to have it a different way, but perhaps it's best not to lie to yourself about such things as cowardice. And shame.

And if those things were true—if Lina and Seth had somehow belonged with his no-good brother and if Belinda and Jon had somehow belonged with him—what did that prove? And exactly how was a thinking person supposed to deal with such an absurdly balanced screw-up? Did you laugh? Did you scream? Did you shoot yourself for a yellow dog?

*"Wouldn't surprise me if it worked. Wouldn't surprise me at all."*

EXECUTE.

His fingers moved swiftly over the keys. He looked at the screen and saw these letters floating green on the surface of the screen:

MY BROTHER WAS A WORTHLESS DRUNK.

They floated there, and Richard suddenly thought of a toy he had had when he was a kid. It was called a Magic 8 Ball. You asked it a question that could be answered yes or no, and then you turned the Magic 8 Ball over to see what it had to say on the subject; its phony yet somehow entrancingly mysterious responses included such things as IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN, I WOULD NOT PLAN ON IT and ASK AGAIN LATER.

Roger had been jealous of that toy, and finally, after bullying Richard into giving it to him one day, he had thrown it onto the sidewalk as hard as he could, breaking it. Sitting here now, listening to the strangely choppy roar of sound from the CPU cabinet Jon had jury-rigged, Richard remembered how he had collapsed to the sidewalk, weeping, unable to believe his bigger brother had done such a thing.

"Bawl baby, bawl baby, look at the baby bawl," Roger had taunted him complacently. "It wasn't nothing but a cheap, shitty toy anyway, Richie. Lookit there, nothing in it but a bunch of little signs and a lot of water."

"I'm telling!" Richard had shrieked at the top of his lungs. His head felt hot. His sinuses were stuffed shut with the tears of his outrage. "I'm telling on you, Roger! I'm telling Mom!"

"You tell and I'll break your arm," Roger had said, and in his chilling grin, Richard had seen that he meant it. He had not told.

MY BROTHER WAS A WORTHLESS DRUNK.

Well, it printed on the screen. Whether or not it would store information in the CPU still remained to be seen, but Jon's mating of a Wang board with an IBM screen had worked, anyway. Just coincidentally, it had called up some pretty crappy memories; but he didn't suppose that was Jon's fault.

He looked around his study, and his eyes happened to fix on the one picture in there that he hadn't picked and that didn't fit. It was a studio portrait of Lina, her Christmas present to him two years before. "I want you to hang it in your study," she'd said, and so, of course,

he had done just that. It was, he supposed, her way of keeping an eye on him even when she wasn't there. "Don't forget me, Richard. I'm here. Maybe I backed the wrong horse, but I'm still here. And you better remember it."

The studio portrait, with its unnatural tints, went oddly with the amiable mixture of prints by Whistler, Homer and N. C. Wyeth. Lina's eyes were half-lidded, the heavy Cupid's bow of her mouth composed in something that was not quite a smile. "Still here, Richard," her mouth said to him. "And don't you forget it."

He typed:

MY WIFE'S PICTURE HANGS ON THE WEST WALL OF MY STUDY.

He looked at the words and liked them no more than he liked the picture itself. He punched the DELETE button. The words vanished. Now there was nothing at all on the screen but the steadily pulsing cursor.

He looked up at the wall and saw that his wife's picture had also vanished.

He sat there for a very long time—it felt that way, at least—looking at the wall where the picture had been. What finally brought him out of his daze of utter unbelieving shock was the smell from the CPU—a smell he remembered from his childhood as clearly as he remembered the Magic 8 Ball that Roger had broken because it wasn't his. The smell was essence of electric-train transformer. When you smelled that, you were supposed to turn the thing off so it could cool down.

And so he would.

In a minute.

He got up and walked over to the wall on legs that felt numb. He ran his fingers over the Armstrong paneling. The picture had been here, yes, *right here*. But it was gone now, and the hook it had hung on was gone and there was no hole where he had screwed the hook into the paneling.

Gone.

The world abruptly went gray, and he staggered backward, thinking dimly that he was going to faint, like an actress in a bad melodrama. He reached down into his crotch and squeezed himself, suddenly and brutally. The pain was terrible, but the world came back into sharp focus.

He looked from the blank place on the wall where Lina's picture had been to the word processor his dead nephew had cobbled together.

"You might be surprised," he heard Nordhoff saying in his mind. "You might be surprised, you might be surprised." Oh, yes; if some kid in the Fifties could discover particles that travel backward through time, you might be surprised what your genius of a nephew could do with a bunch of discarded word-processor

elements and some wires and electrical components. You might be so surprised that you'd feel as if you were going insane. . . .

The transformer smell was richer, stronger now, and he could see wisps of smoke rising from the vents in the CRT housing. The noise from the CPU was louder, too. It was time to turn it off—smart as Jon had been, he apparently hadn't had time to work out all the bugs in this crazy thing.

But had he known it would do this?

Feeling like a figment of his own imagination, Richard sat down in front of the screen again and typed:

MY WIFE'S PICTURE IS ON THE WALL, WHERE IT WAS BEFORE.

He looked at this for a moment, looked back at the keyboard and then hit the EXECUTE key.

He looked at the wall.

Lina's picture was back, right where it had always been.

"Jesus," he whispered. "Jesus Christ."

He rubbed a hand up his cheek, looked at the screen (blank again except for the cursor) and then typed:

MY FLOOR IS BARE.

He then touched the INSERT button and typed:

EXCEPT FOR 12 SPANISH DOUBLOONS IN A SMALL COTTON SACK.

He pressed EXECUTE.

He looked at the floor, where there was now a small white-cotton sack with a drawstring top.

"Dear Jesus," he heard himself saying in a voice that wasn't his. "Dear Jesus, dear good Jesus—"

He might have gone on invoking the Savior's name for minutes or hours if the word processor had not started steadily beeping at him. Flashing across the top of the screen was the word OVERLOAD.

Richard turned off everything and left his study as if all the devils of hell were after him.

But before he went, he scooped up the small drawstring sack and put it in his pants pocket.

When he called Nordhoff that evening, a cold November wind was playing tuneless bagpipes in the trees outside. Seth's group was downstairs, murdering a Bob Seger tune. Lina was at Our Lady of Perpetual Sorrows, playing bingo.

"Does the machine work?" Nordhoff asked.

"It works, all right," Richard said. He reached into his pocket and brought out a coin. It was heavy and crudely uneven, wavering from an eighth of an inch on one side to almost a quarter of an inch on the other. A conquistador's head was embossed on one side, along with the date 1587. "It works in ways you wouldn't believe." He giggled. He put a hand to

his mouth, but the giggle came through anyway.

"I might," Nordhoff said evenly. "He was a very bright boy, and he loved you very much, Mr. Hagstrom. But be careful. A boy is only a boy, bright or otherwise, and love can be misdirected. Do you take my meaning?"

Richard didn't take his meaning at all. He felt hot and feverish. That day's paper had listed the current market price of gold at \$514 an ounce. The coins had weighed out at an average of 4.5 ounces each on his postal scale. At the current market rate, that added up to \$27,756. And he guessed that was perhaps only a quarter of what he could realize for those coins if he sold them as coins.

"Mr. Nordhoff, could you come over here? Now? Tonight?"

"No," Nordhoff said. "I don't think I want to do that, Mr. Hagstrom. I think this ought to stay between you and Jon."

"But—"

"Just remember what I said. For Christ's sake, be careful." There was a small click, and Nordhoff was gone.

He found himself in his study again half an hour later, looking at the word processor. He touched the ON/OFF key but didn't turn it on. The second time Nordhoff had said it, Richard had heard him. "For Christ's sake, be careful." Yes. He would have to be careful. A machine that could do such a thing—

How could a machine do such a thing?

He had no idea, but, in a way, that was no bar at all to acceptance. It was, in fact, par for the course. He was an English teacher and a sometime writer, not a technician, and he had a long history of not understanding how things worked: phonographs, gasoline engines, telephones, televisions, the flushing mechanism in his toilet. His life was a history of understanding operations rather than principles. Was there any difference here, except in degree?

He turned the machine on. As before, it said:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, UNCLE RICHARD!  
JON.

He pushed EXECUTE, and the message from his nephew disappeared.

This machine is not going to work for long, he thought suddenly. He felt sure that Jon must have been working on it when he died, confident that there was time; Uncle Richard's birthday wasn't for three weeks, after all—

But time had run out for Jon, and so this totally amazing word processor, which could apparently insert new things or delete old things from the real world, smelled like a frying train transformer and started to smoke after a few minutes. Jon hadn't had a chance to perfect it. He—

Confident that there was time?

But that was wrong, and Richard knew

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it. Jon's still, watchful face, the sober eyes behind the thick spectacles . . . there was no confidence there, no belief in the fullness of time. What was the word that had occurred to him earlier that day? Doomed. It wasn't just a *good* word for Jon; it was the *right* word. That sense of doom had hung about the boy so palpably that there had been times when Richard had wanted to hug him, to tell him to lighten up a little bit, that sometimes there were happy endings and the good didn't always die young.

Then he thought of Roger's throwing his Magic 8 Ball at the sidewalk, throwing it just as hard as he could; he heard the plastic splinter and saw the 8 Ball's magic fluid—just water, after all—running down the sidewalk. And this picture merged with a picture of Roger's dusty mongrel van, HAGSTROM'S WHOLESALE DELIVERIES written on the side, plunging over the edge of some dusty, crumbling cliff out in the country, hitting dead squat on its nose. He saw—though he didn't want to—the face of his brother's wife disintegrate into blood and bone. He saw Jon burning in the wreck, screaming, turning black.

No confidence. Always exuding that sense of time running out. And in the end, it had been Jon who turned out to be right.

"What does that mean?" Richard mut-

tered, looking at the blank screen.

ASK AGAIN LATER.

The noise coming from the CPU was getting louder again, and more quickly than this afternoon. Already he could smell the train transformer Jon had lodged in the machinery behind the word processor's screen getting hot.

Magic dream machine.

Word processor of the gods.

Was that what it was? Was that what Jon had intended to give his uncle for his birthday? The space-age equivalent of a magic lamp or a wishing well?

He heard the back door of the house bang open and then the voices of Seth and the other members of Seth's band. The voices were too loud, too raucous. They had been either drinking or smoking dope.

"Where's your old man, Seth?" he heard one of them ask.

"Goofing off in his study, like usual, I guess," Seth said. "I think he—"

The wind rose again then, blurring the rest but not blurring their vicious tribal laughter.

Richard sat listening to them, his head cocked a little to one side, and suddenly he typed:

MY SON IS SETH ROBERT HAGSTROM.

His finger hovered over the DELETE button.

What are you doing? his mind screamed

at him. Can you be serious? Do you intend to murder your own son?

"He must do somethin' in there," one of the others said.

"He's a goddamned dimwit," Seth answered. "You ask my mother sometime. She'll tell you. He—"

I'm not going to murder him. I'm going to . . . to DELETE him.

His finger stabbed down on the button.

"Ain't never done nothing but—"

The words MY SON IS SETH ROBERT HAGSTROM vanished from the screen.

Outside, Seth's words vanished with them.

There was no sound out there now but the cold November wind, blowing grim advertisements for winter.

Richard turned off the word processor and went outside. The driveway was empty. The group's lead guitarist, Norm Somebody, drove a monstrous old LTD station wagon in which the group carried their equipment to their infrequent gigs. It was not parked in the driveway now. Perhaps it was somewhere in the world, tooling down some highway or parked in the parking lot of some greasy hamburger hangout, and Norm was also somewhere in the world; as was Davey, the bassist, whose eyes were frighteningly blank and who wore a safety pin dangling from one ear lobe; as was the drummer, who had no front teeth. They were



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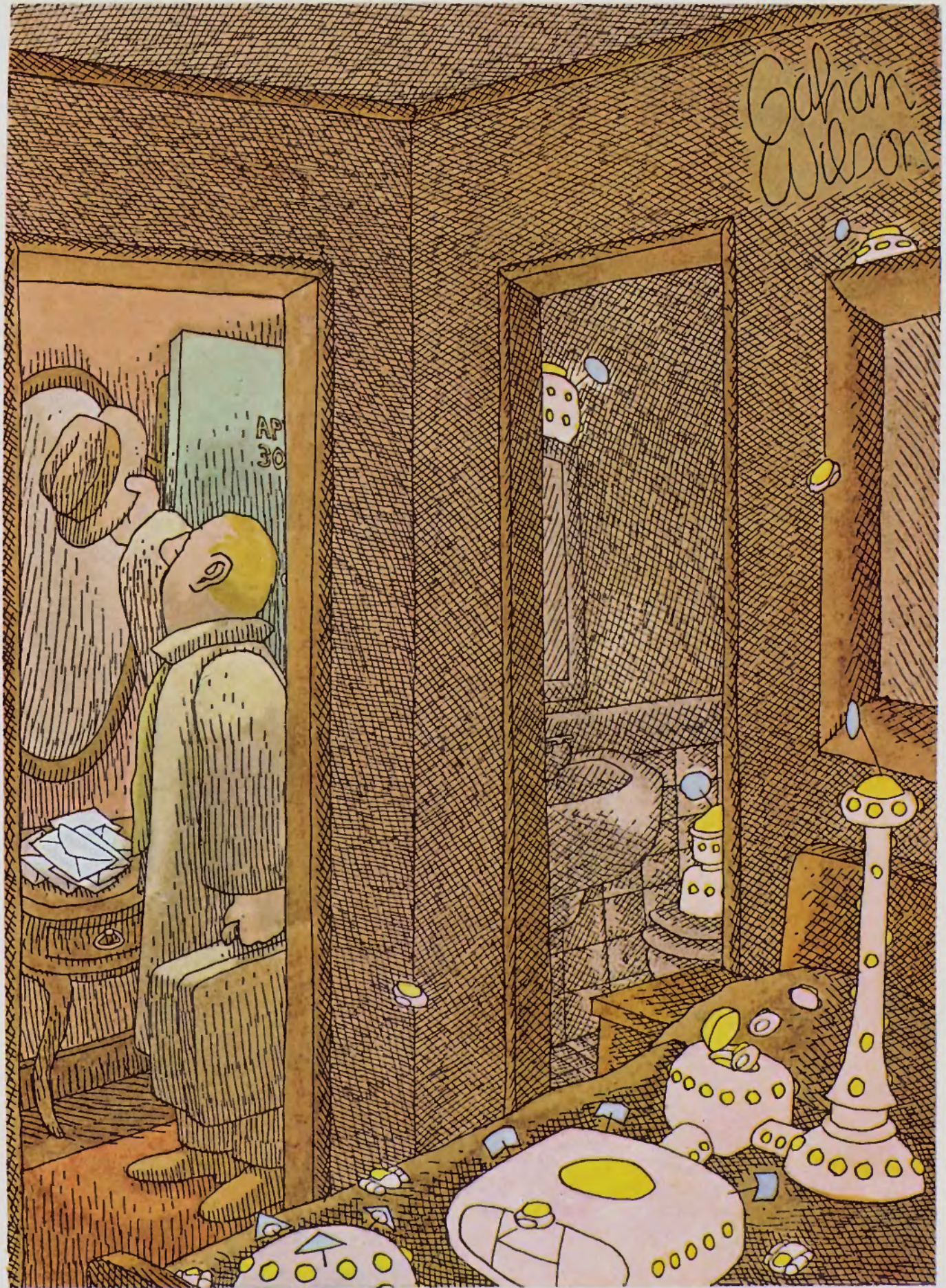
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*"Sensors report alien invasion of Sector R-12!"*

somewhere in the world, somewhere, but not here, because Seth wasn't here; Seth had never been here.

Seth had been deleted.

"I have no son," Richard muttered. How many times had he read that melodramatic phrase in bad novels? A hundred? Two hundred? It had never rung true to him. But here it was true! Now it was true. Oh, yes.

The wind gusted, and Richard was suddenly seized by a vicious stomach cramp that doubled him over, gasping.

When it passed, he walked into the house.

The first thing he noticed was that Seth's ratty tennis shoes—he had four pairs of them and refused to throw any of them out—were gone from the front hall. He went to the stairway banister and ran his thumb over a section of it. At the age of ten (old enough to know better, but Lina had still refused to allow Richard to lay a hand on the boy), Seth had carved his initials deeply into the wood of that banister—wood that Richard had labored over for almost an entire summer. He had sanded and filled and revarnished, but the ghost of those initials had remained.

They were gone now.

Upstairs. Seth's room. It was neat and clean and un-lived in, dry and devoid of personality. It might as well have had a

sign on the doorknob reading GUEST ROOM.

Downstairs. And it was there that Richard lingered the longest. The snarls of wire were gone; the amplifiers and microphones were gone; the litter of tape-recorder parts that Seth was always going to fix up was gone (he did not have Jon's hands or concentration). The room bore Lina's personality like a stamp—heavy, florid furniture and saccharine velvet tapestries (one showing *The Last Supper*, another showing deer against a sunset Alaskan skyline)—but Seth was gone from it.

Richard was still standing at the foot of the stairs and looking around when he heard a car pull into the driveway.

Lina, he thought, and felt a surge of almost frantic guilt. It's Lina, back from bingo, and what's she going to say when she sees that Seth is gone? What . . . what . . .

"Murderer!" he heard her screaming. "You murdered my boy!"

But he hadn't murdered Seth.

"I deleted him," he muttered and went upstairs.

Lina was fatter.

He had sent her off to bingo weighing 180 or so pounds. She had come back weighing at least 300, perhaps more; she had to twist slightly sideways to get in through the back door. Elephantine hips

and thighs rippled in tidal motions beneath polyester slacks the color of over-ripe green olives. Her skin, merely sallow three hours before, was now sickly and pale. Although he was no doctor, Richard thought he could read serious liver damage or incipient heart disease in that skin. Her heavy-lidded eyes regarded Richard with a steady contempt.

She was carrying the frozen corpse of a huge turkey in one of her flabby hands. It twisted and turned within its cellophane wrapper like the body of a bizarre suicide.

"What are you staring at, Richard?" she asked.

You, Lina. I'm staring at you. Because this is how you turned out in a world where we had no children. This is how you turned out in a world where there was no object for your love—poisoned as your love may be. This is how Lina looks in a world where everything comes in and nothing at all goes out. You, Lina. That's what I'm staring at. You.

"That bird, Lina," he managed finally. "That's one of the biggest damned turkeys I've ever seen."

"Well, don't just stand there looking at it, idiot! Help me with it!"

He took the turkey and put it on the counter, feeling its waves of cheerless cold. It sounded like a block of wood.

"Not there!" she cried impatiently and gestured toward the pantry. "It's not going to fit in the fucking refrigerator! Put it in the freezer!"

"Sorry," he murmured. They had never had a freezer before. Never in the world where there had been a Seth.

He took the turkey into the pantry, where a long Amana freezer sat under white fluorescent tubes like a cold white coffin. He put it inside, along with the cryogenically preserved corpses of other birds and beasts, and then went back into the kitchen. Lina had taken the glass jar of Reese's Peanut Butter Cups from the cupboard and was eating them methodically one after another.

"It was the Thanksgiving bingo," she said. "We had it this week instead of next because next week, Father Phillips has to go into the hospital and have his gall bladder out. I won the cover-all." She smiled. A brown mixture of chocolate and peanut butter dripped and ran from her teeth.

"Lina," he said, "are you ever sorry we never had children?"

She looked at him as if he had gone utterly crazy. "What in the name of God would I want a rug-rat for?" she asked. She shoved the jar of peanut-butter cups, now reduced by half, back into the cupboard. "I'm going to bed. Are you coming or are you going back out there and moon over your typewriter some more?"

"I'll go out for a little while more, I

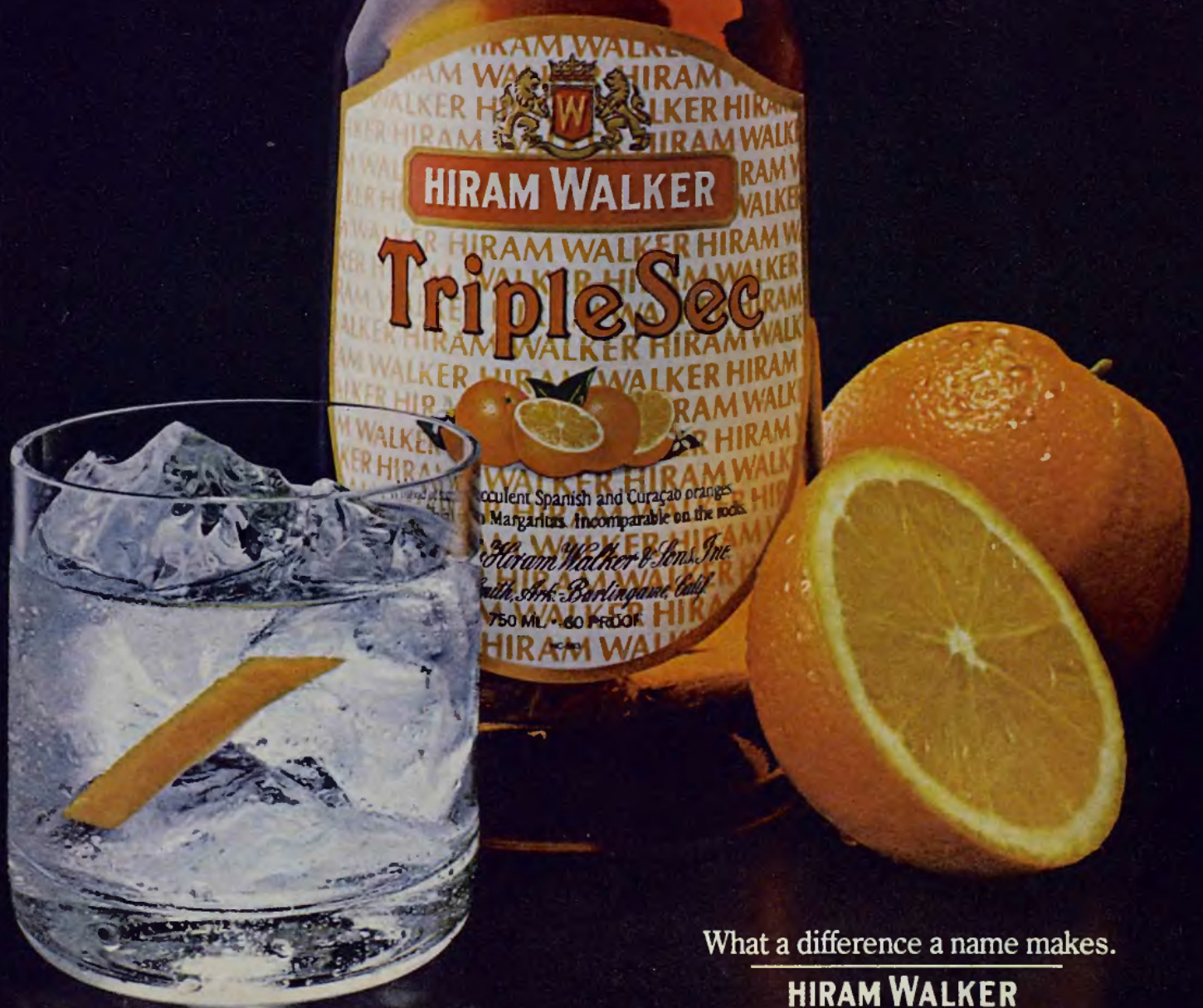


"You're a workaholic. I like that in an elf."

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What a difference a name makes.

**HIRAM WALKER**

think," he said. His voice was surprisingly steady. "I won't be long."

"Does that gadget work?"

"What——" Then he understood, and he felt another flash of guilt. She knew about the word processor; of course she did. Seth's deletion had not affected Roger and the track that Roger's family had been on. "Oh. Oh, no. It doesn't do anything."

She nodded, satisfied. "That nephew of yours. Head always in the clouds. Just like you, Richard. If you weren't such a mouse, I'd wonder if maybe you hadn't been putting it where you hadn't ought to have been putting it about fifteen years ago."

She laughed a coarse, surprisingly powerful laugh—the laugh of an aging, cynical bawd—and for a moment, he almost leaped at her. Then he felt a smile surface on his own lips—a smile as thin and cold as the first skim of ice on a winter pond.

"I won't be long," he said. "I just want to note down a few things."

"Why don't you write a Nobel Prize-winning short story or something?" she asked indifferently. The hall floor boards creaked and muttered as she swayed her huge way toward the stairs. "We still owe the optometrist for my reading glasses, and we're a payment behind on the Betamax. Why don't you make us some damned money?"

"Well," Richard said, "I don't know, Lina. But I've got some good ideas tonight. I really do."

She turned to look at him, seemed about to say something sarcastic—something about how none of his good ideas had put them on Easy Street but she had stuck with him anyway—and then didn't. Perhaps something about his smile deterred her. She went upstairs. Richard stood below, listening to her thundering tread. He could feel sweat on his forehead. He felt simultaneously sick and exhilarated.

He turned and went back out to his study.

This time, when he turned the unit on, the CPU did not hum or roar; it began to make an uneven howling noise. That hot-train-transformer smell came immediately from the housing behind the screen, and as soon as he pushed the EXECUTE button, erasing the HAPPY BIRTHDAY, UNCLE RICHARD! message, the unit began to smoke.

Not much time, he thought. No; that's not right. No time at all.

The choices came down to two: Bring Seth back with the INSERT button—he was sure he could do it; it would be as easy as creating the Spanish doubloons had been—or finish the job.

The smoke was getting thicker, more urgent. In a few moments, surely no more, the screen would start blinking

its OVERLOAD message.

He typed:

MY WIFE IS ADELINA MABEL WARREN HAGSTROM.

He hit:

DELETE.

He typed:

I AM A MAN WHO LIVES ALONE.

Now the word began to blink steadily in the upper-right-hand corner of the screen: OVERLOAD OVERLOAD OVERLOAD.

Please. Please let me finish. Please, please, please. . . .

The smoke coming from the vents in the video cabinet was thicker and grayer now. He looked down at the screaming CPU and saw that smoke was also coming from its vents . . . and down in that smoke, he could see a sullen, red spark of fire.

Magic 8 Ball, will I be healthy, wealthy, wise? Or will I live alone and perhaps kill myself in sorrow? Is there time enough?

