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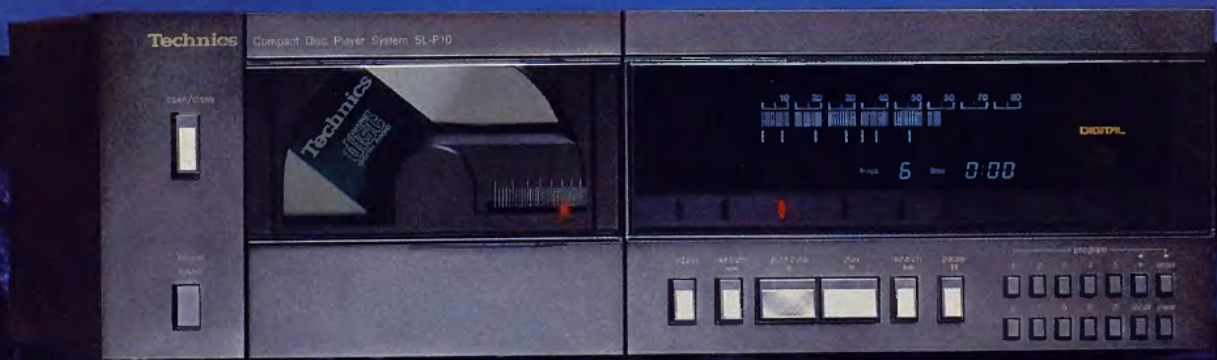
And the SL-P10 can be programmed to find a specific cut, play a series of cuts in any order or play a cut repeatedly.

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# PLAYBILL

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR **John Blumenthal** and writer **Betsy Cramer** tailed the entire cast of America's favorite cop show, *Hill Street Blues*, for this month's *Playboy Interview*. Says Blumenthal, "This is my second exercise in crowd control—the first was for PLAYBOY'S NBC's *Saturday Night* cast *Interview* in 1977. Next, I hope to interview Lebanon." We wish him luck—something that also helps when you're tracking down the female orgasm.

Fortunately, we were able to turn to the women readers who participated in our own sex survey. In this month's report, *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey, Part V: The Female Orgasm*, they reveal, among other things, that sexual synchronization is the one thing orgasmic women are better at than the rest. Associate Editor **Kate Nolan** sings a lament for derailed orgasm in an accompanying sidebar, *Going Bump in the Night*. And speaking of female territory, we'll bet you haven't the faintest idea what really happens when your date toddles off to "the powder room," even though face powder gave way to the wet look years ago. For a funny look behind the pink door, check out cartoonist/writer **Mimi Pond's** *Secret of the Powder Room*, from the book of the same title due out soon from Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Pond is the one who brought you *The Valley Girl's Guide to Life*.

When Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley** set about shooting this month's pictorial *Reds*, he got an insider's view of one spectacular minority group from **Stephen Douglas**, president of Redheads, International Club.

The hot question on every keyboard virtuoso's mind is "Will they laugh when I sit down to play?" This month, computer whiz **Peter A. McWilliams**, the celebrated author of *The Personal Computer Book*, anticipates that question and others in *Fear of Interfacing: A User-Friendly Computer Primer*, the first in a three-part series designed to teach you how to make a computer obey, fetch and roll over. Lesson number one: A terminal is not where you go to catch a bus.

There was a time when the technology of success seemed a lot simpler—you just plugged in your guitar and waited. Some had to wait longer than others. For instance, take The Del-Crustaceans—**Berler, Gabby, Jack, Drew, P.J., Mike** and **Rick**—a group of marginal rockers who got together at Northwestern University in 1971. Each has gone on to a real job, but none can give up the band, which by now is a very special men's club. Band member **Rick Telander** tells their story in *Rock and Roll, I Gave You the Best Years of My Life*, illustrated by **Erika King**.

This month, we've zeroed in on a forthcoming Fawcett book, *Inside Football*, to give you a look at the collegiate teams that are most promising for the wagering fan in *The Spread: A Sporting Man's Guide to College Football*, prepared by a team of statisticians and writers working under the guidance of **John A. Walsh**. Painter **Roy Schnackenberg** wins points for the artwork. If you're catching most of your sports action on TV these days, you should peruse **Ron Powers' The Last Great Network Olympics**, adapted from the Pulitzer Prize winner's new book, *Supertube: The Rise of Television Sports*, to be published by Coward-McCann. Here, he speculates on ABC's complex 1984 Olympics coverage. There's a sportingly sexual twist in frequent contributor **Reg Potterton's** *Quantrill and the Goldfish* (artwork by **Don Baum**). It's about a rich guy who moves to an English village and meets a friend whose destiny—and other parts—interlocks with his. This is not just another fish story.

**Gary Witzenburg** chases down the peppiest economy cars around in *Pocket Rockets*, and Contributing Editor **David Rensin** catches up with the benign thorn in Frank Sinatra's side, impressionist/comedian and *Saturday Night Live* **Joe Piscopo**, in *20 Questions*. Finally, do yourself a favor—turn to sharp-shooter **Pompeo Posar's** portfolio of brand-new high school grad **Loretta Martin** and then take a look at Miss October, **Tracy Vaccaro**. These pictures are worth at least a few thousand words.



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# PLAYBOY®

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## COVER STORY

We didn't want this month's cover to appear un-Kemped, so Miss December 1982, Charlotte Kemp, returns to foreshadow Reds, the most passionate collection of redheads this side of Tipperary (see page 136). Designed by Managing Art Director Kerig Pope, the cover also features a crystal perfume decanter—complete with directional stopper—created for Bill Arsenault's cover photograph. The decanter was designed with Charlotte in mind.



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A young man and woman are shown from the waist up, sitting in a large, woven wicker hot air balloon basket. They are both smiling and looking towards the right. The woman is wearing a yellow long-sleeved shirt and blue jeans, while the man is wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt. Several colorful balloons (red, green, white, yellow) are attached to the basket. The background is a clear blue sky.

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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

## PLAYBOY GOES ON A DATE

Below, Hugh Hefner demonstrates the simple virtues of strolling down Main Street, U.S.A., Disneyland, with the beautiful girl next door, upcoming Playmate and last April's cover girl Carrie Lee. You're right; Hef actually lives in his own fantasyland, but sometimes it's nice to get out into the real world.



## MIGHTY FAST RABBIT

This year is the 25th that Playboy has flown with the Marines' Electronic Warfare Squadron 2. At left, one of the 15 EA-6B Prowler twinjets that bear our logo. Be-

low, Ross Ehlerst Photo Labs' entry in the Road America Cup S2000 Racing Series. These Chicago guys are quick. They get to see our gatefold shots before we do.



## THE HIPPEST GARDENER IN HOLMBY HILLS

If you wonder how Hef's garden grows, just take a look at what was in flower last Memorial Day weekend on the poolside terrace at Playboy Mansion West. This type of horticulture is a lifestyle requiring great care and plenty of pajamas. These are the best blooms since the Bess Truman orchid; and, frankly, we don't know how Hef does it.



## JOAN'S GOT THE LOOK YOU WANT TO KNOW BETTER

Above, actress Joan Collins watches Hef and guest Bob Cohen match muscles at Mansion West. If you think Hef's arm blocks the best part of this shot, relax. Joan stars in her own pictorial in December. And Hef promises to stay out of the pictures. Meanwhile, here's looking at you, Joan—eagerly.



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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### SHAKE IT UP

Do I detect a note of sexist bias in your July article on experimental sex (*The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey, Part Four*)? If so, shame on you! I read the whole piece and the only thing that bothers me is one sentence. With regard to vibrators, after reporting that "a third of the men say they have tried [them] at least once," you editorialize, "We presume the majority of them use a vibrator to help stimulate their partners." Why presume that? My lover enjoys it when I use a vibrator on him (to massage his scrotum, anus and perineum) and even requests it occasionally. Your presumption implies that you'd consider that unmanly, but let me hasten to assure you that it is not. And let me add (in the event you'd like to give it a try) that it's best done on *low* power.

Shari Migdol  
Los Angeles, California

### WEAVER OF SCHEMES

From one who was at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium in 1968 on the night Earl Weaver took over as Orioles manager—thanks for a fine *Playboy Interview* (July). Hurry back, Earl.

James Green  
New York, New York

### BUT DID YOU GET MOSQUITO BYTES?

I enjoyed John Sack's *Letters from Computer Camp* in the July *PLAYBOY* and thought you might like to know about the long-term effects a computer camp can have. I started to learn BASIC in the 11th grade, in February 1977. We didn't dream of microcomputers then—we played Star Trek on a pair of clickety-clack mechanical teletypes that broke once a week. The first BASIC program I wrote printed out a teletyped birthday card to a girl named Rene, whom I had a crush on. I learned that it is impossible to impress a girl with a computer. I went to college to become an engineer but changed my major to computer science when I realized that I couldn't

solve engineering problems and really didn't like higher math. I did like bits and bytes, though. I picked up the nickname Astro somewhere along the line, since I closely follow the progress of NASA, and that brings me to my second, entirely unrelated point. I think *PLAYBOY* ought to establish a prize, say \$50,000, for the first couple to prove they copulated more than 100 miles above sea level. Having thought it up and, thus, having a head start on the competition, I hereby disqualify myself.

Richard Gough  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

### BABBLING BROOKS

Paul Slansky makes one error in his *Albert Brooks Is Funnier than You Think* (*PLAYBOY*, July). *Three's Company* is actually a direct lifting of a successful British TV series, *Man About the House*. Jack Tripper, Janet and Chrissy were originally Robin Tripp, Jo and Chrissy; their landlords were the Ropers. The undersexed Mr. Roper consented to the *ménage* when convinced by the girls that Robin was gay. The first episode of both shows had the girls finding Tripp/Tripper in their tub on the morning after a party for their departing third roommate. Brooks is a funny man. He does not need credit for a series he did not create.

John T. Graham  
Kingston, Ontario

### THE THINGS HE DID FOR ENGLAND

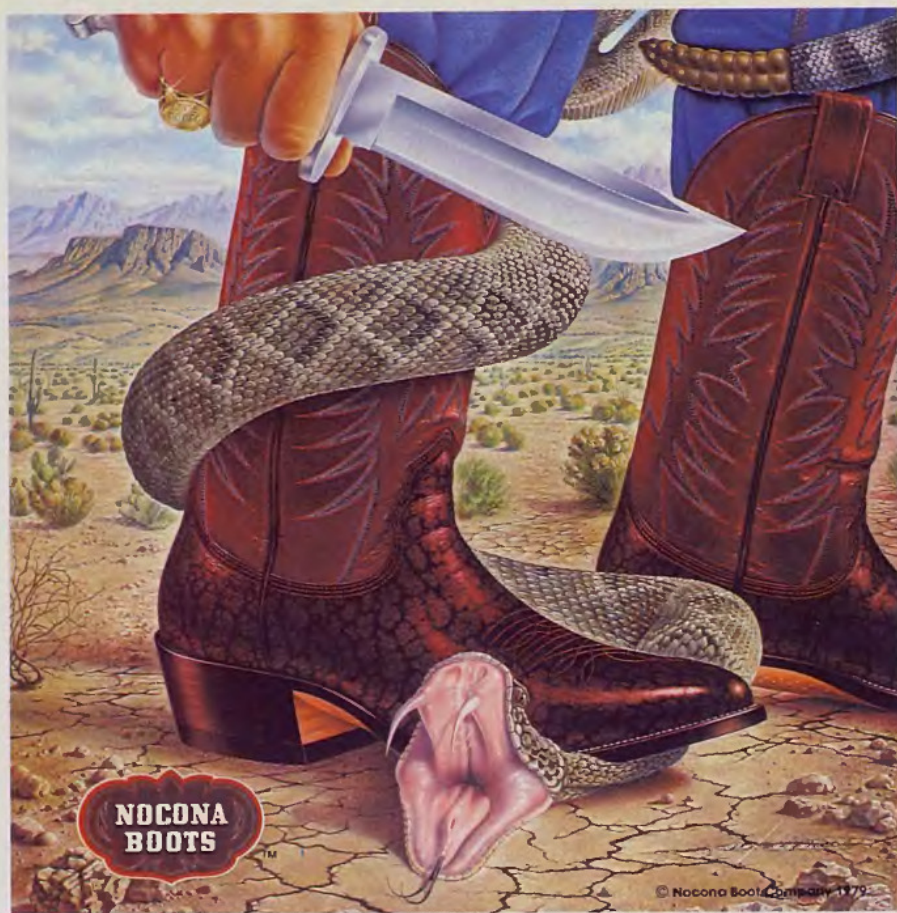
Thanks to you and to Danny Biederman for *The 007 Sex Quiz* (*PLAYBOY*, July). It is a true test to the James Bond nuts of the world. I grew up with Bond movies and still watch them endlessly on a VCR. Although they have strayed rather severely from the books, they never fail to hold my interest after two decades. I'd say that the outcome of this year's "battle of the Bonds" will be determined by the films' content and not by the actors in the lead roles. As a genuine Bond fan, I'll see them



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Johnnie Walker Black

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both. Oh, by the way—I got all 42 questions correct. Better luck next time.

John Wilber  
Terre Haute, Indiana

I hate to sound picky. I also hate to criticize, especially when most of the other letters in this column will praise your publication. However, as a loyal PLAYBOY fan and a loyal James Bond enthusiast, I have to point out that the woman identified as Cassandra Harris in July's *The Spy They Love to Love* pictorial is not Harris. In fact, the photo isn't even from *For Your Eyes Only*, as you aver. The scene pictured is the opening of *The Spy Who Loved Me*. If I'm not mistaken, the correct picture of Harris was printed in a recent *Sex in Cinema*. Just as it's hard to keep track of all the beauties in PLAYBOY, it is also hard to keep track of all of Bond's ladies.

David Annos  
Warren, Ohio

**SHOCK OF THE NEW**

Hesh Kestin's *The C Team* (PLAYBOY, July) is a very important piece of work. The madmen who build chemical and bacteriological weapons are adding a deadly frosting to the hydrogen bomb/neutron bomb cake. Kestin takes it out of the oven, piping hot and ready to burst at any minute with plague, pestilence and the grinning specter of death jumping up and shouting, "Surprise!"

H. Shoemaker  
Omaha, Nebraska

**GOOD LEIA**

By far the most sensuous photograph in your July issue is the one taken by Benno Friedman of lovely Carrie Fisher for *20 Questions*. Miss Fisher conveys a sparkling sexuality that, though subtle, is extremely exciting.

Dudley Dunlavey  
Palo Verdes, California

**PLAYMATE'S LAST GLEAMING?**

When I saw your July cover, I knew the wait was over. Ever since the 25th Anniversary Issue appeared, I've longed to see Ruth Guerri in her full glory. She is absolutely flawless! The only thing I want now is one more look at Miss July.

Sonny Carreño  
San Marcos, Texas

I can only stand in awe as you keep coming up with the most beautiful women on earth! July Playmate Ruth Guerri leaves me swimming in fantasy. As I turn 40 this year, I'll take comfort in the fact that my dream woman in fact lives.

J. F. Smith  
Brighton, Massachusetts

I bet you get plenty of letters from men telling you how much they love all those beautiful women you feature. Well, I'm a

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*Kimberly  
McArthur*

22-year-old female who is, unfortunately, 145 pounds overweight. I look through your magazine dreaming that someday I'll look like one of those girls. I finally found the one I most want to look like. Her name is Ruth Guerri. I have very high standards, and she fits them. I took out her centerfold; it is now posted prominently in my room. It will serve as an incentive for me to lose weight. Keep up the quality work you're known for, and wish me luck!

Barbara Mercer  
Zanesville, Ohio

*We'd be the last to say every woman has to look like the Playmate of the Month, but we wish you luck and happiness.*

First it was Lonny Chin, then Susie Scott and now Ruth Guerri as my choice for Playmate of the Year. Ruth is really going to be tough to beat. She caught my attention the second I saw her on the cover, and when I found her in the centerfold, I was sitting on cloud nine. Ruth is an absolute fireworks show. Please shoot off another display for an encore!

James Steele  
Portland, Oregon

*Hold on to those Roman candles, men—we're running up one more shot of our*



*pyrotechnic Playmate. Think anybody's going to salute?*

#### AFGHANS REBEL

I am writing in reference to a caption that appears in Francis Giacobetti's pictorial *Erogenous Parts* in the July issue of PLAYBOY. The photograph shows a woman wearing nothing but a veil, exposing her genitals, and is accompanied by the caption, "The Afghan rebel opens a dialog with the non-Moslem world." Afghan men and women are engaged in a war against the Soviet Union for their political, religious and cultural freedom. They are decent, honorable and modest. Many have lost their children, husbands and fathers in

a war for freedom that began in December 1979 and continues to this day. I welcome a response to this letter. Since there are more than 10,000 Afghans living in this country, I think an apology should be forthcoming.

Joanne Hodde  
Ramsey, New Jersey

It takes Giacobetti to show us how erogenous a zone can be. But of what avail the advance of civilization if our turn-on remains the untrimmed bush of the "savage"?

Joe Dennison  
West Palm Beach, Florida

*We have only admiration for the Afghans, and we apologize to those who took offense at the lightness of our tone.*

#### MALE CALL

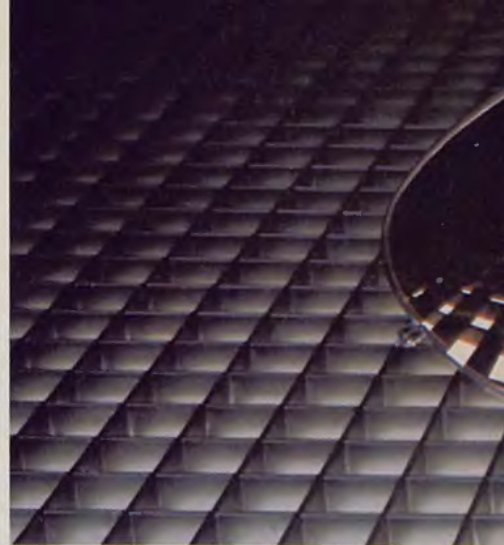
Asa Baber's monthly *Men* essays are, in themselves, more than worth the price of PLAYBOY. Baber is blessed with an inherent sense of reason and fairness as well as the courage to stand almost alone in his efforts to expose some of the less rational aspects of male-female relations, proffering remedy, sanity and hope. It is entirely possible to promote the cause of women without trashing the cause of men; hypocrisy and hate accomplish nothing. They have certainly accomplished nothing through the past several decades of strife. The catchword for the Eighties should be neither feminism nor chauvinism. It should simply be humanism.

Steven Wineinger  
North Haven, Connecticut

#### NAKED TRUTH

In *Playboy's Roving Eye* on Norman Rockwell (July), you pose the question "Did *The Saturday Evening Post* run nudes on its cover?" The answer is yes. Well, sort of. In 1906, J. C. Leyendecker, Rockwell's mentor, painted the *Post's* first female nude. That New Year's baby was the first of 36 Leyendecker created for the magazine. Babies don't count? OK. The August 20, 1955, cover, illustrated by Rockwell himself, depicted a burly lobsterman lugging home his lobster pot. His catch was a demure mermaid, sans seaweed. The lobster pot's slats protected the maid's charms from too-close scrutiny, but some *Post* readers thought the cover obscene. A 1955 poll of readers' letters resulted in the following count: in poor taste, 11; obscene, 21; not obscene, 245. I can only wonder what the count would have been had PLAYBOY not been around for the preceding two years.

Carol Brown McShane, Archivist  
The Saturday Evening Post Society  
Indianapolis, Indiana



#### ESCORT WINS AGAIN! JULY 1983 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

*"...the filter (ST/O/P) ESCORT is simply outstanding. ...unit decreased non-police alerts by over 90%. ...a price far below that of many other detector units. The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."*

#### ESCORT WINS MAY 1983 CAR and DRIVER TEST

*"The Escort looks so comfortable, contented, and familiar at the top of the heap that it's hard to see that something new and special has been added... live with a new Escort for a while and you'll realize it has advanced new circuitry that should go down as a genuine breakthrough."*

#### ESCORT WINS NOV 1982 CAR and DRIVER TEST

*"The Escort, a perennial favorite of these black-box comparisons, is still the best radar detector money can buy. The Escort is a quality piece of hardware."*

#### ESCORT WINS DEC 1981 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

*"The Escort is a highly sophisticated and sensitive detector that has been steadily improved over the years...In terms of what all it does, nothing else comes close."*

#### ESCORT WINS SEPT 1980 CAR and DRIVER TEST

*"Ranked according to performance, the Escort is first choice...The Escort boasts the most careful and clever planning, the most pleasing packaging, and the most solid construction of the lot."*

#### ESCORT WINS MAY 1980 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

*"This unit...consistently outperformed the other products and is the standard to which the others are compared. If you want the best, this is it. There is nothing else like it."*

#### ESCORT WINS FEB 1979 CAR and DRIVER TEST

*"Only one model, the Escort, truly stood out from the rest...once you try the Escort, all the rest seem a bit primitive. In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."*

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# ESCORT: "A GENUINE BREAKTHROUGH"

—CAR and DRIVER

If you keep up with magazine tests, you know that ESCORT does more than just outperform other radar detectors. In its most recent evaluation, Car and Driver concluded: "The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..." But performance, as measured by warning distance, is *not* the new breakthrough. After all, ESCORT has been beating all comers since its introduction in 1978.

### Now There's More To It

While long detection range is obviously essential it does *nothing* to solve a problem that has cropped up in the last year. In fact, increasing range by itself just makes the problem worse. If you already have a good superheterodyne unit, you know what we mean. A new generation of imported detector *transmits* radar signals, and can set off your unit as far as a mile away. The longer the range of your unit, the farther away you find them. As Car and Driver pointed out last November: "Since there are far more detectors on the road than police radar units, interference... could become a genuine nuisance."

### Low Level Contamination

At first it was just an irritation. At least ESCORT owners had a way of distinguishing the polluters from the real thing. Our unique audio warning differentiates between the two police radar bands: it "beeps" for X band and "braps" for K band. The polluters' trashy signals triggered both warnings at once, and made a new sound—different than the sounds for police radar. (The rest of the industry didn't even know there was a new problem. Their detectors were making the same sounds as always, just more often.)

### Radar Epidemic

As more and more of the "polluting detectors" hit the streets, the problem became more serious. If one of the "polluters" is approaching in an oncoming lane, the alarm from your detector is brief. But if it's traveling the same direction as you, your alarm can go on for *miles*. And the offending detector doesn't have to be in the car right next to yours. It can be ahead or behind, and up to a mile away. A very serious problem indeed.

### Pollution Clean-Up

The problem required an entirely new approach. Examining the interference from these imports, our engineers discovered a subtle difference between their signals and those of police radar, even though they were on the same frequency. The solution, then, was to design new circuitry that would reject the pollution while—and this was the hard part—maintaining ESCORT's industry-leading response to pulsed and instant-on radar. We named it ST/O/P™ (Statistical Operations Processor), and it consists of a CMOS digital processor with built-in memory. ST/O/P is not simple, and it's not cheap. But it is, in our opinion, the most important breakthrough in radar detection since superheterodyne. Car and Driver would seem to agree: "Now, all the world's Radio Shack detectors can hum right by your car in full microwave broadcast mode and your Escort will sit on your dash as politely and silently as a canary-fed cat."



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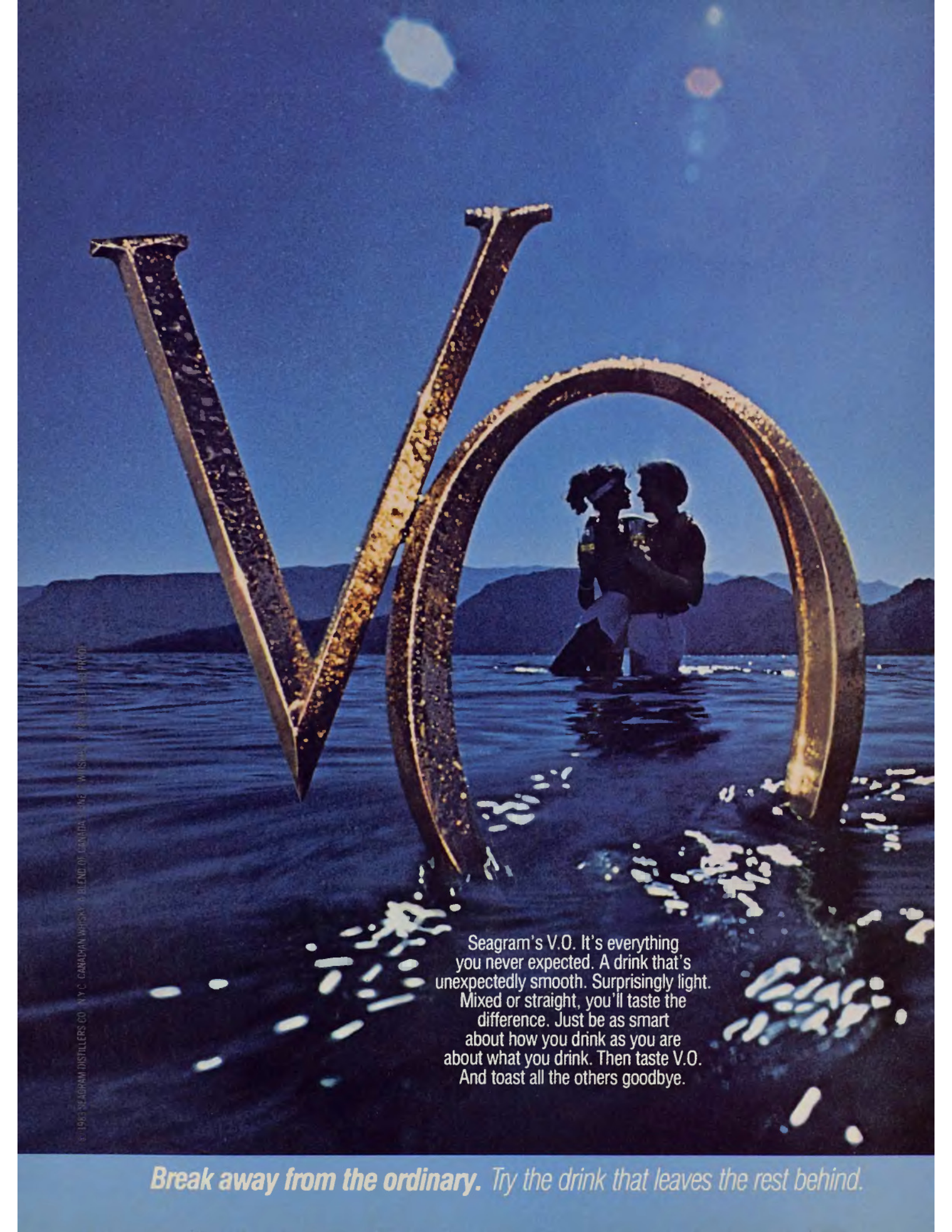
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## BUTTERBALL BABY

A lesbian who helped her former lover become pregnant through artificial insemination is suing to win visitation rights. It seems that Linda J. Loftin, a 34-year-old Pittsburg, California, postal worker, aided her then-lover, Mary Flournoy, now 31, in getting knocked up back in November 1977. The insemination was achieved in the couple's home, with Loftin wielding a turkey baster.

The squirt worked, putting a baby in the oven, and Flournoy delivered a healthy girl the following year. After Loftin moved out, Flournoy applied for Aid to Families with Dependent Children to get money to support her daughter. When the local district attorney's office asked why the child's father wasn't paying support, says Flournoy's lawyer, Karen Anderson Ryer, "she basically said, 'There is no daddy—here's the turkey baster.'"

By the D.A.'s reckoning, the hand that squeezed the turkey-baster bulb is as guilty as any ejaculating male. And in October 1981, a family judge ordered Loftin to begin paying \$100 a month to support the child.

This is not a Polish joke. Spectators have been banned from this year's Miss Poland beauty pageant in Warsaw.

A slide lecture by Arlene Blum, who led the first American all-women expedition in the Himalayas, was titled "Annapurna: A Woman's Place Is on Top."

## A SPREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

What do you do with old sneakers? In Brooklyn, young natives tie the laces together and toss them so that they wrap themselves around telephone wires, lamp-posts, traffic signals and power lines. As 12-year-old Sultan Althaibani, who celebrated the end of seventh grade this year

by hanging six pairs of sneakers around the neighborhood, explained, "It's fun. It's something to show off." Robert Terte, a New York City Board of Education spokesman, told reporters that he has made no formal move to attack the problem, adding, "You don't tell kids not to put beans up their nose."

To promote sales of *A Man of Honor*, the autobiography of a successful Sicilian immigrant, Books Brothers in Tucson has posted in its window YES, WE HAVE JOE BONANNO'S.

Club Hironnelle in Stratford, Ontario, is devoted to the promotion of the French



language and culture in the area. It offers, for example, French classes to interested residents. Last winter, a young lady enrolled in the Beginning Oral French course. As the class was getting under way, she asked the instructor, "What does hironnelle mean?" When he replied, "Hironnelle means swallow," she just stared at him for a few seconds, picked up her purse and stiffly walked out—without giving him a chance to explain that the swallow in question was a bird.


Tax dollars at work: A 40-page report, one of three studies by the Health Resources and Services Administration costing the country \$180,000, proved its thesis: "Individuals in poor health were almost seven times as frequent users of physician services as those in excellent health and spent an average of 21 times as many days in the hospital." If you want a copy of the report, it'll cost you ten dollars.

Here's one of the tastier bumper stickers we've seen this month: STAY HEALTHY. EAT YOUR HONEY.

You may be interested to know that, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, Flming Cunt was the winner of the third race at Los Alamitos race track.

## FAR-FLUNG TALENTS

The sport of cow-pat hurling was introduced into Great Britain some years ago as a by-product of Anglo-American exchange visits for young farmers. Unhappily, though, the wet British climate has required a change in the rules of the game. Excessively damp bovine waste may now be hurled enclosed in a plastic bag, according to a story in *The Sunday Times* of London. A side effect of the new regulation is that it has made the sport more appealing to women, though Anne Brooker,



## NEW SCHOLARSHIPS

*Colleges are a lot like people, and in a period of recession, they can become desperate. Recently, our bastions of higher learning have been pursuing qualified students with the zeal that Ahab showed for Moby Dick. The exceptional prospect has been offered everything short of the hand of the president's daughter. And it's not too late to cash in. You, too, may be eligible for any number of the following scholarships.*

**The Gandhi**—For students entering the Fashion Institute of Technology, where recipients will learn the basic, most enduring fashion values. The school believes that if you can sleep on it, you can wear it.

**The Joey Gallo**—For students with good family backgrounds who want to pursue studies at the Jersey City University Graduate School of Legitimate Business. Like Oxford University, a school to which it is often compared, Jersey City emphasizes tutorials and operates under the don system. The school's faculty is so respected that the governor of New Jersey has endowed a special chair for its members.

**The Czychmldndhpl**—Self-explanatory. Open to gifted Eastern European tennis players with unpronounceable names who wish to defect to the U.S. and enroll at UCLA. There they will learn how to curse line judges in 17 languages. Students will be encouraged to practice their backhands as well as colorful international gestures. If a Czychmldndhpl scholar performs well, the name of a commercial enterprise will be stamped on all his possessions.

**The Jimmy the Greek**—Open to students intent upon studying classics at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas. Room costs are very low, but such scholars will be expected to render unto Caesars that which is Caesars'. Seminars nightly. Among the faculty standouts is Vic Pappas, Diogenes professor of casino security. Distinguished visiting professors will include Sammy.

**The Jamie Lee Curtis**—Open to talented young actresses who want to attend the Yale School of Drama. Recipients must understand that a dangerous business such as the movies allows for few survivors. Students will be expected to major in screaming and to take minors in running and hiding. All classes will be held in that Mecca of academic emoting, Monty Hall.

**The John Wayne**—For men who are men. Offered to students entering the University of Texas, which was recently renamed Duke University. Coursework will include diddly squat, because studying is for wimps.

**The Bobbie Sue**—Awarded by Vanderbilt University to the high school student voted most likely to swallow.

**The Nancy Reagan**—Ever since her affair with Mr. T, Mrs. R. has shown an increased sensitivity to minority

groups. The First Lady's award, officially known as the Nancy Reagan Fellowship in the History of the Dance for One of Those People, is to be given only to those who can really shake it.

**The William J. Reaper**—Given annually by Northwestern University to the rich student deemed most likely to succumb to a horrible and exceedingly fatal disease. If the bereaved parents want to erect a new medical laboratory to commemorate their delightful child's awful demise, who can blame them?

**The Robert Vesco**—Given by Tulane to students who are falsely accused of wrongdoing. This scholarship helps send scholar scapegoats away to countries that have neglected to sign extradition agreements with the U.S. Imagine: Your junior year abroad could last forever! Tulane recognizes that a Fulbright just doesn't cut it for students who are really in a jam.

**The Rex Reed**—Offered by the University of Southern California film school to the student who has written the most breathless essay comparing *Apocalypse Now* and *Porky's*.

**The Elizabeth Taylor-Larry Csonka**—Given annually by Wellesley to a student with enormous thighs.

**The Brent Musberger**—At the University of Missouri School of Broadcasting, Musberger scholars will be groomed for a very rapid rise in television. (The award was endowed by an anonymous alumnus who wanted to see Musberger replaced as soon as possible.) Students will be chosen for their relentless glibness, and courses for the lucky few will include Cosell and the English Language: The 30 Years' War.

**The George M. Steinbrenner**—Purpose: to lure great athletes to Steinbrenner's alma mater, Williams, in an attempt to transform the school into the University of New Mexico of New England. Because of its liberal ideals, the college views all students as "free agents," and those entering this program will receive enormous sums of money. Should the Steinbrenner fellows fail to bring a national championship to Williams, they will be kicked in the head.

**The Velveeta**—Magnanimously bestowed by Harvard upon an individual who is not really Harvard material. The university's professors vow to transform this poor excuse for a person into something the folks back home would not recognize.—ANDREW FEINBERG

Miss Surrey Dairymaid, wears rubber gloves even when hurling bagged missiles. Colin Compton, the long-term British cow-pat-hurling champion, eschews the plastic containers, holding that they have adverse aerodynamic effects and, thus, may hinder further record-breaking hurls. "He has turned it into a science," explains his wife. The astute Colonial reader may attribute other championship qualities to Compton, since the report terms him "a legend in the Dorking region."

### BASEBALL NUTS

The North Anderson Doctors' softball team of South Carolina calls itself the Nads for short. It's no surprise, then, that team supporters cause heads to turn for blocks around when they scream "Go, Nads!" in encouragement.

### GOSPEL GAME

Convenience creationism has gone beyond the drive-in temple to enter the computer age. GRAPE (Gospel Resources and Programs Exchange), for example, offers nine computer diskettes of Bible and religious programs; PARSEC (Parish Secretary) is a software package for collection recording, fund raising and membership tracking. Our personal selection from among the divinely digital offerings is the "first ecclesiastical computer game." Its name? Pax-Man, of course.

### POLISHED ALIBI

A British police constable denied using violence against a prisoner, according to press reports. He stated that he was unable to explain why the polish found on the fly zipper of the complainant matched that on the constable's shoes.

### DOWN AND DIRTY

In an article dealing with physicians who get stiffed by their obstetrical patients during these difficult economic times, Dr. Werner H. Kramer of Twin Falls, Idaho, told *Medical World News* that he required advance payment for deliveries unless patients had already established their credit with him. "Pregnancy is a . . . voluntary thing. Births are predictable and people can plan for them," he reasoned. "In this area," Dr. Kramer added, "when farming goes down, everything goes down."

### TRANK MANEUVERS

Another European war would certainly be an apocalypse, but it doesn't have to be upsetting. Not, at least, in West Germany. The government recently disclosed that it has stockpiled 2,500,000 tranquilizers—mainly Valium and Droperidol—with which to dose those who panic "in the event of a catastrophe or a military action." A clear-cut case of padlocking the barn door after the Four Horsemen have escaped.





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**A HARD SELL:** If Malcolm McLaren had been born on this side of the Atlantic instead of in England and had taken up baseball instead of music, we would have another Billy Martin on our hands. While managing the Sex Pistols, Adam & the Ants and Bow Wow Wow to big-league contention, McLaren, like Martin, hasn't stayed at the same job—or away from controversy—for very long.

Last year, he caused considerable music-biz buzzing by taking brain storm and passport in hand and traveling the world—from Africa to Cuba to the Dominican Republic to exotic Tennessee—to record native musicians for an album of folk-dance music, which has now emerged as *Duck Rock* (Island).

"I think it's gonna be the biggest thing that ever happened," he said with characteristic reserve. "I think it's gonna be the most truthful. And I think it's gonna create an awareness that will bring together whatever they're doing in El Salvador or Peru with whatever they're doing in Zululand or Appalachia."

Coming from most promoters, that sort of hype would sink in its own juices. But for all his salesmanship, the redheaded McLaren glows with conviction. His raps about music's existing "to bring back a common understanding between all cultures, all dispossessed people" may soar into the idealosphere, but you somehow get the sense that maybe he can deliver on such promises.

"Dance is a lot more sacred than it's been held up to be. It's not a recreation in the simple sense of the word but something that has far more meaning," said the former art student, who doesn't speak so much as he lectures. Gesturing frequently at two world maps on the wall of his small, bare office near London's Soho district, he was on his feet throughout our talk. At one

point, he pontificated that square dancing, the form that inspired his first single, *Buffalo Gals*, "must be compared to the rape of the Sabine women."

Few pop artists are yet into square dancing, but McLaren is hardly alone among white rockers in taking an interest in African music—such heavyweights as Talking Heads and Peter Gabriel have taken a poke at it, making it possible for Nigerian superstar King Sunny Ade to tour America for the first time earlier this year. But McLaren is no Johnny-come-lately. On his desk were such finds from Zululand as Abase Duze Bomgwaqo's *Uthathela Phezulu*—or was it Uthathela Phezulu's *Abase Duze Bomgwaqo*? A devoted Third World-record collector, McLaren was first inspired by the tribal beat during the period following the Sex Pistols' demise, when he worked for a porno-film outfit in Paris.

Adam & the Ants and, later, Bow Wow Wow became, as he put it, the clay with which he sculpted his Afro concepts; but, he concluded, "I realized the ideas I was

leaning toward were more profound than what Adam and Bow Wow Wow were doing." (Sniffed B.W.W. thrush Annabella Lwin in response: "Malcolm was very creative, but he was no genius.")

*Buffalo Gals*, a hit in London last winter and a dance-club favorite in the States, was recorded in Tennessee with some "redneck hillbillies," he explained. A "scratch" version of the song was then recorded in New York with two black d.j.s known as The World Famous Supreme Team: Appalachia meets the South Bronx.

Needless to say, McLaren promises that square dancing will become as big a fad as the Hula-Hoop—or, at least, as big as the rubber-fetish wear he introduced to "mainstream teenagers" while operating his legendary London boutique, Sex, in the late Seventies. Whatever the case, his image as a pop-culture huckster will suffer no setback—which is fine with McLaren.

"If you want to sell a great idea in a capitalistic structure, especially if it's as left field as mine, you've got to be a great salesman.

"It's not that I invent these things. These things exist; it's only a question of digging them out," said McLaren, who has little use for most of today's music—just as he had little use for yesterday's. He disliked the Beatles. "I tend to be a little advanced, but that's what you have to do to sort of bash it home: fire it with a cannon."

Now that McLaren has lit his latest fuse, we can only sit back and anticipate the explosion. —LLOYD SACHS

## REVIEWS

Call it nepotism of a different sort: Ricky Skaggs is using his new and lofty position in the music field to benefit a raft of relatives. More to the point, he has produced The Whites' new album, *Old Familiar Feeling* (Warner/Curb), featuring father-in-law Buck and other White family members, whose collective sound is mellow

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2. Richard Thompson / *Hand of Kindness*
3. Rickie Lee Jones / *Girl at Her Volcano*
4. Wynton Marsalis / *Think of One*
5. Quarterflash / *Take Another Picture*

### NOT

1. Stevie Nicks / *The Wild Heart*
2. Dean Martin / *The Nashville Sessions*
3. Johnny Lee / *Hey Bartender*
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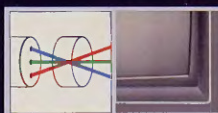
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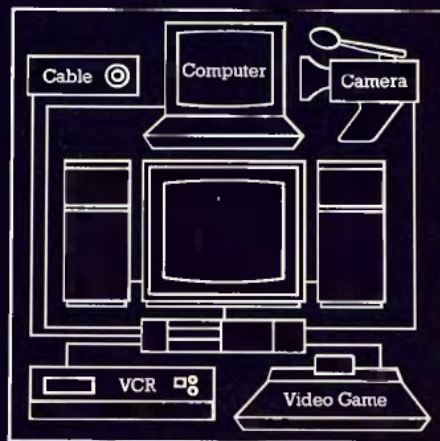
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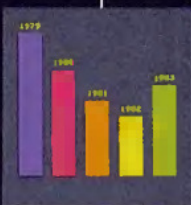
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# FAST TRACKS



**SEE ME, FEEL ME, TOUCH ME, READ ME DEPARTMENT:** The following item ought to put to rest the issue of our time: Is there life after rock 'n' roll? Pete Townshend is joining the prestigious London publishing firm Faber and Faber as an editor. Faber has been in business for 55 years—37 years longer than The Who. Pete's interested in publishing translations and works by some of his U.K. contemporaries. He lists Shakespeare, Thomas Hardy and Dylan Thomas as his favorite writers. But could any of them whip up a perfect guitar solo?

**QUESTION OF THE MONTH:** What has four legs, millions of fans and great stage presence and will probably bring in more money than the U.S. defense budget? The answer? **Elton John** and **Rod Stewart**, who are planning to tour together during the summer of 1984. According to Elton, "It won't just be the two of us onstage doing an hour each; we've been working together to produce a special show." Rod did tour last summer, but Elton has no similar plans prior to going on the road with him. Instead, he'll be making a movie with **Liza Minnelli** called *Hang Ups*. We will keep you posted.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** American movie audiences will catch their first look at the fabulous **Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five** when the band makes an onscreen appearance in *D.C. Cab*, a comedy starring **Mr. T** and **Irene Cara**. . . . It turns out that all the negative publicity heaped on **Ozzy Osbourne** by various church and civic groups has brought him to the attention of Tinseltown. Obviously, there is a connection between biting off the head of a chicken and being a movie star. Ozzy is reading scripts and says, "It will be a horror film no matter what it is. I don't know if I will be a vampire, a ghost or a mummy, but we're negotiating. You never know; I may be the next **Vincent Price**." It's just too bad **Hitchcock** isn't around; he would call it *The Birds II*. . . . **Paul McCartney** has written the theme music for the film version of **Graham Greene's** novel *The Honorary Consul*, starring **Richard Gere** and **Michael Caine**, and has recorded it with guitarist **John Williams**. Other **Beatle** news is less mainstream: **Ringo** and wife **Barbara Bach** are filming *Princess Daisy*, and Ringo's in drag, green toenails and all.

**NEWSBREAKS:** **Marianne Faithfull**, who has finally come into her own with three critically acclaimed albums, is going to return to her former associates

**The Rolling Stones** via the sound studio, not the bedroom. **Faithfull** and **Keith Richards** plan to produce one of her future projects together. Meanwhile, Faithfull's single from this past summer, *Running for Our Lives*, took on added symbolism after she split with her guitarist-songwriter husband. In case it slipped your mind, Marianne co-wrote the lyrics for *Sister Morphine* with brother **Jagger** many years ago. . . . **Poul Kantner's** solo album, *Planet Earth Rock 'n' Roll Orchestra*, was supposed to be the "sound track" to a novel Kantner had written, but because the book's and the record's release dates didn't coincide, the novel's premise was included in a one-page summary attached to the album. Two highlights on the record are the recording debuts of Kantner's children, including daughter **Chino**, whose mom is **Grace Slick**. Also featured is a ten-year-old number co-authored by **Jerry Garcia**. As for the Mouth of the West, Grace has completed basic tracks for her latest effort, and we hear it's heavy on the synthesizers. . . . Record-industry news comes to us from the guys who tally who buys what, and the report for the first five months of 1983 is very encouraging: Sales are up and have pushed more albums and singles into the exalted areas designated gold and platinum. How many records is that? An artist needs to sell 500,000 albums for gold and 1,000,000 for platinum. For a seven-inch single, 1,000,000 for gold and 2,000,000 for platinum. So far, there has been only one platinum single this year, and it *wasn't* a **Michael Jackson** song. Surprised? The winner is *Mickey*, by **Toni Basil**. The rest of the numbers go like this: 41 albums certified gold, 23 singles certified gold and 20 albums certified platinum. Some of the stars who've made the grade are **Journey**, **Def Leppard**, **Culture Club**, **Kenny Rogers**, **Michael Jackson** and **Styx**.

—BARBARA NELLIS

and country related but otherwise nicely indescribable. With mixes of dobro, mandolin, fiddle, piano and string-band staples, differing styles and fine harmony, plus tunes that include blues, bluegrass, honky-tonk, Gospel and a little western swing, it's like a listening trip across a Southern radio dial.

Formerly of the Tourists, **Annie Lennox** and **Dave Stewart** have settled down. Now they're the Eurythmics, and they're making nihilist synth pop magnificent. Their *Sweet Dreams Are Made of This* (RCA) may be uneven, but the title track is a great song (the M.T.V. video they made of it is the single best non-Michael Jackson video anybody's made so far). And Lennox, a close-cropped orange-headed siren, is one of the five sexiest women alive.

"Beer makes you smart, drinking is art," chant **Mark Freeland** and **Electro-Man** in their funny, eclectic twist on the sex-drugs-rock theme, *American Googaloo* (\$5.99, Trelaine, 109 Hendricks Boulevard, Buffalo, New York 14226). Freeland sounds like a deadpanning David Bowie (or a shrill munchkin) backed by a Hendrix-ish guitar and a George Clinton-ish rhythm section. *American Googaloo* is a throbbing, semiserious pop-culture commentary with enough charisma and frenzy to blast you onto the dance floor.

Has Pink Floyd washed out? Now that leader **Roger Waters** is ready to blow minds on his own, **Floyd's Works** (Capitol) looks more like a farewell folio than like a greatest-hits album. It features some of the group's best efforts at developing the conceptual and operatic potentials of rock, but times have changed since these songs came out and many of them sound badly dated. You can close your eyes and imagine the Moody Blues disguised as Styx. Still, while Pink Floyd's best works don't lend themselves to anthology, there are some fine, freakish memories here. See you on the dark side of the moon.

## SHORT CUTS

**Los Illegals / Internal Exile** (A&M): Rock vet **Mick Ronson** teams up with an east L.A. barrio band to make *splendido nu-wave*.

**B. B. Spin / Try to Beat the Heat** (Cactus): First album by great Midwestern tavern rockers. They're roughnecks in the Ramones sense—you can slam dance to this music.

**The Replacements / Hootenanny** (\$7.99, Twin/Tone, 445 Oliver Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55405): Wailing Midwestern garage punk meets humorous Thirties folk. So terrible it's great.

**Guoneri Quartet / Mozart Quartets** (RCA): Wolfgang penned these two *Quartets in D* for his friends, **Franz Joseph Haydn** among them. Bright, energetic, even witty compositions played deftly. When's the last time Mozart let you down?

**P**reviews: It is time, once again, to give you a look at the reading pleasures that await you this fall and winter. In fiction, we anticipate a new collection of short stories from Donald Barthelme called *Overnight to Many Distant Cities* (Putnam's), a new Len Deighton thriller, *Berlin Game* (Knopf), and *Leila* (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence), by J. P. Donleavy, a sequel to *The Destinies of Darcy Dancer, Gentleman*. We also note that prolific Joyce Carol Oates has a new novel set in the late 19th Century, *Mysteries of Winterthurn* (Dutton), in which detective Xavier Kilgarvan solves a series of murders. In the something-for-everyone category, look for Edward Gorey's third collection of stories and drawings, *Amphigorey Also* (Congdon & Weed).

On the fall nonfiction list, Morrow is publishing a big book of interest to all of us, *American Couples: Money, Work and Sex*, by Drs. Philip Blumstein and Pepper Schwartz. *The Best of Modern Humor* (Knopf), edited by Mordecai Richler, offers everything from Groucho and Thurber to Russell Baker and Roy Blount. We recommend it highly. Diane Johnson's long-awaited bio *Dashiell Hammett* (Random House) is also on the way. It's the only one of the many recent books on Hammett that has Lillian Hellman's cooperation. Another literary portrait worth noting comes from Norton, *E. B. White: A Biography*, by Scott Elledge. Finally, keep your eye out for Paul Fussell's book *Class: A Guide Through the American Status System* (Summit). We know class when we see it.

Philip Caputo wants you to know that war is hell, and just in case you didn't get that from his two other books, *A Rumor of War* and *Horn of Africa*, he has marched the whole gory business out again in *Del-Corso's Gallery* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), the story of a combat photographer assigned to cover the last days of Saigon and then the street war in Beirut. Of course, Caputo can't have his characters ducking through fire fight and carnage saying, "War is hell," because that's a cliché. So he has them saying things like, "When you lost in war, brother, you lost it all." The slick, best-seller approach finally makes it impossible to care anything for the stick figures who swagger through this *macho* yarn.

A new collection of Gloria Steinem's magazine articles, *Outrageous Acts and Everyday Rebellions* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), runs the gamut between fuzzy polemical thinking and detailed personal experiences. While we don't question her fervor, we do wonder what humanity lies in the statement "One day, an army of gray-haired women may quietly take over the earth." What kind of message is that?



Edward Gorey is at it again.

Fall previews, Steinem essays and a new Bernie Rhodenbarr mystery.



Steinem ponders and pontificates.

On the other hand, Steinem displays great feeling in a piece called "Ruth's Song (Because She Could Not Sing It)," written especially for this book. It's a loving, touching but tough memoir about the author's mother. The beauty in it makes us eager for Steinem's recollections of the rest of her interesting life.

Mystery writer Lawrence Sanders has developed quite a following for his off-and-on boozier ex-cop Matthew Scudder (the hero of *Eight Million Ways to Die*). Sanders is also the author of a delightful series of

books about Bernie Rhodenbarr, a cat burglar who runs a used-book store—and has an unlucky habit of stumbling across corpses in the middle of a caper. *The Burglar Who Painted Like Mondriaan* (Arbor House), the fifth in the series, involves a kidnaped cat, art forgery and murder. It has as many plot twists as a Rubik's cube. Our advice: Find the early Bernie books in paperback and pig out.

*How to College* (Primer Press), a book in the genre of *The Official Preppy Handbook* and *The Official M.B.A. Handbook*, tries to spoon-feed the not-so-academically oriented undergraduate tips on the art of doing campus time. The authors—Bill Jeakle, Eugene Reardon and Ed Wyatt—give wise and wise-ass advice on clothes, cliques, test taking, partying, girls, beer, drugs, study habits, faculty relations, beer, studying abroad and beer. They even try to lessen the trauma of leaving college and actually finding your way in the real world. That's when beer really comes in handy.

*Beautiful Women; Ugly Scenes* (Doubleday) has to be one of the best book titles of the year. It's a novel, by C. D. B. Bryan (author of *Friendly Fire*, that fine nonfiction book about a family who lost a son in Vietnam), in the tradition of Updike and O'Hara. We see relationships being made and broken, hear long conversations between literate people, watch society's upper crust bake its tragedies. Not much new in that. But what makes Bryan's work exceptional is his tough, clear, frightening vision of the war between the sexes. "I don't have many romantic illusions left about men and women," the narrator says; and, a little later: "A woman does not quit until she has torn a man's bowels from within him and scattered his fragile sense of self to the winds." In prose that is generally graceful (except for the awkward screenplay format that crops up occasionally), this nameless narrator describes our contemporary male-female struggles without blinking or kidding himself. It's not stretching it to call this a book of war photographs—fine ones, sharply focused.

Ed McBain takes us back to the days of Jack Webb and *Dragnet* in his collection of short fiction titled *The McBain Brief* (Arbor House). McBain's deadpan cops aren't exactly Serpico, but his stories are fast-paced enough to entertain.

Unemployed actor Peter Scuro is having a drink in a bar when a woman dripping with money comes on to him and asks if he'd like to make 50 bucks—the old-fashioned way. He does, and she has lots of friends who'd like to spend \$50, too. Suddenly, Peter and Martha—the woman at



the bar—have a booming business providing zipless sexual encounters for women too busy to have a relationship. Things progress. Peter opens Peter's Place, a brownstone club where women can gamble, gambol and even have a nice water-cress sandwich. There is, however, a dark side to all this: payoffs, Mafia muscle and murder. Lawrence Sanders' seamless story, *The Seduction of Peter S.* (Putnam's), describes how a man's life becomes worthless when he undervalues it.

### BOOK BAG

**The Lessons of Love: Secrets from the World's Most Glamorous Dating Service** (Morrow), by Godmother Abby Hirsch, with Susan Dooley: Hirsch, who runs an exclusive dating service that matches professional men and women, peddles war stories and advice to the lovelorn.

**Back East** (Godine), by Ellen Pall: In a novel worth noting, Pall hits on everything from family to career to love.

**Hugging the Shore: Essays and Criticism** (Knopf), by John Updike: Observations on anything and everything by one of our keenest observers of both. What a tool this language is in his hands.

**Winter's Tale** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), by Mark Helprin: Known mainly as a short-story writer, Helprin has concocted a huge novel that's about an apocalyptic future and a violent past, a white stallion from Brooklyn, a millionaire, a second-story man and many more twists of plot than you'd think would be plausible. But there is fine writing here, and we forgive almost anything for that.

**More Collected Stories** (Random House), by V. S. Pritchett: It has been said that short-story writing is a young man's art. Well, only sometimes. Pritchett is 82 and still going strong.

**Days of Vengeance** (Doubleday), by Harry Mark Petrakis: An old-world book, full of the smells of olives and cheeses and a life that may seem more passionate than our own.

**Memory Babe: A Critical Biography of Jack Kerouac** (Grove), by Gerald Nicosia: *Everything* you ever wanted to know about Kerouac, told well by a true believer.

**Cathedral** (Knopf), by Raymond Carver: This is the third volume of short stories from Carver, and it is absolutely superb. Buy this book immediately.

**A Difference of Design** (Knopf), by W. M. Spackman: A contemporary novel of manners set in France, involving a middle-aged financial advisor who becomes romantically entangled with two women; stylistically elegant, high-toned, graceful.

**Wilderness Plots: Tales About the Settlement of the American Land** (Morrow), by Scott R. Sanders: Meet the settlers who carved towns out of the forests, in this beautifully illustrated collection of short tales, told so vividly you'd swear Sanders was there taking notes at the time.



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## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIGILANTE JUSTICE stirs to life in *The Star Chamber* (Fox), writer-director Peter Hyams' timely melodrama about a secret tribunal to punish criminals who escape through legal loopholes. Provocative but occasionally preposterous, the movie stars Michael Douglas as a conscientious L.A. judge suffering a guilt complex over all the dangerous misfits he is forced to set free. A series of brutal murders by a ring of kiddie-porn sadists sets the plot in motion, and Hyams keeps it spinning along on a medium-fast track somewhere between *The Verdict* and *Death Wish*. I get a whiff of fascism at work here—sheer exploitation of our fears about killers in the streets, with some tidy liberal thoughts tacked on after we've all enjoyed the sweet taste of vengeance. Still, *Star Chamber* is the kind of hard-edged saga of crime and punishment that ignites arguments, which seems a plus. I'd forgive more if it weren't for its underlighted, dingy look; it's one of those movies that somehow equate seriousness with dark shadows—and it gives L.A. today the somber, monotonous air of Moscow in winter. *Why?* **★★**

Jacqueline Bisset in *Class* (Orion) delivers the warmest, most spontaneous and unabashedly sexy performance of her career. Who could ask for anything more? Bisset is a world-class beauty, and the main thing wrong with *Class*—aside from its being somewhat farfetched at times—may be that Jackie doesn't get quite enough screen time to satisfy my needs. Yet most of this ebullient human comedy, directed by Lewis John Carlino, works very well—set in a suburban Chicago prep school where two affluent Harvard candidates and their chums spend a good deal of time thinking about sex. Rob Lowe and Andrew McCarthy are the Vernon Academy roommates, both scoring as attractive young actors of exceptional promise. An older woman (Bisset) complicates their lives and also sets *Class* apart by adding some genuine grown-up emotional pain to the boyish high-jinks. As a bonus, Bisset's big scene in an elevator with young McCarthy ("What do you prefer—going up or down?" she queries while pulling his pants off) instantly qualifies as one of the headiest movie moments of 1983. Cliff Robertson plays her stuffy husband quite persuasively. Storywise, there are several large and small surprises it would be unfair to divulge. But *Class* tells. **★★★**

Millions of moviegoers who have never heard of Shirley Muldowney will discover this extraordinary lady as the real-life heroine of *Heart Like a Wheel* (Fox). Until 1965, she was a young housewife and mother in Schenectady, New York, differ-



*Star Chamber* in session.



Classmates McCarthy, Bisset.

Guilty judges, *Classy* Bisset and a real-life race-track movie.



*Wheel's* Edwards, Bedelia.

ent only because she preferred drag racing to kitchen duty. Turning pro, she bled, sweated and scrapped her way into a sport totally dominated by men and became a legend—in 1982, she won the National Hot Rod Association world championship for the third time. How and why she did it is fine fodder for the best down-home movie bio since *Coal Miner's Daughter*. The same kind of grit animates Muldowney, brilliantly played by Bonnie Bedelia, a marvelous but mostly unsung actress pulling out all the stops to prove herself a top-fuel performer in every sense. (You may remember her as the bride in *Lovers and Other Strangers* a decade ago.) Here is Oscar-caliber acting, no matter how the competition shapes up. Although *Wheel* has the look of a very good B movie, director Jonathan (*Over the Edge*) Kaplan digs between the lines of Ken Friedman's workmanlike screenplay with the help of an excellent cast. Leo Rossi and Anthony Edwards play Shirley's husband and her teenaged son, respectively, and Beau Bridges oozes easygoing warmth as Connie Kalitta, the wayward racing star who eventually becomes Shirley's mentor and ficklehearted lover. (The first time he makes a pass, while they're both still married, Shirley snaps, "The only thing I do fast is drive.") Full of emotionally charged personal drama as well as supercharged track sequences, *Heart Like a Wheel* is a woman's movie devoid of preachments—the straightforward, go-get-'em saga of a gal whose gains are offset by immutable losses while she roars to glory with her foot to the floor board. **★★½**

In *Heat and Dust* (Universal Classics), those proverbial mad dogs and Englishmen are out in the midday sun but are only one part of the spellbinding romantic yarn spun by director James Ivory from a novel and a screenplay by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, Ivory's frequent collaborator

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(along with producer Ismail Merchant) in a series of provocative East meets West movies about British colonials in India. Their best by far, *Heat and Dust* combines two interwoven tales focused upon the quest of a modern young Englishwoman (Julie Christie, seen in too few movies lately but a joy forever) hoping to reconstruct the scandalous past of her late great-aunt Olivia, who followed her handsome husband to his Indian post in the Twenties and shook society by her headlong affair with a rakish local prince. At the apex of that ill-fated triangle, facing destiny in flashbacks, lissome Greta Scacchi is an exquisite Olivia—like a pale English rose ready to burst with purple passion. As the two men who excite her, Christopher Cazenove and Shashi Kapoor (at home in India, he's a superstar heartthrob on a par with Newman and Redford) seem equally capable of complicating a lady's life.

Cultural and sexual conflicts, then and now, keep *Heat and Dust* teeming with timeless fascination. As the contemporary Anne, Christie moves through modern India having her own meaningful experiences with her native host (Zakir Hussain) and with a mixed-up Buddhist from Iowa (Charles McCaughan). Visually, the movie is a rich tapestry photographed by Walter Lassally (who won an Oscar for *Zorba the Greek*). While its backward and forward leaps through time can be disconcerting, the film is subtle, erotic and leisurely, brimful of colorful detail, with a sinuous musical score by Richard Robbins to maintain the mood throughout. Fine-grained, indeed, but definitely a class act—not for frivolous thrill seekers. **★★½**

An inspired spoof of animated-cartoon violence the way it used to be—presented as the reminiscences of Cat and Mouse, two comic characters licking their wounds in retirement—is the funniest sequence of *Loose Joints* (UFD). Dedicated movie nuts should be able to connect with other episodes in director Peter Winograd's zany ode to standard cinematic chestnuts. The live-action comedy is hit or miss, with parodies of science fiction (*Lost Heroes of the Milky Way*, starring Joan Hackett, plus Martin Mull as the evil, acidic Tang), space-age private eyes (*Dynasty's* Pamela Sue Martin sleuthing with a bug man who talks like Bogey in *Philip Alien—Space Detective*) and schlock sex and violence (Mull and Betty Kennedy bringing the foolery to a satisfying climax in the *House of the Horny Corpse*). While its off-the-wall manner may suggest a low-budget quickie in the style of *Kentucky Fried Movie*, *Joints* is handsomely produced and about half successful at getting where it wants to go. **★★**

Michael Caine has a part he can really run with in *Educating Rita* (Columbia), playing a drunken, self-deprecating English professor whose life is turned around



Scacchi, Cazenove steam *Heat*.

*Heat and Dust* returns Christie to screen; Caine has a ball with *Rita*.



Rita's Walters, Caine.



