

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1983 • \$3.00

**COVER GIRL**

## KIM BASINGER

SHE'S 007'S  
NEW WOMAN  
AND SHE'S A  
LOOKER!  
SEE EIGHT  
KNOCKOUT  
PAGES INSIDE

**ROCKY MOUNTAIN  
SIGHS...**

## THE WOMEN OF ASPEN

**PLAYBOY  
INTERVIEWS  
NOBEL PRIZE  
WINNER  
GABRIEL GARCÍA  
MÁRQUEZ**

**JOSEPH WAMBAUGH'S  
TOUGH NEW COP STORY  
MAKES "HILL STREET"  
LOOK LIKE "SESAME STREET"**

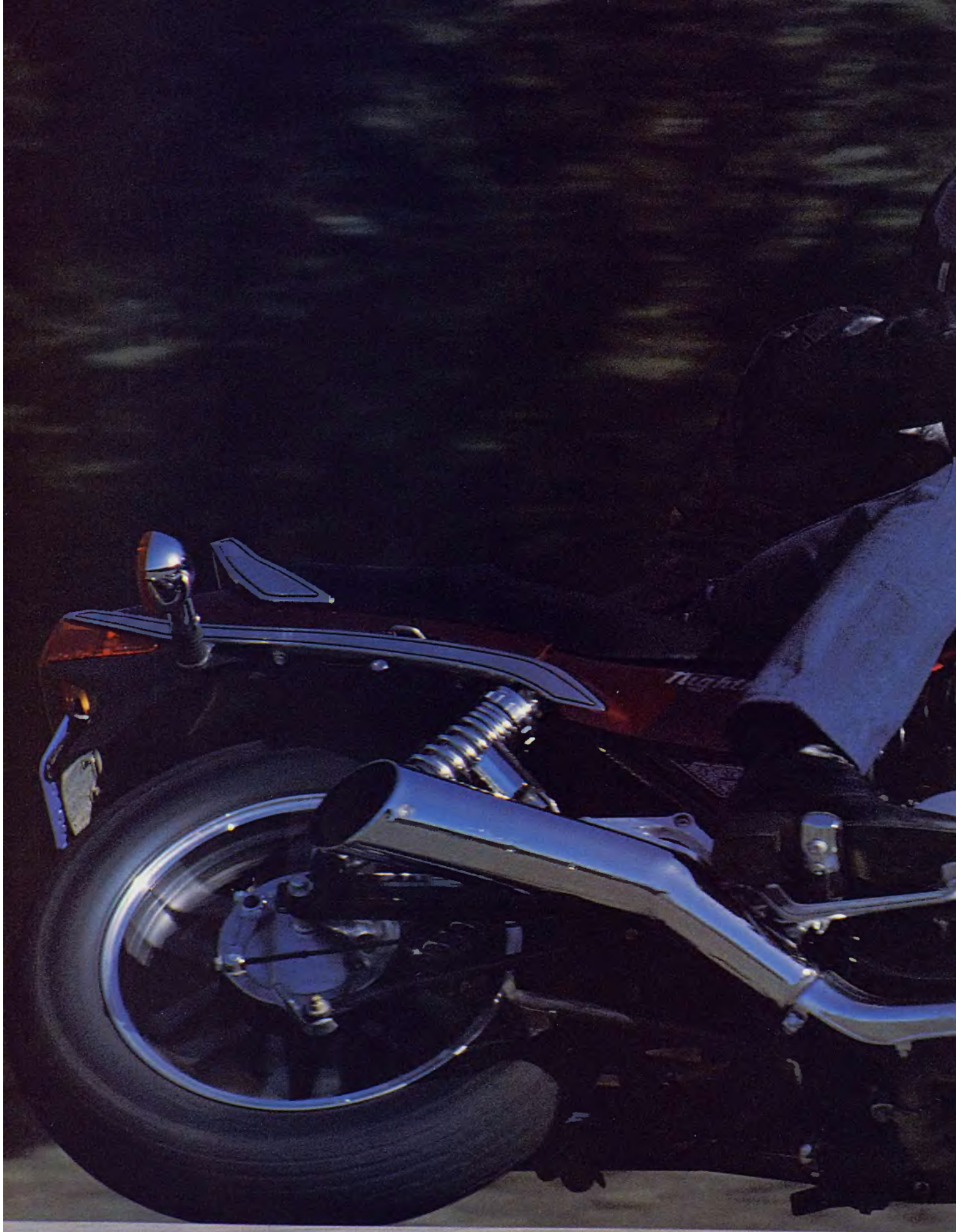
**THE HARSH EDUCATION  
OF OLYMPIC HOCKEY  
HERO JIM CRAIG**

**E. L. DOCTOROW  
COMING SOON—1984  
A LOOK AT TODAY'S REALITY  
VS. ORWELL'S PROPHECY**

**THE YEAR IN SEX  
HIGHLIGHTS OF A  
WILD AND CRAZY YEAR**









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# PLAYBILL

WHEN YOUR CAR starts to give you gas, you call a mechanic to fix things. At tax time, you pass on Uncle Derwood's offer to prepare your return and rely instead on a C.P.A. You need advice, comfort, support? You find an expert. So do we when the way the world turns strikes us as reckless. In contemplating our future—next year, to be exact—we wanted an oracle, and we found him. In **E. L. Doctorow's** *On the Brink of 1984* (illustrated by **Mark Hess**), the author of *Ragtime* takes a long, hard look at the similarities between the fictional world of **George Orwell's** visionary novel and the current real world. Once Doctorow gets your brain into high gear, you'll find there's more to reflect upon in our *Playboy* Interview with author **Gabriel García Márquez**, whose work, including *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, earned him the Nobel Prize for Literature last October. Executive Editor **G. Barry Golson**, displaying the same kind of prescience that inspired him to obtain an interview with Jimmy Carter when Carter was merely one among a wide assortment of Presidential hopefuls and the historic last interview with John Lennon, assigned **Claudia Dreifus** to interview García Márquez in Paris several months before he received the coveted Nobel Prize. But nothing, perhaps, will make you reconsider your fate more than our two-part feature composed of **David Harrop's** appropriately titled *A Penny for Your Thoughts*—a breakdown of the hourly wages of American jobs ranging from nurse to crooner—and **Roy Blount Jr.'s** wry commentary on Harrop's figures, *Why Wayne Newton's Is Bigger Than Yours*, illustrated by **John Craig** (that's John pictured).

Professional athletes often make a lot more money than the rest of us, but they also have to endure a different kind of pressure: the brutal scrutiny of the media. For some athletes, such as hockey goalie **Jim Craig**, fame and fortune can become a curse, as **Pete Dexter** tells us in *The Education of Jim Craig*. And speaking of brutal, that's the way we'd describe the cop **Joseph Wambaugh** calls *The Bad Czech* in his forthcoming novel *The Delta Star* (to be published by William Morrow), from which we've taken an excerpt (illustrated by **Marcia Marx**).

In a lighter vein, ask yourself which of the past four decades (including the Eighties) has had the most formative effect on your personality. If you're not sure, turn to *The Decade Gap*, a humorous quiz by **Lenny Kleinfeld**. And if you're looking for added diversion, check *Diversions*, Associate Editor **Kevin Cook's** column on new American fun and games. This month, Cook takes a look at a computer game featuring dragons in dungeons (with special thanks to Audio-Visual Communications of Indianapolis).

When it's time to do a feature that's as much fun as *The Year in Sex*, everybody wants to get into the act. Our round-up for 1982 was no exception; it was finally put together by Senior Editor **Gretchen McNeese**, Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet** and Senior Art Director **Chef Suski**, with lots of support from Executive Editor **Golson**, Assistant Editor **David Nimmons**, Associate Editors **Cook**, **Kate Nolan** and **John Rezek**, Editorial Assistant **Lynn Borkon** and free-lance researcher **Jocelyn Ferguson**.

To round out the issue, we have **David Rensin's** *20 Questions* interview with Russian comic **Yakov Smirnoff**; a pictorial essay (written by Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**, with the help of **Sean Connery**, **George Plimpton** and **Bob Fosse**, and photographed by Contributing Photographer **Richard Fegley**) on Hollywood girl watchers' new favorite **Kim Basinger**; a high-altitude look at *The Women of Aspen* (brought to you by Contributing Photographer **Army Freytag**, Senior Photography Editor **Jeff Cohen**, Photographer's Assistant **Dennis Silverstein** and make-up artist **Pat Tomlinson**); and our Playmate of the Month, **Melinda Mays**. By the way, Melinda, whose birthday falls in this month, wants to wish you a happy Valentine's Day. So do we.



DOCTOROW



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DREIFUS



HARROP



DEXTER



BLOUNT



CRAIG



WAMBAUGH



KLEINFELD



CRAIG



MARX



COOK



RENSIN



FEGLEY



COHEN, TOMLINSON, SILVERSTEIN, FREYTAG

# PLAYBOY®

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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Craig's Fade P. 120



Kim's Kudas P. 82



Generation Gap P. 100



Aspen's Attractions P. 124



Hammer's Horses P. 137

<b>PLAYBILL</b> .....	5
<b>THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY</b> .....	11
<b>DEAR PLAYBOY</b> .....	15
<b>PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS</b> .....	31
<i>Checking In with Jessica Lange; sexual holidays.</i>	
<b>MOVIES</b> .....	35
Introducing Clio Goldsmith; the latest from Altman; and a batch of British humor.	
<b>MUSIC</b> .....	42
Having a wonderful time in New Orleans; <i>Crime and Punishment</i> with Russian rockers.	
<b>BOOKS</b> .....	45
We turn our reviewers loose to tell you what <i>they</i> like to read.	
<b>COMING ATTRACTIONS</b> .....	46
Two roles for Cliff Robertson; <i>Odd Couple</i> due for a sex change.	
<b>DIVERSIONS</b> .....	47
Fun with a fire-eater.	
<b>THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR</b> .....	51
<b>DEAR PLAYMATES</b> .....	55
<b>THE PLAYBOY FORUM</b> .....	57
<b>PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ—</b>	
<b>candid conversation</b> .....	65
The author of <i>One Hundred Years of Solitude</i> has left his native Colombia but has never renounced his allegiance to the Americas. Now, in a rare, world-spanning interview, the winner of the 1982 Nobel Prize for Literature discusses his friendships with Castro, Mitterrand and Torrijos, his own political independence and his talent for turning nonsense into metaphor—the last of which makes him eminently qualified to propose his vision of the world.	
<b>ON THE BRINK OF 1984—article</b> .....	E. L. DOCTOROW 78
With his novel <i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i> , George Orwell turned the title year into a symbol of government tyranny. Now, only months away from 1984, another respected novelist finds some disturbing parallels in today's reality and Orwell's prophecy.	
<b>BETTING ON KIM—personality</b> .....	BRUCE WILLIAMSON 82
With formal testimonials from such noted girl watchers as Sean Connery, George Plimpton and Bob Fosse, Kim Basinger has to be worth more than a casual glance—Federico Fellini calls her "the prototype of a galactic New Woman." So what are you waiting for?	
<b>HIGH TECH GOES HIGH COUNTRY—modern living</b> .....	92
Conspicuous consumption is not the way to go—as Kafka always said—but upwardly mobile skiers know that status comes from apparatus. Here are some high-tech highlights that will get you to the top of the mountain and never let you down.	
<b>THE DELTA STAR—fiction</b> .....	JOSEPH WAMBAUGH 94
A calm doy on the streets of L.A. happens about as often as a hurricane on the moon. Cops Cecil Higgins and The Bad Czech have spent too many years dodging bullets to the beat of ghetto blasters, and now The Bad Czech is about to consider letting the lowlifes hang loose—from a noose. A wild, chilling tale by the author of <i>The Blue Knight</i> and <i>The Onion Field</i> .	
<b>EXPEDITIONARY FORCE—attire</b> .....	DAVID PLATT 96
It's a jungle out there in the world of fashion, but you're sure to be lionized in the rugged regalia hunted down by our sahib of style.	

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**COVER STORY**

Valentine cover girl Kim Basinger is not yet a household word, but she's at the doorstep. A Georgia peach who has made her way to the fruits of semistardom, she'll be getting into *Bondage* as Domino in the new 007 epic *Never Say Never Again*. The Domino theory has it that this is the role that'll make Kim a star. If you're intrigued by our cover view (shot by Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag and produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski), turn to page 82 for much, much more.

**THE DECADE GAP—humor** ..... Lenny Kleinfeld 100

To Fifties people, a Reagan is a scary weapon from the movies; to Sixties people, a California governor; to Seventies people, a Presidential candidate; and to Eighties people, a scary weapon from the movies. Which is your decade?

**MAYS CRAZE—playboy's playmate of the month** ..... 102

We went to the mat this month with magnificent Melinda Mays, on aerobic-dance instructor jazzy enough to bring on cardiovascular improvement with one breath-taking look (so maybe that should be anaerobic-dance instructor).

**PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor** ..... 114

**WHY WAYNE NEWTON'S IS**

**BIGGER THAN YOURS—article** ..... Roy Blount Jr. 116

We're talking about salaries—and a system in which the vicar of Vegas is worth 972.89 nurses. While Newton may think that's worth a hearty *Danke Schön*, we thought it was time to turn a Blount-edged sword on the whole issue of who earns what in America, and why.

**HOURLY WAGES: A PENNY**

**FOR YOUR THOUGHTS** ..... David Harrop 180

To get a graspable comparison of which walks of life let you walk home with the most money, we asked a salary expert to break down earnings into hourly wages.

**SOME LIKE IT COLD—drink** ..... Emanuel Greenberg 119

Seems sophisticated swiggers are cold-storing their spirits; the day of the freeze-dry martini is here. This month, our potables pundit serves up the best in cryogenic cocktails.

**THE EDUCATION OF JIM CRAIG—article** ..... Pete Dexter 120

America's glorious goalie became a national hero, then found pro hockey a colder world than he'd expected. Today, we find him still cherishing that Olympic experience, still sweating out that accident in which a young woman was killed, still skating on thin ice.

**PERSONAL BEST—accouterments** ..... 122

Elegant accessories for the man who has almost everything.

**THE WOMEN OF ASPEN—pictorial** ..... 124

They'll be coming round the mountain when they come, and you'll want to be there for a dazzling display of the women who make snow business like no business we know.

**20 QUESTIONS: YAKOV SMIRNOFF** ..... 134

Not just some new Yakov from Russia, this Smirnov's one of the driest wits on either side of the iron curtain. He comes to us fresh from a long engagement in the original Borscht Belt.

**LE ROY NEIMAN SKETCHBOOK—pictorial** ..... 137

Armand Hammer's prize horses.

**THE YEAR IN SEX—pictorial** ..... 138

In preparing our annual feast of the flavors of flesh, we feared that this year would be less sexy than previous ones. But it wasn't. It was, like a young Billy Joel, just a little stronger.

**THE JUDGMENT OF DICK—ribald classic** . . . The Earl of Harrington 149

**PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor** ..... 152

**PLAYBOY POTPOURRI** ..... 190

**PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE** ..... 205

Point-'n'-shoot cameras; fashion rear views; games for video dropouts; *Grapevine*; *Sex News*.



Delta Star P. 94



Wilderness Wear P. 96



Awaiting '84 P. 78



February's Mays P. 102



Big Newton P. 116

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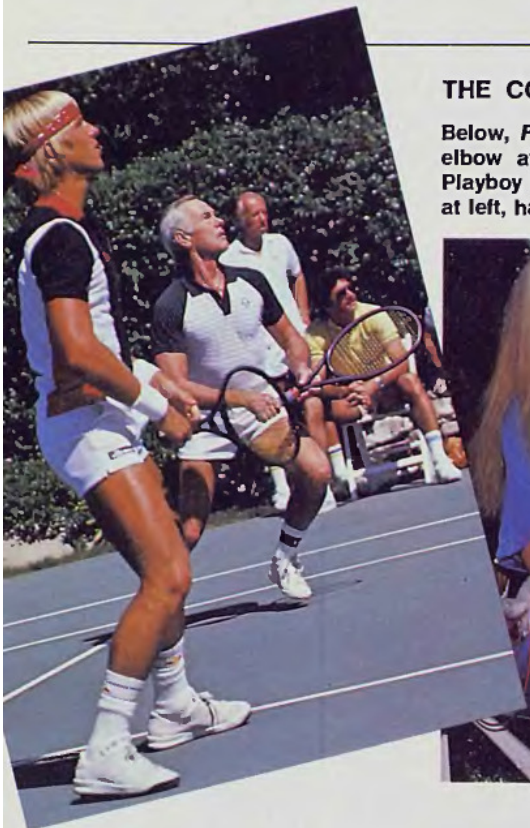


# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

## THE COURT IS IN ORDER

Below, *Falcon Crest* star and our Playmate of the Year, Shannon Tweed, exhibits her tennis elbow at a tennis-tournament benefit for Cedars-Sinai Medical Center on the courts at Playboy Mansion West. The armchair generals beside Shannon: Hef and Johnny Carson, who, at left, has deserted his side-line seat to team up with tennis pro Vince Van Patten for doubles.



## KIMONO OUR HOUSE

When the singing Playmates took their show to Tokyo, the Japanese press declared them "120 percent sexy," while audiences went 120 percent wild. Below, Playmates Nicki Thomas, Heidi Sorenson, Sondra Theodore and Michele Drake appear sedate on the Japanese TV variety show *Sutekina Anata*, which translates fittingly as "You're so wonderful." The four performed two songs. The Japan trip followed a stop in Manila.



## THAT'S RIGHT, MARCY, KEEP IT CLEAN

October 1978 Playmate Marcy Hanson certainly isn't all washed up, just very clean—both in her Playmate shot at right and in a guest appearance above with star Herb Edelman on the TV series *9 to 5*. This sanitary scene takes place in a club vaguely resembling Plato's Retreat, the New York City sex spa.



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# 20



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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### A CHANCE, OR AN ECHO?