CANNOT SEE NOW. TRY AGAIN LATER.

Except there *was* no later.

He struck the INSERT button and the screen went dark except for the constant OVERLOAD message, which was now blinking at a frantic, stuttery rate.

He typed:

EXCEPT FOR MY WIFE, BELINDA, AND MY SON, JONATHAN.

Please. Please.

He hit the EXECUTE button.

The screen went blank. For what seemed like ages, it remained blank except for OVERLOAD, which was now blinking so fast that, except for a faint shadow, it seemed to remain constant, like a computer executing a closed loop of command. Something inside the CPU popped and sizzled, and Richard groaned.

Then green letters appeared on the screen, floating mystically on the black:

I AM A MAN WHO LIVES ALONE EXCEPT FOR MY WIFE, BELINDA, AND MY SON, JONATHAN.

He hit the EXECUTE button twice.

Now, he thought. Now I will type: ALL THE BUGS IN THIS WORD PROCESSOR WERE FULLY WORKED OUT BEFORE MR. NORDHOFF BROUGHT IT OVER HERE. Or I'll type: I HAVE IDEAS FOR AT LEAST 20 BEST-SELLING NOVELS. Or I'll type: MY FAMILY AND I ARE GOING TO LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER. Or I'll type——

But he typed nothing. His fingers hovered stupidly over the keys as he felt—literally *felt*—all the circuits in his brain jam up like cars grid-locked into the worst Manhattan traffic jam in the history of internal combustion.

The screen suddenly filled up with the word OVERLOADOVERLOADOVERLOAD-OVERLOADOVERLOADOVERLOADOVERLOAD-

OVERLOADOVERLOAD.

There was another pop and then an explosion from the CPU. Flames belched out of the cabinet and then died away. Richard leaned back in his chair, shielding his face in case the screen should implode. It didn't. It only went dark.

He sat there, looking at the darkness of the screen.

CANNOT TELL FOR SURE. ASK AGAIN LATER.

"Dad?"

He swiveled around in his chair, his heart pounding so hard he felt that it might actually tear itself out of his chest.

Jon stood there, Jon Hagstrom, and his face was the same but somehow different; the difference was subtle but noticeable. Perhaps, Richard thought, it was the difference in paternity between two brothers. Or perhaps it was simply that the wary, watchful expression was gone from his eyes, slightly overmagnified by thick spectacles (wire rims now, he noticed; not the ugly industrial horn-rims that Roger had always gotten the boy because they were \$15 cheaper).

Maybe it was something even simpler: That look of doom was gone from the boy's eyes.

"Jon?" he said hoarsely, wondering if he had actually wanted something more than this. Had he? It seemed ridiculous, but he supposed he had. He supposed people always did. "Jon, it's you, isn't it?"

"Who else would it be?" Jon nodded toward the word processor. "You didn't hurt yourself when that baby went to data heaven, did you?"

Richard smiled. "No. I'm fine."

Jon nodded. "I'm sorry it didn't work. I don't know what ever possessed me to use all those cruddy parts." He shook his head. "Honest to God, I don't. It's like I *had* to. Kids' stuff."

"Well," Richard said, joining his son and putting an arm around his shoulders, "you'll do better next time, maybe."

"Maybe. Or I might try something else."

"That might be just as well."

"Mom said she had cocoa for you if you wanted it."

"I do," Richard said, and the two of them walked together from the study to a house into which no frozen turkey won in a bingo cover-all game had ever been brought. "A cup of cocoa would go down just fine right now."

"I'll cannibalize anything worth cannibalizing out of that thing tomorrow and then take it to the dump," Jon said.

Richard nodded. "Delete it from our lives," he said, and they went into the house and the smell of hot cocoa, laughing together.

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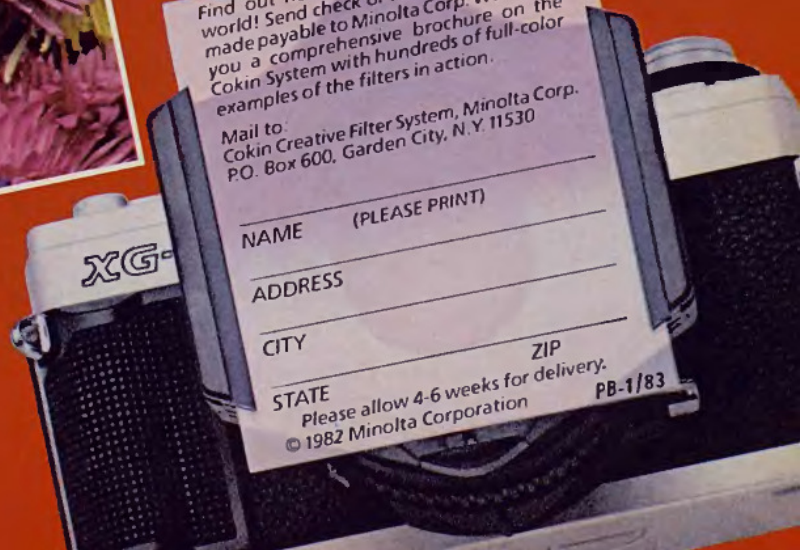
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## YEAR OF THE DRIVER *(continued from page 145)*

*"The biggest news from Ford will be the introduction of the sleekly restyled Thunderbird and Cougar XR-7."*

return to G.M. in the luxury Buick Riviera and the more youth-oriented (and affordable) Chevrolet Cavalier and Pontiac 2000 Sunbird variations. And G.M.'s Delco Electronics Division has teamed with the Bose Corporation to come up with a sophisticated original-equipment stereo sound system, available in Cadillac's Seville and Eldorado, Olds's Toronado, Buick's Riviera and Chevy's soon-to-come 1983 Corvette.

Now being readied for a March introduction, that all-new Corvette is smaller and much lighter than the current 14-year-old model, with more subtle rounded-wedge styling replacing the bulgy-fendered look of old. Its re-engineered suspension will be capable of incredible cornering power on special unidirectional (asymmetrical) Goodyear tires and its twin-fuel-injected 5.7-liter V8 engine will cook up about 200 horsepower. The plastic body's entire front section tilts forward for easy engine access, and the more comfortable and commodious interior features articulated reclining bucket seats and a dashful of digital electronic instruments.

Chevy sticks with its own push-rod J-car engine—upgraded, fuel-injected and enlarged from 1.8 to 2.0 liters—to power all variations of Cavalier, including the sharp new convertible. The resulting livelier low-speed response and stumble-free drivability are very real and significant improvements.

Pontiac moves closer to its goal of being G.M.'s most Europeanlike division with the introduction of a very special STE (Sports Touring Edition) version of its fwd 6000 (A-car) sedan. Distinguished by grille-mounted dual fog lights inside the standard quad rectangular head lamps and full-width black-out tail lamps, the STE fairly bristles with such sophisticated electronic equipment as a programmable driver-information center that monitors exterior lights, engine-fluid levels, etc., and a handy valve in the trunk that enables you to inflate the tires (or anything else) by using the self-leveling suspension system's air compressor. Under the hood is an H.O. (high output) V6 engine.

Pontiac's 2000 series fwd J-cars benefit from the division's new overhead-cam 1.8-liter four-cylinder engine, which is much peppier and smoother than the previous one. Coupled with the standard five-speed or optional automatic, it's especially exciting in the nifty 2000 Sunbird convertible and the sporty SE hatchback. And there's another slick machine, more affordable than either the

6000 STE or the sexy Firebird Trans Am, in Pontiac's line-up: the Phoenix SJ. All fwd Phoenix (X-car) models are mildly face-lifted for '83, and the SJ has performance and handling to match its new looks, thanks to its H.O. V6 engine, heavy-duty suspension and big Goodyear Eagle GT tires on cast-aluminum wheels.

Oldsmobile, too, offers sports—ES (Euro Sport sedan) and ESC (Euro Sport coupe)—versions of its fwd Cutlass Ciera (A-car) and Omega (X-car) series, plus an evil-looking 180-hp V8 rear-drive Hurst/Olds in black and silver that's a real throwback to the road-burner days. Buick has wisely consolidated no fewer than five driver-oriented models under a single designation: T Type. Included in the diverse T Type line-up are specialty versions of Buick's fwd Skyhawk (J-car), Skylark (X-car), Century (A-car), rear-drive Regal and luxury fwd Riviera. All feature subtle Euro-look paint and trim treatments, special-handling suspensions and performance improved over that of their more mundane counterparts: The last two are powered by Buick's 180-hp turbocharged V6 engine. Even Cadillac gets into the driver's-car act with expanded availability of its tastefully dechromed and surprisingly fine-handling Eldorado Touring Coupe, plus a new grille and standard underbumper fog lamps to go with the Cimarron's new 2.0-liter engine and standard five-speed transmission.

Except for a restyled pair of mid-size family sedans (formerly Granada and Cougar) bearing the traditional Ford LTD and Mercury Marquis name plates, Ford will be unveiling most of its exciting new models after the first of the year. America's fastest production cars, Ford's V8 Mustang GT and Mercury's Capri RS, are quicker yet, thanks to a 20-hp boost (to 177), the addition of a five-speed transmission and a higher-performance rear-axle ratio. Mustang and Capri also get fresh front and rear styling, and there's a lovely new Mustang convertible for open-air motoring.

The biggest news from Ford, however, will be the introduction in January of the sleekly restyled Ford Thunderbird and Mercury Cougar XR-7. The T-bird, in particular, boasts a wind-cheating aerodynamic shape. Both will be powered by a 3.8-liter V6 coupled with a three-speed automatic transmission, and will offer optional electronic instrumentation, a Tripminder computer and a three-function voice-alert warning-and-reminder system. A high-performance Thunderbird Turbo Coupe with turbocharged,

fuel-injected four-cylinder power, five-speed gearbox and special-handling suspension should be available soon.

By late summer, that turbo engine will power a very special high-performance Mustang developed by Ford's Special Vehicle Operations (SVO) racing department. Almost a streetgoing racer, this SVO Mustang will be a modern-day Boss 302, with aerodynamic styling, ultrafirm suspension and heavy-duty components.

Chrysler also is refining existing products while carefully planning future models—a turbocharged sports car and a baby van, for example—to fit in market niches not yet occupied by its larger competitors. The company introduced the affordable, economical four-cylinder American performance car (Dodge Charger 2.2 and Plymouth Turismo 2.2) two years ago and helped resurrect the American convertible (Chrysler LeBaron and Dodge 400) in 1982. Both concepts have succeeded beyond expectations, and both are continued into the new year.

New for 1983 is a pair of roomy fwd luxury sedans—Chrysler E Class and Dodge 600—on stretched K-car platforms, plus a driver-oriented ES version of the latter. Both offer a computerized message center and an 11-function voice alert that even courteously asks you to buckle up, then says thank you when you do. The 600 ES has Goodyear Eagle GTs on styled aluminum wheels, special-handling suspension and a standard five-speed transmission in addition to its tastefully blacked-out sport trim.

American Motors streamlines its Concord, Spirit and 4wd Eagle lines and adds a sporty Spirit GT liftback model for '83. But most important is the introduction of the first U.S.-built Renault, the subcompact Alliance. A version of Renault's very popular European 9 series, the handsome, well-equipped and technically innovative Alliance was jointly developed for the American market by A.M.C. and its powerful French partner. It comes in two-door- and four-door-sedan variations in three levels of trim, is powered through its front wheels by a frugal yet fun-to-drive 1.4-liter four and offers surprising interior room and comfort for four or even five adults.

Volkswagen of America has finally come up with a serious high-performance version of its trusty U.S.-built Rabbit. Called GTI and patterned after the fast and famous German Golf (Rabbit) GTI that's been burning up European highways for several years, it features a muscular new 90-hp 1.8-liter fuel-injected engine, a close-ratio five-speed transmission, ventilated front disc brakes, oversized wheels and tires, special seats and trim and a subtle front air dam—all for a reasonable \$8000.

### JAPANESE CARS

Toyota has restyled its fwd Tercel series and has separated it from the

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# PLAYBOY CARS '83-VITAL STATISTICS

## SPORTING & LUXURIOUS AUTOMOBILES BOTH FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

MAKE & MODEL	OVER-ALL LENGTH	WHEEL-BASE	DRIVE SYSTEM	ENGINE** (liters/cylinders)	MAX. HP @rpm	STD.*** TRANS.	0-60 MPH (sec.)	ESTIMATED EPA ECONOMY (city/hwy mpg)	APPROX. BASE PRICE	DESCRIPTION & FEATURES			
											UNITED STATES		JAPAN
											OVER-ALL LENGTH	WHEEL-BASE	
A.M.C. Eagle SX/4	164.6 in.	97.2 in.	F-4wd	2.5-4	84@3600	4M	17.0	23/30	\$ 8,100	Slick 4wd at the flick of a switch in a sporty package			
A.M.C. Spirit GT	167.2	96.0	F-R	4-2-6	96@4000	4M	15.0	21/32	6,500	Performance-oriented version of Spirit hatchback			
Buick Century T Type	189.1	104.9	F-F	3.0-V6	110@4800	3A	13.7	20/32	10,000	Euro Sport version of Buick's fwd A-car in 2-door or 4-door form			
Buick Riviera Convertible	206.6	114.0	F-F	4.1-V6	125@4000	4A	13.0	16/27	25,000	Custom softtop version of luxury fwd Riviera			
Buick Skyhawk T Type	175.3	101.2	F-F	1.8-4 EFI	84@5200	5M	13.5	28/46	8,000	Sporty fwd J-car coupe			
Buick Skylark T Type	181.1	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6 H.D.	135@5400	4M	10.5	21/34	9,300	High-performance fwd compact X-car			
Cadillac Cimarron	173.1	101.2	F-F	2.0-4 EFI	88@4800	5M	14.0	23/37	12,200	Luxury-sedan version of fwd J-car			
Cadillac Eldorado Touring Coupe	204.5	114.0	F-F	4.1-V8 EFI	135@4400	4A	14.5	17/27	21,300	Dechromed fwd Eldorado with handling suspension			
Chevrolet Camaro Z-28	187.8	101.0	F-R	5.0-V8	150@4000	5M	9.7	16/26	10,300	The ultimate Camaro; EFI V8 and 4-speed automatic optional			
Chevrolet Cavalier Convertible	170.9	101.2	F-F	2.0-4 EFI	88@4800	4M	14.0	25/36	11,000	Chevy ragtop returns on fwd J-car			
Chevrolet Citation X-11	176.7	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6 H.O.	135@5400	4M	9.5	21/34	7,000	Chevy's mini-hot rod version of fwd X-car			
Chevrolet Corvette	176.5	96.0	F-R	5.7-V8 EFI	200@4200	4A	7.6	15/22	22,000	All-new smaller, lighter high-tech sports car			
Chrysler E Class	185.6	103.1	F-F	2.2-4	94@5200	3A	13.8	24/32	9,400	Stretched fwd LeBaron luxury sedan			
Chrysler LeBaron Convertible	179.6	100.1	F-F	2.2-4	94@5200	3A	13.5	27/35	12,600	The first new American convertible enters its second year			
Dodge 600 ES	187.2	103.1	F-F	2.2-4	94@5200	5M	12.8	23/38	9,700	Euro Sport version of stretched fwd Dodge 400 luxury sedan			
Dodge 400 Convertible	179.6	100.1	F-F	2.2-4	94@5200	3A	13.5	27/35	12,600	Sister car to LeBaron convertible			
Dodge Charger 2.2	173.7	96.6	F-F	2.2-4	94@5200	5M	11.8	28/46	7,700	Dodge's fwd pocket rocket; first 5-speed transaxle built in U.S.			
Ford Escort GT	163.9	94.2	F-F	1.6-4 EFI	82@5300	5M	11.9	29/46	6,400	Euro-style performance version of world's favorite econobox			
Ford EXP	170.3	94.2	F-F	1.6-4	72@5200	4M	13.0	29/42	6,500	Escort-based 2-seat sportster; H.O. engine and 5-speed optional			
Ford Mustang GLX Convertible	179.1	100.4	F-R	5.0-V8 H.D.	177@4200	5M	8.0	17/28	12,400	Softtop version of America's original pony car			
Ford Tempo	176.0	100.0	F-F	1.6-4	80@5200	4M	14.5	30/45	6,300	All-new fwd compact with new high-swirl combustion engine			
Ford Thunderbird	197.6	104.0	F-R	3.8-V6	105@4000	3A	14.5	21/29	9,300	All-new aerodynamic Bird for the Eighties			
Mercury Capri RS	179.1	100.4	F-R	5.0-V8 H.O.	177@4200	5M	8.0	17/28	9,200	High-performance sports coupe; Mercury's answer to Mustang GT			
Mercury Cougar	197.6	104.0	F-R	3.8-V6	105@4000	3A	14.5	20/32	9,500	All-new contemporary Cougar sports coupe, replaces boxy XR-7			
Mercury LN 7	170.3	94.2	F-F	1.6-4	72@5200	4M	13.0	29/46	7,800	Lynx-based 2-seat sportster; H.O. engine and 5-speed optional			
Mercury Lynx RS	163.9	94.2	F-F	1.6-4 EFI	88@5400	5M	11.9	29/46	7,400	Euro Sport version of Mercury subcompact			
Mercury Topaz	176.0	100.0	F-F	2.3-4	90@3600	4M	14.5	30/45	6,500	All-new fwd compact with new high-swirl combustion engine			
Oldsmobile Cutlass Ciera ES	188.4	104.9	F-F	2.5-4 EFI	82@5200	3A	16.0	24/39	9,800	Sporty fwd A-car			
Oldsmobile Firenza Hatchback	174.3	101.2	F-F	2.0-4 EFI	86@4900	4M	13.5	25/38	7,000	Olds's sportiest fwd J-car			
Oldsmobile Hurst/Olds	200.0	108.1	F-R	5.0-V8	180@4400	4A	8.5	17/27	11,800	G.M.'s most conservative car division revives the Sixties muscle car			
Oldsmobile Omega ESC	182.8	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6	112@1800	4M	9.6	21/34	9,000	High-performance fwd compact X-car			
Plymouth Turismo 2.2	173.7	96.6	F-F	2.2-4	94@5200	5M	11.8	28/46	7,700	Sister car to Dodge Charger 2.2; performance package now optional			
Pontiac 6000 STE	188.7	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6 H.O.	135@5400	3A	11.3	22/34	13,500	Pontiac's high-performance fwd A-car, loaded with high-tech goodies			
Pontiac Firebird Trans Am	189.8	101.0	F-R	5.0-V8	145@4000	5M	9.7	15/24	10,400	Latest version of pony-car classic; America's most aerodynamic body			
Pontiac Phoenix SJ	182.1	104.9	F-F	2.8-V6 H.O.	135@5400	4M	9.6	21/34	8,900	High-performance fwd compact X-car			
Pontiac 2000 Sunbird Convertible	173.6	101.2	F-F	1.8-4 EFI	84@5200	5M	13.8	28/46	11,000	New softtop version of fwd J-car			
Renault Alliance	163.8	97.8	F-F	1.4-4 EFI	56@5250	4M	14.5	37/52	5,600	All-new French-designed, A.M.C.-built fwd subcompact			
Volkswagen Rabbit GTI	155.3	94.5	F-F	1.8-4 EFI	90@5500	5M	9.7	26/36	8,000	True Euro-style performance version of U.S.-built Rabbit			
JAPAN													
Datsun 200-SX	176.2	94.5	F-R	2.2-4 EFI	102@5200	5M	11.2	26/38	8,000	Datsun's sporty coupe			
Datsun 280-ZX	174.0	91.3	F-R	2.8-6T	180@5600	5M	7.7	20/30	17,500	Turbocharged GT with new standard 5-speed transmission			

conventional rear-drive Corolla econo-car line. Included in the new series are a handsome three-door liftback (similar to Mazda's GLC), a somewhat lumpy five-door and a tall and truly strange-looking 4wd wagon. All are highly efficient and pleasant to drive; the last features a unique six-speed overdrive transmission and (on the top-line SR5 version) a dash-

mounted inclinometer that shows the car's angle of dangle both fore-aft and side to side. The Cressida luxury sedan inherits the Supra sportster's powerful twin-cam six and five-speed transmission; the Supra gets electronic engine control and a five-hp boost (to a lusty 150); and the Celica GT-S performance package becomes available on the notchback

coupe as well as on the liftback.

Nissan, now marketing cars under both its own name and the traditional Datsun badge, replaces its Datsun 310 with a new fwd series called the Nissan Pulsar. The line includes conventional three-door and five-door hatchback models and a slope-nosed notchback NX coupe. Controversial (some may call it



ugly) in appearance, the sporty NX body is highly aerodynamic and surprisingly roomy. It will soon be offered in turbo-charged form for about \$8000, making it the most affordable turbo on the market. Datsun's 200-SX coupe and 280-ZX sports car are little changed.

New from Mazda is a fwd 626 series that includes an aerodynamic four-door

sedan, a five-door hatchback and a two-door coupe. All offer impressive ride, handling, performance and fuel economy along with a number of interesting innovations. Electronically variable shock absorbers (you select firm, soft or automatic with a dash-mounted switch) and center circulation vents (on luxury models) to distribute heating or cooling

air evenly are just two examples. Digital electronic instrumentation and touch-control switches also are available on the coupe and the five-door hatch. Mazda's GLC and the zippy rotary-engined RX-7 sports car are carried over unchanged.

Mitsubishi, longtime import supplier to Chrysler (Dodge Colt, Plymouth Arrow, etc.), enters certain portions of the

Model	Price	MPG	Drivetrain	Options	Year	MPG	Price	MPG	Drivetrain	Options	Year
Dodge Challenger Technica	180.0	99.6	F-R	2.6-4	5M	93@4500	5M	11.8	24/36	9,000	Mitsubishi-built sports coupe with high-tech electronics package
Honda Prelude	161.4	91.3	F-F	1.8-4	5M	75@4500	5M	13.0	29/40	8,000	Honda's sporty coupe; redesigned version due in April
Isuzu Impulse	169.7	96.1	F-R	2.0-4 EFI	5M	100@5800	5M	12.2	25/34	11,000	New Giugiaro-designed sports coupe available in May
Mazda 626 Coupe	177.8	98.8	F-F	2.0-4	5M	83@4800	5M	11.3	29/41	8,000	All-new fwd compact; also 4-door sedan and 5-door hatchback
Mazda RX-7	170.1	95.3	F-R	1.1-R	5M	100@6000	5M	8.6	20/29	9,700	Mazda's unique rotary-engine-powered sports car
Mitsubishi Cordia	173.0	96.3	F-F	1.8-4	5M	82@5000	5M	15.0	33/48	7,000	New fwd compact coupe from newest U.S. importer
Mitsubishi Starion	173.2	95.9	F-R	2.6-4T	5M	145@5000	5M	8.6	22/32	12,100	Mitsubishi goes on its own with new turbocharged sports coupe
Nissan Pulsar NX	162.4	95.0	F-F	1.6-4	5M	69@5200	5M	13.0	35/50	7,400	New fwd sports coupe replaces Datsun 310; sedan and wagon available
Plymouth Sapporo Technica	180.0	99.6	F-R	2.6-4	5M	93@4500	5M	11.8	24/36	9,000	Mitsubishi-built sports coupe with high-tech electronics package
Subaru GL 4WD Hatchback	156.7	93.3	F-4wd	1.8-4	4M DR	73@4400	4M DR	14.0	27/37	7,100	Sporty hatchback with Subaru's unique 4wd
Toyota Celica GT-S	176.6	98.4	F-R	2.4-4 EFI	5M	105@4800	5M	11.0	26/38	9,700	Four-cylinder sports coupe with Supra styling and suspension
Toyota Supra	183.5	103.0	F-R	2.8-6 EFI	5M	150@5200	5M	8.8	21/30	15,400	High-performance liftback with double-overhead-cam engine
Toyota Tercel SR5 4WD Wagon	169.7	95.7	F-4wd	1.5-4	6M	62@4800	6M	14.6	32/42	8,150	Toyota goes head to head with Subaru's 4wd wagon
<b>GERMANY</b>											
Audi Coupe	177.0	99.8	F-F	2.2-5 EFI	5M	100@5100	5M	10.4	24/37	12,000	Quattro look coupe based on mid-size Audi 4000
Audi 5000 Turbo Diesel	188.9	105.5	F-F	2.0-5TD	3A	84@4500	3A	14.0	28/36	18,000	New turbo-diesel version of Audi's luxury sedan
Audi Quattro	177.0	99.8	F-4wd	2.2-5T	5M	200@5500	5M	7.9	17/28	35,000	Turbocharged high-performance 4wd sports coupe
BMW 533i	189.0	103.3	F-R	3.2-6 EFI	5M	181@6000	5M	7.0	19/29	29,000	New midrange sedan with big 6-cylinder power
BMW 633CSI	193.8	103.5	F-R	3.2-6 EFI	5M	181@6000	5M	8.0	19/29	39,000	Classic luxury sports coupe
Mercedes-Benz 380SEC	199.2	112.2	F-R	3.8V8 MFI	4A	155@4750	4A	10.0	18/23	53,600	Mercedes' flagship luxury sports coupe
Mercedes-Benz 300CD	187.5	106.7	F-R	3.0-5TD	4A	120@4350	4A	12.5	27/33	33,800	Turbo-diesel-powered mid-size luxury coupe
Porsche 928	175.7	98.4	F-R	4.7-V8 EFI	5M	242@5500	5M	7.0	16/25	40,000	Porsche's flagship V8 sports car gets more power for 1983
Porsche 911 Cabriolet	168.9	89.5	R-R	3.0-6 EFI	5M	172@5500	5M	7.0	17/27	33,000	New convertible version of classic rear-engine sports car
Porsche 944	170.0	94.5	F-R	2.5-4 EFI	5M	143@5500	5M	8.0	23/36	18,400	Semiaffordable Porsche with true Porsche performance and handling
Volkswagen Rabbit Convertible	155.3	94.5	F-F	1.7-4 EFI	5M	74@5000	5M	11.7	27/40	10,500	German-built Rabbit ragtop
Volkswagen Scirocco	165.7	94.5	F-F	1.7-4 EFI	5M	74@5000	5M	11.5	28/41	10,000	VW's new look Rabbit-based sports coupe
<b>ITALY</b>											
Alfa Romeo GTV 6/2.5	171.2	94.5	F-R	2.5-V6 EFI	5M	154@5500	5M	8.6	18/31	18,000	Alfa's high-performance sports coupe
Alfa Romeo Spider	168.8	88.6	F-R	2.0-4 EFI	5M	115@5500	5M	11.7	22/35	15,000	Classic Italian roadster
Ferrari 308GTSi	174.2	92.1	M-R	3.0-V8 EFI	5M	205@6600	5M	7.9	11/19	56,000	Mid-engine, D.H.C., V8-powered exotic sports car
Fiat Spider 2000 Turbo	163.0	89.7	F-R	2.0-4T	5M	120@6000	5M	9.8	24/34	15,000	Fiat's ageless roadster with turbo power
Fiat X1/9	156.2	86.7	M-R	1.5-4 EFI	5M	75@5500	5M	11.0	26/37	11,000	Affordable mid-engine, Targa-topped sports car
Maserati Biturbo	163.5	99.0	F-R	2.0-6T	5M	180@6000	5M	6.5	18/23	25,000	New sports coupe with awesome twin-turbo performance
<b>GREAT BRITAIN</b>											
Jaguar XJ-S	191.3	102.0	F-R	5.3-V12 EFI	3A	262@5000	3A	7.8	14/22	34,000	Jaguar's flagship sports coupe with world's only production V12 engine
Jaguar XJ6 Vanden Plas	199.6	113.0	F-R	4.2-6 EFI	3A	176@4750	3A	10.6	17/24	33,500	Special designer version of classic British luxury sedan
Lagonda	208.2	114.8	F-R	5.3V8 D.O.H.C.	3A	300@5600	3A	8.5	10/15	150,000	Exotic hand-built luxury sedan, space-age electronics and wedge shape
Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit	207.8	120.5	F-R	6.8-V8 EFI	3A	210@4000	3A	11.0	10/13	111,000	Latest ultraluxury sedan from England's traditional status-car maker
<b>FRANCE</b>											
Peugeot 505STI	186.7	107.9	F-R	2.0-4 EFI	5M	97@5000	5M	14.3	22/32	15,200	Sporty version of Peugeot's handsome sedan
Renault Fuego Turbo	176.8	96.1	F-F	1.6-4T	5M	107@5500	5M	10.2	26/39	10,700	Sleek fwd sports coupe with turbo power
<b>SWEDEN</b>											
Saab 900 Turbo 3-Door	186.6	99.1	F-F	2.0-4T	5M	135@4800	5M	9.8	21/34	16,200	Fwd turbo power with improved economy for 1983
Volvo GLT Turbo 2-Door	188.8	104.3	F-R	2.1-4T	5M	127@5400	5M	9.6	20/29	15,000	Turbocharged sports coupe, 4-door and wagon versions available
Volvo 760 GLE	188.4	109.1	F-R	2.4-6TD	5M	106@4800	5M	12.8	28/40	19,500	New modern-look luxury sedan from Sweden's largest car maker

NOTE: The above chart is a representative sampling of the world's most desirable makes and models; it does not list all models nor attempt to be comprehensive. Domestic car prices are 1983 factory-suggested retail; foreign prices are port of entry. They do not include state or local taxes, transportation or dealer-preparation charges. Prices and some other figures for cars not yet introduced are estimates; price is for model and power train listed, and all cars are 2-door models unless otherwise noted. Some horsepower figures are estimated.