Schofield, Geoff Rhoe in *Puberty Blues*.

by a young working-class hairdresser and bored housewife (Julie Walters) with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. As an award-winning London stage comedy by Willy Russell, *Rita* was a smash hit in the tradition of *Pygmalion* (a.k.a. *My Fair Lady*) and *Born Yesterday*—the story of a teacher-pupil relationship that transforms

an ignorant, innocent girl into a fairly formidable woman. Walters, playing the plucky creature who comes away from giving perms to grapple with Chekhov and *Peer Gynt* in tutorials (we call it adult education over here), is an equal match for Caine, and that's saying a lot. She may lack his natural screen charisma, but her precise comic timing more or less fills the gap. *Rita's* most glaring flaw is that producer-director Lewis Gilbert never manages to make us forget that the movie was originally a play. But the dialog crackles, the characters make you care and Caine scores as a top leading man mellowing into middle age. **★★★**

To confront another sun-baked, brainless beach-party movie like those that proliferated back in the Sixties is a prospect about as welcome as having sand kicked in one's face. But director Bruce Beresford's wry, winsome *Puberty Blues* (Universal Classics) bears only a superficial resemblance to the teen trivia of yesteryear. Instead of bringing back banality, Beresford explores the social and psychological tide tables that determine the quality of life for a couple of surf-obsessed groupies in modern Australia. Adapted by Margaret Kelly from an indigenous best seller written by two teenagers (Kathy Lette and Gabrielle Carey) who knew the surfing scene firsthand, *Puberty Blues* studies the initiation, sexual subjugation and ultimate liberation of Debbie and Sue (played respectively, and charmingly, by Nell Schofield and Jad Capelja). In order to be accepted as a surfer's mate, a girl has to fetch for him, flatter him, cater to his sexual whims but expect nothing in return. How Schofield discovers, hurt by hurt, that drinking, drugs, mechanical sex and surfing as a spectator sport (it's considered unseemly for girls) are not really enough is the burden of Beresford's *Blues*. It's a burden carried off with the honesty and simplicity we're beginning to take for granted from the man who made *Tender Mercies* and *Breaker Morant*. Familiar stuff, nicely recycled. **★★½**

A typical youth-oriented holdover from summer's silly season is *Let's Do It* (Best Film). The hero, Freddie, is played by Greg Bradford—the kind of boyish blond hunk who fires the libidos of otherwise well-bred ladies at Chippendale's, a male-stripper emporium in L.A. *Do It*, however, offers Bradford as a virginal, blue-eyed innocent who is impotent with women he likes too much—the result, we're told, of his having been breast-fed by his dotting momma. Don't try to understand. Hordes of compliant California beauties are enlisted to help Freddie, among them Playmate Amanda "Missy" Cleveland and scrumptious Britt Helfer as his impatient girlfriend who hopes to celebrate her upcoming birthday in bed. Dopey? You bet. The name of the game is ogling. **★★**

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

**Class** (Reviewed this month) School-boys discover Jackie Bisset. **YYY**

**Educating Rita** (Reviewed this month) And again, Caine makes his mark. **YYY**

**L'Etoile du Nord** Acceptable French import with Signoret and Noiret. **YY**

**Fanny & Alexander** The most accessible, warm-blooded Ingmar Bergman movie in many a moon. Masterful. **YYYY**

**Gabriola** Mastroianni meets Sonia Braga, with sexy results. **YY½**

**Heart Like a Wheel** (Reviewed this month) Bedelia as a savvy race-car driver. **YYY½**

**Heat and Dust** (Reviewed this month) India in the good old days, romantically revisited by Julie Christie. **YYY½**

**Let's Do It** (Reviewed this month) Young and willing and Californian. **YY**

**Loose Joints** (Reviewed this month) Middling spoof of movie movies. **YY**

**The Man with Two Brains** Wacky comedy about a brain surgeon (Steve Martin) deserves to be a big hit. **YYY**

**Monty Python's The Meaning of Life** Outlandish, rude and irresistible. **YYY½**

**Octopussy** 007 is still a winning number, with Roger Moore and Maud Adams. **YYY½**

**Pauline at the Beach** Rapping about *l'amour*, in French. **YYY**

**Psycho II** *Psycho* on the *Late Show* is far superior, so why bother? **Y**

**Puberty Blues** (Reviewed this month) Down-under view of surfettes. **YY½**

**Querelle** Adapted from Jean Genet, Fassbinder's swan song is mostly a fizzle. With Brad Davis. **Y**

**Return of the Jedi** The Force is still with George Lucas. **YYY**

**The Star Chamber** (Reviewed this month) It's *The Verdict* with action. **YY**

**Strange Invaders** Scary s-f, minor but promising thrills 'n' chills. **YY**

**Stroker Ace** Burt, Loni and stock cars. A slice of the same old salami—stale and misdirected by Hal Needham. **Y**

**Superman III** Reeve is back and Annette O'Toole has got him. **YY½**

**The Survivors** An uneven odd couple portrayed by Matthau and Robin Williams. Rather ho-hum. **YY**

**Trading Places** Eddie Murphy, Aykroyd and Jamie Lee Curtis in a top-notch comedy. **YYY½**

**La Traviata** *Camille* as grand opera, by Zeffirelli out of Verdi. **Grand. YYY**

**Twilight Zone—The Movie** Big-name epic produced by Spielberg but better overall on TV of yesteryear. **YY**

**WarGames** Computer whiz kid almost triggers World War Three. **YYY½**

**Yellowbeard** A bunch of the boys, plus Madeline Kahn, whooping it up in an uneven spoof of pirate movies. **YY½**

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

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



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## By TONY SCHWARTZ

WHENEVER he can, my friend Harry Shearer likes to take a midafternoon break from his work—writing comedy—to flip on his TV and watch Max Robinson.

Don't go jumping to conclusions. This is not a story about television news. The Max Robinson I'm talking about is the star of a show that Harry and his friends have dubbed, affectionately, *The Max Antics Hour*. Like ABC's *World News Tonight*, this show features Max sitting at his Chicago newsroom desk. But instead of delivering stories in his serious, sonorous style, Max is seen chatting on the phone with his picture framer (Max collects art) or haranguing his agent, kibitzing with the crew about video equipment, making airline reservations, sipping V-8 juice and cracking fair-to-middling jokes.

What Harry is seeing—and most of us cannot—is the live satellite "feed" that connects Max Robinson in Chicago to the ABC News control room in New York. Each week night, for a few minutes, Max reads his portion of the news on the air; in between, he tries to keep busy. Watching Max keeping busy is what Harry likes to do.

That's possible because amid the weeds in the back yard of his Santa Monica house, Harry has planted a \$3500 fiberglass object that looks like a yolckless fried egg and is known as a satellite dish. By pointing it to the right spot in the sky, Harry's dish can pluck the programing off any of more than a dozen North American satellites currently orbiting 22,300 miles above the earth.

Approximately 100,000 dishes are already in use, and they are selling at the rate of 20,000 a month. The owners include both back-yard users and entrepreneurs who set up Satellite Master Antenna Television systems for apartment complexes and hotels. This year, retail sales of dishes are expected to reach one billion dollars. A reasonable system can now be purchased for as little as \$1500—not much more than a good video recorder.

Among dish owners, Harry is what's known as a videophile. That's a fancy way of saying a zealot. "You never know what's up there," he says. "Every morning, I go fishing in the sky for ten or 15 minutes. And nine days out of ten, I find something unexpected and delightful."

Admittedly, Harry has a rather unusual definition of delightful. His favorite satellite program of all time was a medical training film produced by an Army hospital in Texas—about how to use a colostomy bag. "Sue me," he says, "but I always *wondered*. And the pictures were unbelievable."

Even Harry acknowledges that watching sports, rather than Max Robinson or



"If you're a real TV junkie, get yourself a dish."

colostomy procedures, is his first love. For that, the dish is a dream. "You take a Saturday afternoon in the winter, when NBC might be covering ten regional college basketball games around the country," Harry explains rhapsodically. "Most viewers get to see one. I can watch all ten."

Even those choices are slightly esoteric. According to David Wolford, who publishes a programing guide called *Satellite Orbit* out of Hailey, Idaho, most of those who buy dishes are simply being practical. "You get three miles out of nearly any town in the Western United States, and you can't get cable," he says. "So you put up a dish instead. I'd say 65 to 70 percent of owners are rural and what most of them want are the three networks, PBS, an independent station, a sports channel and a movie channel."

As it stands, dish owners get that and plenty more. Just consider a typical weekday evening of listings in *Satellite Orbit*—one of perhaps a dozen trade publications that serve the industry. At eight P.M. Eastern standard time on June 20, for example, the magazine listed 42 scheduled programs. Even at two A.M. the following morning, there were still 21 choices. Add the sort of unscheduled programing Harry favors, and the number of choices sometimes exceeds 100. Few cable systems in the country have that much channel capacity—let alone that many programs.

We're talking heady notions here: Ask

and ye shall receive. Whatever's up there in the sky just waiting to be tuned in at no additional cost. True freedom of the airwaves. A genuine global village. It sounds almost too good to be true—and soon it may be. The reason is that pay services, led by Home Box Office, don't much like giving away their service for free. So sometime this fall, HBO will begin scrambling its signal—and providing expensive decoders only to its cable affiliates. Other pay services, such as Showtime, are due to follow suit.

The real losers won't be manufacturers, nor wealthy urban dish owners and videophiles, most of whom have access to cable already. Rather, they will be the rural folks for whom a dish has finally provided a first-class connection to the burgeoning video world.

The right to view may not rate with disarmament as a world issue, but it does have a certain romantic resonance. Consider the case made by John Ponce, the editor of *Satellite TV Week*.

"I grew up in the Sputnik era," Ponce says, "and one thing my parents paid their taxes toward was that great thing called the space race. Well, all this satellite technology is the payoff of that race. I feel that people like me have paid many times over for the right to receive whatever benefits are now flying down from outer space. If I don't have cable service and I can receive the best the electronic era has to offer only by putting a dish in the back yard, then, by God, I should be able to do that."

There is some irony in all this. For if services like HBO and Showtime are what dish owners worry most about losing, it just shows that for all the signals they bring in, satellite dishes haven't vastly broadened horizons. Rather, what the dishes have made desirable is more—much more—of much the same old stuff. And after a while, the novelty of more choice begins to wear thin.

Even a space-age romantic such as Ponce admits as much—albeit sheepishly. "By the second week of each month, I'm pretty burned out on motion pictures," he says. "The services all show the same ones. All my kids want to see is cops and cowboys and cartoons. So most of the time, that's what I end up watching, too."

Of course, there will always be people like Harry, for whom the dish is a connection to unending surprise. Even Max Robinson has caught the spirit. "When I first heard people were watching my feed, I was quite disturbed," he says. "But then I decided just to relax about it. I'm not terribly obscene and I'm not terribly strange. Now I'm thinking about getting a dish myself. My wife and I just bought a house out on the lake, and we have a friend who's offered to put a dish up in our back yard. Then I can start dishing back."

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

**IDOL GOSSIP:** Peter Yates will direct the film version of the award-winning play *The Dresser*, a suspense-filled comedy set in a theater in wartime England. The story of an eccentric English actor whose career is on the wane, the flick will top-line **Tom Courtenay** (reprising his stage role) and **Albert Finney**. . . . Ex-Charlie's Angel **Tanya Roberts** has been selected to play the title role in Columbia's *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*. The screenplay is being penned by **David (Superman I, II and III) Newman**. . . . "Animal House on rafts" is how **Samuel Z. Arkoff** describes his latest film, *Rafts*, which just happens to feature two of *Animal House's* wild-and-crazy stars, **Tim Matheson** and **Stephen Furst**, as well as *Hill Street Blues* regular **James B. Sikking**. Set in Oregon, the movie involves a bunch of crazed collegiates who enter a white-water-rafting contest and end up, among other things, diverting the river through a house. . . .



Finney



Roberts

Word has it that Orion's *The Bounty*, starring **Mel Gibson**, **Anthony Hopkins**, **Edward Fox** and **Laurence Olivier**, will try to show Captain Bligh in a more sympathetic light than previous portrayals have done. . . . **Charlton Heston**, **Brad Davis**, **Wayne Rogers**, **Paul Sorvino**, **Keith Carradine**, **Stephen Collins**, **Tess Harper**, **Victoria Tennant** and **Billy Dee Williams** will star in CBS-TV's six-hour miniseries *Chiefs*, based on a novel by **Stuart Woods**. Shot in South Carolina, the special is about a small Southern town harboring a mass murderer whose crimes go undetected for decades and the three police chiefs who, one by one, attempt to solve the mystery. . . . **Michael (Mr. Mom) Keaton** will play a James Cagney-like role in 20th Century-Fox's broad spoof of Thirties gangster films, *Johnny Dangerously*. **Amy (Fast Times at Ridgemont High) Heckerling** has been signed to direct.

**BROTHERLY LOVE:** It's never easy describing the plot of a **John Cassavetes** film, and *Love Streams*, his latest (set for release in 1984), is no exception. Cassavetes co-wrote the script, directs and stars with—natch—his better half, **Gena Rowlands**. This time, they play brother and sister. He's Robert Harmon, a self-centered, belligerent fellow who makes a good living writing novels

about emotionally tormented women. Strictly an observer of people, Robert rarely engages in emotional relationships of his own and is something of a hermit. One day, his solitude is shattered by his sister Sarah, who has been in and out of funny



Rowlands



Cassavetes

farms. Having left her husband and her daughter, Sarah comes to visit and decides it is her mission to pry Robert out of his reclusive shell and make him happy. Although she eventually accomplishes her goal, her methods are, to say the least, unorthodox. *Love Streams* co-stars **Diahnne Abbott** and **Seymour Cassel**.

**TAXI FARE:** Universal's *D.C. Cab*, starring **Gary Busey** and **Mr. T** as well as a large ensemble of relative unknowns, is an off-the-wall comedy with a moral. Loosely plotted, it concerns an unusual group of Washington, D.C., cabdrivers haphazardly working for a near-bankrupt cab company. Their cars are battered and in need of repair, business is slow and the drivers themselves don't exhibit a lot of company pride. But when one of their number is implicated in the kidnaping of a diplomat's children, the cabbies rally to his rescue, solve the crime, vindicate their co-



Busey



Mr. T

worker and, with the reward money, clean up their act. Castwise, *D.C. Cab* may offer some surprises—the 15-member group includes two professional bodybuilders, three stand-up comedians and a Washington Square street performer, all making their motion-picture debuts. **Joel (The Incredible Shrinking Woman) Schumacher** directs.

**LOVE TRIANGLE:** Director **Taylor (An Officer and a Gentleman) Hackford's** new venture (due out in early 1984) is Columbia's

*Against All Odds*, a contemporary remake of the 1947 film noir *Out of the Past*, which starred **Robert Mitchum**, **Kirk Douglas** and **Jane Greer**. Interestingly (and this may be a first), Greer also co-stars in the new version with **Rachel Ward**, **Jeff Bridges**, **James Woods** and **Richard Widmark**. An action-adventure-romance, *Against All Odds* involves a love triangle between two men and a woman set against the backdrop of power and its manipulation in present-day Los Angeles. The three sides of the triangle are Ward, who plays a rich, unpredictable jet setter; Bridges, an ex-professional football player; and Woods, the owner of a chichi night club. Greer portrays Ward's mother, the owner of a pro football team, and Widmark is a powerful Century City attorney. Says director Hackford, "I wanted to do a contemporary film about Los Angeles that had the elements of action, adventure, romance and intrigue, a film that dealt with the unique nature of power in Los Angeles. It also has in its



Bridges

Ward

foreground three very provocative and sexy characters. I think of this as a dangerous love story. And I think it will inevitably be very different from the original."

**FUTURE ROCK:** Director **Walter (48 HRS.) Hill's** *Streets of Fire* may very well go down in history as Hollywood's first futuristic rock-'n'-roll action-fantasy film. Starring **Michael (Eddie and the Cruisers) Paré**, **Diane (Rumble Fish) Lane** and SCTV's **Rick Moranis**, the picture takes place against a nightmarish urban background (no cities, just districts) during an unspecified future time. The ambience lies somewhere between Fifties chic and New Wave. Paré plays Tom Cody, a soldier of fortune who returns to the Warring District to save his old girlfriend, rock singer Ellen Aim (Lane). Seems Ellen was kidnaped during a concert by an outlaw gang called the Bombers. Moranis, in his first serious role, plays Ellen's manager, Billy Fish. Also featured are **Amy (Love Child) Madigan** as Cody's husky, gun-toting side-kick; **Deborah (Too Close for Comfort) Van Valkenburg**; **Willem (Heaven's Gate) Dafoe**; **Richard (Poltergeist) Lawson**; dancer **Marine (Flashdance) Jahan**; and female bodybuilder **Lisa Lyon**. The film is set for a 1984 release.



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# AIDS: JOURNALISM IN A PLAGUE YEAR

By DAVID NIMMONS

TIME WAS, all we had to worry about was plain old V.D. Then, when V.D. became a "sexually transmitted disease," the media swung their klieg lights into place and we got "scourges" or, even better, "plagues." They move so fast that last year's upscale sex virus, herpes, has now gone the way of E.T. In its place, most of us have been hearing alarming things about AIDS, acquired-immune-deficiency syndrome.

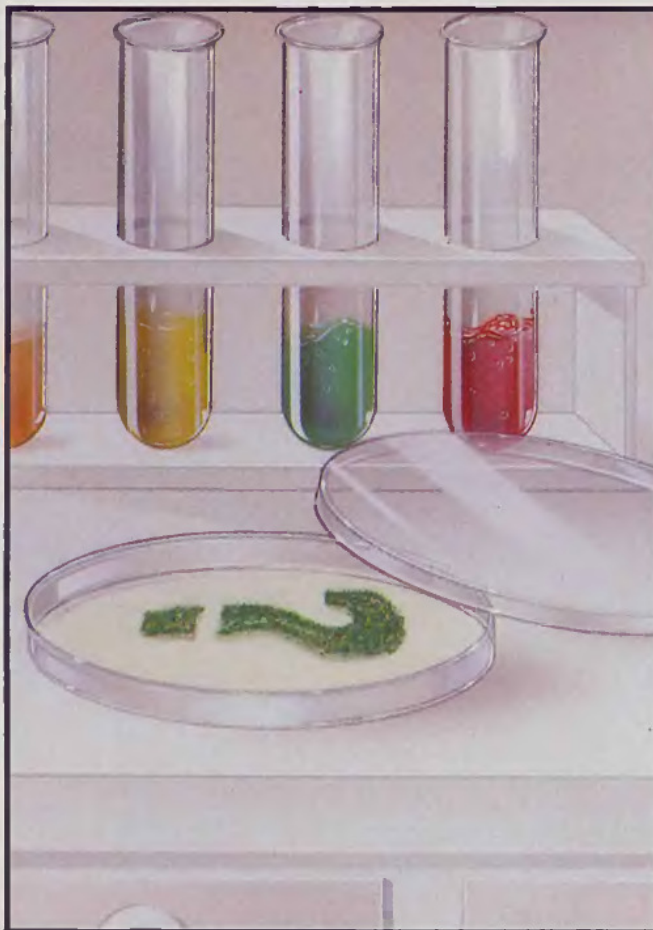
Rarely has a disease inspired so much concern, hysteria and misinformation. The news about AIDS has touched off a dread once reserved for leprosy. In several cities, there have been reports of nurses who have refused to be in the same room with AIDS victims.

Beyond the hysteria, there is cause for legitimate concern. Rarely have our best medical minds—experts whose professional tender is their antiseptic caution—made such statements as "the most serious public-health problem of the century." In its short history, AIDS has killed more people than any disease we've seen for a long time: More than 650 have died—*nine and a half times* as many as died from Legionnaire's disease and toxic-shock syndrome combined over a comparable period.

While we don't know what causes AIDS, we do know its symptoms: unexplained weight loss, prolonged fever or prolonged swollen glands, night sweats, unexplained fatigue, persistent diarrhea or cough, recurrent infections you can't shake.

We know, too, that it moves fast. Only three years ago, there were 55 reported cases. Today, there are more than 30 times that number. If it continues to spread at that rate, in three years, there will be 50,000 cases. And 39 percent of those will result in death in the first year.

Properly speaking, AIDS may be not a disease but a syndrome that does to the human immune system what Attila did to Europe. People with AIDS can con-



tract a constellation of exotic infections and cancers that they would normally fight off. Looking at a patient's blood cells under a microscope, doctors see the wreckage of a crippled immune system. What they don't see is what wrecked it.

"We simply don't know at all what we have," admits Dr. Harold Jaffe, chief epidemiologist of the AIDS task force at the Centers for Disease Control (CDC). No smoking gun has been found in any AIDS case—no virus, no bacterium, no Andromeda Strain to point to.

The media can hardly be faulted for seizing on AIDS: Involving sex, love and death, it makes herpes look like, well, just a cold sore. The problem is that in the media's feeding frenzy, a lot of careless things have been said.

A year ago, when the coverage began, it was embarrassing. Magazines such as *US* and *New York* splashed "GAY PLAGUE" headlines across their pages in inch-high type. Then came *The Saturday Evening*

*Post's* contribution: "Being Gay Is a Health Hazard." Grabby, sure, and it sold copies, but wrong on both counts: AIDS is neither confined to gays nor highly contagious.

Scarcely was their ink dry when *Esquire* fingered AIDS as an accessory before the fact in "The Death of Sex." Next, *Rolling Stone* me-toed with an article titled "Is There Death After Sex?" Was *PLAYBOY* alone in feeling that the reports of the death of sex had been greatly exaggerated?

Recently, *Newsweek*, in what purported to be a sober, detached look at AIDS, made some astonishing statements: AIDS, it told us, is "incubating in an untold number of victims" whose "contaminated blood" might spread the disease.

Now, wait a minute. What *Newsweek* describes is ghastly, to be sure, but what does it have to do with AIDS? As to contaminated blood, that's a loaded word. Contaminated, we ask, with what? Remember, this is a syndrome for

which there is no known cause, no proven agent, an unknown means of transmission and, hence, no way to know whether or not a person's blood supply actually carries it.

As to "incubating in untold numbers": "Untold" is journalese for "We dunno," and what does incubating mean in a disease whose course nobody understands? Without any scientific proof, those statements may be more inflammatory than informative.

The point is that *nobody* knows: not the doctors, not the patients, not the media. We're being presented with everybody's conjecture as fact, and conjecture does a lot of damage when people's lives are at stake. We'd like to cite some facts.

About AIDS' being a "gay" disease: It's not. There's no such thing. Germs swing both ways, and they don't care whom their hosts sleep with. True, the disease was first reported among gay men, but recent figures show that three

in ten AIDS victims aren't gay. Straight women and men, some recent Haitian immigrants, I.V.-drug users, hemophiliacs, even a few practitioners of the world's oldest profession have come down with AIDS.

About "catching" it: You're not in imminent danger. Yes, AIDS may be infectious, but no scientist worth his pipettes thinks you get it the way you catch a cold. You don't get it by being in the same room with somebody, by sharing a phone, a plate or an elevator. After three years and more than 1600 reported cases, no health worker—not one—is known to have caught AIDS from a patient. Those who would have us shun people with AIDS as

modern-day lepers simply haven't done their homework.

Perhaps the worst half-truth is the sex-equals-AIDS equation. Yes, it looks as though AIDS can be transmitted through intimate contact, but apparently it's not how much sex you enjoy but the number of partners with whom you share it that increases the risk. In fact, if you're a heterosexual male in good health who isn't Haitian, doesn't inject drugs or enjoy women by the platoon, you're in the lowest-risk group for AIDS. Sure, you could take steps to lower your risk, but you could also die of boredom.

As to the "plague," remember that few-

er than one one-thousandth of one percent of sexually active Americans are known to have AIDS; 99.999 percent of us don't have it.

We're not saying that AIDS isn't a problem. We're saying that it's so much of a problem that it calls us all to scrupulously separate fact from speculation. That is crucial, because many would seek to confuse the issues, to make political capital from the human suffering of those with AIDS. Let there be no doubt: Those politicians are playing for high stakes with AIDS.

Those who would make our moral decisions for us have already taken aim at AIDS, and scare articles have graced the pages of the *Moral Majority Report*. One Texas New Right group has moved to regulate what two consenting adults do in their bedroom by calling for a law that would make illegal not only oral sex and anal intercourse but holding hands or kissing in public—all in the name of hygiene, of course. A group in Maryland has stated that the gay victims of AIDS are "working assiduously and irresponsibly to spread" it and has charged that gays have "tainted" blood. Stop us if you've heard that one before.

It's no accident that some of the people most at risk for AIDS—gays, I.V.-drug users—are those on the New Right's political hit list. And, lest we forget, that list potentially includes anyone who is at all sexually active. The New Right, after all, is hardly bullish on folks who make their own sexual decisions.

What we need are not sermons but facts, and those facts cost money. Yet, until very recently, our labs have been starved for money to fight AIDS. Two years after its emergence, AIDS, which had killed 350 people, had received fewer real dollars than had Legionnaire's disease, which had killed 71 people in a comparable period. Last year, President Reagan effectively cut 20 percent of the CDC's funding. Next year, he hopes to reduce by one quarter the number of over-all research projects at the National Institutes of Health. For a time, it looked as though the only way to interest Reagan in AIDS would be to convince him that we could give it to the Russians.

More recently, sanity has begun to prevail. Where four Government health agencies shared only \$5,505,000 in fiscal 1982 for research on AIDS, \$14,532,000 was made available in 1983.

The bottom line is that while we don't yet have a cure for it, the syndrome is being taken from the sexual/medical ghetto and studied in the light of serious research. For now, that will help separate phobia from fact. To those who do otherwise, who fan fears for reasons of commerce or politics, we say: May a plague fall on your houses.



## CHAMPION SWITCHES TO NGK.

When this lady goes for a Sunday drive, it's at 250 MPH. So everything in her car, including spark plugs, has to work perfectly. Professional drag racing's Shirley Muldowney, three-time NHRA Top Fuel World Champion and perhaps the world's fastest woman, recently switched to NGK spark plugs. Like millions of motorists throughout the world, Shirley has learned that NGK plugs with their wide heat-range copper core center electrode simply outperform ordinary plugs. To make sure you're getting the most out of your car, motorcycle or any engine, imported or domestic, switch to NGK's. Shirley did—and she's a champion!




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## By ASA BABER

WE WERE living in Honolulu, near Kahala Beach, in 1972. The marriage was in final convulsion. Life in paradise had not been able to cover up the enormous fault line running down the center of our relationship. It was a mess, and as discontent rumbled through the house, I knew nothing was going to put Humpty Dumpty together again.

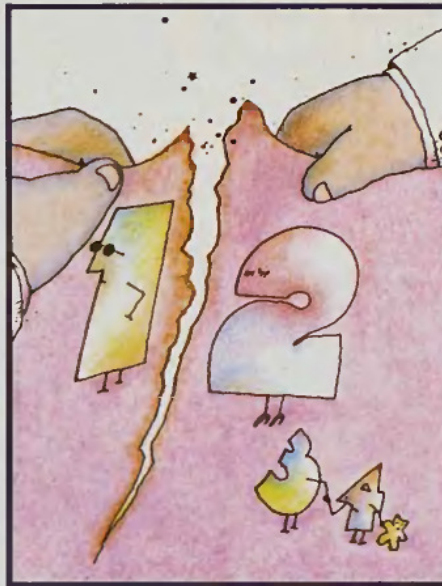
We were two adults who had made a bad choice; by that time, I didn't care. We could go our separate ways. But about the two children of that marriage, I cared desperately. I was a creature common on the American scene: a cavalier husband who was nevertheless a good father.

I knew two contradictory things: (1) If I didn't get out of the marriage, I would lose all sense of self-respect; (2) if I did get out of the marriage, I would be ordered to give up custody of the two people in the world most important to me.

When my two sons were born, some three years apart, I was there. I held them early and I held them often. I spent a lot of time with them and loved it; and, yes, I gave up some career possibilities, but I gained much more. We wrestled just about every day. We joked and laughed. I got to know them and they got to know me. I set limits; they challenged them. I was tough with them when I had to be, but because we had built a web of mutual trust, I don't believe there was ever a time when my sternness was taken as rejection. I don't say I was (or am) the perfect father; I'm just saying that I gave fatherhood my best shot, gave more to it than to anything else in my life. What I was doing, though I probably would not have called it this at the time, was learning to love. It's safe to say that not until I became a father did I know the meaning of love. And it is precisely that—learning to love—that is the revolution in male thought to which I referred in my September column.

In case you haven't noticed, divorce as a system is skewed against fathers. They don't usually get custody of their kids (this may be changing gradually, but back in 1972, it almost never happened, and the figure today for the number of fathers who gain custody is something like five percent of the total). I was no exception to the rule, and as the divorce came down, I experienced an emasculation that is hard to describe. I was barred from my home, limited in contact with my children, stripped of finances, portrayed as unworthy and dispensable.

Nothing in my training had prepared me for that disaster. The images on which I had been raised were typically male—images from the street, the boxing ring, boot camp, sports, movies. I had been raised to win—or to die trying. Yet there I



## BALL-BUSTIN' BLUES, PART TWO

"I was a creature common on the American scene: a cavalier husband who was nevertheless a good father."

was, in pain, confused, losing that which I held most dear.

Frankly, I was in mourning. Yes, men do mourn, though they may not show it often. Our grief is subterranean, like a fire in a peat bog that burns deeply and springs out in surprising places. I was in mourning not for the marriage but for the truncated chance at fatherhood.

I feared for my sons. What role models would they have? Would they accept the image of the father as a throwaway item? Would they come to see themselves as equally dispensable? I feared for myself. How could I rebuild a sense of self-worth after the trauma of divorce?

I am convinced that that will always stand in my mind as the darkest time of my life. I think a lot of men know what I'm talking about. In divorce the superstate comes in and socks it to men, both fathers and sons. They are almost always split apart, and it is my belief that until that splitting stops—until same-sex custody is more seriously considered and more frequently awarded—we will have no chance for a truly healthy society. If you banish good role models and ignore the struggle to establish personal and sexual identity, what you decree is what you'll get: generations of lost sons and disappearing fathers.

In the months right after the divorce, before my sons were to move away from Hawaii, I set my face like a bulldog's and held to one idea: that love could not be neutralized by a person or a power. I can't tell you how hard it was for me to believe that sometimes.

I took my kids to the beach, to the zoo, to concerts in the park, and I died inside. It was painful in the extreme to be with them, knowing that soon I would be able to see them only a few days a year. Their confusion was evident, too, and I knew that they had their own kind of pain to deal with: Why had I left them if I loved them? Were the things they were hearing about me true? Were fathers unfaithful by definition?

"In the midst of winter, I finally learned that there was in me an invincible summer," Camus wrote. Slowly, I learned what he meant. I refused to be a nonperson, and I stayed in touch with my sons through thick and thin, even when it seemed that the pressure on them to forget me was tremendous. I paid more than my share of child support, saw them whenever possible, called them to joke and kid and talk. I let them know I loved them.

Humor kept us in contact more than anything else, I think. Male humor. Vaudeville, bawdy, noisy, cornball, the kind so often seen as immature. "What's new?" I'd always ask first whenever I called. "New York, New Jersey, New Hampshire," they would Groucho Marx back; and then one of them would say, "Rhode Island" or something like that, and I'd ask, "What's new about Rhode Island?" and they'd yell back in unison, "Not a damn thing." We thought that was funny for years. I was, simply, myself—a man—with them. They understood what I was doing, and they had the guts to love me for it.

Something happens to young men about the age of 12. If their fathers have kept the lines of communication open, there comes a time when that relationship can no longer be broken, when the search for identity is paramount and growth cannot be stopped. It was at that age that both of my sons came to live with me. We had to check one another out. It was as simple as that.

I call it the Zen of manhood, this revolution I'm talking about. We men find ourselves by losing ourselves. As our needy egos are broken, so can they be more solidly restructured. As we learn to love, we turn into more worthy role models and better companions.

To put it bluntly, one of these days, I think the superstate is going to learn not to fuck with the father-son relationship. There's something too vital there.

It is a day most men wish for mightily.



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The world's most civilized spirit



# WOMEN

## By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

WE, THE WALKING WOUNDED, are a band of merry marauders, laying waste to tender psyches in cities, boroughs and hamlets all over the land.

Victims of serious damage while engaging in the war between the sexes, we take no prisoners. We strike, destroy and flee.

We're clever, though. When we find a potential victim, we pretend to be all warm and wonderful and loving and caring and vulnerable. And then, as soon as the poor sap falls for us, we laugh mirthlessly and say, "Sorry, but you're more ready for a commitment than I am." Or, when we want to be really mean, "Sorry, but I've fallen in love with someone else." And then we whistle a careless tune and evaporate into the night, one more scalp hanging from our belts.

You probably know us. You may well be one of us. If so, you know we weren't always this way. Witness the case histories of some of our jolly band.

FRED

Fred was no fun at all until he met Myrna. Withdrawn and meek, he would stare into space at parties, then go home and make a Spam sandwich for a midnight snack. His only sexual encounters were with \$50-a-night hookers, whom he would implore to beat him. But they wouldn't, since discipline was extra.

Then Myrna breezed into Fred's life. No feast for the eyes, old Myrna—too tall, lank hair, overly chubby thighs. But she had a certain sweet availability in her deep-green eyes that turned Fred into a new man. Walking hand in hand in the park, making love in front of a roaring fire and giggling were suddenly part of Fred's repertoire. He was finally happy.

One day, Myrna failed to show up for a date. When Fred called, Myrna explained sweetly that she was terribly sorry, but she had met a mountain climber the day before, and she was moving to Switzerland with him.

EVE

Eve was really excited about Tony. She never had to tell him anything twice. He always got the point, the joke, the cruel irony. Plus, she could jump on him whenever she wanted and he was always ready, even on the beach.

One day, they were reading Ogden Nash to each other and suddenly realized that they were hot and sweaty. "Let's take a shower," Tony said.

They took off their clothes and walked into the bathroom. On the shower rod hung a black-lace garter belt, two pairs of black panties and a bra—not Eve's.

Tony kept promising never to do it again as more of those episodes unfolded. Then, one day, Eve walked into her apart-



## WALKING WOUNDED

"Walking hand in hand in the park, making love in front of a roaring fire . . . were suddenly part of Fred's repertoire."

ment and found Tony fucking another woman on her couch.

HOWIE

Howie's mother hated him. It had been a difficult birth and in his formative years, Howie's mother was fond of lifting up her dress, showing Howie her scars and whining, "Look what you've done to me!"

Howie's first marriage fizzled, but when he met Pam, he decided to try again. Pam needed him. He was going to help her get off drugs and enroll her in an acting class. He and Pam went to Vegas to get married. They took a few grams of cocaine and a couple of thousand dollars. Soon, the cocaine was gone and the money spent.

"Why don't we go to bed now?" Howie asked.

"Fuck you!" Pam shouted, throwing her wedding ring at him.

STEPHANIE

Stephanie met Fred in the laundromat. He was having trouble sorting his whites and she helped him out. Fred was shy and withdrawn, which Stephanie found appealing. They started dating. Stephanie didn't mind sharing Fred's passion for Spam sandwiches, since he seemed so kind and gentle.

One day, Stephanie waited for Fred for an hour in front of the movie theater where they had planned to meet.

"What happened to you?" asked Stephanie when she finally reached Fred on the telephone.

"I was there at the appointed time," he said stonily.

"I had trouble getting a cab," said Stephanie.

"Don't give me that shit," said Fred. "You women are all alike. Think you can just walk over a man."

"Huh?" said Stephanie.

JEFF

Thank God, I've finally met the woman of my dreams, thought Jeff as he gazed at Eve's face.

"What are you staring at?" Eve snapped.

"I was just thinking how beautiful you are and how much I love you," said Jeff.

"Sure," said Eve, "and whose face were you gazing into last night?"

"Huh?" asked Jeff. "I told you I had a late meeting."

"You must think I was born yesterday," said Eve. "Get lost, creep."

CANDY

Candy realized she was falling for Howie, and the thought gave her a warm and misty glow.

Howie bought her son presents and told Candy how her delicate wrists made him want to protect her. He called her three, four times a day just to say hello. He was sweet.

But one night at dinner, Howie wasn't so sweet. He had a mad, strange glint in his eyes and suddenly remembered an urgent appointment elsewhere just as they were tucking into their chocolate mousse.

"Howie, is something wrong?" Candy asked when she saw him again.

"Not really."

"What do you mean, not really?"

"Well," said Howie, "this is the thing. I think you're growing too attached to me. I think maybe we should stop seeing each other for a while."

"Huh?" said Candy.

I must stop now. A disquieting rumor has just come in from the front. Seems that Fred and Eve started having an affair, and when Eve accused him of seeing another woman, Fred lashed back with his "You women are all alike" routine. So far, so good.

But suddenly, out of nowhere, he started laughing. "Let's not do this anymore," he said to Eve.

And she laughed and said, "OK, what the hell, let's give each other some slack."

Maybe they're right. Maybe we walking wounded should stop this self-protective vendetta business and start trusting people again. You go first.





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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**T**his year, I met a very attractive girl in one of my university classes, and we began to have frank and open conversations on the subject of sex. I learned quite early that she has herpes. However, despite that, I fell in love with her; she is a beautiful person. We began having sex and have taken measures to see that I don't become infected. She tells me when she is having an outbreak or is safe, when she is feeling run-down, etc. I make use of condoms to prevent any errors in judgment. My problem is that on one or two occasions, I accidentally let the fact that she has herpes slip out in the company of friends. Since then, word has gotten around. Now I've found that a few of my friends have begun treating me as though I have the plague, giving me a separate towel if I use their washroom. One friend even refused to allow me to kiss his bride after their wedding—all that, despite the fact that I don't have herpes! When I've become irate and have told those people that I don't have it, the response has been either "Sure, sure" or "I don't care; I'm not taking any chances." My girlfriend has told me that she avoids this by not telling anyone except the person she is seeing. However, now that I am in this position, I don't quite know what to do short of getting a certificate from a doctor attesting that I don't have herpes.—M. B., Vancouver, British Columbia.

*You could wear one of those pins that say I DON'T HAVE HERPES, but that's tacky. You've learned the lesson of discretion, though too little and too late. Your friends are suffering from misinformation. What your girlfriend told you put you at ease. Our advice: Pass along the facts, and if your friends can't make the adjustment, find new friends.*

**M**y hand-me-down luggage is about ready for the Salvation Army. I obviously need a new set, but I'd like it to be as serviceable as possible. The questions are many: Should I buy soft- or hard-sided luggage, key or combination locks, zipper or snap-closure bags? You see my problem; can you help?—D. T., Boston, Massachusetts.

*The casual traveler has needs different from the business traveler's. If you're packing casual clothes for a vacation and intend to do much of the carrying yourself, you'll be better off with lightweight, soft-sided bags. If you're on a business trip and need your clothes in top condition, hard-sided luggage will give you the protection you need from wrinkles and baggage handlers. Locks on luggage serve to keep the cases from popping open; they do not discourage thieves. So you're probably better off with a combination lock, since you'll have one fewer key to misplace. Snap closures are preferable if you want a tight seal. If you opt*



*for zippers, make sure they are of sturdy brass or nylon. Soft-metal zippers tend to open at their own discretion. If you travel a lot, you'll find that light-colored bags soon become scuffed and dirty. Choose dark colors or make sure that the material is easily wiped clean. The ideal luggage is sturdy looking. And remember, if your luggage makes it to your destination unscathed, your clothes will, too.*

**F**or some years, I have noticed that after ending a relationship with a girl, I feel extremely uncomfortable seeing her or talking with her. Generally, I don't feel comfortable with those who decided to end the relationship with me or those with whom I had an extended sexual relationship. I feel very naked and vulnerable to those girls, as they know my innermost fears and insecurities—the times I've been hurt, the time I couldn't get it up, etc. The problem came to the surface recently when a long relationship was ended by a woman who was a close friend's girlfriend's roommate. Everyone expected the hatchet to be buried and the four of us to resume the social activities that we had all enjoyed, but I want no part of my ex-girlfriend. Are those feelings common in other males? What is their basis?—M. S., New York, New York.

*What you describe is a common occurrence. Many people feel uncomfortable with their former lovers. A great deal depends on how well they knew each other and the cause or the causes of the breakup. Some are able to remain friends, while others go their separate ways and rarely or never see each other again. Your "insecurities," as you put it, are normal, and the torment about them sometimes diminishes with the passing of time. If it*

*does not, there's no reason why you should force yourself into social contact with an ex. When such situations occur, try to be polite and civil, but don't go out of your way to appear friendly.*

**I** recently added a game console to my video system, and it's clear that I'm going to need some kind of switching device to avoid having to connect and disconnect my VCR. I'm at a loss to determine which is the best for me. Can you give me any guidelines?—M. P., Santa Barbara, California.

*Switchers, just like people, can be passive or active. The passive ones are mechanical and the active ones are electronic; your choice is based more or less on the quality of the signal you receive. The big problem, you see, is signal loss. Any time you put something between your input and your output, it acts like a sieve. If you have a strong signal where you live, the signal loss inherent in switching shouldn't be apparent and you can get away with a mechanical switcher. On the other hand, if your signal is weak, you may want to opt for an electronic switcher. These usually include an amplifier built in to boost the signal. Understand that the boosted signal is not improved, just boosted. If you don't get a good picture to begin with, you may need to add an antenna. It's a good idea to have more inputs than you now need, since you may later want to add another component—or two or three—to your system.*

**N**ot long ago, I met a woman who has a personality that is unbelievable. She will go to any extreme to make me happy. She is outgoing, a great cook, a fantastic lover, a terrific conversationalist and an all-round great companion. She holds a responsible job for a major corporation, and because of a recent promotion, she has a higher salary than I do. Sounds like a perfect mate? To many, probably, but there is one facet of her personality that prevents me from popping the big question. When I ask her about previous lovers or about her past, she usually tries to avoid answering or says, "None of your business" or "It didn't involve you." I suppose that to many people, past matters have little significance, but to me, knowing everything about the person I will live with the rest of my life is very important. I wouldn't like to end up as a divorce statistic. Also, I feel I have the right to know her better than any other guy does. By giving me the answers she does, she makes me very suspicious of her, and I feel that she has some dark secrets that, if they did surface after marriage, could cause a split. I have imagined her as a hooker or a junkie. I am

also beginning to think that her being so loving and ready to satisfy me is a ploy to deter questions about the past. Please advise me.—T. R., New York, New York.

*While it's natural to be curious about a lover's past, we think you'd better cool it or risk losing a woman who sounds terrific to us. Respect her wishes to avoid discussions about the past. She's with you now, and that's all that should matter. Jealousy is usually in direct proportion to insecurity. You might work on your self-doubt before it ruins a good thing.*

**O**n my next vacation, I intend to take advantage of my newly learned skills in scuba diving. But I heard recently that scuba diving and flying don't mix. I don't understand; how am I supposed to get to the islands?—B. C., Cambridge, Maryland.

*You could combine your scuba training with some long-distance swimming, but the problem isn't really that serious. As you know by now, the added pressure on your body caused by underwater diving can increase your level of nitrogen. When you surface too quickly, you can be subjected to a painful and sometimes fatal affliction known as the bends. While the usual scuba surfacing guidelines work very well for preventing the problem when you return to land, they are not sufficient if you intend to go higher. Therefore, most experts suggest that you wait at least 24 hours after you stop diving before climbing onto an airplane. Until the last day, you can enjoy yourself underwater as much as you want, but save that last day for getting your body chemistry back into working order—and other docile diversions.*

**F**or more than 30 years, I've lived with the frustrating problem of premature ejaculation. During that time, I tried many techniques to solve the problem, some of which were not too pleasant. I finally found the perfect solution. I was with the most sensuous woman believable. Upon our very first encounter, I climaxed immediately upon insertion, whereupon she told me, "Don't worry, don't take it out, turn on your side and relax." She kept squirming ever so gently. Soon I joined in her motion, became re-aroused and resumed the superior position and proceeded in a relaxed rhythm. As I shifted directions, she kept me apprised as to what felt good. By the time I attained a second climax, she had had several orgasms. Thereafter, she raved over her enjoyment as she engaged in afterplay such as I had never experienced. Thus ended my problem of premature ejaculation.

Do you think some of your readers might like to try that technique?—B. T., Hartford, Connecticut.

*Yes. Thanks.*

**M**y car has a catalytic converter. I am wondering if removing it will improve my car's performance. I have heard that driv-

ers do this, and I see ads for conversion kits that will allow the change. What's the story?—L. D., Moline, Illinois.

*There are two reasons not to do it. The first is that current penalties for the removal of the converter can be as much as \$2500. The second is that there is no evidence that its removal will improve either performance or mileage. A catalytic converter is not an add-on device—it is an integral part of your car's exhaust system. Changing one part of the system could throw the whole thing off balance—not to mention its throwing your crap into our air. A good tune-up to the car's specs should give you all the power your car is supposed to have. If you need more, you need a new set of wheels.*

**I** met my girlfriend more than a year ago. We went together for about six weeks. During that time, we had sex frequently and it was terrific for both of us. She would comment on our compatibility. We got real close; then she got scared and we broke up. I took the breakup pretty hard. I was really in love. About three months later, she came back and we dated for about four months. I really wanted to get serious, but she didn't. We had sex less frequently and it was not as good for either of us, but she seems to care for me and she even told me once that she loved me.

Last night, she told me I wasn't satisfying her sexually. We had never really discussed it before, and it was a real blow to me. When we don't have sex regularly, I have trouble containing myself. I get so turned on, I come too quickly. But I know from past experience that my endurance improves with regular sex. The problem is that my girlfriend feels that good sex should just happen. She doesn't feel it can be improved on by working at it. My penis is very sensitive, but it seems I can control it when I have sex regularly. Am I wrong? Does endurance improve with regular sex or is it all in my head? We used to screw for hours, so I know I can last.—F. R., Kansas City, Kansas.

*A friend of ours once said that sex is perfectly natural but almost never naturally perfect. If a person thinks that sex should just happen, he or she is not taking responsibility for that act and deserves the end result. To put your mind at rest, any number of things can affect your control. Frequency of sex is certainly one of them. Don't let your first orgasm mark the end of sex, though. You have other ways to excite your partner, and while you are doing so, you may find that you are aroused again. It usually takes longer to reach an orgasm the second time, so go for it. If you satisfy her in other ways, then she will want sex more regularly. If not, find someone else. You've been better—you know what it takes for you to perform to your own satisfaction. Find it.*

**T**he stereo system I own is what you might call moderately priced, but I'm very interested in getting one of the new com-

pact-disc players. My question is, will there be a significant difference in the sound I get through my system—enough to justify the expense of the disc player?—R. D., Detroit, Michigan.

*Probably. Improving the source will improve your sound. But if you're not satisfied with the sound you get now, you may not be happy with the C.D. player, either, because it will have to go through the same amplifier and the same speakers as your conventional turntable. Since machines sometimes act in perverse ways, the C.D. player may point up the limitations of your present system. Those limitations will probably be in your speakers. A moderately priced amplifier or receiver, if not driven at a distortion-producing volume, won't add that much coloration to your music. But a bad set of speakers will. If you're really interested in getting the best that C.D. has to offer, think about upgrading your speakers. There's no point in starting with better sound if it's going to be warped before it gets to your ears.*

**M**y boyfriend is very dominant. That is fortunate, because after asserting myself as a professional woman all day, I enjoy nothing more than waiting on him in the evening. Our intimate life involves a great deal of bondage; I am disciplined for any behavior he deems inappropriate or disrespectful. Our roles are wonderfully complementary, and we are very happy together. Problem: If I have committed an unusually bad infraction, it is not unusual for welts to be raised on my ass, thighs or breasts. Normally, they turn to bruises and fade in ten days to two weeks. Never is the skin broken. Question: Will that bruising punishment result in long-term damage to my skin? Is there any way to mitigate the damage if any is being done? I do not seek to soothe the burn of the injury; that would defeat the purpose. I only want to avoid permanent damage. Any help you can give me would be greatly appreciated.—Miss T. E., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

*In general, we would give the same advice that we would give to an N.F.L. linebacker: Put ice on everything that hurts. However, we would add a warning. According to the book "Sex and Health," "Intense biting of the breasts can cause bruising and infection. Trauma to the breast may hasten the spread of breast cancer. In experiments with mice, massage of the tumor caused rapid dissemination of cancer." We don't think disfigurement or death is the purpose of any hobby, so watch it.*

*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

**W**e who edit PLAYBOY know what the readers think of our Playmates. They write to us every month and tell us. We know what we think of our Playmates, because we pick them to grace the pages of our magazine. We were curious about what our Playmates thought of *themselves* when they looked in the mirror. So we decided to ask them.

The question for the month:

**When you look at yourself, what do you think is your sexiest, most alluring feature?**

**M**y eyes. Eyes reveal the soul. My eyes are very expressive, and I believe they're one of my best features. In fact, I think they reflect my life experiences—I was a military child and I was raised all over the world. I was exposed to a lot of things at a much earlier age than most women, and I think my experiences and the early maturity they gave me are revealed and reflected in my face, particularly in my eyes.



*Azizi Johari*  
AZIZI JOHARI  
JUNE 1975

**I** think my eyes tell a lot. I can seduce a man with my eyes. Or I can tell him no the same way. The big thing to remember about looks is that you start out with what you're born with. *You* don't actually do anything to get it. But you can capitalize on what you start out with. You can learn to use what you get to your advantage. As far as everything else goes, going down my body, well, the rest of me falls into place.



*Lorraine Michaels*  
LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

**T**he sexiest part about me, I think, is my face. I have a good smile. I don't have a hard or a bitchy look. You know how some people have that look and you just know what they're going to be like before they even open their mouths? I think I have a wholesome look, and I'm pleased with that. I've never been disappointed with the color of my hair. I've always been happy to be a brunette. I have never worried about my teeth or the color of my eyes. I have always been happy to look the way I do and to have what I have.



*Denise McConnell*

DENISE MCCONNELL  
MARCH 1979

**W**hen I stand in front of the mirror, I think my sexiest feature is my eyes. I'm able to talk with my eyes. I can tell a story with my eyes. I can let a man know if I like him with my eyes. I can show I'm attracted to him just by the way I look at him. It works both ways, of course. I can show a man I'm turned off, too. My eyes have always told the story of my feelings for anyone. A man can always read how I feel about him in my eyes.



*Marlene Janssen*

MARLENE JANSSEN  
NOVEMBER 1982

**M**y height and my bustline are my two sexiest features. If we're talking bodies, I usually receive the most attention for my generous endowment. I have an hourglass figure, which seems to be coming back in style, thank goodness. I've never understood what was supposed to be attractive about being rail-thin. I look good in a bathing suit. I have round hips and a small waist. I think the human body has to have a little flesh on it. Artists used to celebrate that look. I hope they will again.



*Cathy Larmouth*

CATHY LARMOUTH  
JUNE 1981

**M**y hair. I've always had long hair; it has never been shorter than my waist. All of my life, people have commented on my hair. It is the first thing that catches a man's attention when he looks at me. And if all your life people tell you that one particular feature about you is beautiful, you'll feel that feature is a beautiful part of you. It is pretty clear to me that men think long hair is very sexy, and I do, too.



*Susie Scott*

SUSIE SCOTT  
MAY 1983

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.





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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## THE DEVIL'S DUE

The survey reported in the "Devil Gets His Due" item in the July *Forum News-front* brought several things to mind.

The first has to do with the French, only five percent of whom think people are basically good; the second with the Irish, who bravely raise that scale of human affirmation to 34 percent; the third with the Americans, who believe in hell and the Devil twice as much as the Europeans do.

Mark Twain, according to Hal Holbrook, said, "Man was created a little lower than the angels, and since that time he has been getting lower, lower and lower. Now he is somewhere between the angels and the French."

Speaking of his recent trip to Ireland, a friend of mine observed, "Getting drunk in Ireland is the easiest thing in the world, but it's virtually impossible to get laid!"

Back to Twain and Holbrook for a marvelous comment on the Devil: "Any individual who is spiritual leader of two thirds of the human race and political leader of the whole damned lot deserves serious attention."

Are there implied lessons? Yes. One: The French agree with Twain in assessing themselves. Two: Good whiskey is preferable to sex. Three: Considering our recent political experiences, Americans have good reason to believe in the Devil.

Paul C. Stone

San Francisco, California

## PARTY LINES

By now, it should be apparent to PLAYBOY's editors that their readers do not necessarily hew to the liberal party line generally espoused by the magazine. Indeed, I would guess, from reading *The Playboy Forum*, that many, if not most, of your readers are fairly conservative, with a strong libertarian bent: They do not like taking orders, either from the Government or from nonlibertarian reformers. They don't want to be told that they can't see sexy movies, smoke marijuana, own guns or obtain abortions. The one thing that traditional left-wingers and right-wingers have in common is a dangerous streak of authoritarianism.

It is to PLAYBOY's credit that despite its liberal philosophy, it's willing to go against the popular grain, left or right, on many controversial issues—such as capital punishment, which I think your editorial writer successfully rescued from being strictly a liberal cause ("The Punishment of Death," March). I would like to see the same intelligence brought to bear on other issues that have become merely banners in

the politics of confrontation, in which reason is replaced by the venting of spleen.

M. Q. King

Chicago, Illinois

## SAVING SEAL HUNTERS

The humorous letter from a supposedly wild-eyed baby-seal hunter (*The Playboy Forum*, July) reminds me of a visit I received from the Greenpeace people. They're fine folks, but I wonder why they

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*"Some teenagers  
are going to have sex  
whether or not they  
have contraceptives."*

---

and others like them don't commit the dollars they spend in behalf of the harp seal to aiding the Newfoundlanders who presently depend on the seals for their subsistence. Just the money spent raising even more money for opposing seal harvests would probably provide a good living for the entire seal-hunting community. Maybe somebody should try that approach before simply condemning those people as butchers.

Paul E. Clark

Bedford, Massachusetts

*Sure, and you'd not only turn all the industrious and besieged seal hunters into lazy welfare dead beats but also put many a good fund raiser into the unemployment line.*



## SNITCHING

To those readers who support the squeal rule (*The Playboy Forum*, July):

Some teenagers are going to have sex whether or not they have contraceptives. All contraception will do is save some of them from unwanted pregnancies—and the resulting abortions or unwanted children. However, the threat of being squealed on will, without a doubt, deter sexually active teens from taking advantage of the available birth control. The Government is not condoning teen sex, nor is its providing contraceptives encouraging teens to "keep something as important as sex from us." Would you rather learn about your daughter's sexual activities by noticing her swelling belly?

The bottom line, the bare fact, is that the only way to stem careless teen sex is to provide better sex education, both in the home and in the schools. If your child is "sneaking behind your back," don't blame the Government for attempting to treat a symptom of the problem. Blame yourself for causing the problem by not assuming responsibility for your child's education and sexual awareness.

LeeAnne Pantuso

Irving, California

The fear that a daughter is using contraceptives is the fear that she is enjoying sex. That she may be mature and responsible enough to prevent an unwanted pregnancy in spite of her parents does not seem to be important to Johnnie Miller (*The Playboy Forum*, July).

Patricia Cramer

Malibu, California

When Texas' 1975 budget was being debated in the state senate, a member asked one of the influential committee chairmen if family-planning clinics were dispensing contraceptives to minors without notifying anyone. All the senator said was, "They seem to be getting pregnant without their parents' consent."

Robert Duckham

Waco, Texas

*The so-called squeal rule is kaput—knocked in the head by a Federal appeals court in Washington, D.C., that found it to "contravene Congressional intent."*

## "DRUGSCAM"

With considerable fanfare, the Reagan Administration has taken several major steps to combat drug use: Vice-President Bush has supervised a joint task force in south Florida; the FBI has joined the drug fight; Attorney General William French

Smith has visited Thailand and Pakistan to enlist their aid in curbing heroin traffic; AWAC planes and Navy ships have been employed.

Result: seizures doubled and tripled. Yet availability, purity and consumption of many drugs are still going up. Why?

The answer is the U.S. Government's "drugscam" operation, which uses *agents provocateurs* to finance, entice, enlist, entrap and promote many an average citizen into the drug business when he may not otherwise have been so inclined. Law-enforcement authorities had so much fun and success with Abscam that they decided to "stay the course" and continue to create and promote crime using the same stage props—lavish town houses, elegant yachts, expensive cars, jewelry, cash-laden suitcases, large flash rolls of \$100 bills, which is tantamount to placing an ad in the daily newspapers:

•HOW DO UNEMPLOYMENT AND A BAD ECONOMY AFFECT YOU AND YOUR BUSINESS?

•IS YOUR WIFE OUT OF WORK?

•ARE YOU BEHIND IN YOUR MORTGAGE AND MEDICAL PAYMENTS?

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There is enough criminal activity in our country today without creating more for purposes of budgetary justification, high visibility and public consumption.

Many criminals today are violating the law with impunity simply because they know that if caught, they will often go free through the Federal witness-protection program. All the criminal has to do is turn over other guilty parties in exchange for his freedom, plus a possible cash bonus and immunity from prosecution for past crimes.

George Attard, #19654-053  
Danbury, Connecticut

### "URINE THE NAVY NOW"

In the "who is shitting whom?" department, the following excels. The Navy took a survey of drug use in December 1980. Finding: 48 percent of junior personnel used pot somewhere, sometime in that month or the preceding one. In August 1982, the Navy did it again and found that pot use was down more than 50 percent. Why? Because, if caught, you get "fired," fined, demoted or all of the above. You get caught by two main methods of law enforcement: You urinate into a test bottle on demand and show positive, or you get sniffed by dogs and are found holding. (Women and men get the same treatment in the modern military. Your wife and children; in short, anything the dog wants, the dog gets.)

New York State Representative Joseph P. Addabbo, Chairman of the Defense Subcommittee of the House Committee on Appropriations, thought this information so wonderful that he sent the Chief of

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

### DOPE ON THE JOB

DALLAS—Contractors in the Dallas area are planning surprise searches as part of their own antidrug campaign among construction workers. The group estimates that up to 42 percent of American construction



workers use drugs and cost the building industry 15 billion dollars a year in lost time, accident claims and property losses. "The workers don't have to submit to a search, but they become ex-employees if they don't," a contractors' association safety director warned. The American Civil Liberties Union said that such searches violated no state or Federal laws, but the right-of-privacy issues would be investigated.

### DEATH WITHOUT DISHONOR

LONDON—A British High Court judge has refused to ban the Voluntary Euthanasia Society's "Guide to Self-Deliverance," which describes five bloodless methods of suicide. The court said that distribution of the booklet could be a crime if it resulted in a suicide or an attempted suicide, but that would have to be decided in a criminal court. Police claim that they have linked the guide to 15 deaths in a period of 18 months.

### BUNNY SNATCH

FRANKFURT, WEST GERMANY—An 18-year-old boy and his 12-year-old brother have confessed to kidnaping a local woman's pet rabbit and holding it for a \$12.70 ransom. Police staked out the empty hutch where the ransom note ordered the money to be left, but the boys spotted the cops, freed the rabbit and split. They surrendered to the authorities later, claiming it was all a joke, and the rabbit was recaptured, but the older brother still faced a possible extortion charge.

### ADULTERY DANGER

BOSTON—The Massachusetts Supreme Court has unanimously upheld the authority of the state to regulate the institution of marriage and to criminally prosecute citizens for simple adultery. In a case in which police observed a couple—both married but not to each other—having intercourse in a wooded area, the man pleaded guilty and paid a \$50 fine, but the woman unsuccessfully challenged the constitutionality of the century-old law and now faces trial.

Meanwhile, after many years of legislative debate, Wisconsin has finally revised its sex laws that prohibited everything from cohabitation to so-called unnatural acts, even between married people. Adultery remains on the books, but the new law removes criminal penalties for cohabitation, fornication and homosexual acts and generally ignores sexual behavior among consenting adults in private.

### WHY THEY CALL IT DOPE

MARCO ISLAND, FLORIDA—An incredulous sheriff's department reported that a 21-year-old tourist raised hell with his hotel's security personnel because someone had stolen \$1000 worth of cocaine from his room—and he wanted them to find it or reimburse him for the loss. When the security supervisor and two helpful sheriff's deputies gave him a bag of coke they said they had found, the irate guest claimed it as his, complained that "a lot's missing," signed for his stolen property and was promptly arrested. "I couldn't believe it when the goofy signed the receipt," said the supervisor.

### MANDATORY MARRIAGE

NEW ULM, MINNESOTA—District Judge Noah Rosenbloom has hit upon a new tactic for improving the morals of defendants seeking probation for petty crimes. When he finds one living in sin, he gives him or her the choice of getting married, moving out or going to jail under the Minnesota law that makes cohabitation a criminal offense. According to the judge, "Sooner or later, and usually without much delay, [they] get married."

"Some of them don't like it too much," added a local public defender. "But they don't feel they are in any circumstance to take a contrary position."

Meanwhile, a Meridian, Mississippi, judge untangled a complicated family situation with Solomonic wisdom: He granted a divorce to a young couple, married the divorced woman to another man, then allowed the new husband to adopt her baby, which he had fathered just prior to her first marriage.



### SOME VACATION

NEW ORLEANS—A 34-year-old tourist from Richmond, Virginia, told police that while walking to her hotel one night, she was raped by two men on the steps of the state-supreme-court building—and that another man whom she asked for help raped her again. "That was the most inconceivable part," she said. After that rapist had also fled, an elderly man in a jogging outfit came to her aid but left before the police arrived, saying, "You're white and I'm black, and I will probably be blamed for this."

In Boston, five men originally given small fines in exchange for pleading guilty to a gang rape have now been tried as a result of citizens' protests. They were acquitted of all charges except damaging the victim's car, where the sex had taken place.

And in Rhode Island, the legislature has passed a bill making it a crime to witness a rape or an attempted rape and fail to report it to the police.

### BACK TO BED

VATICAN CITY—A Roman Catholic theologian has declared that test-tube conception "must be considered illicit from the moral point of view." In a statement delivered to 400 obstetricians and gynecologists in the town of Bari, Italy, Monsignor Carlo Caffarra said, "Only the sexual act is ethically admitted to create the conditions for the birth of a new human being."

### GREAT GUNS

CHICAGO—So far, former mayor Jane Byrne's antihandgun ordinance has failed to discourage Chicagoans from buying more pistols and revolvers in the suburbs and has created a paperwork nightmare for



the police: more than 100,000 unprocessed applications to register existing weapons. One gunshop owner reported an increase in sales to Chicago residents who claim that they have summer homes or suburban businesses.

Naval Operations a letter. I quote, in part, "As a consequence of your resolute, and in some quarters unpopular, decision to promote a drug-free environment for those dedicated people who are defending our country, there has been a 50 percent reduction in marijuana usage among our junior sailors."

So the military youth are responding. Even in these hard times, retention of military personnel is dropping. Representative Addabbo's effort is a failure. Alcohol use apparently soars—as much as 100, 150 percent, depending on the base and the Service.

The social cost is incalculable. The financial cost is incredible. Urine samples by the hundreds of thousands have remained in boxcars, waiting for experienced testers.

(Name withheld by request)  
Manchester, New Hampshire

### FETUS FOLLIES

The ancient Greeks threw their unwanted babies out with the garbage, a cruel but effective form of birth control. What's the difference between that and abortion—catching it a few months sooner and flushing the residue down the toilet?

Life begins at conception. If you don't want offspring, eschew sex—or use contraceptives.

John Grindley  
Athens, Greece

I can't believe that some of your readers have actually irritated me enough to make me go through this tedious business of writing a letter. In the June *Playboy Forum*, Roger G. Brezina ends his letter with, "If we don't know for sure, then why kill a fetus? It might really be human."

Brezina, speaking as a professional biologist, I can assure you it is human. Have you or anyone else out there ever heard of a human fetus that developed into anything else? A living human sperm unites with a living human egg to produce a human zygote that, after much fuss and bother, develops into a human. It is part of a living continuum.