Thank you for Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s piece on my beloved if somewhat raggle-taggle Democratic Party (*One Last Chance for the Democrats*, PLAYBOY, November). Schlesinger is, as usual, both highly entertaining and extremely thoughtful. While he doesn't say so, I suspect he hopes Ted Kennedy will be nominated in 1984, and I hope he's right—Kennedy is the only real leader I see now who can give this country back its future and its hope.

John Bartlow Martin  
Highland Park, Illinois

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s article, while far from apocalyptic, does warn us that in the failure of Reaganomics there is as much danger as opportunity for those who believe in the democratic political process. I share his fear that rightist guru Kevin Phillips is correct in predicting that Reagan's failure, which Phillips concedes, may lead to the triumph of a new "right-wing-populist authoritarianism" (a phrase that invokes a chilling echo of National Socialism). And I share his hope that Democrats will learn from their own mistakes of yesterday, as well as from Reagan's today, and present to the electorate the coherent politico-economic plan "the times require . . . based on partnership among government, business and labor." Schlesinger proves once again that liberals are the true conservators of both capitalism and our democratic tradition.

Philip Dunne  
Malibu, California

I agree with Schlesinger, who characterizes Carter as the "most conservative Democratic President since Grover Cleveland." This means that by 1984, 24 years will have passed since Americans have put a liberal President into office. Cycles do not tell the whole story, but when

they are added to Reaganomics and depression, they add up to an excellent chance for Ted Kennedy.

Harrison E. Salisbury  
Taconic, Connecticut

No, Dr. Schlesinger, I don't see an end to the Democratic Party. I feel that an impatient press will tell us that four years of Ronald Reagan did not work. A Democrat will possibly win the election on the promise of prosperity, which he will produce by pumping money into the economy and creating jobs (but not careers) for the masses. I hope I am underestimating Americans.

Thomas G. Vaught  
Bradenton, Florida

It is not government or liberal members of the media who help the disadvantaged and poor. Anybody who works or creates income and wealth to be taxed is a true do-gooder in society.

Dennis Hein  
Houston, Texas

The last thing this debt-ridden country needs right now is more liberal Democrats running it. Roosevelt's New Deal is what started the country on its way to becoming a welfare society. The best way to cure this country of its problems is to have a committee of five or six common citizens go in and abolish 50 or 60 of the Government agencies that exist solely for the purpose of keeping themselves working.

Randy Lyman  
Lake Havasu City, Arizona

### LUCKY LUCIANO

Your November *Interview* with Luciano Pavarotti is very good! I was surprised to find out how much a superstar in the operatic world can be like the rest of us . . . and be honest about it, too. When I was in graduate school a

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few years ago, I had a roommate who always played opera on my stereo, and it used to drive me up the walls. I love classical instrumental music (baroque and Renaissance) and play several instruments, but it has been only recently that I've learned to enjoy vocal music. Because of the *Interview*, I am now testing the waters, opening my ears and my mind to opera. I think I may like it, after all. If not for your *Interview*, I might still be avoiding opera like the plague. Thank you and Pavarotti.

James Collymore  
Piscataway, New Jersey

Mario Lanza was a handsome, young, vibrant man when he made his screen debut, and he has proved to be the most versatile singer of all time. As far as acting goes, in *Yes, Giorgio*, Pavarotti plays Pavarotti. Lanza played characters other than himself. In fact, it was Lanza's career that inspired Pavarotti to pursue both opera and movies. Let's not compare; let's applaud both Lanza and Pavarotti for bringing good music to the screen.

Terry Robinson  
(Co-author of *Lanza: His Tragic Life*)  
West Los Angeles, California

Both Pavarotti and Placido Domingo are magnificent tenors and joys to hear. But we'd also like to have Placido in bed; there lies the delicious difference.

Genevieve Turk  
Kenosha, Wisconsin

**COFFEE, TEA OR UNEMPLOYMENT?**

I'm wowed by *The Women of Braniff* (PLAYBOY, November). That group is unquestionably the most attractive collection of beauties to grace your pages since manned flight. Keep us flying with a few more photos of a super flight team.

Steve Pollinger  
Riverdale, New York

Your *Women of Braniff* pictorial is absolute dynamite. Never have I seen 12 more beautiful women at one time. Look no further for your next dozen Playmates; you have them right here.

Frank Miller  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Forget bringing Braniff back; just bring back Zebbie Mussick. If Braniff can't make it with Zebbie in the air, it deserves to be grounded.

Pete DeSalvo  
North Syracuse, New York

I'll bet the 100-foot pointer on my altimeter that the women of Braniff are no longer in any unemployment line! I must congratulate you on a fantastic pictorial, as, without exception, yours is a barnstorming collection of professional beauties. It has been said that three

things will not do one any good: the runway behind you, the altitude above you and the fuel you have used. There is a fourth, however. What about the 600 shares of Braniff stock I still hold? Would you consider them in trade for one more visual approach?

Leland C. Briggs  
East Aurora, New York

*Here's an encore by the popular Zeb-*



*bie Mussick commended to your stewardship.*

**MONEY-GO-ROUND**

John Schulian's article on college athletics in the November PLAYBOY (*Circle of Deceit: The Hypocrisy of College Athletics*) calls to mind the situation in Vonnegut's novel *Player Piano*. Dr. Roseberry is recruiting a young athlete.

"I'm prepared to offer you thirty thousand, Buck, six hundred a week, all year round, startin' tomorrow. What do you say?"

Young's Adam's apple bobbed. He cleared his throat. "Every week?" he asked faintly.

"That's how much we think of you, boy. Don't sell yourself short."

"And I could study, too? You'd give me time off for classes and study?"

Roseberry frowned. "Well—there's some pretty stiff rulings about that. You can't play college football and go to school. They tried that orce, and you know what a silly mess that was."

Roger D. Metcalf, D.D.S.  
Arlington, Texas

Since most colleges are state-funded, and thus financed through taxes, the citizens are the ones eventually footing the bill for college sports. What if the 11th man on the basketball team isn't

worth minimum wage? What if the place kicker misses eight field goals in a row? In correlation with pro football, the university board could set salary ranges with the booster club, emulating N.F.L. owners and the players' union. The athletes would learn about their possible professional careers through that process and either the N.C.A.A. could pack its bags and send all its people home unemployed or it could change course and assist the Olympic Association.

David A. Mitchell  
Oakland, California

**PLUGGING UGLY**

What has the world come to when a distinguished publication such as PLAYBOY lowers itself to feature such a sleazy guy as Ugly George (*The Cheap Agony of Ugly George*, November)? PLAYBOY is known as a class magazine—interviewing Presidents, top movie stars and people of the upper crust. Now it has hunkered down to the level of a Polish penthouse (i.e., the basement) by printing an article on me. Echoing the words of the philosopher Groucho Marx, I'd say, "I wouldn't read a magazine that would publish a story about someone like me!" And not only did your artist put author D. Keith Mano's face on my body but I had to keep my dictionary in hand to figure out what Mano was calling me. And why did you run the pictures of that statuesque blonde so small? All my white liberal friends tell me they're having trouble seeing the pictures because the light in the closet is so dim.

Ugly George  
New York, New York

**BOWLING FOR SEX**

I especially enjoyed November's tongue-in-cheek article *Why Sex Is Still Worth It*, but James R. Petersen and Kate Nolan may have missed one reason. I gave up *bowling* for sex—the balls are lighter and you don't have to change your shoes.

Ruth Tischer  
Chula Vista, California

**LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR**

Not only does the fine Marlene Jansen, Miss November, have a fantastic face and body to match but I also find her data sheet simply beautiful. She is living proof that we should look toward the future and enjoy every day for what it is. Whatever happens, happens. Marlene just happens to make my day.

Dr. Tom English, Jr.  
Vienna, Virginia

Every month, your magazine brings another great beauty to the famished eyes of all the brothers in our fraternity. This month, however, y'all have outdone yourselves by bringing us the incredible

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**Biggest.** The Magnavox 40-inch (picture measured diagonally) Computer Color 330™ projection TV is a one-piece, rear-projection unit with a clear, bright big-screen picture you can watch from nearly anywhere in the room. It has 112-channel capability; 17-button infrared remote control; stereo capability (from a stereo source); two 6-inch woofers; two 3-inch tweeters; and audio and video input/output jacks.

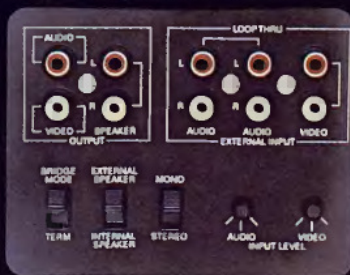


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Speakers and other audio-video equipment can be easily connected to our Magnavox monitors making the TV set the master control unit for the entire system. A variety of special audio and video input/output jacks, the RF switcher and level controls make it easy to permanently interconnect a VCR, Magnavision® videodisc player, and Odyssey<sup>2</sup> video game, a

variety of audio equipment plus cable or antenna hookups. This lets you switch from one type of entertainment to another without having to reconnect a maze of wires at the back of the set.

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Plus an automatic record changer with magnetic cartridge, belt drive, viscous cue, two speeds, pop filter, tone arm lock and stylus pressure adjustment. A record storage compartment



\*Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

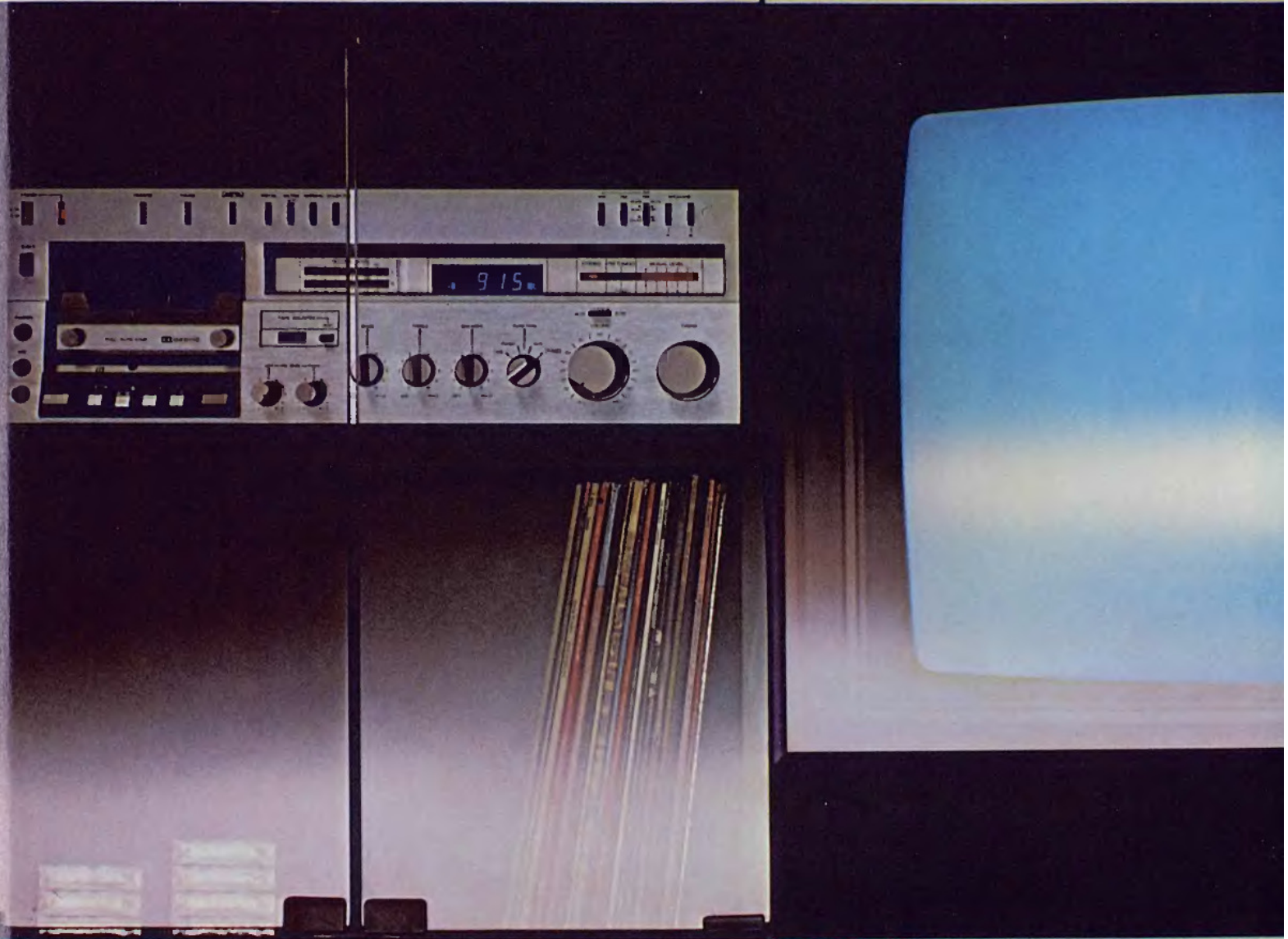


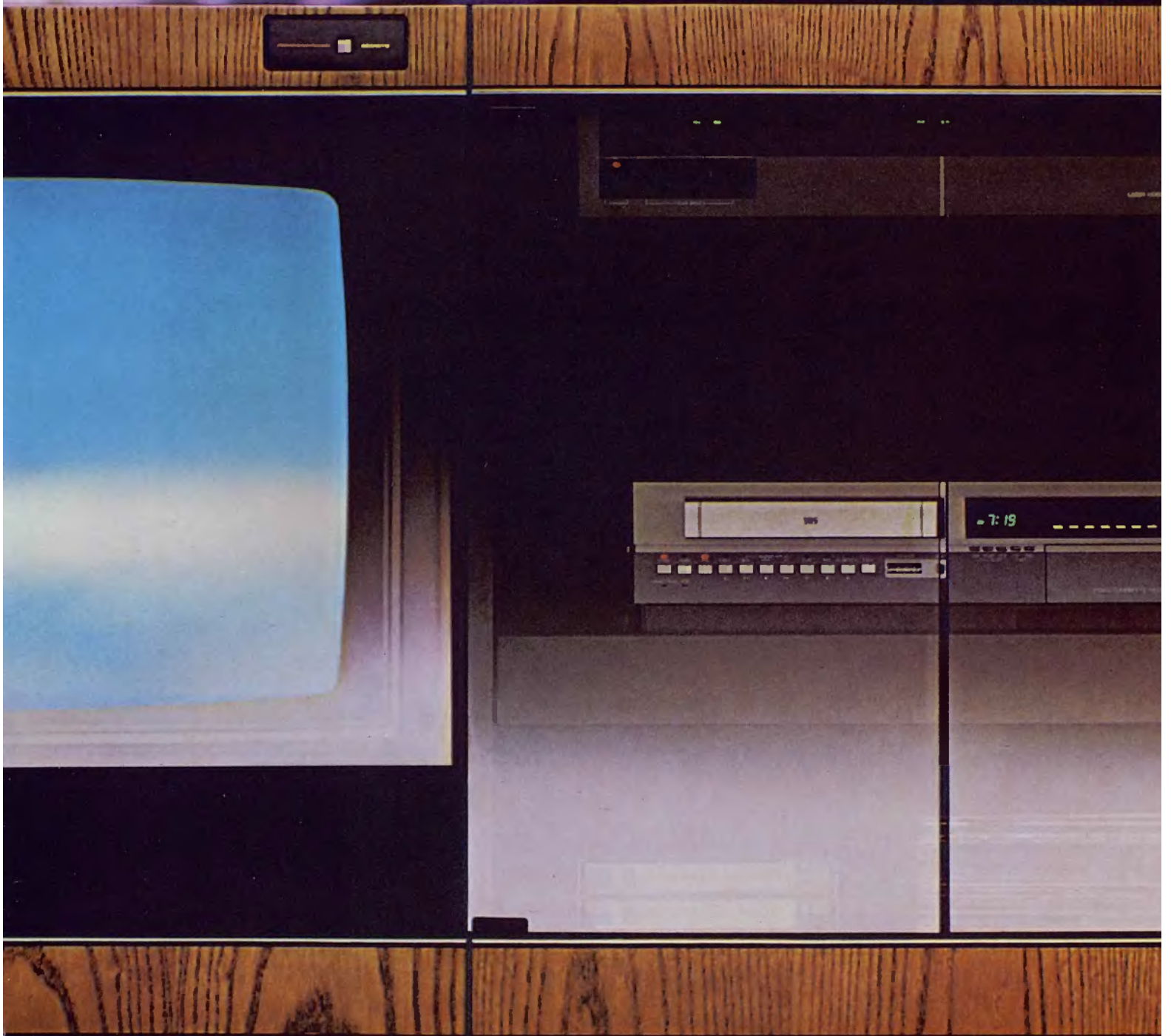
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with matching accessory cabinet.









**MAGNAVOX SYSTEM 19  
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with matching decorator  
audio system.**

# and on...

completes the package.

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## Matching accessory cabinets let you add even more audio-video excitement.

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our other Magnavox Audio-Video Centre components. Use one or a pair of them to house your VCR, videodisc player and video game equipment.

Or use one to house additional audio components like a second cassette deck or reel-to-reel tape recorder. And the cabinets have plenty of room to store records, videodiscs, audio and video cassettes, and game cartridges, too.

The lower cabinet has a hinged top for easy equipment access and is the same height as the 25-inch monitor.



But it can also be nicely paired with our 40-inch projection TV, while the high cabinet is designed primarily for use with the 40-inch projection unit.

Both cabinets have handsome smoked-glass doors and a select veneer finish.

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When you make a Magnavox video cassette recorder and a Magnavox video camera integral parts of your Audio-Video Centre, you're free to watch whatever you want... whenever you want. Magnavox



VCRs are available with state-of-the-art VCR features like six-hour recording capacity; eight-event, 14-day programmability; freeze frame; frame-by-frame advance; and 12-function, infrared remote control.