\*Engine placement/drive wheels (F=front, R=rear, M=mid). \*\*Standard or recommended (T=turbocharger, D=diesel, R=rotary, H.O.=high output, EFI=electronic fuel injection, MFI=mechanical fuel injection, D.O.H.C.=double overhead camshaft, DR=dual-range).

American market on its own this year with a trio of all-new cars with the unlikely names of Starion, Cordia and Tredia. The first is a fast and fine-handling luxury sports coupe powered by a 145-hp turbocharged, fuel-injected 2.6-liter four. The fwd Cordia is a sporty hatchback and the fwd Tredia is a compact four-door sedan. Both have fully independent suspension and an 82-hp, 1.8-liter four coupled with one's choice of five-speed manual, three-speed automatic or Mitsubishi's unique 4+4 two-lever manual gearbox.

One other exciting new car from the mysterious East that's about to enter our market is Isuzu's beautiful Giugiaro-styled Impulse—known in Japan as the Piazza. Mechanically related to the undistinguished I-Mark sedans that Isuzu began sending here a couple of years ago, the Impulse nevertheless offers more than just a pretty face. A 100-hp fuel-injected 2.0-liter overhead-cam four provides the power through a choice of five-speed manual or four-speed automatic transmission. Full instrumentation inside is flanked by adjustable finger-tip-control instrument pods. There's a digital electronic clock and a mileage computer in the console, plus power windows, door locks and mirrors and much more for about \$11,000. Watch for it sometime in May.

Honda has improved its popular Accord with a new four-speed automatic transmission but won't have its all-new Prelude coupe ready until later in the year. Subaru adds a couple of hp across the board for 1983, upgrades its standard radio offerings and offers optional automatic for the first time in its 4wd vehicles. The Mitsubishi-built Dodge Challenger and Plymouth Sapporo sports coupes are unchanged except for the addition of new Technica versions that feature an extensive electronics package.

#### GERMAN CARS

In 1982, VW's prolific Porsche & Audi division introduced the awesome turbocharged 4wd Audi Quattro and replaced its Porsche 924 and 924 Turbo with the fast, aggressive-looking and wonderful-handling 944; then it came up with a delightful cabriolet convertible version of its venerable rear-engine 911 sports car that was introduced here this past fall. For 1983, the powerful Porsche 928 becomes a version of the European 928 S, with its aluminum V8's displacement increased from 4.5 to 4.7 liters and horsepower bumped by 22 ponies to an impressive 242. Front and rear spoilers, 16-inch forged-alloy wheels and five-speed transmission are standard, while a new four-speed automatic is optional. On the Audi side, both the four-cylinder 4000 and the five-cylinder 5000 offer new, optional turbocharged diesel engines for improved performance and

economy over the former nonturbo diesels. A nicely redesigned new 5000 should reach our shores by spring.

BMW has refined its 633Csi coupe by coupling it with the 733i sedan's double-pivot front suspension. A new high-performance version of BMW's midrange 5-series, called 533i, is now powered by a 181-hp fuel-injected six. All but the four-cylinder 320i get electronic engine control with a dash-mounted service-interval indicator. Mercedes-Benz has a new feature on its four-speed automatic transmission that locks it in first gear for added engine braking when desired—e.g., when towing down a steep hill. Redesigned for 1982, VW's Scirocco is little changed, as is the German-built Rabbit convertible.

#### ITALIAN CARS

Alfa Romeo's quick and agile GTV 6/2.5 coupe and classic Spider Veloce roadster are carried over for 1983, as are Fiat's mid-engined X1/9, Spider 2000 and Turbo 2000 convertible sports cars and Ferrari's gorgeous 308GTBi and Targa-topped GTSi. The only significant new model from Italy, in fact, is Maserati's \$25,000 Biturbo sports coupe. It's a plush machine powered by a thoroughbred 180-hp twin-turbocharged 2.0-liter engine that promises 0-60 acceleration in the 6.5-second range.

#### BRITISH CARS

The big news from Britain is the long-awaited arrival of Aston Martin Lagonda's exotic Lagonda four-door luxury sedan: a waist-high, wedge-shaped car that would be right at home in a James Bond film. Aston Martin Lagonda, like Rolls-Royce, disdains published power ratings, but the Lagonda's exotic 5.3-liter double-overhead-cam V8 is estimated by some to be about 300 hp in desmogged U.S.-market trim. Fed by four Weber two-barrel carburetors, it accelerates the 4600-pound starship to 60 mph in a bit less than nine seconds. The interior is like that of a rolling men's club, with plenty of leather and polished wood, plus an impressive display of electronic instrumentation and touch-sensitive controls. Only a dozen \$150,000 Lagondas will be imported for 1983, with twice that number expected in 1984.

Jaguar hopes to have a stunning XJ-S cabriolet convertible ready for U.S. introduction by late this summer, while the fast and very smooth XJ-S coupe continues to be produced in 1983. It remains the only V12-powered production car available here, boasting 262 horsepower along with reasonable fuel efficiency, thanks to a unique combustion-chamber design. Also little changed is the beautiful Jaguar Series III XJ6 sedan. A big hit in 1982, the XJ6 Vanden Plas limited-edition model is again available, complete with Connolly leather seats, burled-walnut door trim and

even swiveling reading lights over the rear seats.

Rolls-Royce enters the new year content to carry over its stately Silver Spirit and Silver Spur sedans as well as the coveted Corniche convertible and the sporty Camargue coupe. All but the Silver Spur are also available in Bentley marque derivatives that are identical except for their grilles and a paltry few hundred dollars. While America's super-rich are drooling over the fast Bentley Mulsanne Turbo recently introduced in Europe, Rolls-Royce says it is still deciding whether to market a U.S. version.

#### FRENCH CARS

Peugeot's smooth 505STI sport sedan and Renault's fwd Fuego and Fuego Turbo coupes are unchanged for 1983, but Peugeot does have a Silver Edition 505 to celebrate its 25th birthday as a U.S. marketer. It's silver, of course, with a dark-gray leather interior, special Michelin TRX tires and wheels, Bosch fog lamps, a superior electronic stereo and a choice of gas or turbo diesel engine and five-speed or automatic transmission. Peugeot's long-awaited 505 station wagon is due this summer.

#### SWEDISH CARS

Sweden's Volvo (the largest European import to the American market) introduces its first all-new model in many years: the 760 GLE luxury sedan. Except for a somewhat awkward, squared-off rear roof line, it's a handsome, slightly wedge-shaped machine with plush and spacious accommodations for five inside. An innovative constant-track rear axle gives the type of ride and handling one usually associates with independent suspension; gas-filled rear shock absorbers are automatically self-leveling. Other interesting features include orthopedically designed seats with cushions angled upward to prevent submarining under the belts in case of an accident and hinges that permit vertical positioning of the hood for easy engine access. The powertrain choices are a 2.8-liter gas V6 with automatic transmission or a peppery 2.4-liter turbo diesel with either automatic or five-speed manual.

Saab's excellent 900 Turbo recently got a sophisticated electronic control system called APC, which significantly improves the car's fuel efficiency without hurting its very snappy performance.

There you have them: exciting, driver-oriented cars to fit every desire and pocketbook. Interest rates and even some sticker prices are easing, and predictions indicate that the country's recession and the auto industry's very painful four-year sales slump should finally be ending. They say you never forget your first true love. It looks like the time may be right to rekindle that old affair.





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Hurrell (continued from page 172)

"Hurrell would pick out a gown, West would put it on and, somehow, the damned thing would slip off."

50 negligees. Hurrell would pick out the color he wanted and Mae would put it on and pose. Then, with a mischievous glint in her eye, she'd let the negligee drop to the floor, leaving her, in Hurrell's words, "naked as a jay bird" while the shutter kept clicking. Hurrell would pick out another gown, West would put it on and, somehow, the damned thing would slip off again. "The publicity man who was sitting there went pink, yellow, green and blue all over," laughs Hurrell. "He locked the door, he was so scared."

With Jane Russell, it was the press agent who insisted that Hurrell shoot nudes. In both cases, Hurrell watched as the studios confiscated the negatives, either to keep them under wraps or to use them overseas and in South America, where nudity was more acceptable.

If anything else happened during those late-night photo sessions, Hurrell isn't saying. The usually loquacious photographer finds himself stammering if you ask about his romantic involvement with any of the stars. "Whatever went on was just between them and me," he says, ending the discussion.

Despite his popularity and success, Hurrell would wake up every so often with a realization: "I'd get bored with Hollywood and bored with movie stars. They're all a pain in the ass. So I'd go to New York. I wouldn't know what I

was going to do, but I would get there and figure it out."

What he usually ended up doing was commercial photography—pictures of soap and cold cream—for which he was extremely well paid. But it wouldn't be too long before he'd get a familiar nagging feeling.

"I'd get bored with New York," Hurrell says, "so I'd move out to the suburbs. I'd get bored with the suburbs and move out to the country. I'd get bored with that goddamned train ride in and out every day, and then I'd just get bored."

In retrospect, his bouts with boredom revitalized him. "I would rejoice in the thing that I had turned away from and love it again," he says. "I would only get bored doing the same thing constantly, and I still am that way. I have to move. I have to circulate."

Hurrell never circulated too far from photography, however, despite some tempting offers. "Joan Crawford wanted me to become a motion-picture cameraman, but I couldn't stand it," he recalls. "I was too energetic, too nervous. All a motion-picture cameraman does is sit on his big, fat butt—day in, day out, month after month, year after year. I lasted two and a half days. Today, I could probably manage it. Age has slowed me down, so I can sit still once in a while."

He may have slowed down a bit—

though he claims he's far from retiring—but the biggest change in his life was the end of the glamor era in Hollywood Studios that no longer had actors under contract didn't have a vested interest in building stars. Photographers such as Hurrell were too expensive to keep on staff, and there was no one to teach the up-and-coming actors and actresses how to act, talk, dress and pose—in short, how to behave like stars. As a result, Hurrell finds the new crop of actors unappealing, boring, impatient and often difficult to work with.

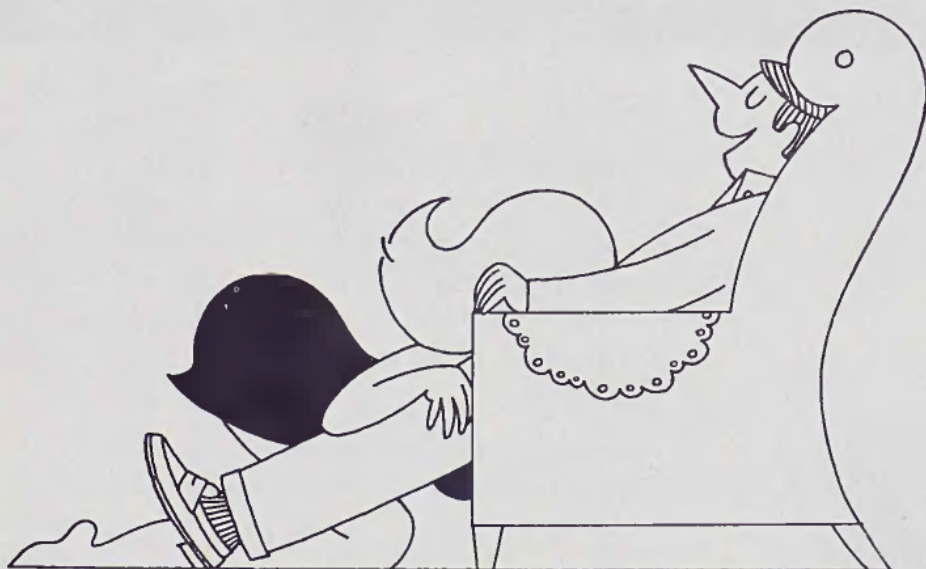
"I've watched that big guy Tom Selleck," he complains. "His picture is all over the magazines. Jesus, there's a guy; if he only had some training, he'd be a dynamo. As an actor, he's the worst. I've never seen anything as bad."

He is equally feisty when it comes to Jane Fonda. "She's a good actress," he says, "but I think she limits herself. I think she could be a glamor gal if she went out and worked on it. It's just like the night of the Oscars. She looked like she had picked that dress off a Salvation Army-store rack and her hair looked like she hadn't combed it in a week. Even her make-up stunk."

Of course, Hurrell has photographed his share of the new breed of star, from Dustin Hoffman and Alan Alda to several seasons' worth of disposable TV stars. He's even done the Osmonds. But his work today is more wide ranging, such as the commission from the Texas oil baron who paid \$5000 for Hurrell to shoot three pictures of him and his wife or that from the clothing designer who flew in from Japan just to have a portrait by Hurrell. *Geo* sent him to Hawaii to capture Clare Boothe Luce; and *PLAYBOY*, of course, commissioned him to photograph Shannon Tweed.

Lately, however, Hurrell's work has been most visible on album covers for such artists as Aretha Franklin, Melissa Manchester, Chevy Chase, Keith Carradine, Lindsey Buckingham and Fleetwood Mac. If Jerry Hall, Mick Jagger's girlfriend, has her way, Hurrell will eventually photograph The Rolling Stones. Hurrell and Hall met when he shot her for a French *Vogue* fashion layout and they got along so well that she gave him tickets for the Stones' concert at the L.A. Coliseum so that he and Mick could get to know each other. The meeting never came off: Hurrell had to spend the day shooting Fleetwood Mac. "I've been kicking myself ever since," he says.

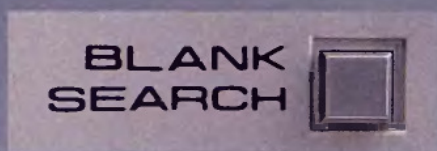
"There's no getting away from it; it's gratifying," Hurrell says of his newfound fame in rock circles. "There are only about 10,000 photographers in this town, and all of these guys are calling this old fart to make pictures for them. I'm enjoying life now more than ever."



"OK, now what are your hopes and dreams for the new year?"

# A TAPE DECK SO ADVANCED IT HAS A FEATURE THAT FINDS NOTHING.

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Blank Search.  
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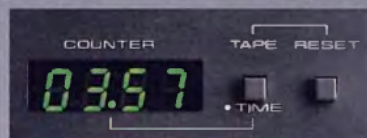


came from. Like Index Scan, Music Search, Blank Skip and a Real Time Counter that reads out the amount of tape left in meaningful minutes and seconds instead of meaningless inches. In other words, features that will revolutionize the way you record and listen to tapes.

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Let you spend a lot less time looking for your music.

And a lot more time listening to it.

**PIONEER®**  
Because the music matters.



# HERSCHEL WALKER

(continued from page 197)

*"I wouldn't join a team whose players think negative and play just for the money."*

WALKER: No. I rarely watch games. But I am a Dallas Cowboys fan.

15.

PLAYBOY: You were one of the most sought-after football players in history when you were in high school. What was the best under-the-table offer you got?

WALKER: I got a lot of them. But you can't cheat your way through life. Those offers sounded good when coaches were

recruiting me, but after I committed myself, it might have been a different story. One school said they would move my family to another city and guarantee my financial security for the rest of my life. But I knew that would never happen. I also had a lot of car offers; but during my senior year, my mother and father bought me a car for graduation, so I told the recruiters I didn't need another one.



*"If the Soviets completely and unilaterally disarmed themselves? That's extremely hypothetical, of course, but my gut reaction would be that it doesn't go far enough."*

16.

PLAYBOY: We've heard that some of the people in your home town—Wrightsville, Georgia—freaked out when you were seen playing tennis with a white girl in high school. What was that all about?

WALKER: At the time, there were a lot of racial things going on in Wrightsville, but I don't get involved with that kind of thing, because all of us have to live in this world. I don't believe in all this racial controversy. Some of the people in town wanted me to lead a riot, but I didn't think it was right, because I didn't know that much about the issues. I wasn't in town much during that time. They said I didn't want to help them. I couldn't help them if I didn't know what the fuss was all about. And I couldn't help them out if I disagreed with some of their ideas.

17.

PLAYBOY: Why are there no black place kickers?

WALKER: A lot of people say it's a racial thing. But if it is racial, it's because black people are, in general, blessed with strength and speed and quickness and they are too valuable in other positions to make place kickers out of them.

18.

PLAYBOY: Should college football players be allowed to turn pro before they graduate, as basketball players are?

WALKER: College athletes should have the right to decide for themselves. Playing in the N.F.L. is a professional job. A person should have the right to decide whether or not he wants to go to work. If a player gets injured in college, the N.F.L. is not going to draft you. You don't come out of college.

19.

PLAYBOY: Which pro team do you hope will draft you?

WALKER: I'm not going to name names, but I wouldn't join a team whose players think negative and play just for the money. Also, I'm not a cold-weather guy.

20.

PLAYBOY: How important to you is winning the Heisman Trophy?

WALKER: The only reason I would like to win it is that I didn't win it the past two years. When you lose something over and over, you get to where you want to win it. But I don't think it would prove anything to me. If I never win the Heisman Trophy, then in my later years, I'll have nothing to sit around and brag about.



# Dickel's for Givin'. Dickel's for Gettin'.



This time of year, the best place to be is on the gettin' end of George Dickel whisky. For one simple reason. When you drink this Tennessee whisky, water need never pass your lips. It's that smooth.



On the other hand, givin' George Dickel has its rewards as well. You can be sure your friends will enjoy it. And, if everything goes according to plan, they may just get the hint and give some to you, too.

## GEORGE

## DICKEL

T E N N E S S E E

W H I S K Y

S O U R M A S H



Kimberly  
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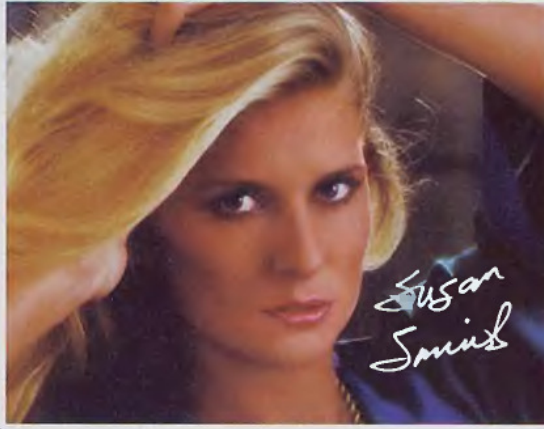


Kimberly  
Herrin



Karen  
Price

# Playboy's 1983 Playmate Calendar



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Anne-Marie Felt



Herar  
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Gift yourself  
and  
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Sylvia  
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Shannon Tweed



*"Someone so familiar with our Government ought not to be pointing the finger, middle or otherwise."*

I said, "you told us you got your fresh script ideas from ordinary people."

"For Venice, California, that is ordinary people!"

I gave up.

Three thousand miles away, in New York City, ordinary people are more subtle. As I walked up Broadway a few days ago to visit my lecture agent, Brian Winthrop, I passed the usual streetlight poles characteristically plastered with so many posters that they serve as informal neighborhood bulletin boards. On pole after pole, down low, I saw crudely reproduced posters announcing the forthcoming meeting of an organization named Jews for Jesus. On the very next pole, down in the same position, was a poster of the same over-all design but of a contrasting background color and clearly superior reproduction. It advertised:

GOYIM FOR JESUS

I love it.

My favorite graffito from that time was FLOWER CHILDREN, GO PLUCK YOURSELVES. But of all the figures of the Sixties, my favorite is Timothy Leary. He has a marvelous sense of humor, which makes debating him always new, always fun and always difficult, because he can say the most outrageous things and get away with it. He is dead set against smoking marijuana. Why? Not because of what it does to one's head or genes but because it does more damage to the lungs than smoking tobacco cigarettes. He counsels people who want to ingest marijuana to eat it in brownies. Now, if we could just get kids to crumble cigarettes into their school lunch instead of smoking tobacco, we could substitute gastritis for cancer, heart disease and emphysema; not ideal but, as liberals are so fond of saying of their newest regulatory schemes, it's a *beginning*...

The workings of the minds of the bureaucrats are a fountainhead of funny things. Certainly, someone as familiar with our own Government as I ought not to be pointing the finger, middle or otherwise, at any other government for its foibles; but I can't help noting that after my release from prison, I was permitted entry to the United Kingdom and to such present or former members of the commonwealth as Canada, Ireland, Singapore, Hong Kong and Australia—and made very welcome, too, thank you. But not New Zealand. They denied me entry. At the time, I thought

that because I had just emerged from a prison term longer than World War Two, they were concerned for their womenfolk. Recently, however, a horrifying thought occurred to me: Could they have been worried about their *sheep*?

Some of the large amount of mail I get is hilarious. I was solicited the other day for membership and a contribution to yet another nonprofit corporation. As evidence of the organization's legitimacy, included with the solicitation letter was a copy of the articles of incorporation. According to the articles, the corporation was formed for, among others, the following purposes:

I want to set up a new Organization that destroys "all" Inter-racial couples, including two people that "are not" in the same "Race" that are: just going together, sleeping together, living together and doing personal things together. (It is good to be "nice," but it is not good to be "too nice.")

Although asserting that it is within the bounds of "nice" to destroy interracial couples, the document of incorporation assures us that it is not the intent of the corporation to "spread hate." Nor is taking the law into one's own hands encouraged. The interracial couples are not to be destroyed until a law has been passed requiring their destruction.

The accompanying letter lists 38 reasons (and one postscript) for joining. The dominant grievance is interracial sex:

30. If the few black women and the few black men that are looking for white people to go to bed with

"get hot in the behind," they "better find" someone in their own Race, "the Black Race" to go to bed with. . . .

32. Black female movie stars "hang loose" for white men, and black male movie stars "hang loose" for white women.

35. "Black people," do you want to "stop" white persons from "marrying and sleeping" with your people? "Join this Organization!"

The name of the organization? Are you ready? It's the Dorothy White Company.

But I don't have to depend on travel or the mail to provide things to amuse me; I get plenty of laughs at home. Without in any way intending it, my wife is one of the funniest people I know. She suffers from what is known in her family as a Dutch tongue. In listening to her, one must pay close attention to the context of the conversation. Fran's problem arises from her use of any word or words that pop into her head and sound roughly like what she intends. *She* knows what she means, so you should be able to figure it out. For example, Fran thinks I look a lot younger than I am, especially in view of the life I have led. At a recent party, she intended to allude to the classic story *The Picture of Dorian Gray* and ended up telling a puzzled group of friends, "Gordon looks remarkably young for his age. But, of course, up there in the attic, we have a picture of the Andrea Doria."

Fran's best, however, was her praise of the toughness and courage of her 92-year-old aunt, who, at the age of 90, had undergone successful surgery for cancer of both breasts.

"She's a brave and remarkable woman," said Fran to a stunned gathering. "At the age of 90, she survived a double vasectomy!"

Top that one, Mrs. Malaprop.