I hope those who insist on asking, "When does a human life begin?" have been paying attention, because that question has also just been answered. The definitive human characteristics are in place at the molecular level. At no point is the fetus anything nonhuman; at no point is there life coming from nonlife. Supporters of the Hatch Amendment, who insist on defining human life at the diploid unicellular level, should be wondering how it's possible to produce a human from (by their apparent definition) a nonhuman sperm and egg. The question of when a human life exists is just not relevant to the abortion issue as it is currently debated.

Something that is relevant, however, is the fact that a person can be either a living, human, biological entity, as previously described, or a legal entity: "Any human being, corporation or body politic having legal rights and duties," according

to your good old *Funk & Wagnalls*.

That, in turn, brings up Michael Brady's letter in the July *Playboy Forum*. He almost contradicts himself: To say, "The question of abortion is not a legal question at all. It is a question of logic and ethics" is amazing. Without logic and ethics, law is nothing more than bald assertions or arbitrary authority. Also, the statement "There is not a single major philosopher since Socrates or Aristotle who would support any abortion-on-demand argument" is simply untrue. Is Bertrand Russell major enough? It doesn't really matter, because if you insist on "major," you admit to a fallacy of logic called *argumentum ad verecundiam* or *ipse dixit*: You wish the fame or authority of the person to carry your argument. Major or minor doesn't matter—only how well his statements stand up to the new discoveries and the thinking of later generations. The only way I can see that Brady could write such a letter is if he accepted some absolute definition of morality instead of admitting that moral values differ from culture to culture. Law is determined by the largest number, voice or power in a culture. In a free society, therefore, law will be determined by that culture's moral environment, not the converse.

If your readers are going to make a big deal about presenting a logical argument, they should do it right. Are they using words whose meanings are clearly understood? Words communicate our perception and understanding of reality; we tend to think and reason in the words of our language. Therefore, the incorrect use of a word can lead one down a long line of nonsensical thought.

I've wanted to thank *PLAYBOY* for a long time for *The Playboy Forum*. So—thanks!

Dan Hogan  
Germantown, Maryland

I don't think that abortion is murder but, rather, that murder is unauthorized abortion. All wrongful deaths should be labeled abortions; if the abortion is unauthorized, *then* it can be labeled murder.

For a few months after conception, the parent to be or not to be has a legal right to abort the fetus, or child; after that time, the child becomes sacred for a period of 18 years. Upon his 18th birthday, the state assumes the right to abort him, whether it be in a war or in a gas chamber.

I suggest that we give parents the legal right to abort their children *until* the age of 18. That way, there will be no lapse in reality for people as they exit from the womb on their journey to adulthood.

J. Almblad  
Portland, Oregon

### POPULATION CONTROL

I wonder how "Yardley Snide" (*The Playboy Forum*, July) would classify me on the volatile issues of the day. I must be conservative, since I'm against more handgun controls and favor keeping

the death penalty, at least until some reliable form of rehabilitation is found. However, I'm also pro-choice (very few people are truly pro-abortion) and also favor equal rights for women.

While it's nice to know that "Yardley" would find me consistent in defending both legal abortion and legal handgun ownership, I wish he would choose better terms than prohandgun and pro-abortionist, which describe radical positions held by very few.

David Barker  
San Diego, California

"Yardley," in a fit of wit, looked at selected facts and concluded that abortion and handguns are merely part of God's master plan to control world population.

## GUNS AGAIN

I'm sure I'm the kind of gun-control advocate many other such advocates don't like to hear from. As a nature enthusiast, I'd like to see rifles and shotguns controlled and animals left the hell alone. Handguns are still good for killing criminals, and that bothers me a whole lot less.

James L. Massey  
Livingston, Texas

I'm in favor of gun control of any kind. My logic is simple: I do not own a gun and never intend to own one. Therefore, I don't see how I can fail to benefit from gun control. If such controls manage to keep

guns out of the hands of even a small fraction of potential users, they reduce the chance of a gun's being used on me.

Maybe the situation isn't as simple as I'd like to think, but I've not yet read or heard anything that would make me believe otherwise.

Daniel Andrews  
Woodland Hills, California

*You're right about one thing—it's not that simple. The kind of prohibition you seem to advocate would infuriate, polarize and criminalize as much as half of the adult male population in this country (and quite a few of the females), which generally isn't the most effective approach to any national problem. See William J. Helmer's "The Trouble with Guns" in our March 1982 issue to get an idea of just how complex the problem is.*

## CANNON FODDER

Since this country's leaders seem determined to go down the same road in El Salvador that was followed in Vietnam, I suppose you may classify this as an open letter to our Government.

I have a son who was recently required to register for the draft. He's an intelligent, articulate young man who is graduating with honors and who, given half a chance, will probably leave an indelible mark in his chosen profession and make his mother and me even more proud of him than we already are.

Dennis M. Dvorak  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

I truly love America and served in her Armed Forces during the early Vietnam years. I would willingly (if not gladly) surrender my life in defense of her shores and would expect no less from my only son. But before I let him be sacrificed on the bloody altar of a group of paranoid megalomaniacs, I will personally transport him to a country where he doesn't have to worry about being used as cannon fodder to help prop up some two-bit dictator's oppressive regime.

To those in Government who see the Red menace under every bed, the only weapons of any avail are trust, human dignity and freedom. For the seeds of communism or simple internal rebellion bear fruit only in the barren soil of repression and poverty.

This commitment was born out of a deep love and respect for our son, and I would not presume to advise anyone to follow our possible actions, but I do think that the American people, who may be required in the near future to send their sons and loved ones to fight and perhaps die on some unnamed battlefield, should ask themselves, "For what?"

## FORESKIN FOLLIES

Circumcision—pro and con—continues to be discussed on a hysterical and irrational level. It is no wonder that the United States is the *only* country where the majority (80 percent) of newborn males are circumcised for nonreligious reasons.

A century ago, the English-speaking countries adopted so-called health circumcision. Today, Great Britain and New Zealand have virtually abandoned the practice. In Canada and Australia, the rates have been declining. The United States remains the nonreligious-circumcision capital of the world.

Isn't it strange that no other country has adopted routine newborn circumcision in the past 100 years?

Edward Wallerstein  
New York, New York

*Wallerstein is the author of "Circumcision: An American Health Fallacy" and was interviewed in "Sex News" in January.*

Your continuing debate over circumcision reminds me of Joseph Wambaugh's book *The Choirboys*, in which a couple of bored vice cops staking out a public men's room while away the time betting on how many "anteaters" versus "helmets" will show up at the urinal. Having never known my own foreskin, I must withhold judgment on the virtues of either option until we hear from the ladies.

Gerry Thompson  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Let's settle the battle of the foreskins right now. If we didn't die from penile hemorrhage due to carelessness, we've got no beef as to whether or not the member is

## THROW THE RASCALS OUT

A while back, I read an alarmist newspaper story reporting that an estimated 26,000,000 Americans smoke marijuana. About the same time, I read an alarmist



magazine article estimating that 26,000,000 Americans legally own handguns. That coincidence struck me as more interesting than alarming and got me to thinking. The pot smokers I know tend to be fairly liberal-minded and nonviolent and tend not to own handguns (one toke over the line and it's all they can do to thread a reel-to-reel tape recorder). On the other hand, the gun owners I know tend to be conservative-minded, hard-nosed and booze-oriented (a few dozen middle-aged duck hunters could have quelled the celebrated youth rebellion in a matter of weeks). Both are a bit paranoid because of antipot and antigun campaigns, and both are angry at the Government. Both have a certain libertarian philosophy that rejects the tireless efforts of well-meaning reformers to tell them how to live their personal lives. Both like sex, generally speaking. But, for reasons of social and cultural prejudice, neither group much likes the

other, partly because they don't really *know* each other.

Our politicians often capitalize on that mutual suspicion by pitting the "armed and dangerous

rednecks" against the "immoral dope-smoking hippies," even if both groups probably include about the same percentage of doctors, lawyers, intellectuals and even politicians.

Now let's go back to those figures of 26,000,000. If we multiply by two and subtract a reasonable number of minors, we'll probably still come up with something like 40,000,000. And not just 40,000,000 people but 40,000,000 voters who, if they put aside their petty differences, would constitute the most powerful political force in the history of representative government: an unbeatable coalition of libertarian men and women, *well armed but very laid back!*

I can see it now: the American Pot and Pistol Party, pissed off in a mellow sort of way, marching behind the famous Colonial flag depicting the coiled rattlesnake with a slightly modified slogan: DON'T FUCK WITH ME.

—HORACE NAISMITH

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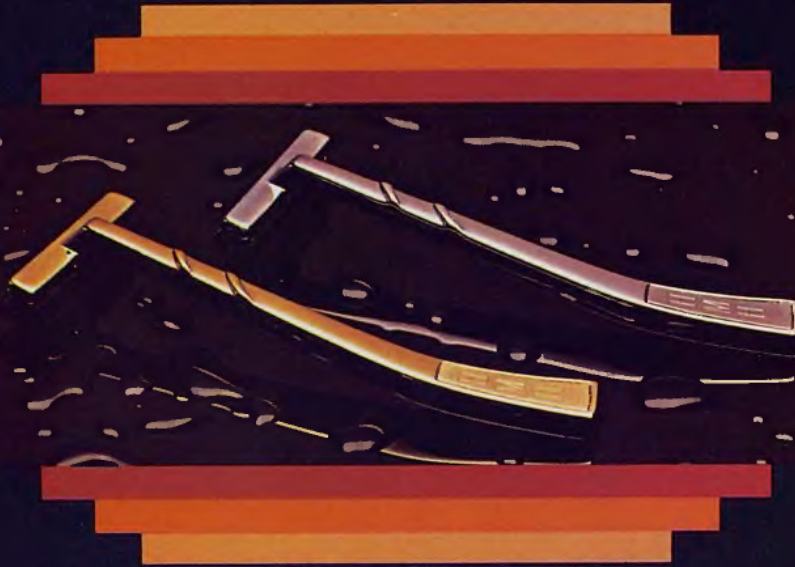


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# PLAYBOY

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Speaking of women, now, you ever wonder why their overeasies are still inside while ours hang around? Interesting story. As you know, we once lived in trees.

## H.M.H. AWARDS

A prominent member of the American Civil Liberties Union, the co-owners of a small Kentucky newspaper and a pioneer of this country's civil-liberties movement were honored as winners of the 1983 Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards at a luncheon held in New York. They received \$3000 in each of three categories:

*Outstanding National Leadership:* Mark Lynch, chief counsel for the A.C.L.U.'s National Security Project, who has regularly challenged attempts by U.S. intelligence agencies to limit First Amendment freedoms under the guise of national-security requirements that too often have been shown to conceal questionable or illegal Government activities.

*Outstanding Community Leadership:* Tom and Pat Gish, owners of the Whitesburg, Kentucky, *Mountain Eagle*, who have protected the public's right to know through their exercise of freedom of the press despite arson, intimidation of their advertisers and suppliers and frequent harassment in their efforts to make regional power brokers and mining interests more accountable to the community.

*Lifetime Achievement:* Osmond K. Fraenkel, a prominent free-speech advocate associated with the A.C.L.U. and the New York Civil Liberties Union since the early Thirties, who has participated in crucial First Amendment cases before the U.S. Supreme Court. Fraenkel died, at the age of 95, shortly before the formal presentation of his award, which was accepted by members of his family.

Lynch, the Gishes and Fraenkel join more than two dozen previous recipients of the annual Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards. The winners were chosen by an independent panel of judges including Harriet Fleischl Pilpel, lawyer, author and human-rights activist; Studs Terkel, best-selling author and national radio host; and William Worthy, international journalist and civil libertarian.

People were then equipped with locking-docking glands, and when they wanted to fuck, they just matched those Big Macs together and plooned away. Whoever got thocked first made the baby, but nobody really cared so long as they got it off.

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Bill Loren  
Rockville, Maryland

Of course, I'm procircumcision. First of all, I didn't get streamlined until I was 50, and not for medical reasons of my own. I read once that the majority of women with cervical cancer had uncircumcised husbands, and I will harm no flower! All my life, since the first exploratory peel-back in the tub, I was lucky in having a remarkable glans that refused to wear a hat and discouraged the foreskin from hooding or cowling forward over that one-eyed rebel. But I've always been a stickler for hygiene, and a skin-locked dick, even slightly neglected, is an insult to any chick's beaver.

Bernard Villa  
Jessup, Maryland

It is gratifying to observe that PLAYBOY has, in recent months, finally lifted an apparent editorial taboo of long standing concerning circumcision. Please accept my congratulations for no longer evading moral responsibility in that area.

Jeffrey R. Wood  
Wilbraham, Massachusetts

*Well, thanks, but we've opposed routine infant circumcision for many years, though we've occasionally taken time out for such issues as the Vietnam war, drug laws and the abortion controversy.*

### NICE WORDS

As a woman who has been reading PLAYBOY for several years, I would like to commend you on your excellent contents. Once, I regarded the magazine as hopelessly chauvinistic; but upon reading it closely, I can say that it is editorially less sexist than many magazines supposedly geared to women's tastes. While PLAYBOY takes definite stands on certain issues, it nevertheless publishes other viewpoints. I realize that I am not the first to say it, but your magazine remains one of the few current and well-integrated sources of news, politics and entertainment.

Marie Haley  
Fort Walton Beach, Florida

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HILL STREET BLUES

*a candid conversation with the creator and the entire cast of television's most intelligent, innovative and critically acclaimed dramatic series*

On January 15, 1981, NBC inauspiciously aired an hour-long series pilot called "Hill Street Station." Covering a single day in the life of an inner-city police precinct located in an undesignated metropolis and featuring an oversized ensemble cast of relative unknowns, the show had a frenetic pace and a grittily realistic style. Characters walked in and out of frame, dialog was choppy and overlapping, action was sudden and gut-wrenching and individual dramas never seemed to reach resolution. Suddenly, without warning, unsuspecting viewers were thrust into the chaos of a police station: There was precinct captain Frank Furillo's ex-wife barging into his office to demand her overdue alimony check; just outside, a scruffy undercover cop with a reputation for biting felons subdued a rowdy low-life; the beautiful and cool public defender Joyce Davenport walked by; the precinct's elder statesman, polysyllabic Sergeant Phil Esterhaus, whispered into a telephone to his teenaged sweetheart; suave but sleazy Detective J. D. LaRue was unceremoniously doused with a cup of hot coffee while eloquent Lieutenant Howard Hunter dispensed dime-

store wisdom on the pervasiveness of inferior races; and, finally, there were the two blues, beat cops Andy Renko and Bobby Hill, walking innocently into a ghetto ambush in the dark recesses of a condemned building. The staccato pace and the unfamiliar style didn't let up—not for a minute—and one thing became immediately apparent: Nothing quite like "Hill Street" had ever been seen on television.

Initial audience reaction, however, was unspectacular. Viewers accustomed to being lulled to sleep by late-night fare were roughly awakened by "Hill Street's" wallop; they weren't used to keeping track of 14 regular characters, countless extras and stories that didn't have neat, sanitized endings. The Nielsen ratings for the first season ranked the show—by then retitled "Hill Street Blues"—at the death-knell mark of 66 out of 69. But if the viewing audience was slow to come around, the press wasn't. From the outset, critics were uncharacteristically unanimous in their praise of the quirky hybrid of cop show and soap opera, in effect pressuring NBC to stick with it despite lackluster ratings.

Meanwhile, desperately trying to find a suitable home for its unique and somewhat perplexing product, NBC frantically shuffled the show from time slot to time slot, making it almost impossible for "Hill Street's" small but dedicated group of fans to tune in.

But "Hill Street" prevailed. Word of mouth, critical acclaim and the first season's 21 Emmy nominations kept the series alive for that first crucial year. A remarkable 42 Emmy nominations, three Golden Globes, a Grammy, People's Choice, Peabody and countless other prizes later, "Hill Street Blues" is entering its third full season as one of NBC's only bona fide hits. According to statistics, VCR fans tape it more than any other show on TV; and certain Congressmen have reportedly been known to leave prestigious dinner parties to watch it.

Much of "Hill Street's" success can be attributed to its casting. Creators Steven Bochco and Michael Kozoll brought together 14 highly experienced but little recognized pros whose average age is now 35, somewhat older than the peach-fuzz average of many series stars. Backing them up is an unusual



**WEITZ:** "I don't know if I'd put a sardine in a milk shake, like Belker. But I've been known to eat a pig's foot or a chicken's foot. We're also the same height. Unfortunately."



**HAMEL:** "I mostly meet men who have a preconceived idea of me as Joyce Davenport before I even sit down to dinner. I've got to meet someone who doesn't watch television!"



**TRAVANTI:** "Sometimes, I'm like Furillo; he's sort of my alter ego, my friend Frank from New York. . . . Overall, though, I'm more voluble; I gesticulate, I talk faster."



**HAID:** "Michael and I first looked at each other and said, 'I'm going to be paired with this person; he'd better be able to hold me up!' You really have to trust."



**WARREN:** "We each had reservations about working with the other. Charlie had this reputation as a monster who was going to walk in and tell me how to play my role."



**SIKING:** "There's a lot of good humor on the set. Once, we were shooting a line-up of suspected felons. All the guys in the line were our writers, incredibly scrungy."

assortment of writers, including ex-assistant Manhattan district attorney Jeffrey Lewis and former Yale English professor David Milch.

To talk with the people who make up the show, PLAYBOY sent Contributing Editor **John Blumenthal** (who conducted our last cast interview, with the "Saturday Night Live" crew, in 1977) and writer **Betsy Cramer** to the Studio City headquarters of MTM, production parent of "Hill Street Blues," and to the stage location for the precinct. Their report:

"What had all the potential of a Chinese fire drill turned out to be an incredibly well-organized and smooth-running operation. When we arrived, the cast was busy shooting three new episodes for the May ratings sweeps, a factor that disabused us of any notion we might have had about getting all of

them together in one room. Half of the actors were occupied on stage 15, completing the interior precinct shots, while the other half were off shooting at various locations in downtown Los Angeles. (Maintaining 'Hill Street's' any-city look, we learned, principally involves finding sites devoid of palm trees—no easy task in L.A.) As a result, we talked with the cast members mainly in the pairings their characters maintain on the show—Hill and Renko, Joe Coffey and Lucy Bates, Furillo and Davenport and so on—sometimes enlarging the group, sometimes breaking off to talk one on one. We had hoped to include the writers of the show—the real heroes of 'Hill Street's' success—in the final interview, but not all were available and space considerations prevailed. We did manage to speak with 19 people—five writers and producers and

all 14 cast regulars.

"What soon became evident was that 'Hill Street's' share a sincere and deeply felt family spirit. In fact, much to our surprise, we have found the entire oversized group mostly devoid of the prima donnas one would naturally expect on a hot TV series. With their age and experience, all have been through their own Hollywood wars—as Charlie (Renko) Haid told us over beers in a neighborhood bar, 'There isn't a drinker or a dooper in the group.' What came across was a sense that they are mature professionals, proud of their product, performing their jobs as conscientiously as they know how—and that feeling clearly carries over into the show's chemistry."

Following is a brief summary of each cast member's background, as well as Bochco's résumé. (His cocreator, Michael Kozoll,



**THOMAS:** "Some women become cops because they think they'll be around these guys all day. That might have been Lucy's thing, too. I think it's the worst job in the world."



**MARINARO:** "Originally, I had a guest-starring role. They kept my character in to validate the Lucy Bates character—and because I was taller than she was."



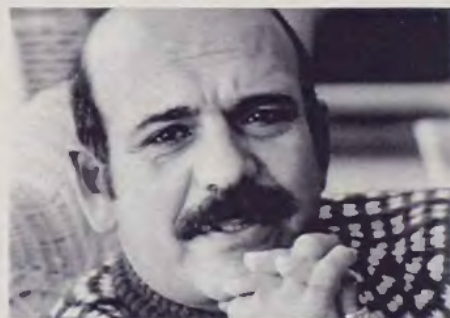
**BLACQUE:** "A New York critic once described me as the kind of actor who could probably drink a can of beer with a toothpick in his mouth, so I kept my toothpick."



**MARTIN:** "What would I like to see? I'd like LaRue to get through one show without having to smear himself with grease, go down in the sewer and ball an alligator."



**BOCHCO:** "While it's true that the crime we portray is often heinous, we've had white rapists, black rapists, Hispanic rapists. We're an equal-opportunity offender."



**ENRIQUEZ:** "I'd like to show more of Calle-tano's family background. Hispanics are one of the most family-oriented people in the world—they don't believe in birth control."



**SPANO:** "I'm Goldblume now, but he could have been anything. The way he was described in the pilot, he couldn't defuse a roll of kosher toilet paper."



**BOSSON:** "I'm in a bind with Fay. I'd love for her to become a whole person. I also understand that the minute she's whole and terrific, they won't want her in the series."



**CONRAD:** "Although I've mellowed in my old age, Phil Esterhaus is a much nicer guy. There's a decency about him. But I think I'm a little more sophisticated with women."

is no longer with the show.)

**Bruce Weitz** (Detective Mick Belker) went through Carnegie Tech with Haid, Bochco and Bosson, acted on Broadway in "The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel," "Norman, Is That You?" and "Death of a Salesman" with George C. Scott, and in Shakespeare in the Park. Weitz went West in 1977. To convince then-MTM president Grant Tinker that he was right for the part of Belker, he is reputed to have leaped onto a table and growled during his audition. He has been twice nominated for an Emmy for his work on "Hill Street Blues."

**Veronica Homel** (Joyce Davenport) has received two Emmy nominations for her role as the beautiful public defender on "Hill Street Blues." Once a successful model, she began her acting career on the New York stage, then moved to Hollywood in 1975. She turned down a chance to be one of the three original Charlie's Angels but appeared on numerous other series, including "The Rockford Files," "Kojak," "Dallas" and "The Bob Newhart Show." She has also had roles in movies, including "Cannonball" and "Beyond the Poseidon Adventure."

**Daniel J. Travanti** (Captain Frank Furillo) has won two Emmys and a Golden Globe for his portrayal of "Hill Street's" forbearing leader. An alumnus of Yale Drama School, he appeared on Broadway in "Othello" and in guest roles on many TV shows. He recently completed his master's degree in English, hosted "Saturday Night Live" and has contributed his time to speaking on behalf of the national "Don't Be a Dope" campaign against drug abuse.

**Charles Haid** (Officer Andy Renko) graduated from Carnegie Tech, received a grant from the American Conservatory Theater, laid bricks and mixed drinks in New York before beginning to direct and produce plays off-Broadway. He co-starred with Michael Conrad and Judd Hirsch in "DeVecchio," a series created by his friend Bochco; when it was canceled, he appeared in "The Execution of Private Slovik," "The Choirboys," "Who'll Stop the Rain" and "Altered States." In 1979, he coproduced the Oscar-winning "Who Are the DeBolls and Where Did They Get 19 Kids?" As Renko, he's been twice nominated for an Emmy.

**Michael Warren** (Officer Bobby Hill) was a two-time all-American basketball star, graduated from UCLA with a degree in film and broke into TV doing commercials, which led to roles on "Adam-12," "Marcus Welby, M.D." and "Mod Squad." He appeared in the film version of "Butterflies Are Free" and had running roles on NBC's "Sierra" and "Paris." His portrayal of beat cop Hill landed him an Emmy nomination last year.

**James B. Sicking** (Lieutenant Howard Hunter) spent some time in the military, where, in his own words, he "fought the bloody battle of Fayetteville, North Carolina." After attending UCLA, he guest-starred on more than 200 TV shows, including "The Bob Newhart Show," "M\*A\*S\*H," "Columbo" and "Charlie's Angels." He also had a three-year stint as Dr. Hobart on "General

Hospital." Sicking's movie credits include "The Electric Horseman," "The Competition" and "Ordinary People."

**Betty Thomas** (Officer Lucy Bates) worked as a high school substitute teacher in Chicago before hooking up with Second City. She performed with the noted improv group (which at the time included such fledgling comics as John Belushi and Bill Murray) for more than three years, then moved to Los Angeles to start a Second City franchise in Pasadena. On the big screen, she has appeared in "TunnelVision" and "Jackson County Jail." Her role as a Blue has gotten her two Emmy nominations.

**Ed Marinaro** (Officer Joe Coffey) was a three-time all-American running back at Cornell, was drafted by the Minnesota Vikings and played pro ball with them for six years, including two Super Bowls. After a stint with the New York Jets, he retired from football. Invited to Los Angeles by his friend Joe Namath, Ed landed guest-starring roles on "Eisheid" and then on "Laverne and Shirley," which led to a regular part on the latter series. By a similar turn of fate, his guest-starring role on "Hill Street" was turned into a regular part as Lucy Bates's partner.

**Taurean Blaque** (Detective Neal Washington), whose real name is Herbert Middleton, Jr., started his acting career in New York with the Negro Ensemble Company and made his Broadway debut in the Tony Award-winning play "The River Niger." Since his move to California in 1976, he has appeared on "The Bob Newhart Show," "The Tony Randall Show," "Paris" and "The White Shadow." His portrayal of Detective Washington earned him an Emmy nomination.

**Kiel Martin** (Detective J. D. LaRue) started as an actor and a singer following his Army discharge in 1964. In 1967, Universal signed him to a contract and placed him in such shows as "Dragnet," "The Virginian" and "Ironside." His later credits include the movies "The Undeclared" and "Panic in Needle Park," as well as such TV shows as "Harry O," "Kung Fu" and "The Bold Ones" and a stint on "The Edge of Night."

**Steven Bochco** (cocreator and executive producer) began writing for television between his junior and senior years at Carnegie Tech, from which he graduated in 1966. He readily admits that his reputation as the worst actor ever to attend that school is well deserved. After sharing his first TV writing credit with Rod Serling, Bochco went on to become story editor on "Name of the Game" and, later, on "Columbo" and "McMillan and Wife." His numerous credits include "DeVecchio," "Silent Running" and "Paris." With the aid of several other "Hill Street" writers, Bochco has come up with a new show about a small-town minor-league baseball team, tentatively titled "Bay City Blues." He has received numerous Emmy nominations, a Writers Guild Award and an Edgar Allan Poe Award.

**René Enriquez** (Lieutenant Ray Calletano)

attended the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and was a member of the original Lincoln Center Repertory Company, for which he appeared in a number of productions from Shakespeare to Tennessee Williams. After holding down a Wall Street job to support himself, he moved to California and took roles in numerous films and TV series, including "Harry and Tonto," "Police Story," "Quincy," "Benson" and "Charlie's Angels."

**Joe Spano** (Lieutenant Henry Goldblume) was originally headed for a career in the priesthood but decided that theater would be just as interesting. He worked in various San Francisco improv groups, including The Committee, and appeared in small roles in such films as "American Graffiti," "The Enforcer" and "Roadie" as well as on such TV shows as "Paris," produced by Bochco.

**Barbara Bosson** (Fay Furillo) worked briefly as a Playboy Bunny in New York to afford tuition to Carnegie Tech, alma mater of several other "Hill Street" regulars. In 1967, she spent the summer performing with the improv group The Committee in San Francisco, where she met and subsequently married Bochco. Her feature-film credits include "Bullit" and "Capricorn One." For her performance as Furillo's feisty ex-wife, she has received two Emmy nominations.

**Michael Conrad** (Sergeant Phil Esterhaus) has won two Emmys for his performance as the sexy, multisyllabic Esterhaus. Following stints in the Army and, later, in City College of New York, drama workshop of The New School, Conrad appeared on Broadway in "The Lark," made his movie debut in Rod Serling's "Requiem for a Heavyweight" and went on to perform in such TV classics as "Naked City," "The Defenders," "Rawhide" and "Wagon Train." Before "Hill Street," he had starred in "DeVecchio" and "Paris."

**PLAYBOY:** Most of you have been acting for ten to 15 years. What does it feel like to become suddenly famous in a hit TV series?

**SIKKING (Howard Hunter):** I think success is all it's cracked up to be. My wife and I get along very well now. My banker and I get along very well, too.

**HAID (Andy Renko):** Oh, I don't know; I'd like to be able to go to a restaurant and be able to have food dribble out of my mouth or pick my nose or scratch myself.

**CONRAD (Phil Esterhaus):** My greatest joy was sitting in a restaurant with these good-looking guys—Ed Marinaro, Michael Warren, Chuck Haid and Bruce Weitz—when this mature lady came up and said to me, "I just love you."

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of your characters have become sex symbols, but we're a little surprised that Belker is in that category. No offense, Bruce, but how do you feel about a grubby character like Belker's being a turn-on for the ladies?

**WEITZ (Mick Belker):** Flattered, I guess, but what the hell's wrong with the female population? Somebody once told me that

# Marl

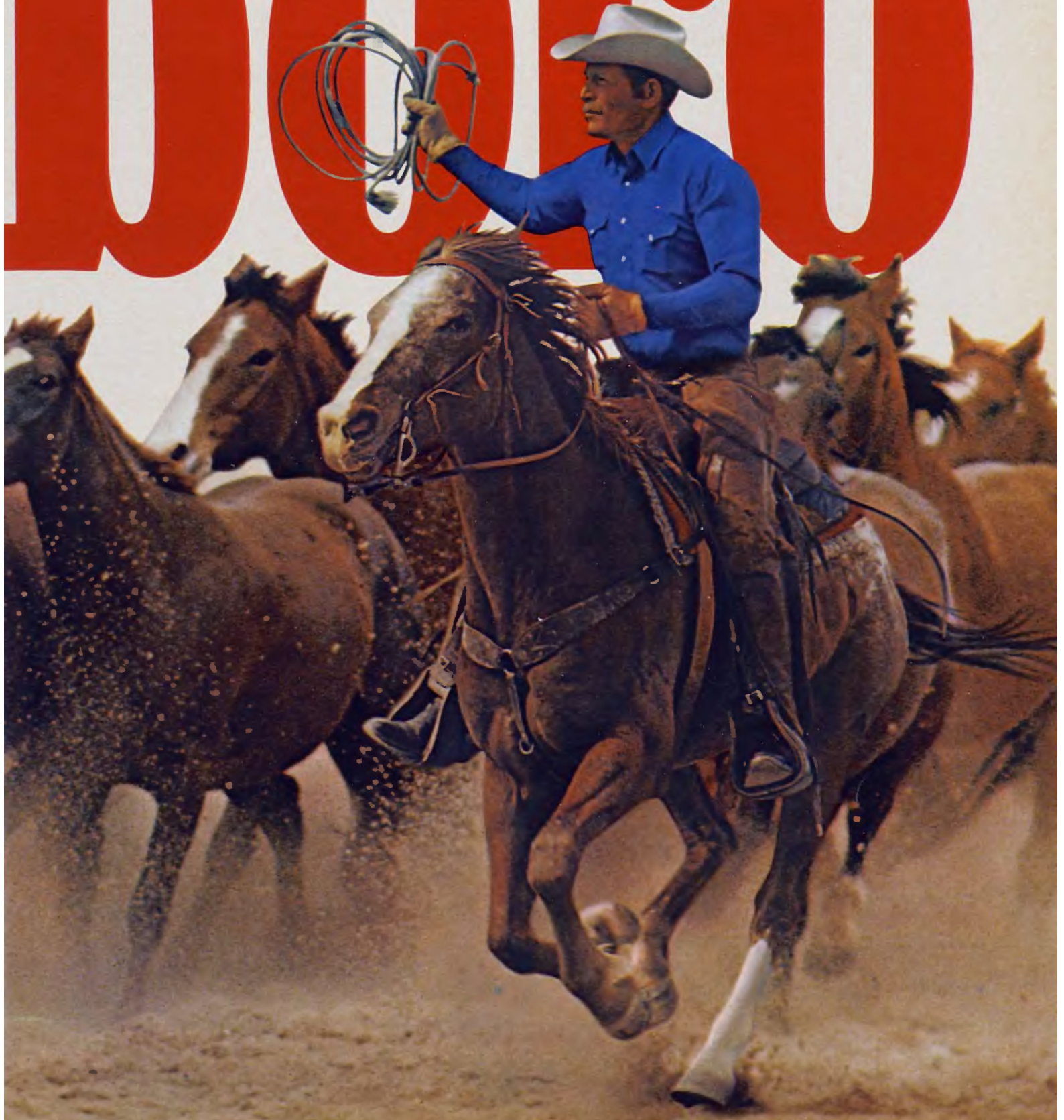


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# Booro



women would like to take Belker home and give him a bath.

**PLAYBOY:** Has anybody tried?

**WEITZ:** No, but I'd welcome any invitations.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the women of the group? How has the sudden fame been for you?

**THOMAS (Lucy Bates):** Imagine trying to get a date! When I meet new people, especially men, it's weird for them, because I have a lot of power and it's tough for most men to accept.

**HAMEL (Joyce Davenport):** Betty and I have discussed this; we're in a whole other ball park now. Being single, with all this fuss and fanfare, I mostly meet men who have a preconceived idea of me before I even sit down to dinner with them. I've got to meet someone who doesn't watch television! I want to meet people at face value and get to talking: "Hello, this is Veronica Hamel, not Joyce Davenport. . . ." Yes, it gets in the way.

**BOSSON (Fay Furillo):** I don't get anywhere near the attention you two get publicly; Veronica, especially, because of the bubble baths and the sexuality of that role—people don't want to separate her from the role of Joyce Davenport. Since my role is that of Frank Furillo's former wife, people do tend to disassociate me from the role—to be nice.

**PLAYBOY:** Mike, you were on *Donahue* on a panel of TV's sexiest male stars. How was that?

**WARREN (Bobby Hill):** It could have been worse.

**HAID:** Look at him. Cute guy, isn't he?

**THOMAS:** If we're going to talk about this, let's talk about Travanti; he's the prince.

**TRAVANTI (Frank Furillo):** I'm ambivalent about it, as I've been about everything in my life. I was a well-known unknown for a long time, so this is certainly different. Furillo is different from nearly every role I've played in the past—a lot of dumb, crazed guys. I was never the leading man.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**TRAVANTI:** I was just a nose. There'd be an audition, maybe for a commercial, and I would be invisible. They'd just see a nose float in and float out. Now, my God, I'm asked to appear at six functions a week. I could go out every night of the year. It's like a sugar cube. You keep sucking on it and it disappears.

**WEITZ:** You just can't take it too seriously. You have to keep the thought in the back of your mind that one day this is going to end.

**PLAYBOY:** Then let's go to the beginning. How did all of you happen to come to *Hill Street*?

**THOMAS:** Ed Marinaro came in his Porsche with short shorts on.

**BOSSON:** Not a lot of people know this, but Ed got hired because I wanted him. I said, "Come on, Steven, let me have a nice Italian cute guy on the show."

**HAMEL:** That's the real story behind Fay's pregnancy.

**MARINARO (Joe Coffey):** Originally, I had a guest-starring role and my character was supposed to get shot and killed in the last episode of the season. But they changed the ending to sort of leave things hanging. They had only two street cops at the time—Hill and Renko. The show was called *Hill Street Blues*, but there were only two Blues. So I didn't die. They kept me in to validate the Lucy Bates character—

**THOMAS:** To get her out on the street. [Turns to Marinaro] Are all your answers going to be this long? Because I could take breaks. I could go have dinner in between.

**MARINARO:** And because I was taller than she was.

**PLAYBOY:** How about you, Kiel? How did you come to *Hill Street*?

**MARTIN (J. D. LaRue):** I was in Florida on one of my many honeymoons. I'd worked with Steven Bochco and Michael Kozoll [the series' cocreators] over the years. They'd tell me every year or so, "Hang on, we're going to have something for you soon." Well, in this business, you hear that a lot; that's so much tissue. But they meant it and called me, and it really amazed me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**MARTIN:** It was the first time in my career I played a part where I wasn't some terrible creep. I'd killed every goddamned thing in America, including nuns and babies. I did soap for a year and a half, and I axed five people because their contracts were up. Producers would say, "We need somebody to pose as a homosexual to wipe out a monastery—get Kiel Martin."

**PLAYBOY:** Steven, you'd worked with a lot of the *Hill Street* cast in *Paris* and *Delvecchio*; did you write specifically for other actors besides Kiel?

**BOCHCO (cocreator, producer):** We wrote specifically for Michael Conrad, Bruce Weitz, James Sikking and Barbara Bosson.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you and Barbara are married, you must have known you'd encounter static by casting her in the show.

**BOCHCO:** Well, I knew I'd be buying myself tons of *tsoris* trying to put my wife into a running role in this series. I knew the initial reaction would be, "Oh, Bochco's trying to buy some peace at home—or to get a piece at home."

**BOSSON:** To get laid, right? At any price.

**BOCHCO:** When you're making a pilot, you're in open warfare with networks that want to impose their tastes on what you do. You're screaming, you're fighting, you're playing poker with them. I fought with NBC casting over virtually everybody. They didn't want this one, they didn't want that one. . . . Anyway, there's a lot of poker and bluffing. So I figured, If I go to NBC with my hat in my hand asking for approval for Barbara Bosson to play a running role, I've given them a poker chip. But to hire this actress for one day's work in the pilot took the pressure off. I didn't

have to deal with NBC, because NBC has no approval over guest appearances—

**BOSSON:** So when Fred Silverman saw the pilot, he said, "And that wife, Fay, whoever she is, I hope we're going to see more of her. She's terrific." So Steven said—

**BOCHCO:** So I said, "Well, I think I can deliver this actress."

**BOSSON:** And I was signed to a series deal.

**PLAYBOY:** Did any of you audition for parts other than the ones you now play?

**SPANO (Henry Goldblume):** I originally read for the part of Renko. And about a month later, they offered me the Goldblume role.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't seem the Renko type.

**SPANO:** I wasn't the Goldblume type, either. I'm Goldblume now, but he could have been anything. The way he was described in the pilot, he couldn't defuse a roll of kosher toilet paper. That was not my style. But I was always disappointed that I didn't end up playing Renko.

**PLAYBOY:** Was Goldblume's bow tie your idea?

**SPANO:** That was Kozoll's idea. And I fought it all the way.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**SPANO:** I thought it was a stereotypical thing to do. But it actually turned out to be right. You don't play into the bow tie—you fight against it. I notice people now who wear bow ties.

**PLAYBOY:** We noticed that you always wear a toothpick, Taurean. Did that come with the role of Washington?

**BLACQUE (Neal Washington):** Uh-uh. I stopped smoking 12 years ago and started toothpicks. Then a New York critic described me as the kind of actor who could probably drink a can of beer with a toothpick in his mouth, so I kept it.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there other things that you share with your character?

**BLACQUE:** There's a lot there between the two of us. He wears my clothes. I get to incorporate a lot of me into Neal Washington. He's vulnerable and street-wise.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you street-wise?

**BLACQUE:** Am I street-wise? Am I street-wise! Born in Newark, raised in New York, lived in Harlem and you ask me if I'm street-wise? I'm not political now, but when I first came out here, I wore my hair in braids—wore beads, earrings, terrified everyone. Yeah, I'm street-wise.

**PLAYBOY:** Is your name political?

**BLACQUE:** No. My heritage is black—spelled Q-U-E—and I'm a Taurus. I decided I needed a name change I could relate to. It looks good on a marquee and never fails to get attention in casting offices.

**ENRIQUEZ (Ray Colletano):** As far as using our own lives in the series, Steven is very clever that way: What he sees in each of us often ends up being written into our roles.

**PLAYBOY:** What's an example in your case?

**ENRIQUEZ:** At the beginning of the past season, I went to speak at a country club here



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in Los Angeles and there was not one single Hispanic there. I began the speech by asking, "Why? This city is 56 percent Mexican-American. Don't they excel in anything? Can't they be members of this club? The only Hispanics I see here are waiters and busboys." And that incident became my speech on *Hill Street* in which I said, "Why *huevos rancheros* in my honor? Why do you assume we all must like Mexican food?" That's how brilliant Steven is.

**MARTIN:** The writers are very perceptive reporters. They'll take things from what they see in you, but they're able to see beyond the bullshit. It's the most well-intentioned exploitation imaginable.

**PLAYBOY:** How about you, Jim? How similar are you to Howard Hunter?

**SIKKING:** I'll tell you: I wrote the character of Howard. I directed the first Howard segment. I created the costumes, even sewed them. . . .

**WEITZ:** And for this, he's tremendously underpaid.

**SIKKING:** I also created the lighting; I'm part inventor of the Panaflex camera; I invented the Smith & Wesson. In fact, almost everything I do on the show, I do in real life.

**PLAYBOY:** That's very impressive.

**SIKKING:** As much as I decry this policy, *Hill Street Blues* is not *The Howard Hunter Show*. We're trying to change that.

**WEITZ:** Some of us are *not* trying to.

**PLAYBOY:** But, seriously. . . .

**SIKKING:** Seriously, Hunter is a long way from me. I rarely wear my flak jacket, my .357 Magnum or my combat boots when I'm not in front of a camera. The noise from a gun like that would scare the hell out of me. I've been married to the same woman for more than 20 years, I have two extraordinary children, a full network of warm friends—all those things Howard Hunter would like to have but can't.

**PLAYBOY:** How about you, Dan? How close are you to Furillo?

**TRAVANTI:** Sometimes I'm like him; he's sort of my alter ego, my friend Frank from New York. I say New York because Frank is a New Yorkophile and loves all New York things, including that madness—which I have in me and which Frank and I were talking about—that madness that many people have in their younger years, which threatened to kill me. I have that in me and this fellow Furillo is kind of the other side. Overall, though, I'm not Furillo—I'm more voluble, I gesticulate more, talk faster. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** Michael, how close are you to Phil Esterhaus?

**CONRAD:** I love language. Michael Conrad speaks English pretty well but not nearly as well as Phil Esterhaus. Although I've mellowed in my old age, Phil Esterhaus is a much nicer guy. There's a decency about him. But I like to think I'm a little more sophisticated with women than he is.

**PLAYBOY:** You must be referring to Phil's fling with Grace. . . .

**CONRAD:** It was great sport. And it's fun-

ny: One reviewer said there was more sex in Grace and Phil than there is in all of *Dynasty*. There was one moment last season when Grace says, "Phil, I'm going to do something to you I've never done before." And I say, "I think we've done just about everything, don't you?" She says no and comes up to me and whispers into my ear. And I take her hand and go, "Ohhh. . . . Oh, my God. . . ." Then she says, "Where can we go?" And I say, "To the boiler room."

**PLAYBOY:** What did you two do in there?

**CONRAD:** Well, there was a joke around the show where people were trying to guess what she whispered to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you don't know, either, what's your theory?

**CONRAD:** I came onto the set the next morning, after we'd shot it, and I said, "I know what Grace said to Phil. She whispered in my ear, 'Phil, you've been wheedling and pleading and begging, and I'm finally going to give it to you. I'm going to give you . . . a little head.'"

**PLAYBOY:** That's it?

**CONRAD:** What else could they possibly have done? How much time could they have had in the boiler room? He was dressed. She was dressed. It had to be something silly like that. But it's not really silly, because everybody has *something* they don't do. So I just thought—wouldn't it be funny if these two oversexed people wouldn't do *that*?

**TRAVANTI:** On that subject, do you know where the name Pizza Man came from?

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us.

**HAMEL:** It's a local pizza chain. Their slogan is "Pizza Man—he delivers."

**PLAYBOY:** Barbara, how similar to your character do you think you are?

**BOSSON:** I'm like Fay in some of the humorous ways. I will sometimes get so outraged at something that I'll talk too loud in public. I have a lot of stories in which I always end up becoming victimized. It was something I grew out of, but those stories amused Steve so much that he's used them a lot in writing Fay. Fay is an endless victim.

**PLAYBOY:** Where did Renko get his digestive disturbances?

**HAIID:** From Steven.

**BOCHCO:** I've got internals like a Swiss watch.

**HAIID:** Steven likes to work out the angst of his digestive problems through characters on the show. He's chosen me, since he knows it bugs the hell out of me.

**ENRIQUEZ:** That's like an episode we had last season called "Little Boil Blue." That was Steven's boil.

**BOCHCO:** Yeah. I got a boil on my ass when I went to London last year. It was the most painful thing I ever had, and I decided, Goddamn it, somebody's going to have to pay for this. I thought I'd give it to Furillo; then I thought, No, he's too stoic. He'd just live with it. So. . . .

**WARREN:** So lucky old Bobby Hill got it, because he's so straight and righteous. You

couldn't give it to Renko, because you'd *expect* Renko to have boils. Plus herpes or something.

**BOCHCO:** What power! Can you imagine having the power to give a boil to anybody in this cast?

**PLAYBOY:** Is the reverse true? Do you ever find yourselves taking on the character in real life?

**TRAVANTI:** Sure we do. Charlie comes on like Renko sometimes. Veronica goes into Davenport. She's a little girl in a lot of ways, and sometimes she's a mature, solid, determined woman—as herself and as Davenport. I tend to be benign. I have a temper, but it just sort of flashes and flares and the veins stick out of my neck.

**PLAYBOY:** Veronica, do you ever find that Joyce goes home with you?

**TRAVANTI:** No, Joyce goes home with *me*.

**HAMEL:** Not really; I can leave it on the set.

**PLAYBOY:** As long as you opened that door, Dan, there's plenty of speculation that off-camera, the two of you—

**HAMEL:** That's so ridiculous! If people want to do that, God bless them. If people would just give us credit for our work without doing a whole romance thing. It's become a bit of a bore.

**PLAYBOY:** All right. How about the chemistry between Hill and Renko? Did you guys just click or was it written for you?

**WARREN:** We each had reservations about working with the other person. Charlie had a reputation of being someone who was going to come in and take over. He'd been a producer, a director and an actor before *Hill Street*. He's even a part owner of the musical *Godspell*. I'd heard all these things about this monster who was going to walk in and try to tell me how to play my role.

**PLAYBOY:** And what were your reservations, Charlie?

**HAIID:** Well, I knew Michael had been a jock. I thought, Athlete—what the hell does he know about acting? Then I realized that athletes are acting, too. They're acting against their opponents and they're as much showbiz people as anybody.

**WARREN:** That's something that's always befuddled me, that I'm still considered an "athlete turned actor." That's such a silly term. I never even went into pro sports.

**HAIID:** There's a pursuit of excellence in sports, just as there is in acting. There's an aggressive quality that makes a person become an all-American basketball player.

**WARREN:** What is he saying? He sounds like Howard Cosell.

**HAIID:** Anyway, I think Michael and I looked at each other the first time and said, "I'm going to be paired with this person. This person had better be able to hold me up!" You really have to trust. And I recognized that in him and I recognize it in almost everyone in this cast. Cosmic cops. The first season, we actually used to sit around like a bunch of boy scouts and watch one another and say, "Oh, my God,

this guy is good!" And that was half the fun.

**BOSSON:** The beginning of this show really was a fairy tale. We were 14 basically unknown actors who'd been in the business a long time. We knew we were cast in something very different, but none of us even knew whether or not the show would ever get on. And then, when it exploded and we won the Emmys and it became popular, that thing happened where stars began to be born and the ensemble feeling became harder and harder to maintain.

**PLAYBOY:** But at the outset, *Hill Street*'s ratings were abysmally low. Why did NBC stick with you?

**BOCHCO:** First of all, NBC really didn't have anything of any comparable quality to replace us with. They had *nothing*. Second, Fred Silverman really loved this show. It really tickled him. These beleaguered NBC executives, including Fred, would go into their offices every week and sitting on their desks would be hundreds of press clippings about how wonderful *Hill Street* was and how it was unlike the shit NBC was putting on the airwaves. I think Fred would rather have quit smoking than cancel us. He simply couldn't—the pressure would have been devastating.

**PLAYBOY:** Did any of you suspect that *Hill Street* was going to be such a hit?

**ENRIQUEZ:** I thought the show was sensational from the very beginning.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that the prevailing attitude?

**THOMAS:** No. I certainly never thought it would be as popular as it is. I can't imagine ever thinking that.

**BLACQUE:** I knew it was going to be successful just from reading the pilot. But not *this* big.

**SPANO:** I didn't know it was going to be good from the script, because I didn't quite understand it. I read it and I said, "Boy, it's going to be hard to do this stuff without sounding funny." I didn't realize at the time that it was *supposed* to be funny, that it would end up commenting on itself, that the humor would deepen the serious impact.

**PLAYBOY:** You usually preview a show for an audience to get its reaction before broadcasting it. What was the reaction of the first audience to *Hill Street*?

**BOCHCO:** Boy, were they pissed off! They didn't have a clue as to what the hell it was. Ninety-two characters racing in and out, some guy who bites felons. They didn't know whether they were supposed to laugh or what.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of biting felons, have you ever actually bitten anyone, Bruce?

**WEITZ:** Yeah, I've bitten. We don't have to talk about the extent of the bite or whether it was done in hostility or great gentleness.

**SIKKING:** And you don't have to talk about *where* you've bitten. For the record, wouldn't you like to change it from a bite to a nibble?

**WEITZ:** Yes, I would. For the record.

**PLAYBOY:** Glad we cleared that up. Do you share any other qualities with Belker?

**WEITZ:** I don't know if I'd ever put a sardine in a milk shake, but I like sardine-and-Bermuda-onion sandwiches. I've also been known to eat a pig's foot or a chicken's foot. I've had a lot of Belker's rage and hostility, so it's easy for me to identify with him. We're the same height. Unfortunately, I like to think I have as much compassion for people as he has.

**PLAYBOY:** Are we ever going to meet Belker's mother?

**BOCHCO:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**WEITZ:** Because it's infinitely more interesting if the audience creates Belker's mother.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the odd clothes Belker wears? Who's responsible for them?

**WEITZ:** The hat and the sawed-off gloves were my idea. But 98 percent of the character is the writers' creation. The other two percent I collect.

**HAMEL:** People always ask me what Bruce Weitz is like and they're surprised when I say he's a coat-and-tie man. You have to be a wonderful actor to push yourself that far into a role that's so obviously opposite to your own personality and temperament.

**PLAYBOY:** *Hill Street* has the reputation of being an actors' showcase—14 featured regulars and an unusual number of guest parts. Have celebrities approached you to do cameos?

**BOCHCO:** A lot of entertainers, as well as actors, have let us know that they'd love to be on the show—

**BOSSON:** Sammy Davis Jr. would give anything—

**BOCHCO:** Sammy would give his right eye to be on the show.

**BOSSON:** True. Steven put a reference to him in one of the shows. Hunter is with Linda Wolfowitz and she says, "I'm Jewish, and you'd have to convert if we were to marry." And Hunter says, "You mean like that colored entertainer?" When Steven ran into Sammy, he told him about it, and there was a moment when we both thought he wasn't going to think it was funny. But he loved it and started jumping up and down.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk a bit about how you researched your roles.

**MARTIN:** I got arrested a whole lot.

**PLAYBOY:** Anyone with a more academic approach?

**SPANO:** I read all of Wambaugh's stuff.

**WEITZ:** I went on a few police night shifts.

**SIKKING:** You need only a couple of nights in Hollywood to get the entire experience.

**WEITZ:** I live in West Hollywood, and I always thought it was a relatively safe neighborhood—until I went out on patrol one night with two uniforms in that area. Scared the shit out of me. It got so I was afraid to go out at night.

**PLAYBOY:** René, did you research police work for the character of Calletano?

**ENRIQUEZ:** No, I refused to, because the show is not about police work per se. The show is about human beings. A policeman

or a policewoman is just like you. You have the same emotions.

**BLACQUE:** I agree. You just have to bring it from a human, gut-level feeling and put yourself in the position of being a cop. Because it's actually happened to me at parties—I'd walk into a party and if people were smoking a joint or something, they'd stop and say, "Watch out, that's the Man."

**PLAYBOY:** How has doing *Hill Street* affected your thinking about police?

**BOCHCO:** I perceive policemen as having an absolutely no-win job in this society. And I think they are not accorded either the respect or the understanding that they richly deserve. Like some of the other writers and actors on the show, I come out of a Sixties generation that saw the police as the enemy. I find myself no longer thinking about cops generically; I find myself thinking about them individually, and the moment you make that turn, it becomes very difficult to make sweeping judgments about "the police." And the truth is, if three guys in ski masks broke into your home, stole your wallet and/or raped your wife, what's the first phone call you'd make? And when they walked through the door, the sight of that uniform would go a long way toward assuaging your rage and fear.

**WARREN:** I rode around with a number of policemen, and what I found was a greater insight into how policemen are perceived by the general public. A case in point: I went along to observe how they handled a drug-related homicide. It was around two o'clock in the morning, and the community came out in droves and a few people started throwing rocks and bottles. Because to them, cops were the enemy. I know there are an awful lot of bad cops, but now I give them the benefit of the doubt, because I know how difficult the job is. And it's impossible to do it right.

**HAIID:** It's akin to a street sweeper's cleaning the street to a spanking-new mirror shine and then having a herd of bison and elephants come through and crap all over the sidewalks overnight. And you walk out there the next morning and it's knee-deep again. Well, that's what cops feel like.

**WARREN:** When you go out on the street as a cop, there's nothing to prepare you for a guy's coming around the corner, blasting you in the face with a gun. The only thing that could prepare you would be if the public respected what you did more. The only way is by respecting the cops, respecting their intelligence.

**MARINARO:** And that's why cops really appreciate what we do: We represent them as they really are.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you represent *lawyers* as they really are, Veronica?

**HAMEL:** I don't have a lawyer. Never had one. Since I haven't had any in my personal life, I don't feel responsible to lawyers—only to the character.

**PLAYBOY:** But what about the way  
(continued on page 78)

**Z**EUS HIMSELF would call for a time out.

Zeus: Lord of the Sky, Hurler of Thunderbolts, consensus All-Mythology (back in the days when there were some *great* ones—your Poseidon, your Apollo, your Hephaestus); gold medalist in the first Olympics (he out-pointed Cronus for possession of the earth back before ABC had broadcast rights); a great competitor and a highly marketable commodity in his own right. . . .

What the hell would Zeus make of Los Angeles in 1984?

Very little without a brochure. He would have to reorient himself to the updated iconography. The very year belongs not to Janus (the god of good beginnings) but to Orwell (the god of bad ends); the city, not to Athena but to some weird consortium of Evelyn Waugh, Walt Disney and the William Morris Agency.

And the games . . . well, the games of the XXIIIrd Olympiad are symbolized not so much by an eternal flame nor by the interlocking circles of brotherhood as by a seven-foot-tall fiberglass animated Disney eagle named Sam.

God!

These games clearly would beggar the imagination of Zeus, that god who never contemplated his own image on video-tape replay nor got to proclaim his greatness to Howard Cosell. These will be the Ultimate Games of Television, a force that will hurl the electronic images of the gladiators before the eyes of two and a half billion mortals on every inhabited surface of the planet. (The other two billion, presumably, prefer old movies or reruns of *I Love Lucy*.)

Zeus would be stumbling upon a spectacle that could well be the last of its kind. It is almost universally agreed that there will never again be an exclusive network sporting event on the scale of the Los Angeles games. Already, some experts predict that the winning bid for rights to the 1988 games in Korea will approach one billion dollars. This begins to get into real money. No single network can absorb that kind of cost, expecting to offset it with advertising revenues. What may happen, many people believe, is that after 1984, a network will share its telecast rights—and its expenses—with a pay-cable distributor such as Home Box Office, somewhat on the model of the new United States Football League telecasts, shared by ABC and the cable system ESPN. [See box on page 177.]

So it is that the L.A. telecast will mark the last video spectacle of its kind—an Ultimate Network Games. Being the Ultimate

Games, the XXIIIrd Olympiad will proceed on a scale that is oblivious of mortal men. Making his way along the infinities of arterial highways that connect the games' labyrinth of venues—his heroic bare torso and his simple tunic not drawing so much as a second glance from the local citizenry—Zeus might weep for the glory that was not Greece.

One hundred forty miles separate the northernmost perimeter of L.A. Olympic competition (Lake Casitas near Santa Barbara, site of the rowing) from the southernmost (the pentathlon venue in Coto de Caza, south of Long Beach). That is almost six times the distance that Pheidippides ran between Marathon and Athens to bring news of the Athenian victory over the Persians—after which he dropped dead. From the weight lifting (at Loyola Marymount University) to the handball (in Pomona), a god would have to *schlep* 35 miles. Which would render him some 28 miles from the cycling, back at California State University in Dominguez Hills.

## THE LAST GREAT NETWORK OLYMPICS

*next summer in los angeles, television and sports will come together in a way they never have before—or ever will again*

article **By RON POWERS**

In fact, adding up the distances along the perimeter of the various venues at Los Angeles—from soccer at the Rose Bowl to equestrian events at Santa Anita Race Track to handball at California State University—Fullerton to fencing and volleyball and yachting in Long Beach to the Olympic Village on the campuses of UCLA and USC—one arrives at an unsettling realization: These Olympics will encompass more than 1000 square miles.

But mere mileage, of course, is hardly the *point* of the 1984 games. Mileage is of moment to only the 2500 ABC employees and the 10,000 competitors (a number equal to General Pickett's force at Gettysburg before the charge) and the few hundred thousand spectators who will actually be *there*. The real venue of the Los Angeles Olympics is no earthly setting. It is the eternal television screen. And on the screen, there is no distance, no separation, no sense of transit—only phenomena, unremitting and immediate.

Thus, the most Olympian competition at the 1984 Summer Olympics will not be between any two star athletes, nor

even between any two rival nations. It will be between two abstractions—television and distance. And if ABC performs its intricate switchings and remote pickups to utter perfection—if the dense electronic web of microwave circuits holds and the aural interlacing of intercom voices prevails without dissolving into chaos, and if the directors can maintain their air traffic controller's concentration over endless hours without collapse; if *nothing breaks*—then the highest goal of this "real" competition will be realized: It will remain invisible to the audience.

There are no guarantees that the system will, in fact, hold. On the contrary, Los Angeles' very infrastructure seems to throw itself against success. ABC broadcasting to the nation—that is no problem. ABC broadcasting to itself—that will be something else. Since great swatches of distance will separate the dozens of network production crews, a fail-safe internal-communications system will be indispensable. But Los Angeles is nothing if not

a communications hive. The over-air frequencies are saturated with users, and the area's hills and canyons defy long-range, line-of-sight transmission in any event.

A solution appeared to present itself in the form of Pacific Telephone & Telegraph. By one of those coincidences that normally materialize only in Hollywood spy-caper films, the phone company just happened to be in the process of installing a fiber-optics network linking most of the sites designated as Olympic venues. Fiber optics are thin ribbons of pure glass—just hundredths of an inch in diameter—capable of transmitting data in the form of light. Even aural information can be encoded at one end, transformed into light and decoded at the other. Pacific Telephone & Telegraph invited ABC to tap into its new fiber-optics network—all 300 miles of it—at what P.T. & T. considered a nominal cost: just \$15,000,000 above ABC's projected budget for internal communications.

The Los Angeles games will, in sum, be a marriage of a scope that the gods of Olympus never foresaw: the most protean pageant in the history of sports wedded to the most leviathan deployment of circuitry, audio and video hardware, rolling (and airborne) stock, plus engineering, production, on-air and managerial manpower for any self-contained event short of a shooting war in the history of mankind's first century of broadcasting. Zeus, Hurler of Thunder and Lightning, who had struck down 100-headed Typhon with the Bolt That Never Sleeps (a feat that might or

might not have qualified him for the javelin throw, Venue Two, Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum), would stand abashed, fidgeting anxiously with his tunic hem, before the owned-and-leased ranks of ABC inventory:

- TV cameras numbering 207—or 157 more than will be needed to telecast the Winter Olympics at Sarajevo;

- Video-tape machines numbering 140, with 83 in the field and 57 at the broadcast center;

- Character generators (those keyboard devices for flashing names, statistics and bulletin information on the screen) numbering 31, including some with capabilities so revolutionary that ABC classified them as top secret before they were unveiled;

- Mobile units (mostly studio-equipped vans but also some helicopters and a blimp or two) numbering at least 25, with a collective retail value of \$100,000,000 and comprising nearly every major mobile unit in the United States;

- Five “flash units,” a sort of rapid-deployment force—mobile vans and helicopters capable of telecasting live or on tape from point of origin by means of microwave relay—plus additional units from ABC News, that will be kept on 24-hour alert, ready to rush to a location that both ABC and Olympic officials pray will never materialize: the site of a breaking news event, which (given the pattern of past Olympics’ breaking news) would likely mean a defection, a gesture of class or nationalistic protest or an act of terrorism;

- An electronically powered vehicle (still on the drawing board as late as 1983) capable of propelling itself along a thoroughfare for as long as two and a half hours, supporting heavy cameras, mikes and power supplies for telecasting a marathon race, without discharging gasoline fumes into the runners’ faces;

- And, perhaps most prodigious of all, a self-contained complex of studio control rooms, complete with camera-switching consoles, monitor screens, microphones and telephones for communicating with producers in the field and also containing the principal studio set for the Olympics’ ABC host, Jim McKay—a complex known to ABC insiders as the Little Olympic Village—that was constructed in Los Angeles, taken apart and shipped to New York, where it was reassembled for testing, then torn down again for shipping to Sarajevo for use in covering the winter games, after which it will be disassembled again and shipped back to Los Angeles for summer 1984. And Olympus didn’t even have a lousy press box.

Finally, if Zeus were lucky and did not mind waiting a few aeons for his phone calls to be returned, he might come face to face with a real god.

Namely, the Great God Roone.

Half human, half television executive;

powerful in battle; Creator of the Concept of the Isolated Camera and Keeper of *Monday Night Football*; ruler of the terrible triple-headed Gifford/Meredith/Cosell (before whose mighty yawps all lesser sportscasters are as stone); his fingers and wrists and neck bejeweled with gold—he who was weaned in ABC Sports and, having struck down the powerful gods of CBS and NBC Sports, ascended into ABC News, whence he would return, fulfilling prophecy, to lead his legions in this culmination of video history—this most titanic and final of all great sporting odysseys on the network-television airwaves.

What chance would a mere Zeus have against a god such as this?

These Ultimate Television Olympics may prove to be more than the sum of their microelectric and competitive parts. They may stand as an archive, a 16-day summing up of a certain moment in American time. And they may mark, as well, the denouement of a 40-year romance between American television and American sports.



(RCA-owned cameras actually transmitted two baseball games as far back as 1939, but World War Two deferred the real beginning of the television age until 1944.)

On the eve of the 1984 Olympics, America is a nation seemingly stupefied by sports. Consider a random survey of the figures: a two-billion-dollar contract between the three major networks and the National Football League (with the resulting advent of the \$345,000 N.F.L. commercial minute); network TV-radio revenues of \$2,000,000 for each of the 26 (!) major-league baseball clubs, plus a total of \$65,000,000 in various *local* broadcasting rights; a six-year contract worth \$1,722,000 signed by a *head coach*—Jackie Sherrill at Texas A & M University—to help ensure the school’s chance at premium TV revenues for football telecasts; a combined \$260,000,000 football-rights package signed by CBS, ABC and the National Collegiate Athletic Association; an average salary for professional basketball players of \$246,000; product-endorsement fees totaling \$3,000,000 a year for tennis superstar Bjorn Borg. . . . One could go on.