Record with your camera. Or buy prerecorded movies and concerts. Then sit back and play them back over your video monitor and audio system speakers.

## Enjoy films and concerts in full stereo sound with Magnavision.

The Magnavision videodisc system plays true stereo sound through the Audio-

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And more movies and concerts are continually being released on LaserVision discs. Like *Tron*, *Kenny Loggins—Alive!* and *Olivia Newton John's Physical*.



## Destroy a UFO or make a bundle on Wall Street with Odyssey?

The Audio-Video Centre accessory cabinet is also the perfect place to put an Odyssey<sup>2</sup> video game and an assortment of game cartridges.

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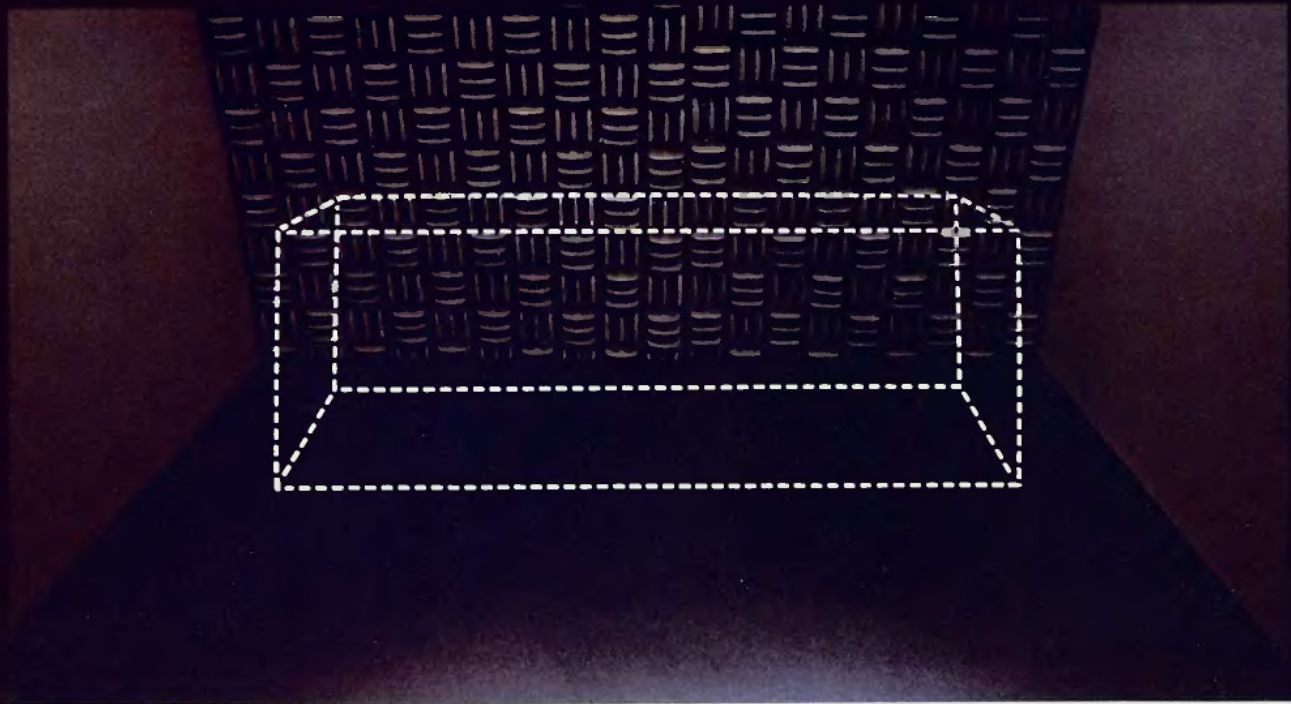


Great Wall Street Fortune Hunt" and "Attack of the Timelord." And imagine the exciting sounds an exploding space ship will make over your stereo system speakers.



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You can start with a TV or an audio system. Then add on, piece by piece.

And if you already own some equipment—like a VCR, for example—most every make will fit into the accessory cabinets and play through the Magnavox

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Marlene Janssen. We would like to make her an honorary little sister of our chapter. Please pardon the paper this is written on; we students make do with what we have.

Bart Barton, Social Chairman  
Phi Gamma Delta  
Florida State University  
Tallahassee, Florida

*Marlene is, of course, thrilled to be made a Fiji sweetheart. In fact, she's been practicing (below) her ice-cream-*



*social graces. As social chairman, maybe Bart can talk her into a guest lecture on comparative anatomy.*

#### MEN AND WOMEN

I'm writing in response to Asa Baber's *Men* column in the November *PLAYBOY*. Normally, I'd pass by such self-glorifying generalities; this time, however, as a woman with a high sex drive who has gone through a certain amount of hell because of it, I feel insulted and hurt. Unlike Baber, I don't presume to speak for my sex in general, but I do want to tell you some of my story. As a high-drive woman, *I am not alone*. Reading literature by women and talking with my women friends has convinced me of that. Nor, from my experience and from other women's, do I believe all men are as overwhelmingly libidinous as Baber claims. And, yes, I've done my share of rejecting men's sexual advances—never because I resented the male sex drive as such but because the man in question was not showing consideration for my personal, individual feelings, any more than those who set down patriarchal standards of "respect" showed consideration for any woman's personal, individual feelings. You may have noticed my repetition of the word individual; *that* is the crux of my entire personal philosophy, which I have been developing for as long as I can remember. True, there

are differences between men and women; however, those differences do nothing to obviate the fact that each human being—female, male, black, white, yellow, gay, straight, bi, fat, thin, whatever category you may wish to superimpose—is an individual and entitled to recognition as such. Sweeping aside Baber's paeans to "the burden and the beauty of male sexuality" (including his utter disregard of the burden and the beauty of female sexuality), I say: Forget about classifications; let's treat each person on her/his own terms.

Cynthia Cahn  
Tallahassee, Florida

Thanks to Asa Baber for a nice touch of reality—the other side of the E.R.A. coin. I believe myself to be a liberated male, and I find that running a home is just as honorable as running a business. I take up the challenge. If I can retrain myself and redirect my priorities, so can women. But will we ever find equality if domination and a pure reversal of roles are what feminists are looking for?

Michael D. Boatwright  
Worcester, Massachusetts

#### MR. MORITA GOES TO WASHINGTON

*The following letter, which made its way to us too late for inclusion in last month's "Dear Playboy," is reprinted with the permission of both Morita and Percy.*

Dear Akio:

I noticed on the cover of *PLAYBOY* magazine for August that they carried an in-depth interview with you. One of the best interviews I have ever had was in *PLAYBOY*, shortly after I entered the United States Senate. I read your interview with absolute fascination, because even though I felt I knew you well, it gave me new insights, all of which were illuminating and intensely interesting. You are a remarkable world figure. You have conquered the field of business. Why not do as I did—leave business and enter the business of government full time? After you conquer that, which you could do in record time, I have several other suggestions for you.

Senator Charles H. Percy  
United States Senate  
Washington, D.C.

*We appreciate the Senator's kind words about us and look forward with mixed feelings to the introduction of the Sony Voteman.*

#### DEAR DEAR PLAYMATES

I have just finished reading the *Dear Playmates* portion of November's *PLAYBOY*. I'm disgusted. The Playmates' responses to the question about being

involved with more than one man at a time are shallow. But then, one could hardly expect anything else, considering the fact that these young women must have known only shallow men all their lives. There are some men who are different. They laugh when they are happy *and* cry when they are sad or moved or tense. They think and feel and love with their whole hearts but, more important, also with their minds. I anticipate the day that I can bear the name of one while I carry the child of the other. Best of all, they are the closest of friends. There are no secrets here.

Kathleen G. Rice  
Alexandria, Virginia

#### TRIBUTE TO DOROTHY

Enclosed is a photo of a painting I did of Dorothy Stratten. I am like a lot of men in that Dorothy became my dream girl and the embodiment of *PLAYBOY*'s "girl next door." I've been approached by people wanting to make posters, etc., from the painting, and, as a young, struggling, unpublished artist, I find those offers hard to turn down . . . but not *that* hard. The reason I'm writing to you is this: I won't sell the picture to the merchandisers, but I would like to share it with people who loved Dorothy the way I did. Feel free to do what you want with it, including sending me a "sorry, but . . ." note. Mark my words, one day I will have an illustration in *PLAYBOY*! This is my gift to *PLAYBOY* for all you've inspired in me and all the lovely ladies, such as Dorothy, you've given me over the years.

Wade Anderson  
Huntington Beach, California  
*You do have an illustration in*



*PLAYBOY, Wade. Congratulations and thanks.*



# Marlboro Menthol

The big menthol taste  
from Marlboro Country.  
You get a lot to like.



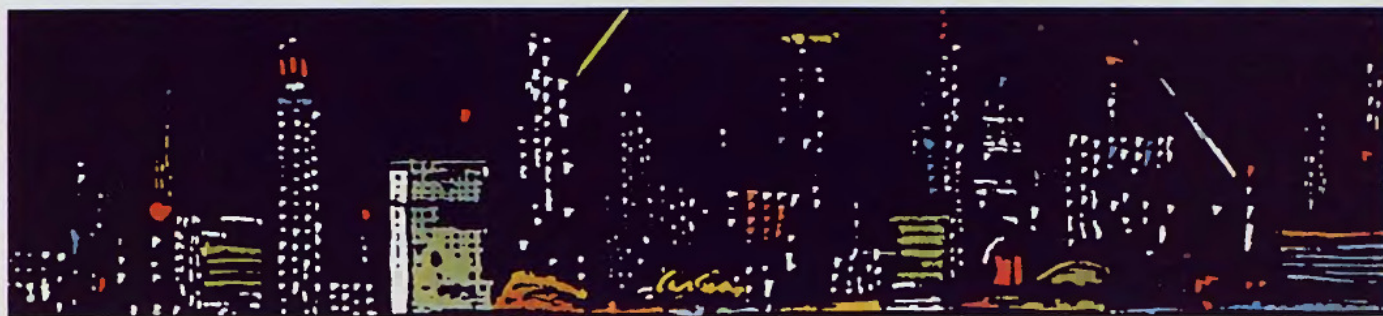
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16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av.  
per cigarette by FTC method

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

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## HULL OF A FIX

A South African shipbuilding firm found that it was unable to succeed in launching its new tugboat *Voortrekker*, even after three attempts. An investigation disclosed that discharged shipyard workers had welded the craft to its slipway rails before leaving the premises.

## SEXIST STEAM

Protesting an apparently sexist remark in an article in *New Scientist*, a Munich reader wrote in to say how annoyed a lot of women get "with the continuing steam of thoughtless cracks."

## HEAD SHOP

What has 22 brains and a lot of cops baffled? A fraternity house near the University of Illinois. It was there that a student discovered, atop a clothes drier in the laundry, a white plastic bag containing 22 human brains preserved in formaldehyde. Police are calling it a "Joe College prank." Notes detective Gary Wright sagely: "Obviously, we can't return these to their original owners, but we *are* looking for the rightful owners." Has anyone checked Congress?

Readers of the *Los Angeles Times's* television listings were able to watch that French comedy about love and water: *Irma la Douche*.

Here's Jim Nabors on the macadamia crop produced each year on his Maui plantation: "I am enjoying making movies again, but I'm not counting on doing it forever. I'm planning on my nuts' taking care of me in my old age."

## TV OR NOT TV

Sheriff Tim McCarthy of Valparaiso, Indiana, uses TV to promote peace in his prison. As part of an incentive pro-

gram, inmates who mind their manners and keep their cells neat are allowed to watch all the cable TV they want, including a 24-hour movie channel. Prisoners who consistently misbehave are undoubtedly forced to watch reruns of *Gilligan's Island*.

## AIRHEAD

Colorado Republican Anne M. Gorsuch, head of the Environmental Protection Agency, recently explained a new Government study of the effects of carbon monoxide on our lungs. "Clean air," she declared, "doesn't exist in a vacuum."

## PROTECTING THE INNOCENT

The prestigious British medical journal *The Lancet* recently carried an article dealing with lumbar spinal stenosis, a postural defect in which victims often adopt a "simian stance" to relieve compression of nerve roots. The accompanying illustration is a photograph of an elderly female sufferer and a line drawing of a chimpanzee, both in standing profile. What caught our eye was



that both the patient in the photo and the chimp in the rendering are masked.

## POT LUCK

Like many Americans, Bruce McDonald and Jim Wright have used marijuana as an escape. When they say they did it "because it was there," they're telling the truth—just ask the Coast Guard.

McDonald and Wright were taking a Cessna 210 from Jamaica to Bimini when the plane developed engine trouble and went down. The life raft malfunctioned and inflated inside the sinking aircraft, leaving the two pilots floating on a couple of seat cushions some 20 miles off the Florida coast. Twenty-four hours later, the soggy cushions were beginning to sink and the dog-paddling duo had less than high hopes for survival. That's when several bales of marijuana came floating by.

"I don't mess with the stuff, but I'm glad it was out there," said McDonald, who was spotted waving his red shorts over his head and was picked up by the captain of a fishing boat. Sounds like a regular Saturday night on the high seas to us.

At last there's help. *The Denver Post* ran a story headed "AID TO STUDENTS SLOW IN COMING." Let us assure you, it's worth the wait.

## PAINFULLY POLITE

The next person who tells you to wipe that smile off your face may be your doctor. According to the American Association of Oral and Maxillofacial Surgeons, excessive smiling is hazardous to your health, causing "jaw-joint overloading" and a painful condition known as temporomandibular-joint disorder: achy cheeks. To avoid T.M.J., stewardesses, politicians and others in obsequious

occupations are encouraged *not* to grin and bear it.

### LIFE STUDIES

Twenty-seven-year-old Debbie Black Barrett begins her college education soon and plans, as do many students, to keep her grades up. Barrett may be a little more conscientious than her classmates, since anything less than a C average means imprisonment.

The New Mexico woman, recently convicted of kidnaping, armed robbery and aggravated battery (for shooting her husband), was sentenced to a total of 21 years in prison. But District Judge Harvey Fort decided that the \$14,600 state allowance per inmate per annum was a waste of money in Barrett's case and resented her to student life at Eastern New Mexico University in Roswell. The probation terms include passing grades.

"I'm anticipating that she can get scholarships and grants," Fort said of tuition costs. "I didn't say the state had to pay."

Assuming the fact that other judges adopt Fort's reading-writing-and-rehabilitation program, we can look forward to a new breed of erudite outlaws keeping busy with theses and dissertations.

### BED 'N' BORED

To recapture a readership that's slowly washing away, *Soap Opera Digest* has added a column analyzing the neuroses of soap-opera sweethearts. "Love 'n' Libido in the Afternoon," written by psychology professor Kenneth W. Haun, contends that adulterous husbands have "deep unconscious feelings of hatred toward their mothers" and "feelings of inadequacy" that lead to promiscuity.

Although Haun is worried that "80 percent of the viewers wouldn't know a libido if they stepped on one," we suspect that that, like the soaps' plot lines, is beside the point.

### SHIP OUT

Someone has absconded from Lake Michigan's Burnham Harbor with a 37-foot, 13-ton boat valued at \$125,000, despite the presence of three police boats that regularly patrol the area. The strange disappearance has baffled the Coast Guard, the FBI and local police. Even Ellery Queen says he hasn't a clue. Queen, who is no kin to the author, has a special interest in the case: He owns the boat. It will take a super-sleuth to turn up the Mystery Man—which happens to be the vanished vessel's name.

Missouri's *West Plains Daily Quill*, proud of the local eighth-grade girls' volleyball team, announced: "Zizzer girls split with licking in tourney."

## CHECKING IN



*Jessica Lange, 32, is a beautiful survivor. Her film career began in 1976, when Dino de Laurentiis launched her as King Kong's love interest. When "Kong" flopped, Lange became a Hollywood unemployable. For the next few years, until Bob Fosse cast her in "All That Jazz," she found little acting work. But in 1981, we saw her as the steamy-sensual Cora in "The Postman Always Rings Twice," a film that bombed at the box office but won her terrific reviews. Lange is currently onscreen with "Tootsie" and "Frances." One of the main men in her life is ballet's Mikhail Baryshnikov, who is the father of her child, Alexandra. Claudia Dreifus told us, "Lange is likable and charming but a vigilant protector of her privacy. Our interview was friendly combat."*

PLAYBOY: How do you feel when reporters refer to you as an ex-model?

LANGE: It drives me absolutely crazy! "Ex-model" means jackshit. My modeling career was short and unsuccessful. Moreover, I've done many things in my life besides modeling—mime, acting, modern dance, waitressing. People just don't think that anyone who's modeled has any talent or brains. It's as though one human being shouldn't have that much.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been insecure about your looks?

LANGE: My teeth are crooked; my nose is broken. I've never thought of myself as beautiful.

PLAYBOY: Kong was certainly smitten. Did you enjoy your courtship with the 40-foot mechanical ape?

LANGE: The thing nearly killed me a couple of times. It was, on the whole, a very unpleasant experience. The mechanical hand was heavy-handed. The whole film was heavy-handed.

PLAYBOY: When *King Kong* bombed, you became a has-been in movie circles. Was it hard to move from being Dino de Laurentiis' golden girl to being the subject of some of the most savage reviews in Hollywood history?

LANGE: Well, actually, Pauline Kael gave me a good review. But, sure, there were plenty of people who hated the film; and so, naturally, those same people hated me. At the time, some of the negative comments really hurt. I was extremely naïve. I honestly thought it would be

well received. Instead, it was a huge joke. After *Kong*, I didn't work for two years. That was an excruciatingly painful time.

PLAYBOY: *The Postman Always Rings Twice* is one of the most explicit films ever to have come out of Hollywood. *Last Tango in California*, some people called it. Was it hard for you and Jack Nicholson to do the steamy kitchen scene?

LANGE: No, it was one of the easiest to do. I got along great with Jack. We weren't uptight. The sex scenes were improvised; they just seemed natural.