*"Look at it this way—a prurient interest is better than no interest at all!"*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

## CORKING GOOD READ

In 1927, a Parisian wine merchant commissioned the writing of *Monseigneur le Vin*, a combination cellar book and guide to wine profusely illustrated with charming renderings and quaint line drawings. As that book is about as rare as a bottle of 1927 Lafite, Coward, McCann & Geoghegan has just come out with an abridged reprint called *The Wine Album* that's available in bookstores for \$15.95. Oenophiles everywhere are licking their lips.



## TINY TRAIN OF THOUGHT

Whoever said that the difference between men and boys is the price of their toys must have had the Executive Trainer in mind. It's a custom-made Z-gauge Märklin train set complete with an electric engine and two passenger cars, all fitted into a rosewood-veneer attaché case. (Even the tiny street lamps light up.) The Executive Trainer costs \$800 sent to The Fine Tool Shops, 20 Backus Avenue, Danbury, Connecticut 06810. Those with lots of bucks—all aboard!

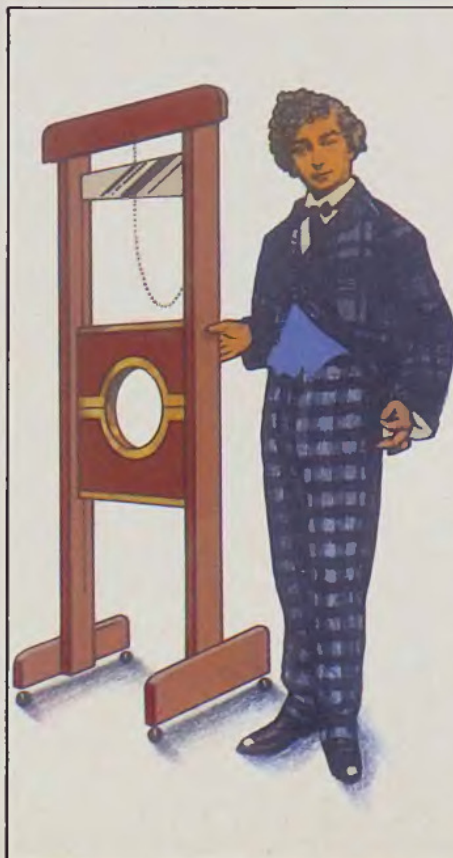


## GAMES ADULTS PLAY

Charades is a party game for consenting children; Escapades is a party game for consenting adults—a very special party game, we might add, as some of the situations you and your partner have to act out include doing a striptease on a busy street and removing a chastity belt without a key. All this naughty fun can be yours for only \$10 sent to Feathre Luv Enterprises, 363 Albany Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02118. And while you're ordering, ask about its line of fur G strings. Frisky you!

## CHOP SHOP

Wander down East Griffith Street in Galveston, Indiana 46932, and there at number 218 is the local head store—Larry & Lori's Guillotine Shop, a simple cottage industry that specializes in designer head choppers. (Relax, right-to-lifers, Larry and Lori Lawrence's guillotines aren't working models; the blades are dull and un-weighted.) For indoor display, Larry and Lori recommend their Marie Antoinette Model I, an \$895 six-foot chopper made of hardwood that's ideal as a hatrack. But if you *really* want to keep ahead of the Joneses, go for the Robespierre, a 20-foot-tall \$3000 slicer with a blade that can be engraved with the owner's street address. Now, that's what we call being a cut above.



### PRESIDENTIAL SMOKE

Ronald Reagan may not smoke, but that hasn't stopped Tarhan Imports, P.O. Box 56, Wilmette, Illinois 60091, from coming out with a block meerschau pipe carved in the likeness of Mr. President himself. The pipe—which sells for \$118, postpaid—is slightly oversized and is meant for fireside chats, not for outdoor puffing. Reagan critics will probably think that the pipe is cold and bitter; Reagan fanciers, on the other hand, will find that it ages well.



### GLASS ACT

The next time you inherit money from a long-lost uncle or have an important occasion such as a birthday, a wedding or an anniversary to celebrate, consider contacting well-known glass-and-crystal artists Carol Iselin and David Sugar. They can take a full, unopened champagne bottle, for example, and turn it into an exquisite work of art (alas, you have to provide the champagne). The New Year's one pictured here would cost you \$500, but since each creation is different, you should first contact Iselin and Sugar at 315 East 72nd Street, Suite 16L, New York, New York 10021, and work out all the details. The vintage in the bottle may have been guzzled, but the container will linger on.



### WHERE'S OUR BEEPING SKIS?

When the deep powder falls over misty mountain ranges, squeals of pleasure often turn to roars of frustration as fallen skiers dig for their buried boards. To the rescue comes Ski Hummer, a battery-operated noisemaking device that is activated when your skis come out of the bindings. Ski Hummers, which weigh less than one ounce, are available as a set for \$69, postpaid, from Powder Hounders, 706 Brumback Street, Boise, Idaho 83702. Mmmm! Help; we're down here! Hurry up and get us out!



### CALENDAR OF THE BIZARRE

With *The Beastmaster*, *Conan the Barbarian* (or *Gonad the Bavarian*, if you prefer) and other far-out flicks making the rounds, Workman Publishing in New York has come out with the Boris Vallejo Fantasy Calendar for 1983—13 out-of-this-world illustrations by a master science-fiction and fantasy artist. Available for \$5.95 in most bookstores, Vallejo's strange, sexy images sure beat flowers or moonlight on the Matterhorn.



### PITCHING PENNIES

The good news about penny stocks, of course, is that they cost, literally, pennies to buy. (Something called *Dynasty Oil* was listed not too long ago at one penny a share.) The bad news is that you can lose your investment—and also your shirt—mighty easily, as many offerings aren't worth even a penny. One guide to this tricky market is *Penny Stock News*, a newspaper for stocks under \$5 that's published biweekly for \$30 a year in Oakland Center, Columbia, Maryland 21045. If you're going to shoot a game of craps, now at least you'll know which dice are loaded.





So will everyone you remember with a gift of Seagram's 7. It's the season's perfect mixer—for home entertaining or visiting with friends. So reach for the holiday spirit. Serve all your guests sensibly. And Yule stir with Seagram's 7.

# Yule stir with



*"Four out of five of our respondents—both men and women—think they are good lovers."*

by May 15 through a computer except those that were incomplete, illegible or masticated by the U.S. Mail. The figures given here are based on returns from 65,396 men and 14,928 women—almost seven times as many people as Kinsey reported on. If you answered the questionnaire, we've done our best to make sure you are represented here.

The early returns told us we were on to something. Our readers had taken the questionnaire and used it to find out about themselves. One man sent one answer sheet to describe his sex life with his wife and another one for sex with his mistress: "The reason is because I have entirely different answers in my married life (going on 13 years) and in regard to a wonderful affair with a married lady (going on four years plus, with no end in sight). Because of this affair, my actual age is 49 going on 19." Roommates filled out the questionnaire separately and sent their responses stapled together. The write-ins were instructive: We saw where our categories faltered and our readers' experiences began. (In answer to question 56, "How did you lose your virginity?" someone had penciled in: "Mexico," as though that explained everything.)

Then the real fun began. We hired a team of data analysts and programming consultants—Richard Hay, Jr., and Richard Fritz—who translated the responses into computerized data. We found ourselves with more than 2000 pages of print-out. Miles of paper whose alternating green and white bands were filled with bits of information. We felt like the lead character in *TRON*: Have program, will travel. Sociologists Janet Lever and Rosanna Hertz pored over the data, looking for significance amid the statistics. The questionnaire revealed not a profile of the average American but a picture of the veterans of the sexual revolution. The men who answered our questionnaire defy stereotyping. The women who answered are the most liberated females ever revealed by a national sex survey. The answers taught us a lot about sex; this article is the first of a series that will be insightful and controversial.

We will run articles on the full range of sexual experience: how your lifestyle and marital status affect the kind of sex you have (do singles get more than marrieds?). We will examine the curious world of sexual preference (to paraphrase Woody Allen, does being a bisexual double your chances of getting a date on Saturday night?). We

will shed light on the basics (masturbation and oral sex) and on the kinky. We will tell you everything you have told us about yourselves.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

As we pored over the first print-outs, certain answers caught our attention. The questionnaire began with a series of questions designed to test the waters. We wanted to find out if our readers are enthusiastic or disillusioned about sex. Much of what we have read in recent years—specifically, in the Hite reports—suggests that the sexes are bitter, disappointed, angry and unsatisfied. We asked our readers four questions: "How would you rate your present sex life?" "How does it compare with your sex life five years ago?" "Do you think you're a good lover?" "How would you change your sex life if you could?"

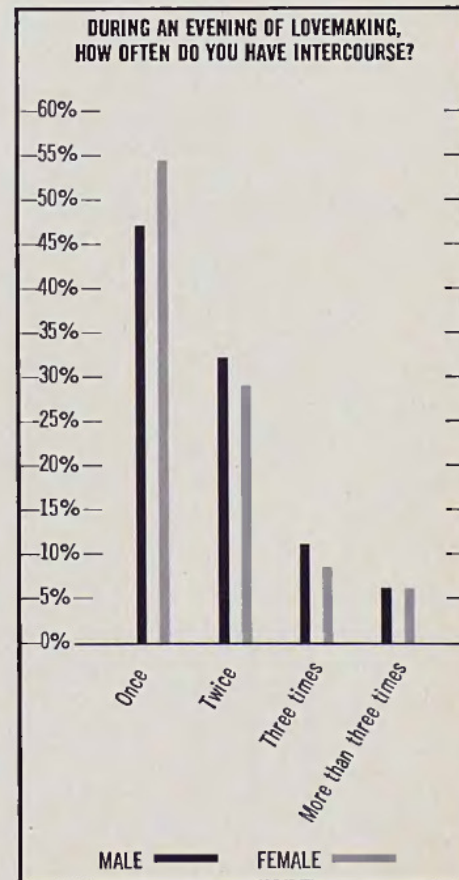
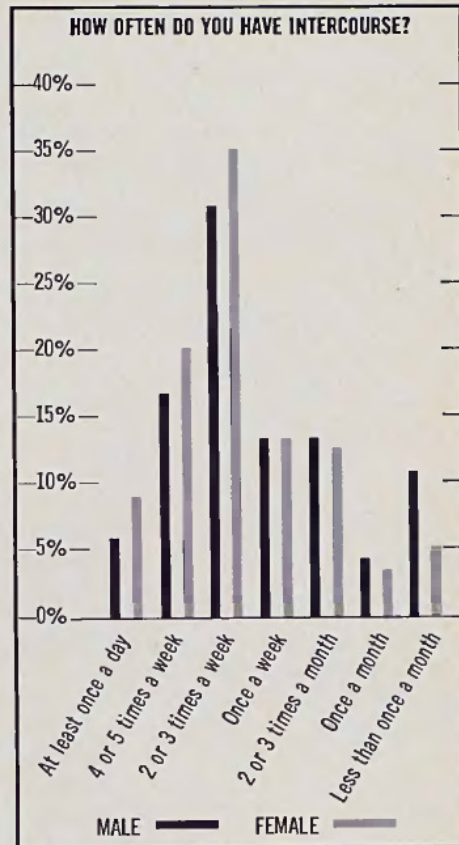
A clear majority of men and women who answered our questionnaire are satisfied with their sex lives. More than half think their sex lives have improved over the past five years. Four out of five of our respondents—both men and women—think they are good lovers. (From reading their complete answer sheets, we'd say they know what they're talking about.)

When we asked our readers how they would change their sex lives, the responses were informative. We listed several choices and asked people to choose as many as they wished. Some 77,342 people answered, providing 324,979 suggestions for improvement. Men want more oral sex and more intercourse. They want their partners to initiate sex more frequently. Women want more intercourse, more foreplay and more oral sex. The moral: The more we learn about sex, the more we want.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

In the past, mothers told their daughters that sex is something men want and women give; that women crave intimacy and barter sex; men crave sex and barter intimacy. But it is increasingly clear that that bit of wisdom was a disservice to both sexes: Women crave sex as well as intimacy; men crave intimacy as well as sex. Some of the more recent surveys—the Hunt report, the *Cosmo* report and the *Redbook* study—have suggested that women are the primary beneficiaries of the sexual revolution, that finally their behavior is catching up with men's. The preliminary statistical

print-out of the answers to the PLAYBOY questionnaire was broken down by gender. It was instantly clear that women have closed the gap, and then some. On



question after question, the women who read PLAYBOY went head to head with the men who read PLAYBOY. By several 241

measures, they have the men beat hands down.

We asked our readers who did what to whom, with how many and how frequently. Even before we compared our findings with those of past surveys (Kinsey's and Hunt's) to find how far we had come, we were struck by how similar the sexes are. Take the basics:

- Approximately 88 percent of the men and 74 percent of the women in our survey masturbate sometimes.

- About 95 percent of the men and women perform oral sex during love-making.

- Roughly 47 percent of the men and 61 percent of the women have tried anal intercourse.

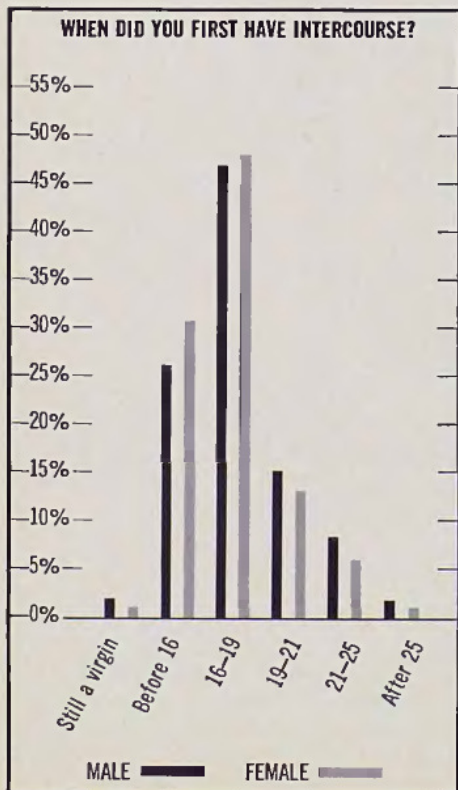
- Nearly 36 percent of the men and 39 percent of the women have engaged in anal-oral contact.

#### THE BIG THREE

Economic gurus regularly gather to calculate the rise and fall of the standard of living. God knows what criteria they use. When it comes to the sexual standard of living, our mostly conservative mass media—*Time* magazine for one—are likely to deal with three variables: the age at which adolescents lose their virginity (the Loss-of-Innocence Index), the average number of partners (the Promiscuity Index) and the incidence of extramarital sex (the Infidelity Index). We found significant changes in all three areas, especially for women.

#### THE LOSS-OF-INNOCENCE INDEX

In our questionnaire, we asked readers when and how they lost their virginity.



The answers are startling. To put the figures into perspective, let's review earlier studies. In the Forties, Kinsey's researchers found that 71 percent of the males and 33 percent of the females had lost their virginity by the age of 25. By 1972, the time of Hunt's survey, 97 percent of the males and more than 66 percent of the females had experienced sex by the age of 25. A decade later, the 25-year mark belongs on the trash heap of sexual history. Ninety-six percent of the males and 98 percent of the females in our survey lost their virginity by the age of 25. When we look at our statistics, we discover how profound the change is. Kinsey shocked a nation by suggesting that three percent of the women he studied had engaged in intercourse by the time they were 16. Thirty percent of our female respondents report that they lost their virginity before they were 16. (Only 26 percent of the male respondents engaged in sex by that age.) The average age for sexual initiation among the PLAYBOY generation is 17.8 for men and 17.5 for women.

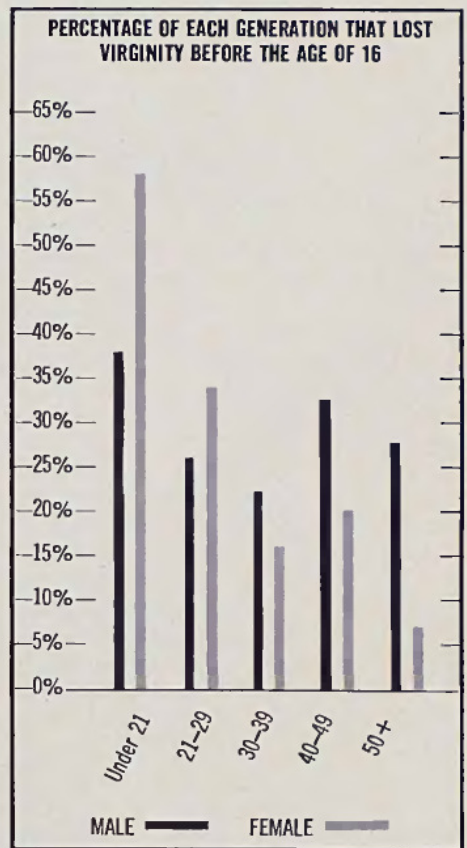
We know when and how. Sixty-one percent of the women (compared with 38 percent of the men) say they lost their virginity in a serious relationship. Forty-five percent of the men (compared with 27 percent of the women) say they lost it in a casual relationship. Eight percent of the men visited a prostitute for their first time.

Young women today are losing their virginity at an earlier age. We found that 58 percent of the women in the PLAYBOY survey who are currently under 21 lost their virginity before the age of 16. Only 38 percent of the men in the same age group did so. Consider the chart at right, comparing age of first intercourse among females and males by generation.

These figures indicate an intensification of a trend that's been evident for some time. In a nationwide survey conducted by social scientists John Kantner and Melvin Zelnik in 1976, 18 percent of the women studied said they had had sexual intercourse by the time they were 15.

What does it mean? Kinsey found that for males, the age of first intercourse was a critical factor. Men who started early did more of everything. The *Redbook* study confirmed that relationship for women. It compared age of initiation against a variety of behaviors. Early initiates did more. Fifteen seemed to be the magic number. PLAYBOY verified that finding. The men and women who start early go on to have more active and varied sex lives. In comparison with men who start later, they are more likely to enjoy oral sex frequently, to have tried anal sex, to have had 25 or more partners and to have had

a homosexual experience after adolescence. The *Redbook* study suggested that there was a burnout, that women who started early became disenchanted with sex. We found no evidence to support that theory. Women who start early



are as satisfied as women who lose their virginity after they reach 16. Men who get it on early are more likely than late starters to be satisfied with their sex lives.

The high number of young sexual initiates points to another interesting development. Kinsey found that sexual behavior was directly related to the level of education. College-educated people had more sex and more varied sex than less-educated people. We found no connection between education and sexual behavior. If everybody is doing everything before he gets out of high school, that makes a kind of backward sense. It almost suggests that sex is no longer reserved for the rich and the educated.

In practice, the double standard is fast disappearing. But attitudes may be lagging behind behavior. In our questionnaire, we asked whether or not our readers would be disturbed if their daughters had sex by the age of 16. Half of the men and women say they *would* be. In contrast, only 18 percent of the men and 29 percent of the women are worried about their sons' sexual initiation. Those old values die hard.

#### THE PROMISCUITY INDEX

Question 35 on our survey asked, "If you were about to marry, would you



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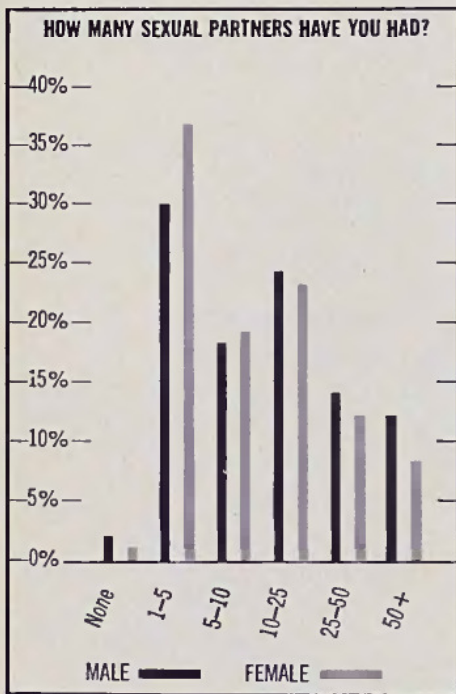
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want him or her to have had a number of sexual partners?" Again, the responses reflect a double standard. Forty-one percent of the men and 57 percent of the women want a partner with experience. Fifty-three percent of the men and 37 percent of the women want to marry inexperienced partners, if not virgins.

Question 57 asked, "How many sexual partners have you had?" There are two useful ways to present the answers—by the mean (average) and the median. The mean, in this case, represents the number of partners divided by the number of respondents. But that figure can be distorted by extreme responses from a small number of individuals—the relative few who have done a lot to many, so to speak. The median can be a more useful figure. It represents the middle point among the respondents—half the people score higher, half score lower. The mean number of partners for the men in our survey is 19.8, with a median of 16.3. The mean number of partners for the women is 16.1; the median is 7.8. And the zipless fuck is alive and well. Thirty percent of our female respondents say that they have asked strangers to have sex. Four percent have asked and been turned down.

For years, men were expected to have all the experience. Now you are just



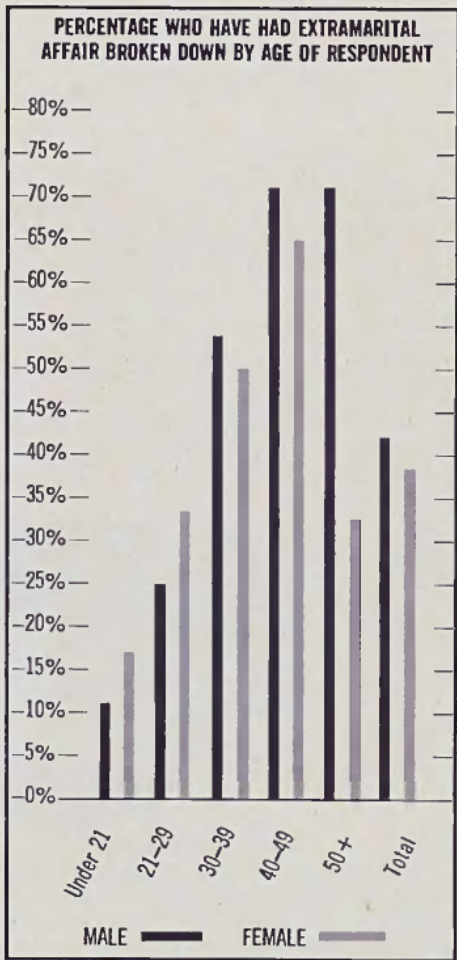
as likely to run into a woman who has tasted the fruit of experience. You may find that she knows as much about sex as you do.

Does promiscuity lead to disillusionment or despair? The evidence suggests not. For both men and women, experience contributes to a good self-image. The more partners you've had, the more likely you are to say that you are a good lover. We also discovered an interesting

discrepancy between the sexes. The more partners a man has, the more likely he is to say that he gets enough intercourse. The more partners a woman has, the more likely she is to say that she wants *more* intercourse.

THE INFIDELITY INDEX

Kinsey reported that about half of all married men and one quarter of all married women eventually fooled around. Twenty-five years later, Hunt found that the figure for men had not increased. Indeed, his figure was 41 percent. He suggested that young wives were catching up: They were three times as active as young married women in Kinsey's study. In our survey, 48 percent of the men and 38 percent of the women say that they have had an extramarital affair. When we break down the figures for extramarital sex by age and gender, we discover that among



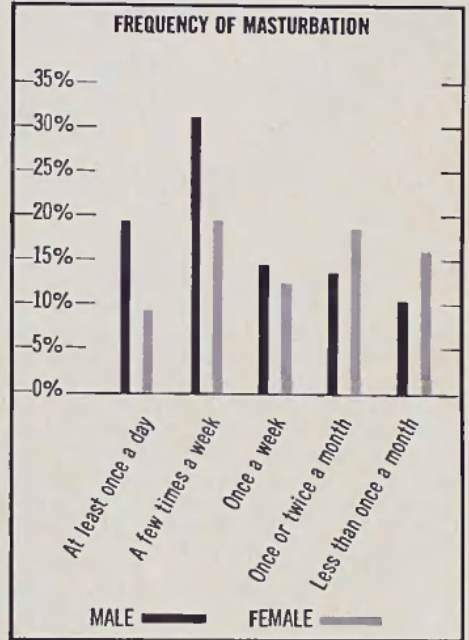
young marrieds, significantly more women are having affairs than men. We will analyze this phenomenon in a future issue.

SEXUAL HEAT

Next, we looked at a group of questions that were intended to give us a reading of the sexual temperature of our readers. We know that the culture has changed since Kinsey conducted his survey; acts that were too delicate to discuss

30 years ago have become common practice. We assume that people are doing more of everything, but not even we were prepared for the numbers.

For example, Kinsey claimed that up to 92 percent of the men in his sample masturbated at some point in their lives. By the age of 30, the single men who still masturbated did so with a median frequency of 30 times a year. Hunt found that up to 94 percent of his sample masturbated. By the age of 30, single men did so with a median frequency of 60 times a year. Nine out of ten men in our study still masturbate, with a median



frequency of 140 times a year. The median frequency for women in our survey is 44 times a year, compared with 37 times a year for active single females for Hunt and 21 times a year for active single females in the Kinsey report.

The same kind of sea change can be seen in the figures for oral sex. Kinsey reported that fewer than 50 percent of the married men in America had ever engaged in oral sex of any kind. By the early Seventies, Hunt found that half again as many men had discovered oral sex. Six out of seven of the women surveyed by *Cosmopolitan* and *Redbook* had performed oral sex. Our figures suggest that oral sex has not just become acceptable, it has become an indispensable part of lovemaking.