By the early Eighties, ABC Sports’ to-

tal billings had climbed to nearly \$350,000,000 a year. NBC Sports’ was at around \$300,000,000 and CBS Sports’ was at \$250,000,000. Behind each of those budgets stand capital assets that would rank their network’s sports division alone among the country’s 600 leading corporations. In terms of monetary power, those three sports divisions now rival the dozens of leagues and franchises they cover.

Chronologically, this moment spans the decades between the end of industrial America—a demise triggered by the consequences of World War Two—and the onset of the Data Age, an era that already has begun to separate a technological elite from the rest of society, with consequences for the individual identity that are as yet unknown. Spiritually, the moment spans an epoch of intense, agnostic, nuclear-aided confusion. The novelist Walker Percy has identified it in terms of what it lacks: religious faith, community, fidelity, chivalry, an intolerance for the culture’s decadence, a will for redemption.

Percy is a Southerner, as may be apparent, and his abiding theme is that society presently languishes in a kind of moral hiatus between the bankrupt end of an old cultural order and the beginning of some revolutionary new one. This picture of a spiritually sterile postwar American landscape is not particularly original in itself. But it superimposes quite neatly upon a corresponding development since the end of World War Two—an explosion in the popular culture’s yearning preoccupation with sports.

The evidence hardly needs recounting: the cultural and political deification of athletes; the tortuous and almost prayerful pressure upon the hundreds of college teams to “be number one”; the compulsive rise in offertory sports gambling; the semi-religious significance bestowed upon the Super Bowl; the frenetic construction of mosquelike domed stadiums from New Orleans to Seattle; and, perhaps most telling of all, a citizenry that seems bent on internalizing the sporting gods’ grandeur by living out a liturgical style. Americans dress themselves in numeraled team jerseys and team hats; they speak to one another in neo-Gregorian athletic jargon; they elect former players and professed worshipers of players to high political office. They often seem to see America’s place in geopolitics through a prism of athletic revelation. And they emulate the manners and the physical style of the famous athlete gods—gliding and juking on the worst ghetto basketball courts, swearing and screaming on the best suburban tennis courts. Even their children must conform to the elect: Eight-year-old sons are conscripted into “pro-style” football leagues with play-offs in Honolulu; their sisters enter training under the icon of Peggy Fleming or Tracy Austin.

All this evidence of a secular sports







religion, a filling up of spiritual gaps, is familiar. What is not so familiar—nor so well understood—is television's role in the postwar ascendancy of sports.

Most people, when they think about the relationship of TV to sports, assume (as an article of faith) that Imperial Television moved aggressively to absorb and "colonize" sports, as television is seen to have colonized nearly everything else in its path.

The truth is more complex than that. A careful examination of the history of TV and sports since World War Two shows that sports, as often as not, colonized television—that they forced their way into the mainstream of TV programming only after decades of indifference and active hostility on the parts of the highest network executives.

Further, this extended indifference—followed by an era of inept and wholesale exploitation of sports' basest marketing appeal—changed and cheapened a source of video content that many serious critics now regard as the content most naturally suited to television's peculiar capacities.

In other words, televised sports achieved their gigantic rapport with the public largely *in spite of television*.

There was one resounding exception to that general pattern, however: the ABC television network, particularly in the several years before and after Roone Arledge assumed control of ABC Sports.

Because of its historic competitive disadvantage in relation to its older, more established rivals, ABC was virtually forced into a series of long-shot gambles in sports programming, gambles that CBS and NBC disdained. Arledge inherited the early, paradoxical success of those gambles, and he also inherited a freewheeling, almost piratical approach to programming that came to define ABC's corporate style.

But Arledge did far more than inherit. A man prodigiously equipped to exploit his particular moment in time, he created a new legitimacy for games on television. Before he stepped into the picture in 1960 as a smart, under-30-year-old, sports were something the networks covered virtually with fingers held to their corporate noses. Sports weren't—well, they weren't Jack Benny. They weren't Edward R. Murrow. They weren't all the things that had made *radio* so fashionable. Clearly, they held little promise as main-line TV fare.

It took a succession of visionary but anonymous advertising men to force-feed the first generation of prepackaged sports telecasts to the network airwaves. (Anybody ever heard of A.

Craig Smith of Gillette? All right, anybody ever heard of Sharpie the Parrot? *The Gillette Cavalcade of Sports?*)

Arledge was the first network regular to appreciate the power inherent in TV sports, and he created a wholly original idiom that brilliantly released that power. His underdog network, ABC, gambled on his vision and won; ABC rode TV sports to parity with its richer, complacent rivals over a dramatic 16-year haul that climaxed in 1976. In that year, buoyed partly by its triumphant telecasts of the Montreal Olympics, ABC leaped from last place to first among the big three for the first time in its history.

Arledge's coup was astonishing. More astonishing still was the fact that CBS and NBC were nearly 15 years in taking the hint. (Sure, CBS was the ancient network of the N.F.L. and NBC had its blue-chip bowl games and the world series. But they covered those events mainly as though they were breaking news stories; in fact, sports at those networks were a generally despised appendage of the news divisions.) Not until the early Seventies did the older networks begin to copy ABC Sports' formula in earnest. By then, a new surge of post-Watergate, post-Vietnam public appetite for pleasure and self-fulfillment had catapulted games—and athletes—into the forefront of the pop culture. Billie Jean King and Bobby Riggs, Evel Knievel, Muhammad Ali, Sugar Ray Leonard, Joe Namath, John McEnroe, Jim Palmer—all those stars, and others, became part of America's video household, as famous as prime-time sitcom characters or anchor men. Sports salaries exploded, domed stadiums sprouted like metallic mushrooms upon the landscape and telecast rights soared in value, like oil-rich emirates in the Middle East.

Arledge's idiom had intersected with history. Not only had he created a complex and far-reaching apparatus for covering games; more significantly still, he had developed a unified and fundamental theory of television itself—a theory that took into account the ancient principles of dramaturgy as well as the most contemporary sensibilities of a video audience.

Its hallmarks were a high respect for the power of *story* upon the human imagination; a probing visual intimacy with the subject matter; a relentless, even obsessive preoccupation with the smallest detail; and—most quixotic and mystical of all—an abiding sense of ABC itself as an unseen but always involved character in whatever event it was transmitting. That event might be a sporting match, or it might be (as Arledge's idiom spread) a newscast, or a live breaking story, or a documentary, or a morning or late-night discussion show. The self-referencing quality of ABC News and ABC Sports—both of which Arledge has headed since 1977—may have been the most important sub-

liminal key to his programing's success. Like most of his innovations, it was widely ridiculed by critics and competitors—and, inevitably, imitated, made standard.

Looming over all the video architecture he had constructed was the one supreme event within which Arledge had perfected his idiom. The event that had come to be associated with his name. His event. The Olympics.

By 1984, ABC will have telecast nine of the past 14 Olympics. Before 1960, there were no Olympics on television. In 1960, CBS telecast filmed highlights and a few live events in the games from Squaw Valley and from Rome. There was little discernible audience enthusiasm. It became apparent to the network executives of the time that TV audiences were interested only in sporting events that had already implanted themselves in the public consciousness: familiar blue-chip attractions such as the world series and the Rose Bowl and heavyweight-title bouts.

But in the following year, 1961, Arledge's own mentor, a shrewd and unsung programmer named Edgar Scherick, bequeathed to him an experimental Saturday-afternoon format, a potpourri of filmed and video-taped events—the sorts of events most people had never bothered to follow: rodeos and demolition derbies and wrist-wrestling matches, plus a few major amateur track meets. The point of the experimental show was that it was cheap to produce. It would give ABC a weekly sports presence on the air *and* save money—if it worked. The show's name was *Wide World of Sports*. Its host was a short, obscure Baltimore television personality named Jim McManus—or Jim McKay, as he preferred to be known.

Rival networks sneered at *Wide World of Sports*. NBC made a particular point—which it drove home for years—of being the network of *live* sports coverage. Nevertheless, within a few years, Arledge had crafted *Wide World of Sports* into one of the most popular—and profitable—shows on all of television. Among the events that *Wide World* covered were Amateur Athletic Union track-and-field competitions, events considered to be utterly without following by TV audiences.

The A.A.U. coverage led Arledge and ABC into the Olympics and from last place to first in the ratings. In that same year, the U.S. Olympic Committee officially credited ABC with bringing about a "significant increase in contributions for the Olympic movement and in evoking interest on the part of U.S. citizens wanting to become participants" in the next winter games. The committee reported that within one month of the telecasts from Innsbruck, Austria, it had received more than 33,000 requests for Olympic patches, plus 250 letters a day requesting information on such matters as how to apply for

positions on the bobsled and the luge teams.

That curve of interest continued to climb through Montreal, Lake Placid and into 1984: The People's Republic of China, which had stonily ignored Olympic competition for 50 years, announced that it would send 30 athletes to Mr. Arledge's Los Angeles games. Then the People's Republic reconsidered. It would send 300.

Thus, these Ultimate Games of Television, these Olympics of \$500,000,000 in total costs and \$616,000,000 in projected ABC revenues, these Olympics of the \$500,000 commercial minute and the two and a half billion projected audience, these Olympics that will summon Russia and China, England and Argentina and all those other lions and lambs, even as the ancient Olympics were said to have halted wars for their duration—these Olympics will be the logical extension of young Roone Arledge's cost-cutting mandate back in 1961. They will be the ultimate *Wide World of Sports*.

This, then, is the American context for Arledge's return to his bootstrap days as a hands-on line producer of a live sporting event: 187 and a half hours of coverage over 16 days, from 7:30 A.M. in Los Angeles until 2:30 A.M. in New York. Not even Arledge, famous for his feats of sleep deprivation during these occasions, will be able to oversee every hour of coverage, of course. But he plans to work at least one full shift every broadcast day.

Whatever the essence of Arledge's peculiar video genius, by the early Eighties, it had led him and his network from the slough of obscurity to a pre-eminent position in global telecommunications. In the summer of 1984, ABC Sports will be at the peak of its influence and prestige. Not only will the network be responsible for the American coverage of the games, it will originate the video and some audio signals for transmission to at least 130 countries around the world as well.

This world-wide transmission duty presents untold logistical problems for Arledge's Special Projects people in Los Angeles—the language barriers alone will require a translation system that eclipses that of the United Nations. And it is expensive. No less than \$70,000,000 of ABC's total \$225,000,000 rights payment will go toward financing an international broadcast center, plus cameras, mikes and dozens of commentator booths to be used exclusively by foreign announcers. (Each country will pay for its own telecast rights, but the money will not go to ABC; it will go to the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee, which has set for itself the Olympian goal of running the games without a deficit.)

The reward for this particular expense and these particular headaches lies in the  
(continued on page 174)



*"Where do you buy your underwear? I seem to go through mine so quickly."*

## HILL STREET BLUES (continued from page 71)

*"Partnering is what the show is about. That's what police work is about—partnering."*

lawyers are represented in the press—

**HAMEL:** I don't watch the news or read newspapers. They all depress me. I'm ignorant of current events. I still buy the Sunday *New York Times*, look at the magazine and the Arts and Leisure section, then burn the rest. Maybe I should be embarrassed to say that.

**PLAYBOY:** Then let's stick with cops. Mike, what's your feeling about the police you portray?

**WARREN:** I don't know why anybody would want to be a cop. It's such a stupid job. Not in the sense of protecting society but in the human sense. There are just too many crazies around. Why would anybody want to be a cop?

**THOMAS:** For a woman, it's a civil-service job and you're going to get paid the same amount as a man. And that's great. But to go through all that, to put yourself through the academy and all the work you have to do physically. . . . I think some women think they'll be around these guys all day long. That might have been some of Lucy Bates's thing, too. I still think it's the worst job in the world.

**PLAYBOY:** By the way, speaking of female cops and the guys, didn't it seem as if Lucy and Joe were going to have a romance?

**MARINARO:** We had this thing where I tried to get into her pants for so long, but then we just started really caring about each other as people. I suppose it could have become romantic again after that.

**BOCHCO:** Yes, we had Joe and Lucy having an affair. We wrote it, we actually began to shoot it; but as we looked at it, we all just became uncomfortable with it. I don't know why, but I think it's because in some way, we found it to be a violation of the concept of Lucy as a strong, committed female police officer. Female police officers still tend to be looked upon with less trust and respect than male officers and are treated more as sex objects in their departments. Consequently, we have always had Lucy show a very strong feeling that she had to be better, tougher, stronger in those arenas than anybody else to maintain her credibility as a police officer. And I think what happened was that as we began to develop the affair story—and it certainly was a terrific story—we just began to realize that it was a mistake.

**PLAYBOY:** Going back to how each of you researched your role, Howard Hunter is a strong advocate of SWAT-team tactics. Jim, you've pointed out the differences between yourself and your character, but

according to your bio, you *did* have an illustrious military career—

**SIKKING:** It depended on your point of view. My commanding officer didn't say that when I was in the Service. But I was very lucky. I spent a lot of time in the military, keeping the world safe for democracy. Sure, there's an advantage in knowing about certain military techniques. Unfortunately—or fortunately—I wasn't involved in those kinds of tactics in the Army. I was an area-study analyst in psychological warfare.

**HAIID:** Well, I first met Andy Renko in the submarine service. He was standing at the foot of my bunk at 6:30 in the morning, looking down at me, saying, "Git up, boy! Git your ass out of there, you sorry son of a bitch!" And I said, "Yes, sir!" Renko was born in watching those yahoos carry on.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Renko a yahoo?

**HAIID:** Well, the mirror I'm trying to hold up with the character of Renko is that of a very confused, blue-collar mentality that seems to pervade a great many men in our society. It's that scrabbling, tough *macho* cowboy. You all see those guys driving around in pickups in the middle of the San Fernando Valley; there isn't a horse within 50 miles of those buggers. But the spirit of the redneck cop and the spirit of the cowboy Andy Renko pervades a great number of people in society.

**PLAYBOY:** While Furillo seems to play to the white-collar mentality?

**BOCHCO:** Yeah, he's a classic middle-management guy.

**TRAVANTI:** There are a lot of men like that in the military and in corporations who have figured out that they have reached their most effective level, the level at which they feel most comfortable and can accomplish maybe not everything they wish to accomplish but the most, considering the nature of the entire corporate machinery. They would rather be in that position than make more money with more responsibility but have to pay more, too—spiritually and emotionally. Furillo feels that he's found his position and he's clear about it, unlike many of the other characters, who constantly want to improve. Renko's forever talking about improving his situation.

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from making the police more real in the eyes of the public, *Hill Street* also describes criminals with what seems to be more realism. Sometimes it's tough to tell the difference between the cops and the robbers.

**THOMAS:** That's one of the things I've always liked about *Hill Street*: Nothing is black and white. What we deal with are all

the various shades of gray. Well, that's more the way life is.

**HAIID:** There's an almost strange kind of brotherhood that goes on between criminals and cops, because they're all out there on the streets fighting a sort of skirmish war that goes on constantly on the fringes of what we like to call a decent society. But they're always in the trenches. The line is like a little piece of thread that people are constantly breaking, and you realize how close to chaos it all is. It's something that the civilian sitting out there in his suburban home rarely realizes.

**PLAYBOY:** Mike Warren said earlier that there are some bad cops out there. Why aren't there any bad ones in the Hill Street precinct?

**BOCHCO:** I don't think that by any stretch of the imagination you could call LaRue a good cop. He is deficient in judgment very often, if not most of the time; he is a chronic violator of civil rights; he jeopardized the well-being of fellow officers through his alcoholism earlier in the series; and though he's sober now, he's no good cop. He's always hanging by a thread. I also don't think Renko is a good cop. I think he behaves heroically at times—

**PLAYBOY:** Wait a second. Kiel, do you think LaRue is a bad cop?

**MARTIN:** Uh-uh. Top-notch cop. Excellent police officer. Good detective. When he's thinking straight, he's a really good, dead-on cop. He may not be as good a man as he could be. But he's as good a cop as any of them, or better. So *there*. [*Sticks his tongue out*] Nah, nah, nah, nah. I spit my milk at them!

**PLAYBOY:** What do you think, Taurean? You're LaRue's partner.

**BLACQUE:** Nothing bad about him. I wouldn't be with a bad cop. Could I say, "This schmuck has my life in his hands"? No, no, no. He has his vices—alcohol, womanizing; doesn't know how to handle money. But that's true of a lot of people.

**THOMAS:** To me, LaRue's not good. He's not a trustworthy human being. He doesn't have confidence in himself or in life. He doesn't trust other human beings. The only great part of him is his relationship with Washington. More than anything, partnering is what the show is about. And that's what police work is about—partnering.

**PLAYBOY:** Kiel, do you feel LaRue violates people's civil rights?

**MARTIN:** Name one real arrest procedure that doesn't go down without some area of civil rights invaded, however slightly. The reality is, cops just don't have the time to do all that shit. That's not to say that killing someone in your charge is good behavior. We all know how tragic and wrong that is, but you want to deal with reality. That's like saying Army sergeants no

(continued on page 152)

# BRUNETTE AMBITION

*you can't read about it in her high school yearbook,  
but loretta martin got the graduation gift she wanted most*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

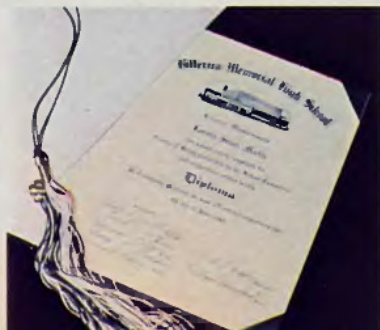


**I**T STARTED OUT as a lark and ended up as a *cause célèbre* when Billerica (Massachusetts) Memorial High School senior Loretta Martin wrote under AMBITION in the high school's yearbook, "To do a spread for PLAYBOY." Her mother didn't mind. Her friends thought it was funny. But it was definitely not funny to Billerica Memorial officials, who deleted the line. Martin wasn't the only student whose statement was edited. Of 550 students in her class, 110 made yearbook entries that were removed without their permission. Of those 110, however, only



Loretta got mad enough to fight back. After unsuccessfully pleading her case with the yearbook's advisors, the student council and the principal, she went, accompanied by her mother, Beverly Trullo, to school superintendent Paul Hefernan. "He told me that if I were his daughter, he'd turn me over his knee and spank me," says Martin. Hefernan rejected her request that her ambition be reinstated, partially because "I didn't think that type of comment belonged in a yearbook. I deal with the parents of all the students, and I think they

"It was a relief to graduate into the real world," says outspoken Loretta, at home (above right) in Billerica, reading one of many newspaper commentaries generated by the yearbook controversy.



Graduation time brought Loretta two immediate rewards: her diploma (left) and her 18th birthday, which (along with her beauty) made the fulfillment of her dream of posing for PLAYBOY cameras possible.



want a tasteful yearbook." Viewing the censorship as less a matter of good taste than an infringement on her freedom of speech, Martin enlisted the aid of the American Civil Liberties Union to apply legal pressure on her behalf. Soon the media got wind of her story, and one morning she woke up to find crews from NBC and CBS outside her home. ABC News interviewed her on the phone, as did a reporter from *Good Morning America*. Articles were written about her in newspapers around the country, and she was invited to appear on *Donahue*. Oh, yes. And we invited her to our Chicago studios to make her ambition come true. The Billerica yearbook was printed before Martin's A.C.L.U. lawyer had time to file an injunction to



Facing the future as she leaves Billerica Memorial High, Loretta holds the censored yearbook (top left) that provoked her legal battle. Loretta appeared on *Donahue* (above) with two other women whose wish to appear in *PLAYBOY* got them in trouble: former San Diego Charger cheerleader Jill Fleming and Marina Verola, our all-time-favorite stockbroker. Despite a nerve-racking final semester, Loretta is all smiles after hearing her class president give his commencement speech (below). In a more leisurely moment, she takes a stroll in Boston Common (left) with a "very close" friend.





prevent its publication, so that case is moot. But Loretta learned a lot about life before it was over: "I learned how cruel people can be. A week after my story appeared in the Lowell, Massachusetts, *Sun*, I walked through the lunchroom and students were calling me names. I figured they were repeating what they'd heard their parents say. That's sad. But I also learned that there's a whole big world out there, and I'm glad to go into it as an adult." Welcome to the major leagues, Loretta.



"I've always thought that the women in PLAYBOY are all so beautiful," says Loretta, "so I was shocked and delighted and a little scared to hear from [Senior Photography Editor] Jeff Cahen, because I had no professional modeling experience. But working with [Staff Photographer] Pampeo Pasar was more relaxing than I could have imagined. I just hope the photos come out well." Don't worry, Loretta. They did.







QUANTRILL first appeared in the village the Tuesday night before Christmas. I know it was a Tuesday, because we were in the pub, playing cards. The usual group—Blister, Wickie, Jim the milkman, Barton and me—playing our usual game, nine-card brag. Nothing extravagant, mind you; a couple of pounds in the ashtray, winner take all and buy the next round. That's the way we normally play. A few of the wives and girlfriends sat by the fire, gossiping, teasing old Jim about his new theory that eating turkey makes you go deaf.

I had just turned in my hand when Quantrill came in—no use betting when a low flush and a pair of fours are the strongest cards you've got, not when someone has already laid three jacks, as Barton had, scooping the pot for the fourth time that evening. We were all moaning about his luck when the door flung open and the man Quantrill burst into the place, dressed as though it was the height of summer, with a shirt open all the way down his hairy barrel chest, a pair of tropical-weight trousers and yellow suede shoes crusted with dried mud.

None of us had ever seen him before. We get thousands of visitors in the summer months—they come for the forest and the beach—but from late September to early June, the village is pretty quiet, which is the way most of us like it. So the arrival of a stranger out of season is something of an event; not one to be celebrated, you understand, but an event that we're inclined to notice and talk about, especially if the stranger looks a bit of a nut case, as this one did.

Naturally, we ignored him. To begin with, he was older than all of us—except for Jim, of course—by about 25 years or so, which would have made him around 50, I suppose. He had one of those red, bulging faces with the small bloodshot glaring eyes that you sometimes get from drinking too much, and he was drunk, all right; anyone could see that.

Now, we've all been blind pissed at one time or another in the pub, fair enough, but we don't like it when people from outside get like that. It's upsetting—I can't explain why—but it's got something to do with the fact that The Bell is *our* pub; it's the place where, after our houses and work, we spend much of our spare time, and we like it to be orderly, predictable. When you get some drunken stranger barging in, dressed for the Riviera with the ground frozen harder than concrete, you have a threat on your hands, and the only sensible thing to do is ignore him and hope he won't turn out to be a

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# QUANTRILL AND THE GOLDFISH

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*fiction*

BY REG POTTERTON

*his quarry  
was a dark-haired,  
slim-hipped beauty*





bloody nuisance. If he does, you tread on him.

This Quantrill fellow just stood in the door, looking like a man who couldn't decide whether to come in or go out again. We carried on with the game, paying no attention, but my seat faced the door and I saw his expression change when he looked over at the fire, where the women sat. Diane, Barton's wife, that's who he was looking at.

'Course, you never knew Diane, but you'd remember if you'd ever seen her. She was some beautiful, boy, always was, even when she was small. "That little Diane's got a face and a half on her, han't it?" my dad said to a mate of his once when he didn't know I was listening. Had this thick, straight hair, she did, a darkish-brown color with a coppery gleam when it caught the light. She used to twirl a lock of it with two fingers, winding it slowly around them and brushing the end across her lips.

You, not knowing her, might have thought she was putting on an act, but she wasn't. It was what she did when she was thinking—she'd tell you that if you asked. "I'm just having a think," she'd say. She was never a big talker, mind, so you rarely knew what she was thinking.

Barton called her Goldfish, because he said she had a mouth like one, but I never saw it. Always liked the shape myself, the way the lips turned down at the corners. Made her look sad except when she smiled or laughed, and she did her share of both.

I don't mind admitting I fancied her when we were all growing up. Chased her into Clay Smoker's stables one year, summertime it was, when a gang of us were larking around after a party. Got her down on the hay and tried to kiss her, but she wasn't having any of that. Gave me a right stinger across the chops, she did.

I suppose we all fancied her at one time or another—it was only natural with her looks—but we got over it in the end. I stopped noticing her years ago, noticing her in *that* way, I mean. Besides, she never really looked at anyone except Barton, though he didn't seem to see anything special about her. I bet he never chased her into any stable; he wasn't that sort. Dogs, guns and birds, that's my mate Barton. Before they got married, me and him were sitting by the marshes one night, waiting for the ducks to come in from sea, and I tried to get him to talk about her, but he just grunted and whistled his dog. Then, when we got older, he

married her and that was that. Once that happened, she was just Goldfish, Barton's wife.

Mind you, you'd sometimes see her from a distance, up to her waist in a field of barley or riding her bike down the lane, a slim, long-legged girl, with that mane of dark hair over her eyes. And for a moment, before you recognized her, you might have had the same kind of look on your face that I saw on Quantrill's that night in *The Bell*.

Bloody Quantrill! I don't think she even noticed him when he came in. She was miles away, twirling her hair, having a think. And he just stood at the door, staring at her. Then he walked over to the bar, nodding at us lot at the table, and banged on the counter with an ashtray.

"Two bottles of champagne," he said in a loud, rasping voice. "French. None of that sparkling Australian muck."

Normally, John, the landlord at *The Bell*, would have told him to shove off. Nobody uses that tone in the pub if he hopes to get served, and John, who's been known to leap over the counter and sort out three drunken fishermen at once, isn't the kind of man to tolerate rude customers. But on this occasion, he just lifted an eyebrow, ducked into the back room and brought out the champagne without a word. Quantrill told him to keep the change and bring out a dozen glasses. Then he walked over to our table, as confident as you please, and sat at the empty place next to me.

"I trust that you have no objection to my joining you," he said, screwing up his mouth into something resembling a smile and giving me a faceful of whiskey fumes. "I expect we'll all be seeing a lot of each other in future, and I do like to get acquainted with my neighbors. I'm Edward Quantrill. Unless my lawyers ruin the negotiations, I shall be moving into Sir Gervais Lincoln's house in the new year. I'd like you to have a drink with me."

Of course, we'd heard his name when the news came through about the Lincolns' selling out, but until that night, the new owner had been a mystery figure. Now it seemed that he was a loony, too, judging by his manner and his peculiar speech; but, as I said, he was drunk, though I had no doubt that even if he was sober, he'd still be a loony. A man who's just bought one of the biggest and oldest estates in the county doesn't walk into the village pub and treat the locals to champagne. If you looked at the records, you'd find that the Lincolns have owned their land for 700 years. But no Lincoln ever set foot in the pub in my lifetime, and neither did their gamekeepers.

I suppose most of the village lads have known what it's like to be chased by a Lincoln keeper, with a couple of bursting lungs, a shotgun and a bag of pheasants working against them. Only the night before Quantrill showed up, me and Barton had to run like hell—striding out, we call

it—after we'd been sighted in the woods. Someone must have seen our light when we were picking out the roosting birds in the trees by the back lane.

My dad always said we had it easy while Sir Gervais Lincoln was running the place, because the old boy cared more about keeping the holiday people off his land than he cared about poachers. He once dumped a load of poultry droppings on a camping site in the middle of July, and for years afterward, we used to call him Sir Chickenshit. Funny old boy, he was; used to go shooting dressed in an Italian-silk suit and ballet shoes. Now he was gone, monocle and all, and we had a new man to deal with. Watching Quantrill's bursting red face, I wondered if he knew he was buying champagne for the biggest poacher in the district—my mate Barton—and a few lesser heroes in the same line of work.

We don't get champagne too often, so when Quantrill opened both bottles and told us to help ourselves, we didn't hang about.

"Your health," he said in his House of Lords voice. A couple of the girls giggled. "That's what I like to see!" he shouted, rubbing his bare chest. "Decent people enjoying themselves. The salt of the earth! I salute you!" And he actually brought his hand to his temple in a parade-ground quiver.

"What about you, my dear lady?" he said, tipping the bottle over an empty glass and cocking his head at Goldfish. "A little sparkly for the sparkling lady? Some bubbles in my lady's bubble container?"

Goldfish looked at Barton, who shrugged a "Why not?" gesture and grinned, flushed with his winnings and by the mixture of champagne with several pints of brown ale. Quantrill turned to him and raised a glass.

"Your wife? I congratulate you, sir. I had a wife who was almost as beautiful, but she ran off with my accountant. Good bloody riddance to her. *Cunt!*"

He shouted for more champagne. "And anything else these good people would like," he said. "Brandy, whiskey, gin—my treat, landlord." He wiped the dribble off his chin and upended the second bottle into his mouth.

"I like Christmas, and I like you," he said. "Used to have chaps like you under my command in Korea. Bloody good men, all of them—none of your fancy, long-haired nancy boys on my ship."

We had, of course, given up the game of brag and were feeling warm and clever by then and nowhere near as drunk as Quantrill. He pulled out a bunch of five-pound notes from his pocket; there must have been several hundred pounds in the roll.

"I like you," he said. "I want to give you all a present," and he stared into my eyes like some religious maniac and gave

me one of his fivers. I was getting five of those in my pay packet every week, so you'll understand why I slipped it in my pocket without a second thought.

"And you, lovely lady," he said, giving the next one to Goldfish. She threw it on the fire, where it burned black and crumpled into ashes that floated up the chimney. Quantrill squinted at her. "That's remarkable," he said. "Don't you care about money?"

She shrugged. "You don't," she said. "Why should anyone else? I don't want your stupid money, you silly old bugger."

Barton looked sick but said nothing. Five pounds to him meant nearly six boxes of 12-bore cartridges.

Quantrill shook his head, like a man with water in his ears, and stuffed the roll of notes back into his trousers. "I like that, a beauty with spirit. You're a very fortunate young man," he said, squeezing Barton's arm across the table. "Good woman you've got there. Quite marvelous."

He stood up and peered out of the window. "Better get home," he said and lurched out of the pub, leaving the door wide-open. From where I sat, I saw him piss against the wall outside and then climb into the back of a Bentley. A chauffeur wrapped a blanket around his knees.

"Come on, you funny bitch," Barton said to Goldfish, "let's go home."

A month passed before we saw Quantrill again. In the meantime, Barton had been out poaching like a demon, bringing home pheasants, partridge, woodcock, snipe, mallard, teal, hares—anything he could get his sights on. I went with him a few times, but I didn't have his nerve. Once a week was enough for me, and anyway, I didn't go shooting for the money, not like Barton. I ate what I caught or gave it away, but he sold his birds to butchers and a few posh restaurants in nearby towns.

"That Quantrill won't be so fast with his fivers and champagne next time," Barton said one night when he came back with a full bag. "I reckon I've got about a month before he gets himself sorted out and organizes his keepers. He's sacked most of the old lot, all but Tom Foreman, and Tom's a good old boy. He doesn't leave the house if it's raining. By the time the great Mr. Q. knows what he's doing, there'll be so few birds left, he won't need any bloody keepers."

When we next saw Quantrill in the pub, he looked more like the country gent—tweed suit and a new pair of green Wellington boots—and he was sober. He shook hands with me and Barton as if we were a couple of prime ministers, then he asked very politely if he could buy us a drink. Barton wouldn't hear of it—he insisted on buying the round. Half a pint

(continued on page 192)

**C**LASSICS WITH A TWIST sums up the fashion direction for this fall and winter's menswear looks—the twist being dressy, more citified cuts and colors in both tailored clothes and sportswear. Suit-coat shoulders will be broader, and you'll see more self- and sweater vests. The pocket square also is returning, bringing with it a dash of color and texture that will brighten more somber fall hues, such as charcoal gray, brown and navy. Leather, both polished and suede, continues its winning ways; matte-surfaced soft-leather slacks, for example, look and feel lived in when new without appearing old. Loose-fitting, dropped-shoulder sweaters with dimensional textured effects will highlight pullover and cardigan styles. But enough words. Pictures tell the real story. Read on.

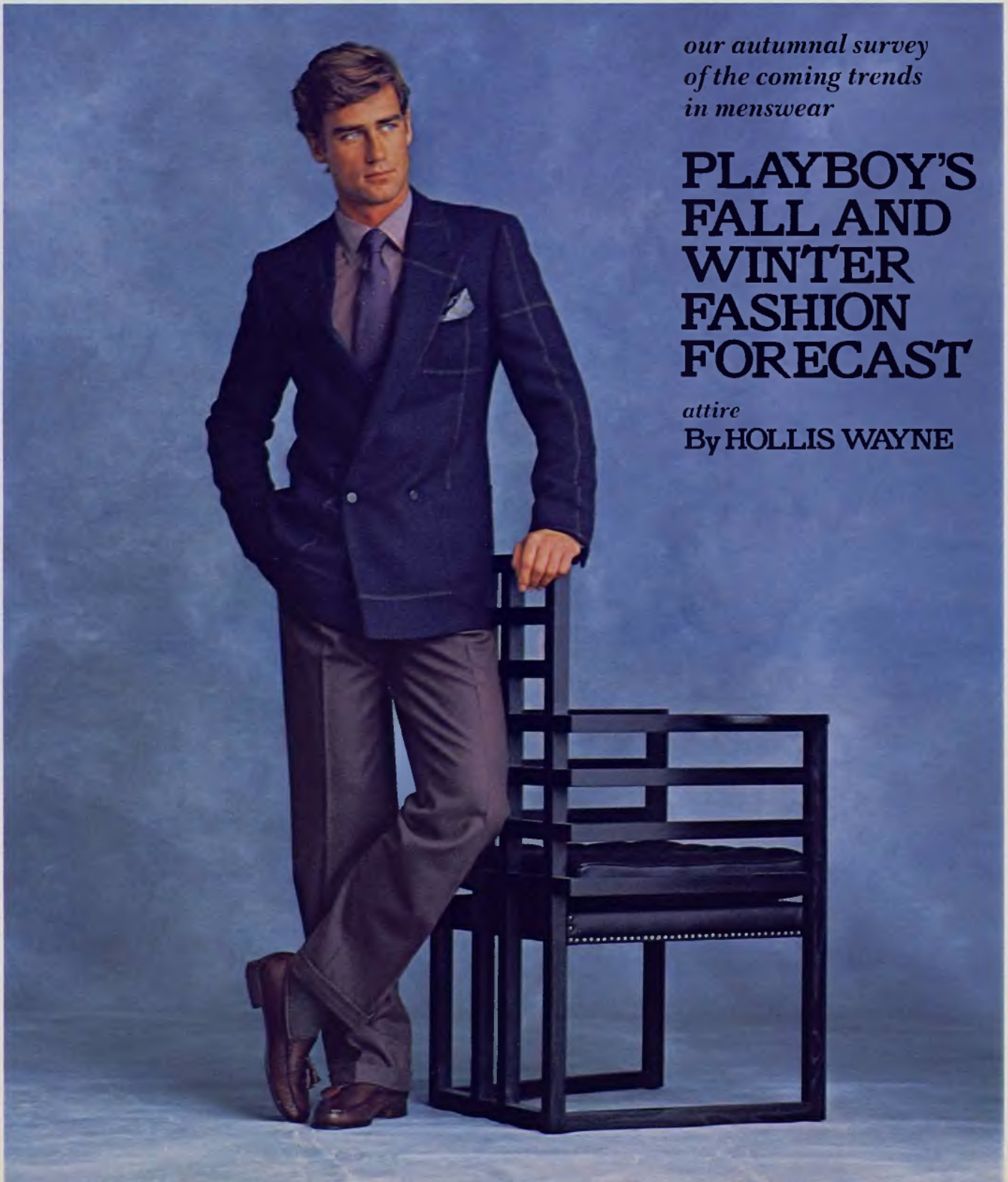
Below: A wool hop-socking double-breasted sports jacket with tattersoll overplaid pattern and notch lapels and patch pockets, about \$500, that's coupled with a muted-glen-plaid shirt, about \$70, flannel slacks, about \$155, and a silk-foulard tie, about \$37.50, all by Alexander Julion; wool/nylon herringbone socks, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, \$18; hand-sewn loafers, by Johnston & Murphy, \$105.

*our autumnal survey  
of the coming trends  
in menswear*

## PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

*attire*

By HOLLIS WAYNE





Above: Wild-and-woolly offerings for fall and winter include (left) a tweed cordigan, about \$250, worn over a wool/nylon tweed sweater, about \$165, both by Adrienne Vittadini Uomo; a cotton/polyester shirt, from John Weitz by Shelburne, \$27.50; double-pleated wool slacks, by Country Britches, about \$100; wool/nylon herringbone socks, by Christian Dior for Camp Hosiery, \$5.50; and leather loafers, by Botticelli, \$160; and (right) a tweed sweater vest, \$270, and a silk shirt, \$130, both by Pinky & Dianne Ltd.; plus wool tweed pleated slacks, by Mastroianni, \$85; and a silk tie, by Andrew Fezza, Ltd., \$36.

Below: The lean, tough look of a black-suede-and-polished-leather blouson jacket with shearling lining and multicolor shoulder detail, \$600, worn with polished-leather slacks, \$475, both from La Motto by Gionfranco Ferrè; a wool plaid shirt, by Andrew Fezza, Ltd., \$300; blue-cotton T-shirt, by Jockey International, \$6.50; cotton boot socks, by Calvin Klein, \$10; and rubber shoes with black-calfskin trim, by Suson Bennis/Warren Edwards, \$275. (His titanium watch by Omega, \$1250.)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GORDON MUNRO

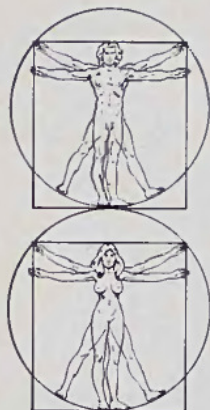
Below: Two stalwart fashion looks for your fall/winter wardrobe include (left) a belted leather jacket with four zipper pockets, \$700, worn over a chalk-stripe suit, \$295, a cotton pinstripe shirt, \$29.50, and a silk tie, \$32.50, all by Calvin Klein; and suede wing-tip shoes, by Nancy Knox, \$225; and (right) a wool tattersall double-breasted suit with double-pleated trousers, \$310, that's worn with a Shetland cordigon sweater vest, \$55, a cotton shirt, \$35, and a silk tie, \$22.50, all by Sol Cesarani for Cesarani; plus a gold-plated collar pin, by J. P. Graytok, \$8.







Above: For stylish city strolls or a leisurely country weekend, we recommend this urbane wool glen-plaid three-piece suit featuring a double-vented jacket with notch lapels, double-pleated trousers with side tabs and a six-button, four-pocket satin-backed vest, about \$550, coupled with a cotton multicolor-stripe shirt with a tab-stud collar, about \$55, both by Alan Flusser; a silk tie, by Jeffrey Banks, \$30; multicolor wool/nylon Argyle socks, by Marum for Alan Flusser, \$13; and leather lace-up shoes, by Paul Stuart, about \$160. (On our man's vest is a 14-kt.-gold-link pocket-watch chain, by Tiffany & Co., \$650.)



a continuing report on the state of the sexual union

# THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY

part five

*when you get right down to it, you'll find  
sexual synchronization the key to sexual success*

A DECADE AGO, the story goes, a reporter asked Richard Burton just what it is that makes a woman good in bed. The great modulator coiled his eyebrows and spoke for a generation of men. "Nothing," he said. "All she has to do is lie there."

That was then. Now the sexual revolution is a *fête accompli*. The Eighties were supposed to be dessert, but now that most of our old assumptions about sex have been discarded, what have we been dealt in their place? Mouseburgers, leather men and little old ladies on the radio. How many people go to bed and struggle with wave upon wave of conflicting information, so full of advice on how to, they can't quite remember why?

Part of the reason we launched this series was to loosen things up a little, to present information without necessarily turning it into advice. This month, we are turning things over to 14,761 guest experts on female sexuality: the women who responded to *The Playboy Questionnaire*. They seem to know why as well as how to, and they are going to lead us to the focal point of contemporary sex, the female orgasm.

The pill, the women's movement and the sexual revolution have all contributed to a sexual society in which most of the standards are centered on women. The culmination of all the changes that have taken place in the past 20 years is that the one question that counts has become Was it good for her?

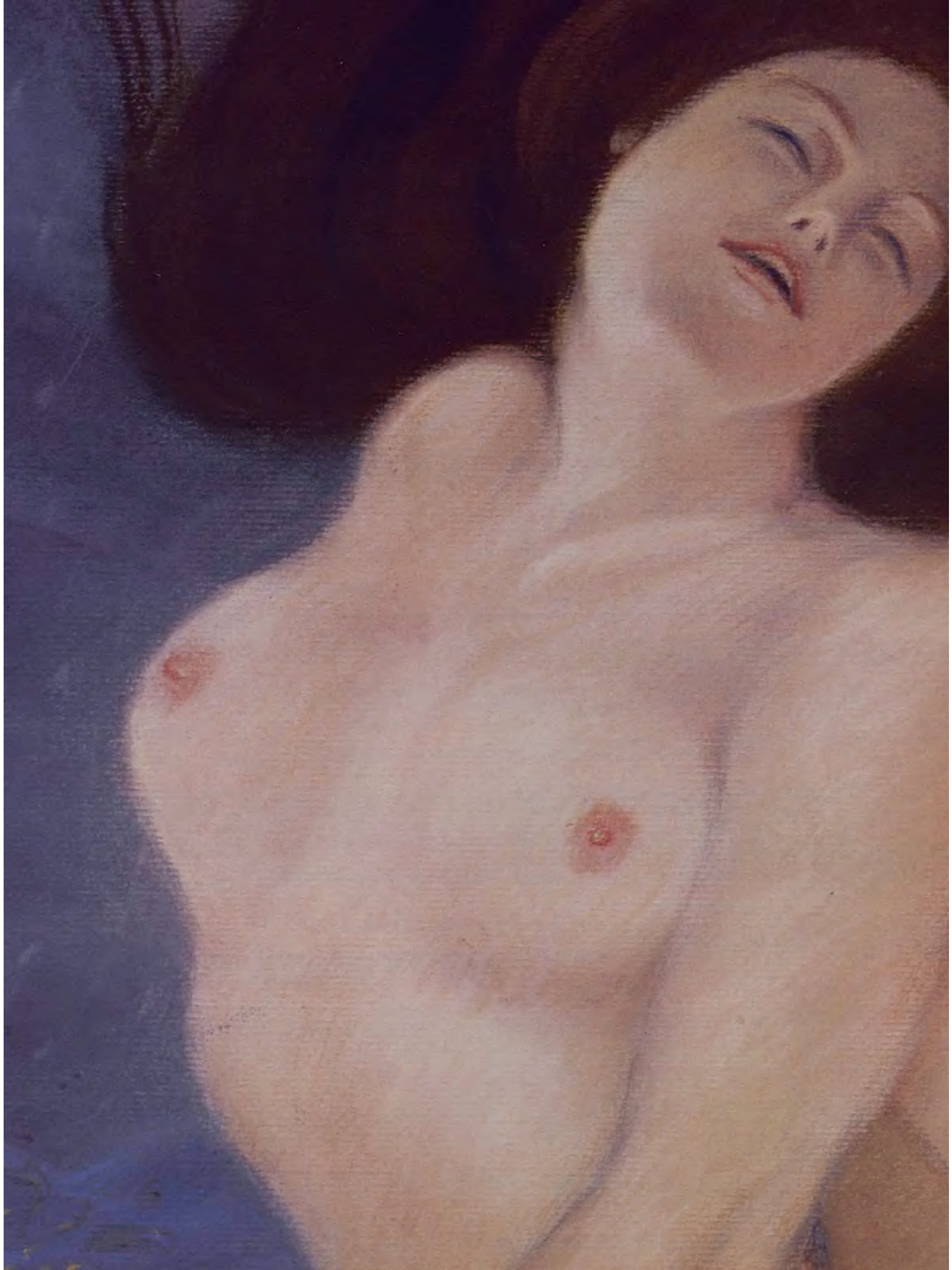
We asked all our respondents what they think is the best moment in intercourse. The most popular answer among the men was "When my partner comes." The most popular answers among the women were "Foreplay" and "When I come." What might appear a difference of opinion is really agreement—acceptance of the way we measure good sex.

Ascendant as it is, the female orgasm is still a mystery to many men. It is no less a mystery to many women. After 5,000,000 years of human evolution, sex researchers have yet to figure out how many kinds of female orgasm there are. Every month, the Playboy Advisor (since Errol Flynn's death our foremost expert on sex) is inundated with letters on the subject. Most are from men who have seen more women going than coming. On top of all the rest, men

are just now learning to deal with the phenomenon of *multiple* female orgasm. Is one enough? A woman's capacity for orgasms is, theoretically, unlimited. Is anything enough? Multiple orgasm represents a boon to women. At the same time, women who have long had trouble achieving even one orgasm may now feel pressure to have waves of them. And there's little doubt that any emphasis on multiple female orgasm brings greater and greater performance pressure to bear on men. Modern swordsmanship seems always double-edged.

When one woman climaxes like lightning, why does another lie chilled and disappointed? When one woman sleeps with three men, all of whom climax in ten minutes, why does she come in three minutes with one, in ten with another and not at all with the saddest but wisest one? Male technique has something to do with it, but even Richard Gere will tell you there's more to it than that. Why do so many men swear they've had the experience of feeling like different men when they sleep with different women?

We have no shortage of questions. We



can't claim to have all the answers, but some of them are here. One in particular—timing—seems paramount in determining the differences between women who climax easily and women who don't. We will discuss it in detail, but even that isn't nearly all there is. Most of us passed adolescence long enough ago to know that sex is impervious to formula.

You probably remember Lady Chatterley. She had a lover. The two of them had truly pitiful sex at first. It got better and better as they went along, which can be an inspiration to us all. Not everyone bought the story, though. Norman Mailer is only one of many sociosexual critics who keep pointing out to us that the course of true sex never runs quite so smooth.

We are aware that sex is riddled with riddles. There are always psychological colors flying around, shifting like the northern lights. A woman stimulates herself and comes in two minutes; her partner does it for her and she doesn't come at all. Why is that? Sex is mysterious. It is, finally, an irreducible communication, whether of bodies only or of bodies and souls. Much of it simply is not quantifiable.

What we have in this survey, however, is an enormous number of people who are willing to talk about their sexual lives. We will tell you about the numbers. We will speculate about the intangibles. We will not pretend that percentages can represent sex, but we think they can describe it. In this case, they paint a picture of surprising consistencies.

We divided the women who answered our questionnaire into three groups. The *orgasmic* women (40 percent of the total) always or usually climax when they have intercourse. The *sometimes-orgasmic* wom-

en (38 percent) may or may not climax. The *nonorgasmic* women (20 percent) rarely, or never, reach orgasm when they have intercourse. We won't be talking much about the sometimes-orgasmic women. Unless stated otherwise, their responses fall between those of the two other groups.

We have a much higher percentage of regularly orgasmic women in our sample than, say, Shere Hite did in her *Hite Report* on female sexuality. That must reflect the differences between her ideology and

with their current sex lives. For them, the sexual revolution and its aftermath appear to have added up to a freedom to feel pleasure. Still, more than three quarters of the sometimes-orgasmic and 56 percent of the nonorgasmic women also claim to be sexually satisfied.

It is a sociological axiom that when you ask people if they are satisfied, about 70 percent will say yes. Nobody wants to be a complainer. Given that, then, it is the drop-off from 86 percent to 56 percent that is significant here. More than

half of the nonorgasmic women say they are currently satisfied, but their other responses would fill a streetcar with desires.

We asked all our respondents, for instance, to tell us how they would change their sex lives. They could pick from a whole list of possibilities or write in their own. Orgasmic women averaged 3.1 suggestions. Nonorgasmic women averaged 4.2. While that is not enough difference for us to announce a sex gap, it turns

out to be a window of vulnerability.

Whether or not a woman is orgasmic is surely the most important element of her sexuality. Why, then, do so many nonorgasmic women tell us they don't mind being left high and dry? Fifty-nine percent say they can be "sexually satisfied without having an orgasm," compared with just 37 percent of the orgasmic women. You might call that diminished expectation or quiet desperation. Either way, it still appears to be compensation, not satisfaction. The nonorgasmic women we surveyed *want* to have orgasms. Because the sex they are having now does not provide them, they have to look for substitutes.

Orgasmic women told us their most intense orgasms occur during intercourse. But when asked what provides *their*

## HER FAVORITE THINGS

How would you change your sex life?

	I want more foreplay	I want more oral sex	I want more intercourse	I want my partner to be more responsive to my sexual needs	I want my partner to remain aroused longer	I want to be more active during sex	I want to act out fantasies more often
<b>Orgasmic Women</b>	36%	37%	49%	26%	20%	26%	31%
<b>Sometimes-Orgasmic Women</b>	49%	41%	49%	35%	26%	29%	34%
<b>Nonorgasmic Women</b>	59%	45%	55%	49%	33%	37%	35%

*Although more than half of the nonorgasmic women report that they are sexually satisfied, their responses to questions such as this one seem to qualify their answers. More foreplay would be a welcome change for nonorgasmic women; nonorgasmic women are also more likely to say they want more intercourse than to say they want more oral sex. Nearly half of the orgasmic women want even more intercourse than they are getting now.*

ours, not to mention the differences between her respondents and ours. The charge that has been leveled at Hite is that she went out looking for female dissatisfaction and male incompetence. We like both words better without the prefixes; and so, apparently, do our readers. We did not go looking for orgasmic women. The largest sample of highly orgasmic women yet studied came to us through a questionnaire we published in the January 1982 issue of *PLAYBOY*. Since we found virtually no difference in the frequency with which all three groups of women have intercourse, we will be talking throughout this article about differences in quality, not simply quantity of sex.

Almost all of the orgasmic women—86 percent of them—say they are satisfied



intense climaxes, nonorgasmic women choose masturbation over all other activities. Oral sex takes the middle position for both groups.

How come masturbation is first choice among women who have trouble climaxing through intercourse? Why aren't they turning to oral sex?

Part of the reason is the same for women as it is for men. Oral sex requires a partner. Masturbation, like playing second base, takes only a good set of hands. Fifteen percent of the nonorgasmic women say they have no steady sex partner, while only eight percent of the orgasmic women have no steady partner. That leaves the 85 percent of nonorgasmic women who *do* have partners, though, so sexual solitaire is not the only game they play.

The nonorgasmic women get the least oral sex of all the women we surveyed. Perhaps that's because few men perform cunnilingus to the point of orgasm, seeing it more as a form of foreplay. Since so many of the women say they want *more* oral sex, those men might want to bone up on cunnilingual technique. More (or better) oral sex may help nonorgasmic women become more orgasmic in intercourse. Experience suggests that many women who have problems climaxing through intercourse are very responsive to oral stimulation.

Time out for a public-service reminder: The clitoris is sensitive and doesn't require more than the most delicate attention. Women often complain that men are too rough with female genitalia, just as men grumble that women are too gentle. Shortly before orgasm, the clitoris retracts under its hood and may then require slightly more deliberate stimulation. If penetration occurs at that point, along with some manual stimulation of the clitoris, some nonorgasmic women may find that they can climax.

Eighty-seven percent of the orgasmic women rate themselves as good lovers, but so do 74 percent of the nonorgasmic women. Here again, self-description is somewhat deceptive. The more specific the question, the more we found out about the differences among the groups of women we surveyed.

An ability to discuss sex without blushing seems one important distinction. More than twice as many orgasmic women as nonorgasmic ones are comfortable talking with their partners about sex. Nearly three fourths of the orgasmic women say they are *very* comfortable. The numbers for the two other groups are significantly lower. Sixty-two percent of the sometimes-orgasmic and roughly half of the nonorgasmic women can talk about sex with ease.

Previous studies have reached similar conclusions. In one, women who did not talk about sex—who simply waited for good things to happen—were labeled "romantics." Women who openly and con-

structively discussed sex were called "realists." Seventy percent of the "realists" but just 23 percent of the "romantics" were highly orgasmic. Good communication is one way men and women tailor their sexuality to their partners'. It's one of the key factors in getting in sync, and that, as we are going to see, may be the prime ingredient of good sex.

Does candid conversation make women more orgasmic? Or is it just that having orgasms makes them want to sing their praises? There is almost certainly an interplay. Talking about sex lets a person in on what pleases his or her partner. That leads to better sex and then to more communication. It's a mutually reinforcing cycle that orgasmic women ride more smoothly than the rest.

Alan and Donna Brauer, the gurus of Extended Sexual Orgasm, tell couples to "spend at least five minutes after each session debriefing. Talk about what you experienced and what you learned. Say what you liked about watching each other. Say what surprised you. Say what you didn't like and would do differently next time." That kind of sexual round table is only a part of the Brauers' overly intricate E.S.O. program, but it's good advice on its own. When sex talks, people tend to listen and learn. Orgasmic women may have learned better than most that talking about sex can make it less problematic and more successful.

What about age differences? Do women climax in chronological order? You might expect younger women, who grew up when the benefits of sexual liberation were the accepted facts of life, to be more orgasmic than older women. On the other hand, you might expect older women to be more orgasmic, since they have had more time to learn from experience.

The two factors probably cancel each other out. The women Kinsey studied in the early Fifties *did* seem to become more orgasmic with age, but our figures indicate that if experience beats youth, it's by only a little.

The older women we surveyed are slightly more orgasmic than the younger ones. The primary difference comes in for women 30 and older. As they age, they are somewhat more likely to achieve orgasm through intercourse than younger women are. Also, the married women in our sample are a shade more orgasmic than the single women.

We noted in part two of this series that a wedding ring is not a sexual aid, that our data indicate that sex doesn't improve after marriage. We're not contradicting that here. It's time, not marriage, that may help couples get their sexual signals straight. Other influences certainly have their effects, but the most important one of all—we will return to it—is what we call "sexual synchronization."

Orgasmic women are a little more dar-

ing when it comes to extramarital sex. Forty-one percent of them have had affairs, compared with 36 percent of the nonorgasmic women. The difference is not enough to threaten the institution of marriage. The reasons women have affairs—reassurance of desirability, sexual variety, a rush of excitement—are the same for both groups. Orgasmic women are no more likely to have "open" relationships with their partners or their husbands. Of those who have affairs, less than 13 percent of each group report having them in order to find "better sex." We think it is wise not to draw conclusions about extramarital sex and orgasm. The reasons people have affairs have more to do with personal needs than with sexual ones.

Every reader of romance novels knows money is an aphrodisiac, but in our data, the alliance between big bucks and big orgasms is shaky. (We have always known it's only *the act of spending* money that's an aphrodisiac.) The only fiscal/physical correlation our figures turn up is one of extremes: Almost three times as many of the women who *always* climax as those who *never* climax make \$40,000 or more. "The very rich are different from you and me," says F. Scott. "Yes," replies Ernest, "they have more excellent sex."

So far, the best generalization we can make about nonorgasmic women is that they are less active—in bed, in conversation, in terms of affairs and even intercourse—than women who climax more often. They do not necessarily like it like that. In response to the question Would you like to be more active during sex? nonorgasmic women are about half again as likely as the rest to say yes.

Orgasmic women, on the other hand, take a decidedly active part in their sex lives. They are much more sexually satisfied than their nonorgasmic counterparts. They don't want to be more active in sex; they're already active. They can't come up with many ideas for improving their sex lives. They are not really looking for more oral sex, though they wouldn't kneecap you in the ear if you tried to provide it. They could stand a little more foreplay. They would like even more intercourse than they're getting now. (Three out of four orgasmic women have intercourse two to three times a week or more. Sixteen percent have intercourse three times a *night* or more on the nights they set aside for sex.) Nowhere do they appear as truly dissatisfied as nonorgasmic women. Nonorgasmic women *say* they're satisfied, but they are searching for better sex the way Diogenes sought an honest man. Orgasmic women *are* satisfied. Still, most of them would be willing to turn up the gain and go for even more.

If those distinctions were the only ones we could find, we'd be finished now. The paragraphs that follow should be a clue

(continued on page 182)



JOHN  
DEMUSSÉ

*"You promised to show me how you can put something  
so big inside something so small."*



# COMING BACK STRONG

*when the curtain fell on her  
ballet career, tracy vaccaro was  
born again—as an actress*

**T**RACY VACCARO can walk into a Hollywood restaurant, be seated at a table next to Neil Simon and Sally Field and never give them an idle glance—as can some yogis.

Tracy's poise, though, comes from a purely Western discipline learned during her childhood in Las Vegas:

*"I'm a Taurus and they're, well, bullheaded. They get something in their heads and they go one way. But they're usually extremely kind to people and very sexual. Taurus is the most sexual female sign there is."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG







"Heed well, Grasshopper; look neither to the left nor to the right but at your own cards, for therein lies your fate." Who knows what they teach in Las Vegas schools?

Whatever the curriculum, social or academic, Tracy studied her lessons well.

"I don't have a whole lot of style," she says. "But I have class. I can carry myself. I can go anywhere. I can deal with it. I'm grateful for that."

She's a scrapper, street-wise, critical of everything, wary of everyone. She came of age in a town of rampant

*The crowd yelled "Sis, boom, ahh!" (left) when she led cheers for the "Battle of the Network Stars" on television recently, but as a teen, Tracy spent most of her time dancing. "I had no time for football games, basketball games or whatever," she told us. "I was always athletic, though. I once won a state title in track."*

*Tracy covers the tennis court with the grace of a ballerina. The much-feared Vaccaro backhand (below) is used to good advantage at the King Harbor Celebrity Tennis Tournament, while the much-admired Vaccaro backside (right) is used to confuse opponents and delight onlookers.*





*"I've always hated any other form of discipline. Still do. But I loved dance. My body would listen to me. I was able to do something good with it. The meaner my teacher and the worse she was to me, the more I liked it. There were no ego problems. Nobody was out to prove anything. I respected them because we were striving for the same end, trying to do the same thing, and so the discipline made sense."*



*While a knee injury forced Tracy to abandon thoughts of a ballet career, she still works out regularly to maintain her form and flexibility. "I need to dance three hours, four days a week," she says. "It's a feeling, an illumination that nothing else equals. It requires unbelievable concentration. If I hadn't hurt myself, I probably would have been a dance teacher at the age of 35."*




excesses, and at 21, she hardly ever gets the vapors. For the first 16 years of her life, Tracy thought she was going to be a ballet dancer. She had trained for it daily since the age of six. She becomes wistful when she talks about it now: "I wouldn't have been the best in the world, because physically I got too big. But I would have danced. I would have danced. I had a scholarship to go to Europe to study classical ballet. At the time, I was dancing eight hours a day and I'd been on point for a long time. Well, I ripped all the ligaments and tore the cartilage in my knee. They told me, 'You are never going to put these dance shoes on again.' And I just felt like . . . what do you *do*? Something was torn from me. 'Wait a second. Is that it?' It was all I knew.

"I was an extremely hyperactive, nervous, out-of-my-mind kid who could not, did not want to be around children. I never played with dolls, never played with toys. I wanted to be around adults. I thought I was an adult from the (concluded on page 206)



*"I don't want the upper hand in a relationship. I can't respect such a man. I come from the old school. The minute a man lets me take any kind of advantage, mentally, and as far as any interest in romance goes, I'm gone. I still like him as a person, of course, but I really can't stand any kind of weakness in a man."*



A photograph of a woman with blonde, wavy hair lying on a bed. She is looking back over her shoulder towards the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a strapless top. The bed has blue bedding and a pillow with a large, stylized white and yellow floral pattern. The background is dark and out of focus.

*"I don't always want to lead. I want somebody else to lead, to teach. I prefer to learn. I don't want to be the strong one."*



*"The only reason I've been as successful as I have in relationships is that I'm a very loving person. If you have a real good sexuality about you, make men feel they are loved, give them what they need, they'll overlook a lot of shit just for that love. I'm real forgiving. I can't hate anybody. I know people who have done terrible things to me. I still like them. People say, 'How can you do that? This person did this, this and this to you.' I understand. That's my problem. Why do I have to understand their side?"*







MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Tracy Vaccaro*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Tracy Vaccaro

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 5/4/62 BIRTHPLACE: Glendale, Ca.

AMBITIONS: To be able to work with competent people on projects that help my career.

TURN-ONS: Vegetables, acting class, dancing, funny people.

TURN-OFFS: Newspapers, underwear, people who leave before any type of show is over.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Atlas Shrugged, Jonathan Livingston Seagull, The Prophet.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Reter Allen, Liza Minnelli, Robin Williams

FAVORITE SPORTS: Ballet, snow skiing, track

IDEAL MAN: Fred Duxer

BIGGEST JOY: watching kids grow

age 1



oh, no, a great Dane!

age 10



Dancing my life away

age 12



Tracy as Veronica Lake

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When I get an absolutely irresistible urge to kiss you," the young man told his girl as they pulled into the secluded lovers' lane, "my teeth start chattering."

"I know just what you mean," the young lady responded eagerly, "because right now, my knees are knocking!"

Next time you fly, try Libertine Airlines," the savvy traveler advised a fellow drinker in the airport bar. "They're so full-service that if you press the right button, a stewardess automatically drops down onto your face!"



What's this about your breaking off your engagement fast because of the guy's giving you a ring and its aftermath?" the girl was asked.

"Yes, that's right," she confirmed. "Although his diamond was of pretty fair quality, his mounting left something to be desired."

**A shady young lady named Kay,**  
When asked by a Georgian at play  
Why her nickname was Dip,  
Would reply with a quip:  
"Since I spread for you crackers," she'd say.

If the computer explosion continues, we suppose it's conceivable that the next depression will find some of the unemployed selling Apples on street corners.

Three fraternity brothers were rapping about the pleasures of sex with older women. "Last weekend," related one, "I had a sensational romp with a thirty-five-year-old nurse!"

"She was only thirty-five?" challenged another. "Hey, I can remember how great it was with a forty-year-old librarian!"

"My favorite lay of all," chimed in the third brother, "was a mature twenty-three."

"Why, that's practically no age difference at all," jeered one of the others.

"It is, too," insisted the young man, "since I was only thirteen at the time."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *complaining bum* as a whino.

I've never been to a social orgy before," muttered the apprehensive bachelor, "so I'm not sure I'll know how to act."

"Stop worrying about it," his buddy reassured him. "You behave just as you would at any other kind of party—except that instead of mixing, you stir."

We know a gullible skin-flick starlet who found out on the set that the "rugged European performer" she'd been promised for her next film was a German shepherd.

No, no!" corrected the girl, reddening, during a conversation at a noisy party. "What I said was that most of the guys in my computer club have floppy disks."

**Her sidesaddle progress was slow;**  
No track tout would rate her a pro.  
Said Godiva, "I rode  
While the townspeople oh'd  
Not to win or to place—but to show!"

Perhaps you've heard about the sexually frustrated husband who forced his wife to sit in a tub full of ice cubes after she'd disdainfully told him that he could screw her only once in a blue moon.

Our Unabashed Weight-Lifting Dictionary defines *clean and jerk* as self-abuse in the shower.