PLAYBOY: Nicholson said he learned a lot about his own sexuality from doing those scenes with you. What do you suppose he learned?

LANGE: I have no idea what he learned. PLAYBOY: In one of your new movies, *Frances*, you play the Thirties film star Frances Farmer, who battled the studios, suffered a mental breakdown and eventually underwent a lobotomy. What did you have to do to prepare yourself for that part?

LANGE: I had to put myself through hell. I don't want to sound melodramatic, but I lost a few years of my life doing it. My entire physical make-up changed. I'm talking about my face—as though my bones were moving around. When you alter the chemistry of your brain by pumping it constantly with all that rage, all those strong emotions, it alters your physical being.

Frances had a strong sense of right and wrong. She supported a lot of radicals and the Lincoln Brigade in the

# SOUTHERN COMFORT

Southern Comfort Corp., 80-100 Proof Liqueur, St. Louis, Mo. © 1982.



"She skins better  
than I do. She  
bluffs at cards like  
a riverboat gambler.

She cooks like  
a master. She  
introduced me to  
Comfort on the rocks.  
Liz. She's a good pal.  
She also happens to  
be my wife,  
"lucky guy."





## SEXUAL HOLIDAYS

*For many years, the Federal Government has been diddling with national holidays in an effort to make them more convenient, but maybe it should spend some time trying to make them reflect the national mood and pastimes. Were our leaders a more visionary crew, they might think of creating a new category of dates for celebration and remembrance. Consider the following:*

**January tenth—Ashes-hauled Wednesday:** This is a day when everyone will get off, and we don't just mean from work. On this holiday, it will be traditional for people to decorate their faces with a knowing look. A slight smirk will be the mark of the faithful.

**February first—Onan's birthday:** On this day, we remember that unfortunate Biblical hero whose life was cut short in his 296th year when he died of a severely sprained wrist. As part of the observances, all singles bars will be closed, celebrants will wash their hands every hour on the hour and dermatologists will offer special discount prices for the removal of warts. This is a good day to be kind to yourself, to give yourself strokes.

**February ninth—Discovery of the wet spot, 1245 A.D., by Pope Innocent IV.**

**February 23—**On this date in 1750, just before midnight and a day after his 18th birthday, George Washington lost his cherry. Many Pennsylvania couples may celebrate this grand day by crossing the Delaware and screwing in New Jersey—a pagan rite that has to be experienced to be believed.

**April first—**The codpiece was invented in 1462. The device is so named because the first woman who saw a man adorned with one reportedly said, "Gee, something sure looks fishy to me." Despite her piscatorial reservations, men have been using this in fighting the battle of the bulge ever since. Its inventor, Jacques Lajeste, went on to have a remarkably successful career in advertising.

**July eighth—Sexual veterans' day:** Celebrated on Nelson Rockefeller's birthday, this holiday honors our sexual dead, especially those who have died in the saddle, and all those who have been through the erotic wars. The highlight of the solemn parade that

marks the affair is the firing of mighty Army cannons and the simultaneous playing of taps.

**July 25—**Maurice Ravel finished composing *Bolero* in 1928. The piece is a tribute to the notion that if you repeat a theme often enough, something will come of it. Soon after *Bolero* began moving up the charts, Ravel married the notorious Shotsie Hagstrom.

**August sixth—**Discovery of the relationship in 1966. An ideal observance would be to spend the day in exceedingly intimate, seemingly endless conversation about "it." This eventually leads to physical contact of one sort or another.

**September eighth—**A new land-speed record was set in 1967 by Craig Brieflove. Many men will choose to observe this day with a fast. Others will try to pretend it never happened.

**September 21—**Invention of the cigarette.

**November fourth—**On this day in history, for the first time, a woman believed a man who told her he had just had a vasectomy. The holiday is generally celebrated with the closing of huge real-estate deals, often for land in Florida or bridges in New York.

**December 12—**Invention of the portable video camera.

**December 24—**On this day in 1933, the colorful and whimsically surnamed Huey Long made a speech in which he claimed that the average erect penis was three inches in length. Pollsters found that both men and women were the happiest they had been in their lives for the following seven days, until Long was contradicted by an F.D.R. slide show. To Louisiana and the world, Huey Long was the Kingfish; to his wife, Rose, however, he was the Anchovy.

—ANDREW FEINBERG

Thirties. She wasn't subversive, but some people think that none of the terrible things that happened to her occurred by chance. I didn't play her that way, because even though she was persecuted, she brought a lot of it on herself. She was a rebel. But she was also self-destructive.

**PLAYBOY:** You're strong, independent and have your own ideas of how things should be done. Do you think the big studios, in their heyday, would have permitted someone like you to be a star?

**LANGE:** I don't think I would have been allowed my lifestyle back then. For instance, I don't think I would have been allowed to have my child out of wedlock.

**PLAYBOY:** What's wrong with marriage?

**LANGE:** I'm not against it—for some people. My grandparents, who just celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary, have had an idyllic marriage. But these days, 90 percent of the people who marry do it for the wrong reason: to legalize their children, to say who owns the house. Unless the ceremony has a spiritual meaning, unless it elevates something, it's not necessary. Frankly, I don't know if I'll ever get married again.

**PLAYBOY:** Your long-estranged husband, photographer Paco Grande, sued you for alimony. Do you think that was fair?

**LANGE:** I was enraged when it happened. I couldn't believe it. Here I'd worked hard for ten, 15 years—lived on nothing. Finally, on my own, I made all this money and I had to give a lot of it up in this divorce. I've begun to think this whole business is a kind of joke on myself. I can't take it all that seriously or let myself be angry about it anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you and Baryshnikov go dancing a lot together?

**LANGE:** I knew you were getting around to something like that. When we started going out, we used to go dancing together. But did he whirl me around the living room? No. I *used* to dance a lot with Fosse. Now I don't like loud places. I'd rather sit on a dock somewhere with a soda and listen to the news.

**PLAYBOY:** With two big movies out, you've become a major film star. Does it feel great to have those who dismissed you after *Kong* suddenly clamoring for your services?

**LANGE:** It's a hell of a lot nicer to be in this situation than the one I was in five years ago. I don't like being treated unfairly or lightly. Some people didn't treat me fairly after *Kong*, and those people will *never* get anything from me. There was one person who was incredibly vicious and cruel, and I just can't wish that person enough wrong. I hate to say it, but I'm a believer in retribution. People bring their own karma down on themselves. I'm sure that woman will suffer until the day she dies because of what she's done to me, and that fills me with hope.

# MOVIES

She is already a sensation in Europe; now it's our turn to ogle scrumptious Clio Goldsmith, whose title role in *The Gift* (Goldwyn) should clinch her status as an international prize package. Here, she's frequently unwrapped as a callgirl hired to be a trick retirement gift for a middle-aged bank clerk (Pierre Mondy) on his last business junket to Italy. Goldsmith's seductive, casual sexiness is the major asset of this frothy French boudoir farce by writer-director Michel Lang, whose over-all comic invention is too arch and contrived for my taste. Much of the action occurs in various hotel bedrooms in Venice, with Mondy as a mediocre man suddenly thrust into a world of wealthy Arabs, jet-set women and high finance. It's the kind of comedy that relies heavily on mistaken identities and untimely knocks at the door. Playing Mondy's Italian-born wife back in Paris, Claudia Cardinale—glorious as ever—looks somewhat like a ripper, well-seasoned reflection of *La Goldsmith*. Which makes *The Gift*, all in all, a glossy showcase for two of cinema's most smashing beautiful women. What you see is what you get. ♫

German director Rainer Werner Fassbinder's *Veronika Voss* (UA Classics), chosen to open the 1982 New York Film Festival, was the last movie he completed before his death last spring. Audiences yawned through it, yet no festival snob or critic committed to the Fassbinder cult would deign to admit that *Veronika* is simply derivative—and damned dull. Exquisite black-and-white photography cannot disguise the fact that the final part of Fassbinder's trilogy—which began with *The Marriage of Maria Braun* and peaked with his hypnotic *Lola*—is just another melodrama about a fading movie star on the skids. *Veronika*, played rather stolidly by Rosel Zech, finds solace in morphine and man-eating (Hilmar Thate portrays the sports writer on the menu) during the Fifties, when she's a more-or-less-forgotten favorite of the Nazi era. If I didn't know better, I'd swear that *Veronika Voss* was the work of an overzealous film school graduate churning out an interesting but rather flat-footed rehash of *Sunset Boulevard*. Now, there was a movie. ♫

A far more deserving festival favorite, *Yol* (Triumph), won the 1982 Palme d'Or for best picture at Cannes. Turkish writer-director Yilmaz Güney, a former actor, poet and folk hero in his homeland, had escaped from a Turkish prison shortly before he conquered Cannes, and he remains on the wanted list. That may explain, in part, why *Yol* is such a warm, personal and compelling tale about five



Goldsmith, Cardinale in *Gift* gondola.

Clio, Claudia ease the eyes in *The Gift*; an Aussie musical overdoes it.



Busby Berkeley routine, drowned under.

prison parolees on a one-week leave from their island jail. One returns to his war-torn village on the Syrian border to find there's no freedom from fear and hatred. Another has to journey to a desolate mountain area to find his faithless wife, whose family insists he kill her as a point of honor. Yet another hotblood spirits his wife and children away from hostile in-laws, then incites a near riot aboard a train for stealing a quickie in the toilet. Freely translated, *Yol* means

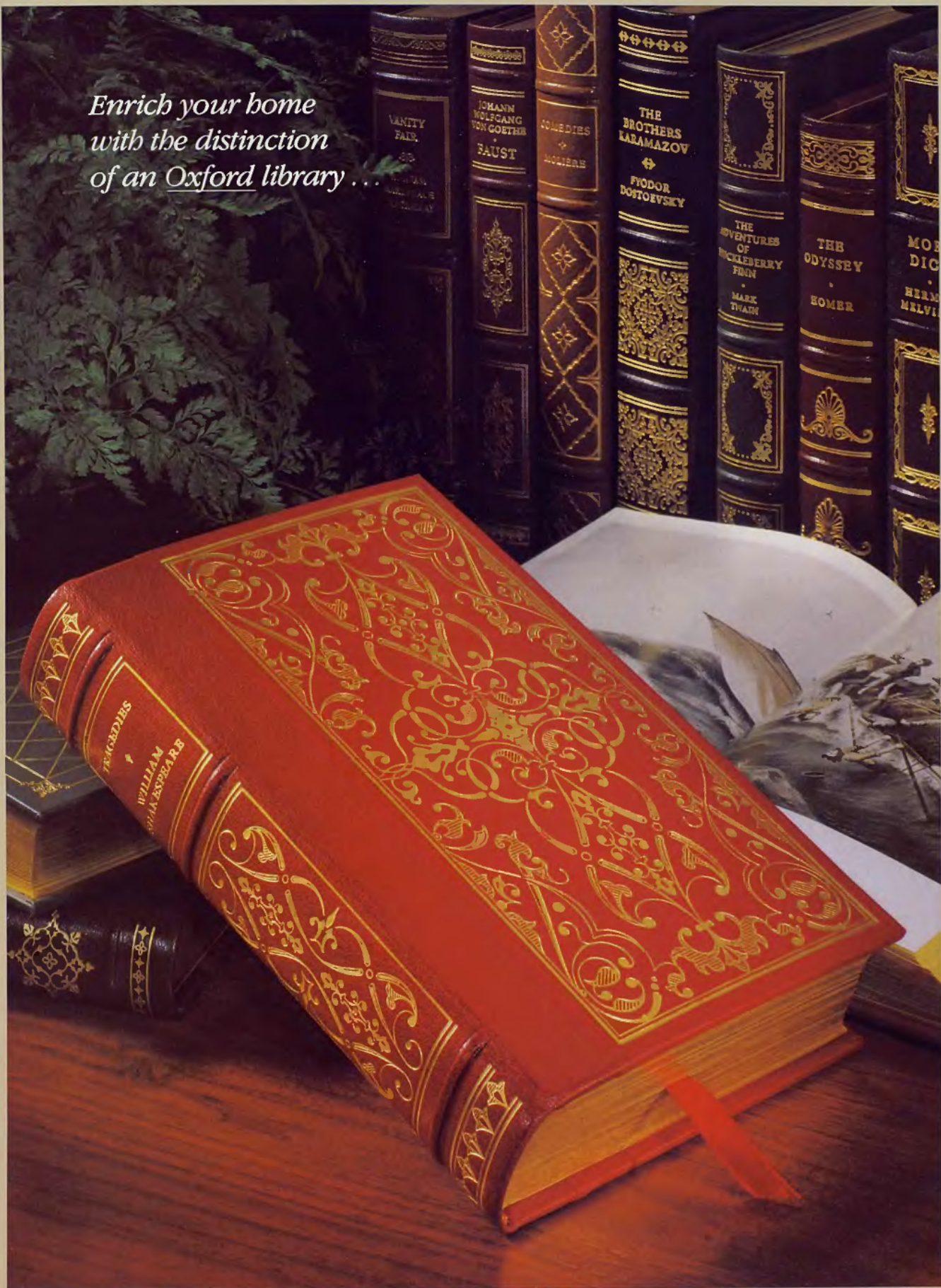
"quest" or "the search for a way of life." Güney's way is exotic, offbeat and bleakly beautiful. ♫

The Australian-movie boom had to have some setbacks, but *Starstruck* (Cincom International) rather overdoes it. It's a hey-kids musical that would have looked dated way back when Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney were doing them. Surprisingly, this leaden-footed song-and-dancer was directed by Gillian Armstrong, the female film maker whose *My Brilliant Career* helped put Aussie cinema on the map a couple of seasons ago. *Starstruck's* heroine, Jackie (Jo Kennedy), is apparently meant to be a punk or New Wave singer—you can tell by her wildly teased hairdo. Her very own Rooney is a pubescent side-kick (Ross O'Donovan) who's sure Jackie will become a top TV star in time to save her mom's pub from foreclosure. You still with us? If so, you may derive some malicious pleasure from *Starstruck's* often stunning ineptitude—really good for yoks in a big production number that submerges the heroine in a swimming pool full of gay bikini-clad chorus boys forming snowflake patterns à la Busby Berkeley. By then, it was clear, director Armstrong had to be kidding. Alas, she just didn't know how. ♫

Meanwhile, Judy Davis—the winsome star of *My Brilliant Career*—was named Australia's best actress for her role as a drug-addicted prostitute in *Winter of Our Dreams* (Satori). Although Davis' acting is certainly praiseworthy, the movie struck me as dull and familiar—like those TV docudramas offered at regular intervals by the networks to show their serious concern for social problems. The married man who lets the junkie whore complicate his life for no discernible reason is nicely played by Bryan Brown (of *A Town Like Alice* and *Breaker Morant*—another rising star due to appear in the TV adaptation of *The Thorn Birds*). At best, *Winter* gives a couple of good performers a chance to limber up their talents. ♫

Robert Altman's *Come Back to the 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean* (Cincom International) is a provocative, bravura piece of cinema that no Altman fan should miss. I'm not sure how the rest of the public will respond to this curio, a low-budget quickie blown up for the big screen from 16mm and based on Ed Graczyk's play—a dull thud when Altman directed it on Broadway. All the action, or lack of it, occurs in a combination dime store/soda fountain in a jerkwater Texas town where some colorful women with screwed-up lives have

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gathered for a reunion on the 20th anniversary of actor James Dean's death. One of them (Sandy Dennis, at her quirkiest) insists, in fact, that her runaway retarded son was actually begotten by Dean while he was in the vicinity making *Giant*, his last film. Her friends have equally bizarre problems—which surface through the device of a two-decade time warp, with the long-gone past reflected on the other side of the mirror behind the lunch counter. Altman makes the most of this visual gimmick, and his cast is exemplary if you can gear yourself to accept matronly Miss Dennis, for example, as a dew-eyed James Dean groupie. Anyway, she's interesting to watch. So are Karen Black, as a dame with a dark sexual secret, and Cher, excellent as a local tart who spends a lot of time talking about her big boobs. *Jimmy Dean* is stogy, never altogether satisfying, but it nevertheless shimmers with the restless, hurried, wingding creative energy that has become a hallmark of Altman's movies in recent years. **YY**

From a bumper crop of British-made movies, I'd call *Brimstone & Treacle* (UA Classics) memorable mainly for the performance of Sting, the actor better known as the lead singer and songwriter for The Police rock band. Sting (nee Gordon Matthew Sumner) exudes a kind of gleaming, evil eroticism in *Brimstone*, directed by Richard Loncraine (obviously a comer; see *The Missionary*, reviewed below) and written by England's prodigious Dennis (Pennies from Heaven) Potter. Here, Potter shakes the status quo (and us) by suggesting that rape may serve as effective shock therapy to jar a beautiful young woman (Suzanna Hamilton) back to normalcy after a hit-and-run accident has left her speechless and bedridden. Enter Sting, smoothly conning the stricken girl's family. Since her parents are portrayed by Joan Plowright and Denholm Elliott, two of England's finest, there is no power failure on the receiving end of Sting's electricity. The fizzle finally comes from Potter's screenplay, which sets up an arresting situation but does not develop it coherently—so that the movie seems to end too soon. *Brimstone & Treacle* is fascinating to a fault—all foreplay and no payoff. **YY**

Joan Plowright reappears to advantage in director Lindsay Anderson's *Britannia Hospital* (UA Classics), a black social comedy full of random brilliance. Anderson, a social satirist of the Strangelovean school, habitually bites off more than any single moviemaker can chew. All the strengths and weaknesses he showed in *If . . .* and *O Lucky Man!* are heightened here. There's chaos in a huge London medical center bedeviled by strikes and mismanagement on the day of an official state visit by the queen mum. If you suspect that the hospital is meant to



Cher, Black and Dennis at the 5 & Dime.

Altman's at it again; Sting, in *Brimstone*, mixes his media.