More than half of the men and women in our survey say that they include oral sex almost every time they make love. Eighty-seven percent of the men enjoy giving head, as do 77 percent of the women. Oral sex is a critical factor in a woman's sexual self-image. Those who perform fellatio are more likely to say they are good lovers, while those who don't like to are more than three times as likely to say they are *not* good



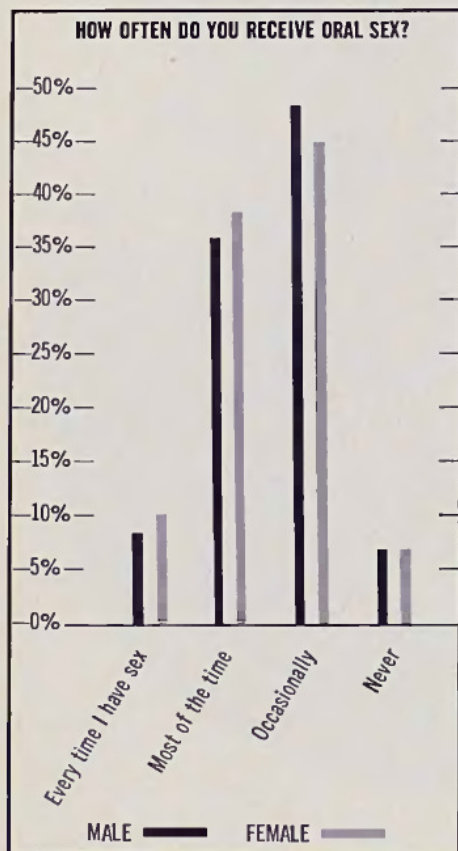
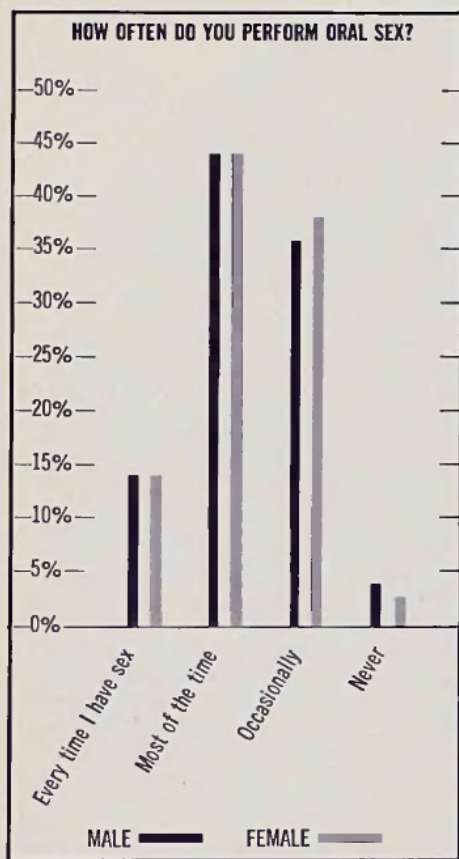


Bruce Brown

*"Maybe I'm using too much softener when I wash the sheets."*

lovers. All things considered, they're probably right.

The figures on anal sex show change



more clearly. Thirty years ago, Kinsey wrote: "Anal activity in the heterosexual is not frequent enough to make it pos-

sible to determine the incidence of individuals who are specifically responsive to such stimulation." In 1972, Hunt found that attitudes and behavior had changed. One quarter of his married sample occasionally included anal intercourse in their lovemaking. Approximately half of the married men and women who answered the PLAYBOY questionnaire have engaged in anal intercourse. Of those, 13 percent do it more than once a month. Some 63 percent have tried forms of anal stimulation other than intercourse.

We've gotten the word from the sexual frontier: There's some good news and some bad news.

- At least a third of the men and women in our survey have engaged in public sex.

- A sizable minority (roughly a third) have had sex with more than one person at the same time.

- More than half of the men and women have had sex with more than one person in the same 24-hour period.

- Almost half talk dirty during sex.

- Two thirds of those sampled have used devices for sexual stimulation.

- Forty-seven percent of the men and 59 percent of the women have used drugs to enhance sex.

- Seven percent have engaged in S/M.

- One out of ten people we surveyed has had a venereal disease in the past five years. Of those, a disturbing three out of ten did not tell their partners about it.

- A third of the women we studied have had an abortion. That is not surprising when you look at the figures on birth control. Almost a third of our readers say they rely on withdrawal or blind luck.

We will have more to say about these findings in future issues.

#### WHO'S ON TOP

Kinsey reported that the males he interviewed almost universally did it on top, in the missionary position. The woman-on-top position had been tried by one third of his sample. Hunt found that his respondents had tried several positions, but he did not ask for their preference. The 1982 PLAYBOY survey asked readers to rate their favorite positions. There were some surprises. Fifty-three percent of the women chose male on top as their favorite position, while 25 percent preferred female on top. Men are more evenly divided in their preferences—37 percent chose male on top as number one, while 35 percent chose female on top as their favorite position.

An interesting side light—Kinsey found that only a small number of couples had tried the rear-entry position. The times have changed. Not only have people in our survey tried it—they've tried it

enough that some favor it above all others. Almost 14 percent of the women and 20 percent of the men rank rear-entry sex as their favorite position for intercourse.

There are myriad ways to interpret those data: One theory suggests that there is no such thing as a dominant position—man on top, woman on top—it all adds up to sex. The man on top has a lasting popularity—a lot of women want the man to do the work. (Question 104 asked, "Do you think women want men to be dominant in relationships?" Fifty-eight percent of the women say yes. What can we say? It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it.)

#### THE STATE OF THE ORGASM

Contrary to popular belief, orgasm is not the be-all and end-all of sex. We asked, "What's the best moment in intercourse?" Readers could choose among six answers: "Foreplay," "Penetration," "Genital stimulation," "When my partner comes," "When I come" and "The cigarette afterward." Some refused to settle for one answer and checked several. There were 23,516 extra responses. The most frequent response for men (36 percent) was that the best moment of intercourse is "When my partner comes." It seems men may be more caring than they have been given credit for (though just as goal-oriented). Of course, men do enjoy their own orgasms. Twenty-six percent chose that answer. Foreplay follows closely (24 percent). Penetration was selected as the best moment by 19 percent of the men. We asked men if they think they are good lovers and compared their answers with the frequency of their partners' orgasm. There is a direct relationship—the more frequently she reaches climax, the more likely he is to think he's good.

Unlike the men, the women most frequently chose foreplay (32 percent) as the best moment in intercourse. Like the men, the women enjoy their own orgasms. That response was chosen by 29 percent of the women. Undoubtedly, the most important difference is that only 23 percent of the female respondents list their partners' orgasm as the best moment of intercourse, ranking it fourth behind penetration (28 percent).

Female self-image is tied to the ability to come: Women who don't usually or never have orgasms were asked if they think of themselves as good lovers. They were more than twice as likely as orgasmic women to say no.

If the female orgasm is the standard by which we judge sex, what have we learned about the experience? A few years ago, Hite made headlines by suggesting that two thirds of all women have trouble reaching orgasm through intercourse. In contrast, Hunt found that 53 percent of

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occasionally runs out.



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the married women he surveyed reached orgasm all or almost all of the time. An additional 21 percent climaxed three fourths of the time.

Forty percent of the women in our survey are very orgasmic—they say that they never or rarely have intercourse without orgasm. Thirty-eight percent of them say that they sometimes have intercourse without orgasm. Only 20 percent report that they have difficulty reaching climax during coitus.

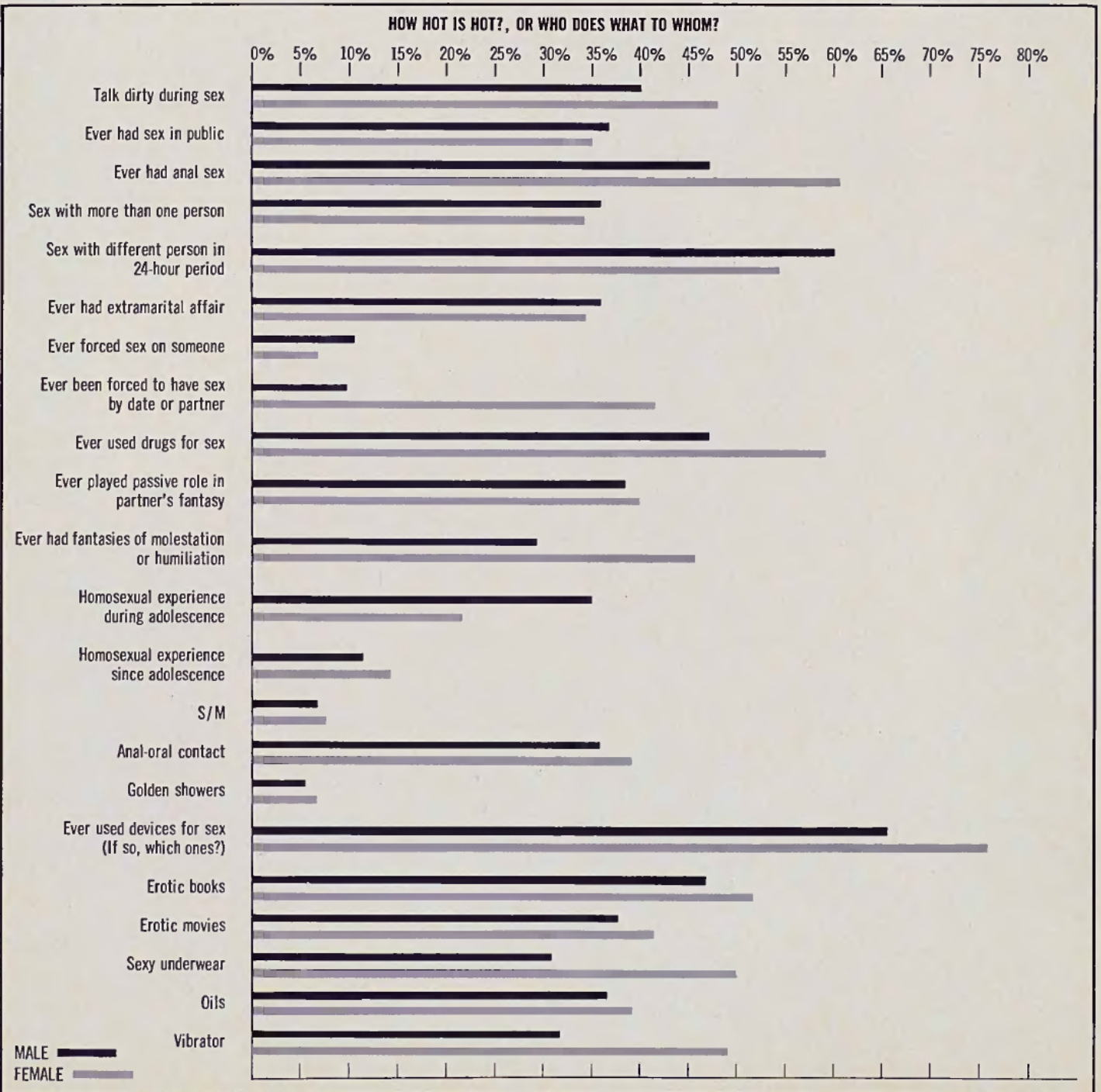
We discovered an interesting discrepancy: Seventy-seven percent of the men say that their partners reach orgasm always or usually. Only 40 percent of the women say that they come that frequently. How do we explain the difference? Question 59 asked, "Have you ever pre-

tended to have an orgasm during sex?" Almost two thirds of the women *have* faked a climax. Perhaps more surprising is the revelation that 28 percent of the men have faked an orgasm at one time or another. At first, we were somewhat puzzled by such figures. If so many people can get away with faking an orgasm, are we really paying attention to each other? Apparently we are: Men and women substantiated each other's claims on another set of questions. We asked women how long it takes them to reach orgasm. The average is 11 minutes. When asked to estimate how long it takes their partners to reach orgasm, men suggested an average of 10.8 minutes. Men take an average of ten minutes to reach orgasm; women estimated that it takes

their partners an average of 9.6 minutes. Those figures suggest that most men still come before most women.

For men, the threat of premature ejaculation lurks as a potential destroyer of the masculine ego. While our survey shows that coming too soon is an occasional problem for a majority of men, it's not the crushing blow that has been feared.

Eighty-one percent of the men admit that there are times when they feel they come too quickly (62 percent say it happens occasionally; seven percent, frequently). Fifty-one percent of the men who confess to premature ejaculation say that they deal with the problem by stimulating their partner in another way; 24 percent say they simply wait and start





JOHN  
DEMPSSEN

over. Question 29 asked, "From what activity do you get the most intense orgasm?" Thirty-nine percent of the women who answered cite intercourse; 33 percent, cunnilingus; and 22 percent, masturbation. (Men have the same preferences: Forty-six percent cite intercourse; 33 percent, fellatio; and 14 percent, masturbation.)

We asked readers to identify the most sensitive parts of their body. Judging from the number of responses, everyone has at least three sensitive areas. We got 224,667 choices, including a flood of write-ins for pleasure zones we neglected to mention. Three quarters of the women pick breasts. Sixty-nine percent cite genitals. In third place are lips, followed by ears. (Similarly, men cite genitals, lips and ears.)

#### WHAT TURNS US ON

Question four asked, "What's the most important quality in a good lover?" Question six asked, "What are the sexiest features in the opposite sex?" Question 100 asked, "What qualities attract you to a person of the opposite sex?" Question 101 asked, "What are the qualities you need in a steady lover?" And question 87 asked, "About whom or what do you have sexual fantasies?" For years, we have been told that men and women have different concepts of desire, that we are turned on by different things. To put it bluntly, men are supposedly turned on by anything that moves, while women need romance. Our survey puts an end to that bit of

folklore. We discovered that men and women want essentially the same things. Both think the most important qualities in a lover are enthusiasm and gentleness (men favor enthusiasm, followed closely by gentleness, while women cite gentleness as the top quality, followed closely by enthusiasm). A small number of both agree that willingness to experiment is crucial. What attracts us to the opposite sex? Women cite looks, common interests, sense of humor, brains, sexual energy, money and power. The men's list is identical. (Looks are somewhat more important for men—55 percent rank them number one, compared with 33 percent of the women.) Apparently, men and women are looking for the same things in a steady lover, as well: Women list trustworthiness, intelligence, humor and sexual energy. Men cite trustworthiness, intelligence, looks and sexual energy. Surprisingly, money didn't seem to be a major consideration. When asked to name the sexiest features of the opposite sex, the majority of men answer breasts (67 percent), ass (63 percent) and eyes (56 percent). Women answer eyes (71 percent), ass (59 percent) and, in a tie for third, lips and genitals (36 percent). We've always known that men are girl watchers. It turns out that women are just as observant.

Does penis size matter? Roughly 80 percent of the men and women who answered our questionnaire do not think so. Men who say they are poor lovers tend to be hung up on penis size. There

are no differences in self-image between women who think it's important and women who don't. Only 28 percent of the men and 26 percent of the women think breast size is important to a woman's sexiness.

We've been told that women don't respond to pornography as much as men do. Our study found just the opposite. Thirty-eight percent of the men and 42 percent of the women say they watch erotic movies occasionally for sexual arousal. Forty-seven percent of the men and 52 percent of the women say they read erotic books. Those figures are almost the same as those in the *Redbook* survey, in which 46 percent of the women said they frequently used movies or books for arousal.

Perhaps the most significant finding in this section concerns fantasy. Roughly half of the men and women report having sexual fantasies about strangers. A sizable majority say that they fantasize about close acquaintances. Forty-seven percent of the men and 30 percent of the women have erotic daydreams about co-workers. We eroticize our environment. Many of our readers felt that the list of choices we gave them—ranging from rock stars to sports figures—was too limited. There were some interesting write-ins (though the numbers are too small to be of statistical significance). Three percent of the men mention that they fantasize about centerfolds. (We love you guys.) Four percent of the women wrote in to say that they fantasize about their lover or mate (compared with one percent of the men). A tiny percentage mention having erotic fantasies about relatives and ex-lovers.

What makes us happy? Both men and women rank their priorities as love, family life, friends, sex and money—in that order. Men and women are not so different in their values. What surprises us is the low position given to work (women rank it sixth, men rank it seventh).

With the importance given by our readers to love and family life, it should prove interesting to examine the differences among various lifestyles. Part two of *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey*, "Is There Sex After Marriage?" will examine the lives of the single, married, divorced, remarried and those who just live together. The initial findings are intriguing. It seems that the people who live together do more of everything and never seem to lose the flame. And it may be that divorced and remarried people learn from their mistakes and go on to more fulfilling sex lives. Look for it in the March issue.

By James R. Petersen in collaboration with Arthur Kretchmer, Barbara Nellis, Janet Lever and Rosanna Hertz.



"Gee, Barbara, I really feel tongue-tied. Why don't I mail you a cassette?"

The reasons each country has had to renege on its financial commitments are all somewhat different: Argentina because of a war, Poland because of its vast misguided overinvestment in heavy industry, Honduras because the coffee price went sour, Zaïre because nobody in the government there has a clue as to how to run a country. But the result is the same in all cases: They no longer have sufficient dollar income and/or reserves to service their dollar debts.

Are they ever going to be able to repay? If not, who or what is going to bail them out? If there is no bail-out, which banks in which countries are going to be in danger of going belly up?

Let's answer the last question first. The American banks that have lent the most to the weakest are the biggest: Citibank, Chase Manhattan, Continental Illinois, Bank of America, J. P. Morgan, Manufacturers Hanover, Chemical Bank, First Interstate, Security Pacific, Bankers Trust. Why? First, simply because they are the ten biggest banks in the United States. And because of their size, they were automatically on the list of the 50 largest banks in the world, those banks the Arabs considered eligible to receive almost unlimited amounts of petrodollar deposits. The vast supply

of money put at those banks' disposal created its own pressure to create demand for equal amounts. That's why we saw the proliferation of sovereign loans on such an immense scale by so few banks. The other reason: greed. Every one of those banks today makes roughly half of its profits abroad. Ten years ago, not one did.

Now to the bail-out issue. What if things suddenly get worse? For instance, what if everybody in the developing world, plus most of Eastern Europe, decides to get on the default band wagon simultaneously, openly and defiantly; or, on a much less flamboyant level, what if some bank examiner somewhere, overcome by conscience, decides to declare those bad loans what they are—bad loans—thus forcing one of the big banks in New York or London or Frankfurt to the wall? Will Uncle Sam simply stand aside and let Citibank or Chase or Continental Illinois go broke? Will the Bank of England deliberately allow a Barclays or a National Westminster or a Lloyds to go belly up? Will the Bundesbank let the Deutsche Bank and the Dresdner Bank and the Westdeutsche Landesbank Girozentrale go down the drain? Because all of those big international banks are also in the global top 50, all (except for the Japa-

nese banks, naturally) have been doing the same things as Chase or Citibank, and so they are all similarly exposed.

The answer is: Of course not. The reason can be found in one shared memory, that of the Creditanstalt, the huge Austrian bank that was allowed to go broke in 1931, leading to a domino toppling of financial institutions around the world—including the closing in this country of 10,000 banks that would never reopen their doors. That event—not the famous New York stock-market crash of 1929—was the single financial happening that turned a recession that had begun in the fall of 1929 into the Great Depression that lasted until 1940. No government is going to allow that to happen again. In fact, no American Government is going to allow any other government to let it happen again.

How?

Well, first of all, by looking the other way as the commercial banks of the world throw good money after bad in order to preclude the *de facto* defaults on sovereign loans' turning into *de jure* defaults. If Poland can't pay interest on its old loans, the banks simply process a new loan so that it can. Ditto when the principal comes due. A lot of people, in describing this process, use the old joke about rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic.

As a result, increasing numbers of



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investors in the U.S. have joined the "flight to quality" by moving their funds out of certificates of deposit with the large U.S. banks into treasury bills, notes and bonds of the U.S. Government. Abroad, this capital flight has taken the form of a renewed move into gold. The banks and the bankers pretend not to be worried. Walter Wriston, chairman of Citicorp, has suggested that the debts of the L.D.C.s and Eastern Europe should be considered more or less like the trillion-dollar national debt here in the U.S.—one that must be constantly "rolled over," since it will never be paid back. "There are few recorded instances in history," he wrote in the op-ed page of *The New York Times*, "of government—any government—actually getting out of debt." What Wriston did not point out was that while our Government can print any number of dollars it needs to service the national debt, since "we owe it to ourselves," the governments of Mexico or Argentina cannot. Unfortunately for them and for their international bankers, they owe dollars but can print only pesos.

So where will the dollars have to come from when the rescheduling process breaks down—as it inevitably must? We already know the answer: from the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. The U.S. Government and the governments of Western Europe and Japan will have to increase the capital of those international lending institutions by tens of billions of dollars (the funds ultimately coming from the pockets of the developed world's taxpayers). Those institutions themselves will then be able to borrow additional tens of billions in the world's capital markets (contributing to high interest rates for the rest of us). And, as the various sovereign-loan-default crises arise, the huge sums thus accumulated will be lent to the treasuries and the central banks of the basket-case nations so that they can, in turn, pay back the money they owe Chase and Bank of America and Lloyds and the Dresdner Bank. By maintaining the solvency of the basket-case nations, we preclude a rerun of the Creditanstalt collapse and its aftermath.

The U.S. Government has already proposed a variation on that theme: the establishment of a special stand-by facility, a safety net with potential funding of somewhere between \$10 billion and \$25 billion that could be activated literally overnight if a real biggie—like Brazil, say—went to the wall. The probable outcome will be a mixture of both. But even that process has its limits. At some point, the parliaments and taxpayers of the world will finally refuse to continue footing the bill for the bail-out of the world's private banks.

The ominous default situation is by no means restricted to sovereign loans in the process of going from bad to

worse. The same banks whose necks are stuck out a mile vis-à-vis countries around the world often have very serious problems at home as well. In the U.S., that point was underscored last summer by the collapse of Drysdale Securities, an obscure dealer in Government securities. When Drysdale suddenly went under, Chase Manhattan—which had been involved in the financing of Drysdale's inventory of securities—was just as suddenly out \$117 million. Then came the collapse of an equally obscure financial institution in

and the company is still losing money like crazy every month. Or did you ever hear of a company called GHR? It's in the oil and gas business, and because of what's happened to the oil business as a result of the oil glut, it's also experiencing serious financial difficulties. This Good Hope, Louisiana, company owes Continental Illinois \$165 million; it owes Chase \$125 million; it even owes a French bank, the Banque du Paris et Pays-Bas, \$245 million. How much of that those banks will get back remains to be seen.

Not that the U.S. situation is unique. Take Canada—stead, steady Canada. Its banks are in even greater trouble. The reason is that each of its top four banks has lent more than half of its capital and reserves to just one company—Dome Petroleum (something no U.S. bank could do, by the way, since by law, no amount greater than ten percent of its capital can be lent to one borrower. In Canada, there is no limit). Following the Canadianization policy of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau where his country's energy industry was concerned, Dome Petroleum was encouraged to borrow billions in order to buy out foreign interests in a number of Canadian oil companies, especially Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas. It seemed like a sure thing because, after all, the oil price was going from \$40 a barrel to \$60 to \$100. Remember? Well, wrong again. As a result of the oil glut, Dome Petroleum's income (like Mexico's) is way below what it expected; its debts (like Mexico's) are enormous, more than seven billion dollars. Consequently, Dome (like Mexico) has already been forced to renege on a payment of \$1.35 billion (Canadian) due the banks at the end of last September, and it is a foregone conclusion in financial circles that the company will also fail to meet the repayment of another \$2.41 billion due in June. The government and the four banks recently reached a rescue agreement that will give them 51 percent of Dome's common stock, but if this default becomes total, who will bail out the Canadian banks?

Had enough? Well, just one more country: Germany, supposedly the model for the rest of us because of its fiscal and monetary conservatism, its hard currency and its solid banks. No more. Teetering on the edge of bankruptcy is one of Germany's largest corporations, AEG-Telefunken, equivalent of our General Electric. It owes the big German banks 2.2 billion marks. The Wienerwald restaurant empire, *Deutschland's* closest counterpart to McDonald's (in terms of importance in the restaurant business of the country, not of the cuisine), is in equally bad shape—about a half billion. One of the country's biggest construction firms, Neue Heimat, is apparently also

The Exposure of the Ten Largest U.S. Banks in Mexico (in Billions of Dollars)

Bank	Loans Outstanding	Shareholders' Equity	Mexican Exposure as Percentage of Shareholders' Equity
Citicorp	\$2.3	\$4.3	53.5
Bank of America	2.4	4.1	58.5
Chase Manhattan	1.5	2.6	57.7
J. P. Morgan	1.1	2.4	45.8
Manufacturers			
Hanover	1.7	1.9	89.5
Continental Illinois	0.6	1.7	35.3
Chemical	1.3	1.5	86.7
First Interstate	0.7	1.6	43.7
Security Pacific	0.5	1.3	38.5
Bankers Trust	0.8	1.2	66.7

The World's Biggest Debtors (in Billions of Dollars)

Country	Total Debt	Loans from
		Private Banks
Brazil	87.0	67.5
Mexico	81.0	68.0
Argentina	36.6	27.5
Venezuela	35.5	29.0
South Korea	35.0	21.4
Poland	26.0	24.0
Indonesia	21.9	9.6
Egypt	19.0	5.5
Chile	18.2	12.0
Philippines	18.0	11.6
Colombia	10.5	6.4
Thailand	10.2	6.0
Nigeria	10.0	8.0

Oklahoma City, the Penn Square Bank. Not only did large depositors in that bank lose a couple of hundred million dollars but it turned out that Penn Square had "sold"—to such northern banks as Continental Illinois of Chicago and Seafirst Bank of Seattle—about two billion dollars in loans to oil-exploration companies, loans that, for the most part, will never be repaid. Lurking in the wings is International Harvester, a company that must repay the big banks \$1.6 billion on December 15, 1983. At present, it's difficult to see how Harvester can possibly meet that payment. Its net worth is already down to \$500 million



broke: It is into the banks for 1.2 billion marks. All that comes on top of Poland, where the German banks are far more exposed to potential massive defaults than any other group of banks. The result is that American banks are now yanking their money out of the German banks because they consider them unsafe!

How will all this end?

There really is just one, and only one, "ultimate" solution: that which would be provided by a broadly based and sustained economic recovery throughout the Western world, starting in 1983. If the three locomotives of global economic growth—the U.S., West Germany and Japan—really get going again, they'll lift the whole world up with them in the future, just as they've done repeatedly in the past. Demand for, and the prices of, everything from copper to cocoa to sugar to oil will recover. So will demand for International Harvester's trucks and AEG-Telefunken's washing machines, perhaps bailing them out if it doesn't come too late. But most important of all, in the pull of such a recovery, the foreign-trade income of all the debtor nations will revive, and they will once again have sufficient dollars to service their external debts. At least for a while.