Standing naked in front of the callgirl, the oil tycoon boasted, "Ah come from a big and proud part of thuh country, and thuh noble flag of Texas will be flyin' ovah this here bed tonight!"

"Texas may be flying, as you say," responded the prostitute, "but Rhode Island there could sure use a lift."

I long for the good old days," said the rugged economic individualist, "when a man got ahead because of ambition, hard work and sucking up to the boss."

And then there was the admiral who came out of the closet and replaced the scrambled eggs on the visor of his uniform cap with quiche.



Medical-ethics experts are struggling with the question of whether or not it's fitting and proper for a young male gynecologist to keep looking up old girlfriends.

Because my client is uncertain which of the two men with whom she lived concurrently is the father of her child, Your Honor," stated the attorney, "she seeks to combine them as joint defendants in this legal action."

"So what she is really filing, then," commented a jurist wryly, "is a paternity suit with two pairs of pants."

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.



BURKE BROWN

*"For everyone's sake, my dear, I hope the gentleman  
has been a victim of snakebite."*

# THE SPREAD

## A SPORTING MAN'S GUIDE TO COLLEGE FOOTBALL

*before you bet against the points, take a look at which teams really hold that line*

sports **By JOHN A. WALSH**

"THE RACE is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," Damon Runyon wrote, "but that's the way to bet." Runyon could have been alluding to college football during the past decade. The meek may inherit the earth, but in the college game, the weak don't cover the spread. The wars will always be won by those who can put the biggest, quickest and most talented youngsters into pads and helmets.

Although the point spread is supposed to be the great equalizer—a handicapping system that awards extra points to the squad that is presumed to be weaker in any given game—a study of the nation's major college football teams' performances against the spread over the past ten years shows, among other things, that the best teams are the best bets. [See box on page 148.] Conversely, the big losers on the scoreboard have also been the biggest losers against the numbers. It is a sobering fact of college football life that Northwestern, Texas Christian and Virginia haven't been able to "hold that line" either on the field or at the local candy store.

Here are some of the bends, trends and point-spread tendencies of major college teams over the past ten seasons.

**AIR FORCE:** Anyone who took a flier on the fly boys in '82 was rewarded for his daring investment. The Falcons were 6-0 against the point spread, 5-0 as underdogs. Quite a turnaround for a team that was 1-4 versus the numbers in 1981 and

28-46-2 the previous nine years.

**ALABAMA:** It's time to open a new book on the Crimson Tide. 'Bama and Oklahoma are the only teams that haven't been underdogs at home the past decade; the Tide won all three appearances outright when getting points. Alabama has covered in its first game for six consecutive seasons, so the pressure will be on coach Ray Perkins from the start.

**ARIZONA:** Coach Larry Smith's inconsistent team is 11-2 on the road for the past three seasons, while the point-spread mark at home is 2-11. These 'Cats would prefer to fight in someone else's alley.

**ARIZONA STATE:** The Desert Devils are always dangerous, but they're overrated in their Tempe trap. They are 6-2-1 as home dogs over the past decade but just 20-20 giving points.

**ARKANSAS:** It's easy to get high on the Hogs. Their over-all mark is 64-46-1. Ever wonder why Razorback fans wear those funny hats? That's where they keep all their money. The Hogs are 41-24 at home versus the line. But stay clear of the Razorbacks when the eyes of Texas are upon them. They've covered only three of their past ten encounters against the Longhorns.

**ARMY:** You can kiss the Black Knights of the Hudson good night when they play Navy; the Cadets are 2-8 versus the points in the last ten meetings with the Middies. During the past decade, they are 9-18-2 as away dogs.

**AUBURN:** The Tigers have gone from money burners to big-time earners under coach Pat Dye. Auburn has been 18-4 against the line for the past two seasons: 10-2 in 1982, including a season-ending eight-game winning streak against the numbers. Looking for a trend? The Tigers have covered four straight against Alabama.

**BAYLOR:** The Bears have been bad news as favorites (10-13-2 at home) but have been a solid investment getting points in Waco. Coach Grant Teaff's club is 12-6-2 as a dog, including a 5-0-1 mark in its past six home games.

**BOSTON COLLEGE:** The Eagles have won their past four openers against the line. But against Holy Cross they've covered in just one of their last five games.

**BROWN:** The Bruins are 12-18 as home favorites, including a current six-game losing streak. On the road, they're equal-

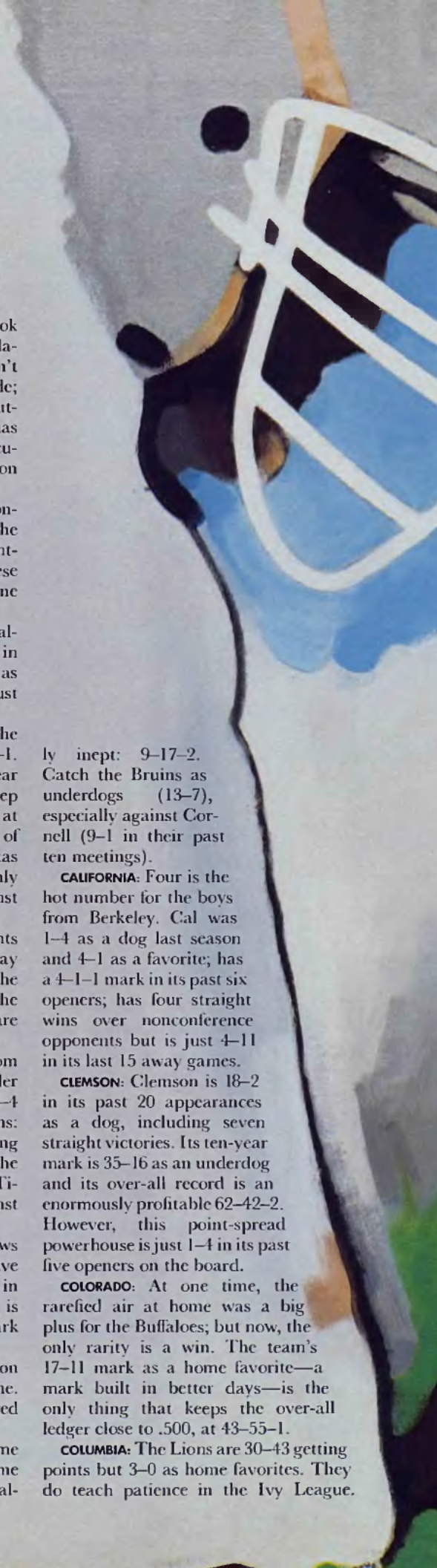
ly inept: 9-17-2. Catch the Bruins as underdogs (13-7), especially against Cornell (9-1 in their past ten meetings).

**CALIFORNIA:** Four is the hot number for the boys from Berkeley. Cal was 1-4 as a dog last season and 4-1 as a favorite; has a 4-1-1 mark in its past six openers; has four straight wins over nonconference opponents but is just 4-11 in its last 15 away games.

**CLEMSON:** Clemson is 18-2 in its past 20 appearances as a dog, including seven straight victories. Its ten-year mark is 35-16 as an underdog and its over-all record is an enormously profitable 62-42-2. However, this point-spread powerhouse is just 1-4 in its past five openers on the board.

**COLORADO:** At one time, the rarefied air at home was a big plus for the Buffaloes; but now, the only rarity is a win. The team's 17-11 mark as a home favorite—a mark built in better days—is the only thing that keeps the over-all ledger close to .500, at 43-55-1.

**COLUMBIA:** The Lions are 30-43 getting points but 3-0 as home favorites. They do teach patience in the Ivy League.





3-1 in their past four bowl appearances.

**GEORGIA:** My, how these Bulldogs do bite when they get points (9-1-1 in their past 11 outings). Georgia is 12-4-1 in its past 17 games on the road and 5-2 in its past seven openers. The bad news is, the 'Dawgs are 2-5 in their past seven against Georgia Tech.

**GEORGIA TECH:** The Yellow Jackets are 3-6 in their past nine home-dog appearances. As a double-digit underdog, Tech is 2-7 in its past nine outings, including a 1-3 mark in '82.

**HARVARD:** When the Johnnies leave the Yard for their first road game each season, they take it to the books. Coach Joe Restic's Crimson team is 9-1 in its road openers over the past decade and 23-13 overall away from Cambridge. It is, however, 2-5 in its last seven games against Yale.

**HOUSTON:** Once a solid point-spread team, the Cougars have slumped against the line in the past two years (6-14, including 2-8 in 1982). Upside: They're 5-2 in bowl games since '73. Downside: They're 0-5 in their past five games against nonconference opponents and 1-3 in their last four against Texas.

**ILLINOIS:** A miserable point-spread team on the rise under pass-happy coach Mike White. The Fighting Illini are 5-10 in their past 15 appearances as home dogs and closed '82 with three point-spread wins. But it's a long climb up from a ten-year mark of 12-18-1 as home favorites.

**INDIANA:** Coach Lee Corso was better with one-liners than on the side lines. The team's ten-year mark is 16-18 as a home dog, but the Hoosiers have covered just two of their past ten. A bright spot is a 7-3 mark in Indiana's past ten games against Purdue.

**IOWA:** The Hawkeyes, a nondescript point-spread team, have covered four straight times against Michigan State.

**IOWA STATE:** The Cyclones have lost four of their last five as home dogs but have covered four of five against Iowa and have won their past four openers on the board.

**KANSAS:** The Jayhawks have covered six of their past eight appearances as home underdogs. But Jayhawk goodbyes are not good buys: Kansas has failed to cover the spread in four of its past five finales.

**KANSAS STATE:** The Wildcats are 14-32-4 against the spread on the road, though

last year's spread record was 7-3.

**KENTUCKY:** These Wildcats have suffered through three consecutive losing seasons against the points, including 2-9 in '82 and a 5-13-2 mark in their past 20 road games.

**LOUISIANA STATE:** The Tiger Den is just another overrated home field. The Bengals are 33-28-4 versus the spread in their Baton Rouge lair over the past decade. Despite a 3-1 road record last season, the Fighting Tigers are 16-28 away from home. Upside: The Tigers have covered in their past three bowl games.

**MARYLAND:** Slow and steady wins the race, and that's been the case with this band of turtles (Terrapins, if you will). Bolstered by an 8-2-1 mark under the first-year guidance of coach Bobby Ross, the Terps improved their top-ranked record against the points to 64-41-5. Maryland is 8-1-1 in its past ten games away from home, including 5-0 in '82. The record at home is 30-15-1 over the past decade.

**MIAMI:** The Hurricanes have become a good point-spread team (18-14-2) under Howard Schnellenberger, but their ten-year record is still below .500 (43-54-2). True to the recent trend, Miami has covered seven of its past eight finales and is 4-0-1 in its past five outings as a road dog.

**MICHIGAN:** Coach Bo takes a lot of heat for his ineffectiveness in big games, but his Wolverines are consistently one of the finest point-spread teams in the land. November is their sweetest month; they are 18-5 in their past 23 November games. The Wolverines are also 7-3 in their past ten games against Ohio State, but they're 2-6 in their past eight bowl games.

**MICHIGAN STATE:** The Spartans were a Jekyll-and-Hyde team in '82 against the line: 0-4-1 in East Lansing, 4-1-1 on the road. They're 6-2-1 in their past nine dog showings on the road and 18-10-3 during the past decade.

**MINNESOTA:** The Golden Gophers have ended their past seven regular seasons with point-spread losses to Wisconsin. They're 9-21 as road underdogs over the past decade. Upside: Lou Grant used to love to bet on the Gophers when getting points at home—and he got rich. They're 13-8-1 in that role.

**MISSISSIPPI:** The Rebels, who have been rebuilding (*continued on page 148*)

**CORNELL:** The Big Red has bathed its backers in red ink. Only in performances as a favorite on the road has Cornell been a worthwhile investment (7-4).

**DARTMOUTH:** The Big Green won its final six spread appearances in '82 and has covered in seven of its past eight as a favorite at home. And it's impressive on the last day of the season, too (7-3).

**DUKE:** Known more for medicine than for middle linebackers, more for point guards than for pulling guards, Duke should never be confused with a good bet. Stay away from the Blue Devils, especially when they're favored (12-20-3).

**FLORIDA:** Charley Pell has a reputation as a strong point-spread coach, but his first Florida team (0-10-1) went just 3-8 against the spread. In 1980, Pell rebounded with a 9-1-1 record. The past two seasons have been slightly above .500. The Gators are 12-6 as away dogs over the last decade.

**FLORIDA STATE:** The Seminoles are 7-2-1 in their past ten outings against the Big Eight and a perfect, if select, 2-0 against the Big Ten (both road victories over Ohio State in Columbus). The Seminoles are 23-17-1 in Tallahassee and

# POCKET

*comin' at ya! pint-sized*



*modern living* **By GARY WITZENBURG**

OK, the thrill is back. The decade of dullness has come and gone. Cars are exciting and driving is fun again. Showrooms across the country are overflowing with high-output Camaros, Firebirds and Mustangs, twin-cam Supras, turbo T-birds and Z-cars, STEs, 944s, Quattros, Corvettes. . . . The bad news is that you can't touch one of those for less than ten grand, and many go for \$15,000 or more. Some for *much* more. Cheer up, leadfoot. There's a new breed of machine in the land: the pocket rocket—your basic economy sedan or coupe with a massive horsepower and

handling transfusion. It's inexpensive to buy, economical to run and more fun than a swimming pool full of Playmates. (Well, almost.) General Motors' Chevrolet division gets credit for designing the American-market pocket rocket by dropping a high-output V6 engine into its Citation X-car three years ago and calling it an X-11. Soon, the Pontiac, Oldsmobile and Buick divisions followed suit with H.O. V6-powered Phoenix, Omega and Skylark X-cars of their own. But the class was redefined for 1983 when Volkswagen of America let loose its four-cylinder Rabbit GTI, a domestic version of the parent *(continued on page 200)*



# ROCKETS

*cars with plenty of poke*



Slip into the pockets of one of these rockets and you'll be knee-deep in thunder, storming up and down the fast lane. Nissan's new Pulsar NX (far left) keeps pulses rapid with turbocharged tumult that kicks in at 3000 rpm and leans toward the infinite from there. Beat any tortoise by more than a hore in Volkswagen's special Rabbit GTI (middle left), which flashes features sure to turn any slow evening into a speed-seeking night of the Lepus. Pontiac's 2000 Sunbird SE (center) is a super J-car that will soon be sitting in a showroom—but not for long. Dodge's Shelby Charger (middle right), Lee Iacocca's new baby, may not

be as fast as it feels, but hardly anything is. Its other parent is Carroll Shelby, who designed the famous Shelby Cobras and Mustangs. This Charger takes turns better than its predecessors, looks about as striking as anything on the road and goes from 0 to 60 almost before you can say 0 to 60. (All of these cars will do that, in fact, unless you're an auctioneer.) Last is Ford's EXP Turbo, a high-performance cousin of the Escort that's just about the quickest American auto you can buy for less than ten grand. Ford's engineers may have erred in making the EXP Turbo look so good. The speed they put in it just blurs the effect. Vroooooom!

part one

of a series



# FEAR OF INTERFACE

## A USER-FRIENDLY COMPUTER PRIMER

WHAT IF YOUR NEIGHBOR GETS A COMPUTER??



*Does Everyone Else Understand???*

*The Status Symbol of the Eighties!!*

*Face It—You're Techno-Illiterate!!!*

*Are You Cheating Your Children??*

## By PETER A. McWILLIAMS

*if you're one of the millions who are baffled by all this computer stuff, have we got good news for you*

IT'S ALL GOING TOO fast. Eight years ago, personal computers didn't exist. Two years ago, there was little or no public awareness of them. And then, suddenly, in the past year, *boom!* Computer books, computer articles, computer records, computer shows, computer classes, computer ads and, inevitably, computer cocktail-party conversation. Never have so many written so much about so little.

One writer I've read says that personal computers are the most important invention since the discovery of fire. Another writer disagrees: Personal computers are the most significant event, evolutionarily speaking, since man fell out of the trees. I have yet to read that personal computers are the most important step since our ancestors crawled onto dry land or since one-celled animals learned to divide, but I'm sure that's just because I'm behind in my reading.

Personal computers, I find, *are* the most important thing to happen to humanity since television. Small computers today are where television sets were in 1948, where automobiles were in 1905 and where telephones were in 1880. Available; invaluable to some, of limited use to most; adored by the younger generation, feared by the older; and, undeniably, the wave of the future.

But the wave of information being disseminated about computers is no gently lapping one; it's a tidal wave, producing as much misinformation and misunderstanding as it does information and understanding.

People use computer terms they aren't quite sure about and are never corrected because the people they're talking to aren't quite sure about them, either. After repeating misinformation a few times, one tends to accept it as truth.

All this takes me back to the early Sixties, when my friends and I were struggling to learn about what were then called The Facts of Life. There wasn't much—to use a computer term—hands-on experience available to the average 14-year-old, so we read a lot.

A few of us found circa-1940 marriage-

and-family manuals that our parents had used and forgotten long ago. There were no photographs, and trying to learn about sex from the anatomical drawings was like trying to learn how to operate a stereo from a schematic diagram.

There was, of course, *PLAYBOY*, but we were too young to buy it. We carefully searched alleys for discarded back issues. There were few. Millions of copies were distributed every month. What were people *doing* with them? (We were a naïve group.) The few copies of *PLAYBOY* we could find were months and sometimes years old. We were terribly afraid that something had been discovered and we had missed it.

As we were reading about sex rather than hearing about it, we often failed to get the pronunciations right. We would have deep, meaningful discussions about organizations, contraptives and lesbians. (I was 33 before I learned that clitoris does not rhyme with Lavioris.)

How I wished that some book or article or TV show or skywriting exhibition or *something* would start at the beginning and take me, in plain English, through the basics of sex. (Of course, if that had happened, I don't know what my friends and I would have talked about all those years. I'm sure the intense intellectual poking and prodding had an effect upon our lives: The member of our group who discovered the difference between an organism and an orgasm became a doctor, and another became an investigative reporter.)

*PLAYBOY* never did publish such a nuts-and-bolts sex manual, but it's not too late to do it for computers. By reading this and the next two issues, you'll be able to learn as much about computers as the average 12-year-old knows, and all the while, you can pretend to be looking at the pictures.

This month, we'll look at what personal computers are; next month, we'll examine what they do; and the following month, we'll tell you how to select and purchase the right one for your specific needs.

To begin with, personal computers are just machines. The misconception that

computers *think*—and that as they get smarter and smarter, they'll somehow take over our lives as Hal the computer took over the spaceship in *2001*—has caused no little fear among the general public. The fact is, computers no more think than tape recorders talk or phonographs sing. Personal computers are simply the latest technological goody in a line of technological goodies (electric lights, telephones, phonographs, automobiles, airplanes, radios, movies, television sets, Veg-o-matics) that have, in the past 100 years, changed the face of the earth.

Let's take a look at the machine itself. In the process, I'll provide you with a crash course in conversational computerese, an idiom intricate enough to qualify as the world's 297th language. The United Nations already provides translators fluent in it to various delegations, and Berlitz is offering a basic computerese course on cassette tape. After reading this article, you'll be able to trade jargon with some of the best computer salespeople in town; and most of the time, you'll even know what the other guy is talking about.

The heart of any computer is known as the *processor*. A processor sorts and resorts information at a very high speed. (It's the phenomenal speed of computers that gives the illusion of thought, just as the speed with which still pictures change on a movie screen gives the illusion of motion.) This repeated sorting is known as *processing*. Hence, the sorting of words is *word processing*, the sorting of data is *data processing* and so on.

In the old days (the Forties), processors used vacuum tubes and filled entire rooms. Then transistors replaced tubes and a *miniprocessor* could fit in a single room. Then silicon chips replaced transistors and soon you could hold a *microprocessor* in the palm of your hand. More importantly, you could build a computer around a microprocessor that could fit on a desk, and *microcomputers* were born. Microprocessors are also known as C.P.U.s, for central processing units. I have yet to hear, however, of P.P.U.s, for peripheral processing units, though I'm sure some

lexicographer of computerese will invent it soon.

Microprocessors are fast but simple-minded. They know only two things: on and off. Like all machines, computers are good at black/white, yes/no, open/closed. They're not good at shades of gray, maybe tomorrow, a little bit open but not quite closed. (Humans, on the other hand, prefer the gradations of life, which is why many people feel uncomfortable in the presence of computers and religious fanatics.)

This makes the binary system of numbers invaluable to computers. It's a system of counting that has only two symbols, 0 and 1. (The system we're used to is the decimal system, which has ten symbols: 0 through 9.) With the symbols 0 and 1, the binary system can represent any number, though it takes up more room and is more cumbersome to work with than the decimal system. (In binary, "27" is "11011," for example.)

Because processors are so fast, their clumsiness is not noticed. The computer translates from decimal into binary, does its work in binary and translates the answer back into decimal so fast it seems instantaneous. (In working with a personal computer, by the way, you'll never know that this binaryness is going on.)

To process words, each character of language is simply assigned a number. To process music, the audio spectrum is divided into 50,000 slices, and the intensity of each slice is assigned a number from 0 to 65,000. This gives an accurate representation of the sound at a given moment in time. Play those moments back one after another and you have music, sort of. In this way, the computer reduces the masters of literature and music to 0 and 1.

This 0-or-1 choice is the smallest increment of computers. It's known as a *bit*. The more bits a processor can handle simultaneously, the more powerful the processor. Most small computers have eight-bit processors. Many have 16-bit ones. Somewhere on the personal-computer horizon is a 32-bit processor. (I'm not sure personal computers *need* 16- or 32-bit processors, but some old fogies at the turn of the century didn't think that cars would ever need heaters or headlights.)

A *byte* is eight bits, which is enough to represent a single letter, number or punctuation mark. A *kilobyte* is 1024 bytes. Kilobyte is abbreviated simply *K*. Each generation has its measurements to brag about: In the Fifties, it was horsepower; in the Sixties, micrograms; in the Seventies, inches. In the Eighties, it's *Ks*.

"My computer has sixty-four *K*."

"What's a *K*?"

"I don't know, but my computer has sixty-four of them."

To understand the amount of information in a *K*, imagine an 8½" x 11" sheet of paper, typewritten, double spaced, with

margins. The amount of information on such a page is two *K*. Kilobytes are used to measure various forms of memory on personal computers. Bits are used to measure the power of microprocessors.

While some silicon chips (silicon, by the way, is just a fancy word for glass) were designed for processing information, other chips were developed to remember what had been processed. (Microprocessors are fast, but they can't seem to remember what it was they did so fast.)

The two kinds of memory chips used in personal computers are *RAM* and *ROM*. *RAM* is an acronym for random-access memory, and *ROM* stands for read-only memory.

*ROM* is a chip that contains information that cannot be changed. It's like a phonograph record. The C.P.U. can play (or read) information from that chip as often as it wants. It cannot, however, record (or write) information onto that chip. (Hence, read-only memory.)

*RAM* is like a cassette tape. You can record information on it and play back information from it. You can erase, alter, take from or add to *RAM* at any time you like. You have random access to this memory.

*RAM* is also known as *user-programmable memory*. I've never seen it abbreviated U.P.M., nor have I ever heard *ROM* referred to as manufacturer-programmable memory (M.P.M.). The Noah Webster of computerese is obviously asleep at the dip switch. (A *dip switch*, in case you're wondering, is one of many switches found inside personal computers that are so small they require the point of a pencil to flip them. Why it is called a dip switch and not a microswitch, I will never know. I also do not know who put the dip in the dip da dip da switch any more than I know who put the *RAM* in the rama lama ding dong. My ignorance about computers is boundless.)

The amount of memory *RAM* can hold at any one time ranges from one kilobyte to 1000 kilobytes, and larger memories are forthcoming. As you may have guessed, 1000 kilobytes has a name: one *megabyte*. Most personal computers have 16K, 32K, 48K, 64K, 128K or 256K of *RAM*.

*RAM*, while more versatile than *ROM*, has a tragic flaw: Once electric current stops flowing through it, *RAM* forgets everything it ever knew. *ROM*, on the other hand, remembers everything, power or no power, indefinitely. This poses a problem if you want to store the processed information when it comes time to turn the computer off.

The solution? Most personal computers today use some form of *magnetic medium*. These generally come in the form of tapes and disks.

The *tapes* used in personal computers are the standard cassette tapes that the

record industry is blaming all its troubles on. When a cassette recorder is connected to a computer, it will record and play back computer impulses just as it records and plays back musical impulses when attached to a stereo set. Cassette tapes, while inexpensive, are limited. The re-winding and fast-forwarding necessary to read and write information at various portions of the tape are time consuming, and the possibility of error when you're using tapes is far greater than when you're using disks. Further, cassette tapes hold less information than disks.

*Disks* come either *floppy* or *hard*, in sizes from three and a half to eight inches. They're circles of plastic or metal covered with the same brown garden-hoe-variety rust (iron oxide) as tapes.

*Disks* spin like phonograph records, though much faster. The playback and record head (called a *read/write head*) moves across the disk like the arm on a turntable, and it can go quickly from one spot on the disk to another.

*Floppy disks* are circles of flexible plastic enclosed in a square, protective cardboard covering. The entire square goes into the computer's *disk drive*, and the computer has access to the disk through a hole in the center of the square and an oval slit on one or both sides.

Information is recorded on floppy disks in circles known as *tracks*. Each track is divided into *sectors*. When twice as many tracks are squeezed onto one side of a disk, the disk has *double density*. When read/write heads are on both sides of a disk, the disk is *double sided*. The combination of those two features is (logically, for once) called *double-sided double density*.

*Floppy disks* on personal computers come in three sizes: three and a half inches, five and a quarter inches and eight inches. The five-and-a-quarter-inch disk is the most popular. Each disk holds 71K to 2400K (2.4 megabytes) of information. For greater storage, greater speed or both, one usually goes to a hard disk.

A hard disk is a platter of metal on which a layer of iron oxide has been bonded. The rapid spinning of the disk (about 30 revolutions per second) creates a breeze. The read/write head floats above the disk on this breeze. Because there is no head friction and because the disk spins so quickly, hard disks store and retrieve information several times faster than floppy disks. Hard disks also hold more information. The smallest holds five megabytes (5000K) of information, and they go up from there. Naturally, they cost more than floppies.

Another type of magnetic medium used in a few personal computers is *bubble memory*. This incorporates the best features of both *ROM* and *RAM*: You can manipulate

(continued on page 204)



*"It's amazing! Before we became a protected species, I was the only one left!"*

# THE POWER OF DARKNESS

*drink*

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

*proof positive that single-malt scotches, aged rums, full-bodied bourbons and racy liqueurs are the wild calls of the day*

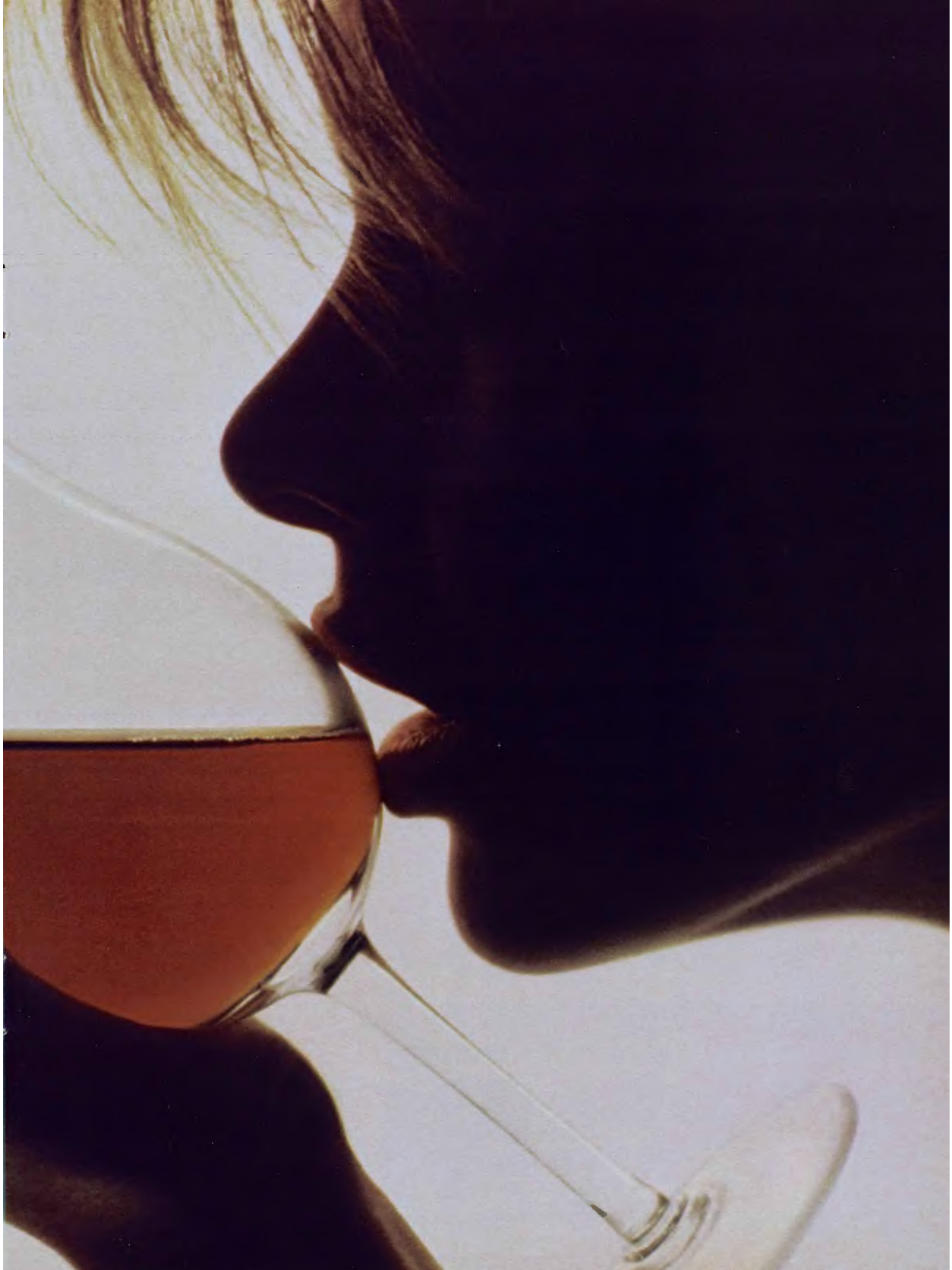
WHEN AN UNPRETENTIOUS Manhattan chop-house mounts 20 single-malt whiskies on its back bar, aged vintage Armagnacs appear on the shelves of the neighborhood liquor stores and racy new liqueurs seem to bloom every day, people in the gusto lane see the handwriting on the wall. What all that says is welcome to a new era of taste.

Malt whisky illuminates the return to flavor. For years, this unblended, undiluted whisky—the original Scotch—was virtually unknown here. Then two Highland malt brands—The Glenlivet and Glenfiddich—surfaced, tentatively testing the market. Today, there are upwards of 40 single malts in the States, in a range of styles, maturities and intensities—including a Macallan 1964 vintage that spent 17 years in the wood. The distillers were unprepared for the interest in these rich, full-bodied Scotches. Some elected to go back into the market, repurchasing single malts they had previously sold to blenders—and paying hefty prices for the privilege.

The blueprint is similar, though not as dramatic, for other spirits. Bourbon started life as a full-flavored whiskey, often sold at 100 proof or thereabouts. These days, liquor-store shelves are crowded with labels at *(concluded on page 172)*

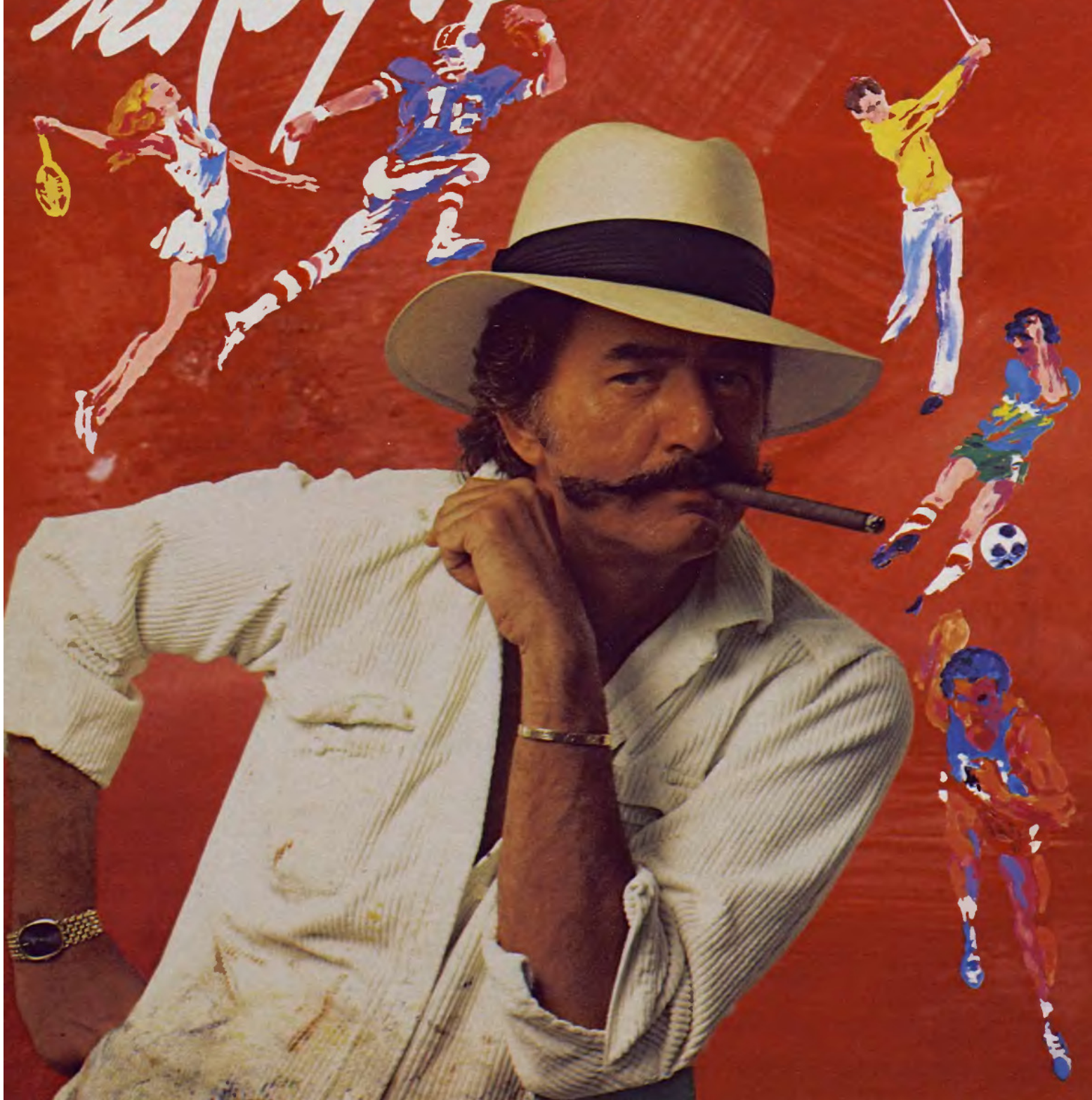
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI





# WINNERS

*by Roy Neiman*





*the world's finest  
sports impressionist  
celebrates three decades of  
dazzling the public eye*

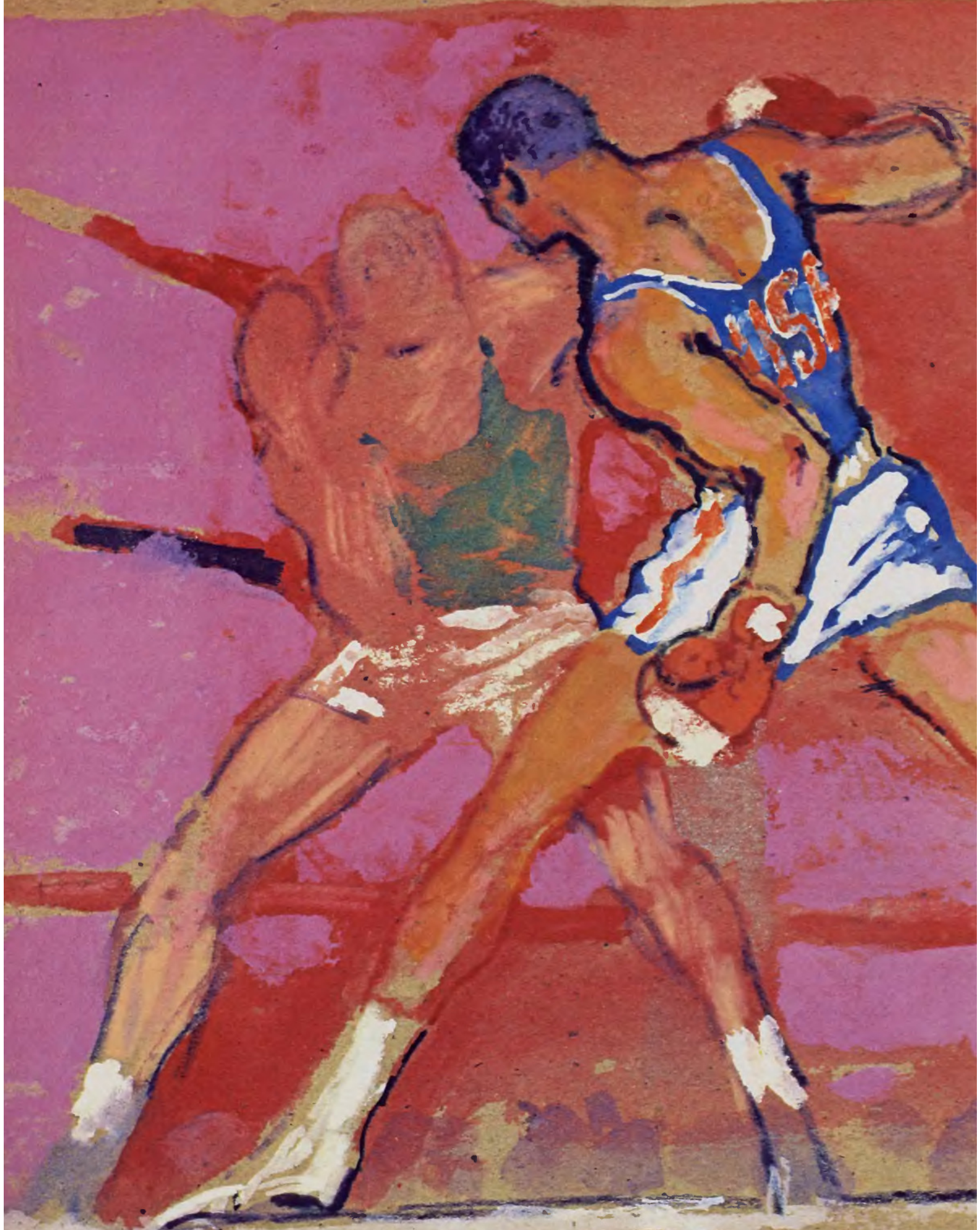


Whether it was Willie Mays's tape-measure cut (above) or Steve Garvey's bullish consistency (left), Neiman was there to put his mark on the moment. There's something to be said for being the first sports artist, but most of Neiman's laurels were far being best.



AT THE CENTER of it all is the blending of color and motion. Willie Mays, magic number 24 emblazoned in blue on his back, bludgeons one more left-hand fast ball through a ripple of yellow and goodbye. A tennis player, wrong-footed, spins his Nikes back to the corner he just left. The ball is dying; he races to keep it alive. Banners splash the sky with red as 20,000 leaping spectators blend into a froth of colors.

"The close-up expressions and emotions and attitudes—the strains, grimaces, grunts, the physicality of sport—this is my natural preserve." So says LeRoy Neiman in *Winners*, his recollection of 30 years of patrolling that preserve. He was the first serious artist to become first and foremost a *sports* artist. His familiar face, vivid haberdashery and inimitable brushery have made him one of a handful of artist celebrities. His style is recognized by millions, some of whom knew nothing about art—or knew nothing about



Montréal 1976

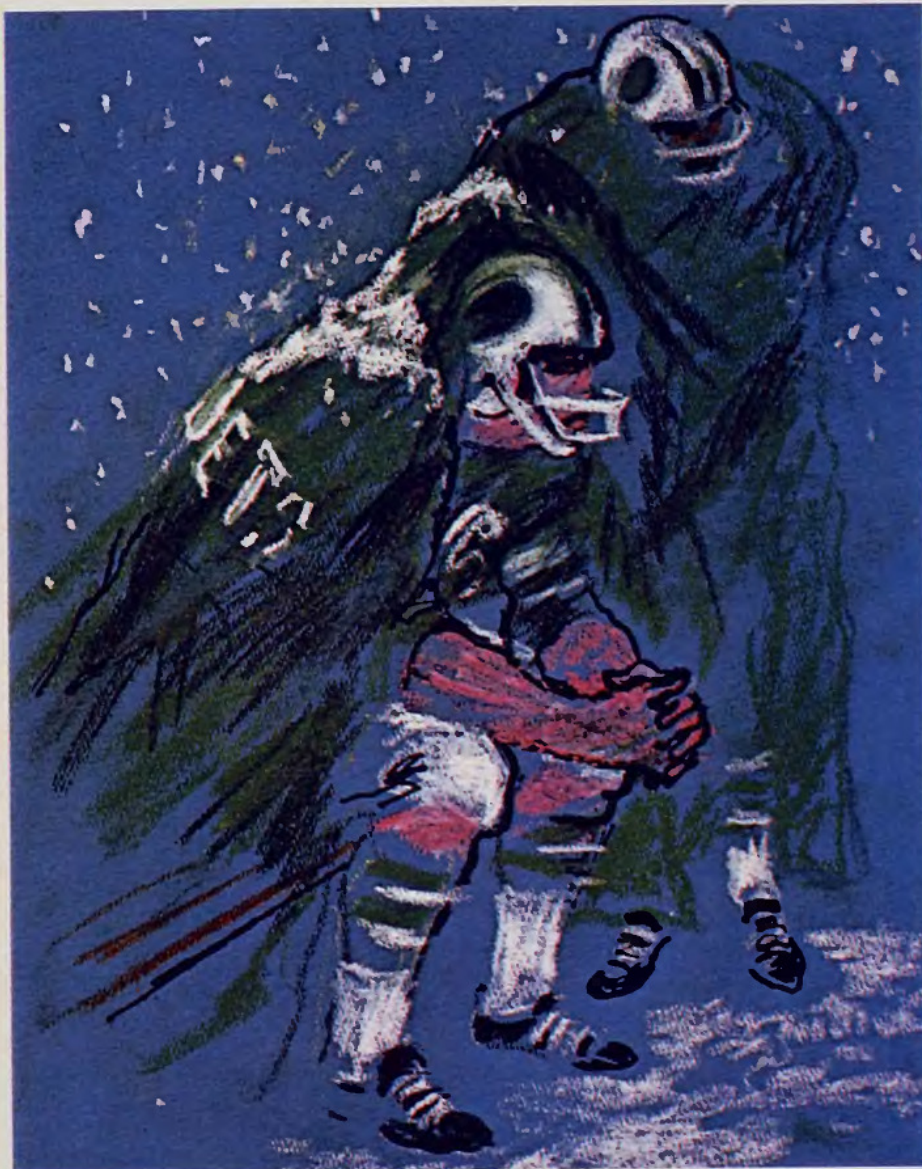


The artist found a grunting dignity in the flash of a first serve over grass (above), and the 1976 Olympics *mano-à-mano* in Montreal's Forum (left) sent Neiman to the canvas. "The Yanks [were] shaped in Ali's mold," he recalls. Wasn't this one left-out?

sports—before he came along.

Neiman has done most of what he set out to do in sports. He plans to concentrate on other kinds of motion now, but that doesn't mean he thinks he has just been wasting paint. "Having never thought sports too banal to paint seriously," he says, "I . . . am not reluctant to feel proud of having brought art, through sports, into the lives of countless people who might otherwise not have been exposed to it."

It's no coincidence that Neiman is celebrating 30 years in the public eye at almost the same time we are. He and *PLAYBOY* grew up together. Back in 1954, when his brushes' bristles were longer than those in his 'stache, he toiled as an instructor at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Hugh Hefner, a friend with a new magazine, thought the Neiman trompes deserved a *Poecil* following. Since then, as magazine and artist have grown in stature and popularity, the friendship has



Neiman calls Wilt Chamberlain (above left) "a perfect, modern-day El Greco model." A Jets-Broncos game he saw in 1961 (above), on the other hand, was a model of panic. At left is a Neiman Christmas card done for those same Jets. 'Twas a dawn year.

continued. Neiman's work for PLAYBOY has helped make him the highest-paid living artist, and he's done more PLAYBOY artistry than anyone else. Even the Femlins that adorn our *Party Jokes* pages are his.

*Winners: My Thirty Years in Sports* sells for \$85, which sounds steep until you consider that the works reproduced in it would cost \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 if you could buy all of them, which you can't. But why now, LeRoy? You've been at this since Herschel Walker, whose shoulders fill a page in your book, was a negative eight years old. Why state the case now?

"Not young enough for theory nor poor enough to be bitter nor old enough to reflect," runs the artist's litany, "I welcome the idea of putting my body of work in the realm of sports on the record myself, rather than leaving it entirely to the care of others whose affection for this playpen of games may not be as strong or as enduring as my own."



Greg Louganis, awash in a sea of sky, hovers a beat before plunging poolward at the 1976 Montreal Olympic Games. "Louganis stole the show for anatomical impressiveness," said Neimon. Jennifer Chondler (inset) displays her fluid motion, too.





# 20 QUESTIONS: JOE PISCOPO

hello, everybody. the story? eddie murphy. frank sinatra. princess di? clown paintings?  
the wife. the kid. doing dishes? cleaning the counters? sex? the real story?

**C**ontributing Editor David Rensin followed "Saturday Night Live's" rubber-faced funnyman Joe Piscopo around 30 Rockefeller Center with one burning question. Says Rensin, "From the 'S.N.L.' set to Joe's dressing room to wardrobe to his office, I had to know: If the name Piscopo were a verb, what would it mean? Piscopo didn't know but later revealed that his surname meant bishop in Greek. What follows, then, is also a '20 Questions' with Joey Bishop."

## 1.

**PLAYBOY:** Describe in intimate detail the sexual habits of the new *Saturday Night Live* cast.

**PISCOPO:** I don't know about their outside habits, but we do have these orgies every Saturday about 11:15 P.M. to loosen up for the show. It's usually in Eddie [Murphy]'s dressing room. It's exciting. We're all pretty wild. The lamb, however, goes a little crazy.

## 2.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the funniest thing that happens to you during sex?

**PISCOPO:** Oh, Jeez. I don't believe in talking about my sex life with my wife. I can't stand guys who walk around saying things like [*very heavy New York-construction-worker accent*], "Holy shit, I'm horny! I think I'll go fuck the shit out of my wife. You know, she was sitting on my face last night and it was fuckin' great. The phone rang, but I let it go, because it was really fuckin' great. Unbelievable. Fucked the shit out of her. Hey, when's the last time you fucked your wife up the ass?" People who say that should be shot. But you hear it all the time, right? I think too much of my wife to put those things in print.

## 3.

**PLAYBOY:** OK, then, when did your personal sexual routine become guilt-free?

**PISCOPO:** I've never been guilt-free about sex. I'm Catholic. You sure you don't want me to talk about my comedy routine? OK. I had a sexual routine early on, in my cocky-asshole days. We all tried to be so cool about sex. [*Smooth voice*] "Hey, baby, everything's fine, baby. You feel me *inside* you, baby." But then you get close to orgasm and—arrgghh!—you totally lose it. Happens every time. Now I even feel awkward talking about sex. I've been married for ten years. I've been perfectly straight. Plus, my in-laws will be reading

this. I feel funny. Shy. Embarrassed. No one's ever asked me these questions before. Sex was never really a major reason for my existence, anyway. Once in a while, I just jumped into the sack; I've done my share of playing around. But mostly, emotional relationships turned me on. I know I'm ruining my reputation as an Italian. My relatives are all saying, "What is he over here? A faggot?" Maybe it was fear or something, but if a woman came on to me, it was a turnoff. I lost all respect. I was brought up very Italian. The woman you married and your mother had to be perfect angels. At times, I think of myself as *macho*. But when we talk about this, I get real shy. I think underneath it all, I'm very sensitive.

## 4.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the toughest thing about being a regular guy?

**PISCOPO:** It stands in the way of being funny. Keeping up the drive is tough. I don't have that rapid-fire, hard edge all the time. Eddie is the only person I know who is regular *and* has that quick comedy. You have to have a little anger inside to do that. I've had a wonderful life. Michael O'Donoghue once said I was the guy who would blow away the family, the nut who would hold the neighborhood hostage, because I was so regular.

## 5.

**PLAYBOY:** Is your wide range of impressions a skill or a sickness?

**PISCOPO:** Lots of people who do impressions *are* weird. I refer to what I do as "characters." I relate "impressions" to Vegas, and I'm so afraid that when *Saturday Night* is over, I'll see JOE PISCOPO IS ANDY ROONEY ON some Vegas marquee. If I do a character well, like Letterman or Rooney or Snyder, then it's an impression. Otherwise, Sinatra, Koppel, Rather, McMahan, Hartman—they're just inexact characters. People see my Sinatra and know it's still me. I prefer it that way, because you can sometimes really get lost behind those impressions. It's scary. When I learn a character, I literally live with video tapes of him for weeks. My wife becomes a widow. She shoves food in front of me. I go home at one or two in the morning, and right away I put on the tapes. Then it's fast forward, freeze frame, reverse, forward, over and over. Then I make an audio tape of my voice and play it again and again in the

car. I watch more video tape at work before I write the piece. About the only thing I don't do is tape the characterization beforehand to see if it's right. I do it cold in dress rehearsal. And through it all, I get to know those people better than anyone. I look into their eyes. I know this sounds bizarre, but somehow I can *see* that the people I do are OK. Jerry Lewis, when I do the nutty professor. Even Reagan. Of course, I haven't done Nixon yet, so I'm not entirely sure.

## 6.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any second thoughts about doing Tom Snyder after Dan Aykroyd had made that impression famous on the original *Saturday Night*?

**PISCOPO:** I cannot *tell* you how tough it was just *replacing* the first cast. I'd walk down the street and someone would say, "Hey, *Saturday Night*, right?" I'd say, "Yeah." He'd say, "You suck!" When I was asked to do Snyder, I thought they were crazy. But I was told not to worry. So the first time, I put a little twist on it and did a Spanish Tom Snyder. They gave me a thin mustache. On the newscast, we said, "Tom is trying to boost his ratings by hitting the Hispanic audience." [*Breaks into rapid-fire Spanish and ends with Snyder laugh*] It worked really well. Then, Eddie wanted to do Gumby and needed a setup. Snyder was almost off the air at that point, and someone suggested I do *The Uncle Tom Show*. I had a big bow tie, still had the cigarette and had Gumby as the guest. "Good morning, boys and girls. How the hell are you? Ha, ha, ha. Shel's over there, and he was drinking all night, ha, ha, so if the camera wiggles, don't worry about it, OK? Ha, ha." When Snyder was finally off the air, we did him straight-out in his hotel room, holding a Teddy bear. It was a well-written sketch and it showed, sensitively, the way NBC had just said, "Well, Tom, thanks but no thanks." It took my doing all three before I finally stopped feeling self-conscious about following Aykroyd.

## 7.

**PLAYBOY:** Why does America have a sneaking suspicion that David Letterman is neither as hip nor as happy as he would like us to believe?

**PISCOPO:** It's exactly that quality in Letterman that appeals to me most. I can't stand people who walk around saying, "Life is great. How (continued on page 178)

# ROCK AND ROLL I GAVE YOU THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE

*in red-satin shorts and lobster t-shirts, this band is living proof—you can grow up and still get down*

memoir **By RICK TELANDER**

WE WERE in the middle of *Gloria*, the part where Berler sings out the letters to the girl's name and the rest of us who sing—P.J., Gabby, myself and Drew, though at that point Drew wasn't with us yet, Pablo still being our rhythm guitarist—shout back, "Gloria!" when we felt the building shudder. The Del-Crustaceans are used to odd vibrations, but this was different. The sound was deeper, more structural than the stomping, alligatoring and table-dancing noises that sometimes accompany our music.

We didn't stop, though the electricity flickered briefly in the building—a three-story dormitory called Latham House at Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. In front of us, the dancing crowd







was wired. They thrashed, screamed, threw things at the walls. From behind the band, a veil of plaster exploded across the room. A partier wielding a sledge hammer struck repeatedly at the wall in the back room, the head of his hammer appearing every few moments above Gabby's amp. Someone on the dance floor grabbed a garbage can by its handles and pounded on the stairway banister, splintering spindles. A dancer struck randomly at bookshelves and at doors with a floor lamp. And then we felt the dorm shudder again.

As we packed up, the destruction continued. This was, after all, a farewell party, a demolition ball. According to the dorm's social chairman, Latham House was scheduled to be razed by the university sometime soon. Forty-two men lived in the building, and most of them were there now, destroying. Mike, who would join the band a year later as our keyboardist, had lived in Latham House as a sophomore. Former Senator George McGovern had lived there as a history major in the Forties. The building was 100 years old and storied, but its time was at hand, and we had been paid \$150 to play its dirge.

Three days later, Berler called, nearly hysterical:

"Did you see the papers?" he screamed.

I had. News of the party had made headlines. "'LAST BLAST' CLEARS DORM," read the *Chicago Sun-Times*. "DORM BASH RILES NU'S BRASS," read the *Chicago Daily News*. It had taken the press 72 hours to get wind of the party, but now it was hard on the case.

In the *Daily News*, photos of the carnage ran above a story that estimated damage to the house at about \$10,000 and stated, "It might have been better if the NU Wildcats had held a daylong scrimmage inside Latham." Another story noted that the worst damage done to the building was the weakening of the main support beams in the basement. That explained the shudders. While we were doing *Gloria*, someone had been below us swinging an ax.

Latham House had been declared unsafe, ready for collapse. The residents had already been evacuated. In fact—and this was the ominous part—the university hadn't even been planning to tear down the dorm. At the end of the school year, the building was to be sold, not demolished.

"Oh, Jesus," said Berler. "If they find out it was us playing there, we're finished." His voice, so loud on *Satisfaction* and *In the Midnight Hour*, was faltering now. "I knew something was wrong when they had all those tools with them," he said.

Perhaps we were in jeopardy; it was hard to tell. Although none of the band members was in school anymore, six of us had gone to Northwestern—and we knew there were precedents for suing rock groups for destructive behavior. Before he died, hadn't Keith Moon routinely had his

wages garnisheed by most of the major American hotel chains?

Two hours later, Berler called back. He was smug, slightly neurotic, normal.

"It's simple," he said. "We confess."

He wanted me to ask what he meant, so I did.

"We call the Chicago papers and tell them we did it," he explained. "Everything. The Del-Crustaceans drove the students to mayhem. We make the front page: 'THE BAND THAT DESTROYS BUILDINGS.' They can't sue us; we don't own anything. They can't expel us; we're out of school. They wouldn't throw us in jail; we're alumni. This is our break."

It seems strange to me now, remembering how close we came to doing what Berler suggested and going for that break. In fact, we did call one of the papers, but the reporter we asked for was out, and the plan slowly died.

In the next weeks, Latham House residents came forth and confessed; fines were paid; some students quit or were thrown out of school; the papers lost interest. Latham House was bulldozed. A Burger King now stands over its remains.

Although this occurred in 1972, something about the incident still seems compelling to me today. It was, after all, years before punk, before disco, even. I remember the feeling of power I had as the building came apart to our music. And I know that somewhere in there, amid the chaos, the blend of alcohol, sweat, fear, fantasy, brotherhood and electronic amplification of primitive sounds, lies the essence of rock 'n' roll, of what has kept the Del-Crustaceans together long after we should have given it up.

We aren't any good. To be honest, quality is not an issue here. And yet, it's the first thing people always want to know—"Are you guys any good?" Actually, it may be the second, the first being what kind of music we play. Well, we play rock 'n' roll—Sixties stuff, mostly, party songs, the best ever made. Our repertoire consists mainly of four-chord songs, three-chord songs, even a couple of twos—*2120 South Michigan Avenue* and *Not Fade Away* come to mind—and one remarkable one-chorder, *Land of 1000 Dances*, by Cannibal & the Headhunters. You'll remember that one—21 "Na"s in a row by Cannibal, then 21 more by the Headhunters, followed by "You gotta know how to pony / You gotta bony maroney," etc.

P.J. owns Cannibal & the Headhunters' only album, and in the liner notes, it says that Cannibal, who grew up in the Los Angeles *chicano* ghetto with the rest of the Headhunters (described in the notes as a social club), named himself Cannibal because he liked it and because he was born with "no given name." That's nice. It is the stuff of rock 'n' roll. Another member of the Headhunters is named Scar Lopez.

That's also nice. It appeals to us because it's scuzzy and low-down and, in a basic socioethnic way, everything we are not. There are philosophers who teach systems predicated on a constant striving for the opposite, and without making too much of a form of thought pretty remote from loud guitars, there seems to be a lot of that involved in rock 'n' roll. The low-downs use rock to rise up. The higher-ups use it to get down.

There are seven of us in the Del-Crustaceans, and we are all white, proper, middle-to-upper-middle class youngish men with decent if not ecstatic childhood memories and "regular" full-time careers. We cut a record two years ago—*Kansas City* on one side, *Keep on Dancing* on the other—and as we left the studio, the producer said, "Guys, hang on to those day jobs." We aren't dumb. We have 33 years of college education among us, including three masters' degrees: lead guitarist Drew in business, bass player Gabby in engineering, singer-dancer P.J. in advertising. Singer Berler (who *does* have a given name, Ron, which somehow doesn't properly describe him and so is seldom used) is a free-lance writer. Drummer Jack is a vice-president of a premium sales company. Keyboardist Mike is an editor and a computer programmer. I play rhythm guitar and write for *Sports Illustrated*. Four of the Del-Crustaceans have wives; Jack is divorced; Berler still rides his bicycle everywhere.

How else can I describe us? As consumers, we are mainstream. We own a total of three houses, two condos, six cars, 11 TVs, two dogs, half a dozen tents, several thousand record albums, no guns, motorcycles or cats. Jack and Mike have beards, Drew has a mustache, Gabby's hair tends to get long. But it's not like you've got The Dead Kennedys or the Dickheads working your pool party; people don't seem *threatened* by our presence in their homes. We are products of the Sixties who believe in a mishmash of things both right and left, but as a group, we have no single political perspective. None of us wants to chuck everything and shoot for the big time anymore. That was probably the first sickness we escaped from, the one that kills more bands than anything else.

I think back for a minute on my adolescence, back to when I first realized that if I were to grow and be fulfilled as a man, it might be more than just cool to play in a band, it might be *essential*. I suppressed that knowledge for quite a while, playing sports instead. But then it hit me, and I knew this was something that had to be dealt with, just as surely as young men have always had to deal with the desire to get laid by cheerleaders or be class president. I think the common fantasy of being a rock-'n'-roll musician—of earning

(continued on page 164)



*"I brought you back a little something from the store."*



# Red's

*welcome to our rose parade*

REDHEADS ARE like other women—only more so. The first thing you notice is a soft fire around their faces—an auburn halo that vibrates in high gear. A kind of heat that has nothing to do with temperature radiates from them like a visual perfume: a curious, insistent allure. Redheads come in several shades and temperaments. For example, there are fiery redheads with strong voices and keen wills—Lucille Ball is that group's acknowledged patron saint. There are fiery redheads who have their thermostats on permanent simmer—picture Ann-Margret when she's not dancing but is dressed as though she might at any minute transform her hips into a metronome. There are redheads who look as if they have just come from a shower and are pink from vigorous towel drying—Annette O'Toole has part of the franchise on that look. There are redheads with historical purpose (Elizabeth I), redheads with social purpose (Margaret Sanger), redheads with chops (Lizzie Borden). By a happy coincidence of pigment and spark, redheads improve the world around them.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





*Above, we show you your basic redhead in the front, back and side positions. Do not be deceived; she differs from your basic non-redheaded person. She is different underneath. Opposite, more strands of solid evidence that carrottops are remarkably consistent.*









*Redheads often have eyes in unusual colors, such as green or hazel. They also often have freckles scattered over their skin, like an incomplete connect-the-dots drawing. Redheads, like strawberries, are often found in close proximity to whipped or ice cream.*



*In nature, redheads are found either by themselves or in small groups. In Laguna Hills, California, Stephen Douglas has founded Redheads International Club, whose purpose is to unite all redheads and to promote their pride. So far, 10,000 have joined.*



*Redheads, for all their alleged and known proclivities, need time to be alone. They are sometimes a mystery even to themselves.*





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Shutter Priority	✓				
Metered Manual	✓				
Programmed Auto Flash	✓				
TTL Auto Flash	✓				
Coupled Metering, Manual Mode	✓				
Viewfinder Data (All modes combined)	23 Items				
Battery-Saving LCD Viewfinder Readout	✓				
Aperture & Shutter Display, Programmed Mode	✓				
4X, 2X, 1/2X, 1/4X Exposure Compensation	✓				
Exposure Compensation in Viewfinder	✓				
Light for Viewfinder Display	✓				
LCD External Readout	✓				
Depth of Field Preview	✓				
Metal Shutter	✓				
1/2000th Second Shutter Speed	✓				
Pushbutton Shutter Control	✓				
Shutter Cocked Indicator	✓				
Magic Needle Film Loading	✓				
Automatic Fast Shutter when Loading	✓				
Film Motion Indicator	✓				
1/125th Second Flash Sync Speed	✓				
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Aperture Display in View- finder, Pgm. Flash Mode	✓				
Audible and Visual Flash Confirmation	✓				

Complete this chart with the features of any other brand of programmed camera sold at retail in the U.S.A. as of May 1, 1983. If you can find a camera that meets all and exceeds one or more features of the Pentax Super Program listed here, we'll buy it for you. (One camera per customer.) Offer expires October 31, 1983.

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# THE SPREAD

(continued from page 115)

*"Under Barry Switzer, the Sooners have been one of the best bets over the past ten years."*

forever, have been one of the poorest point-spread teams in the country. As an underdog, Ole Miss is 13-26-1 away from home. What's worse, the Rebs are 3-7 in their past ten games as double-digit dogs.

**MISSISSIPPI STATE:** The Bulldogs, at 44-47-3, aren't a much better investment than those Rebels, but coach Emory Bellard has improved matters. Mississippi State is 9-6 as a home dog, including six of its past eight games. It has also covered four straight against 'Bama.

**MISSOURI:** The Tigers were once "the giant killers" under Al Onofrio, but the team is only 20-20 as an underdog over the past decade. The Tigers have won five of their last seven games as underdogs, though they were 1-4 on the road in '82.