*Brimstone's* Plowright, Sting and Hamilton.

represent the entire British social establishment, you're dead right. Plowright, Malcolm McDowell and the usual accomplished English company impersonate the assorted characters, who are not so much people as points of view. They are often quite hilarious, however, at spoofing the riffraff and the entrenched rogues of a modern welfare state where practically every special-interest spokesman will trade his or her principles for an invitation to a sit-down lunch with royalty. So far, fine and dandy. *Britannia Hospital* starts to buckle at the seams when Anderson overloads his satire with scientific future schlock about a Frankensteinish medical genius (Graham Crowden) whose experiments include a plan to create an entire human being from spare parts. The fun becomes more ghoulish than amusing or instructive—popping a human brain into a food processor struck me as excessive, even before anyone drank it. *Britannia* waives the rules so often that I finally felt the

film's message was being force fed, a sure way to harden resistance. **YY½**

A delectable, wicked little comedy such as *The Missionary* (Columbia) was standard film fare back in those dear, droll, by-gone days when Alec Guinness and Peter Sellers used to milk chuckles from mother England. Now we have Michael Palin, a madcap on leave from Monty Python, to write, coproduce and star in an elegantly mounted period piece about a do-gooder named Fortescue, who returns to England after saving the heathen in darkest Africa—bringing along an armful of primitive fertility symbols—and forthwith opens a shelter for fallen women. Turns out that he has to share bed as well as board with many of his exuberant flock, but I don't want to straighten out every comic twist taken by *The Missionary*. Matchless Maggie Smith, as a horny philanthropic lady married to an eccentric lord (Trevor Howard), is a perfect foil for Palin's stylish high-jinks in the title role, while Michael Hordern nearly steals the show as the maddest movie butler since John Gielgud buttled up a platter of laughs in *Arthur*. True to his Python heritage, Palin as writer provides a literate but slightly screw-loose blueprint for director Richard Loncraine. All together, they make *Missionary* irreverent, silly and damned good fun, genially spoofing post-Victorian resistance to the joys of sex. **YYY**

Dan Aykroyd, Gilda Radner and John Candy, abetted by Cheech and Chong, add narration, plus their own occasional comic bits, to *It Came from Hollywood* (Paramount). At times, they seem to be working a little too hard to hoke up what is already classic trash: film excerpts from almost 100 turkeys—everything from *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes* and *Slime People* to *Reefer Madness* and *White Gorilla*. Radner, for example, introduces gorilla epics while hysterically sealing herself in a room to stave off the hairy brutes. This best-of-the-baddest movies of yesteryear was collected and directed (sort of) by Malcolm Leo and Andrew Solt. Much of the material is so stupid it's funny, as intended, though the humor of witless dialog and preposterous plots wears thin long before the end is nigh—stymied by overkill. **YY**

Hordes of heavily armed militia pursue Sylvester Stallone through a Northwest wilderness in *First Blood* (Orion). Rocky he ain't as a Medal of Honor-winning Vietnam-war hero who antagonizes a mean sheriff (Brian Dennehy) and becomes the subject of a massive man hunt. Director Ted Kotcheff's action drama is a survival manual—unlikely to increase Stallone's stature as a serious actor but quite likely to keep his rowdiest ringside fans glued to their seats. **YY** —REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

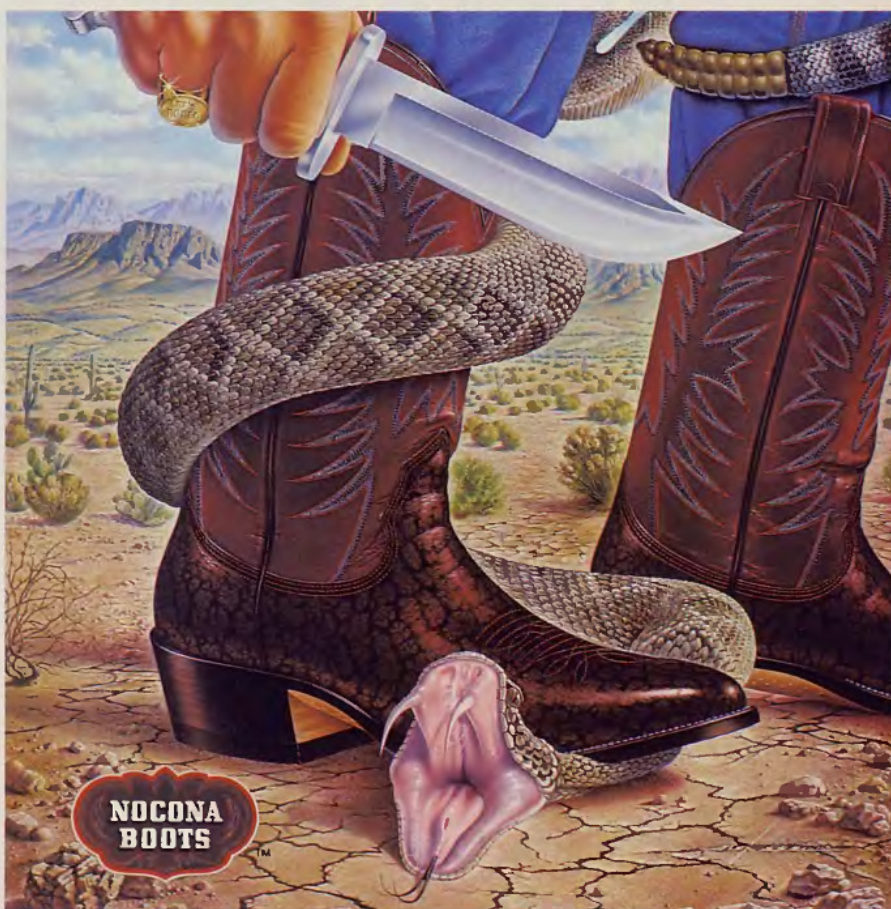
## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Brimstone & Treacle* (Reviewed this month) Sting sharp sans song. **YY**
- Britannia Hospital* (Reviewed this month) Mother England needed. **YY½**
- Come Back to the 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean* (Reviewed this month) A groupies' reunion from Altman. **YY**
- Diner* Fine, funny youth film set in Baltimore circa 1959. **YYYY**
- Eating Raoul* Homicidal comedy with swingers as targets. **YY**
- Endangered Species* Cow killers at large. Tantalizing, topical. **YY½**
- E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial* Everyone's favorite feature creature. **YYYY**
- First Blood* (Reviewed this month) On the lam with Sly Stallone. **YY**
- Fitzcarraldo* Klaus Kinski takes grand opera to the Amazon in Werner Herzog's bizarre period drama. **YY**
- Gandhi* Monumental bio, with Ben Kingsley as the definitive guru. **YYYY**
- The Gift* (Reviewed this month) Introducing Clio Goldsmith. **YY**
- Independence Day* Bad days in middle America—with a dynamic performance by Dianne Wiest. **YY½**
- It Came from Hollywood* (Reviewed this month) Moom-pitcha pits. **YY**
- Jinxed* Bette Midler beating the odds in a muddled farce. **YY½**
- Love Child* Justice is won by a spunky pregnant jailbird. **YY**
- The Missionary* (Reviewed this month) Python's Palin lightly lifting fallen women, aided by Maggie Smith. **YY**
- Monsignor* Superman kicks his habit. **Y**
- Moonlighting* Solidarity abroad, with Jeremy Irons. **YY**
- My Favorite Year* A comic tour de force with Peter O'Toole, even better on second viewing. Up a notch. **YY**
- An Officer and a Gentleman* Man in uniform, woman in love. **YY**
- Q* Never mind the winged monster; just watch Michael Moriarty. **YY½**
- Split Image* James Woods as a deprogrammer vs. Michael O'Keefe as a clean-cut religious cultist. **YY½**
- Starstruck* (Reviewed this month) Deadly musical from down under. **Y**
- Sill of the Night* Murder in the art world, with Roy Scheider and Meryl Streep. All somewhat mild. **YY**
- The Verdict* As an alcoholic attorney afflicted with integrity, Paul Newman's giving it his best shot. **YY½**
- Veronika Voss* (Reviewed this month) Fading film star with a fashionable German label. **YY**
- Winter of Our Dreams* (Reviewed this month) Stars bright, plot dim. **YY**
- Yol* (Reviewed this month) Turkish prisoners on leave. Harrowing. **YY**
- YYYY** Don't miss      **YY** Worth a look  
**YYY** Good show      **Y** Forget it



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# MUSIC



**GUMBO AND GRIGRI:** New Orleans is the birthplace of jazz, of course, and, arguably, the birthplace of *partying* in these United States. And one of its parties not to be missed, better in its way than Mardi Gras, is the ten-day **New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival** every May. We caught a weekend of the last one, and it was simply the best party we'd been to in years. Some samples:

*Friday night, aboard the river boat President:* Walking up a wide gangplank leading to the President, a traditional white three-decker river boat, we boarded the lowest deck to find the inside outfitted in Speakeasy Modern, all deco curves and louvers. This level was set up as a combination night club/concert hall, headlined that night by Fats Domino. The concert opened with a happily rowdy bunch known as The Dirty Dozen Brass Band, followed by The Wynton Marsalis Quintet.

The crowd exploded into cheers and whistles when Fats's band took the stage. One by one, the members stepped out for some warm-up solo licks—Jesse Hill singing his 1960 hit and all-time bar-band anthem *Ooh Poo Pah Doo*. Then on came Fats, in a light checked coat, to begin one long string of hits—*I'm Walkin'*, *Blue Monday*—and by the time he got to *Blueberry Hill*, everyone in the place was singing along.

*Saturday afternoon:* The fair itself takes the cake—or whatever tasty local exotica you might care to try, from hot *boudin* to barbecued goat. Over the next two days, my party of five tried to eat everything it could—crab-meat-artichoke salad, frog legs, creole stuffed peppers, boiled crawfish, creole rice, fillet of catfish and trout, stuffed oyster merlition, oysters *en brochette*, crab-meat arti-

chokes Rita, barbecued goat, seafood coquille, Cajun stew and turtle piquante—but we still missed the barbecued turkey necks, crawfish bisque, chitterlings and Natchitoches meat pies, to name a few.

Wandering, we found the Edward Perkins Group doing a pure lounge version of *On a Clear Day*. On stage two, the Square Dance Association, featuring Johnny Creel, all dressed in Roy-'n'-Dale outfits. On stage four, Sonora Latina, like a blast of Cuban radio; and next door, on stage three, Allen Fontenot & the Country Cajuns, Cajun shit kickers with accordion, whiny fiddle, black cowboy hats, etc. They played a happy blues in that special Delta country-calliope style—the melody resembles *Big Boss Man*, but the lyrics are pure *swamp*. Next, I headed for the Gospel Tent, where the Union Bethel A.M.E. Cathedral Choir was getting as right with the Lord as you could hope to hear.

The day's biggest names—James Booker, Fats and Marsalis again, Doug

Kershaw—were all due up later in the afternoon. But even among groups I'd never heard of, it was too much. How to choose, for instance, between Buckwheat Zydeco and Voodoo Macumba, on different stages at the same time?

*Sunday afternoon:* We set up camp for the day in front of stage four, featuring, in a row, Lee Dorsey, Chuck Berry and Clifton Chenier and His Red-Hot Louisiana Band. Dorsey, who runs an auto-body shop in town when he's not performing, came out in a red sports coat and white slacks, topped off by a white cowboy hat, to sing his classic *Ya Ya*. Meanwhile, Clarence "Frogman" Henry was over on stage one; and on stage three, Clinton Broussard and Zydeco Machine, Clinton chatting to the audience in a Cajun patois that might as well be *alligator* for all I could understand before launching into a version of *Fannie Mae*, the lyrics of which were also in alligator, with the characteristic old-timy accordion toodling away, enriching the sound like a special sauce.

And then Chuck went on, in a red jump suit, leaping right into *his* trail blazers: *Roll Over Beethoven*, *Sweet Little 16*, *Carol*, *Little Queenie* . . . for an encore, *Johnny B. Goode*.

For me, there was nowhere to go after J.B.G.—not even to Clifton Chenier or Dr. John, who were closing the day on separate stages—so we left, sunburned and sweaty, goated and turtled, Schlitzed to the top. In the cab, the FM was playing (*I Can't Get No*) *Satisfaction*, a sentiment with which I normally agree—but not that night. No way. —DAVID STANDISH

## REVIEWS

A rock reporter once asked Miami Steve Van Zandt (E Street Band member and producer of Gary Bonds and Southside Johnny) if not paying attention to the technical details had much effect on the sound of the E Street Band. Steve replied, "No, I'll tell you, I've got a secret

## TRUST US



There are many ways to promote records. You can rent limos for critics or give away T-shirts, buttons or dependable pharmaceuticals. The recordings on these lists got here the old-fashioned way: They earned it.



### HOT

1. Calliope. *Dances. A Renaissance Revel*
2. David Lindley / *Win This Record*
3. Daryl Hall & John Oates / *H:O*
4. Waylon and Willie / *W.W. II*
5. Spooner / *Every Corner Dance*

### NOT

1. Judy Sheppard Missett / *More Jazzercise*
2. Neil Diamond / *Heartlight*
3. Ervin Litkei / *March—America—March*
4. Heaven Bent
5. *Here Comes Garfield* (TV sound track)

technique. I just play everything at ten. That's the great equalizer."

That turn-it-to-ten-and-play-until-your-heart-breaks philosophy makes *Men Without Women* (EMI), by Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul, one of the more intense rock/R&B albums of the year. No pretense, no posturing; just power and pleasure.

The Roches' third album, *Keep on Doing* (Warner), is even hipper than the others. We're talking New York rules here: minimalist lyrics, thoughts, chords. Robert Fripp, who's pretty hip himself, produced and plays guitar and "devices." Can't get much hipper than that. The girls are cute, though. And funny. And if you can forgive their major indulgence—a cover of *The Hallelujah Chorus*, by the well-known Mr. Handel—this is an album you can grow hip to.

Most of the tunes work on former Righteous Brother Bill Medley's solo album *Right Here and Now* (Planet). When Medley's free to wail on such songs as *Almost All the Way to Love*, the pleasure's all ours, but won't someone tell producer Richard Perry to lighten up on the strings?

Seems that every Emmylou Harris album is as good as or better than the last one. A nice mix of old favorites and new material is featured on her latest Hot Band release, *Last Date* (Warner)—the title of which, we hope, is by no means accurate. The performance is live, but the engineers miraculously managed to subdue the audience response to distant applause and whistling. Must have been a college crowd.

In the title track of his much-anticipated *Nebraska* (Columbia), Bruce Springsteen sets a lonely tone: "I guess there's just a meanness in this world," he sings, backed by only his acoustic guitar and a wailing harmonica. He drives that message home in chilling ballad after chilling ballad, painting a bleak picture of life in the badlands. One man reluctantly gets hooked into the Mob. Another's violent rampage results from the closing of the auto plant he works in. In *State Trooper*, Springsteen sums up the lot of these characters: "Maybe you got a kid/Maybe you got a pretty wife/The only thing that I got's been botherin' me my whole life." But amid the loneliness and anger, he finds room for optimism. In the final track, he sings, "At the end of every hard-earned day, people find some reason to believe." It's beautiful, even inspirational work that may be as significant as Dylan's *John Wesley Harding*.

If you thought that Eddie Rabbitt was just another celebrity on a Miller-beer commercial, you were wrong. When

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it's time to relax, this Brooklyn-born country singer has a knack for creating easy-listening music. One cut on his ninth album, *Radio Romance* (Elektra), marks the first-ever collaboration between Rabbitt and Crystal Gayle, which we hope will be followed by more of their togetherness. If you've got the time. . . .

**Championship Wrestling** (Columbia) is Al Kooper's first album in six years, and while it may be misleading to refer to it as a *Super Session* for 1982, some thinking along those lines certainly went into the product. The personnel, for example, includes Jeff Baxter, Valerie Carter, Joe Vitale and Mickey Thomas. That the record is a finely produced, tightly worked-out collection also reminds us of his earlier work. And there are some nice cuts—*I Wish You Would* and *I'd Rather Be an Old Man's Sweetheart*—but not enough of them. One consolation: It does have the funniest jacket this season.

The Bus Boys should get a substantial raise with their second collection of minimum-wage rock 'n' roll, *American Worker* (Arista). It's good, straight-ahead rock 'n' roll, with a little *ska* and a dash of surf. Leader Brian O'Neal, who penned eight of the ten cuts, has a lighthearted philosophy that's more party oriented than party line. One song suggests that the answer to a broken romance is to buy a pair of new shoes. This is a good blues chaser.

The Isley Brothers from Teaneck have not caught the Atlantic City fever. Gamblers they are not—at least not with their unique style of R&B. *The Real Deal* (T-Neck) is another hunk of Isley funk served in seven cuts of stone-cold soul. The brothers hardly ever crap out when it comes to dealing us a jam of an album.

#### SHORT CUTS

**Phil 'N' the Blanks / *Lands and Peoples*** (Pink): New rock from a top Chicago bar band that is ready for the big stage.

**George Harrison / *Gone Troppo*** (Dark Horse): You can hear George's floral print shirt all over this. It's pretty and Beatley and what's wrong with that?

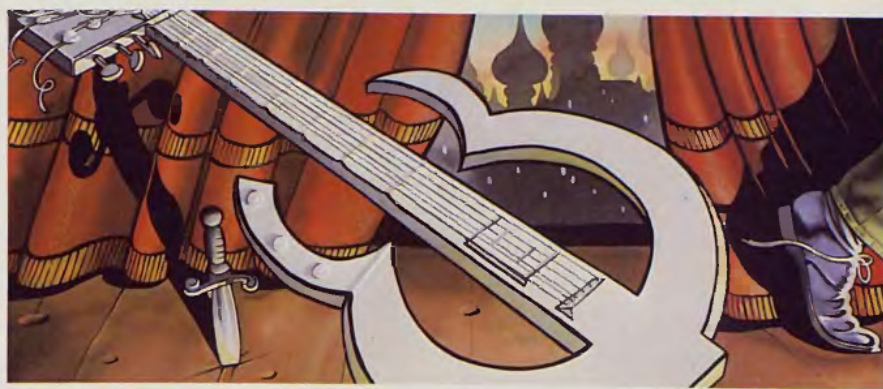
**Ramsey Lewis / *Chance Encounter*** (Columbia): Chances are you'll like Ramsey's Gospel version of *Up Where We Belong*.