If, however, the 1983 economic recovery fizzles—especially if it fizzles soon—those teetering corporations and those destitute debtor nations will have no chance. The banks will have to foreclose at home. And abroad, the World Bank and the I.M.F. will soon run out of financial Band-Aids. The temporary cash-flow problems of the Third World and Eastern Europe will then be recognized for what they really are: deep-seated structural problems so great they are unsolvable in our generation.

The world would then face a default situation dwarfing that which began in 1931. If that realization should suddenly spread, the world's banks—literally all of them—could become suspect overnight. Everybody would try to get his money out at the same time. It could all happen so fast that before the governments of the world could respond by "reliquefying" the banks with "new" money, the worst would have already occurred. My guess is that we'll know the answer to all that no later than 1985.

To be sure, there's no doubt a great temptation to view this situation with a good amount of gloating. After all, when were money-changers ever the most beloved among us? My suggestion, however, is that you be nice to your banker. Sympathize with him. Buy him a drink now and then. Be supportive. Because—let's face it—if he goes, we all go.



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*"She laughs in my face and heads out. I see her bouncing black hair even after she has gone."*

next to his warming-up sensible compact, but give me this *look* and hope that I will invest it with meaning. I decide to blow things out of proportion.

"You two should do something *nice* together!" I call out.

Deke slings his head down and bitterly studies a nail on one hand, then gets in and drives away.

You think you got it bad? Says here, a man over to Arlee was jump-starting his car in the garage; he had left it in gear, and when he touched the terminals of the battery, the car shot forward and pinned him to a compressor that was running. This man was inflated to four times his normal size and was still alive, after God knows how long, when they found him. A hopeful Samaritan backed the car up and the man just blew up on the garage floor and died. As awful as that is, it adds nothing whatsoever to the basic idea. Passing in your sleep or passing as a pain-crazed human balloon on a greasy garage floor produces the same simple result year after year. The major differences lie among those who are left behind. If you're listening, please understand: I'm still trying to see why we don't all cross the line on our own or

why nice people don't just help us on over. Who knows if you're even listening?

"So," I cry out to the person with exaggerated innocence, illustrating how I am crazy like a fox. "So, how did you enjoy the doughnuts?"

She stops, looks, thinks. "That was you?"

"That was me."

"Why?" She is walking toward me.

"It was a little something from someone who thinks somebody should take you somewhere nice."

My foot is in the door. It feels as big as a steamboat.

"Tomorrow," she says from her beautiful face, "make it cinnamon Danish." Her eyes dance with cruel merriment. I feel she is of German extraction. She has no trace of an accent and her attire is domestic in origin. I think, What am I saying? I'm scaring myself. This is a Deadrock local with zip for morals.

I decide to leap forward in the development of things to ascertain the point at which it doesn't make sense. "We are very much in love," I say to myself. I recoil privately at this thought, knowing I am still OK if not precisely tops. I am

neither a detective nor a complete stoop. I fall somewhere in between.

"Tell you what," she says with a twinkle. "I come home from work and I freshen up. Then you and me go for a stroll. How far'd you get?"

"Stroll. . . ."

"You're a good boy tonight and I let you off lightly."

Mercy. My neck prickles. She laughs in my face and heads out. I see her cross the trees at the end of the street. I see the changing flicker of different-colored cars. I see mountains beyond the city. I see her bouncing black hair even after she has gone. I say quietly, "I'm lonely; I had no idea you were not to have a long life." But I'm still in love.

I call Doc. "You go to hell," I tell him. "You can put your twenty-two-fifty an hour where the sun don't shine, you dang quack."

John Q. Public says, "Walk the line, boy, or pay the price." Well, John, the buck stops here. I'm going it alone.

She stood me up and it's midnight.

I have never felt like this. This house doesn't belong to me. It belongs to the Person, and I'm lying on her bed, viewing the furnishings. It's dark here. I can see her coming up the sidewalk. She will come alongside the house and come in through the kitchen. I am in the back room. I guess I'll say hello.

"Hello."

"Hello."

She's quite the opposite of my wife, but it's fatal if she thinks this is healthy. She's in the same blue dress and appears to view this as a clever seduction.

"It's you. Who'd have guessed? I'm going to bathe, and if you ask nice, you can help."

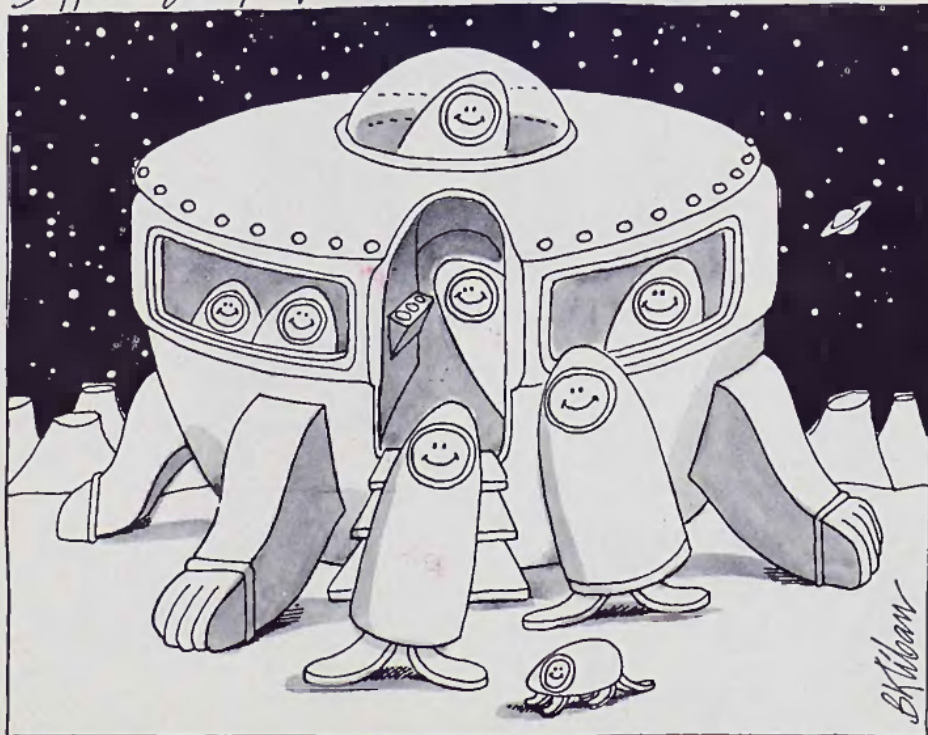
"I want to see."

"I know that." She laughs and goes through the door, undressing. "Just come in. You'll never get your speech right. Do I look drunk? I am a little. I suppose your plan was a neighborhood rape." Loud laugh. She hangs the last of her clothes and studies me. Then she leans against the cupboards. "Please turn the water on, kind of hot." When I turn away from the faucets, she is sitting on the side of the tub. I think I am going to fall, but I go to her and rock her in my arms so that she kind of spreads out against the white porcelain.

She looks at me and says, "The nicest thing about you is you're frightened. You're like a boy. I'm going to frighten you as much as you can stand." I undress and we get into the clear water. I look at the half of myself that is underwater; it looks like something at Sea World. Suddenly, I stand up.

"I guess I'm not doing so good. I'm

### *Suppository People from Uranus*



not much of a rapist after all." I get out of the tub, a real stoop.

"You're making me feel great."

"That Deke has caused you to suffer."

"Oh, crap."

"It's time he took you someplace nice."

I'm on the muscle now.

I am drying off about 100 miles an hour. I go into the next room and pull on my trousers. I don't even see her coming. She pushes me over on the day bed and drags my pants back off. I am so paralyzed, all I can do is say, "Please, no; please, no," as she clambers roughly atop me and takes me with almost hurtful fury, ending with a sudden dead flop. Every moment or so, she looks at me with her raging victorious eyes.

"Just don't turn me in," she says. "It would be awful for your family." She bounces up and returns to the bathroom while I dress again. There is a razor running and periodic splashes of water. Whether it is because my wife has to sit through the whole thing or that I can't bring her back, I don't know, but the whole thing makes me a different guy.

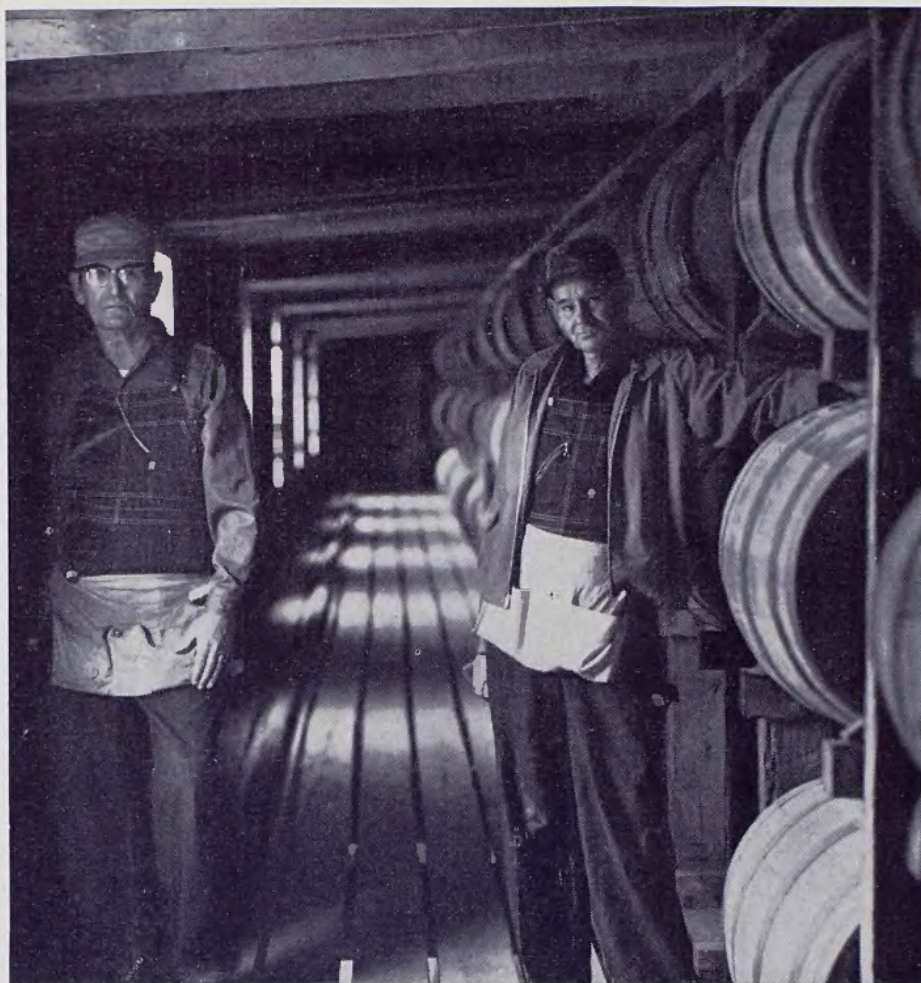
She tows me outside, clattering on the steps in wooden clogs, sending forth a bright woman's cologne to savage my nerves. I see there is only one way my confused hands can regain their grasp: I burst into tears. She pops open a small flowered umbrella and uses it to conceal me from the outside world. It seems very cozy in there. She coos appropriately.

"Are you going to be OK now?" she asks. "Are you?"

I see Deke's car coming up the street. Impact Man, the one who never does anything nice for her. I dry my tears posthaste. We head down the street. We are walking together in the bright evening sky under our umbrella. This foolishness implies an intimacy that must have gone hard with Impact Man, because he arcs into his driveway and has to brake hard to keep from going through his own garage, with its barbecue, hammocks and gap-seamed, neglected canoe—things whose hopes of a future seem presently to ride on the tall, shapely legs of my companion.

I can't think of something really right for us. The only decent restaurant would seem as though we were on a date, put us face to face. We need to keep moving. I feel pretty certain we could pop up and see Al Costello, my Catholic friend in the tower. He always has the coffeepot going. So we get into my flivver and head for the prison. It makes a nice drive in a Tahiti-type sunset, and by the time I graze past staff parking to the vast space of visitors', the wonderful blue-white of the glass tower has ignited like the pilot light on a gas stove.

"I want you to meet a friend of mine." I tell the lady. "Works here. Big Catholic family. He's a grandfather in his



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late thirties. It looks like a lonely job and it's not."

The tower has an elevator. The gate guards know me and we sail in. The door opens in the tower.

"Hey," I say.

"What's cooking?" Al grins vacantly.

"Thought we'd pop up. Say, this is a friend of mine."

"Mighty pleased," Al says. He has the lovely manners of someone battered beyond recognition. She now is glued to the window, staring at the cons. I think she has made some friendly movements to the guys down in the yard. I glance at Al and evidently he thinks so, too.

We avert our glances, and Al says, "Can I make a spot of coffee?" I feel like a fool.

"I'm fine," she says. "Fine." She is darn well glued to that glass. "Can a person get down there?"

"Oh, a person could," says Al. I notice he is always in slow movement around the tower, always looking, in case some geek goes haywire. "Important thing, I guess, is that no one can come here unless I let them in. They screen this job good. The bad apples are long gone. It takes a family man."

"Are those desperate characters?" she asks, gazing around. I move to the window and look down at the minnowlike movement of the prisoners. This would have held zero interest for my wife.

"A few, I guess. This is your regular back-yard prison. It's just little. Plus, no celebrities. We've got the screwballs is about all we've got."

"How's the family, Al?" I dart in.

"Fine, just fine."

"Everybody healthy?"

"Oh, yeah. Andrea Elizabeth had strep, but it didn't pass to nobody in the house. Antibiotics knocked it for a loop."

"And the missus?"

"Same as ever."

"For Christ's sake," says my companion. We turn. He and I think it's us. But it's something in the yard. "Two fairies," she says through her teeth. "Can you beat that?"

After which she just stares out the window, while Al and I drink some pretty bouncy coffee with a nondairy creamer that makes shapes in it without ever really mixing. It is more or less to be polite that I drink it at all. I look over and she has her widespread hands up against the glass, like a tree frog. She is grinning very hard and I know she has made eye contact with someone down in the exercise yard. Suddenly, she turns.

"I want to get out of here."

"OK," I say brightly.

"You go downstairs," she says. "I need to talk to Al."

"OK, OK."

My heart is coated with ice. Plus, I'm mortified. But I go downstairs and wait in a green-carpeted room at the bottom of the stairs. There is a door out and a door to the yard. I think I'll wait here. I don't want to sit in the car, trying to look like I'm not abetting a jail break. I'm going downhill fast.

I must be there 20 minutes when I hear the electronics of the elevator coming at me. The stainless doors open and a very disheveled Al appears with my friend. There is nothing funny or bawdy in her demeanor. Al swings by me without catching a glance and begins to open the door to the yard with a key. He has a service revolver in one hand as he does so.

"Be cool now, Al," says my friend intimately. "Or I talk."

The steel door winks and she is gone into the prison yard. "We better go back up," says Al in a doomed voice. "I'm on duty. God Almighty."

"Did I do this?" I say in the elevator.

"You better stay with me. I can't have you leaving alone." He unplugs the coffee mechanically. When I get to the bulletproof glass, I can see the prisoners migrating. There is a little of everything: old guys, stumble bums, Indians, Italians, Irishmen, all heading into the shadow of the tower. "We're just going to have to go with this one. There's no other way." He looks like Jack Benny admitting something isn't funny. He looks crummy and depleted, but he is going to draw the line. We are going to go with it. She will signal the tower, he tells me. So we wait by the glass, like a pair of sea captains' wives on their widow's walks. It goes on so long, we forget why we're waiting. We are just doing our job.

Then there is a small reverse migration of prisoners, and she—bobby pins in her teeth, checking her hair for bounce—waves up to us in the tower. We wave back in this syncopated motion, which is almost the main thing I remember: me and Al flapping away like a couple of widows.

As we ride down in the elevator again, Al says, "You take over from here." And we commence to laugh. We laugh so hard I think one of us will upchuck. Then we have to stop to get out of the elevator. We cover our mouths and laugh through our noses, tears streaming down our cheeks, while Al tries to get the door open. Our lady-friend comes in real stern-like, though, and we stop. It is as if we'd been caught at something and she is ultrasore. She heads out the door, and Al gives me the gun.

In the car, she says with real contempt, "I guess it's your turn." Buddy, that was the wrong thing to say.

"I guess it is." I am the quiet one now.

There is a great pool on the river about a mile below the railroad bridge. It's moving, but not enough to erase the stars from its surface or the trout sailing like birds over its deep, pebbly bottom. The little home wrecker kneels at the end of the sand bar and washes herself over and over. When I am certain she feels absolutely clean, I let her have it. I roll her into the pool, where she becomes a ghost of the river trailing beautiful smoky cotton from a hole in her silly head.

It's such a relief. We never did need the social whirl. Tomorrow, we'll shop for something nice, something you can count on to stand up.

There for a while, it looked like the end.



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## STYLE/MICHAELS

(continued from page 114)

made of air. The long, long, lugubriously brainy sentences of Henry James are also physical, being like intestinal pipes through which food slides in a process of slow, infinitely thorough digestion.

Works of so-called primitive art, especially African masks, impress you very directly with the mysterious power of style. They have an impact that is rarely—maybe never—felt in “civilized” art, because their style is dominant, superb and radically physical. When the anonymous Ibo genius hacks terror or ferocity into wood, it can sometimes seem that his work does not *represent* anything, certainly not himself. His piece of sculpture isn't metaphorical; it simply *is* terror, *is* ferocity. To make this clear, think of the reports from reliable witnesses who say that people in a religious trance lacerate themselves with whips and even stab themselves with knives, and shortly

afterward, the wounds close and heal, leaving no scar. If this isn't a lie, a delusion or a trick, I don't know what it is supposed to be called. But the same phenomenon—the incredible unity of body and mind—is in the masks, in the style of primitive art.

I think this is like the experiences I talked about earlier: the rare and hallucinatory moments of clarity achieved by athletes and musicians and writers who have tremendous style. Perhaps, in those moments, style returns us to the home we lost long ago in the dynamic structure of the nonhuman universe—the Garden of Eden, where body and mind were one thing and desire flowed continuously into fulfillment. Isn't that where we want to go? Don't we recognize that dreamy trip in moments of tremendous style, in the way the speeding ball seems to want DiMaggio's glove?



“Isn't he just great? What do you suppose he's on?”

## STYLE/KING

(continued from page 113)

A fascinating combination.

I did not, you understand, thirst to be the kind of mom-'n'-pop-store bidness man who kept dusty ledgers and faithful hours. No, I pined to be a get-rich-quick man. I eventually discovered it was my ambition and my style to be an entrepreneur.

It took me a while to get the hang of it. My first venture, in the fourth grade of the Putnam (Texas) school, was to write everybody's English themes for five cents the pop. Unfortunately, I used the same handwriting, tablet paper and ink color often enough to arouse official suspicions. I didn't mind the shame so much; what hurt was having to refund all those nickels.

Next I sold autographs of the famous. Business, admittedly, was slow while I depended on the signatures of local luminaries, county commissioners, preachers and such. There was a dramatic upsurge in the summer of 1939, when I made available the autographs of Tom Mix, Tarzan and F.D.R. When I offered the signature of Jesus Christ at 15 cents each or two for a quarter, I suddenly found myself back in the restitution business.


The problem, I decided as I grew and matured, was that I had not thought big. In 1957, I began to think big. Real big. Quite by accident, I stumbled onto a sure-fire way to make \$500,000 with only a minimum of heavy lifting required.

I was then working on Capitol Hill for a Texas Congressman who would just as lief I not report his name. One day, I noticed a newspaper item beckoning me to riches: Lumber being used to construct the Inauguration platform from which President Dwight D. Eisenhower was scheduled to take his oath for a second term would be sold after the festivities to the highest bidder. Surely, such historic wood could be put to profitable use.

I approached a friend, Glen P. Wilson, an employee of Senator Lyndon B. Johnson; we got our thinking caps on. Wilson had been selected as my potential partner because he, too, thirsted to be an entrepreneur. Never mind he had failed as the inventor of a three-dimensional game board that boasted several clear-glass platforms permitting players to compete simultaneously at chess, Chinese checkers, mah-jongg, dominoes and, maybe, pole vaulting. Perhaps the game board failed because it was bigger than an oil derrick or required too much concentration for the TV generation to handle; at any rate, the large concept qualified Wilson as an Olympian thinker. I wanted him on my side in the Eisenhower-plaque bidness.

No way the Eisenhower-plaque enterprise could fail, Ike having amassed 35,000,000 votes in his second trouncing of Adlai Stevenson and being the most beloved American since Lassie. We hired a fellow with a slide rule, who calculated

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**Bacardi eggnog.** Greet friends with cheer. Simply add 12 oz. Bacardi dark rum to 1 qt. prepared eggnog. Fold in 1 cup whipped heavy cream. Chill. Crown with nutmeg. Serves 12.

**Bacardi strawberry daiquiri.** Enjoyed by all. In large container, mix juice of 8 limes or 6 lemons and 9 tsps. sugar (or 6 oz. limeade or lemonade concentrate, omit sugar). Add 1½ packages frozen strawberries and one 750 ml bottle Bacardi light rum. Split in two batches to blend. Pour batches into bowl or pitcher over ice. Serves 18.

**Bacardi and ice.**  
Sip. And get to know the good taste of Bacardi dark or light rum as it really is. Each with its own distinctive taste. Smooth. Light. Pour 2 jiggers over ice. Cheers.

**Bacardi and juice.**  
Celebrate! Splash a jigger of Bacardi light rum over ice in a tall glass. Fill with pink grapefruit or orange juice. Squeeze in lime or lemon wedge. Stir. Ah-h-h.

**Bacardi and cola.**  
Party favorite. Just splash a jigger of Bacardi dark rum over ice in a tall glass, fill with cola and add a squeeze of lime.

**Bacardi piña colada.**  
Wintery winds carry tropical tidings. Blend 1 oz. cream of coconut and 2 oz. pineapple juice (or prepared mix) with 1½ oz. Bacardi dark rum and crushed ice. Serve tall with ice and pineapple.

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we could cut 550,000 little square plaques from the historic wood. Our calculations were that by selling them for one dollar each, we would easily clear a cool half million—probably more. After all, our only expenses would be the lumber itself, a couple of electric saws, a gold-stamping machine, small cardboard boxes in which to ship the historic plaques, a bit of newspaper advertising, postage and rental on P.O. Box 1956, Washington, D.C. We budgeted not a dime for labor costs, figuring we would do the dirty work ourselves until the first 100,000 plaques had been sold. Then, perhaps, we might hire friends and illegal aliens at hourly rates so cheap the costs would be laughable consequences to a couple of rich swells.

We successfully bid the lumber at a cost of only \$3200, plus the interest on our bank loan. We bought two electric saws, for a total of \$1400, and a gold-stamping machine, which would imprint in gold letters on the wooden blocks this legend: THIS HISTORIC PLAQUE IS CERTIFIED AS PART OF THE OFFICIAL INAUGURAL PLATFORM OF DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, 35TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM WHICH HE TOOK HIS OATH OF OFFICE ON JANUARY 21, 1957. It was a steal at a mere \$800 and change.

Wilson approached *The New York Times*, *The Des Moines Register*, the *Chicago Tribune* and many other newspapers, as well as, cleverly, the G.O.P. national house organ. The cost of the resulting ads—tiny and positioned back by the patent-medicine and truss ads in most cases—totaled a mere \$4717.36. The dignified *New York Times*, however, insisted on official assurances that our wood blocks were pedigreed. We got a letter from the Architect of the Capitol appropriately pedigreeing them. Then we had a new inspiration: Perhaps we should supply our customers with small individual certificates signed by the Architect of the Capitol. These spiffy numbers, on old parchment to lend a touch of class, were fashioned for only five cents each. Unfortunately, the aggregate sum for the

first 20,000—we would have the remainder delivered later from profits—strained us an additional \$1200.

We found it necessary to return to the bankers. Our total cost had now exceeded \$12,000—not counting the postage we'd need. Our original banker, faced with our burgeoning capital requirements, suddenly developed an ongoing lack of enthusiasm. Through relatives and friends, we raised another \$5000, plus more lectures and horselaughs than we found seemly.

Eventually, our raw lumber was delivered to the basements of our respective homes in Alexandria, Virginia. We sighed and wrote off the resulting window breakage and wall damage to future profits.

For days, King/Wilson, their wives and a few believing friends sawed, stamped and certified historic wood around the clock. As the appearance of our first ads approached, our main worry was that the 15,000 Eisenhower plaques we had readied would not suffice to meet the initial flood of orders. We hired a lawyer. For a mere \$500, he pledged to stall malcontents until income exceeded outgo and we could fill orders in a timely fashion.

Came the marvelous Sunday our ads appeared across the width and breadth of the United States. Wilson and your present hero made a midnight raid on P.O. Box 1956, Washington, D.C. Zilch. Nada. Nothing. That was OK. We hadn't really expected to find orders that early; our visit to the P.O. was more of a dry run, for practice, like you'd conduct just before robbing a bank.

Monday's postal run proved exactly as productive as Sunday's. Well, what the hell; the mails required a while. Tuesday morning, we discovered nine letters ordering 11 plaques. We hugged and danced and went home on our lunch hours to produce another few dozen of our hot item before the deluge.

Tuesday afternoon brought a dozen letters ordering as many historic plaques. "These are only the airmail orders," we assured each other. "Wait until the regular-postage letters and postcards start com-

ing in!" We returned, perhaps a bit apprehensively, to our saws and stamping machine.

A week later, we had sold 49 Historic Eisenhower Plaques. At one dollar the item. Wives began to caterwaul; friends quit volunteering their services on our assembly line; bills began to visit P.O. Box 1956, Washington, D.C.

I telephoned Jim Hagerty, Ike's press secretary, to say that while I admittedly was a registered Democrat, I was big enough to rise above petty partisanship: How about Ike's plugging our entrepreneurship at his next press conference, waxing eloquent about this fine example of free enterprise, and so on? Alas, the nameless secretary to the Presidential press secretary coolly proclaimed that Mr. Hagerty was far too busy to be bothered and that the White House never, but never, endorsed commercializations of The Highest Office in the Land. *Click.*

A month later, having sold a total of 76 plaques, we began the painful process of liquidation. You'd be surprised how many people had no use for a gold-stamping machine. Our ad in trade journals brought a single postcard, from a man in North Carolina. We rapidly called him.