**NAVY:** The Middies are 8-3-1 in their past dozen underdog appearances on the road.

**NEBRASKA:** The Cornhuskers, who are noted blowout specialists, are 51-41-4 as favorites—and that's against some mind-boggling point spreads. But as underdogs (which they rarely are), they are 4-4, including 2-3 on the road, and are just 4-6 in their past ten bowl visits.

**NORTH CAROLINA:** You can usually spot Tar Heel backers counting their profits when the Chapel Hill team gets points. Carolina is 20-5 as an underdog during the past ten years, including ten of its last

11. The Tar Heels are also 5-2 in their past seven bowl games and have won four straight against the numbers in nonconference games.

**NORTH CAROLINA STATE:** The Wolfpack has been a study in consistency. Away from Raleigh, it has lost nine of its last 12 as an underdog; but when the Pack has gotten points at home, it's won 11 of 15 during the past decade, including five of its last six.

**NORTHWESTERN:** The Mildcats won three games outright in '82, but they remain one of the easiest marks in the wonderful world of favorites and underdogs. They have been, remarkably, double-digit dogs in their past 15 games. The last time Northwestern was favored was in 1975.

**NOTRE DAME:** America's college team is 55-56-4 against the line over the past decade. The Irish have won five of their last six openers against the points, including the last four, and are 4-2 in their last six bowl visits. Downside: The Irish have failed to cover in three of their past four games as home underdogs, and they were 1-5-1 in '82 as favorites.

**OHIO STATE:** State has cost the home folks some bucks in recent seasons. The Buckeyes have lost nine of their last 13 against the numbers as home favorites. They were 1-5 in that role last season and lost outright three consecutive games in which they were favored. But catch the Buckeyes—if you can—as dogs on the road

(3-1 over the past decade).

**OKLAHOMA:** Under Barry Switzer, the Sooners have been one of the best bets over the past ten years. Although it must often give astronomical numbers, Oklahoma is 29-21-2 at home and an even more impressive 4-0-1 in the rare role of road underdog.

**OKLAHOMA STATE:** You can catch the Cowboys looking ahead to the Sooners each season. The Stillwater team is 3-7 over the past decade in games preceding those against Oklahoma, but it hasn't helped much: The Cowboys have covered just two of their past ten against the Sooners.

**OREGON:** The best thing the Ducks have going for them is Oregon State, against whom they have covered in six of their past seven games.

**OREGON STATE:** Last year, the Beavers had their first winning season against the points (5-4) since 1974. But these Beavers are never eager at home, where they've lost ten of their past 14 point-spread decisions. Go against 'em on the road (23-31-2) as well.

**PENNSYLVANIA:** The Quakers are no longer Ivy League door mats, and you can look for the odds makers to wise up. Penn was 6-2 against the line in '82, including the games in which it got points. The Quakers have also won seven of their last eight as underdogs at home.

**PENN STATE:** When the Nittany Lions leave home, they mean business—27-17. Penn State is solid in bowls, too, going 7-2-1 over the past decade.

**PITTSBURGH:** Panther backers have hit the jackpot on the road, where this team is 34-17-1 over the past ten seasons. Do the Panthers play good defense? Well, take a peek at these numbers: In the past 22 games in which Pitt has scored 20 or more points, it is 18-4 against the spread.

**PRINCETON:** The Tigers have ended three of the past four seasons with point-spread victories, and they are 4-2-1 in their past seven games as home underdogs.

**PURDUE:** The Boilermakers have been dismal home favorites (12-20-1) and equally inept away from Lafayette (18-27-2). They've had three consecutive losing years against the points and dropped five of six home decisions against the line in '82.

**RICE:** It isn't wise to back the Owls at home; they're 21-30 in Houston. Rice and the Houston Cougars have flip-flopped point-spread decisions in each of the past seven seasons. The Owls won in '82.

**SOUTH CAROLINA:** The Gamecocks failed to cover at home in '82 (0-3-1) and have lost their past three games getting points there. Despite four straight setbacks last year, though, their record as home dogs is 9-5-1 for the past decade. The Gamecocks have also won their last two outings as double-digit favorites.

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA:** The Trojans, who are usually laying heavy numbers, operate on cruise control against mediocre

## THE BEST OF BETS, THE WORST OF WAGERS

*the top teams on the field are also tops against the spread*

### FIVE BEST

Team	Point-spread Mark				Actual Record			
	W	L	T	NET	W	L	T	%
Maryland	64	41	5	+23	80	36	2	68.6
Clemson	62	42	2	+20	71	39	4	64.5
Penn State	65	46	1	+19	99	21	0	82.5
Oklahoma	65	47	3	+18	98	17	3	85.2
UCLA	64	46	3	+18	79	29	7	73.1

### FIVE WORST

Team	Point-spread Mark				Actual Record			
	W	L	T	NET	W	L	T	%
Northwestern	36	59	2	-23	16	93	1	14.7
TCU	39	60	1	-21	17	90	3	15.9
Virginia	40	58	2	-18	27	82	1	24.8
Oregon State	40	57	2	-17	17	92	2	15.6
Purdue	44	60	3	-16	59	52	2	53.2



opponents; they're 8-3-1 in their past 12 games as double-digit favorites. When they are getting points, the Trojans are also a worthwhile investment, at 9-1-1. Downside: USC has dropped three straight to UCLA.

**SOUTHERN METHODIST:** The Mustangs have covered seven of their past 11 games as road favorites and three of their past four against nonconference foes, including last year's Cotton Bowl win over Pittsburgh.

**STANFORD:** The Cardinals are 19-7 when getting points away from "the Farm," including ten of their past 11 games.

**SYRACUSE:** The Orangemen are 27-20 at home and have won four of their last five as home favorites. They also have plus records at home and away, giving points and getting (an over-all mark of 56-43-1).

**TENNESSEE:** The Volunteers have been drastically overrated during the past few years. They have lost nine of their past 13 road games against the points, and they are 2-13 in their past 15 games as favorites.

**TEXAS:** The Longhorns know how to hook 'em in Austin, where they are 31-19—and where they've covered in their past five games as favorites. But beware of Texas in bowl games, where the 'Horns are 3-6 against the line since 1973.

**TEXAS A & M:** You can bet the Aggies have cost wealthy alumni a couple of oil wells with their point-spread performances. A & M is 10-22 when getting points, including 3-10 as an underdog in College Station and 2-6 in its past eight September games. Upside: The Aggies have won five of their past seven season finales.

**TEXAS CHRISTIAN:** Against the points, TCU stands about as much of a chance as did the Christians against the lions. It is safe to bet against the Horned Frogs any time, but they're at their worst as home favorites (0-4 in '82), as away dogs (21-32-1) and against nonconference foes (1-4 the past five times out).

**TEXAS TECH:** The Red Raiders have won seven of their past 11 underdog road games.

**TULANE:** The Green Wave slipped to 3-7 against the points in '82. Still, it defeated LSU for the third time in four seasons and is 7-3 against the Bengals with the points over the past decade. More upside: Tulane is 9-5 as a road favorite. Downside: It has crashed in opening road games over the past seven seasons (1-6).

**UCLA:** The Bruins are 50-36-2 as favorites over the past decade, including 4-0 in '82 on the road. They are also 4-1-1 in their past six games against USC and have won six of their past eight openers.

**VANDERBILT:** This former S.E.C. door mat turned things around last season (9-2 against the spread). Vandy is also 9-3-1 in its past 13 underdog games.

**VIRGINIA:** The Cavaliers are 4-17 as favorites during the past ten years and 19-30-2 getting points on the road. They

have also dropped eight of their past 12 against nonconference opponents.

**VIRGINIA TECH:** The Gobblers are 6-3 against their past nine A.C.C. opponents.

**WAKE FOREST:** The Deacons are 3-11 when giving points and have lost nine of their past 11 at home against the line.

**WASHINGTON:** Coach Don James has built a consistent winner at Washington, and the Huskies are at their best in big games, especially when they get points. Washington has won six of its past eight games as an underdog and is 3-1-1 in its past five bowl appearances. But the Huskies have lost three of their last four against Washington State.

**WASHINGTON STATE:** The Cougars have become point-spread terrors under Jim Wal-

den in the past three years. They have won 20 of their past 29 point-spread decisions. The Cougars are 27-17-2 as road dogs and have taken four of their past five games when getting points at home.

**WEST VIRGINIA:** The Mountaineers are 5-3-1 as road favorites over the past decade and were 4-0 away from home in '82.

**WISCONSIN:** The Badgers have been battered by nonconference foes (2-8 in their past ten games).

**YALE:** The Bulldogs are a good investment except when they're getting points away from home (2-4). Try the Elis as home dogs (6-1) and as road favorites (18-10-1).



## AGAINST THE SPREAD

*a few words from  
a nonbetting man*

opinion **By ANSON MOUNT**

I have never bet a nickel on a football game, and I never will. That doesn't make me unique among sports fans, but it must mystify many. After all, as PLAYBOY's seer on the game (pro and collegiate), I probably have more access to more inside information about more teams than any other person in the country. By dialing the phone, I can speak with coaches, pro scouts, even team physicians. That's what I do for a living. So I could, presumably, lay a lot of smart money on a lot of games. But I don't.

Each year in early September, the phone begins to ring at my home in rural Tennessee and doesn't stop for weeks. I get calls from an assortment of oddballs who want to know if I think Notre Dame should be a six-and-a-half-point favorite over Purdue. I've even gotten calls from the actuary who sets the odds at a gambling casino in London. I've instructed my wife and children to tell such callers that I'm slaughtering hogs in the back pasture and can't come to the phone.

It's not that I'm opposed to gambling—after all, we take chances every day of our lives, and sometimes we bet on those chances. Nor am I concerned about the Art Schlichters of the world; we don't have to eliminate sugar for the sake of diabetics.

For my money, it's enough to enjoy a game by cheering for your alma mater

or by supporting the local university or simply by rooting for the underdog. I'm more interested in the final score and the virtues of the competing teams than I am in who beats the point spread. I don't like to clutter my perceptions with extraneous considerations. I don't have much respect for those who can't enjoy a game unless they lay a bet on it.

A few years ago, I was in Birmingham, Alabama, for a speaking engagement shortly after Alabama had won the national championship. Instead of being happy, a great many of the local fans were livid because the Crimson Tide had failed to beat the point spread in eight of the 11 games it had won. No one will ever know for sure, of course, but I have an idea about what *really* happened. I knew Bear Bryant rather well, and I know he had contempt for the gambling mentality. I wouldn't be surprised at all if the Bear had deliberately held down the score in those games—just to see the gamblers suffer!

The ultimate question is whether football is a spectator sport that gives us pleasure by appealing to our nobler human qualities—loyalty, for one, or maybe the appreciation of a hard-fought contest—or whether it's merely an entertaining substitute for a slot machine.

As for me, I don't care *what* the odds makers say—I live and die each Saturday for dear old Sewanee.

# PLAYBOY FUNNIES

Brooks

The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed

By Craig Messel



# ASK DR. DUMB

BY BUD JONES

Share the wisdom of this kindly country doctor as he answers questions asked by folks just like you.

MRS. M.N. FROM DETROIT WRITES, "MY HUSBAND HAS A VORACIOUS APPETITE FOR SEX, BUT I WORRY ABOUT HIS HEART, BECAUSE HE WEIGHS 800 LBS. WHAT SHOULD I DO?"



ALWAYS BE ON TOP.



## REG'LAR RABBIT

BY E N O S

OOOOO, REG, HONEY, LOOK, THEY'RE BUILDING A DISCO RIGHT HERE IN BOONDOCK!



OOOOO, REG, WE'LL BOOGIE EVERY NIGHT!

DON'T THINK SO, NORMA JEAN!



I GOTTA FUNNY FEELING IT'S GOIN' TO BE A GAY BAR!



NOW, WHY WOULD YOU SAY THAT?

JES'A HUNCH!

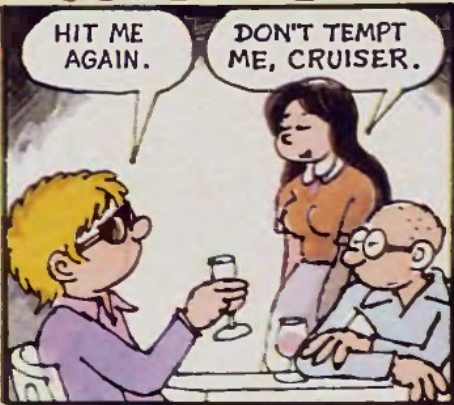


## CRUISER

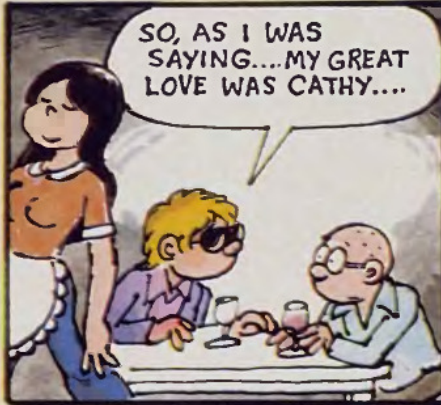
Christopher Browne

HIT ME AGAIN.

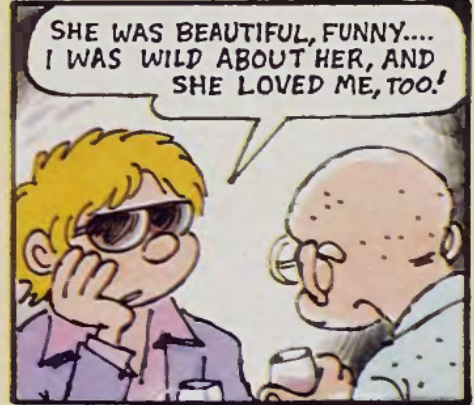
DON'T TEMPT ME, CRUISER.



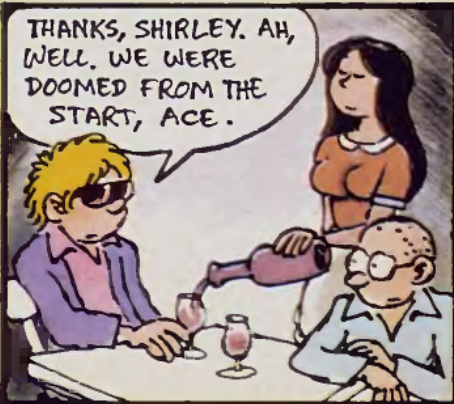
SO, AS I WAS SAYING... MY GREAT LOVE WAS CATHY...



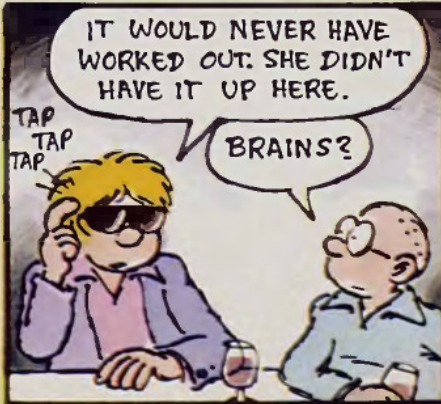
SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL, FUNNY... I WAS WILD ABOUT HER, AND SHE LOVED ME, TOO!



THANKS, SHIRLEY. AH, WELL. WE WERE DOOMED FROM THE START, ACE.

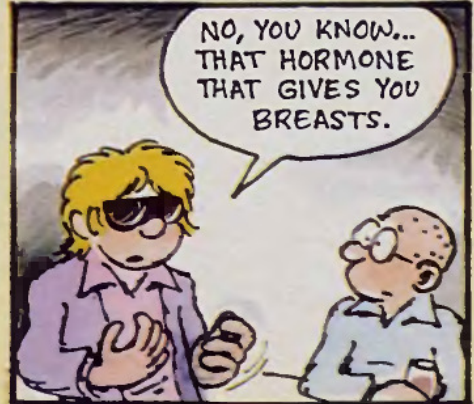


IT WOULD NEVER HAVE WORKED OUT. SHE DIDN'T HAVE IT UP HERE.



BRAINS?

NO, YOU KNOW... THAT HORMONE THAT GIVES YOU BREASTS.



*"It astonishes me that TV plays such an important part in so many lives."*

longer swear. Right. Uh-huh.

**PLAYBOY:** Dan, speaking for Furillo, do you think there are any bad cops at the Hill Street station?

**TRAVANTI:** They wouldn't last in the Hill Street precinct. They wouldn't last with Furillo. He'd get them out of there. What happens on Hill Street is that if you don't find an answer to the problem within you and a solution to the conflict in your professional life, you crack.

**WEITZ:** I think there are other cops with negative aspects on the Hill. There are some definite negative aspects about Belker, about Calletano, Renko, Hunter. . . .

**PLAYBOY:** But despite their bad traits, Hunter and all the others are sympathetic characters. None of them are perceived as bad cops, as some of you say LaRue is.

**BOCHCO:** Howard Hunter is in many ways a buffoon.

**TRAVANTI:** He's a jerk. He's our Archie Bunker. He's also a coward; he doesn't want to be touched or hurt or hit by anybody. He likes the power, likes the game, likes the uniform; he likes playing dress-up. God help him if he ever got any real power. He might be dangerous.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Howard Hunter a bigot?

**SIKKING:** I don't think Howard *thinks* he's a bigot. He just has simple answers for complex problems, that's all. Which makes him interesting, because there's a little of Howard in everybody.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Renko a racist?

**HAIID:** What I'm trying to show with Renko is the hidden racism that's planted all over. Renko has a mean streak born out of insecurity. It's always lying there within him—a deadliness that is a subtle form of racism.

**WARREN:** No, I don't see Renko as being a racist. Hunter's a racist, but I don't think Hill would be able to work with Renko day in and day out if he really felt he was a racist. I think Hill sees Renko as a guy who doesn't want to work too hard. He doesn't want any trouble from anybody—white, Hispanic or black. Also, he's got an ego problem: He's so *macho*, he doesn't want to show his vulnerable side.

**PLAYBOY:** But you don't go too far along certain lines; for instance, you've portrayed the black cops—Hill and Washington—as more positive characters than their white partners.

**MARTIN:** Well, it's about time that the cerebral member of the partnership wasn't the Irish boy. Let's face it, you look at Taurean and me, who's the asshole? J. D. is obviously a quart or two low. There are people everywhere who are exactly like that.

**BOCHCO:** If we tend toward painting our minority cops in a somewhat more positive light, I don't apologize for that. I think that's an appropriate balancing act that we instinctively do.

**WARREN:** I think it is important that America is aware that we're not all like the Jeffersons, that for black people, there is another kind of life that's just as rich, as funny and as serious as it's portrayed on those shows.

**ENRIQUEZ:** Just as it's important to show that all Latinos are not the same. There are 15,000,000 Latin people in America, from different countries.

**PLAYBOY:** Have any of you had problems with the lines written for the black or the Hispanic characters?

**WARREN:** The first season, there was a scene in which Hill and Renko steal a side of beef. The writers had Hill coming in with a case of barbecue sauce. Now, I realize that the intent was *not* "Oh, there's the black guy; he loves watermelon and barbecue and red soda water." The intent was to show the closeness of two guys who were almost killed together—just that. But the problem in the Eighties is that *society* hasn't progressed to that point. I mean, people see it and they say, "There's that black guy. Boy, niggers sure love barbecue"—not thinking that white people like barbecue, too. But people in the midlands don't put it together like that. They're not sophisticated enough, not exposed enough. So another stereotype is continued.

**HAIID:** We're trying to show that people can work together in harmony. Mike Warren always says that if Hill and Renko were one person, you'd have one very whole, light-brown man. The black moods of Renko and the clear-white thought of Hill come together and become one.

**BOCHCO:** You get values from a Bobby Hill that are unique and very special. And I don't think it's an accident that he's one of the most popular characters. There's a decency and a morality in that character that are not functions of his being black. They're functions of a character we designed that way.

**WARREN:** We've now shown the public that black people are not going to jump out and choke every white person they see. But now I think it's time to draw back a little and give Bobby Hill some flaws. But the problem in dealing with our characters is that the industry is so sensitive, and rightfully so, about how blacks are portrayed. And our writers consciously think about how certain things are going to be perceived by the community.

**BLACQUE:** I hate to get into an issue like

that, of minorities, of Latinos and blacks. Because we're *all* given a chance here.

**PLAYBOY:** But since none of your writers are black, doesn't the possibility exist that their perception of the black experience might occasionally be a little off?

**WARREN:** It's strange when you talk about the black experience with people in this business who aren't black, because they think there's this mystery about the black experience—that it's so mysterious, it's hard to write. I personally feel that there *is* no mystery. Life is what it is. The black experience is no different from the white experience.

**BOCHCO:** The thing I try to point out to people is that while it's true that the crime we portray in certain episodes is heinous, at one time or another we have had white rapists, black rapists, Hispanic rapists, just as we have had black and brown doctors, teachers, lawyers, judges, good guys and cops. We are an equal-opportunity offender. What usually gets me is the raging mail, mail that's a kind of assault. You realize you're a passive victim of somebody's real need to punish.

It also astonishes me that television in general, and our show in particular, seems to play such a massively important part in a great many people's lives. I wonder occasionally at the bankruptcy of some of those lives, that what we do in any given hour of *Hill Street* is viewed with concern—either positive or negative—that's so terrifically out of proportion.

**PLAYBOY:** Has there been any response to, or criticism of, the violence on *Hill Street*?

**BOCHCO:** Last year, the Jerry Falwell camp mentioned us as being one of the ten most-violent shows. We've never paid much attention to that stuff; and, frankly, I feel that those people don't represent any substantial segment of society.

**PLAYBOY:** How does NBC feel about it?

**BOCHCO:** I've got to say that NBC has never, ever come to us and said, "Gee, we're nervous; you've got to tone your show down." It's never been an issue. I simply can't imagine anything you can't address on television. But they kill you in other ways. Because in the more controversial areas, they demand balance. The moment they demand balance, you're dead in the water, because it takes away from your opportunity to say anything. So they give with one hand and wind up taking away with the other. You're never going to get a balance in terms of demographic equality. Our feeling is that over the long haul, it all balances out. You are going to see many sides of every question in the process. I will simply cut off any conversation that even comes from Broadcast Standards [the network censors] having to do with the issue of balance.

**PLAYBOY:** But violence on TV is an issue that a lot of people feel very strongly about, and the violence on *Hill Street* is pretty nasty sometimes. How do the rest of you feel about it?

**THOMAS:** There's a lot in there that I'm not

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



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

# VANTAGE. THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.

Fresh Menthol Taste  
with Low Tar.  
That's Success!



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## White Magic from the Black Forest

Rumple Minze. Icy, clear persuasion. An enchanting 100 proof drink imported from Germany's Black Forest. Boldly refreshing. Silvery Cool. A genuine old world taste. Stranger than tomorrow.



100 PROOF. IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. ENJOY IN MODERATION.

so sure about. I've had people say to me that *Hill Street* is too violent and they won't watch it.

**WARREN:** I would be real particular about which of our shows my kids could or could not see. There's an awful lot of violence on our show at times, but it's not gratuitous. In fact, that's one of the strong points of the show—that we don't do violence for violence's sake. When someone gets shot in the street, he doesn't get up and walk away like it didn't happen. When a car crashes, people don't get out of it and say, "Whew! That was tough!" They get *hurt*. But my daughter is six, my son is four, and they just don't understand it.

**HAIID:** I think we also use violence to show the redemption of the human spirit. The reality of the situation is that most crime is committed by people who are hungry, by people who have not had a fair shake, by the poor. In the middle of all that grit, we show people who *are* able to redeem themselves. If *Hill Street* is doing anything, it's holding up a realistic mirror to the social situation that's a terrible tragedy for all of us. As James Sikking once said, "In the Aztec days, they had human sacrifice. Today, we have television."

**BOCHCO:** The entire issue of violence in film and TV is almost a nonissue, because I think you have to look at the contributing environmental factors. I grew up going to John Wayne Westerns in which every time you turned around, 600 members of the Sioux nation were being wiped out. The point is, it is not the fault of television or movies if a viewer has a bankrupt life. People who are capable of aberrant behavior on the basis of stimulation will be stimulated by the six-o'clock news, which in many ways is far more irresponsible in the depiction of violence.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there one show you've done that stands out as being more controversial than the others?

**BOCHCO:** The one that generated the most response was the episode about the rape-murder of an elderly nun by two young black men. We got some very angry mail from blacks who felt that we had done a terrible disservice to the black community in perpetuating some deeply entrenched fears that exist or are perceived to exist in the white community. And they raised a very legitimate issue. Our response, right or wrong, is that the episode was based on a true incident, though I don't feel we need to defend doing it.

And second, though we may have stepped on a few toes with that story, the alternative is a kind of self-censorship that I think is dangerous. I would rather tell a story that angers people and maybe offends some than be so concerned about stepping on people's toes.

**PLAYBOY:** This seems like an appropriate time to bring up the subject of censorship. Steve, what is your present understanding with Broadcast Standards?

**BOCHCO:** I don't understand them and I

# BERNARD and HUEY

MAN, I USED TO READ  
KEROUAC AND  
BECKETT AND  
HENRY MILLER  
AND GENET.



I USED TO GO  
OFF-BROADWAY,  
SEE THREE-  
PENNY  
OPERA,  
IONESCO,  
GELBER,  
ALBEE.



USED TO TALK  
EXISTENTIALISM  
TO GUYS  
TALK DIRTY  
TO GIRLS.



TWENTY-FIVE  
YEARS AGO  
I WAS A  
COMPLETE  
PERSON  
WHO GOT  
A JOB  
ONLY  
WHEN I  
HAD TO.



NOW I GOT A GORGEOUS EX-WIFE WHO'D  
TAKE ME BACK IN A MINUTE. I GOT  
TWO TERRIFIC KIDS. I'M PRESIDENT  
OF MY OWN COMPANY MAKING  
MONEY EVEN IN  
THESE TIMES.



...AND I HAVEN'T  
READ A BOOK  
IN TEN YEARS



WHAT'S THE MATTER, HUEY?

BEATNIK  
NOSTALGIA,  
MAN.



JUB BENTON

don't think they understand me.

**PLAYBOY:** Could you flesh that out a bit?

**BOCHCO:** The one thing you discover in working with Broadcast Standards is, there is no standard. That's not a joke. The standard is whatever you can bully them into. You write something, they read it, they say no. And you say yes. And they say, "No, really, *no*." And you say, "Excuse me, but fuck you, yes." And then you say, "We're going to shoot it the way we want to shoot it, and you look at it in the context of this entire hour and then tell me whether or not it's acceptable."

But they have an awesome power. Ultimately, they can simply edit your show. Often, people who work in Broadcast Standards behave like the worst kind of civil-service bureaucrat. They are there to make you behave. There is a bit of the truant-officer mentality about their job. And the degree to which you accept it is the degree to which you accept a childlike role in the process of making television shows. I won't. I'm not a kid.

**PLAYBOY:** *Hill Street's* sex scenes are certainly not kid stuff. How do you get away with them?

**BOCHCO:** We do bathtub scenes with two grownups in a bathtub. You cannot imagine the lather—no pun intended—we got into over those scenes. We shot them, we put them on the air, nobody said boo. We did it, the sky didn't fall. The FCC didn't come over and disband the network. So, suddenly, NBC says, "OK." Now we can do bathtub scenes, so we don't have to fight anymore. Little by little, we've chipped away at that kind of stuff.

**TRAVANTI:** And those so-called sex scenes are usually not about sex. It's always there, boy, but those are logically passionate moments when the truth comes out and we're communicating something.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you and Veronica ad-lib the bedroom scenes?

**TRAVANTI:** Good! You have that impression, right?

**PLAYBOY:** Well, it seems awfully spontaneous sometimes.

**HAMEL:** It's a playpen. We play in a spontaneous way. There are real giggles and, we hope, some charming moments. But the so-called bed scenes are very brief. Whatever you have to get said has to be done quickly, clearly and believably, so those scenes are very exhilarating to do.

**TRAVANTI:** The words are all there in the scripts. We just make up the giggles, the laughs, the breaking up, that sort of thing.

**BOCHCO:** I think one of the reasons the standard for us is somewhat different is that we're not prurient or salacious on *Hill Street* in general. There are times when we are but always in the context of trying to illuminate the character, to make a point about something.

Having said that, I maintain that I am a much stricter and more appropriate taste arbiter on *Hill Street Blues* than Broadcast Standards is. I'm tougher, too. I have

taken a lot of things out of the show that they approved, because they offended me once I saw them on the screen.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's get back to the Furillo-Davenport relationship. Some critics have called it the most sophisticated affair to come across the tube. Do you think last season's marriage of Joyce and Frank will make it dull and safe?

**HAMEL:** That remains to be seen. A really exciting marriage has never worked on television before.

**PLAYBOY:** Did either of you have any misgivings about getting married?

**TRAVANTI:** My only misgiving was that we might dissolve into a domestic drama. And as quickly as I thought that, the feeling was dispelled, because I remembered that our writers are too hip to let that happen. Veronica is concerned about its somehow losing impact. But I don't know. I don't know what's going to happen from week to week. I'm glad I don't know. I don't *want* to know. Every marriage is a risk, and this one should be, too.

**HAMEL:** I was very apprehensive about it. I felt it wasn't necessary, that there were still many things to explore. But I trust Steven. I thought that it was very well done, that we didn't make a big affair out of it and then they were back to business as usual.

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of viewers were surprised not only by the matter-of-fact manner in which you wed but that you married at all.

**CONRAD:** I guess they *had* to marry. They'd done about everything else. How many fights can you have? How many problems can you have?

**ENRIQUEZ:** I wish they *hadn't* gotten married. It was more exciting. But it's not a good policy to educate the rest of the country by saying, "Don't get married, just live together." It's not a positive forum. I mean, the entire country loves them both. He's the epitome of Mr. Cool, who always knows exactly what to do at the right time. And then there's Joyce Davenport—Miss Efficiency, Miss Extraordinarily Beautiful. I think that character has given a great deal of dignity to women, because women are not very well portrayed on television.

**BOSSON:** As the only married woman in this group, my personal feeling is that the best potential for growth and exploration in a relationship is in marriage.

**THOMAS:** I think the best potential for personal growth is through bestiality.

**BOSSON:** Now that you bring it up, I agree. I hadn't thought about it that way. You *are* still living with the giraffe?

**THOMAS:** Nope. The skylight situation was getting crazy.

**PLAYBOY:** By the way, with Frank and Joyce married, which of the two is going to be the major money earner? How much does a police captain make?

**TRAVANTI:** About \$35,000.

**HAMEL:** I'm divorcing you! Who needs this?

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of divorces, why had Frank and Fay split up?

**BOCHCO:** Oversimplified, because he was a drunk.

**TRAVANTI:** And when you get sober, you definitely change; and unless the other person changes with you, the relationship is bound to terminate. That's almost always inevitable.

**PLAYBOY:** You sound as if you're talking from experience.

**TRAVANTI:** That was another case of the writers' taking a characteristic of the actor that fit their needs. Steve asked me beforehand about using it in the show, and I said, "Fine, as long as it's realistic." The fact that I am an alcoholic is an essential fact of my existence, but that's my business. I don't like to go on about my alcoholism, because enough has been said about it. But, of course, some of my experience was incorporated into the character.

**PLAYBOY:** Barbara, as Steven's wife, do you find your position awkward at times?

**BOSSON:** At home, we have an equal relationship. However, at work, we cannot have an equal relationship. I work for him. We're very separate here—he's management, I'm labor.

**BOCHCO:** I ask of Barbara a very difficult thing—I ask her to be a little schizophrenic. I go home with problems I need to share with my wife but that I cannot share with an actor on the show. So I ask her to arbitrarily suspend being an actress in favor of simply being a wife and a confidante. It's very hard, because a lot of what I go home to discuss will have direct implications on her activity as an actress. Occasionally, I have been naïve in assuming I could take something home and not get that response that any good actress will give to a boss—"Wait a minute, whoa, hold the phone here"—but by and large, she has done wonderfully.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any other in-house romances?

**BOSSON:** Yes. Charlie Haid and Michael Warren.

**ENRIQUEZ:** Barbara! You shouldn't say those things!

**THOMAS:** Well, I don't know what it is, but they're awfully close.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you guys want to respond to that?

**HAIID:** We do a couple of things together. But we're just a couple of silly old farts. We actually put our dressing rooms together.

**WARREN:** I *do* like to see him change clothes.

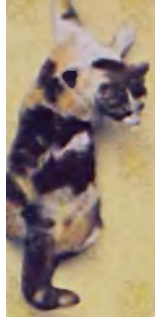
**PLAYBOY:** Going back to what we were talking about before—romances on and off the screen—now that Frank and Joyce are married, will some of the other characters be given a chance to develop full romantic relationships?

**WEITZ:** I think almost everybody on the show would like to have a relationship with a woman—

**SIKKING:** Or a man, depending on the sex.

**WEITZ:** Or any kind of relationship. We look forward to that kind of thing, because it deepens the characters. It takes them away from their work and shows another





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side of them, which creates a freshness.

**SIKKING:** If I can't get married, I'd sure like to fool around a little bit on the show. But it's hard for Howard to fool around.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**SIKKING:** Because he has difficulty expressing himself.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Goldblume's love life?

**SPANNO:** What *about* Goldblume's love life? Yes. Hear, hear! Let's have more of it.

**WARREN:** I would like them to develop some kind of love interest for Hill, so that you see a black with another black showing affection and sensitivity, something you haven't seen much of on television.

**PLAYBOY:** What about you, René; where would you like to see your character go?

**ENRIQUEZ:** I would like them to show more of Calletano's family background to have more of a positive image with the Hispanics. You know, Hispanics are one of the most family-oriented people in the world. Perhaps it is in their blood that they are family-oriented—they don't believe in birth control.

**THOMAS:** There's nothing I feel my character cannot do or get away with, including getting married, getting pregnant, quitting the force, having a lesbian affair. Who knows? Falling in love with a young kid; falling in love with a criminal. . . . I'd like to see some reality to the fact that Lucy is an attractive enough human being to *have* a boyfriend. It's ridiculous—she's always

supposed to have a hard time getting a date. They keep making jokes about the dates they give her. It's bullshit.

**MARINARO:** What am I, chopped chicken liver?

**THOMAS:** You're a cop. You're something, yes, but I want somebody outside of Copsville.

**PLAYBOY:** What about you, Ed; what kind of involvements would you like to see?

**MARINARO:** I'd like Joe Coffey to get engaged to a Playboy Bunny.

**THOMAS:** Are we talking real life, honey, or are we talking the show?

**PLAYBOY:** How about you, Kiel?

**MARTIN:** I'd like LaRue to get through one show without having to smear himself with grease, go down in the sewer and ball an alligator.

**PLAYBOY:** Anybody else on development of character?

**WARREN:** I'm not quite sure at this point if I see Bobby Hill wanting to *stay* a cop. Because cops don't legislate change. I see him going into law, being like Joyce Davenport.

**HAMEL:** And I'd like to see the writers explore the humorous aspects of my character a little more. Betty and Barbara have had a chance to play with the comedy side. I haven't.

**BOSSON:** Well, I'm in a bind with Fay, because I know that what makes her unique and funny is also keeping her damaged, without growth. I would love for her to

become a whole person. I also understand that the minute she's whole and terrific, they'll no longer want her in the series.

I worried about Frank's marriage for obvious reasons. I thought there would be no need for me ever to go back into that squad room. But Steven said there would be all sorts of things to explore with Fay, such as custody of her child.

**PLAYBOY:** As far as issues are concerned, are there any particular ones you would like to see *Hill Street* deal with?

**BLACQUE:** I think we're already dealing with everything that's happening. You turn around and *Hill Street* is doing it. One of my story lines, as a matter of fact, was taken from a real event.

**PLAYBOY:** Which one was that?

**BLACQUE:** On one episode, Washington shot an innocent person by mistake, the proprietor of a store. He pointed his gun at Washington and Neal thought he was one of the holdup men. That really happened when we were working downtown on location. I had just left. I'd just given my gun to the prop guy and a guy came up to a pawnshop with a gun and an off-duty undercover cop was just coming out and shot him dead. That was turned into the story line in which Neal does the same thing and then agonizes over it.

**ENRIQUEZ:** I'd like to see the show deal with the problems of illegal aliens, immigration, the IRS. . . . There are so many illegal aliens here, and many of them are



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afraid even to go to hospitals, because they're afraid they'll be turned in. It could be a beautiful, tragic, poignant story that would fit the context of *Hill Street Blues*.

**WARREN:** I'd like to see a character emerge in the community who has a sense of righteousness, who has lived there for a while and is loved by the community. So far, we have a community that is taken care of by the police. Hogwash. In any urban area, the police are the enemy. They don't take care of the community. The community takes care of itself. I'm talking about a hero who would be *from* the people of the Hill, someone who was a beneficial character and politically powerful.

**THOMAS:** People are just waiting to have an idol like that. What if we created one and he became a role model in reality?

**WEITZ:** Yeah, but we're not a political platform. We're dealing with human beings and talking about human beings.

**THOMAS:** Another thing that would be interesting for us to tackle is this whole psychological-rape thing that's happening now. Not the physical act of rape but this clamping on that men seem to be doing, where they follow you around—

**HAMEL:** Like a shadow following you around; a lethal shadow—

**THOMAS:** And from what I've read, you go insane. Or leave town, change your name, lose your job. What if it happened to one of us? Another thing that would be interesting—and this would be a great story line

for Davenport—is P.M.T., premenstrual tension. Davenport would have to defend a woman who did something under P.M.T. Doctors are saying it exists and that some women are totally affected by it. And, of course, feminists don't want to talk about it, because it's a biological imperative. And that's what they've been fighting against. I mean, some idiots say a woman can't be President because she might go crazy and kill the Vice-President.

**HAMEL:** I'm sorry you brought all this up.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you people ever bounce off one another like this on the set?

**THOMAS:** Roll call is a riot, because there are usually six or seven of us there, plus the extras, who are like family.

**CONRAD:** I look out there and I see a bunch of actors looking for shtick.

**PLAYBOY:** Do they ever find any shtick?

**MARINARO:** Last year, there was a *People*-magazine cover with Dan, Veronica and Michael Conrad. Veronica had her blouse open wide, and inside, they had a picture of Dan in his briefs—

**TRAVANTI:** Those were *swimming trunks*, I'll have you know.

**MARINARO:** So the next day, we were all sitting around at roll call, and when we stood up, all the men had their pants off and Betty had her police shirt open down the front.

**TRAVANTI:** We're a kissy-huggy-grabby group at *Hill Street*. And I *love* the writers. I kiss them right on the mouth.

**SIKKING:** There's a lot of good humor on the set. One time, we were shooting a lineup of suspected felons. All the guys in the line were our writers, incredibly scrungy.

**BOCHCO:** A dangerous-looking group of fellows if ever there was one.

**MARINARO:** Then there was the Christmas show—

**THOMAS:** My mother's going to read this!

**MARINARO:** Betty was Mrs. Santa Claus and I was Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer. Betty stood up in front and said—

**THOMAS:** I said, "Ho, ho, ho, merry Christmas—this is all for you little guys out there—"

**MARINARO:** And she pulled up her dress, and underneath, she's wearing black garters and little red panties.

**THOMAS:** But I had on my *men's cop shoes with black socks!*

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true that Fred Silverman wanted to call the show *Hill Street Zoo*?

**BOCHCO:** When we first wrote the script, we titled it *Hill Street Station*. Fred wanted something jazzier. So we started to get lists of alternate titles, one of them being *The Blue Zoo*, which, as my 13-year-old would say, barfed us out.

**PLAYBOY:** Where did the idea for *Hill Street Blues* originate?

**BOCHCO:** Silverman had a notion for a pilot he wanted Kozoll and me to do. It was to be a series set in an inner-city precinct with a large cast of characters. We

reacted in varying degrees of lukewarm. Michael was very lukewarm; I was medium lukewarm. I was a bit more enthusiastic, because the emphasis on the personal lives tickled something in me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why were you both so lukewarm about it?

**BOCHCO:** Because we went into this sure that we *didn't* want to do another cop show. Between the two of us, we had worked that street to death.

**PLAYBOY:** What changed your minds?

**BOCHCO:** We decided we'd do it if a couple of conditions were met. One, that we would have virtual creative autonomy. We could write anything we wanted with no interference, have far more leeway with Broadcast Standards than was normally accorded any series. And, to our surprise, NBC said fine.

**PLAYBOY:** Has NBC lived up to its agreement?

**BOCHCO:** Yes, they've honored their creative-autonomy commitment. They have no story approval.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did NBC play hide-and-seek with the show at the beginning?

**BOCHCO:** I think Silverman was desperately trying to find a time slot where this thing would work. With the best of intentions, he kept screwing us deeper and deeper into the ground.

**PLAYBOY:** If, say, NBC had canceled the show, do you think another network might have picked it up?

**HAID:** If NBC had canceled this show, another network would have picked it up so fast your head would spin. CBS would have been in there like a bunch of bandits.

**BOCHCO:** My experience is that very, very rarely does one network buy another net-

work's failed product. And when that happens, it's usually unsuccessful. I don't think there's a lot of historical validation for doing it.

**HAID:** One of the first indications we had that it was going to be a real hit was not from an article in the trades but from a business report saying that the *Hill Street Blues* advertising time had been sold at X amount of dollars per half minute. When Mercedes-Benz decided to buy ad time on *Hill Street*, we thought something right was going on.

**BOCHCO:** Even though the ratings were low, demographically we were very strong. We were always one of the top-rated shows in terms of upscale viewers, even though overall we were down at the bottom. I believe to this day that the media kept us on the air.

**PLAYBOY:** Most reviews have been favorable, but one critic said *Hill Street* had become predictable in its unpredictability—

**WEITZ:** That was a *complaint*?

**BOCHCO:** I felt that was a cheap shot. By definition, once you are a known quantity, you don't surprise. I suppose I could surprise people if I started killing off my regulars week by week, but then I'd be killing off *Hill Street Blues* in increments. Nevertheless, the reality of network television is that you can't surprise. The truth is, we never started out to surprise people. We simply were, I guess, surprising. But it's never been a motivation.

**WEITZ:** If there are certain critics in the country who think that we're becoming predictable, I would like to talk to them on a one-to-one level and show them exactly where huge changes have taken place in every character. I think that what they say is *bullshit!* It's a bunch of media-hype *crap* to get their readers to read their newspapers! And if they want to go point by point with me, I issue the challenge. I get *incensed* when I hear that!

**SIKKING:** Let's not skirt the issue, Bruce.

**WEITZ:** Well, it's something that bothers me. I issue the challenge. Feel free to call.

**SIKKING:** The element of surprise gave us a 66 out of 69 in the Nielsen ratings, so it isn't a real advantage. I think we have to pay attention to what the critics say about us, but we also have to understand that they're trying to fill space, too. If you look at anything else on television, it's very interesting boredom.

**BOCHCO:** Yeah, that's probably 95 percent of all television, the kind that turns millions of Americans into narcoleptics. I'm not saying that's bad, but it's not what we're doing. I have a complete understanding of somebody who says, "I'm sorry, I don't want to watch a show at ten o'clock at night that leaves me angry or challenged. I just want to watch something that's going to leave me in a very pleasant state of semiconsciousness, because I'm going to bed."

**TRAVANTI:** It would be tedious if ten years



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from now we were still doing it. But I'm surprised by almost every script. I want to continue to be surprised.

**HAID:** *Washington Post* critic Tom Shales said after our first season that if *Hill Street Blues* had the courage to continue doing what it had already done, it would have the courage to take the entire thing apart and put it back together several more times. I feel that's absolutely necessary.

**SPANO:** I agree. I think that at some point, somebody should come in and say, "Let's change the whole thing. Let's kill off a regular."

**PLAYBOY:** Are you volunteering?

**SPANO:** Sure. If it gave me an interesting way to go and if it gave impetus to the show, I'd say yes.

**BOCHCO:** One of the things that make doing this show so harrowing is that we sometimes don't know what's going to be on next week. When we made Fay pregnant, we never stopped to think about whether or not she was actually going to have this baby. We just said, "Oh, that's a good situation"—bang!—and suddenly, there it is and you begin to deal with its consequences.

**HAMEL:** I think we all feel that way. Let's face it—it's a matter of numbers. There are 14 regulars, and we give an awful lot of very special parts to guest stars.

**THOMAS:** Forget all those guest stars. Get rid of them!

**HAMEL:** And knock off a few regulars, too!

**SIKKING:** Fire all the actors and start over!

**PLAYBOY:** There may be a little facetious talk going on here, but the fact remains that this is an ensemble group of 14 actors. Is there much competition for lines?

**BOSSON:** What you get a lot with 14 people is that a particular character will have a period of time when he's not doing much. A Joe Spano story or a Charlie Haid story will come along and then for three weeks, he'll be very prominent, and then he'll drop down again, because there's just no way you can do 14 stories about 14 people every week. When you're in one of those periods, everybody gets nuts; everybody says, "What happened? I'm out of the show. Get Bochco on the phone." Actors do get frustrated when they perceive that there are four or five shows in which they're kind of light. It frightens them. I think they suddenly forget that they may have had some wonderful stuff in the prior six shows, and now it's somebody else's turn. But that's all understandable.

**TRAVANTI:** My reaction most of the time is just to be thankful that I'm finally doing work that's worthy of me. That's the single biggest emotion I felt when all this started: Relief. Whew! At last!

**MARTIN:** I agree. To wake up every day and not be ashamed of your work is a rare treasure for an actor. And, boy, do I love being the class fuck-up, no matter how often I appear or how short my scenes!

**HAMEL:** Each actor gets a little gem, a pearl, then we string this necklace together.

**PLAYBOY:** Individually, what are some of the reactions you have been getting? What kind of mail do you get?

**HAID:** The man who gets the most mail on *Hill Street* is Mike Warren. He's a bona fide black star. To the kids, especially.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your own mail?

**HAID:** I get mail mostly from females in Middle America who are familiar with the kind of character Renko is, saying, "You remind me of my brother, my husband, so-and-so." I also get people who like Renko for the wrong reasons.

**PLAYBOY:** For instance?

**HAID:** I was in England recently and I was walking down King's Road, and all of a sudden, up came these skinheads, about nine of them, and they talked like this [*does a very accurate Cockney accent*]: "'Ey, come 'ere. Look at it—it's cool, fab Renko! Come 'ere, bloke. I like the way you 'andle those woggies. I like the way you 'andle those blacks. Take 'em, fling 'em all against the car like that and beat their 'eads in. We're going to get you a pair of Dr. Martins. You can just kick 'em a few times right in the leg and make 'em be quiet, 'ey?'"

Well, they got it all wrong. Completely. They thought some of Renko's more intolerant scenes were the greatest thing in the world. Another time, I was down in Texas and people came up to me and said [*does an accurate Texas accent*], "Charlie, gol darn, boy, you're one of us, you know? Doggone, you sure know what's goin' on." And I just wanted to say, "You didn't get it. Watch it again and you'll get it."

**WARREN:** Ironically, I've gotten letters from black people saying, "Why do you treat Renko so mean? You ought to be nice. He's a nice man."

**PLAYBOY:** How about you, Betty?

**THOMAS:** I get a lot of letters from women cops and from wives of cops who love my character. For a while, everyone was saying that wives of cops were so uptight about women on the force because their husbands were going to be in cars with them all day long, and sooner or later they'd be having a relationship. And the wives would be dumped. The mail responds to the fact that I'm not having a relationship with my partner. And that's a good symbol for those women.

**ENRIQUEZ:** A lot of people in the Latin community look to me as a sort of symbol. I mean, there are only four Hispanics in featured roles on TV, and Ricardo Montalban and Erik Estrada don't even play Latinos.

**BOSSON:** I get tons of mail from people who identify with me. I get a lot of mail from men who say "I hate you," and it's obvious that they think I'm their ex-wife, but most of my mail is from people who say, "Thank God, I'm seeing some of my problems on television. I didn't think I existed."

**PLAYBOY:** How have the police reacted to the show?

**WARREN:** Favorably. I've never had a cop come up to me and say anything but "Thank you."

**HAID:** They feel we are portraying them as human beings, so they open up and they let us see their human side.

**SIKKING:** I've talked with chiefs of police all over and they love the show, but they always ask, "What city is it in?" And I say, "It's a nondesignated city." And they say, "Come on, tell us." So I say, "What if we had it in your city? Would you let us tell a story about an alcoholic officer? Would you let us tell a story about brutality in the police department? Extramarital affairs?"

**PLAYBOY:** How accurate do policemen find the characters?

**WEITZ:** I have yet to be in a police precinct where policemen have not told me they've worked with or heard stories about someone like Belker. Except they always say that the person they knew was taller.

**TRAVANTI:** I've received this comment many times: "The only criticism I have against your character is I wish my boss were more like you."

**CONRAD:** Same with Esterhaus—they all wish they had a sergeant like him. They feel he represents dignity, something people can look up to. And we certainly need that in police departments.

**PLAYBOY:** Have any of you had any run-ins with the police since you've been doing the show?

**WEITZ:** I had an incident on the freeway one night. I have a Porsche, and I was trying to blow the engine out. A cop stopped me and said, "Are you? Are you?" And I said, "Yes." And he said "Good night." He just turned around and got on his motorcycle.

**BLACQUE:** I made a right turn on red one night, and this cop came over and said, "You went through the red light." I said, "I'm sorry, officer, but I didn't go through red." He said, "You son of a bitch, don't tell me you didn't go through the red light." And then he got a look at me, saw my *Hill Street* parking pass and said, "Who are you? Who do you play?" I told him, and his whole attitude changed. His closing remark was, "You tell that public defender we sure love her." If it had happened to an ordinary citizen, he'd have gotten whipped upside the head for talking back.

**MARTIN:** I don't believe in the power of recognizability to keep me out of traffic tickets, so I try not to get them.

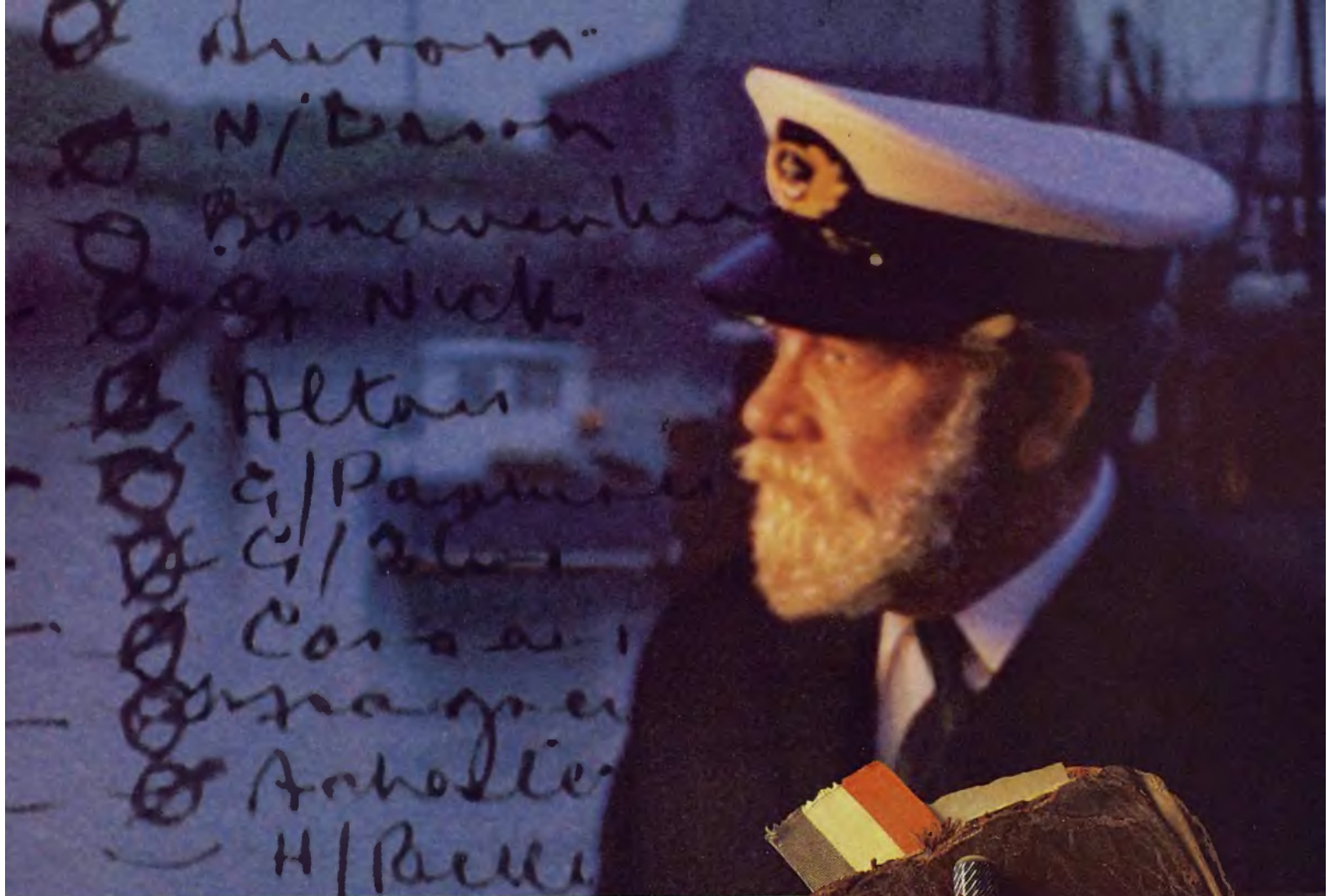
**MARINARO:** I got stopped twice in a two-week period and got a ticket both times.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't the cops recognize you?

**MARINARO:** I said, "Hey, do you watch *Hill Street Blues*?" The cop said, "Great show. Sign this, please."

**SIKKING:** Yeah, but didn't he also say, "Be careful out there?"





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respect and pleasure by playing defiant, electrified music, of being good by being *bad*—is a phenomenon that probably peaked when everybody in our band did: back in the late Sixties and the early Seventies, when rock stars were still culture heroes. I suppose fame and rebellion don't have much to do with what the Del-Crustaceans are up to these days, but at certain predictable intervals, we still want, in something very close to our heart of hearts, to get down.

On warm nights, my friend Bo Van Sant and I used to walk around the Northwestern campus singing doo-wop songs, blind drunk. We'd sit on stoops and yodel and screech and wait for people to call the cops. It was the spring of 1971, and I was a senior in my final quarter and I didn't give a shit about anything. I had been a cornerback on the Northwestern football team and now, I presumed, I was done playing football forever. Bo, a Vietnam vet with only sophomore status, *really* didn't give a shit about anything. He'd missed a foray with his platoon one night in the coastal highlands and the platoon had gotten blown up by enemy rockets, and now he was back studying with frat kids and war

protesters. Bo wasn't crazy—just sensitive and keyed up. He loved the theater, classics and good times. Growing up in Connecticut, shy but forcefully attracted to new things, he would occasionally sit in his room, a crewcut adolescent in saddle shoes, and read poetry while sniffing airplane glue from a paper bag.

"A nice name would be something like the Temptations or the Hesitations or the Ovations," Bo said one night. "Something with an -ation suffix."

I had brought along my sister's old guitar that night, and it had suddenly hit Bo and me that we were going to be a band. I'd learned five or six chords, and that, we sensed, would be more than enough for our purposes. Bo knew an awful lot about R&B and soul groups, but I knew about rock; I'd bought my first 45 at the age of eight—*Hello Mary Lou*, by Ricky Nelson. I said Bo's idea for a name was OK, but shouldn't we think about a prefix, too, since the kind of songs we were doing—*Come Go with Me*, *Runaround Sue*—were the province of groups with Bel- and Dell- in their names?

"How about the Crustaceans?" Bo asked.

"Meaning what?" I asked.

He shrugged.

I said, "How about the Del-Crustaceans?"

Bo didn't complain; it's possible he nodded. It's hard to remember, exactly, since there was no importance to any of this at the time. But that was pretty much it.

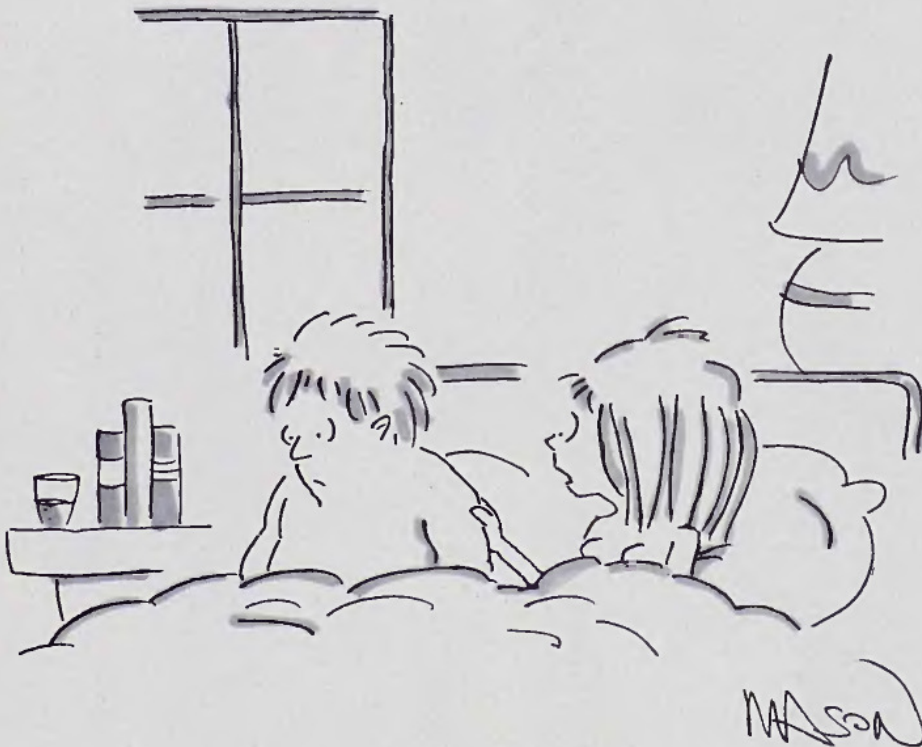
A couple of weeks later, when an underclassman named Pablo joined the group, we changed our name to Pablo and the Del-Crustaceans. We did it sort of as a goof—Pablo was the worst guitar player in the world, worse even than me, which is going some, since to this day, I can't properly tune my guitar. (Drew does it for me before each set.) But Pablo was really bad—stunningly, repugnantly derelict. He strummed open, rattling chords on a bent-necked Japanese guitar, and at times he didn't even play the same songs we were playing. After a while, Gabby would simply turn Pablo's amp off in the middle of a set. When Pablo left to go to law school in 1974, we dropped his name and became the Del-Crustaceans again.

We didn't think the band's name would make any difference to anyone, ever. Indeed, I wouldn't be telling you how it came into existence if people at sorority formals and bars weren't always asking what in the hell it means and if decoding the history of rock names weren't considered such a worthy discipline. And perhaps it really is important to know that the Beatles used to be called the Quarrymen, or that a certain Top 40 band named itself 10 cc because that's the volume of the average male ejaculatory load. But in our case, I believe you can take the band's name, know where it comes from and still be pretty much satisfied that it means nothing.

All of the guys in the group are between 29 and 34 years old now. We were in our early 20s when we started. We have photographs that show us back in the early Seventies with long hair and sneers, and it is through those pictures that we have begun to learn about aging.

Bo isn't with us anymore, which is a pity. He had a great whiskey voice. No range, no ear; but after a few tumblers of gin, he sounded black. And he had presence. I remember one coffeehouse gig in 1972 when Bo sang with both of his arms in slings. He had fallen down, shit-faced, after a party the previous night and had fractured both of his elbows on the sidewalk. He danced around the coffeehouse mike stand that night, his hands crossed on his chest like a corpse, cigarette dangling, trying to remember the words to *California Sun* in front of a handful of inattentive students who had paid maybe 50 cents to see us, and, damn, he was nice.

Bo moved East in 1973, and Berler, who had shared spots with him on vocals, became our lead singer. P.J., who used to hang around our bar gigs playing the tambourine and trying to sneak in on backups, joined the band then as a singer and a



*"Since you design video games, I thought you'd have a bigger joy stick."*



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dancer. P.J. was in grad school at Northwestern at the time and on his way to an executive position in a big Chicago ad agency. He's in New York now with the Madison Avenue crowd, in his Brooks Brothers two-piece, drinking martini lunches, discussing concepts and big pictures, educating the poor ignorant public as to its needs. A political and economic conservative, P.J. believes in his work. I remember the time after a gig when he and somebody—I believe it was Mike—got into an argument over P.J.'s statement "Nobody has ever bought something he didn't want." The debate went round and round, through drinks and early-morning hamburgers and tertiary hangovers, and it hasn't been resolved yet.

But talk about your Jekyll and Hydes. Onstage, P.J., the balding, preppie straight arrow, becomes a sort of honkie Mr. Excitement, a crazed rock-'n'-roll white dude with happy feet. Apparently, he's always been dual-sided, but it took rock to bring the stage half of it out. He sang tenor in the boys' choir in high school and played guard on the football team, but the first time he got up with us, he moved around like James Brown.

But, really, who can explain what happens to people onstage? Berler, for instance, becomes Mick Jagger. Shine a klieg light in his face and he'll fag strut and leer till you put the hook on him. At dinner dances, garage sales, fund raisers, weddings, it makes no difference—Berler turns into a snarling android when he gets near a mike, and he can't help it.

I remember deciding once that he was mentally ill. We were in somebody's living room in suburban Skokie, at an adult Jewish birthday party where the men all wore *yarmulkes* and there was no booze or cigarettes and the tables were set with little cardboard cups filled with jelly beans and candy corn. The guests were backed into the furniture, watching us silently. There was a barbecue going in the back yard, and it was still light out. I stood behind Berler, next to Gabby and Mike and half-hidden by one of Jack's cymbals, semisplaying my guitar, alternately marveling and cowering as Berler prowled over the carpet singing passionately to the dozen or so motionless people about heroin and death.

We had to quit early that night, after Jack had slipped Berler a hash brownie to calm him down, and he went rigid on us. The strange thing is, Berler is just a sweet, hyper little guy from New York, a scrappy softball player who once tried out with the Chicago Cubs. Maybe his stage transformation stems from repression. We've asked him about it, and he speculates that there may be something revealing in the fact that his mother wouldn't let him wear blue jeans until he left for college. "Really, I don't know," he says somberly. "It's probably the music."