**Foghat / *In the Mood for Something Rude*** (Bearsville): Surprisingly great takes on material by Smokey Robinson, Rodney Crowell, James Brown and others. We'd call that good manners.

**Donald Fagen / *The Nightfly*** (Warner): You can take the man out of Steely Dan and find something that is both like and unlike Steely Dan, in a nice way.

**Lionel Richie** (Motown): We think this is what they mean by soul train.

## FAST TRACKS



**THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING, THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING DEPARTMENT:** Don't panic. Actually, only one Russian is coming, director Andrei Konchalovsky, fresh from the New York opening of his three-and-a-half-hour movie epic, *Siberiade*—or *Siberia* to us. Konchalovsky is going Hollywood to make his first movie in English, Stephen King's novel *Dead Zone*. What does all of this have to do with rock 'n' roll? Simple. In his spare time, Andrei is working on a rock version for the theater of *Crime and Punishment*. Now you've heard everything, right?

**REELING AND ROCKING:** The video cassettes of **Fleetwood Mac's** final tour stop in Long Beach, California, should be out now. . . . **Willie Nelson** and **Richard Pryor** are teaming up for a movie about Depression-era gamblers called *Slim and None*. . . . **Roger Daltrey** plans to make a film about the Kray twins, a pair of London hoods who murdered and pillaged their way around the East End until they were captured and given life sentences. . . . **George Harrison** contributed some music to the movie *Gandhi*. . . . **Gregg Allman** wants to bring his life story to the screen, because "There are just some things that need to be said."

**NEWSBREAKS:** **Graham Russell** of **Air Supply** is finishing his rock opera, *Sherwood*, based on the legend of Robin Hood. . . . For Beatlemaniacs only, a **Beatles** record library and a piece of furniture: 72 albums (including solos), 85 discs, eight attractive slipcases in a two-tiered wooden display cabinet and promotional gewgaws for only \$1300—plus shipping, of course. Where can you get this incredible deal? Schoolkids, 523 E. Liberty, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104. . . . **Paul McCartney** took a film crew to the annual meeting of the Great Britain Tattoo Club to shoot, among other things, the men's and women's tattoo beauty contests. We'll keep you posted on the release plans. . . . **David Bowie** news: A studio album, the possibility of a tour and the release of two films, *The Hunger* and *Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars—Hammersmith Odeon, July 11, 1973*, are all in the works for this year. . . . Look for a new **Talking Heads** album any time now. . . . **Michael Jackson** has narrated a kids' record and performs

a song about **E.T.'s** adventures on earth. **Quincy Jones** is working on the project, too. . . . You say you left your heart in San Francisco? Well, to keep it beating until the famed cable cars are back in business, there's an album out: *Cable Car Soundscapes*. Side A is clanking, creaking and stylized bell ringing, but side B ends with a "tune," *Mettle of Metal*, a composition created by editing the sounds of the cars. We can't even begin to imagine the possibilities: musical tributes to other cities that have something out of commission—Chicago's Cubs, New York's subway system. . . . News from Island Pictures is as follows: *The Harder They Come* is now available for home video, and due soon are video cassettes of a **Bob Marley** concert and a feature-length **Grace Jones** video. . . . **Maria Muldaur** landed a lead role in the road-company production of the musical *Pump Boys and Dinettes*. . . . **Pete Sears** (of the *Starship*) and his wife, **Jeannette**, plan to write some songs for **Grace Slick's** next solo album. . . . **Roberta Flack** has made an album called *Cream Smooth Jazz* in connection with the Manischewitz commercial she made for TV. The song in the commercial is one of ten wine-oriented tunes on the record. You can order it through your local liquor store. . . . **Lindsey Buckingham** would be happier in a group like **The Clash**, he says. Let's hope the fantasy doesn't go so far as getting a Mohawk. . . . And, finally, **Robert Shields** (of the mime act **Shields and Yarnell**) has described his new rock persona as a cross between **Sid Vicious** and **Elvis**. The group is called—what else?—**Shields**.

—BARBARA NELLIS



# BOOKS

The job of the book-review editor is to pick the books and assign the reviews. The reviewer can say thanks or no thanks, that's not my beat. This month, instead of business as usual, we asked a bunch of our regulars to pick their own books. The result is an interesting and eclectic mix of recent books they think you, the reader, should know about.

If you've ever found it hard to believe that a bunch of immigrants with spaghetti stains on their shirts can really run an efficient crime organization, you're going to love Gerald A. Browne's novel *19 Purchase Street* (Arbor House). The way Browne tells it, in the Thirties, the Mafia lost control to a bunch of Wall Street investors when the Mob was unable to launder its ill-gotten gains quickly enough. Browne has a cluster of blue-blooded characters running the whole shebang ever since, with considerably more efficiency and a lot more grace. That's not to say they don't do their share of Technicolor homicides. On this one, don't wait to see the movie.

If you put off reading Anne Rice's first novel, *Interview with the Vampire*, because you thought it was a Bela Lugosi biography, you missed something. When you hear that her current novel, *Cry to Heaven* (Knopf), is about castrated male sopranos, you may wonder where she gets her ideas. Don't be misled. Her first book was a profound and voluptuous story about evil that was as gripping as a thriller. This one, about the search for the perfect voice, set among the cathedrals and palazzi of 18th Century Venice and Naples, has the erotic plotting of a deft romance. It is erotic and thought-provoking and lovely. Oh, yes: You also learn that eunuchs lead astonishingly busy sex lives, which is the kind of bonus you don't get anywhere else.

The scene is a bleak tearoom in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, in 1950. Hally—Master Harold—is 17 and white, the son of the owner of the tearoom. Willie and Sam are black, in their 40s, waiters/servants ("boys") in the tearoom. The three have known one another since the boy was a child. From those elements, the brilliant South African playwright Athol Fugard has woven *Master Harold and the Boys* (Knopf), a play published between hard covers. It is only 60 pages long, easy to read and to understand. And it is as gnawing, potent and universal a statement about racism as one can find.

In *Burton and Speke* (St. Martin's/Marek), William Harrison follows in



Good stuff for a long winter's read.

## Exploration hoaxes, the Mafia on Wall Street and erotic stories on cassette.

James Clavell's esteemed wake with the story of the 19th Century British adventurers who explored the Nile. Harrison teams hard-drinking womanizer Richard Burton and elitist homosexual John Speke in a plot with plenty of action, compelling personal stories and a good deal of historic detail.

"Two questions seemed paramount," David Roberts writes in his preface to *Great Exploration Hoaxes* (Sierra Club). "First, what would lead a man to attempt a hoax? . . . Second, what was it like to live with, once the skeptics began pointing their fingers?" With those questions, Roberts leads us through some amusing, fearsome episodes: Did Peary reach the North Pole? Was Admiral Byrd the first to fly over it? Did Dr. Frederick Cook make the first ascent of Mount McKinley? What about La Salle, Cabot, Defoe, Captain Adams? "Everyone can identify with the hoaxer," Roberts concludes after some of our heroes crumble into dust, "because each of us has had the experience of seeing a trivial lie magnify into a nightmare of deception." An original book!

Chris Miller is probably best known as a co-writer of *National Lampoon's Animal House*—but for our money, it's his short stories, most of which have run

in the *National Lampoon*, that are really special. Sort of *Saturday Evening Post*—often wildly dirty and shocking but always very funny and, somehow, sweet. For ten years now, like a latter-day Mark Twain, Miller has been touring college campuses, doing readings/performances of his stories. Now you don't need to be an undergrad to catch the show. *Pinto's First Lay and Other Stories* (\$6.95, Talking Library, Box 9337, North Hollywood, California 91609) is a cassette that puts you in the front row. The title story (largely based on Miller's experiences at Dartmouth circa 1962) is one that inspired *National Lampoon's Animal House*, and *The Magic Show* is a must for parents who believe their kiddies are little angels. Perfect to perk up that long commute and, of course, great gooned party fare.

## BOOK BAG

*The Ballad of John and Yoko* (Rolling Stone/Doubleday): The editors at *Rolling Stone* collected everything they had in the archives and dressed up the prose with wonderful Annie Leibovitz photos, but there is no news here.

*Anger: The Misunderstood Emotion* (Simon & Schuster), by Carol Tavris: The author, a well-known social psychologist and journalist, takes a long, hard look at getting mad and suggests, among other things, that getting even isn't always the only road to take.

*The Arbor House Treasury of Great Western Stories* (Arbor House), compiled by Bill Pronzini and Martin H. Greenberg: Tales that run the gamut from Mark Twain and O. Henry to John Jakes and Evan Hunter. A good selection.

*Soccer Madness* (University of Chicago Press), by Janet Lever: The author, a sociologist who can write in English, reviews the role of sport in modern society, with emphasis on coaches, players, officials and fans of soccer in Brazil.

*Osborn on Osborn* (Ticknor & Fields), by Robert Osborn: One of America's best visual satirists looks back on a life full of art and, well, life. A pretty book that's also smart.

*In Search of Excellence: Lessons from America's Best-Run Companies* (Harper & Row), by Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman, Jr.: Capitalists, arise! You're not part of the problem. At your best, you're actually part of the solution.

*Florida Frenzy* (University Presses of Florida/Gainesville), by Harry Crews: Although it would be hard for us to imagine, some of you may not be familiar with the first-rate writing talent of Harry Crews. Here's a smattering of fiction and nonfiction for both the neophyte and the seasoned fan.

# ☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

**DOL GOSSIP:** William (*Body Heat*) Hurt and JoBeth (*Poltergeist*) Williams will co-star in writer-director Lawrence Kasdan's *The Big Chill*, described as "an ensemble comedy about life in the Eighties." . . . Word has it that screenwriter Carol (*Five Easy Pieces*) Eastman is finishing a screenplay called *Man Trouble*, set to top-line Diane Keaton and Jack Nicholson. No plot details were available at presstime. . . . Jacqueline Bisset, Cliff Robertson, Rob Lowe and Andrew McCarthy will star in *Class*, billed as "a comedy about coming of age and awakening sexuality." Lowe and McCarthy play the young boys whose sexuality is awakened by—you guessed it—the alluring Miss Bisset. Insiders describe the project as falling somewhere between *The Graduate* and *Arthur*. . . . Twyla Tharp will



Hurt Williams

choreograph the film version of the Broadway hit *Amadeus*. Milos (*Ragtime*) Forman will direct. . . . Lou Gossett, Jr., Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong have been set to star in Universal's *Jaws 3-D*. . . . Director Mark (*On Golden Pond*) Rydell will helm the film adaptations of two plays—*Children of a Lesser God* and *Nuts*, both on the agenda for Universal. . . . We hear that Neil Simon is writing a female version of *The Odd Couple* with Joan Rivers and Nancy Walker as Florence and Olive (Felix and Oscar in skirts).

**KID STUFF:** Although *Lookin' to Get Out* had this reporter lookin' to get out of the theater, the rumor is that Jon Voight's next vehicle, *Table for Five*, could put him in the running for an Oscar nomination (that's the Hollywood hyperbole from those who've seen the rough cut, anyway). It's a simple story about a father trying to get closer to his kids. In his own words, Voight plays "a rather immature 43-year-old who was a golf pro and is now in real estate. A bit irresponsible, but charming, he's still hung up on his former wife, who has remarried. He loves his children but hasn't spent much time with them, so he takes them on a Mediterranean cruise. There's a lovely tone to the film—it starts out being actually quite funny and winds up being deeply moving." Unlike some ac-

tors, Voight actually enjoys working with small fry. "They see everything, listen to everything, they're distracted by everything, which means they're much more present than most actors," he says. *Table for Five* co-stars Marie-Christine Barrault, Richard Crenna and Millie Perkins.

**STRANGE BREW:** One of the oddest-sounding film projects to come down the pike in some time is MGM/UA's *Exposed*



Nureyev Kinski

(no, it's not about flashers). The casting alone should tell you something—Nastassia Kinski and Rudolf Nureyev co-star. Plot-wise, it's almost impossible to describe without sounding, well, silly. Kinski plays Elizabeth Carlson, a young American student bored with life in Wisconsin. To discover herself, she moves to New York, gets involved in the heady world of high-fashion modeling and falls in love with Nureyev, a musician who also happens to be a terrorist. He returns her affections but, at the same time, uses her as a pawn in his terrorist schemes. According to writer-producer-director James Toback, the film "moves through different circuits of revelation. Elizabeth learns about herself and about the breadth of her capacities, which turn out to be wildly beyond her initial awareness. But it is also a romance—citing the fatal attraction a charming, talented and obsessed musician has for the girl." Got that?

**STAR WHORES:** The second installment in Hollywood's continuing fascination with the subject of unlikely souls who become



Hesseman Aykroyd

pimps is *Dr. Detroit* (the first was *Night Shift*). Dan Aykroyd stars as Cliff Skridlow, a somewhat wimpish English profes-

or whose favorite subject is chivalry in literature. While taking his daily jog down a Chicago street one afternoon, Cliff encounters a gentleman of leisure named Smooth (**Howard Hesseman**) and his stable of hookers. Seems Smooth has just averted a potentially dangerous run-in with the local Mob by inventing as his scapegoat a "big, bad dude" named Dr. Detroit. After an evening in Smooth's hot tub with the four lovelies, Skridlow agrees to become the fictitious patsy. The plot, predictably, thickens, Smooth takes a powder, the Mob pursues Cliff, college alumni and hookers end up at the same party and, well . . . it all ends happily. Says Aykroyd regarding the character: "It's a Jekyll-and-Hyde role, a dual challenge. There's Cliff and there's Dr. Detroit; the guy's a little schizoid."

**DOROTHY REDUX:** As you've already read in *PLAYBOY*, writer-director Bob Fosse's film chronicle of Playmate Dorothy Stratten's life, *STAR 80*, features Mariel Hemingway as Dorothy, Eric Roberts as her husband, Cliff Robertson as Hugh Hefner and Carroll Baker as Dorothy's mother. Billed as a tragic drama and an "extremely



Hemingway Robertson

intense, concentrated movie," *STAR 80* (with a script by Fosse himself) begins with the August 1980 murder and flashes back to Dorothy's early life in Vancouver. According to insiders, Mariel has been made up to resemble Dorothy (Fosse is a stickler for authenticity)—she's blonde and, I'm told, very sexy—and Robertson's portrayal of *PLAYBOY*'s Editor-Publisher is subtle and accurate (Fosse apparently introduced Robertson to Hef and the actor researched the role by watching video tape and quietly observing Hef at Mansion parties). So as not to tie up the real Playboy Mansion West for two weeks of shooting, all interior Mansion scenes were filmed at a San Marino, California, estate, with the film's art directors redecorating the place down to the original artwork. Co-starring as Playmates are genuine and prospective Playmates Lorraine Michaels, Cathy St. George, Tracy Vaccaro, Lonny Chin and Kym Malin. *STAR 80* is set for a 1983 release. —JOHN BLUMENTHAL

# DIVERSIONS

**S**kulking through a dank, doom-laden dungeon, feet tingling in your new-found elfin boots, you peer into dim corners for slivers of gold light. Needles of fear run up and down your spine. There are wraiths nearby. You cast a spell of light toward the nearest dripping wall. Hot damn, a treasure chest! Two thousand gold pieces glisten inside.

You turn a corner and stumble full into a dragon. A *dragon*—will he breathe fire, double-boil you inside your armor? No, he *likes* you! He heals your rankling wounds and goes galumphing back into the dark. Good thing you're chock-full of charisma.

Something over there . . . a level-ten demon! You're long on dexterity—"EVADE"—but you're rooted to the spot! It makes a quick move, steals your elfin boots. Hell, now you're *barefoot*. "FIGHT." You do four points' damage; it does 18. It uses its whip—you're out of spells—it uses its sword . . . "YOU DIED!"

"ANOTHER NOT SO MIGHTY ADVENTURER BITES THE DUST," chortles your monitor.

"DO YOU WANT TO TRY AGAIN?"

The game is *Telengard*, a "dungeon adventure" computer program from The Avalon Hill Game Company. If it sounds like *Dungeons & Dragons*, that's because its architect, a 25-year-old software whiz named Dan Lawrence, created the game to give D. & D. a computer-age counterpart. You've seen similar games in catalogs and electronics magazines—even in *People* magazine. They're powerful examples of the challenging diversions your computer can offer these days. *Telengard* is one of the best, and its creator has consented to clue us in on how games like his work.

But first, a paragraph of clarification. Video games, which are played in arcades and on home systems such as the Atari VCS and ColecoVision, show you all the action, as it takes place, on a high-resolution screen. Your control is usually a joy stick and you maneuver ships and tanks and such things. With most computer games, which are played on home computers such as the PET and the Apple II, the real action takes place in your mind. You don't *see* the dragon or the treasure chest, except in your imagination: the computer tells you what your situation is ("YOU HAVE ENCOUNTERED A LEVEL FOUR WRAITH," for instance). Only the results of decisions you make and your subsequent position are displayed, with simple screen graphics.

*Telengard*, a role-playing game, is a computer program that in its first incarnation arose from Lawrence's goofing around with computers in college.

"*Dungeons & Dragons* gave me the idea," he remembers, "but many of the things that make D. & D. fun don't



Feel like playing Saint George against this?

Here's how numbers  
mind the maze in the  
soul of your machine.

translate to a computer. In D. & D., for instance, the possibilities are limitless. In order to make a good game, I had to design one in which the possibilities are as nearly limitless as possible."