"He don't do no talkin' on the phone," a woman said before hanging up.

We called back. She explained that her husband was "deef and dumb." We told of her husband's interest in buying our spiffy gold-stamping machine. She laughed and laughed: "He ain't got thutty-fie cents. Fact is, he's a ward of the state."

"So are we," I said glumly to my partner.

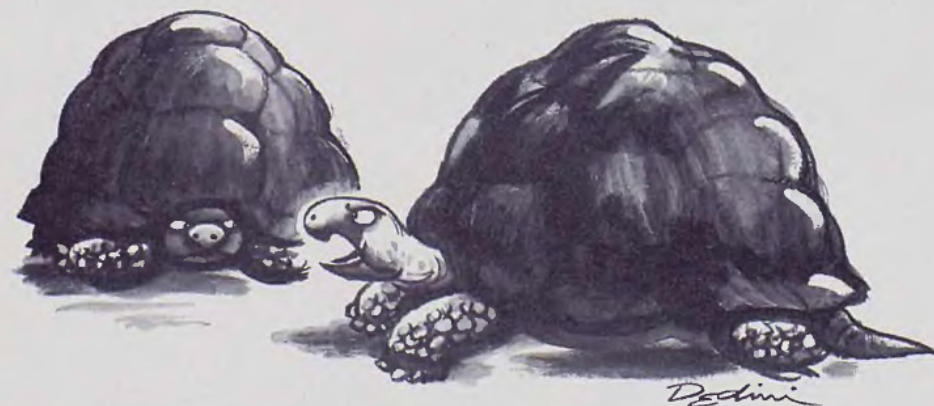
We sold our gold-stamping machine at junk weight and unloaded the twin electric saws for one third of what we had in them.

Davis Carter, a colleague on Capitol Hill, paid \$300 for the unsawed remainder of our historic Ike wood and used it to build a back-yard fence. He added insult to injury by adorning it with a number of those accursed plaques.

A few nights later, I hosted a to-hell-with-it party in my own back yard. Highlight of the evening was the ceremonial public burning of 15,000 little wooden plaques, give or take a few dozen. The Alexandria Fire Department came to the party, without invitation, to douse the fire. The fire marshal handed me a \$50 summons for unauthorized trash burning. He was certainly right about what I had burned.

The lifestyle of the entrepreneur is difficult to give up, however. I always look for the main chance. When the editors of PLAYBOY asked me to write this piece, I said I would do it for one dollar per word.

Per word. Per word. Per word. Per word. Per word.



"All right, I was unfaithful. But, damn it, that was over one hundred years ago!"



## STYLE/BUCKLEY *(continued from page 112)*

for not going to the trouble of finding out which one it was, since it doesn't matter. Tolstoy, I think; but, in any event, I read the story some time during my teens. It was about a very rich young prince who one evening engaged in a drinking bout of Brobdingnagian dimensions with his fellow bloods, which eventually peaked, as such affairs frequently did in that curious epoch of genius and debauchery, in a philosophical argument over the limits of human self-control. The question was specifically posed: Could someone succeed in voluntarily sequestering himself in a small suite of rooms for a period of 20 years, despite the fact that he would always be free to open the door, letting himself out or others in? In a spirit of high and exhibitionistic dogmatism, the prince pronounced such hypothetical discipline preposterous, and announced that he would give 1,000,000 rubles to anyone who succeeded in proving him wrong.

You will have guessed that a young companion, noble but poor, and himself far gone in wine's litigious imperatives, accepted the challenge. And so, with much fanfare, a few days later, the rules having been carefully set (he could ask for, and receive, anything except human company), Peter (we'll call him) was ushered into the little subterranean suite of rooms in the basement of the prince's house.

During the first years, he drank. During the next years, he stared at the ceiling. During the years after that, he kept ordering books, more books and more books. Meanwhile, the fortunes of the prince had taken a disastrous turn, and so he schemed actively to seduce Peter to leave his self-imposed confinement, dispatching letters below, describing evocatively the sensual delights Peter would experience by merely opening the door. In desperation, as the deadline neared, he even offered one half the premium.

The night before the 20th year would finish at midnight, half the town and thousands from all over Russia were outside to celebrate and marvel over the endurance of Peter upon his emergence. One hour before midnight, the startled crowd saw the door below street level open prematurely. And Peter emerge. One hour more and he'd have earned 1,000,000 rubles. But he had, you see, become a philosopher; and in all literature, I think, there is no more eloquent disdain for money.

What *style*, you say; and I concur. But what is it about that one hour that speaks so stylishly, in a sense that one year before the deadline would not, lacking as one year would be in drama; or, at the other end, before midnight, one minute overfreighted in melodrama?

It is style, surely.

Even so the speed of human responses,

which, indicating spontaneity, can suggest integrity. "Is it all right if I bring Flo's sister and her husband along for the weekend?" demands *instant* assent; the *least* pause is, to the quick ear, lethal. When such a proposition is posed, the man of style will make one of two decisions, and he must here think with great speed. He will either veto the extra guests, going on to give whatever reason he finds most ingenious—or he will accept them *on the spot*. Absolutely nothing in between. In between is many other things defined as lacking in style.

It is so, I think, with language, and with that aspect of language on which its effectiveness so heavily relies—namely, rhythm. It matters less what exactly you say at a moment of tension than that you say it at just the right moment. Great speed may be necessary, as above; or such delay as suggests painful meditation, as required to ease, console or inspirit the other person. Style is not a synonym for diplomacy. Style can be infinitely undiplomatic, as in the stylish means selected by John L. Lewis to separate his union from the CIO. "We disaffiliate," he wrote on an envelope, dispatching it to headquarters. It is some-

times stylish to draw attention to oneself, as Lewis was doing. Sometimes, the man of style will be all but anonymous. Some men are congenitally incapable of exhibiting a stylish anonymity. Of Theodore Roosevelt it was said that whenever he attended a wedding, he confused himself with the bride. The queen of England could not feign anonymity; neither could L.B.J. or Mr. Micawber. But whichever is sought—being conspicuous or inconspicuous—timing is the principal element. Arrive very early at the funeral and you will be noticed, even as you will be noticed arriving at the very last minute. In between, you glide in, on cat feet.

In language, rhythm is an act of timing. "Why did you use the word *irenic* when you say it merely means peaceful?" a talk-show host once asked indignantly. To which the answer given was: "I desired the extra syllable." In all circumstances? *No, for God's sake.*

In the peculiar circumstances of the sentence uttered, those circumstances were set by what had gone just before, and with some intuition as to what would probably come just after. A matter of timing. A matter of style.



*"Don't forget, this medicine worked better on the rat than it did on the guinea pig, and I think he's more like a guinea pig."*

## STYLE/MANO (continued from page 113)

and a Braun motorcycle, not to mention that new Betamax (all you need now is the TV)? So the waiter said, "White wine or red, sir?" and you asked him what other color he had. So what if you've got dumb old gonorrhea when all your sharp brethren have herpes and GRID? Never mind that your designer warm-up suit was designed by H & R Block. If you were a priest, you'd have little alligators on your vestments. Don't worry: I'm just like you. And take it from me: As Dr. Johnson said, "Style is the last refuge of a Spaniard."

First, remember this: Anybody who must adopt style is deep down insecure. Man, if he was secure, why would he have to go around dressed like someone else? Huh? Answer that for me. Why would he hack out a whole new persona: cowboy, biker, gourmand, punk, iron pumper, Anderson voter, *I Ching* tosser, neurasthenic, Swedenborgian—whatever. I mean, keeping this other guy is more expensive than keeping a mistress: You need two wardrobes and one full-time librettist. Only some real-far-gone snow blower would require an alias, an alibi, a cover—which things are, no more and no less, what passes these days for style. Now, me: I don't have style; I have this condition. I'm so styleless I've got an unnumbered Swiss bank account in *Nigeria*. I buy Doan's Pills from my pusher. Shees, if I were an airline seat, I'd recline forward. Yet I get by; just listen how.

God, see, He put a stop payment on my body. Clothes? No matter what I wear, still I look like something very trapezoidal wrapped by a six-year-old. Organ banks won't extend me credit. At 5'4", I've got the profile of a chopped-down Toyota hatchback: Much, much, much goes over my head—which

head is  $7\frac{7}{8}$  and oblong as a Delco Freedom battery. For suppleness and grace you could compare me to, oh, George Wallace going uphill on cobblestones. I'm the only man around with no bio-rhythm whatsoever. I do not, you catch, have great faith in Visible Me. Yet I appear supermasculine: muscular and hirsute. Mostly, I suspect, I resemble a Mason jar full of testosterone.

All this, please note, does not give me mental scoliosis. When facing Mr. Gold Earring and Raisin-Dyed-Interlock-Beaver Poncho beside his silver gull-wing De Lorean, I'm a one-man group session, a human Place of No Qualms. This brine shrimp is in trouble. Anyone with that many accessories has to feel as inadequate as a square paint roller. He will need me. Hell, I'm such a safe space that they bought my air rights for some kind of adult retirement home. I'll do foot reflexology on his head, improve his tantric canasta and, in general, validate him half to death. I'm your cheap therapist is what.

I'll come at him all improper fractions and cheerful ineptitude—plus the energy of an entire emerging nation. From handshake onward, he'll know he has just met Dr. Double Fault himself. "Hi, they call me Mano, and my new novel sold seven copies last week. One day. Gee, I really appreciate the guy who went out and bought it on Sunday." Or "Gladda meetcha, you notice I don't have a natural-shoulder body. Careful of my Lycra spandex suit, I'm sorta held together the way those toothpicks with red-plastic fur on them hold your club sandwich together." And people think, Who is this poor-drainage area? But, believe me, it works better than Lamaze on the soul. Soon, *les chics* are telling me about their trouble—which is *très* important and

never laughable, like mine inevitably is.

And, boy, do I listen to Mr. Style. I can give six people my undivided attention at once. Right here, 8:20 P.M., August 3, 1982, he is the most significant person I've ever met. What? He invented the traffic cone? Sensational. Huh? He can make weird noises with his groin? Jesus, Merv Griffin; he has just got to wire Merv Griffin about that. He's a cabby, a plumber, an anchovy farmer, a poltroon, an unprincipled opportunist—by me, he's the best at it ever, not even close. And he'll get even better. He'll make a cover of *Cosmopolitan en Español*. He'll be in the public domain. I promise and I *care*. Baby, you are listening to the Confidence Man.

Am I sincere? Is Mean Joe Greene with all his clothing off basic black? Listen, I write 16 hours a day. I get out maybe once per solstice. Doesn't matter who I'm with—whether he matriculated at rat obedience school or he unfolds other people's *origami* for joy—he hasta be more fun than a 1000-word article on Old Church Slavic or whatever I'm writing today. I'll make him a star, like Leopold and Loeb or Mother Cabrini. I love that Old Buddy, no balloon juice, right from the clavicle, *straight*.

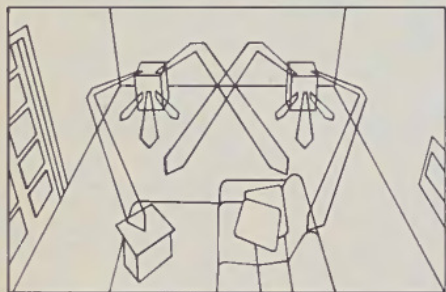
But, someone over there is saying, how can this nonconductor, this complete flame-out inspire cheerful times and confidence? Because, Spud Hole, I have a *very deep voice*. I am where the big-band sound went. I mean, I'm half Orson Welles and half that old poop who can make Smith Barney sound like someplace where they tie your scrotum off for being late to work. My voice has six knobs on it, including HIGH MESMERIZE—plus a fuzz box and an optional wa-wa pedal. I could announce immediate nuclear holocaust and people would just smile, then run out to buy five-year T-bills. *Cultivate a deep voice*: Doesn't count if you trip over your shoe-shine or look dull as two Mennonites; even the highest stylist will nod and say, "Yassuh, I'll buy one, and could you inseminate my daughter, please, while you're at it?"

Well, gotta head on now. But I wantcha t' know this was the most touching and perceptive one-way conversation I've ever had. Your wife looks swell, especially how her canine teeth overlap one another. Junior can't miss; 17 is just the right age for repatterning his crawl. Wow, lookit him go: like A. J. Foyt with knees. And you—gosh, getting your eyelids removed was so modish. Wait'll they hear about it at Andy Warhol's *Interview*. Think of all the time we waste blinking. Uh-huh, you sure do have style. And it doesn't in the least detract from your exquisite lack of personality.





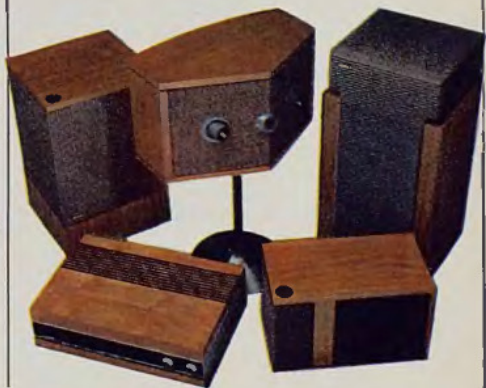
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100% SCOTCH WHISKIES  
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750 ML. (25.4 FL. OZ.) 40% ALC/VOL

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IN  
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This season, give the Scotch that's always in good taste. Passport. Made of Scotland's finest whiskies and honored in 114 countries around the world. It's always more rewarding to give a first-class gift.

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# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

**H**ERE'S OUR HEROINE WITH WANDA IN THE RUGGED LANDSCAPE OF SAN RAFAEL, JUST ABOVE SAN FRANCISCO, WHERE REDWOODS AND HOT TUBS ABOUND. LIKE SAN RAFAEL ITSELF, THE HOT TUB HAS A YOUTHFUL APPEAL. IT'S HEALTHY. IT'S CLEAN. IT'S THERAPEUTIC. AND MAINLY YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU GET A GIRL INTO YOUR TUB, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME TILL YOU'RE INTO HERS.

JEEPERS! THIS IS SUCH FUN. ALL TYPES CAN ENJOY HOT-TUBBING.

YEAH! DIG THE CUTIE PIE WITH THE FLOPPY EARS.

EVER SINCE WE GOT THE TUB, HE'S LOST ALL INTEREST IN "GO FETCH"!



OK, EVERYONE... OUT OF THE TUB! WE'RE LEAVING!

GOLLY! AND I WANTED TO MEET THAT ROBERT REDFORD LOOK-ALIKE.



WE'RE OFF TO ANOTHER HOT-TUB PARTY.



DID YOU WANT TO MEET ME?

I'M A PERFECT FIVE!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR REDFORD IS AN EDSEL.



WE'RE GOING NORTH INTO THE HILLS OF SAN RAFAEL... HOT-TUB CITY!

BOY, SOME HILLS!

NORTH, FOOL!



WE'RE HOT-TUB PURISTS HERE. NO BATHING SUITS... NO SEX! JUST PURE MINDS AND BODIES.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! LOOK AT THE VIEW. I CAN SEE THE GOLDEN GATE.

SO CAN I!



IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY. WHEN I'M UP ON THE DECK, THE GIRLS LOOK THE OTHER WAY-

WHOSE TUB IS THIS?



BUT WHEN I'M UP TO MY NECK IN THE HOT TUB, THEY GO WILD FOR ME!

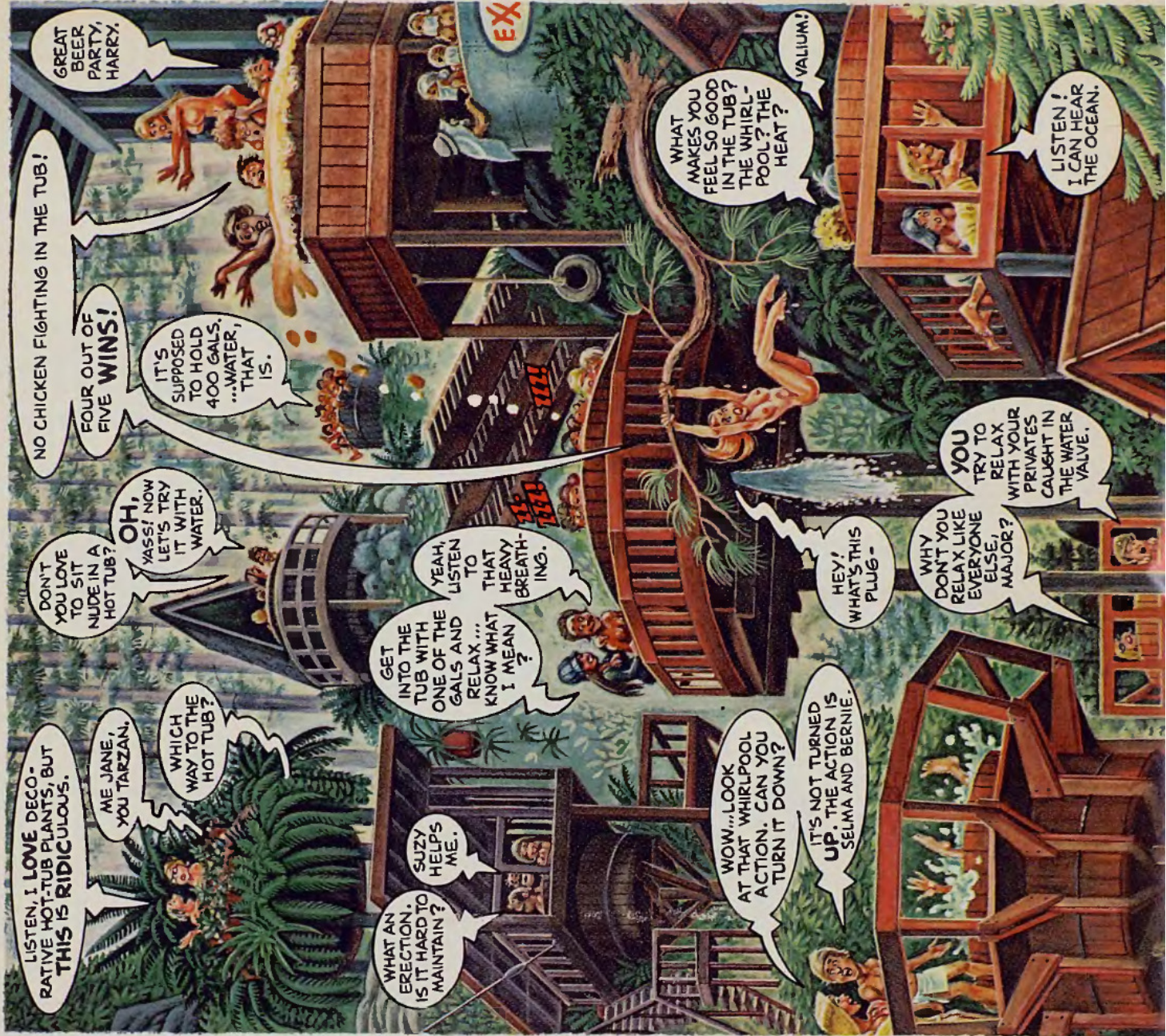
THIS TUB WAS CUSTOM-BUILT FOR ABDUL FOR ABULBUL, THE BASKETBALL PLAYER.

BEWARE OF ATHLETE'S FOOT-MAINLY ABDULS



ABDUL HAD THIS FIVE-AND-A-HALF-FOOT-DEEP TUB MADE TO ORDER BECAUSE HE'S SO TALL.

FIVE AND A HALF FEET DEEP! YIKES!!



LISTEN, I LOVE DECO-RATIVE HOT-TUB PLANTS, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

ME JANE, YOU TARZAN.

WHICH WAY TO THE HOT TUB?

DON'T YOU LOVE TO SIT NUDE IN A HOT TUB?

OH, YASS! NOW LET'S TRY IT WITH WATER.

NO CHICKEN FIGHTING IN THE TUB!

FOUR OUT OF FIVE WINS!

IT'S SUPPOSED TO HOLD 400 GALS. ..WATER, THAT IS.

GET INTO THE TUB WITH ONE OF THE GALS AND RELAX... KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

YEAH, LISTEN TO THAT HEAVY BREATHING.

SUZY HELPS ME.

WHAT AN ERECTION. IS IT HARD TO MAINTAIN?

WOW... LOOK AT THAT WHIRLPOOL ACTION. CAN YOU TURN IT DOWN?

IT'S NOT TURNED UP. THE ACTION IS SELMA AND BERNIE.

HEY! WHAT'S THIS PLUG-

WHY DON'T YOU RELAX LIKE EVERYONE ELSE MAJOR?

YOU TRY TO RELAX WITH YOUR PRIVATES CAUGHT IN THE WATER VALVE.

WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL SO GOOD IN THE TUB? THE WHIRL-POOL? THE HEAT?

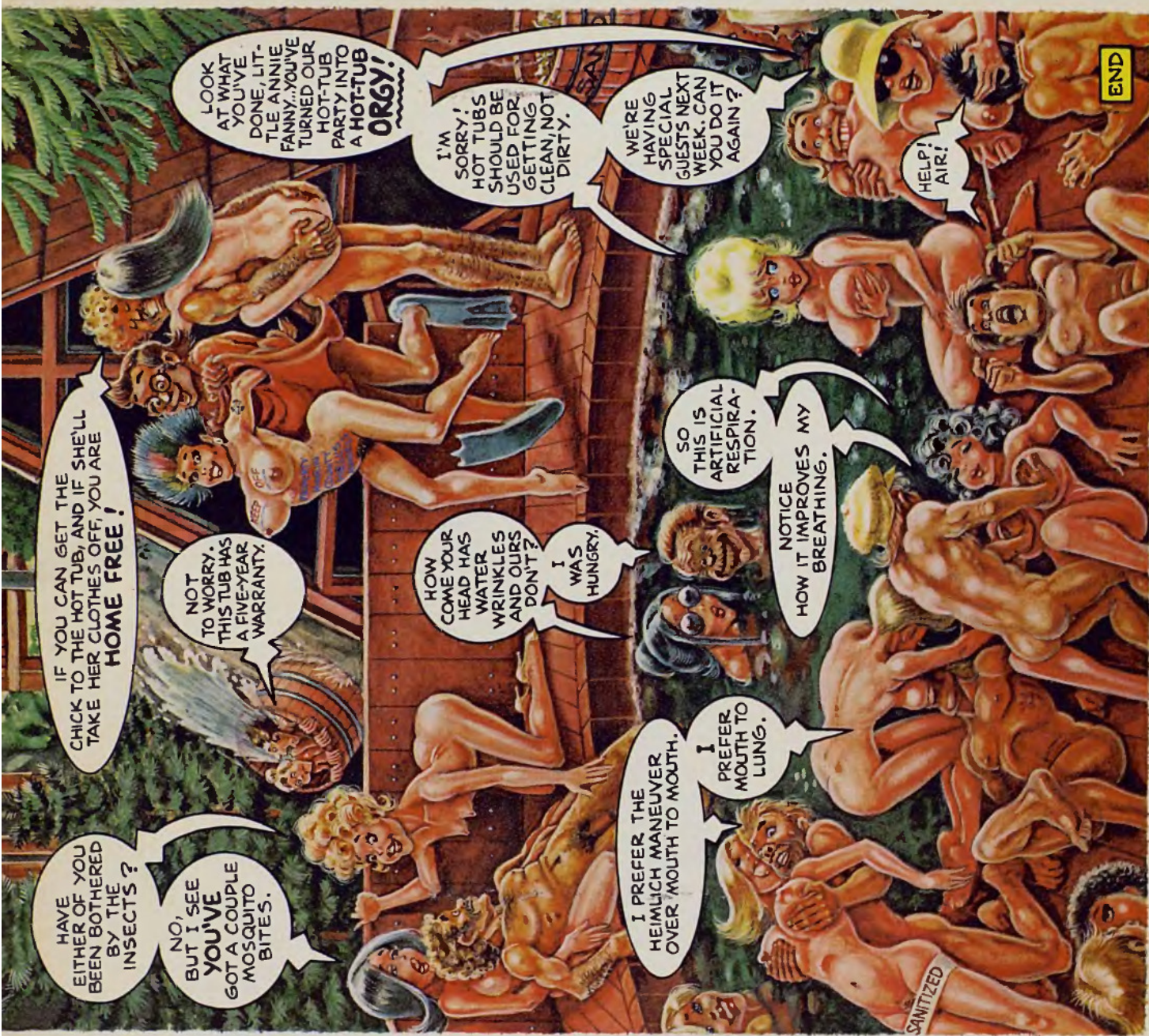
VALIUM!

LISTEN! I CAN HEAR THE OCEAN!



MY REDFORD LOOK-ALIKE IS ONLY FIVE!

INCHES?



IF YOU CAN GET THE CHICK TO THE HOT TUB, AND IF SHE'LL TAKE HER CLOTHES OFF, YOU ARE HOME FREE!

NOT TO WORRY. THIS TUB HAS A FIVE-YEAR WARRANTY.

NO, BUT I SEE YOU'VE GOT A COUPLE MOSQUITO BITES.

HOW YOUR HEAD HAS WRINKLES AND OURS DON'T?

I WAS HUNGRY.

I PREFER THE HEIMLICH MANEUVER OVER 'MOUTH TO MOUTH.

I PREFER MOUTH TO LUNG.

SO THIS IS ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

NOTICE HOW IT IMPROVES MY BREATHING.

I'M SORRY! HOT TUBS SHOULD BE USED FOR GETTING CLEAN, NOT DIRTY.

WE'RE HAVING SPECIAL GUESTS NEXT WEEK. CAN YOU DO IT AGAIN?

HELP! AIR!

QUICK! THAT MAN NEEDS MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION.

JEEPERS!

THERE CAN'T BE EVERYBODY DROWNING!

HELP! ME, TOO!

HELP! I'M DROWNING, TOO!

GLUB GLUB!

ME!