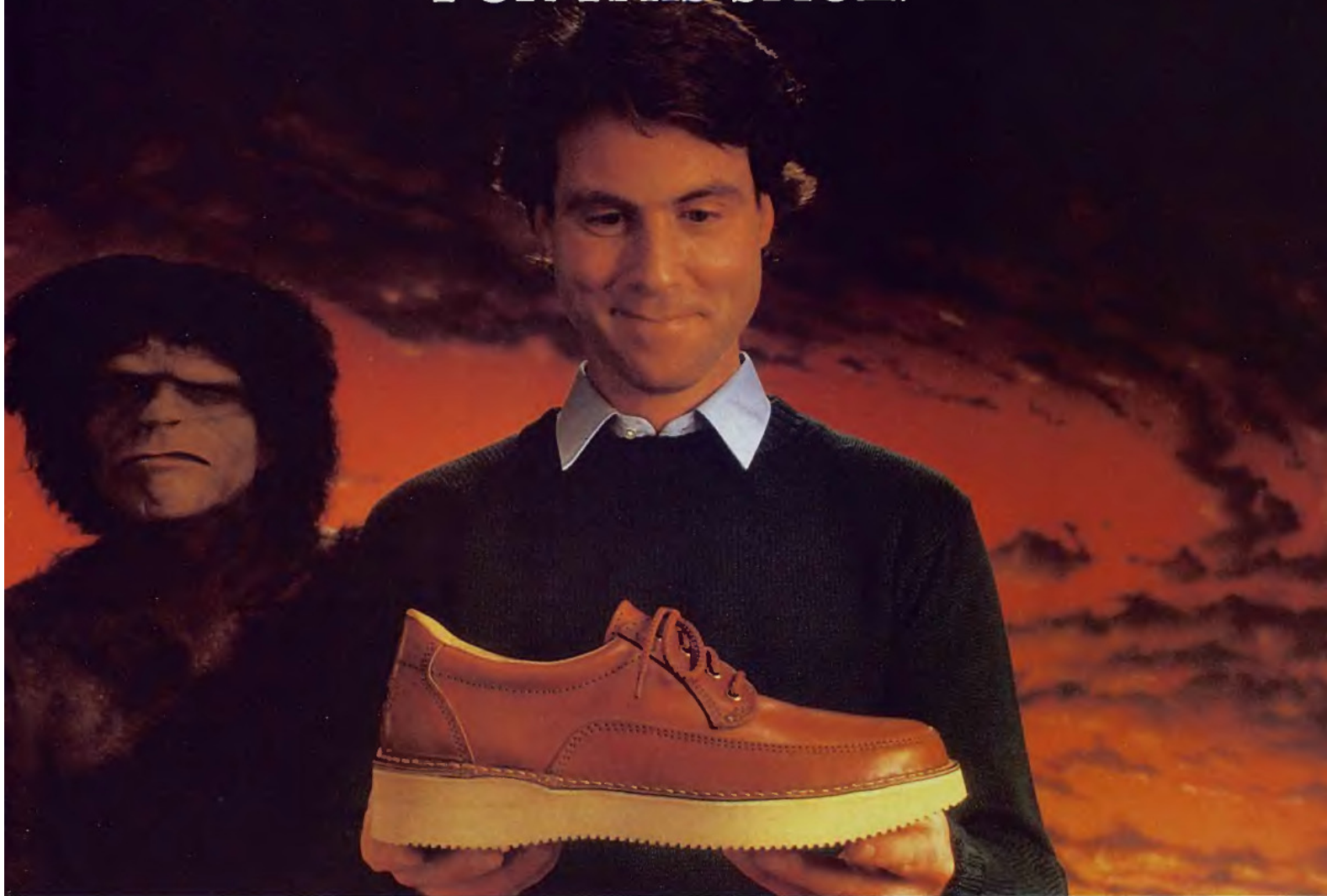
Gabby played the clarinet in the 1965 Broad Ripple (Indianapolis) High School marching band. The sax player next to him was David Letterman, now the NBC late-night talk-show host. Letterman was a pimply-faced joker who quickly got himself thrown out of the band for acting up. Gabby liked music but found the discipline of the marching band too juvenile, too humorless. He liked Letterman and decided that he had made the right move. Gabby was the next to quit.

He's a civil engineer now, and he just finished building a solar home for himself and his wife near Grand Rapids, Michigan. A thrifty, soft-spoken and resourceful man, he dug the entire basement for the house by hand. The Del-Crustaceans mean a great deal to him. He drinks beer onstage, as much as he wants, and as he drives in for the gigs, he feels all over again the rush and the orneriness that you could never let out in a marching band.

Rock promotes—almost demands—a certain arrogance of its practitioners. Pete Townshend says he dreads going on tour now because of the ludicrous punk rage it brings out in him. At 38, he wants to grow up. It is a dilemma. We once got into a fistfight with some people only minutes after one of them had given us our check for playing at their party that night. It had been a great gig—outdoors by a swimming pool at a day camp in the country—and I can't begin to remember what the fight was about. Rock-'n'-roll orneriness, no doubt.

But the point here is that our band adapts. We don't have a manager calling the shots. We've been together 12 years and

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we still shuffle the line between democracy and anarchy at every gig, fighting over every song, every ending, every volume control. Often, it must be clear to the audience that we don't know what we're doing. Mike once took his piano and his organ and set up in the wrong city because he forgot where we were playing. We've nearly killed one another by plugging things in where they don't belong. Bo once sang a blues duet on his knees with his arm around a drunken midget at a high school reunion in Benton Harbor, Michigan, causing Berler, a closet moralist, to leave the stage in towering, unfeigned disgust.

But we've still got enthusiasm. And it

has to be because we've built around what we've got. I've even come to accept Berler's lunatic gyrations, knowing that in our most embarrassing moments—when Jack passes out and falls under his drums, as he did during one Christmas gig, or when Mike “hyperspaces” and can't remember how to play the piano and just sits and looks at his hands, or when I trip over my cord and pull all the crap out of my amp, sending out mutilated-animal screeches—Berler will still be the foil, the point man, the guy people watch in disbelief. Among other things, playing in a band has taught me the value in life of people who don't get embarrassed.

Something else: We don't fire members. Once you're a Del-Crustacean, you're a Del-Crustacean forever, unless you leave. Bo and Pablo both left. So did a couple of drummers we had before Jack joined, ten years ago.

A lack of talent means nothing. Lord, Pablo was bad enough that he should have been banned from electrified objects for life. But he left because he wanted to, not because he was asked to. I am a wretched guitar player, with two football-damaged fingers on my left hand that will always prevent me from playing decently, even if I were skilled enough to learn how. Mike is marginal. So are P.J. and Berler. Gabby's OK. Jack, though, is good, a pro. He used to drum on the TV show *Hee Haw* and once backed up Bob Hope in a joke-telling session. Drew is good, too. He was in eight bands before he joined the Del-Crustaceans. But it doesn't matter. We formed our group to have good times and be buddies. You can't do that when you purge people.

Then, too, you've got to understand where “good”ness fits into rock 'n' roll. It doesn't much. In fact, one of the worst things a rock band can be is too good. Do you think The Rolling Stones are good? Well, yes, they're unbelievable; but are they really, in any classic, *musical* sense of the word, *good*?

I once saw a very good blues-jazz band in a Chicago club. They started to dink around while tuning up, and all of a sudden, they were playing *Last Time*, by the Stones. I was clapping my hands, getting into it, when they stopped, smirking, and lit up cigarettes. “You don't think we're actually going to play that trash?” their looks implied. Well, I had.

The truth is, goodness breeds boredom. You can counteract proficiency, as Keith Richards does, by avoiding sleep and nourishing food for days and then filling your body with such quantities of contradictory drugs that even a simple Chuck Berry little-finger reach becomes an adventure in neuromuscular control. Or you can start from lower levels, like we do.

Five years ago, we even decided that if a band member left Chicago, he would remain a Del-Crustacean. Drew lives in Boston now. Mike and P.J. live in New York City, Gabby in Michigan. For a time a couple of years ago, Berler lived in Cincinnati and I lived in Florida. We flew in for gigs then; P.J. and Drew and Mike fly in now. Gabby drives. Transportation expenses come off the top of the band's pay checks. Of course, we don't take home any money these days—sometimes we even lose. But that's something else we decided long ago—to keep it going, we'll play for nothing, or less.

We try to get \$1200 a gig now, a whole lot of money for a bar band. But that's our break-even point, assuming we don't destroy any equipment or have any major disasters such as the basement flood that ruined a lot of our stuff a couple of years

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*"Hurry, Morris—I think somebody just scored a touchdown!"*

ago. Berler estimates that since the beginning, the band has grossed more than \$125,000. It's funny to think that all that cash has circulated in our name without ever really gracing our pockets. Some trickle-down bigwig, or at least the air-lines, should honor us.

What we've got now is a system, a method for perpetuating our dual lives. It includes such logistical matters as finding decent vans at odd hours and knowing where vacuum tubes are sold and what cab company can get Drew to the airport fastest at four in the morning so he can make his nine-A.M. business meeting Monday in Boston. But mostly, it deals with our preferences and quirks. We play once or twice a month now, at big private parties and selected bars around Chicago. And that's pretty much the way we want it. We have roadies—college kids who think we're great—because we don't want to carry equipment anymore. You move a 125-pound speaker up three flights of steps in a narrow hotel stairway one time and you'll understand the second-biggest reason bands break up.

Onstage, we wear red-satin shorts and T-shirts with lobsters on them, because we think they look cool. (And, in fact, they *are* cool.) Can I say that we are unique? We've already outlasted the Beatles. I guarantee we'll never stop.

Tubby's was an old dance hall and bar overlooking Lake Superior outside the mining and lumber town of Ontonagon in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. Tubby himself was a shovel-nosed reformed-alcoholic son of a bitch with a Pacemaker in his chest and a drooling German shepherd behind the bar. I say "was" because both Tubby and the dog are dead now, and the building is gone, having burned down under suspicious conditions not long after Tubby's demise. While he was alive and on the wagon, Tubby hated everything, especially everything young. But somehow, while I was up North fishing in the fall of 1974, I managed to talk him into hiring the Del-Crustaceans to play five nights between Christmas and New Year's 1975—our first road trip ever.

In three packed and battered cars, we drove north in a slow formation, like covered wagons. In Antigo, Wisconsin, Jack's drive shaft fell out, but we never knew it, because Jack was in the rear and it was dark. When the first two cars got to Ontonagon and we set up the equipment and Jack and his group hadn't arrived, Berler freaked out. "Call the highway patrol!" he screamed. "Call the Mounties!"

Jack is heavy, real big, about six feet and 250 pounds, and Berler kept screaming, "I hate his fat! I hate it!" We were all worried as hell, seeing Tubby and his animal glowering across the dance floor at us. But it was Berler who nearly put us over the

edge. It was a relief when somebody—maybe it was Gabby—grabbed him and just sort of crushed the shit out of him, something that has to be done occasionally when Berler's in his full manic stage.

Jack and his crew arrived minutes before we had to go on, with a rental car and a mechanic's estimate guaranteeing that he would personally lose about \$1000 on the tour. But the skiers and the snowmobilers and the sons and the daughters of copper miners and lumberjacks were already arriving, and we really let it out that night.

They ate us up—come hear "the Big Band from Chicago," read an ad in *The Ontonagon Herald* the next day. And it was nice—playing cribbage all day in the Dry Dock Bar with old Finns, taking saunas and flogging one another with hemlock branches after rolling in snowdrifts, drinking ourselves insane every afternoon. Berler got a groupie on the third night, a frail thing from Minnesota with skin so preternaturally translucent she seemed almost back-lit. We dubbed her the Fetus, and when Berler brought her back to the hotel where we were staying, we gave him holy hell for it, as must be the case whenever somebody in a band tries to flaunt something.

Being the front man, Berler naturally gets more groupies than the rest of us—which is not to say there have been a lot of groupies in Del-Crustacean history. Five, maybe six girls total who've actually come up and implied that they needed sex with a musician. A lot, of course, is tease.

On another holiday tour—this one in Key West, Florida—a lush, tanned coed marched up to Berler and effectively gagged him with a ten-second tongue-to-tonsils thrust in mid-song. She then disappeared and never came back. That same night, Berler thought he had it made with another beauty at the bar. Five minutes later, yet another tube-topped honey approached and, in a voice tingling with viciousness, said to him, "I want my *stool* back and I want my *woman* back." When we were done playing that night, the band went to another bar and Berler asked still another beauty queen to dance. That one turned out to be a guy. Mind-blown, Berler danced with him anyway. Dykes and fags—rock-'n'-roll hazards in Key West.

But in Ontonagon, we felt like the genuine articles. We'd sit in Syl's Café on River Street, hung over, loud, insolent, knowing that it was time to get lit up for that night's show. It wasn't so much us against the world as it was us *despite* whatever the world could have thrown in our way just then. We felt like outsiders, renegades who could strike fear into the hearts of the city fathers and lust into their young daughters.

On our last night, a blizzard hit. As we drove over the Ontonagon River bridge

back into town from Tubby's, I put my car into a slide that carried us silently down the center of the main street, revolving through the swirl like a slow-moving puck. It was three A.M. and there was nobody anywhere except a county cop in a patrol car. He pulled us over and asked us what the hell was going on.

"Officer," I said with what seemed like total clarity, "I'm sorry, but I'm in a band and I've never seen so much snow."

The cop let us go; he might have sensed what was happening to us there in the night. Surely, he could see all the guitars and gourds and patch cords and dirty T-shirts in the back, and he might have felt the transcendence of our mood. It was something like this: As our car had circled and the snow had billowed, I remember realizing for the first time—I'm here with my best friends in the world.

We're playing tonight. I'm getting fidgety, cranked up. I'm thinking about the shape of the dance floor in the party room and whether or not we'll get free drinks. I may as well leave my desk now, because I'm useless here. Drew gets in on United at 6:45. Mike and P.J. got in an hour ago. They're over at Berler's apartment. I know because Berler called a few minutes ago, insane.

"Where's Drew?" he screamed.

"In mid-air, you stupid bastard," I screamed back.

Gabby right now is driving east on I-94 with his truck that says DEL-CRUSTACEANS ROCK STARS on the side, the one he uses to haul lumber and fishing gear back home.

We'll all meet backstage, like we've done 500 times before, and we'll shake hands and hug and ask one another about our wives and girlfriends and businesses. Everybody will have a little less hair or be a little grayer or paunchier or shorter or something, and there will be the usual jokes about old age. Maybe Mike will have the chords to the Supremes song we've been trying to learn for the past three years.

Each of us has another life, but we have this one, too. Our men's club, our inner circle. There are a million good musicians out there, maybe 10,000,000, and I envy them all. But we've got a band, and that's what counts. In about three hours, we'll be prancing in our red shorts, whipping a party into line, ecstatic. It's hard to explain. Jimi Hendrix is gone, and so are Joplin and Holly and even old John Lennon. Maybe, in some small way, the Del-Crustaceans are part of what rock 'n' roll has drummed up to fill that void. Or maybe we're just aging kids who don't understand the phrase "graceful exit." Who knows? I just hope P.J. wears his new T-shirt tonight, the one that says FUCK ART, LET'S DANCE.





# PLAYERS GO PLACES

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*"The past dozen years have brought a gush of liqueurs in flavors the medieval alchemists never dreamed of."*

the milder 80 proof. Nevertheless, there's a perceptible revival of interest in the big hearties, exemplified by the new Barrel Proof Grand-Dad 114 proof, Old Weller 107 proof and a clutch of whiskeys at 101 proof, Wild Turkey (bourbon and rye), Eagle Rare, Ezra Brooks, Old Fitzgerald and Maker's Mark, among others.

Rum is another case in point. While merchandising effort has been lavished on the whites, there's an unmistakable consumer interest in the richer golds and ambers, such as Myers's Original Dark, Bacardi Gold Reserve and the tasty newcomer, Captain Morgan Spiced Rum. Even some aristocratic, dark liqueur rums are emerging from cobwebbed cellars, and several reach these shores. Appleton (Jamaica) sends a 12-year-old. Rhum Barbancourt Reserve du Domaine (Haiti) and Lemon Hart Superb Golden (Jamaica) check in at 15 years. Such venerable bottlings as Clement Grand Rhum (Martinique), Siegert's Don Carlos and Fernandez Dark (Trinidad) and Mount Gay Sugar Cane Rum (Barbados) are rarely shipped at present, but connoisseurs stalk them in their native habitats, bearing their finds home like trophies.

Cognac and Armagnac follow the same pattern. Not only is consumption of those most lavishly endowed brandies rising but sales of the older, more flavorful designations—Napoleons, XOs, *vieille reserves* and *Hors d'Âges*—are going at a faster clip. California brandy distillers, who have always made a feature of lightness, are showing interest in a fuller style, too. Several are producing pot-still brandies—the method required in the Cognac region.

One to watch for is the Franco-American collaboration between Rémy Martin and Schramsberg, called alambic brandy. That operation, located in Napa, teams French know-how and California grapes.

Still, it's liqueur, the category based on flavor, that provides the most startling evidence of the trend. For centuries, discriminating drinkers were content with the array of elegant elixirs epitomized by Chartreuse and Benedictine, such classic liqueurs as Grand Marnier, Drambuie, Cointreau and the popular standards—blackberry, cherry, anisette, orange, sloe gin, crème de menthe and crème de cacao. But the past dozen years have brought a gush of liqueurs in flavors the medieval alchemists never dreamed of: kiwi, hazelnut, espresso, coconut, honeydew, cranberry, walnut, pistachio, praline, chestnut—plus such innovations as bourbon and Canadian liqueurs at 100 proof. Who knows what's coming next? Anyone for honeysuckle?

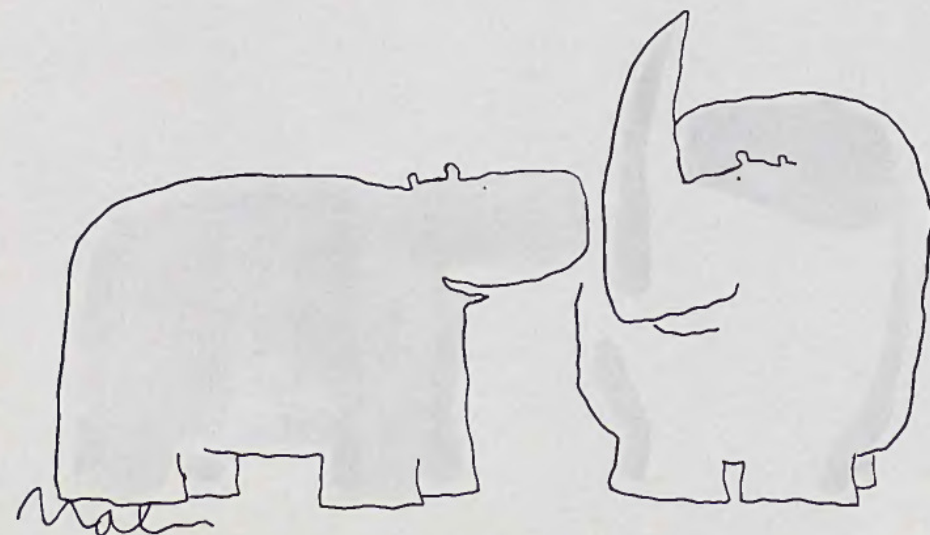
Carry the word to friends, colleagues and lovers by exposing them to the distinctively flavored potions described here.

#### CADET ROUSSELLE

An Armagnac cocktail from La Bastide Gasconne, in the Armagnac region.

- 1½ ozs. Armagnac
- ¾ oz. lemon juice
- ½ tablespoon orange juice
- ½ teaspoon superfine sugar

Rub rim of chimney-top brandy glass with Armagnac. Invert glass and swirl in sugar. Tap glass lightly to loosen excess sugar. Shake all ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into prepared glass.



*"Victor, I'd love you even if you weren't horny!"*

#### RUM-TEA-TUM

- 1½ ozs. dark rum
  - ½ oz. amaretto, or to taste
  - 1 teaspoon superfine sugar
  - Lemon wedge
  - 3–4 ozs. strong tea, chilled
- Shake first three ingredients with cracked ice. Strain over ice cubes into tall glass. Squeeze in juice of lemon; drop in rind. Add tea to taste. Straws optional.

#### BOURBON BELLINI

(Serves two)

- 1 fresh, ripe peach, peeled and pitted
- 3 ozs. pineapple juice
- 3 ozs. bourbon
- ½ oz. apricot liqueur
- 1 teaspoon superfine sugar, optional
- ½ cup finely crushed ice

Chop peach; place in chilled blender container with a bit of pineapple juice. Blend until smooth. Add remaining ingredients; blend until just smooth. Divide between two chilled wineglasses. Serve with straws.

*Note:* If peach is ripe and sweet, you shouldn't need sugar. Canned freestone peaches may be used if fresh ones are not in season.

#### PALE MOON

- 1 oz. Benedictine
- 1 oz. vodka
- 2 ozs. grapefruit juice

Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Strain over ice cubes in old fashioned glass. Garnish with half slice orange if desired.

#### BRANDY SNAP

- 1½ ozs. cognac
- ½ oz. orange liqueur
- 1 teaspoon peppermint schnapps
- ¼ cup finely crushed ice

Place all ingredients in chilled blender container. Blend until just smooth. Pour unstrained into chilled old fashioned glass. Garnish with mint sprig if desired.

#### YELLOW BIRD

- 1 oz. full-bodied Scotch
- ½ oz. triple sec
- ¼ oz. yellow Chartreuse
- Strip of orange peel

Shake first three ingredients briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Twist orange peel over glass and add to drink.

#### CAFÉ AU LAIT

- 1 oz. bourbon
- 1 oz. coffee liqueur
- ¾ oz. cream
- Dash Angostura

Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass or small wineglass. Sprinkle lightly with powdered instant coffee if you like.

Flaunt *your* good taste by stocking your bar with an array of the delicious potions described above. Enjoy a flavor high.





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

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## NETWORK OLYMPICS (continued from page 76)

*"Arledge's main mission is to create and orchestrate a visual mural of the games for his audience."*

area of raw power. For the first time in human history, a single communications source will exercise control of an information stream influencing the thoughts of more than half of the people on the planet.

Not that Arledge is content to let things go at that. The world-wide signal that ABC originates from Los Angeles will, in Arledge's scale of priorities, be of only secondary importance. His main mission is to create and orchestrate a visual mural of the games for his distinct *American* audience—an audience that will, after all, be exposed to more than 1870 minutes of commercials at a cost of up to \$250,000 for every 30 prime-time seconds.

A little something extra was in order. Thus, Arledge's production minions will,

in effect, be generating *two* 1984 Olympics telecasts—one for the world, one for the United States only.

Each Olympic venue will be double-covered. Cameras transmitting signals to the international broadcast center (from which foreign producers will select and edit their own sequence of images from a vast menu of monitoring screens) will mingle with supplemental cameras "Americanizing" each event for the domestic feed. At a basketball game at the Forum, the world *and* the United States will follow the basic flow of the game. Only Americans will glimpse intimate close-ups of the U.S. coach, Bobby Knight, as he crouches in a huddle during a time out.

The 1984 Olympic Games in Los

Angeles, then, will be pervaded by what Lionel Trilling once called "instruments of precision." By a vast and digital grid of cables, endless lenses like a maze of gaze; by eavesdropping mikes for ambient sound; by switches and levers and wires in the ground. It will be as if the very earth and air were regarding the athletes, their every motion and utterance infinitized by some omniscient Orwellian presence in this year of Orwell.

But of all the instruments to be deployed for these Ultimate Television Olympics, none will surpass the complexity of the human instrument who will sit down before the main control console at TV Center, Prospect and Talmadge avenues, to command the American telecast every evening in prime time.

Arledge's hands-on presence at the controls of ABC's live coverage may not seem exceptional to a living-room viewer of television sports. (Isn't that what executive producers are supposed to do—produce?) Within the television industry, however, such an act is not only astonishing, it is tantamount to a suspension of corporate etiquette. (Not that either of Arledge's counterparts at CBS or NBC could claim the training or talent to run a sports telecast if he had somehow been seized with the urge.)

For Arledge is not only an "executive producer" of ABC Sports—something of an honorific, truth to tell, for at least the past decade—he is also the *president* of ABC Sports. And of another division, known as ABC News, besides. (In which capacity he will be charged with the small matter of overseeing coverage of the Democratic National Convention, which will occur shortly before the Olympics, and of the Republican National Convention, which will unfold shortly thereafter.)

For a television-network executive of Arledge's rank to descend into the gritty combat zone of on-line production is an act roughly comparable to that of a U.S. President showing up to help lift sandbags at the banks of a flooded river—and not just to lift one or two ceremonial bags but to oversee their supply of sand and personally direct the height and the calibration of the wall and, in the end, transform the floodwaters into a lovely municipal lake.

It just isn't done.

But that kind of gesture is the essence of Arledge's intervention in the muddled and mismanaged history of network-television sports. It is the essence of the imprimatur that his stewardship has long since left upon the American popular culture. Arledge's many and intricate layers of contribution to video technique have been reductively pigeonholed by various critics (and network rivals) as "showmanship," as "electronic razzle-dazzle," as "showbiz hype." There is truth in all those capsule summations. There is basis for the persistent argument that Arledge carried many of his techniques to excess—whatever relative meaning the word excess may have



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	1/3 carat	1/2 carat	3/4 carat	1 carat
actual size				
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in the context of American commercial television. There is even a compelling argument for debate on whether some of those same techniques, transplanted finally to the ABC News division, have advanced or stood in the way of the public interest.

But overlooked in those reductions and their ancillary arguments is the elemental fact that Arledge, in the years since 1960 and to a degree not readily apparent from

the vantage point of the video-saturated Eighties, reinvented television. The 1984 games in Los Angeles will be a summation of all that he has accomplished. In a certain manner of speaking, Boone Arledge invented these Ultimate Games in the same sense that he reinvented television.

Small wonder that he wants to put his fingers, once again, on their controls.



## THE FUTURE OF TV SPORTS

Almost no one seriously believes that the networks will ever again command the automatic access to prime sporting events that they enjoyed through the end of the Seventies. Even in the Seventies, the most prestigious heavyweight boxing events had long since been claimed by closed-circuit and pay-cable-TV systems. As the Eighties began and a new political mood of free-market competition unleashed several restraints that had kept cable TV artificially dormant, a new generation of entrepreneurs began to slash away at the over-the-air barons' most prized sports holdings.

Pro basketball and big-league baseball transferred from the airwaves to the wired screen in dozens of regional markets. Home Box Office, the massive Time, Inc., cable system, began to carry tape-delay coverage of such top events as Wimbledon and the U.S. Open. Then, in 1982, pro basketball and baseball on cable went *national*: The N.B.A. negotiated contracts with two cable networks, USA and ESPN, that allowed each system the national rights to 40 regular-season and ten play-off games. Major-league baseball had a contract with USA for a series of national Thursday-night cablecasts. (All of those contracts included black-out clauses within the home team's market area, and none precluded telecast deals with over-air networks.)

Another form of the cable invasion surfaced with the advent of Atlanta's Ted Turner and his superstation, WTBS. In January 1982, Turner—whose station beamed its signal via satellite into cable homes scattered throughout the U.S.—completed a deal to pay the N.C.A.A. \$17,500,000 for rights to 38 Saturday-night college football games over a two-year period.

And then there was the United States Football League—a bona fide made-for-television pro league, tailored to the joint specifications of ABC and its cable partner, ESPN. With the advent of the U.S.F.L., cable was on the verge of parity with the networks as a

conduit for American TV sports.

And never assume that cable is content to be *just* a partner. "There are only two cases of virginal property left to network-television sports," says Seth Abraham, HBO's vice-president for programing, operations and sports. "They are the Olympics and the National Football League. I would spell the Olympics with capital letters as the next target for cable. It is very expensive, big, big, *important* programing."

Actually, Abraham does not expect HBO or any other system to completely usurp the Seoul Olympics from ABC (or whichever network lays down the top bid). No cable outfit has that kind of capital—yet. What Abraham does forecast is a complicated system of *sharing* the coverage—a system that he likens, charmingly, to a chocolate layer cake. Or, hell, even to a vanilla layer cake.

The first layer, in his estimation—the one with all the candles—will *not* be a network.

"At the top, you'll have to have pay per view," says Abraham, naming the variant of cable in which the subscriber agrees to pay a specific fee, in advance, so that the signal for a *specific event* will be decoded by the vendor. Pay per view has been highly successful to date with blue-chip boxing events.

"I think you might see some pay-per-view system coming off with the *major* events of the next Olympics, the glamor events," says the HBO chief—"possibly the marathon, the decathlon.

"Then, the second layer of coverage would be standard commercial TV.

"The third layer would be a pay-television system such as HBO, in which you pay an extra charge each month to receive whatever that channel is offering. And the fourth layer would be basic cable, such as ESPN.

"There will be a lot of conversations going on between now and 1988. And the final result won't be anything like what you are used to seeing."

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# JOE PISCOPO (continued from page 131)

*"I hope that when I die, people make fun of me. There's something really silly about mourning the dead."*

wonderful. Let's get laid." People who are too up and positive make me nervous. But I love Letterman. He's not your typical talk-show host. He's not overly enthusiastic. He takes risks, though sometimes they don't work. I don't even see, as some critics have suggested, where he's acid-tongued or an inept interviewer. The first time I did my Letterman character was on Letterman's show. He was really gracious. He asked if I was thinking of doing anyone new, and I said, "Yeah. You." Then I put the little spacer in my teeth and said [*breaks into Letterman*], "Oh, my, oh, my. We're having more fun than human beings should be allowed, ladies and gentlemen." I looked into his eyes, and it was wonderful. He seemed to get a real kick out of it.

8.

PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the humor line?

PISCOPO: At vicious attacks on living people. On the other hand, I could easily have done humor about Princess Grace shortly after her death, because for some reason, people were making too much of her being this angel. So dead people are OK. Elvis is

fine. I wanted to do Karen Carpenter for Death-TV. I hope that when I die, people make fun of me, as when Howard Hesseman hosted the show and did Belushi jokes in his monolog. It was wonderful. Belushi would have appreciated it. There's something really silly about mourning the dead. I remember a sketch we did called "Rock-'n'-Roll Heaven." We marketed Jimi Hendrix syringe darts; a Jim Croce plane that crashed by itself; Mama Cass lunch boxes. That's hysterical to me, damn it; but to attack living people is uncalled for. But, hey, talk to me when I'm gone. I'll be in my grave and people will be doing Piscopo jokes.

9.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any joke items, such as whoopee cushions or clown paintings, in your house?

PISCOPO: My God, no. If you've got clown paintings, you've got serious problems. I don't understand clowns, anyway. People make clowns out like they're brilliant. But, hey, they paint their face, walk out and fall on their ass. *Brilliant*. They go out and get

into a barrel. Rough work. I never even laughed at clowns as a kid. Clowns are like mimes. I don't understand mimes, either. In fact, I can speak on behalf of the entire cast: We're not mime fans, to put it mildly. Once, a guy in full mime regalia—white face, big shoes, gloves—auditioned for one of the films we were doing. He kept at it so much that it was pathetic. You know, get the fuck out of here. I've never seen mime as an art form. I don't mean to be nasty, because I'm sure mimes and clowns are very nice people.

10.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with most comedy albums?

PISCOPO: Comics are funny visually, so when they record an album of stand-up material, it's usually not as good as seeing them onstage. Also, there's a real void of albums in the *Lampoon* vein. Or stuff like when Albert Brooks said, "You be the comedian," and left little gaps on the record for the listener. Both were brilliant. I want to do comedy sketches on my next album. One idea is using Allen Funt and making *Candid Camera* a thread. It would be as though you were switching a TV dial. You'd hear, "And now, here's Mr. *Candid Camera* himself, Mr. Allen Funt!" Then: "We took some Tylenol capsules, opened them up and. . ." Click. Later, "We went to Washington, D.C., and raised the 14th Street bridge about eight feet and. . ." Click. "We went to the Bellevue Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia dressed as air-conditioning repairmen. . ." Click. Again, dead humor is great.

11.

PLAYBOY: You're playing a gangster in your first feature film, *Johnny Dangerously*. Many of your *Saturday Night* predecessors have gone on to do feature films. What has their experience taught you?

PISCOPO: I have to be very careful. I could do an *Animal House* or a *Stripes* tomorrow, but I shouldn't copy Belushi or Murray. So I've already turned down projects. Those guys from the old cast could more easily make mistakes with their first films because the show itself was so popular. But if *48 HRS.* hadn't worked for Eddie, he'd be in a lot of trouble. So I just want to be in something that has quality to it. I want the reaction to be, "Hey, nice performance." I also love being in television, and it's where I truly want to end up. But I have to give films a shot, because it's the natural transition.


12.

PLAYBOY: You and Murphy are friends. Where do you hang out together? What do you do?

PISCOPO: Eddie's one of those magic people. We laugh and do a lot of silly things. We bought matching black Jaguar XJSES—now I'll be making personal appearances in



*"We all have our own way of dealing with job stress, Toomey. I believe that an enema, however, is best taken in the privacy of one's home."*



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Akron, Ohio, to pay for mine. The last time I hung out with the Murph, he took me in his limo to see the new offices of Eddie Murphy Productions. It was a terrific two-story brownstone with a waterfall upstairs and Eddie's big office downstairs. We also go to night clubs. I take him to my house occasionally. My son loves Eddie. Our evenings are always pretty straight, because Eddie doesn't do drugs or smoke anything. He doesn't even drink. I usually have a beer. His favorite drink is root beer with no ice.

You know, I couldn't see myself on the show without him. We're not blood brothers or anything, but Eddie is a source of inspiration. When he comes up to my office and we're fooling around, I can write more easily. I've been having trouble writing since he's been off working on movies. I know it sounds like two old homos talking, but you know how it is when you have a friend you can goof off with.

## 13.

PLAYBOY: Which five guests would you invite to a fantasy luncheon in your honor?  
PISCOPO: Frank Sinatra first. He's the ultimate human being. I've always wanted to meet him. I once heard a rumor that he was my dad. I was honored. It's not that I don't respect my real father enormously, but having Frank as your dad is nothing to sneeze at. Also, Frank raises millions for charity. He's a grandfather. He's a performer. And he's got this don't-mess-with-me attitude. Next, I'd have my real father, because he's always been so supportive of me. My mother is also great, but she'd be nagging me to get out of acting: "You should study more." I probably should have listened, because when I look at my NBC contract, I don't know what's going on. I have my wife look it over. But my dad has always been right there, saying, "You're terrific." Third, I'd have my wife, Nancy. Actually, you'd have to throw this luncheon for both of us. So, third—Kim Novak? No, Mickey Mantle. He was my childhood hero. I'd also have my brother, Richie, there. We're close. He understands. And last, hell, President Reagan. I don't necessarily want to meet the guy, but he throws a lot of weight around. And he knows Frank, and that might make Frank feel a bit more at home.

## 14.

PLAYBOY: Why do you do what you do?  
PISCOPO: Can we get serious for a second? *I don't know why.* I resent having this drive; I wish I could get up in the morning and say, "Honey, I'm going to mow some lawns now" and just be a gardener and plant trees all day. I'd have a beer at lunch, have a great time, go home, play with my kid, go to bed early, get up and do it all over again. But there's something in me that wants to perform on TV, go to night clubs occasionally and do movies. And the drive is a pain in the ass. I can't have a normal life. I haven't seen my fami-

ly in the two and a half years I've been on the show. I want to be a good husband and a good father, but I don't think I have been. Sure, I've been OK. I drag my son to the studio once in a while and he loves it.

I *could* be a househusband. Seriously, I envy what my wife does. I could get into having a beer, mowing the lawn, doing the laundry, sitting around. I'm comfortable cleaning the kitchen. Some people like to iron, but for me that's rough. It's almost like my own work. I look at a shirt and see creases I missed. I'm never satisfied. But if I see clean kitchen counters, I'm happy. In fact, cleaning the kitchen is my favorite household task. I keep the TV going, put the dishes in the dishwasher, put the bread away, clean on top of the refrigerator—most people forget that. Shopping's a gas, too. Maybe that should have been my first movie: *The Shopper*. Or *Groceries*. I like to shop at dinnertime, when everyone else is eating. If my wife says there's a new shop in the area, I say, "Oh? How's the produce department? Good apples?" That's all I want to do, except that I still have this drive to perform. I don't *really* think I could just stare at a clean kitchen counter and be completely satisfied. But still, people will read this and say, "The guy's an asshole. A domestic asshole, too."

## 15.

PLAYBOY: If you could be someone else for a day, who would it be?

PISCOPO: Van Gordon Sauter, president of CBS News. I would love to call up Dan Rather and say, "What have you got for us tonight, Dan? Gee, I don't know. You sure you're not hitting it too hard on that side? Make sure it's objective, OK? Have a nice day, pal. Dan? Calm down. Relax. OK?" I love the news and I'm in awe of CBS News. And *60 Minutes*. Anybody who has the balls to hire Andy Rooney must be doing something right.

## 16.

PLAYBOY: OK, you've been granted a 60-second interview with Princess Diana. What would you talk about?

PISCOPO: I'd tell her I admire her because she obviously dislikes all the attention and just wants to stay home and hang out with Chuck. I can identify with that. I'd also clear up some rumors, like whether or not she's got anorexia nervosa and the stuff about Chuck's really being gay. I don't think I'd mention that I found the whole wedding thing a bore, though. I didn't get into it one bit, and after the networks spent *all* that money. Frankly, I think the English monarchy is one of the most ridiculous things in the world. They've got all this money that they spend on pomp, ceremony, jewels and crowns when it could be put to some worthwhile use. But I *like* Di. From what I hear, she seems a regular gal. She doesn't like to put up with the bullshit.

## 17.

PLAYBOY: What's the future of sports in America in 25 words or less?

PISCOPO: Hello again, everybody. Joe Piscopo. Live. *Saturday Night Sports*. The big story? Sports. The future? Expensive!

## 18.

PLAYBOY: What convinced you to do a *Battle of the Network Stars*?

PISCOPO: Only one reason—to meet Howard Cosell. I was in this event where you throw a softball at a target and if you hit it, an actress in a T-shirt and a bikini bottom falls into a tank of water. I was terrible at it. My arm is a bit erratic when I'm not in training. I had three throws and missed two. Cosell kept yelling, "You stink! Get him out of there." I think Catherine Bach was on the drop seat, and Cosell kept busting my ass about how much I wanted her. That was his idea of humor. He kept saying, "I see the lust in your eyes, Piscopo. You *want that woman*." I cannot tell you how happily married I am. I kept telling Howard, but he wouldn't let up. We flew back to New York together. He's a thoroughly enjoyable, fascinating man.

Another reason I did the show is that you can make big bucks. During the tug of war, I kept yelling, "C'mon. Pull. Pull. I need the money." But the Hollywood stars just said, "Who needs it? I already have my Mercedes."

## 19.

PLAYBOY: If, in overdue recognition of your fanatic dedication to athletics, *Sports Illustrated* asked you to edit its annual swimsuit issue, how would you handle the assignment?

PISCOPO: I'd put young boys on the cover. No. How could I say that? Well, the girls they use, like Cheryl Tiegs and Christie Brinkley, are very attractive, but I'd use real *women*. Elke Sommer. Linda Evans. *Kim Novak*. She used to knock me out. They're all classy, sexy ladies. [*Aside*] Now, Nancy, if you're reading this, I love you, baby, and you should be on the cover. But for the sake of PLAYBOY, I'd put in women with *tits*. Nice women. Sexy women. At the risk of my wife's leaving me. [*Phone rings*] Saved by the phone. "Oh, hi. Just talking about you. Uh-huh. OK, be home soon." [*Hangs up*] I feel very self-conscious talking about other women. I respect my wife more than anything. I don't want to offend her. So let's say I'd put matronly women in. How about Ethel Merman in a two-piece bathing suit on the cover? Kate Smith? Be great.

## 20.

PLAYBOY: What's a better way to spend Saturday night than watching your show?

PISCOPO: [*Heavy New York accent*] Hey, fuckin' your wife!





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## SEX SURVEY

*(continued from page 96)*

that we're not. Now's the time to turn to the subject of sexual timing. Before we do, it's worth noting that these data should be taken only as general guidelines. So much writing about sex in recent years has called itself definitive, making sex sound mechanical, step by step. It is a paint-by-numbers approach to a subject whose complexities demand more than that. Even the few studies we have seen published about sexual timing have made sex sound like a track meet in which the slowest time wins. Nothing has been that baldly accessible since the Telly Savalas of ten years ago.

The experience of sex is subjective. So is the experience of time. To some people, ten minutes in bed seems like four. To others, it seems like forever. While we have enough respondents in our sample to even those differences out, we want to lighten what could be a mechanical discussion with an understanding of what is most important in sex—the experience as perceived by the participants.

We asked our respondents to tell us how long it takes them to climax. A third of the women said it depends on their mood or the mood of their partners. The rest gave us estimated durations and it is from those estimates that we have learned the following.

If we say a man takes ten minutes to climax and would like to take longer, it is not the ten minutes that matters. What matters is that he and his partner be compatible. Timing is a vital element of compatibility. If he takes ten and so does she, that's fine. If he takes five and so does she, that's fine, too. If there's a discrepancy—if he takes five and she takes 15, say—our information may help them compromise at ten. The key is not the actual duration. They may both say they take ten minutes; it may actually be nine or eight or six or 20. The key seems to be that both partners' sexual time line be roughly the same. That's the way it is for most orgasmic women and their partners.

With that said, here is what the women we surveyed have to tell us about timing and sex.

Forty percent of the orgasmic women usually become aroused in less than five minutes. Slightly more than a quarter of the sometimes-orgasmic and less than a quarter of the nonorgasmic women can become aroused that quickly.

Take it up to ten minutes and our two extreme groups diverge even more. Eighty percent of the orgasmic women need less than ten minutes to become aroused. But just about half of the nonorgasmic women take *more than* ten minutes.

It is clear from those numbers that foreplay is more crucial to women who



*"Offhand, I'd say its diet goes a long way toward explaining the lack of reported sightings."*

have trouble reaching orgasm than to those who don't. All women may enjoy it, but nonorgasmic women need it to reach what Masters and Johnson call "the plateau phase" of sexual response. That's the stage in which sexual excitement is under way and the body begins preparing for orgasm. Women who don't get enough foreplay often cannot reach even the plateau phase, much less orgasm.

Sex researcher Seymour Fisher, author of *The Female Orgasm*, doesn't think a man's sexual behavior has much to do with bringing a woman to orgasm "beyond the point of delivering a certain necessary minimum of stimulation." The women we surveyed indicate that the necessary minimum varies quite a bit from woman to woman—that's the whole point. No woman is going to reach the heights of orgasm unless she has first reached the plateau.

Once aroused, the women we surveyed take off in different directions. Nonorgasmic women are almost evenly divided in terms of the time it takes them to climax (on the rare occasions they do). Forty-seven percent say they climax in less than ten minutes. The rest take longer than that.

The sometimes-orgasmic women we surveyed are faster. Nearly 60 percent of them reach orgasm in less than ten minutes.

The breakdown is much more lopsided among orgasmic women. Just 28 percent need ten minutes or more to go from plateau to orgasmic peak.

It ought to be apparent by now that there are sizable differences in women's speed of sexual response, just as there are in their capacity for having orgasms. Are those differences intrinsic to the women themselves, or are there other factors at work?

Some distinctions are intrinsic. A woman's emotional and physical make-up determine to a large degree whether she climaxes in a minute or in an hour. Fisher thinks it all revolves around a woman's past ability (or inability) to hold on to the objects of her affection. Masters and Johnson think the quality of clitoral stimulation is what counts the most. For those reasons and others, it has long been accepted that many women simply cannot achieve orgasm.

We will never join Hite in the quest for female superiority, but we're cool on "frigidity" as well. Orgasms are as normal for women as they are for men. Our findings suggest that the women we have been calling nonorgasmic might better be described as "slowly orgasmic."

We asked our female respondents to estimate the time it takes their male partners to ejaculate. They did a pretty good job. The men said it takes them an average of ten minutes. The women estimated 9.6 minutes.

The men Kinsey studied back in the Forties took, on the average, only *two* minutes to ejaculate. That means men have quintupled their time to orgasm in less than 40 years. Our data show that most men still climax before most women, but the gap is narrower.

What happens if it narrows even more? What happens if it closes? *The Tonight Show's* ratings will take a dive, for one thing. But for another, we may find that our nonorgasmic women have been just a step or two behind the rest.

The orgasmic women in our sample are the most likely to have lovers who take their time. Although women overall say their partners take less than ten minutes to ejaculate, nearly 40 percent of the orgasmic women say their partners take longer than that.

Now look at the other extreme: Three out of four nonorgasmic women tell us their lovers are in and out in less than ten minutes.

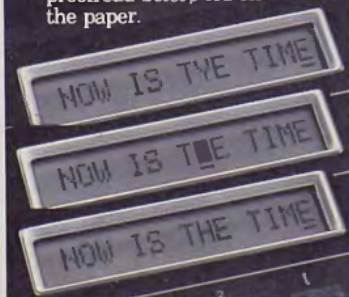
That is another mutually reinforcing cycle. Orgasmic women can work themselves into a sexual lather much faster than nonorgasmic women. Because a great many men can't or don't postpone their own orgasms for longer than ten minutes, a woman who climaxes quickly has a far better chance of climaxing at all.

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Say a woman's partner invariably takes the average time—ten minutes. If she takes 11, she'll almost always have trouble reaching orgasm. She may never reach it, in fact. Experience with orgasm begets greater ease in reaching it, so women who are quickly orgasmic find it easier and easier to climax. Conversely, women who are slowly orgasmic may well remain stranded—not quite getting there time after time after time.

Orgasmic women, to put it simply, are more in sync with their partners. Only 28 percent of them take more than ten minutes to climax. Of that 28 percent, the vast majority have partners who take just as long. But more than half of the nonorgasmic women take more than ten minutes. Of those, 66 percent say their partners take less than ten minutes.

We can make this in-sync business clearer by looking at the numbers a different way. The in-sync factor is working *against more than a third* of the nonorgasmic women we surveyed—34 percent of them take more than ten minutes, while their partners take less than ten minutes. But it is working *for* the orgasmic women we surveyed—only eight percent of them take such a handicapping combination to bed.

Women reach orgasm in different ways and at different speeds, but being in sync is often what determines whether or not they are going to reach orgasm at all.

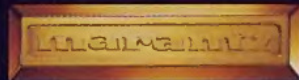
Sexual synchronization, however, is easier spelled than achieved. Most men could invest more time and care in stimulating women's bodies. Most women could invest more effort in being receptive to such stimulation—in paying closer attention, in responding more viscerally, in remembering that men don't want sex to be an ironman contest, at least not all the time.

Most men still do not take as long to reach orgasm as most women do, though they have made nearly unbelievable strides in less than four decades. Most men still begin sexual encounters with a fast start. That's great in a foot race, but in sex it's no advantage. The best equalizer is probably foreplay. Almost all women would like more of it. Many of them *need* more.

They want their men to take all the time they can. To take a little extra time in foreplay, a little extra care in oral sex, a little more interest in open conversation about sex. They would like their men to try to stay on the safe side, since all that is liable to happen is that they—the women—might climax first. When all is said and done, it may be that not every woman can have an orgasm every time, but everybody wants to have a chance.

So much for proselytizing. Now we get to do our favorite kind of demolition, the exploding of sexual myths. They are the tried and falsisms of a subject that's only about two feet from our hearts, so we have to have a personal stake in them. Please watch out for flying myth material.

• Women can "get in touch with their



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# GOING BUMP IN THE NIGHT

*musings on the verge of coming or going*

I'm lying on my back and I'm not alone. I've been exchanging sexual gestures of growing intensity with my partner for ten minutes, and the slow buzz of the arousal stage before orgasm has begun. The muscles of my pelvic floor want something to press against. That's why I've gotten horizontal. The seduction has been near perfect; I'm not sure who's been seducing whom. Like call and response, I nibble, he licks; I press, he tugs. We make forays into each other's body cavities, and I think I have a launch. He penetrates me, and I figure, Sure, I could do this for a couple of hours. He's thinking the same thing and gushes, "Your body was just made for sex."

Oh-oh. The force of those few kind and seemingly innocuous words turns my muscle tension to mush, and as my eyes glaze over, it's Na, na, hey, hey, goodbye orgasm. For some crazy reason, my partner's words have cued up something my gynecologist once told me—"Your body was just made for having babies"—and I immediately have to compare and contrast the two statements. Why, at this sensitive moment, I should be pondering that apparent contradiction in the evolutionary process, neither I nor my gynecologist nor my partner knows. But my brain has stepped in uninvited; I've been distracted, and my partner has been left to wonder what he did wrong.

The orgasm that slipped away. When you get there, orgasm is not a tentative thing. But the route to it sometimes is. Just when you think you've got it hooked, it can break the line and swim upstream.

The peril exists in an infrastructure of factors that knows no particular order but is always there, leaning on the arousal state. Smells, sounds, random thoughts—they're all part of it. The practical problems of taking clothes off, shifting into a horizontal mode or putting your hands someplace can throw off the sexual system. Sometimes, a frontal lobotomy seems in order, just to make the orgasm less mental. Short of brain surgery, though, there are remedies for some of the glitches that have been known to cause shutdowns. So pay attention, boys and girls. Here are some tips.

• Words. During sex, don't speculate on life at large and you probably won't direct your partner's thoughts toward academic topics. Keep the conversation

immediate: "That feels good." "Your eyes are pretty." "Let's play horsy." When you ask, "Does this feel good?" listen for the answer. If it's no, do something else.

• Establish eye contact. Put a headlock on each other's eyes, especially during oral sex, and heart and mind will follow.

• Scratching for it. Sexual gestures ought not to be tentative. Confidence implies competence, and lack of either is contagious.

• Boys, remember: Don't look a gift horse in the mouth. If a woman is giving tender care to your favorite erogenous zone, your attempt to reciprocate immediately may not be welcome. Learn to lie there and take it like a man. She's enjoying herself, and her generosity can be repaid later. Never, under any circumstances, be a regulation, no-introductions-necessary muff diver. You know, the fellow who slides his tongue in without so much as a wink of recognition. He skips the ears, the nipples, the lips. He sometimes forgets to say hello. As Waylon Jennings said, "If I wanted to be railroaded, I would have been a train."

• And, girls, lab evidence shows that you are more easily distracted during sex than men. So unplug the phone, change the Kitty Litter, lynch the kitty, lock the doors, remove the tampon, turn off the oven and get out the petroleum jelly before you start. Your orgasm will thank you.

• If orgasm is that delicate, it may seem a wonder that women don't just give up hetero sex and masturbate. And, of course, they do masturbate. I do. I can hit all the right spots. I can do it lying down or standing up, avoiding the interruptions and the mental mis-cues that a partner can bring with him. I can proceed easily through the preliminary stages of orgasm that the sex experts describe—desire, arousal, plateau. And then, solitarily, I can come. No sweat. That takes me to that last stage of orgasm—resolution, Camp Overlook, the wind down. That is when masturbation teaches its one great lesson: Ultimately, it's not the same. You can't cuddle yourself.

And that's why, in the end, if a man wants to distinguish himself with me sexually, he'll stick around until the end to give me a pat on the back.

—KATE NOLAN

bodies" through masturbation. OK, this is not quite a myth. The myth comes in when people believe such self-service "getting in touch" will make a woman more orgasmic during intercourse. While masturbation may be a good way for both men and women to learn about their sexual responses, our data indicate that it doesn't have anything to do with intercourse. The women we surveyed do not use masturbation as practice.

More than a third of the nonorgasmic women masturbate more than once a week. Only a touch more than a quarter of the sometimes-orgasmic and orgasmic women masturbate that often. It is the women who have trouble climaxing who masturbate the most, so the practice-makes-perfect doctrine doesn't hold up.

• **Women who don't have orgasms in intercourse get them anyway, through oral sex.** Another misapplication of cause and effect. According to our figures, orgasmic women get cunnilingus more than anyone else. Fifty-four percent of them receive oral sex every time or most times they have sex. For the sometimes-orgasmic women, that figure is 47 percent. For the nonorgasmic women, it is only 38 percent.

Many men perform cunnilingus until their partners are barely aroused and then commence intercourse. They see cunnilingus more as foreplay than as a way for women to reach orgasm. It can, of course, be both, but that doesn't seem to be the case for many couples. Almost half of the nonorgasmic women complain that they don't get enough oral sex. Even more of them say they don't get enough foreplay. In both cases, they would like their men to show more stick-to-itiveness. We suspect that the reason they want more oral sex is that they apparently are *not* getting orgasms from it now.

• **Orgasmic women have the most lovers.** The best, perhaps, but not the most. Before long, we will dispense with all the variations of practice makes perfect. "Synchronization makes perfect" would be closer to the truth. Unless partners spend their sexual time working toward getting in sync, all the practice in the world won't make a great deal of difference.

Eight percent of the orgasmic women we surveyed have had more than 50 lovers. Eight percent of the sometimes-orgasmic women have had more than 50. Eight percent of the nonorgasmic women have had more than 50. All you can say about people who have had a lot of lovers is that they have had a lot of lovers.

• **Women who lose their virginity early are the most orgasmic.** Men who lose their virginity early may be the most likely to pop off in high school, but that's about as far as you can go with this one. The age at which a woman begins sexual activity

seems to have no bearing on her orgasmic capability. Women who started in back seats at drive-ins at 16 are no more nor less orgasmic than those who started in honeymoon suites at 24.

We have nothing against practice, early or late, but timing is demonstrably more telling. In any case, isn't it time to mothball the phrase "lost her virginity"? Wouldn't "first had intercourse" or "began sexual activity" be better? "I lost my virginity" sounds almost as antique as "Where's my zoot suit?"

• **Women who use reliable birth control are more orgasmic than women who don't.** The theory is that women who know they can count on their birth control are more relaxed about sex than those who aren't so sure. It makes sense. It isn't true. There is no relationship in our data between orgasmic capability and birth control. Orgasmic women, in fact, are the most likely of all to say that they use *no* birth control (and we included tubal ligation and vasectomy in our birth-control question). Interestingly enough, though, nonorgasmic women are the most likely to say they rely on *coitus interruptus*—a singularly unsatisfying way to pull out of a sexual encounter—as their form of birth control.

It may be that danger spices the sexual experience. It may be that orgasmic women are less concerned with the consequences of sex and more concerned with the sensations. Until some smart sexologist sends us the perfect elucidation, we'll hedge and say it's probably a little of both.

• **Women are responsible for their own orgasms.** *Macha* motivation is fine, but it is presumptuous to take a shared responsibility and try to make it your own.

We asked all of our respondents, Who is responsible for the female orgasm? (The male one seems to take care of itself.) There were only infinitesimal differences among the groups of women—or between the women and the men, for that matter. Almost everyone thinks women and men alike have to pull their own sexual weight, an acknowledgment that many hands do, indeed, make lighter work.

By the same token, this is actually something of a trick myth. Our question is similar to the question Are you satisfied? in that most people probably answered the way they thought they *should*. Doesn't it sound sensible and responsible to say we all share the burden for everybody's orgasms?

Orgasmic women, like the rest of us, pay lip service to that kind of egalitarianism. They are not waiting around for something to happen. They are far and away the most likely of all the women we surveyed to say that "my own orgasm" is the one great moment in intercourse. Nonor-

gasmic women don't value orgasms so highly. They are less than half as likely as orgasmic women to put their own climaxes at the top of the sexual list.

Whoever is ultimately responsible, orgasmic women are out there making their orgasms happen. That is one of the secrets of their success.

Recent years have taught us that real men don't eat quiche, that real women don't pump gas, that there are certain prescribed ways to make love to a woman or a man and that little old radio psychologists can make hay till the cows come home spinning advice on the relative merits of spitting out and swallowing sperm. We would hate to be left out of the fun of packaging sex information with catchy hooks, so maybe it's time for some weird but true information. File it under the heading **ORGASMIC WOMEN DON'T COUNT THE CRACKS IN THE CEILING.**

**ORGASMIC WOMEN THINK VARIETY'S THE SPICE**

Orgasmic women are more experimental than most women. They think the sexual experience can be heightened dramatically as it plays itself out, as a matter of acts. Of the most sizzling segment of our orgasmic sample—the women who never have

sex without orgasm—28 percent say a "willingness to experiment" is the single best thing you can find in a lover.

A diamond is forever, but a little blueberry jam and a heat-seeking replica of the MX missile is tonight.

**ORGASMIC WOMEN DISAGREE WITH FINGERPRINTING EXPERTS**

Fingerprinters know that the finger tips are, objectively, the most sensitive parts of the body. They have the greatest concentration of nerve endings. True but boring. The women in our survey say their breasts are, *subjectively*, the most sensitive parts of their anatomy. The orgasmic women put breasts over the top, but we counted almost as many breast votes from the sometimes-orgasmic and the nonorgasmic women.

Those women—and there are a lot of them—can be sexually triggered by men who stimulate their breasts *gently*. They are sure to be turned off by men who treat breasts the way gorillas treat American Tourister luggage.

**ORGASMIC WOMEN DON'T BUY WHAT OLD WIVES SAY**

The ancient matrons' adage has it that familiarity breeds contempt. The orgasmic



"Say, sweetie, how'd you like to come up to my room and sit on my fez?"

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women we surveyed are not too primed for breeding in the first place, but they would probably say that familiarity breeds contentment.

The married women in our sample are slightly more orgasmic than the single women. There is every indication that that's because the married women have had more time to get in sync with their partners. Since women's orgasmic patterns are as individual as their fingerprints (see page 187), men who have spent a considerable amount of time with the same partner have a certain advantage. They have had time to get acquainted with their partner's desires and sensitivities.

Women who *always* climax (they are the most convulsive 27 percent of our orgasmic group) are the most likely of all to be in relationships of more than four years' duration. Women who *never* climax are the least likely to be in such long-standing arrangements. The moral of this young wives' tale? Invest years in a relationship with an old wife and she'll only develop contempt for you. Spend the same amount of time with one of the women who answered our survey and you may learn the story of O.

ORGASMIC WOMEN KNOW

JACQUELINE SUSANN WAS RIGHT

Once may be enough for many folks, but for orgasmic women, it's often just aperitif. Most of the men *and* the women in our survey have intercourse once during an evening devoted to sex. Of all the women we surveyed, just six percent have sex more than three times during those nights. But of the women who *always* climax, 17 percent usually go for more than three times when they go for it at all.

ORGASMIC WOMEN ARE LIKE ASTRONAUTS

One of them may *be* one, for all we know. We hope so. But there's no doubt many of them are highly susceptible to G forces.

We didn't ask our respondents about the G spot. Our questionnaire was written nearly two years ago, when sex researchers were still looking in vain for the F spot.

"Discovered" by and named for Ernst Gräfenberg, the spot lies in the front wall of the vagina, about two inches above the vaginal entrance. There is a great deal of controversy over how much the power of the spot may have been exaggerated, but every woman seems to have one. Dr. Theresa Crenshaw (author of *Beside Manners*) and colleagues, in fact, claim to have "indisputable histologic evidence" that the G spot in the female is analogous to the male prostate. We'll all be hearing a great deal more about this in the near future.

The G spot can be hard to find if the



woman in whom you're searching for it is lying down. It will probably be easier to locate if she is sitting or squatting. To find it, explore the upper front wall of the vagina, applying more pressure than you would to her external genitalia. If the spot bulges a little when you stimulate it, that's swell. You're doing fine. It should feel like a small pebble between your fingers. Keep applying a firm upward pressure on the vaginal wall. See what happens. Practice and patience may be the keys here. Pushing downward on the woman's abdomen, just below her navel, sometimes helps stimulate the spot.

Some women don't get much out of the G-spot stimulation. For others, it leads to a series of powerful orgasms and (maybe) even female ejaculation. G spotters are still looking for the source of the female's ejaculate, which is like semen but carries no sperm.

Apparently not just another trendy night spot, the G spot may help free women from the clitoral tyranny that has been imposed by Masters and Johnson, Hite and others. It's the most sensational development in amateur spelunking since the Davy lamp.

The past decade's emphasis on women and women's orgasms has brought the sexes closer to equality. At the same time, it has put greater and greater performance pressures on men. One of the most striking examples of those pressures that we've yet seen come across the Playboy Advisor's desk the other day.

A sociologist asked a group of men if they would be willing to give up orgasms for the rest of their lives—that's right, *forever*—in exchange for being made consummate technical lovers. You know—the mythical kind who always leave women gasping, glowing and grateful. Did the men rise up and do the pogo on the sociologist's supine form?

Hardly. Most of the men said they'd take him up on the offer.

Those men are admirably unselfish, but they've got their hearts where their gonads ought to be. Rather than dream of Faustian bargains, the women we surveyed seem to be saying, men should simply expend more time and energy—especially time—getting in sync with their women. Women are looking for experimental, considerate, patient partners, not sacrificial lambs.

The Sixties promised mutual gratification and the Seventies delivered mutual manipulation. Here's hoping what's left of the Eighties can usher in some sexual synchronization. If that happens, there won't be so many men who think all a woman has to do is lie there, counting the cracks in the ceiling.

By Kevin Cook in collaboration with Arthur Kretchmer, Barbara Nellis, James R. Petersen, Janet Lever and Rosanna Hertz.



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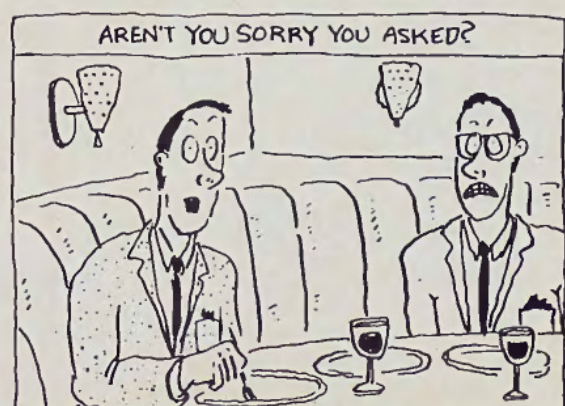
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# SECRET OF The Powder Room

By MIMI POND



# Bringing Your Partner to Orgasm

WOMEN OFTEN TAKE MUCH LONGER THAN MEN TO ACHIEVE ORGASM.

HONEY, WHAT DAY IS IT?  
THURSDAY—NO, IT'S SATURDAY. MY WATCH STOPPED.

YOU MUST BE GENTLE AND PATIENT...

BUT, DARLING, WE'VE BEEN AT THIS SINCE MONDAY NIGHT!  
YOU'RE SO SELFISH!

UNLESS SHE WANTS YOU TO BE A RAGING TIGER....

NO, NO MORE SEX, EVER AGAIN, DO YOU HEAR ME!?!  
OOH, YOU'RE SO WIFE WHEN YOU'RE MAD! OK, I'M READY NOW!

BECAUSE OF LOW "ORGASMIC THRESHOLDS," SOME WOMEN RESPOND TO THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH.

GEE, LINDA, I HAD A NICE TIME.  
OH-OH-OH!