He designed a complex setting for his game—a subterranean maze.

"The full *Telengard* program on paper is 900 lines long—about 16 pages. But there are many lines that include multiple statements. It's a lot more complicated than it looks in those 900 lines."

Damn right. There are 50 levels to *Telengard*'s dungeon—the denizens of the lower levels are more lethal than those higher up. You start at the level nearest the surface, accumulating gold by finding treasure and earning "experience points" by dispatching baddies. As you gain wealth and experience, your character becomes more formidable, so you'll eventually be making forays into the depths, where opponents are fiercer and rewards more glittering. But there are 40,000 spaces on each level—in the whole maze, 2,000,000 spaces in which to get yourself killed.

You begin by selecting a set of characteristics—strength, intelligence, wisdom, constitution, dexterity and charisma. All have number values ranging from three to 18, the higher the better. They appear in sets on the monitor and you can accept or reject any set, waiting for one that looks good. The temptation is to

hold out for a *really* good bunch—say, all 15s or above. But here's where we get our first taste of probability.

"The characteristics are randomly generated," Lawrence points out as he writes and runs a short evaluative program. "The chance of getting straight 15s or better is .000063 percent. I wouldn't wait around." That's sound advice. Even at one second per display, it would take almost three weeks.

Once you settle on your numbers, it's time to descend into the dungeon. Sometimes you'll find treasure and high-tail it back out. Sometimes you'll slice your brains on a giant's sword. Eventually, you'll realize that you can't *win* at *Telengard*. It's like golf, and that is one of its infuriating, challenging virtues.

Sometimes you get the wraith and sometimes the wraith gets you. Either way, the game's a bear. But it's the furthest thing from a game of chance. One of the beauties of that mathematical brain you plug into the wall is that it can simulate an unpredictable reality through the random generation of numbers. Let Lawrence explain:

"The thing I had to ask myself in designing *Telengard* was, 'What's the worst that can happen in a given situation, and what's the best?' If a dragon shows up, the question is, 'How often will he breathe fire?' I decide he should breathe fire, say, 40 percent of the time. So I have the program generate numbers at random when the dragon appears. They're percentages, really. If the percentage that comes up is lower than 40, then he breathes fire. If it's above 40, he doesn't. In the long run, he'll breathe fire 40 percent of the time. *But* that likelihood is modified numerically by your characteristics."

Sounds complicated.

"It's simple. If you have a high level of charisma, for example, then he's *less* likely than 40 percent to roast you. I modified the program to subtract your charisma level from the percentage. So if you've got a charisma level of 15, the likelihood of the dragon's breathing fire on you is cut to 25 percent. Maybe he'll give you a present instead. In this way, everything that happens is a result of flexible numerical generation."

Video games are great, but when you get right down to it, they entertain by flashing lights on a screen. Computer games, on the other hand, challenge by making you flash electrical impulses in your brain. It's the difference between rote coordination and intellectual involvement, between using your hands to take aim at an artificial horizon and using your mind to fly over it.—KEVIN COOK





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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**H**ere are a few questions relating to the male orgasm that I have really been wondering about: Is it possible to ever run out of come? If I want to orgasm many times in one day, what (if anything) should I do to keep coming? If I do not orgasm for a couple of days, it seems that when I do, there is a lot more come. If I want to come a lot in a single orgasm, is there any way of increasing the amount of come I release? Should I exercise or relax a certain muscle, or are there certain foods that relate to the sperm-producing organs of the body?—E. W., Essex, Maryland.

*The amount of ejaculate can and does diminish with each succeeding orgasm, at least until the body has a chance to rest and recycle. It's unlikely, however, that you would ever "run out of come," as you put it—unless you had several orgasms in a very short period of time, in which case you might reach orgasm while expending only a small amount of ejaculate. We know of no foods or liquids proved to increase the amount of ejaculate. The best way of increasing the amount is through extended foreplay (perhaps an hour or more) or repeated arousal before orgasm.*

**E**ver since I was in high school, I've been told to wear a jockstrap when I exercise, but I find them very uncomfortable. My exercise program includes jogging and racquetball. Possible damage to my vital organs is minimal in both cases. Do I really need to bind myself like that?—M. O., Houston, Texas.

*A jockstrap provides little protection for the family jewels. It is meant simply as a support to keep you from flopping around while exercising. Therefore, any tight-fitting garment will suffice. Most exercise shorts have a built-in jock that precludes the use of an extra one. For those that don't, it is possible to get away with a pair of briefs underneath. Remember, though, that the cotton in those briefs tends to stretch when it gets wet, giving less and less support, so they should be well made and should fit properly to begin with.*

**I** never thought I'd be writing to PLAYBOY—that is, not until last weekend on the slopes. I'm a ski instructor at a prestigious Western ski area. Last weekend, some other instructors and I were standing at the top of one of the world's toughest powder runs, exchanging ski-instructor humor and wondering how the Harvey's Bristol Cream would taste after skiing. With my mouth sal-



ivating at the thought of such pleasures, I plunged over the lip and onto the run. Soon I was swallowed by the ecstasy of the flowing white fluff climbing over my knees, my thighs, my crotch, caressing my whole being in an orgasmic, sensuous explosion of flowing motion. Naturally, after 15 or 20 turns, I had a huge, turgid erection bulging from skintight stretch pants, exposing the head of my love shaft (I love mining talk) and even a renegade vein or two.

It was then that I came upon her. She was lying spread-eagled on the slope, wearing nothing but an ecstatic smile and doing the most amazing tricks with an icicle that I've ever seen. The nipples of her love moguls were as straight as mountain peaks and the heat she generated in her love crevice would have melted a glacier. Her body arched in an avalanche of spasmodic passion as she came with the force and power of a midwinter gale.

Standing there for a moment, I was awe-struck by the innocent act of one of nature's true beauties, and I knew what I must do. I skied over and straddled her, striking the well-known classical ski-god stance and exposing my now-aching member. By the look of rapture on her face and the flared nostrils of her ski-jump nose, I knew she wanted me to practice my triple pole plant. I took the plunge into her love gully and pole-planted us both to another world of glory. After our bodies had cooled, I

was haunted by a question that I'm sure has occurred to you by now. "Why," I queried, "would a lovely snow nymph like yourself be out here in the middle of nowhere fucking an icicle when there are so many able-bodied ski instructors, trained in the lost arts of posing and pole planting, who would fight over such a prize?"

"Because," she finally admitted, "I have syphilis."

Help! What can I do? A ski instructor without a hooter is like a pole grip with no pole.—L. N., Dillon, Colorado.

*Gee, guys. Sounds to us like a case of cabin fever. Did you really think we'd fall for that? Love moguls? And people think we make up these letters.*

**A**fter the Tylenol scare and all the copycat poisonings, I began to think that the only safe remedy was never to take legal drugs. Then I really got paranoid. What if my dealer went around the bend? Is there a safe and legal way to test recreational chemicals?—F. H., Poughkeepsie, New York.

*You could just send them to John De Lorean. Or, better yet, to the Playboy Advisor. What's that, boss? Oh. OK. Actually, there is an organization that provides that service. It's called Up Front, Inc., and it's licensed by the state of Florida as an education and information center. To submit samples for analysis, do the following: 1. Wrap the sample in foil or plastic and place it in an envelope (you won't get it back). 2. Enclose a letter telling Up Front what you think it is, what it cost and whether or not any undesirable side effects occurred after you took it. 3. Include a five-digit number to identify your sample. Keep a record of it. 4. Enclose \$15 per sample. Samples will not be analyzed without payment. (The lab is funded entirely by the fees collected.) 5. Mail to S. P. Lab, 5426 N.W. 79th Avenue, Miami, Florida 33166. 6. After a week, call 305-416-3585 to get your result. In Florida but outside Dade County, call 1-800-432-8255 toll-free weekdays, from nine to five.*

**H**as there ever been a survey done to determine the percentage of relationships that have stayed together "till death do us part" and have involved a single guy and a divorced woman with small children? It seems that most of my male friends have lived with women who were married previously and the relationships have lasted only a few years. Now I find myself dating a divorced woman with two small children,

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and I'm very much in love with her and the kids. The funny part is, I used to laugh at my friends because I couldn't understand why a single guy would want a woman with children. Not only that: People look down on such relationships; and now I'm a little embarrassed to tell people, because they think I'm crazy. But she's the most beautiful person I've ever met. It's not because I don't know women or love; I've had thousands of women and have been seriously in love a few times. But this one knocks me out. I've dated her for 18 months, and I'm afraid of starting my future with her. I'm 27 and so is she. She's made a mistake in her life. It happens all the time. Could you advise me? My friends and relatives think I'm making a big mistake. Do you agree?—N. B., Bellmawr, New Jersey.

*Fuck your relatives. Follow your heart.*

**M**y bicoastal job keeps me in the air a lot. I often have a couple of drinks to pass the time on those flights, and I seem to get a lot higher a lot faster than I do on the ground. I know the altitude has something to do with it, but what? I've also noticed that the hangover is worse. What can I do to minimize those problems?—L. M., Los Angeles, California.

*We sincerely hope you're a businessman and not an airline pilot. Whatever you do, keep this in mind: At cruising altitude, the reduced atmospheric pressure sends the alcohol to your brain faster than normally. One drink at 35,000 feet can equal two at sea level. Also, the low humidity on an airliner (the result of the air conditioning) makes you a lot thirstier than usual. Finally, the change in time zones plays havoc with your drinking schedule as well as with your body clock. The solution to the first two problems is simple: Cut your alcohol consumption and raise your nonalcohol consumption. Keep track of the times you normally drink and drink at only those times. The introduction of alcohol at times when you are usually doing something other than drinking (at ten in the morning, say) will confuse your body, which has its own schedule. When that is added to the normal jet lag, a major hangover is the result. That makes for an unpleasant flight, and it's not too good for business, either.*

**I** really need your opinion. I'm 24 years old, and I recently started to worry about my sexual abilities. I usually have no problems in getting erections for the first time but need about 30 to 40 minutes of rest before the second and other shots—which are not plenty in number but last from 25 minutes to an hour. Sometimes my timing varies, of course, but for as long as I can recall, it has always been that way. Is that considered

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**Seagram's**



a typical performance? I'm not preoccupied with the subject, and I realize that timing and performance are concepts hardly applicable to love and sex, but I have been getting some hints from my girlfriend that we lose time in intercourse. I consider myself a very caressing and passionate lover, and I sometimes get frustrated knowing that I'm expected to get it up sooner than I can. I really wish I had quicker recoveries. Any kind of stimulation seems not to work before its time. If my rest time is abnormal, is there any way to cut it down? In this regard, I have another question: Have you heard of a new "tested sex pill" for men? Is it really a revolutionary discovery or just another hype? Does it really do what the manufacturer says (increase penis size, for example)? What is its action based upon? Are there any side effects? Are there any complications after its use or possible addiction to it? Should it be taken constantly? What horrible questions for a guy of my age to ask! But I need the answers anyway.—D. A., Detroit, Michigan.

*First, disregard any ads you see for pills promising to increase sexual potency—or, even more unbelievably, penis size. The only increases those products accomplish are in the size of the wallets of the manufacturers. They appeal to the insecurities of worried males who will grasp at straws. We hope that you are not one of those. There is nothing abnormal or even slow about your recovery time. Admittedly, some men are capable of a second or a third erection almost immediately after intercourse, but they are the exception and not the rule. We think you're normal, and we can suggest only that if your girlfriend is worried about losing time, as you put it, she should not go to bed with a stop watch. There are plenty of things to do while you're waiting.*

**M**y grandfather once said that as he got older, he was able to experience orgasm via masturbation without getting an erection. I've often wondered if he was pulling my leg. What do you say?—D. C., New York, New York.

*He was pulling something other than your leg. Physical response does change with age. According to Dr. Gabriel V. Laury, a 1979 survey reported that "about 25 percent of the men polled indicated that they had at some point masturbated without erection. The higher the age range, the higher was the percentage of masturbation without erection." So there you have it.*

**A**n equalizer was on my stereo shopping list until I noticed that many of the newer receivers have one built in. Would I be better off getting one of those than having the extra compo-

nent? My present amplifier is OK, by the way; I just need the extra sound control an equalizer can give me.—L. D., Aspen, Colorado.

*As a rule, any time anything extra is built into a component, some compromises have to be made. In the case of the receivers you mention, the compromise is in the amount of control you have. Most receivers have fewer bands than the dedicated components do. If your present box is in good shape, you're better off getting a separate equalizer that can give you as many as ten or more bands per channel to play with. Once you have the equalizer balanced to your listening room, you can leave it at that setting. When everything is plugged in, the component setup is just as convenient as the built-in setup, and we think the results are worth it.*

**A** law student I know claims that it is a criminal offense to infect someone with a venereal disease. Can that be true?—W. H., Houston, Texas.

*Should it be a criminal offense to give someone V.D.? How about either knowingly or unknowingly giving somebody else a venereal infection that may or may not be herpes? Twenty-four states punish the transmission of venereal infections one way or another, a few of them mentioning herpes by name and others excluding that disease by accident if not by design. The following states make it a crime one way or another to have or to transmit sexual infections to a second person. Or to three or four persons, for that matter. In most cases, the fines range from \$5 to \$500 and up to two years' imprisonment—in Vermont, at least. They are: Alabama, Arizona, Delaware, Florida, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, West Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin. In New Jersey, it is unlawful to "conduct oneself in such a manner as to expose oneself to infection." Right.*

*We haven't heard of anyone's being arrested in those states. We don't know how a prosecutor would prove a case ("That little bugger looks like you"?). But if you're planning a rock tour, avoid those states.*

*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

Last month, we asked about envying men and responses from the Playmates were not at all predictable. This month, we wanted to find out who should or who does dominate relationships in these socially confusing times.

The question for the month:

Do you allow a man to dominate a relationship?

I like to be feminine but not dominated. I think it's important to make a man feel special, and when I'm out in public, I don't need to show that I have the upper hand in a relationship as long as we both know that at home, in private, we're equals. I'm not into the get-in-there-and-cook kind of domination. I think a couple should discuss, compromise and take turns picking movies and restaurants. I don't think giving is giving in.



*Cathy St. George*

CATHY ST. GEORGE  
AUGUST 1982

I think it's 50-50 these days. Men still like to dominate and women often encourage it. Women still like to be treated like ladies, but being part of the business world and having a career has affected how women act and what they want from a relationship. After all the years of housewifery, women have gotten more dominant—I think to prove to themselves, more than to anyone else, that they are people with brains who can get a job done, too.



*Missy Cleveland*

MISSY CLEVELAND  
APRIL 1979

At times, I'm torn on this issue. On one hand, I'm a strong individual and I like to make my own decisions and go my own way. On the other hand, there are times—in a large crowd of people, for instance—when I like to have my hand held and be taken through the throng. In those moments, having that dominant hand or those big arms wrapped around me just feels good. I can be a little girl again and be taken care of. So I do think that women still depend on men a lot. It's a shame that we can't depend on each other without the labels. Our generation is still brainwashed.



*Marcy Hanson*

MARCY HANSON  
OCTOBER 1978

Yes. I think people seek each other out to fulfill certain needs and they look for qualities in another person that they themselves don't possess. I'm attracted to ambitious, motivated, successful people. Now, I'm not saying that I'm totally unmotivated or unsuccessful, but I'm not exactly climbing the corporate ladder of success, either. If I were a more powerful woman in my own right, I would be able to leave behind that kind of childlike femininity I'm still capable of expressing. I'd probably get to be domineering myself, just like men.



*Cathy Larmouth*

CATHY LARMOUTH  
JUNE 1981

I wouldn't want a man to be dominant and I wouldn't want to be dominant, either. I would want a partnership, really, equal. With no ego involved in who makes which decisions. That's really important, because I think ego is what messes up a lot of relationships. I couldn't handle it. I don't want him to be protective of me and I wouldn't try to protect him. We would work things out, without labels or ego.



*Karen Price*

KAREN PRICE  
JANUARY 1981

Yes and no. I believe a man should be a dominating factor in a relationship, but he should be fair. I think a relationship has to include friendship as well as love. But I do think that men are very sensitive, often more than women know or give them credit for, and a man needs to be in a relationship where he does make decisions about important issues, like money and raising children. It makes him feel stronger and better about himself. Women are always expressing their sensitivity, and I think we forget about what the male ego needs.



*Lorraine Michaels*

LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

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



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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## DRAFT RESISTANCE

I am extremely distressed by the treatment of the young men who resist the draft. The Government locks up those who voice their opinions on human rights. At the same time, we loose convicted rapists and murderers into our midst. Two policemen were killed here by a man who had been convicted of murder and was out on bail pending an appeal; he murdered them when they went to take him to serve his sentence. The young men who believe in peace are being persecuted by the country that preaches human rights. We preach that murder is a crime; yet no one had better refuse to turn his entire life, morals and judgment over to a politician. Even in hindsight, we can see that in such circumstances as a world war, the people in charge use tactics that are very wasteful and inefficient because they require large numbers of men to *sacrifice* so that a few may succeed.

Was it not Einstein who said you cannot prevent war while at the same time preparing for it?

Lynn Rutledge  
Riverside, California

I wish to quote (as best I can) those famous, forgotten words of President Reagan's: "Only in the most severe national emergency does the Government have a claim to the mandatory service of its young people. In any other time, a draft or draft registration destroys the very values that our society is committed to defending."

There are more than half a million young men who seem inclined to agree with the President and who have become a large class of potential felons in their pursuit of freedom. I hope PLAYBOY will support those young men and others like them who see draft registration as a violation of their civil liberties.

Robert Cohen  
Troy, New York

I can't say that I favor a military draft or even draft registration, but I can see one practical benefit that everyone seems to be overlooking. Anything that causes the typical American adolescent male to pause in his obsessive pursuit of rock albums, automobiles and drug-induced euphoria and to consider some of the grimmer realities of life can't be all bad.