END

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# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### FASHION

## THE GREAT WHITE HOPE

Come Labor Day, the fashion pundits of yore preached, it was out with the whites and in with the dark, somber shades of clothing, perhaps to pay subconscious homage to the dark months of the year. But, let's face it, the times they have a-changed. (It seems unnecessary to point out that mother nature herself dresses a good part of the country in white for the winter.) A white wool-tweed sports jacket combined with a not-too-subtly colored shirt

(perhaps incorporating a contrasting white collar), plus charcoal slacks and a plaid tie, is just as stylish a fashion statement in January as it is in June. And the same goes for a colorful sweater teamed up with white-flannel slacks. Of course, if you step out dressed like Ricardo Montalban on *Fantasy Island*, expect people to greet you with good humor and order ice cream all around. But, treated as another color or as just a backdrop, winter white is beautiful, too. —DAVID PLATT



Below: A multicolor-wool Argyle crew-neck with rib trim, about \$65, and a multicolor-cotton/polyester plaid-twill long-sleeved shirt with a button-down collar and two patch pockets, \$30, both from Colours by Alexander Julian; are shown with a pair of belted winter-white-wool-flannel slacks with double pleats, by Country Britches, about \$90.

Below: Go white, young man, in a two-button wool-tweed sports jacket with notch lapels, by Cricketeer, about \$190; it's combined with gray-flannel slacks with adjustable tabs, by DAKS, \$80; a cotton/polyester shirt with a white contrasting collar, by Career Club, \$18.50; and a wool-blend plaid tie, by Yves Saint Laurent, about \$12.50.



Above: Talk about going the great white way! Our guy is relaxed and ready for a fireside cuddle, having traded his winter togs for a belted white-wool-challis long-sleeved robe with notch collar and yoke front, \$160, that's worn with a pair of matching wool-challis pants with an elasticized waist and angled pockets, \$90, both by Ron Chereskin Loungewear.

## GEAR

# HERE COMES THE PUMP-HOUSE GANG

**W**ith the temperature at ten below and two inches of ice on the streets, more and more joggers, cyclists and physical-fitness buffs are waking up to the advantages of spinning their wheels indoors. Exercise, after all, should be taken where you can get it, and a stationary bicycle can provide the same benefits that you'd derive from a good sprint in the park. But the real news is that stationary cycles have evolved into electronic supercoaches. They can now ad-

just your work load, count your progress, take your pulse and even give you a buzz when you've jacked up your heart rate beyond its recommended limit. (Several models even contain minicomputers into which you enter your age, weight and sex; the machine then tells you how long to work out.) So if you want to have the cardiovascular capacity of a sump pump but would rather not hazard the vagaries of cold weather and slick streets, put a little movable excitement between your legs. Be a pedal pusher.



Below, far left to right: The shapely, in-shape leader of our pack is off and pedaling aboard a Monark Ergometer 869, which monitors her pulse, pedal rpm, energy consumption and more, from Quinton Instrument, Seattle, Washington, \$1625. The number-two rider keeps up the pace pumping a German-made Haden Dynavit Aerubitronic 30 equipped with a mini-computer; the machine counts calories burned, oxygen used up and current number of pedal revolutions and displays a safe target heartbeat for each user, available at Neiman-Marcus, \$3443. The third man's AMF Computrim 900 cycle has a similar theme; it also electronically monitors heart rate and work load, by AMF Whitely, \$995. The number-four bike,

a Finnish-made Tunturi Electronic Ergometer EL 400, registers pulse rate, etc., and has a metronome that helps you monitor your pedal revolutions, from Amerc Corporation, Bellevue, Washington, \$1650. That funky machine in fifth place is a Fitron Cycle-Ergometer that operates on the principle of isokinetics; you select a level of resistance and then pedal against it, by Cybex, \$995. Last is a guy aboard an Aerobitron fitness system that's both auto and manual; the manual program allows the exerciser to monitor one's heart rate, etc.; the automatic program is for aerobic conditioning, as the user enters his age and the Aerobitron computes a target heartbeat, from John Chezik Buick, Kansas City, Missouri, \$2995.





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**New Girl in Towne**

Actress PATRICIA GELLER has a familiar face. Maybe it's all her TV commercials, or maybe it's her recent stints on *The Jeffersons* and *Archie Bunker's Place*. No matter. Her upcoming role in Robert Towne's new movie, currently called *Tequila Sunrise*, should do the trick. We hear her performance is pretty sexy. Then you'll remember her name.

**The Davis Cup**

When actor BRAD DAVIS went to Paris to publicize his recent film, *Querelle*, directed by the late German *Wunderkind* Rainer Werner Fassbinder, he made a stop at the Tuileries. Everyone knows Paris is for lovers, and Davis, not one to break with tradition, got entangled. The lady in question is playing it cool.



PIERRE VAUTHIER/STYGA



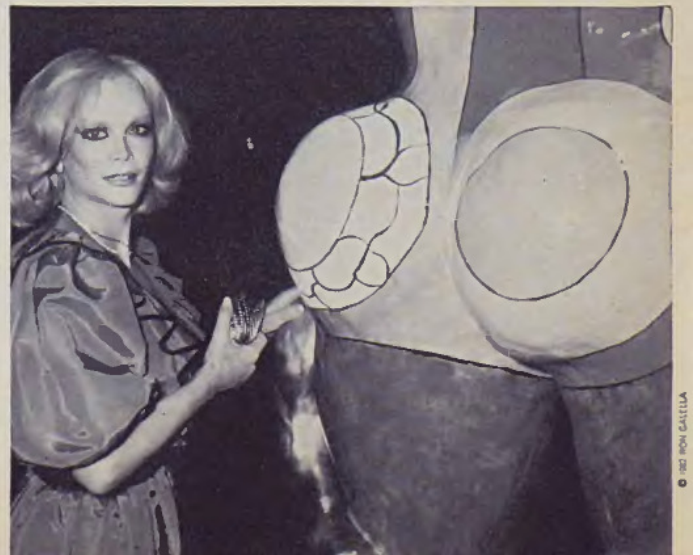
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**The Atkins Diet**

From a basically simple help!-we're-stranded-on-a-desert-island movie titled *The Blue Lagoon*, CHRISTOPHER ATKINS got an amazing amount of mileage. Of course, co-star Brooke Shields didn't hurt his visibility. More recently, Atkins starred in *The Pirate Movie* and showed up on *Solid Gold* a time or two. Who says he's only a pretty face?

**Mind if I Butt In?**

We've been known to appreciate a woman with good lines. We're artistically inclined. That's why this photo of MONIQUE VAN VOOREN caught our eye. We noticed the sculptured tush, too. We know Monique improves with time. We'll leave the tush to the ages.



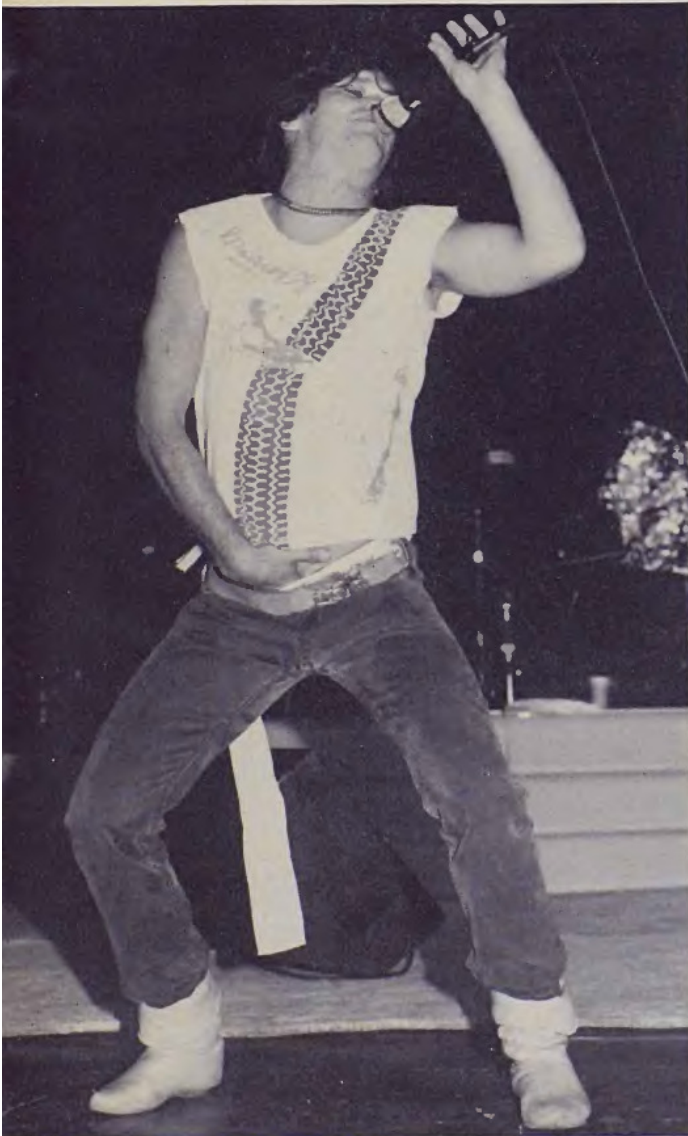
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### Copping a Feel

We considered captioning this pic "The Secret Policeman's Other Other Ball," but then it occurred to us that guitarist **ANDY SUMMERS** of the Police might just be getting interviewed here. The rock press calls this the water-pressure pressure. They press and you spill. We've heard rumors that Andy's rubber duckie's been located. We hope *he'll* be a good sport about it.



© 1982 ROSS MARINO

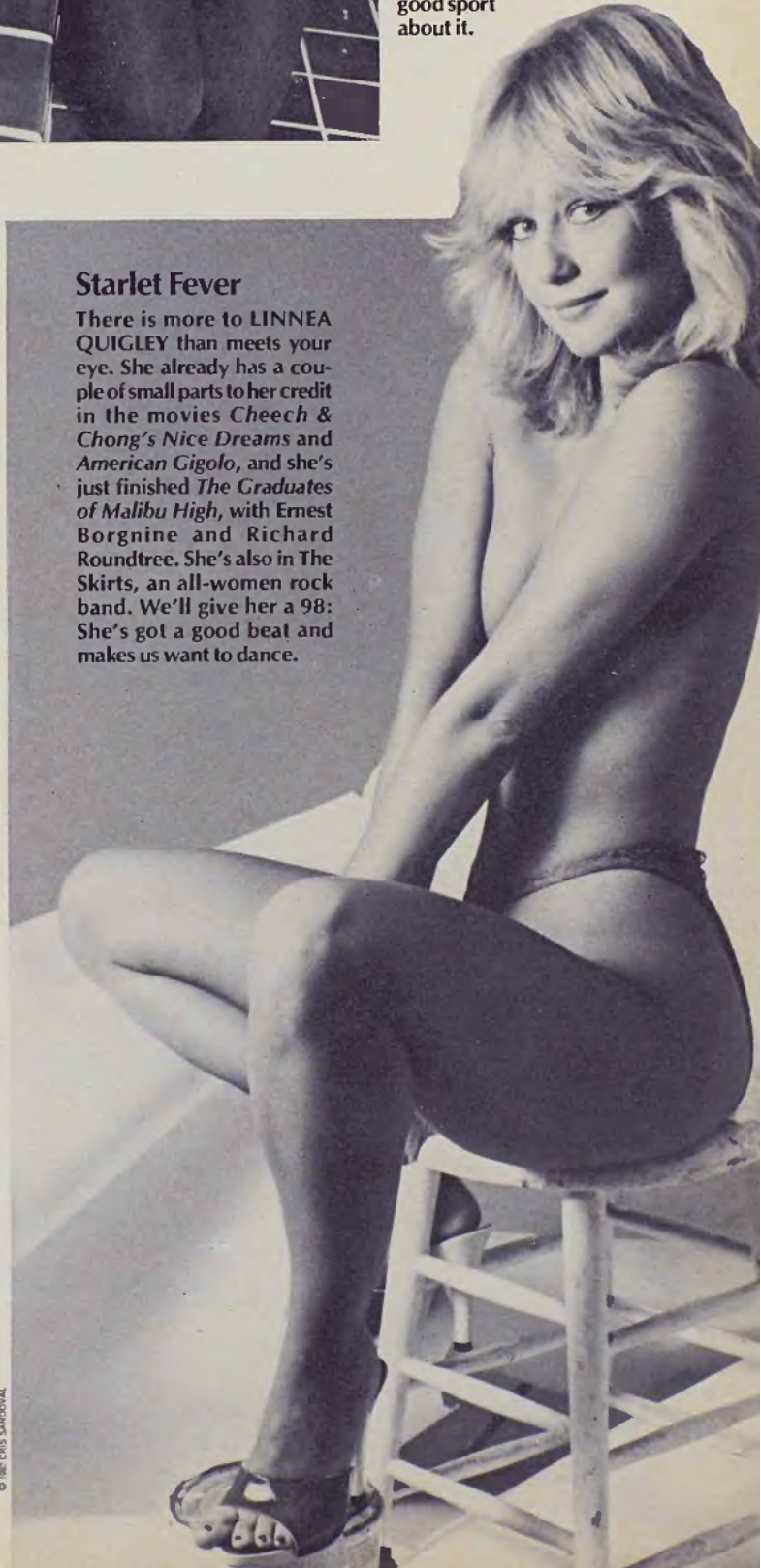
### Free the Indianapolis One

**JOHN COUGAR** gets a lot of heat from the rock press. They keep calling him a Springsteen/Seeger clone. But the joke's on them after last summer's hit single *Hurts So Good*. In fact, in October, John had a number-one album and two singles in the top ten at the same time. That's more than a holding action.

© 1982 CHRIS SANDOVAL

### Starlet Fever

There is more to **LINNEA QUIGLEY** than meets your eye. She already has a couple of small parts to her credit in the movies *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams* and *American Gigolo*, and she's just finished *The Graduates of Malibu High*, with Ernest Borgnine and Richard Roundtree. She's also in *The Skirts*, an all-women rock band. We'll give her a 98: She's got a good beat and makes us want to dance.



## THE UNKINDEST CUT?

When Edward Wallerstein, an engineer with more than passing interest in medicine, told a female acquaintance that he was working on a book critical of circumcision, she suggested that he "smell an unwashed, uncircumcised penis" before writing it. Without taking the prescribed sniff, he went ahead and wrote the book anyway. *Circumcision: An American Health Fallacy* (\$14.95 from Springer Publishing Company, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003) takes a discerning look at the history, common beliefs and consequences of the procedure. While the operation would probably engender lively debate if it were performed in adulthood, it has become nearly as automatic for the newborn as the use of forceps at birth. But, for the most part, no one—including the physician—knows very much about it.

Wallerstein tells us that 12 years ago, when he began researching the topic, he was amazed by the dearth of good research. One of the few books on the subject in common use had been written in 1891.

"Since then," says Wallerstein, "I've read hundreds of articles, and the information in them is confused if not dead wrong."

There are several major advantages credited to circumcision: It is necessary for penile hygiene; it corrects a too-tight foreskin; it protects against V.D., some cancers and premature ejaculation while discouraging boys from masturbating—an effect that we're sure is undesirable.

Wallerstein has found no data that back up any of those claims, yet he estimates that 85 percent of all male infants in the U.S. are circumcised,

while in most other countries, the surgery is rare. "If the presence of foreskin caused common complications," he says, "then doctors in every advanced country in the world would be removing it."

Consider the foreskin—a few millimeters of highly erogenous tissue whose sole function seems to be to protect the head (glans) of the penis from irritation. Contrary to popular belief, Wallerstein says, the foreskin requires no special care in adulthood. "Simply clean under it. You have to clean earwax from the outer ear—should you cut off the ear?"

Some doctors believe circumcision is needed to correct an infant condition called phimosis, in which the foreskin cannot be retracted from the head of the penis. Wallerstein says that the foreskin is not supposed to be pushed back: At birth, it is connected to the glans; at a later age, the tissues separate naturally. The author also finds no truth in the belief that an intact foreskin keeps the penis from growing to its full size.

Because the foreskin is riddled with nerve endings, some have thought that it causes men to ejaculate prematurely. Wallerstein figures that if that were true, then statistics would show that uncircumcised men have a higher incidence of premature ejaculation. No such data exist.


The same can be said about venereal diseases and foreskin. Circumcision has long been thought to avert sexually contracted infections. But even though most men in the U.S. are circumcised, we are now in the midst of a V.D. epidemic. Presumably, if circumcision really did inhibit social diseases, we would have seen a precipitous drop.

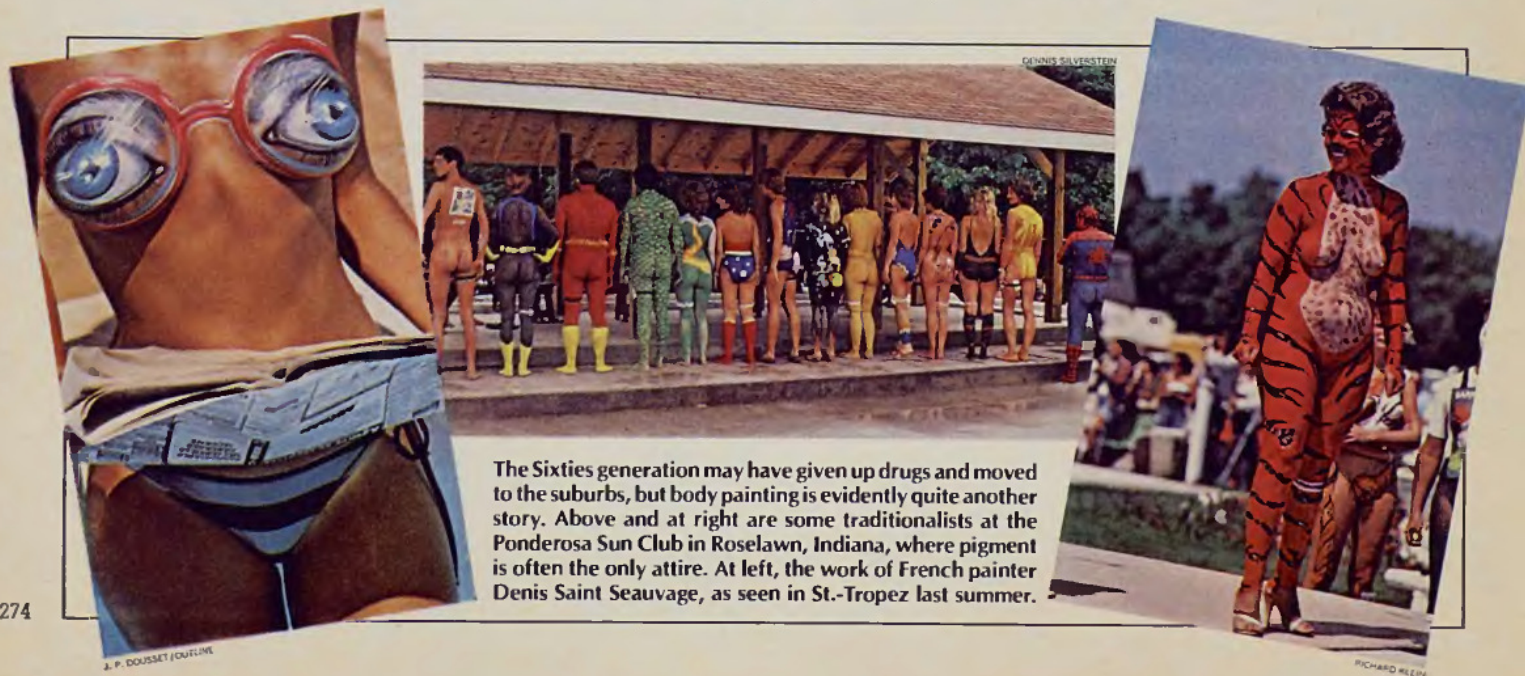
Wallerstein examined statistics to dispel the belief that smegma—the pasty substance formed between the foreskin and the glans—can be associated with cancer of the penis and cervical cancer in the sex partner of an uncircumcised man. He concludes that if that were so, those cancers should have occurred more often in Sweden, Norway, France and other countries in which circumcision is rarely performed. But he finds that the figures there are about the same as here.

Having been unable to substantiate any clinical claims of the operation's advantages, Wallerstein cast his jaundiced eye on the belief that it doesn't do any harm. He thought that was a weak argument for what is essentially a surgical procedure.

"Surgery is usually the last option," he tells us, concluding that the worst thing about routine circumcision is the element of risk. He lists infection, hemorrhaging, surgical injuries and even death as unfortunate side effects, quoting one doctor who put the annual death toll at 200.

He says that surgical errors can come into play—or, in fact, interrupt play—in adulthood: "There is no consensus about how much foreskin to remove. Sometimes, the doctor removes too much, and the adult male may have painful erections."

It is worth noting that while Wallerstein's book has been reviewed in a number of health journals, no one has seriously challenged his medical statements. In fact, the only real criticism from the medical community is that the charge of unnecessary surgery is old hat. Meanwhile, Wallerstein is hoping that his book will result in fewer circumcisions. 



The Sixties generation may have given up drugs and moved to the suburbs, but body painting is evidently quite another story. Above and at right are some traditionalists at the Ponderosa Sun Club in Roselawn, Indiana, where pigment is often the only attire. At left, the work of French painter Denis Saint Seauvage, as seen in St.-Tropez last summer.

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### NEXT MONTH:

**"THE DELTA STAR"**—POLICEMEN CECIL HIGGINS AND THE BAD CZECH ENCOUNTER JESUS ON WHEELS, WOODEN-TEETH WILMA, WINO ELMO MC VEY AND ASSAULT ARTIST EARL RIMMS IN ANOTHER TYPICAL DAY ON THE BEAT, FROM THE AUTHOR OF *THE ONION FIELD* AND *THE CHOIRBOYS*—**JOSEPH WAMBAUGH**

**"APPROACHING 1984"**—WHEN THE LATE GEORGE ORWELL WROTE ABOUT BIG BROTHER AND NEWSPEAK AND ALL THAT JAZZ, HOW CLOSE TO THE MARK WAS HE? SOME ANSWERS FROM **E. L. DOCTOROW**

**"THE DECADE-GAP QUIZ"**—WHEN YOU HEAR THE WORD SCORE, DO YOU THINK OF SEX? DOPE? MONEY? SPACE INVADERS? YOUR ANSWERS REVEAL WHETHER YOU'RE A CHILD OF THE FIFTIES, THE SIXTIES, THE SEVENTIES OR THE EIGHTIES—BY **LENNY KLEINFELD**

**SAM DONALDSON**, ABC-NEWS WHITE HOUSE CORRESPONDENT AND ONE OF THE BRASHEST OF TELEVISION REPORTERS, HAS PLENTY TO SAY ABOUT PAST AND PRESENT OCCUPANTS OF THE OVAL OFFICE IN A TOPICAL (AND NEWSWORTHY) **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"THE PRICE AIN'T RIGHT"**—IN A WORLD WHERE **WAYNE NEWTON** IS THE ECONOMIC EQUIVALENT OF 972.91 NURSES, THE SLOGAN "EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK" IS JUST THAT: A SLOGAN. IF YOU WONDER WHERE YOUR EARNINGS FIT IN, CHECK THIS REPORT—BY **ROY BLOUNT JR.**

**"SECRET LIVES"**—EVERY SO OFTEN, ONE POPS UP: THE STORY OF THE MODEL CITIZEN, GOOD NEIGHBOR, UPRIGHT FAMILY MAN WHO TURNS OUT TO BE A BIGAMIST, A RAPIST, A MASS MURDERER. WHAT MAKES THESE GUYS TICK? A FASCINATING STUDY BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

**"THE WOMEN OF ASPEN"**—TEN PAGES OF PICTORIAL SPLENDOR IN WHICH WE SHOW AND TELL ALL ABOUT THE LADIES YOU'D MOST LIKE TO SHARE SITZMARKS WITH

**"THE EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN HERO"**—WHEN HIS U.S. OLYMPIC HOCKEY TEAM BEAT THE RUSSIANS, **JIM CRAIG** BECAME AN INSTANT CELEBRITY. THINGS GOT TOUGHER AFTER THAT: CAREER SETBACKS, THEN THAT TRAGIC ACCIDENT IN WHICH A YOUNG WOMAN WAS KILLED. A POIGNANT PORTRAIT—BY **PETE DEXTER**

**YAKOV SMIRNOFF**, A BONA FIDE RUSSIAN COMIC, TALKS ABOUT THE REAL BORSCHT BELT, STRANGE SOVIET CUSTOMS, WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE SEX WITH A RUSSIAN WEIGHT LIFTER AND, SERIOUSLY, WHAT A BITCH IT IS TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THE COUNTRY WE LOVE TO HATE IN "20 QUESTIONS"

**"THE YEAR IN SEX"**—DESPITE THE BEST (OR WORST) EFFORTS OF THE MORAL MAJORITY, LOVE (AND LUST) LIVES. HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

**COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD:** **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **ROBERT MITCHUM**, **JIMMY CONNORS**, **SISSY SPACEK** AND **GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ**; EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE POLICEMAN AND AVOCADO SALESPERSON, **ANGIE DICKINSON**, SLIPS INTO SOME THINGS COMFORTABLE FOR THE NAUGHTY-NIGHTIE PICTORIAL OF YOUR DREAMS; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF "THE WOMEN OF SPAIN" AND, FROM THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF 007, "THE BOND BEAUTIES"; **HODDING CARTER III** ASSESSES THE EFFECTS OF REAGANISM; **LAURENCE GONZALES** AND **ROBERT H. KUPPERMAN** OFFER A CHILLING LOOK AT "THE TERRORIST THREAT AGAINST AMERICA"; **PLAYBOY EDITORS** ANALYZE STILL MORE OF YOUR RESPONSES TO OUR SEX QUESTIONNAIRE; EXCITING ESCAPADES FOR **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY**; NEW PAGES FROM **LE ROY NEIMAN'S SKETCHBOOK**; "20 QUESTIONS" WITH SEXY LADY GOLFER **JAN STEPHENSON**; **ANDREW TOBIAS** SHARES HIS FINANCIAL EXPERTISE IN HIS COLUMN "QUARTERLY REPORTS"; **NORMAN MAILER** TAKES US TO EGYPT IN THE TIME OF THE PHARAOHS IN TWO EXCERPTS FROM HIS NEW NOVEL, "ANCIENT EVENINGS"; AND WE BRING YOU FICTION FROM **JOHN LE CARRE**, **AMIRI BARAKA**, **DONALD E. WESTLAKE** AND **ROBERT SILVERBERG**.



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