OTHERS REQUIRE STIMULATION OF A SPECIFIC SMALL AREA.

DOWN AND A LITTLE TO THE LEFT.  
THERE?  
NO, UP MORE.  
THERE?  
YEAH, BUT HARDER.  
LIKE THIS?  
OW! NO, TWIST IT A LITTLE.  
TWIST IT?

ALTHOUGH MANY FEEL THAT VERBALLY EXPRESSED SEXUAL REQUESTS RUIN THE SPONTANEITY, IT'S JUST NOT TRUE!

HAVE YOU FINISHED READING THE VIBRATOR MANUAL YET? DID YOU MEMORIZE MY EROGENOUS ZONES? LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU HAVE, OK?  
NO. NO. YEAH.

## IS SHE FAKING IT?

EVER WONDER IF YOUR PARTNER WAS "FAKING" IT? HERE'S A WAY TO TELL THE REAL THING....

#1: HER FACE WILL TURN PURPLE AND HER EYES WILL BUG OUT.

#2: SHE WILL BEGIN TO SWEAT UNCONTROLLABLY AND PANT LIKE A DOG.

#3: WHEN YOUR PARTNER ACHIEVES ORGASM, SHE WILL SCREAM LIKE AN ORANGUTAN...

HOO-HOO HOO-E-E-E-E EEEEEK!

#4: AFTER WHICH SHE WILL HAVE MINOR CONVULSIONS.

#5: IF SHE DOES ANYTHING ELSE AND TELLS YOU THAT SHE CAME, DON'T BELIEVE HER.

BUT YOU WERE WONDERFUL!  
BUT I CAME FIFTEEN TIMES!  
BUT, HONEY?  
DON'T GIVE ME THAT—WHAT DID I DO WRONG?  
DON'T LIE TO ME. I COULD TELL.  
IF IT'S NOT ME, IT MUST BE YOU.

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## QUANTRILL AND THE GOLDFISH

(continued from page 86)

of lager was all Quantrill wanted.

"Why don't you come up to the house?" he said after the first sip. "You can bring your lady wife, and we'll have a late supper. I'll get Jeffries to take you home in the car."

I held back, looking at Barton, who usually took the lead in this kind of thing.

"We'll have two double Scotches here, please, John," Quantrill said, not waiting for an answer. Half an hour and another Scotch later, we're driving up the village street in Quantrill's Bentley, with a chauffeur—not a local man but a geezer with a bent nose and a London accent who called us sir.

It wasn't like being in a car, with all that walnut and shiny glass. Thick carpet, soft beige material over the roof—and the smell of leather! "I could get used to this if I forced myself," Barton said. Quantrill handed out cigars and showed us how to light them. Bloody great things they were, too. He just sat in the corner, puffing away and not saying much.

We parked as close as we could get to Barton's cottage, and the two of us went inside to fetch Goldfish. She was bending over the table, making new curtains. He made her jump by pinching her on the bum, then he whispered something in her ear that made her laugh. "Oh, all right, but we can't be all night."

"Nag, nag, nag," Barton said, winking at me. He was feeling full of himself, you could see that! "It'll be a laugh, driving around in the old bugger's Bentley. Anyway, you won't mind him so much this time. He's not drunk, not like before."

"I still think there's something wrong with him," she said. "What's he want with us? Buying all that champagne, giving his money away. Now we're driving out to his house in the middle of the night."

"It's only ten o'clock."

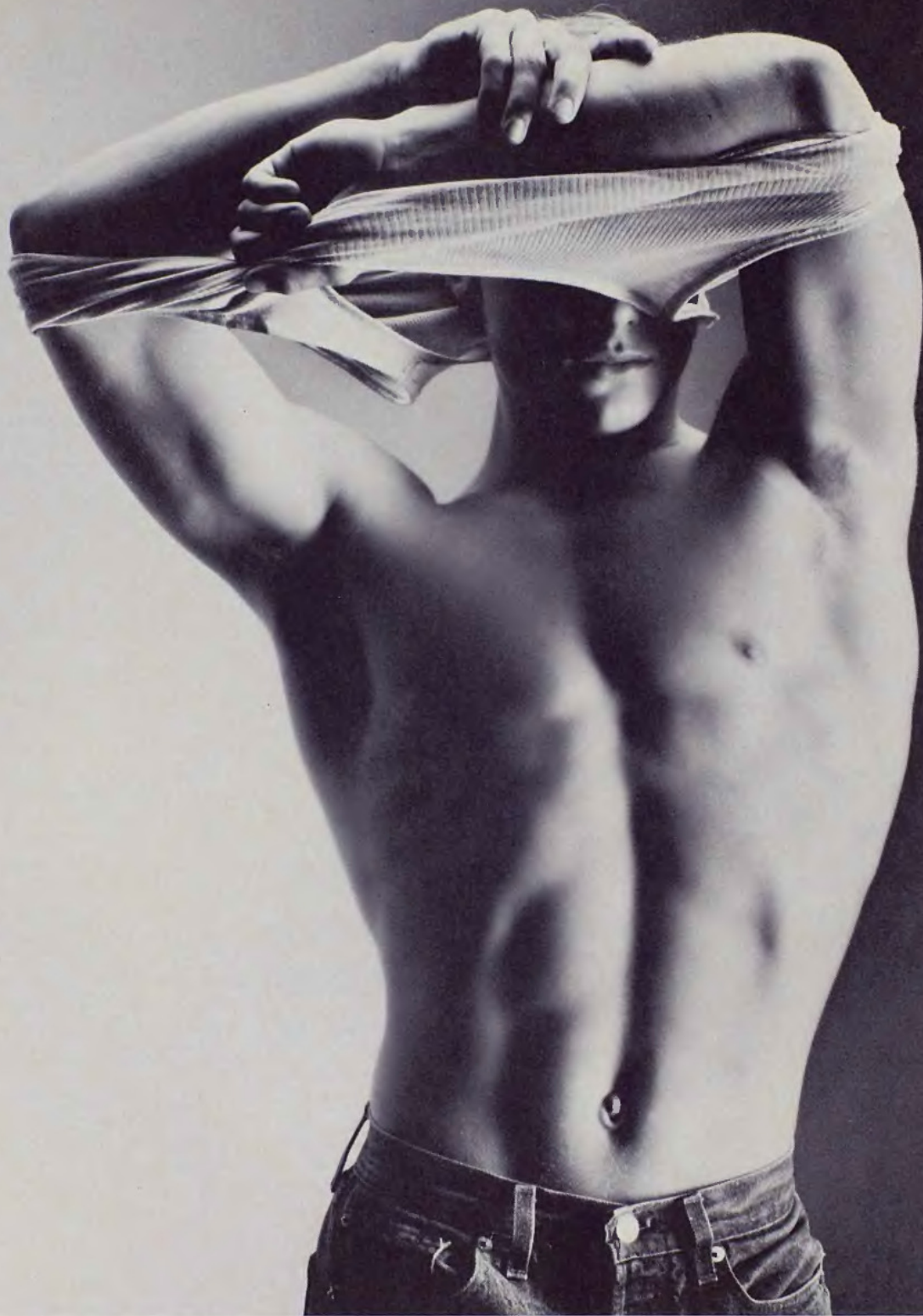
"Well."

She got in and sat next to Quantrill, who moved over to make room.

"The lady with the perfect mouth," he said. "I'm delighted that you could join us."

"Home, James," said Barton.

The Lincoln place—I never did get used to thinking of it as Quantrill's—is about four miles from our village. A big, chilly-looking house with a dry moat around it, standing in open park land at the end of a half-mile driveway. We used to go there to sing carols with the Sunday school. Some winters, we'd have a brass band with us, playing nice and soft, everyone wearing gloves and breathing out little clouds under the light at the kitchen door. Old Lincoln's housekeeper, Gladys, used to give us mince pies and mugs of cocoa. "Not too loud," she'd say. "Sir Gervais is working on his insects." I bet the old boy would have had a fit if he could have seen



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us the night we went there with Quantrill.

All the lights were on, curtains wide-open, a couple of dogs barking somewhere inside. We went up the steps and through the big studded door at the front into an entrance hall that was bigger than any house I'm ever likely to live in. Quantrill showed us into an even larger room where there was a huge fire going and told us to make ourselves comfortable while he went to use the telephone. Barton pretended to be one of those tour guides at a stately home, making jokes about dungeons and jewels, but I wasn't really listening.

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when he woke up. Quantrill just kept giving him more and saying things like how pleased he was to meet a man who could hold his drink.

"I can't hold it, but I can bloody well swallow it," Barton said, and they both roared with laughter. I didn't drink as much as they did; neither did Goldfish. She just sat there, not talking very much, looking at the fire and twirling her hair.

Quantrill got more and more drunk and talked a load of old tripe about how much he liked us and how pleased he was to call us his friends, which made Barton laugh so hard, he was nearly sick again. At about two in the morning, Quantrill got up and took a three-foot-long copper hunting horn from the wall next to the fireplace and blew a great blast on it. The door opened a moment later and a tall, dead-looking man in a dark pinstripe suit came in. His lips hardly moved when he spoke.

"You rang, sir?"

Quantrill didn't even look up. "Indian rain dance, Russell. Over here, man, where we can all see you."

Russell walked to the center of the carpet, closed his eyes, lifted his arms above his head and began to dance. A slow, writhing sort of movement, hopping delicately from one foot to another, chanting and groaning like some old medicine man in a wigwam. I couldn't look; it was too embarrassing. Quantrill didn't watch, either; he was staring at Goldfish, who lay back in the corner of the sofa, tapping a glass against her teeth. Barton was curled up next to her, snoring.

"That's enough," Quantrill said, waving his hand. "Bring us four *scampi* and chips."

Russell gave a little bow, said, "Very good, sir" and left.

"Does he always do that?" Goldfish asked.

"Only when told," Quantrill said. "Special occasions, like tonight."

I swear that the dinner arrived within five minutes, lots of it and piping hot. Quantrill looked well pleased with himself, said he had some new kind of gadget that cooked food instantly—something to do with microwaves.

Barton sat up at that. "What's this about microbes?" he said. "Is that what we're eating, fucking microbes?" Then he passed out again. We couldn't wake him.

I was all for going home when we'd finished—so was Goldfish—but Quantrill ordered coffee and then insisted that we drink a brandy before he would agree to call the chauffeur to drive us back. He tried to make a joke of it, saying he'd kidnaped us and things like that, but you could tell he just wanted to have his way and that was all there was to it.

"That don't seem fair on your driver, waking him up at three in the morning to drive us home," Goldfish said.

Quantrill lit another cigar. "That's what he gets paid for," he said. "He expects to be woken up; he's used to it."

He hunched forward in his chair and struggled to pull something out of his pocket, keeping his eyes on Goldfish, just staring at her. I might as well have been somewhere else for all the attention he paid to me. His hand came out with a thick roll of bank notes, thicker than the one he'd taken out in the pub that time.

"Not again," Goldfish said.

He wagged a finger. "Please. I've told you before how much I like you; I merely wish to prove it. Who's first?"

Well, in the pub it was different; I hadn't thought twice about taking his money, but now, in his house, I felt different about it. I wanted it, but I didn't want to take it.

"I'll count to five," Quantrill said. "Then it goes into the fire."

The three of us sat there, saying nothing, Quantrill holding his head on one side, his face glistening in the reflection of the flames.

"One, two, three, four—no takers?—five." And he tossed the bundle of money—fives, tens and 20s, it was—into the fireplace. Some of it floated up the chimney, some of it burst into flame, but the heaviest wad fell into the ash pile and sank.

"I'll get Jeffries to bring the car to the front," he said and left the room.

"How much do you reckon it was?" Goldfish asked.

"Christ knows. A thousand. Two, maybe. You saw it, all those bloody twenties."

We half dragged Barton out to the car, said good night to Quantrill, who was waiting at the front door, and drove off. "Can't hold it, but can bloody well swallow it," Barton said and passed out again, with his head in his wife's lap. Goldfish leaned her cheek against the window.

"He's one of those people who likes taking over, isn't he?" she said.

"We haven't got anything worth taking over."

"No, I suppose we haven't." She yawned and stroked Barton's face. "That's true. Look at him; he doesn't even know what he missed."

That was the last I saw of Quantrill for weeks, and to be honest, the next time was too soon. We told everyone what had happened at his house, but I don't think anyone believed it, and you can't blame them.

"I'd have taken the lot if I'd been awake," Barton grumbled. "I'd have been so busy spending it, the stupid bastard would probably have saved himself a couple of hundred pheasants. It'll be different next time we go there."

But there wasn't a next time, and though that seemed to irritate Barton, Goldfish didn't mind in the least. In fact, the topic of Quantrill and his money seemed to get on her nerves.

"It's all show," she said. "When he's found out what's what around here, he'll be just the same as the Lincolns. You

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won't see him set foot in the village then, flashing his money in your face."

"We should have taken it," I said.

"You and your should haves," she said. "You're as bright as Barton—he wakes up in the night talking about should have done this and should have done that. It's a bit late for should have."

With the end of the game season approaching, Barton was out in the woods and marshes every hour he could spare, before and after work. I went out with him a couple of times, and we walked where we pleased, never once catching sight of a gamekeeper. They seemed to have disappeared. Then I met Barton in the street one morning, and he gave me the news.

"Quantrill's got the keepers back," he said. "He got rid of the old boys and brought in new ones. He's given them walkie-talkies and a couple of Land Rovers. Blister says he's starting a war against poachers. He wants to lay in new stocks of birds and turn the land over to some big shooting syndicate."

"That's the end of us, then," I said.

"You must be joking. They're all new men—what do they know about the place? We'll be all right; we'll just have to be careful, like we were before. You're coming tonight, aren't you?"

I shook my head. "I'm going to lay off for a while. He's up to something. If I was you, I'd stay away, too. You know what happens if you get picked up again."

Last time he went to court for poaching, Barton was told by the judge that if he came back again, he'd lose his shotgun permit for life and he'd get nine months into the bargain. I didn't want to stand with him in the dock when that sort of punishment was flying around. It might prove contagious.

"Let's take Goldfish to the pictures," I said.

"Can't, boy, not tonight. I've promised three brace to Ransome's first thing tomorrow."

I spent the evening in the pub. Goldfish was there with one of her cousins. Over the talk, you could plainly hear shooting from somewhere near the cliffs—double barrels, fired almost simultaneously, typical Barton style.

"Someone's having a go," Blister said. "Wonder who, as if we didn't know."

"Shut your noise," Goldfish said, nervous as always when Barton was out where he shouldn't be.

Just before closing time, Barton came to the pub and stood at the open door, gesturing for us to come outside. We followed him to the corner at the lane; he was limping, and his face was bleeding from bramble scratches. "Don't want those nosy sods listening," he said.

"You got caught, didn't you," Goldfish said and began to cry. Barton put an arm around her shoulders and told us what had happened.

"One moment, it was all dark," he said. "I was in the middle of the sugar-beet

field. There was a dozen men there, shining lights in my eyes. I just panicked; I thought the buggers were going to shoot me, so I ran for the gap in the hedge—you know, that opening by the split oak—but there were two more just inside the woods, and they grabbed me. They took the birds and the gun, and that was that. Quantrill was there."

"Quantrill?"

"Slimy bastard. Gave me some load of old balls about taking his hospitality under his own roof and not being content with that, stealing his property, too. Told me he knew all along I was shooting on his land, but he'd been hoping I'd give it up. 'You've got yourself into hot water, my lad,' he says. 'Trespassing; poaching at night, taking game without a license.' He wants me to go to his house after work tomorrow."

"Maybe he's going to let you off."

Barton shook his head. "Not a chance. You should have seen his face—he was loving it. He looked at me like I was a slug." He gave Goldfish a squeeze. "Let's go home, love."

We walked up the lane toward their house.

"He must just want to give you a warning," I said. "They don't let you go when they catch you like that. They have to get the police in then and there, bring charges and have you arrested."

Goldfish was still crying when we reached their gate.

"Tell me something I don't know," Barton said. "Quantrill said he was going to leave all that until tomorrow. Said there's

no point in getting the police out of bed to deal with some hooligan poacher. He knows exactly what he's doing. I expect I'll find out when I see him."

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gun permit and go inside for nine months. If I can't walk out at night with the dog and the gun, I might as well be dead."

"What about you?" I asked Goldfish. She didn't reply.

"I'm leaving it up to her," Barton said. "If she won't go along with it, there's nothing I can do."

"You should have smashed his face in," I said.

"And then get done for attempted murder and go away for twenty years. That's clever."

"What's the time?" Goldfish said.

"Just after eight."

"I'll get ready."

Barton wouldn't look at me while she was out of the room. We could hear her moving about upstairs and running some water in the bathroom.

"His car's going to be parked outside the village at quarter to nine," he said. He sounded as if he had something stuck in his throat. "Maybe you could give her a lift in your van."

Goldfish came down wearing a long skirt, one she had made that winter, and a white blouse with puffy sleeves. She looked bloody gorgeous, boy, but I'm damned if I knew what was going through her mind. I thought Barton would come to the door with us, but he didn't; he stayed in his chair and said nothing when we left. Neither did she. I mumbled something about seeing him later, then we went out and got into the van.

She had some kind of scent on, or maybe it was soap, but it smelled sweet and faint, like flowers in a big room. I didn't dare look at her, didn't know what to say. It's funny, the things you think when you don't know what to think. The only thing that came to my mind was something my dad used to say. "Kingdoms rise and kingdoms fall, there is no answer, none at all." And a lot of help that was.

"There's the car," she said. "I'll walk the rest of the way."

It was parked on the grass verge with its lights on, just past the last house on the road, near the village signpost.

She got out, and I watched her in my lights. The chauffeur with the bent nose opened the door and she climbed in, picking up her skirt so that I saw a gleam of leg and the curve of her backside as she stepped into the back. The Bentley turned around in the road, and I watched its rear lights dwindle in the darkness, disappearing into the hollows and then coming up the other side until they reached the road junction and vanished behind the trees. Even then, I could still see the headlights sweeping through the bare branches, lighting up the night sky at the crest of the hill nearly two miles away.

No, I didn't know what to think, but I'll tell you this: It must have smelled good in that car, what with the leather seats and her scent.

•

I never heard what happened that

night, but you don't always need the details to know the story. Barton rarely went to the pub over the next couple of weeks, Goldfish didn't go at all, and when I went to their place, the back door, which was always open, would be locked and nobody would answer. Then I caught him one evening calling his dog from the window, so he had to open up. He unbolted the door and stood on the back step, making it plain that he didn't want me to go inside.

I've known Barton as long as I can remember knowing anyone, but I never saw him the way he was that day, edgy and distant, holding himself in and not meeting my eye. I didn't stay long. He told me that Quantrill had not pressed charges, hadn't even called in the police. Yes, he still went out shooting, but the weather had been a bit quiet for it. You need a blustery wind, preferably with rain, for an ideal night's shooting—it muffles the gun, gives you better cover and makes it harder for the keepers. While he'd been waiting for the weather to break, he'd been putting in some overtime at the builders' where he worked, and was too busy for the pub. Too busy for me, he meant.

"How's the missus?" I said.

"She's at her mother's. The old man's had another operation."

He was glad when I said I had to go; he could hardly wait to close and lock the door. I couldn't help noticing that there was no smell of cooking, which was unusual, because there was generally something on their stove, some big stew simmering away for days on end. Now the place smelled flat and cold.

About a month later, I had to drive the van to London to pick up some spares for the engineers. I've been to the city only once in my life and that was on a bus passing through, so, having a few hours to kill while the load was sorted and packed, I took a walk around the West End to look at the shops. I went into a gunmakers' in Mayfair and bought a shooter's diary for Barton—half price, because it was March—then I walked along Bond Street, which was full of shiny cars and foreign people.

I saw the Bentley at a traffic light. Quantrill and Goldfish were in the back, cuddling and laughing. I only caught a quick glimpse—didn't want to look, really. I hardly recognized her with the make-up and the fur coat—she didn't look like the same girl—but it was her, all right. Then the light changed and they drove on. They didn't see me.

I went straight to Barton's when I got home and hammered on the door until he opened it.

"I saw Goldfish with Quantrill in London today," I said.

"Don't tell the bloody world." I thought he was going to wallop me one. "Come in and keep your voice down or that old cow

next door will broadcast it all over the place."

The house was filthy; the curtains were pulled tight and were held down with newspapers and magazines. There were dirty plates and mugs half-full of tea on the dresser and in the sink. Barton didn't seem to notice it.

"She's been seeing him since that night he sent the car. Stays away for days sometimes, says she's working for him. Look at this." He pulled out a drawer in the kitchen table. Stuffed with money, it was. "It's her pay. There's about four hundred pounds in there. She left a note under the door today. He's taking her to Spain next weekend."

"Why don't you stop her? Give her a good hiding, boy."

"Grow up, will you? She's having the time of her life."

"Couldn't you go and see him, then?"

"I've done that! He says I've got a choice: Either stay off his land for good or let things go the way they are now. He *knows* I'm still shooting. His keepers could have had me a dozen times. They just laugh in my face when they see me in the woods."

"You could stop shooting."

"I fucking won't—I'll stop when I can't walk no more. Anyway, it's not just the shooting, it never was just the shooting." He flicked through the diary I'd bought in London, but he wasn't looking at the pages. For a moment, he seemed almost cheerful, like the old Barton; then he said: "Do you remember a few weeks ago when everything froze after that rain?"

I did; it was hellish cold, staying-in weather.

"I went over to the Long Wood that night, just me and the dog. I didn't take the gun. You should have been there. Full moon, no clouds. All the tree branches were covered with ice, looked like glass, they did. Quiet. Like a church. Even the dog stopped panting. Then the breeze got up, just a light one, and the whole wood started chiming. Bloody magic, it was, and I thought, This is what I want, nothing's better than this, nothing could be."

"Not even your wife?"

He threw the diary onto the table. "Don't make me laugh. She can go out and fuck the Russian army, far as I'm concerned."

"But you've got to do *something*, boy," I said. "Look at this place—look at you, you're driving yourself up the wall. What's a couple of pheasants compared to your wife? If you packed it in now and stopped shooting, Quantrill couldn't do a thing about that night he caught you—he's left it too late."

"It's not the bloody pheasants!" he shouted. "It's none of that, it's just—walking about, on my own. It's like your own world; it's not like life."

"We could always take the van and

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drive somewhere else. There's other places to shoot."

"Sure. Take the precious van on the two nights a week they let you keep it. Great. What's the point if you can't walk to the place on your own feet? Quantrill! He's got no right to all of that. It's my land more than it's his. I've always walked on it. He don't care about it, he just paid for it."

We sat without speaking for a few minutes. There was a photograph of Goldfish and Barton over the fireplace, with a sprig of dried mistletoe on the frame. The television droned and mumbled in the corner of the room.

"What are you going to do, then?"

"On a good week, I make thirty-five pounds after taxes. What do you want me to do, buy him out?"

He went to the door with me when I left. I didn't feel like the pub, so I went home. Between the gusts of wind and rain that rattled the windows, I could hear shooting from the woods. It sounded like an artillery barrage.

The night Quantrill and Goldfish came back from Spain, Barton was waiting behind one of the elms on the driveway that leads to the Lincoln house. I got the full story from a detective who came into the village when it was all over. The police reckon that Barton stopped the car by firing point-blank at the chauffeur, killing him outright. They say Quantrill tried to lock the door from the inside, but Barton fired through the window and got him with the second barrel. He must have reloaded before he killed Goldfish.

After finishing with the car, Barton walked up to the house, where he was met by Russell, the butler chap, who had come out to see what all the noise was about. Barton pushed past him and went to the room where Quantrill had burned his money. They say he used two boxes—50 cartridges—on the furniture. Then he left the house and ran across the grounds, disappearing into the woods. They got him in the Long Wood the next day; a police marksman brought him down with a bullet through the neck and another through the brain, but by then, Barton had killed two gamekeepers.

The Lincoln place went up for sale after a couple of months. There were rumors about new owners. Old Harry said Arabs, someone else said it was a bunch of religious fanatics from America, and a company from the Midlands cut down the best part of the Long Wood and built a mass-produced chicken factory. But nobody's moved into the house yet, even after all these years.

I still go down to The Bell for a pint now and again, but it's like everything else, boy, it's all changed. Maybe you'd like the place if you'd never been there before, but I remember it how it was, and it's nothing like it used to be.



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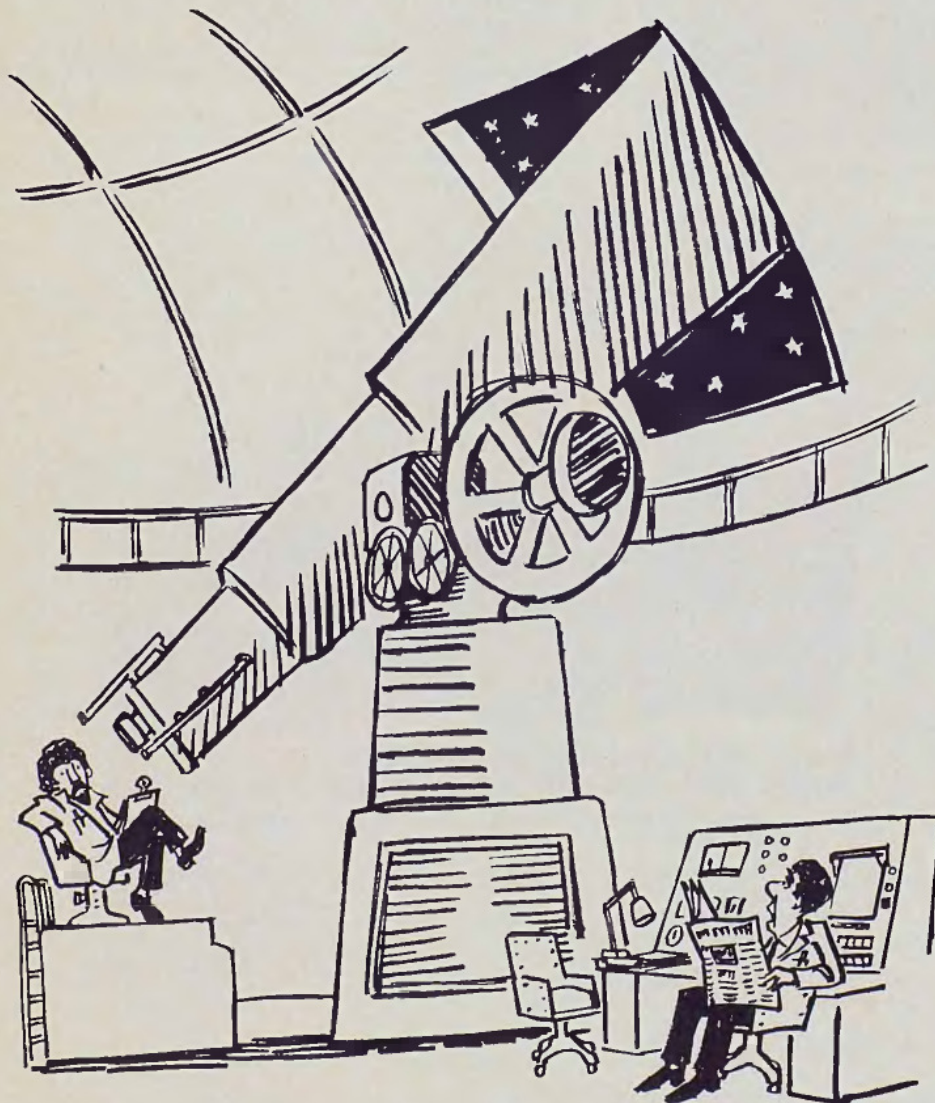
POCKET ROCKETS *(continued from page 117)*

*"The essence of the pocket rocket is a frugal four-cylinder engine and front-wheel drive."*

company's very popular European Golf GTI budget Q-ship. Imagine the expression on the face of the typical smug Mercedes driver doing 100-plus on the autobahn when one of these wolves in Robert Hall Rabbit's clothing fills his mirrors and flashes past. The GTI's look is understated. You recognize it by the monochromatic exterior (black, white, red or silver), the oversized Pirelli P6 radials and the little red identification badges. Viewed from the deeply contoured driver's seat, only the black-out dash, the console-mounted gauges (water temperature, oil

temperature and clock) and the chunky steering wheel give clues to the rapid Rabbit's personality transplant. But you have to light the fuse to set off the dynamite.

Ninety horsepower has never felt so strong outside an open-wheeled racer. The transaxle's ratios are so beautifully matched to the engine's torque and power curves, you'd swear the GTI had a V8 under its hood. It does the standard 0 to 60 in a few ticks of the watch less than ten seconds, but it feels more like seven. Toss it into a curve and hang on as the big Pirellis stick to the road like Velcro and you'll



BRIAN SAVAGE

*"You know, when you finally comprehend the projected national deficit, space doesn't seem quite that awesome anymore."*

see why the seats are so supportive. Without them, you'd be bounced around by the g forces like a suitcase in the grip of that TV-ad gorilla.

Check the fuel economy after a day of thrashing and you'll find it in the high 20s or better. The GTI's EPA ratings are 26 mpg city and 36 highway, and its starting price—including such standard features as dual remote-control outside mirrors and a rear-window wiper—is only \$7990.

Therein lies the essence of the modern pocket rocket: frugal four-cylinder engine and front-wheel drive. It's fast but fuel efficient, visually distinctive, affordable, fun to drive and as sinewy and agile as a decathlon athlete. Sirenders with sixes or V8s, gas-guzzling heavyweights and those with five-figure price tags need not apply.

Several months after the GTI's late-1982 introduction, the new pocket-rocket class swelled to two with the addition of Dodge's Shelby Charger. You remember the name Carroll Shelby. As a driver, Shelby started racing in 1952 at the age of 29; just eight years, three national championships, one LeMans 24-hour victory and dozens of other triumphs later, he retired. From driving, that is. As a car builder, he created the legendary Shelby Cobras, then followed with the famous Shelby Mustangs. Now that the car business is getting to be fun again, wouldn't you know of 'Shel is back? Chrysler chairman Lee Iacocca, who headed the Ford division in the crazy Cobra and Mustang days two decades ago, has wooed the talented Texan into a high-performance partnership—and the Shelby Charger is the first showroom product of their new collaboration. A souped-up version of Dodge's Charger 2.2 hatchback coupe (itself a sporty derivative of the Rabbitlike Omni and Horizon four-doors), this latest Shelby namesake, like the GTI, *feels* much faster than it is. While the reality of acceleration is enhanced by a higher numerical final-drive ratio (3.87:1 *vs.* the standard Charger's 3.57:1), the *perception* is helped by a slick-shifting, close-ratio five-speed and a wonderfully raucous exhaust note.

Compared with Chrysler's standard 96-hp 2.2-liter four, the Shelby's 110-hp version gets its extra muscle from a higher (9.6:1) compression ratio; revised camshaft, intake manifold and emissions system; a special carburetor; and a specific high-output engine computer. Aside from being crunched down nearly an inch closer to the ground on stiffened springs, it gets its remarkable cornering prowess largely from low-profile 195/50 x 15 Goodyear Eagle GT tires on special alloy wheels. The Shelby's upgraded braking results from large, vented front-brake rotors and its visual punch from an aggressive front air dam, a rear-hatch spoiler, rocker-panel skirts and a striking two-tone paint scheme in your choice of blue on silver or silver on blue. This racerlike theme is continued in the cockpit with improved (though not up

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to GTI standards) reclining buckets in Shelby blue and white, a wider, V-shaped gas pedal for toe-heel downshifting and a new-for-'84 instrument panel with a tachometer and a full set of gauges.

The 1983 version did 0 to 60 in nine and a half seconds hardly trying, and new close-ratio gearing for '84 makes it a couple of tenths quicker still. In addition to being slightly faster, the Shelby Dodge can outcorner VW's GTI on smooth surfaces; but the lithe little Rabbit's more sophisticated suspension is better on rougher roads and in fast transitional maneuvers. The Charger's fairly flat-cushioned seats don't contribute much lateral support, and its too high steering wheel takes getting used to, but its lusty performance, agile handling, road-racer looks, fuel efficiency (28 EPA mpg city, 44 highway) and reasonable \$8290 base price make such minor flaws easy to forget.

Third to enter the pocket-rocket race this past June was Nissan's turbocharged Pulsar NX. This radically wedge-shaped little 2+2 with its controversial squared-off roof was already pretty sprightly in nonturbo form, but the addition of a turbocharger adds a whole new dimension of performance. Combined with fuel injection and Nissan's electronic engine control, it bumps the 1.5-liter's power to 100 hp and its torque to 152 pounds per foot from the standard version's 69 and 92.

The Pulsar Turbo is less of a stormer off the line than the GTI or the Shelby Charger because its turbocharger doesn't really take effect until about 3000 rpm. But kick it down a gear and floor it on the roll and—hang on—it goes! With its standard five-speed, it sails to 60 from rest in 9.9 seconds; with optional automatic, in 9.7. Firmed-up shocks and springs, larger rear brakes and high-performance Toyo tires move the handling into pocket-rocket territory as well. There's also a special instrumentation package with a turbo-boost gauge and a 125-mph speedometer. It's the only Japanese pocket rocket in America at this time, the most fuel efficient at 33 EPA mpg city and 46 highway with the five-speed (30/40 with automatic) and the cheapest turbocar of any kind on the market today at just \$8349.

Two new domestic pocket rockets—Ford's Turbo EXP and Pontiac's 2000 S/E Sunbird—should be hitting your neighborhood showrooms soon. The former is a high-performance version of Ford's Escort-based EXP two-seater equipped with a new computer-controlled, port (multipoint) fuel-injected, turbocharged variation of the company's 1.6-liter hemihead Escort engine. Hard numbers aren't yet available, but the little Ford turbomotor should crank out about 116 hp with 26 EPA mpg city and 40 highway economy and should rocket the aerodynamic EXP from 0 to 60 mph in about 8.5 seconds. That will make it the fastest American-market pocket rocket yet. Special TR suspension and tires, a five-speed manual transaxle and highly supportive

sport bucket seats will come with the package; and the Turbo EXP will be easily recognized by its deep front air dam, its wrap-around rear-hatch spoiler and its bold two-tone design with turbo graphics on the sides and the rear bumper. Base price is expected to fall just under \$10,000.

The 2000 S/E is really three cars: new high-performance S/E versions of Pontiac's '84 2000 Sunbird (J-car) two-door and four-door sedans and the sleek two-door coupe. A new 150-hp 1.8-liter turbomotor will be standard in all three for '84, and these super-Js will also come with special suspension, interior appointments and exterior trim (including distinctive six-light front ends, like the Pontiac 6000 STE's) to set them apart from their more mundane stablemates. The engine itself, which is port fuel injected and electronically controlled, will also be offered as an option in base-model and luxury LE 2000 Sunbirds. It should propel the compact J-cars to 60 mph in about nine seconds and deliver 25 EPA mpg city and 35 highway economy. Unfortunately, there's no five-speed transaxle available for the front-drive Js that will take the turbo engine's power and torque, so turbo 2000s will be offered with standard four-speed manual or optional automatic only. Price of the performance-model S/E has been set at \$8393 and turbo-equipped base models should be considerably lower.

There you have the current crop of pocket rockets—a quintet of inexpensive, state-of-the-art minihotrods that corner and stop as well as they go, look good in your driveway and put a smile on your face without punching a hole in your bank account. Four of them are domestically built; only one (the Nissan Pulsar) is imported. Four are fuel injected, three are turbocharged and one (the Shelby Charger) makes the grade with an ordinary carburetor and Texas-racer ingenuity.

And there's more to come, especially from the Japanese. Japan itself is alive with twin-cam and turbocharged variations of otherwise ordinary econocars and it won't be long before several more of those start making the long boat ride here. Subaru already has introduced U.S.-market versions of its nifty four-wheel-drive station wagon and BRAT utility vehicle. Honda's new Prelude sports coupe (though not really a pocket rocket by our definition) squeaks in under the ten-second, \$10,000 limitations. And Mitsubishi is about to market a turbocharged model of its little front-wheel-drive Colt through Dodge/Chrysler dealers and probably its own dealer network as well.

Socially acceptable performance and the econo muscle-car are trends whose time has come. Count on it: The pocket-rocket phenomenon is certain to grow, and that's welcome news to everyone who appreciates enjoyable automobiles and the art of driving them well.







*"Oh—hello, dear—just helping Suzette tidy the books."*

## FEAR OF INTERFACING

(continued from page 120)

*"Some people write their own programs, but you need know nothing about programming to use a computer."*

the information as you please, and it is retained even after the computer has been turned off. Bubble memory has a flaw, too: At the moment, it is expensive. Like anything else, it should be cheapened by broad exposure and popular acceptance.

(The next mass-storage device will be the laser disk. A standard video laser disk, the kind that shows movies and costs \$25, will hold more than one *gigabyte* [one billion bytes] of information. That's roughly the amount of information in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, including color photographs. The laser disk should be available within the next year or two.)

Magnetic media aren't just for remembering what absent-minded C.P.U.s and fickle RAMs forget. Disks and tapes are also used for providing information and instructions to the computer in the form of *programs*. Programs tell the computer what to do, how to do it, when to do it, when not to do it and so on.

A program is to a computer what a record is to a phonograph. (Didn't you love those tests in school? "A rose is to a thorn what a \_\_\_\_\_ is to an atomic bomb.") Phonographs play records. Computers run programs.

It is programs (also known as *software*) that give computers their enormous appeal. All the good things you've heard about computers happen because programs tell the computer (the *hardware*) how to make them happen.

A computer running a word-processing program is a word-processing computer. (Word processing is the most significant

advance in the manipulation of the written word since the advent of writing. I do not exaggerate. Every secretary, every student and, certainly, every professional writer will find his or her life changed—dare I say transformed?—by the simple addition of a personal computer and a word-processing program.)

The same computer, running an accounting program, becomes an accounting computer. The incredible advantages large computers have given large companies are now available to small companies through small computers. Accounts receivable, accounts payable, cost projection, inventory control—all the repetitive numerical tasks that can make or break a small company—are manageable with ease, speed and great cost effectiveness.

With a change of program, the same computer that runs a small business can help keep the wheels of big business turning, too. (Although the company may have two or three large computers, an executive can have his or her own "personal" computer to help manage all the information that managers are paid to manage. In years to come, the small computer will be as familiar a desktop item as an adding machine or a typewriter.)

Remove the business program, insert a game program and you have a game-playing computer. (Man does not live by information management alone, and computer games aren't just for kids. Chess, backgammon, blackjack; you name it, computers will play it. Beyond the traditional games, there are action and adventure games that can be played only on computers. These are remarkably seduc-

tive and may become your favorite waste of time.)

Most people buy prerecorded music and most people buy prewritten programs. Some people record their own music and some people write their own programs, but you need know nothing about programming to use and enjoy a computer. (I know as much about writing computer programs as I know about writing music, which is as close to nothing as is metaphysically possible.)

Writing computer programs (*programming*) is, I am told, all-consuming and occasionally delightful. (Anything some people find addictive is worth checking out.) Programming is a creative act but one in which the creator has the dubious pleasure—shared by only film makers, Henry Higgins, Dr. Frankenstein and God—of watching his creation take on a life of its own. Computer programs can be remarkably three-dimensional. They interact. Randomness can be written in. And, maybe for the first time in your life, you can get a TV set to do what *you* want it to. Ah, power.

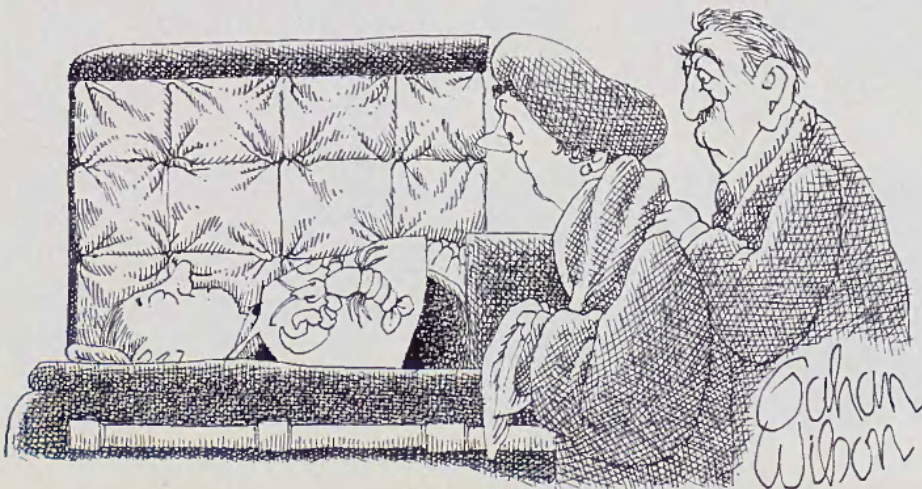
The enthusiasm of that last paragraph is secondhand. I have listened to the rapture of the converted and believe it to be genuine. As with jogging or marriage or backpacking across America, though, when it comes to the joys of writing computer programs, I have, thus far, resisted temptation.

When you write programs or enter any other information into the computer, a *keyboard* comes in handy. This looks like an ordinary typewriter keyboard with a few extra keys. (These keys are labeled CONTROL, ESCAPE, BREAK and other words taken from the dialog of old Warner Bros. prison movies.) Some keyboards have a square with the numbers 0 through 9 in an adding-machine arrangement. This is known as a *numeric keypad*.

Another method of entering information is through a *joy stick*. Joy sticks are handheld devices that move the spaceship or the submarine or the Pac-Person about. A *mouse* is a small square that is moved across the top of a desk. It's used to move a pointer around in business programs. (If you want to get rid of something, you move the pointer to a picture of a garbage can and push a button.) A mouse, then, is an executive joy stick.

It is helpful, of course, to see the information as it's being processed, stored and manipulated. For this, computers use video screens. The video screens in personal computers are the same ones that have been showing *I Love Lucy* for the past several decades. The fancy computerese word for a video screen is *C.R.T.*, which stands for cathode-ray tube, which is the kind of tube a TV picture tube really is.

Some computers, especially smaller home computers, use regular television sets for display. For business and for word processing, most personal computers use monitors. Letters and numbers (known as



*"Poor Harold always did have trouble with seafood."*

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characters in computerese) are sharper and easier to read when displayed on a monitor.

Video displays can be either color or monochrome. Monochrome screens offer one color (usually white, green or amber) against a black background. Color screens, naturally, offer the full spectrum of colors. The best color screens are known as R.G.B. monitors, so named because the three primary electronic colors are red, green and blue. (For some reason, in electronics, red and green combined produce yellow. Try telling that to your eighth-grade art teacher.)

In general, color monitors are better for games and graphics, and monochrome monitors are better for the display of characters.

When it comes time to print what one has processed, computers use printers (another of the rare examples of logical labeling in computerese). Printers used with personal computers are generally of two types, dot matrix and letter quality.

Dot-matrix printers form letters and numbers using little dots, like the signs on banks that display time, temperature and current interest rates. Like those signs, dot-matrix printers communicate information effectively, though not elegantly.

For elegance, one must turn to letter-quality printers, which print one fully formed character at a time, like a typewriter. The term letter quality comes, I suppose, from the fact that it's hard to tell the difference between a letter typed on an electric typewriter and one printed on a letter-quality printer.

Dot-matrix printers cost less and print faster than their letter-quality counterparts. Letter-quality printers produce better copy. Dot-matrix printers are necessary for graphics; letter-quality printers are necessary for word processing.

(Lasers, by the way, threaten to revolutionize printing as well as mass storage. Laser printers combine the best of both dot matrix and letter quality at a speed that rivals that of offset printing. The cost, as you may have guessed, is high but should come down over the next few years.)

To communicate with other computers over telephone lines, one requires a modem. Modem (pronounced *mō-dem*) stands for modulator/demodulator, which is what modems do to computer signals. Outgoing information is modulated (encoded) and incoming information is demodulated (decoded) by a little black box that plugs into your telephone line. (Not all modems are black anymore. Many black boxes in the world of personal computers are now fashionably beige.)

So there we have it, the personal computer. But what do we have? Not much. It's not what personal computers *are* that's important (or even interesting, as you may have noticed). What's important is what they *do*.

Next month, we'll take a look at what personal computers do well and, equally important, at what they don't do well—at least not yet.



## COMING BACK STRONG

(continued from page 102)

time I could walk. I never had any friends. I was a loner. Loner, loner, loner—but I was dancing, you see, so it was all right."

Tracy's injury forced her to re-evaluate her life. She had to find another career. Compared with ballet, the rest of life seemed slow and unimportant, and she viewed most nonballet people as slow and unimportant, too; it was not an attitude that won friends. Early on, she had acquired and cultivated a reputation for being pushy, bossy, opinionated and rambunctious: "In the fourth grade, they had sent me home from school, saying something like, 'Your daughter is left-handed and tormented by the Devil.'"

Without the future she'd planned, Tracy was lost. She left school before graduation and began modeling. Her sights were set on an acting career. Between modeling assignments, she managed to rack up two movie appearances, one in *A Rare Breed*, directed by David Nelson, and another in the Dorothy Stratten biopic *STAR 80*, directed by Bob Fosse. Then, by good fortune, she ended up at PLAYBOY's West Coast studio and tested for the centerfold.

She evaluated her chances with cool objectivity. "I don't think that my face is extremely beautiful. I don't have that kind of look. But I've got a real nice body, and I've got . . . beautiful legs, so I'm lucky, you know. I sort of have a PLAYBOY look—this fresh, clean-air kind of look."

The superior quality of Tracy's legs is documented. Honed to close tolerance by years of balletic torture, they were recently selected best among those of 150 other entries in a promotional contest to find The Woman with the Most Beautiful Legs in the World. Her gams were subsequently signed to play the part of Legs in Blake Edwards' film *The Man Who Loved Women*, starring Burt Reynolds.

The entire Tracy then landed the title role in *Candy the Stripper*, a video production for The Playboy Channel.

She voiced some trepidation before shooting started—about the part and about her ability to do it. "If I take this script and pull it off, I'm a hero. If I don't, I'm a jerk—even worse, because there's nudity. But I just have this feeling, for some reason, that I can bring something to it, that I can pull it off.

"As an actress, I have a lot of work to do. I need a lot of experience. But I've got a good sense of people, and that helps."

As it turned out, she did pull it off and in the process revealed herself to be a very promising and talented actress. It was an extraordinary debut—and the nudity didn't hurt one bit.

It appears that Tracy has found her second career. And with her recent marriage to actor Fred Dryer, a former L.A. Ram, she's given up being a loner, too.



"And now I'd like to sing a song about this guy  
I blew last night. . . ."

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# Jill St. John talks about her first time.



ST JOHN: My first time was in Tre Scalini, an adorable sidewalk cafe in Rome.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, really? Right out in the open?

ST JOHN: Sure...you see, I'm basically an outdoorsy type of person.

INTERVIEWER: I see. You must tell me all about it.

ST JOHN: Well, we were just relaxing after a hard day of shooting. Just me and the crew. It happened with the stunt man.

INTERVIEWER: The stunt man?! That sounds a bit risky!

ST JOHN: Oh, it wasn't, really. You

see, he was Italian, and they just seem to know about these things.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

ST JOHN: He was very romantic. He leaned close and whispered, "Gingerly?"

"Well," I said, "I've never been shy about anything before." He gave me a charming grin, then ordered a Gingerly for me...that's Campari, ginger ale and soda. And a Campari and soda for himself.

INTERVIEWER: A little mix of Italian and American...how interesting. Well, how was it?

ST JOHN: Very satisfying after that long, hot day. See, it was deliciously light...and so refreshing. A very special experience.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever have it again?

ST JOHN: Of course...many times. It's not the kind of thing you try once and then forget about. I've gone out with some

outstanding men, and they all knew one or two new ways to enjoy it. I prefer "The Exotic." That's Campari with grapefruit juice.

INTERVIEWER: Well, you seem to have come a long way since your first time.

ST JOHN: What can I say? It's hard to resist something when it just keeps getting better and better.

© 1983—Imported by Campari U.S.A., New York, NY  
48° proof Spirit  
Aperitif (Liqueur)



Campari was made to be mixed. It's a bright, 48° proof refreshing spirit, imported from Italy, with a combination of natural flavors and aromas unknown to any other spirit. For your first time, mix it with orange juice. Then enjoy it with grapefruit juice, ginger ale, soda, tonic, or white wine. Over ice, of course. **CAMPARI. The smart mixable!**

**CAMPARI** You'll never forget your first time.

# PLAYBOY

## ON THE SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### HABITAT

## THE BUTLER DIDN'T DO IT

**B**ertie Wooster had his Jeeves, and you, old bean, have your servant problem solved, too. Damp bath towels—like Aunt Agatha's soggy crumpets—are banished with a towel rack that starts heating up when you turn on the shower or the tub tap. And while Bertie's slacks were the worsteds for wear when Jeeves went on

holiday, yours will be as crisp as a dry martini when you hang them in a heated oak trouser presser. Catching some Zs in the four-poster and someone's at the door? A Videophone visually announces who it is and allows you to admit him electronically. No discussions about wages. No cold stares when you plead poverty. To the manor born, that's you.

**Right:** This solid-oak electrically heated trouser presser incorporates a coat hanger, a tie rail and an accessory tray into its design, from British Design (U.S.A.), San Francisco, \$185. **Below:** A 25" x 26" wall-mounted shiny brass towel bar that obtains maximum heating efficiency from hot water from your plumbing system, from Paul Associates, Long Island City, New York, \$750.

**Above:** The Italian-made Videophone includes an outside intercom that houses a closed-circuit wide-angle TV camera, an indoor TV monitor with a seven-inch screen and a hand receiver, plus an optional electronic remote-control door lock, by PAR-SEC-Security Division, about \$1990.



**Above:** Anova's Master System includes The Telephone Center, an answering/recording machine with remote control, speaker phone and auto dialer, \$499.95; The Control Center, which turns lights and appliances on and off on schedule, \$189.95; and The Protection Center, which sounds an alert at the first hint of smoke, water leak or attempted break-in, \$269.95.



**Photographer Finds New Use for Flash**

PHOTOGRAPHER Craig Blankenhorn, a native Southern Californian, spent eight years learning his craft. He supported himself by working at blue-collar jobs. After a year in Alaska, he figured that it was time for a change. "Someone said you could do anything you wanted in New York City. I decided to test the notion. I photographed a couple making love on a park bench, next to a bag lady." The rest is history. Blankenhorn has photographed couples doing it on jogging paths, in subways, on rooftops. (We featured some of his work in *Sex News*, November 1982, and *The Year in Sex*, February 1983.) And earlier this year, The Playboy Channel got him to do a special shooting near New York's Manhattan Bridge (below).



It was only a matter of time before Blankenhorn took his act on the road (literally). The couple at right are doing it on I-405 near Los Angeles; above, the venue is a convenient pool in the Hollywood Hills. The models are just people Blankenhorn meets in bars. "It's kind of interesting to watch how two strangers interact. The couple I photographed in Central Park [left] had just met."





"I've never been caught, but I've had close calls. One day, my assistant shouted, 'Cop!' The cop heard him and found the model with his pants down."



Blankenhorn has shot couples making love at such sites as the Statue of Liberty. The shot (below) at the Capitol dome was a piece of cake. "It was done extremely fast, in about 10 to 12 seconds." From what we hear, that's the average time for sex in Washington.



**SITTING OUT THE GAME IN STYLE**

You might not want to put a Super Fan Chair that's shaped like a football helmet from your favorite team (most teams from the N.F.L., A.F.C. and the U.S.F.L. are available, as well as college teams) next to your Knoll couch or Frank Lloyd Wright table; but in a rec room with a king-sized TV and plenty of beer, potato chips and pretzels, it beats a stone-cold stadium bench any time. Available from Sports Chairs Inc., 1440 South State College Boulevard, Suite 3/H, Anaheim, California 92806, for \$399.95 F.O.B., each chair is made of gel-coated fiberglass and has a cushy vinyl-and-velour interior, plus a swivel base (not shown). The old helmet chair's got us. . . .



**YOW! IS THAT MORE OF ME?**

Zippy the Pinhead's back, but instead of wandering across the pages of a Bill Griffith underground comic mouthing "Yow," "Hey! Fun!!" and "Am I having a good time yet?" everybody's favorite numskull has resurfaced in the form of a three-foot-tall soft-sculpture doll. Zippy's stepmother, doll-maker Martha Heller, takes her simpleton stepchild seriously: He costs \$250 and is being produced in a numbered series limited to 200 and autographed by cartoonist Griffith himself. (Contrary to popular opinion, Zippy is stuffed with polyester, not Ding Dongs, *taco* sauce and Polysorbate 80, his favorite foods.) To obtain Zippy, send your \$250 to Martha-My-Dear, 2617 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley, California 94702. (The price includes a special booklet telling you all about Zippy.) At Berkeley, dollmaking ranks right up there with religion, politics and economics as a serious art.

**AVENGING ANGELS**

Remember *The Avengers*, the Sixties British TV series starring Patrick Macnee as Jonathan Steed and Diana Rigg as Emma Peel, two sophisticated superspy/sleuths who could polish off a villain and a bottle of Dom Pérignon with equal *élan*? A new quarterly fanzine, *With Umbrella, Charm & Bowler*, available for \$4 annually from Caruba Enterprises, Box 40, Maplewood, New Jersey 07040, has begun publication just in time for a resyndication of the show. From what's going on these days, they're definitely needed.



**NOT FOR MISS MUFFET**

We've heard of pheasant under glass, but a real tarantula under polyquartz? Yes, and although its price is a bit hairy (\$190), its seven-inch leg span is a real stopper. Kiefe Originals, 2481 Islington Avenue, Rexdale, Ontario M9W3X9, is the company that does this work; and its latest brochure (\$2) also lists other perfectly preserved oddities, including a dandelion (\$27) and a full-grown piranha (\$145). Give the latter to your mother-in-law.





### PRESIDENTIAL TIM-BER

"Good eve-ning, fel-low Americans. My name is Presi-dent Ron-ald Rea-gan, and I am a six-foot-tall dum-my. My bod-y is poly-ester res-in and fiber-glass. Mi-chael Mil-ler, the art-ist who makes me, says I can sit or stand, wave hel-lo with both arms and turn my head in all di-rec-tions, just like the chief. You can take me home for five thou-sand dol-lars sent to Mil-ler at P.O. Box 552, Chappa-qua, New York 10514. Some peo-ple can-not tell me from the real Mc-Coy. If you've got the mon-ey, I've got the time."

### TIN CAN, ALLEZ!

Citroën 2cvs, those sardine cans on wheels that you see tooling all over Europe getting incredible gas mileage (up to 60 miles per gallon on some models), are cult cars that have been in production for more than 30 years. Although new ones can't be imported, pre-1968 models can, and Fournet's, 7603 Balto. & Anap. Boulevard, Glen Burnie, Maryland 21061, is selling them for \$3495 to \$4695, depending on whether the model is Junior, AZ or its rebuilt Super. If you don't smoke Gauloise Bleus, however, forget it.



### POKE THE TV, HONEY; I'M FEELING A BIT OF A CHILL

Unless you're lucky enough to have a penthouse with a fireplace, the nearest open hearth may well be the oil drum on the corner where construction workers are burning tires. That's where Environmental Video comes in. For \$39.95, it'll send you a one-hour video cassette (Beta or VHS) of a smell-less, smokeless log fire to get you through the long winter night. (Environmental's address is P.O. Box 577, Manhattan Beach, California 90266.) How Santa makes his entrance this Christmas is your problem, not ours, Charley.



### MAKING CHANGE

Changing Society, a game of political and economic survival, lets two to 18 players take over the country in any way they choose, from starting a revolution or buying up corporations to joining the military and letting the taxpayers pick up the tab. As in life, there are a variety of ways to win and lose in Changing Society, but you'll discover that for yourself after you've ponied up \$16 and sent it off to CSG, 3920 California Street, Oakland, California 94619. You can even die, will your property to another player and return to the game as your own descendant. Broke but born again.



### THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Back in 1889, Barkham Burroughs published his *Encyclopaedia of Astounding Facts and Useful Information*, containing 521 recipes and 236 remedies (e.g., how to prevent baldness), along with 20,000 other things worth knowing. ("And" appears in the Old Testament 35,543 times.) Barkham Burroughs' great-grandson, Miggs Burroughs, is offering a reprint of the *Encyclopaedia* for only \$7 sent to Brayden Books, P.O. Box 6, Westport, Connecticut 06881. Page 39 tells how to be handsome. Number-one tip: "Keep a sweet breath."



**Beached Wails**

DAVID BOWIE's music video *China Girl* caused a storm of controversy even as the hit single of the same name rose on the music charts. MTV's version deleted the racy parts. *Grapevine* replaces them for you. We want to show you what your television won't. There's a lot to be said for this modern version of love letters in the sand. Agreed?



**That Old Black Magic**

The burning question for the month appears to be "Can JAMIE LEE CURTIS keep a secret?" Seen here getting a wet one from *Trading Places* co-star EDDIE MURPHY, she seems delighted to be tested. It's no secret at all that Curtis exposes two perfect breasts in the movie nor that Murphy has all the good moves.

PATRICK JONES (3)

© 1983 DAVID MCCORMACK/ONYX



© 1982 LYNN GOLDSMITH (L)

### Hair Apparent

No, boys and girls, those are not antennae peeking out of the B-52's trailer. That's the top of CINDY WILSON's distinctive bouffant. The thing to remember about the B-52's is that their *musical* style made the world safe for Yoko's. Get their latest album, *Whammy*, or their first music video, *Song for a Future Generation*, and see what we mean.



© 1982 DANA FINE/MIAMI SYGMA

### California, Here I Come!

Has singer NINA HAGEN found her G spot? Her most recent album is called *Fearless* and features the No Problem Orchestra. We think that pretty well sums up her state of mind. Hagen's world-wide tour has just begun, and if you want to find out more about this eccentric lady, check her out in person. As for showing off under the HOLLYWOOD sign, remember: In Tinseltown, the stars come out even when it's not night.

### Take Two

The young lady caught in the grip of producer ALLAN CARR is JERRI LYNN DAVIS, a.k.a. Miss Key Lime Pie. In case you haven't guessed, they're making a movie, *Where the Boys Are*. It's not a remake of the classic Sixties original, but it does take place on the beach in Fort Lauderdale. We look forward, eagerly, to seeing more of the owner of these celebrity breasts of the month.



BOB PHILLIPS

## TREAT IT

Have you noticed that when the headlines say "GOOD NEWS FOR HERPES SUFFERERS," the news is less than you hoped for? Good news would be a cure or a vaccine or proof that herpes sufferers have better sex. Anything else is merely comforting news. And that's what we have for you here. Remember Acyclovir, the ointment that has been shown to speed up healing of herpes lesions? Well, a new Acyclovir tablet is now being readied for FDA approval. It was tested by UCLA School of Medicine researchers, who reported in *The New England Journal of Medicine* that the tablets stopped new outbreaks within 48 hours. Existing sores healed as much as one week faster than they did without the tablet treatment.

The tablet is not yet ready to be sold in drugstores, but marketing approval from the FDA is expected by year's end.

## THE ENOUGH DRUG

Drs. John Money and Fred S. Berlin of Johns Hopkins University say they have successfully treated deviant sexual behavior that may have resulted from abnormal hormonal activity with a "sexual-appetite depressant." Although they do not yet have a theory about just how brain abnormalities trigger unconventional sexual behavior, they say that their 20 subjects have unusual brain scans, unusual electrical activity and elevated testosterone and pituitary hormone levels. The majority of the subjects have been treated with a drug called Depo Provera, which lowers the testosterone levels in the blood. The effect is to depress an overwhelming sexual appetite.


## MALE RAPE

In recent years, we've all been concerned about victims of sexual assault. But whether it's a university study or a local police program, most of the attention has focused on female victims. Male sexual victimization is a problem, too. And now, two experts at treating sex offenders are offering workshops on male victimization and on juvenile sexual offenders.

At Walt Disney World on October 24 and 25, two directors of sex-offender programs—A. Nicholas Groth, from Connecticut's Somers State Prison, and Robert E. Longo, from Oregon State

Hospital—will offer a workshop called The Male Victim of Sexual Assault. They plan to present a multimedia program addressing the myths and the misconceptions about male sexual assault, including its long-term psychological effects.

"It is a subject that doesn't get addressed," Groth told us, "and males to whom it happens think they'll be ridiculed if they complain about it."

While the programs are directed toward professionals, they are open to anyone who knows male victims of sexual assault. For more information, write to A. Nicholas Groth, Ph.D., 183 Bilton Road, Somers, Connecticut 06071. 



From our "How come everybody talks about the French but nobody does anything about them?" file: Here are two works by French sculptor Ipousteguy. They were sent by the French government to the annual Chicago International Art Exposition. The one on the right, called *The House*, makes us wary of French real-estate deals. As for the other, *Death of a Brother*, we don't comprehend. Anyway, you can tell which brother lives.



Poster Exhibitionism: Left, the Miami Grand Prix, \$10, from GAH Graphics, P.O. Box 11526, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33339. Below, PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Stan Malinowski's shot of Renee Simonsen, \$30, from Aardvark Art, 770 Birginal, Bensenville, Illinois 60106. At right, the Playboy Press promotional poster for *Playboy's Girls of Summer*, available to newsstand purchasers of the book.





## CONCORD. THE DIFFERENCE IS WORTH THE DIFFERENCE.

Despite the fact that the Concord HPL-532 is ingeniously designed to fit everybody's car, it's definitely not for everybody. As Stereo Review said, Concord "... is truly an audiophile's car stereo."

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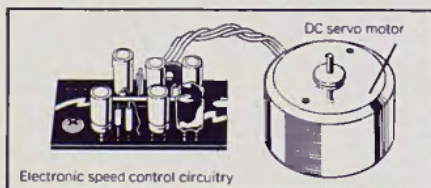
For extraordinarily clear FM reception, the Concord HPL-532 has an exclusive 4-gang digital tuner that provides exceptional station sensitivity & selectivity.

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But, as Concord's 22 years of innovative stereo design would lead you to expect, that is only the beginning.

### DC SERVO DRIVE MOTOR

We've designed an exclusive electronically controlled DC servo tape transport drive.

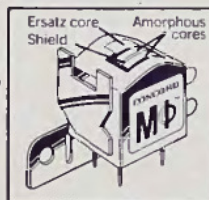


The result? Superior speed accuracy, lower wow and flutter, and over double the motor life.

### AMORPHOUS CORE TAPE HEAD

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### TWO WAY/FOUR WAY AMPLIFIERS

And wait until you hear the authentic high fidelity sound reproduction of the HPL-532. It delivers an impressive 12 watts per channel into 4 ohms 30-20,000 Hz with less than 0.8% THD.

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All things considered the Concord HPL-532 is an extraordinary car stereo.

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\*Dolby is the registered trademark of Dolby Labs.  
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