(Name withheld by request)  
San Antonio, Texas

## HARD TIMES

I've enclosed two clips from a recent edition of the Long Beach Press-Telegram. One, as you can see, is headed "WHO'S DEPRESSED?" It tells of a local society party at which the theme was economic duress. It was complete with guests dressed in rags, apples for a nickel, day-old bread and cans of beans.

Perhaps the headline writer's question

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*"Only in the most severe national emergency does the Government have a claim to the service of its young people."*

---

of who's depressed could have been answered had someone read the other clip—"EVICIONS: ONE BUSINESS THAT'S BOOMING IN THE SLUMP"—taken from the front page of the same edition. It seems that being evicted because you can't pay your rent would tend to depress you.

What's more disturbing, though, is that people would take their fun from the misfortune of others. These are hard

times for many Americans, but evidently not for the social elite in Long Beach.

Dave Nowakowski  
Long Beach, California

## NICE GUYS. . . .

The best thing that can ever happen to a woman is for her to find you in bed with another woman, and I speak from experience. Several years ago, in Dallas, I was dating a young woman who would or would not screw, according to her whims. One night, she was deeply involved in a bridge tournament and told me on the phone that she could not leave early—which was about one A.M. I regret to say that that offended me enough that I ended up in the sack with another girl who had been putting the make on me for weeks.

Anyway, I decided that I'd been brushed off and was screwing the other girl when girlfriend number one came clomping up the stairs. The room was dark, and when the door opened, all I had to say was that I was, ah, busy.

The rest of the story is that the girl with whom I was in bed became freaked out because I had other women who felt authorized to invade my bedroom. And when the woman in question quietly left, my screwee was so angry that nothing would distract her—not even a fairly spectacular car wreck that we passed on the way to her apartment. I got out and looked, but she wouldn't budge.

The end of the story is that the girl who I'd decided didn't care was the one who *did* care. We ended up living together for nearly three years, and when I was disinclined to marriage—a subject that had never actually come up—she went back home and married. Three years later, one of my best friends.

Which was fine. By that time, I'd married an "older woman" (age 30) with two kids who was willing to be "fixed." (She really loves it when I say that.)

We're all still friends, except the woman with whom I was caught in the sack.

(Name withheld by request)  
Little Rock, Arkansas

While it may be true that "many women like scoundrels and exploiters better" than gentlemen, it is not impossible for them to reach a point in their personal evolution at which a gentleman is not only preferred but a necessity. I happen to have reached such a point in *my* life.

After spending the first ten years of



my adulthood latching on to one bastard after another, I broke the cycle and spent several months in therapy, which was terminated when I was transferred overseas.

I dated a young man from Michigan who was every inch a gentleman and, unfortunately, married. Although he was geographically separated from his new bride and obviously deprived (he dated no others), he never suggested or tried anything out of line and always treated me with great respect.

I have remained "bastard-free" to this day, and I thank God my gentleman happened to be present and available at the time in my life when I needed him most.

D. W. Hack (*The Playboy Forum*, September 1982) and others like him should continue to maintain their gentlemanly attitudes and behavior. They do *not* go unappreciated.

D. Sylanshi  
Marietta, Georgia

#### NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

I remain dumfounded as to why nuclear-reduction measures and disarmament proceedings are not left to the scientists themselves to negotiate on behalf of mutual anthropocentric salvation. For some daft reason, military types and politicians have taken it upon themselves to maneuver the fate of millions by and through the sentiments of a few—whose vocabularies are devoid of the words compromise and assent.

Last year, I attended a student conference on national affairs at Texas A & M University. The keynote speakers included Pavelo Pavlov, first secretary to the Soviet embassy in Washington, D.C. When queried as to why the Soviets did not include Andrei Sakharov, the father of Soviet nuclear science, in the SALT talks, Pavlov concocted some story about startling new evidence revealing that Sakharov had been a Nazi collaborator during World War Two and that his subsequent internal exile to the city of Gorki was imposed for his own safety.

While it is an accepted fact that if a Russian does not know the answer to a question he will make something up, I think I'll just attribute that incident to the resourcefulness and expediency of diplomacy.

Roy Louis Torres  
El Paso, Texas

#### ATOMIC WASTE

Concerned with economic waste, Reaganites? In 1979, soon after the disaster at Three Mile Island, the Bechtel Group, Inc., one of the world's largest engineering firms—which, incidentally, has interests in nuclear power but has recently renewed its interests in coal—concluded that the cost for the cleanup and for getting the plant back on line

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### FOBBING THEM OFF

DENVER—A 37-year-old mother has asked a court to evict her two grown sons, claiming they smoke marijuana at home, are promiscuous, refuse to get jobs and insult her with obscenities. The action apparently took the broth-



ers, 18 and 21, by surprise. Both were watching television when an interviewer arrived. One said, "If she really wanted us to move that bad, she didn't need to do this. She could have just come to us."

Meanwhile, in Hackensack, New Jersey, a 20-year-old man has been banished from his family home by court order after his parents complained that he refused to work and spent his days drinking beer in front of a television set.

#### FALSE NEGATIVES

Home pregnancy test kits are correct only about 75 percent of the time, though manufacturers claim 90 to 98 percent reliability, according to two University of Cincinnati researchers. Writing in the *American Journal of Public Health*, the authors said that young women who had begun menstruating recently, those from lower-income groups and those testing less than nine days after a menstrual period was due had high false-negative rates.

#### CONTROVERSIAL SEX

NEW YORK CITY—The publisher of "Show Me!," a controversial picture book about children and sex, says it

will withdraw the book from circulation in the U.S. because of a Supreme Court decision. St. Martin's Press says that the High Court order upholds the children's antipornography laws in about 20 states and makes both the publisher and the book's retailers subject to criminal charges. The book was originally issued by a Lutheran-sponsored publishing house in West Germany in 1974 and a year later was printed by St. Martin's in this country, with total sales reaching nearly 145,000.

#### FOOT IN THE DOOR

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The American Civil Liberties Union is protesting the idea of using the Internal Revenue Service to enforce draft registration by supplying names of possible offenders. An IRS commissioner said that when the idea was proposed, he worried about "preserving taxpayers' privacy." But he agreed because the IRS had provided similar information in other cases. David Landau of the A.C.L.U. calls this "a significant invasion of privacy. . . . You're opening the door here to IRS in a nontax, nonfinancial way." A compromise agreement calls for the IRS to mail a letter to potential violators, warning them to register.

#### BAD DEATHS

NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE—A prosecutor, outraged because two children died "for no good reason," has won a negligent-homicide indictment against a man for lending his car to a friend who was allegedly drunk. The two children were passengers in an automobile driven by their mother, which was struck by the friend.

#### GANG BANG

BOSTON—Three doctors, each serving six months for raping a nurse at a summer cottage in 1980, have had their licenses revoked by a unanimous vote of the Massachusetts Board of Registration of Medicine. The physicians were accused of forcing the nurse to leave a party in Boston and then raping her in the seaside community of Rockport.

#### BUTTOCK BITER

ATLANTA—A 23-year-old man has been sentenced to 20 years in prison for biting and kissing the buttocks of women he didn't know. The sentenc-

ing judge called him "a serious threat to society."

#### "FUZZBUSTERS"

LANSING—The Michigan Supreme Court has held that police-radar detectors are not illegal under current state law. The six-to-one opinion reversed the Michigan Court of Appeals, which held that the devices are covered by a state law that prohibits equipping a car with a radio receiving set capable of picking up police channels.

#### GROWING ACCOUNT

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA—After he meditated, a man says, his two-dollar bank account began growing; and within two weeks, it had escalated to hundreds, then thousands, then to \$4,000,000—all on his banking card. At which point he decided to call an attorney. With his client in tow, the lawyer managed to retrieve some of the \$4,000,000 before one of the machines refused to give back the card. Now the



bank wants an accounting of this apparent mistake and its money back, and the lawyer is in the middle.

#### HATCHET JOB

SAN JOSE—A 47-year-old man—minus his left foot—has been arrested after a woman coconspirator told police that she was involved in staging an auto accident that led to loss of the limb. His share of the insurance money was \$200,000, and another man was arrested because the woman, stricken by conscience, told the cops that a hatchet had been used to do the damage.

#### GRANDMA MAFIA

SAN FRANCISCO—A ten-month investigation by police from four Federal agencies has led to the indictment of 18

people, many of them middle-aged women accused of laundering more than \$25,000,000 in cocaine profits, as alleged members of the "Grandma Mafia." "These were essentially straight women," one Federal official said. "They just kind of slid into it. They liked the excitement as much as they did the money." The agents worked undercover to pose as middlemen taking cash in the laundering scheme; they secretly logged bank transactions, video-taped meetings and, with judicial approval, bugged telephones.

#### HEROES IN TROUBLE

LARCHMONT, NEW YORK—As police officers and other medical-emergency personnel watched from below, a 22-year-old criminal-justice student managed to grab and wrestle to safety an 18-year-old man threatening to jump from the roof of a six-story apartment building. Onlookers called the student's actions heroic, but the police have charged him with "obstruction of governmental administration," which carries penalties of up to one year or a fine of \$1000, or both.

In New York City, a guest at a dinner party died while cops, paramedics and two dishwashers fought over who should help him. By the time they got around to doing something for him, the man was dead.

#### NUDE PHOTOS

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN—A 23-year-old woman who took nude photos of herself for her boyfriend is suing K mart, claiming that an employee and one of his friends made extra prints and distributed them. The plaintiff said she learned of the extra prints from a man who was shown one of them and was given her name.

#### POT-POURRI

The latest reports from pot growers—and nongrowers—around the country:

- Acting on a tip from a neighbor, a police officer in Granite City, Illinois, made a nighttime raid on what he thought was a marijuana patch and confiscated 94 okra plants. When their true identity was discovered in the police station, the cops contacted the elderly woman who owned the plants and offered to make good all damages.

- Private pilots flying over north-eastern Washington don't want to be "blown out of the sky" by irate pot farmers. An attorney for one pilot suggested that such planes have their undersides painted bright orange.

- The country's third-largest cash crop this year will again be marijuana, with a value of more than ten billion

dollars. George Farnham, director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, told a Senate subcommittee that only corn and soybeans will be worth more.

- Marijuana farmers are replacing moonshiners as the top producers of illegal intoxicants in the Ozarks. Favorable growing conditions, the Government's crackdown on South American smugglers and prices of up to \$1200 a pound for prime-quality sinsemilla are factors making pot farming profitable in Missouri and Arkansas.

#### CHICKEN IN THE COURT

HOUSTON—A local judge recently dismissed an animal-cruelty case because he could not determine a chicken's state of mind. As reported in the American Bar Association Journal, the judge said, "Lord, it's difficult enough to decide cases with human beings, much less with a chicken." It seems the fowl, though physically unharmed, was being used as bait on a movable device for training fighting bulldogs, and that upset animal lovers. But because the case was based on the presumed cruelty, the judge decided the court needed some proof that the chicken had been disconcerted. He said, "There was no



testimony about whether the chicken was afraid, frightened, cackling, flapping its wings or enjoying its ride on this merry-go-round."

Meanwhile, in Ottumwa, Iowa, a high school football coach who wrung the neck of a blue-painted chicken and threw it into a pep-rally bonfire has been suspended for a week without pay. He explained that the first time he tossed it in, the creature escaped into the crowd and was picked up by a student. The second time, its neck wrung, the chicken burned.

would come to \$405,000,000. Officials of General Public Utilities added another \$25,000,000 to cover "possible uncertainties." Add to that the costs—upwards of \$10,000,000—of investigating the accident and for lawsuits. All that from one plant! Clean energy? Consider the mon-

umental and ever-growing problem of nuclear waste.

It is interesting to note that when the proponents of nuclear power attack the dangers of fossil fuels, they inevitably ignore such truly safe and renewable alternatives as solar power, wind power

and biomass. Nuclear power can certainly cause as much disease and death as fossil-fuel pollution; the question is, Will we trade one dead end for another or choose the road to renewable energy?

William Kane  
Oxnard, California

## HERPES STATISTICS

By SAMUEL R. KNOX

In our December 1982 issue, we published James R. Petersen's "Viewpoint: That Old-Time Religion," challenging a series of frightening assertions that *Time* magazine made in a cover story on herpes, which *Time* termed "The New Scarlet Letter." The letter that follows adds fuel to Petersen's ire.

In the August 2, 1982, issue of *Time*, an article about herpes ("The New Scarlet Letter") was featured, including a sidebar of statistics headed "Herpes Victims." That was unfortunate, for the statistics were somewhat misleading. As a member of the research team that conducted the nationwide study upon which it was based, I would like to set the record straight.

The original study was presented to the medical and scientific communities in the January-March 1982 edition of *Sexually Transmitted Diseases*, a medical journal. In that article, we carefully pointed out that the population we studied was highly unrepresentative:

The population surveyed, of course, is self-selected, but it represents a large body of persons who have, to date, not been studied. . . . Therefore, the generalizations from this large group are specific to this highly motivated, self-selected population and may or may not apply to the less privileged subjects who generally attend venereal-disease clinics.

Somehow that honest and prominently featured caution never saw the light of day in the *Time* article. Is it any wonder why myths abound with respect to herpes?

- Myth—51 percent of herpes victims are women. Certainly, that was true in the self-selected population we studied; but who knows what the true male-to-female proportion is in the public at large? To our knowledge, that has yet to be defined.

- Myth—95 percent of herpes victims are Caucasian. Yes, the membership of the Herpes Resource Center (the self-selected population studied) is 95 percent Caucasian; but ample

evidence exists to refute that percentage as having anything to do with the ethnic distribution of H.S.V. [herpes-simplex virus] in the general population. The bottom line: H.S.V. appears to prevail among every ethnic group in relatively equal proportions.

- Myth—80 percent of herpes victims are 20 to 39 years old. Again, in the closed population we studied, yes, that was the case; but in the general population—pick a number—it's anybody's guess how the disease is distributed by age. The simple fact is that nobody has ever conducted a population-based study.

- Myth—53 percent of herpes victims have completed at least four years of college.

- Myth—56 percent of herpes victims have an income of \$20,000 a year or more.

The previous remarks apply to those last two myths as well. Those are statistical attributes only of our membership (the study population) and are so non-cross-sectional, it's hard to imagine their having any generalizable validity.

Having debunked the statistical myths perpetrated in the *Time* article, where does that leave us? From a strictly scientific point of view, probably back at square one. The best guess offered at this time is that H.S.V. ranks behind gonorrhea as a sexually transmitted disease among teens. However, if the spread pattern in that group parallels the explosive spread rate we have seen among adults, H.S.V. may become more solidly entrenched.

The services and materials of the American Social Health Association's Herpes Resource Center are nominally priced (far less than the cost of a typical office visit to a private physician) and can be obtained by calling 415-328-7710. In addition, free information about herpes is available for the asking. Just send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to H.R.C., Box 100, Palo Alto, California 94302.

*Samuel R. Knox is national program director of the American Social Health Association.*

### SAFER NUKES?

You do not often publish misstatements of fact. However, you certainly did so in the case of Theo Moss's comment "There is no safe and effective method of permanently disposing of [nuclear] waste" (*Playboy Forum*, November). That is total crap.

The technical problems of nuclear-waste disposal were solved some years ago. Other nations have already implemented some of the techniques developed. The "problems" with nuclear waste are political, social, educational and, to some extent, economic; but not scientific or technical.

Unless, of course, Moss's statement is translated:

Safe = 100 percent hazard-free (nothing is).

Effective = simple and easy and cheap (few things are).

Permanent = eternal (not even earth is).

After sex, religion and politics, no subject has had more unadulterated bullshit written and spoken about it than has nuclear power. One typical example is "the disaster at Three Mile Island." That simply bastardizes the language; it does not communicate reality. T.M.I. was serious, undoubtedly. Unfortunate? Yes. Perhaps tragic. Disastrous? Bullshit. We have worse tragedies every day, but no one calls them disasters.

Clyde A. Wilkes  
Brentwood, Missouri

### GUN CONTROL

I wholeheartedly agree that control of firearms is, or could be, a major step in the direction of the control of crime—at least of crime involving firearms. The reason I think that is that here in the Chicago area, so few people go to jail for using guns illegally. I imagine they'll start to soon enough, thanks to Mayor Jane Byrne's gun law. But the only people to be arrested under that law will be shopkeepers who fail to comply with it and a few punks who belong in jail anyway and of whom Her Honor wants to make an example.

It remains to be seen how many people of either kind will actually go to jail. And I feel sorry for the shopkeepers and others who will simply get caught up in the new law.

(Name withheld by request)  
Cicero, Illinois

Has anyone called PLAYBOY's attention to the fact that a person, while filing



Federal firearms-license form 4473, must perjure himself? One of the questions asks if one has ever "used" pot.

Who, I wonder—at least if he's under 30—has not at least *tried* marijuana? Are we supposed to either ask Americans to lie on a Federal form, which could earn them years in prison and thousands of dollars in fines, or pretend they cannot own a firearm?

This goes back to the Gun Control Act of 1968. I'm sure whoever worked out the wording didn't mean that. But if you stupidly get arrested with a gun and some reefer, does that mean you're going to a Federal prison? I only hope it's what *PLAYBOY* calls a case of selectivity in law enforcement.

(Name withheld by request)  
Omaha, Nebraska

Just for the hell of it, and as a contribution to the gun-control debate, I suggest we remember the following:

Frederic's Remington  
Elizabeth Barrett's Browning  
National Velvet's Colt  
The Cathedral's Winchester  
Brando's Marlin  
Noble's Savage  
Hunter's Thompson  
Robert Blake's Beretta  
Whistler's Mortar  
Gabriel's Heater  
Mc Kuen's Rod

(Name withheld by request)  
Missoula, Montana

#### CHILD PORN

Knowing use of misinformation and overstatement seems to characterize the Women Against Pornography campaign to incite the American public. One example involves its continuing circulation of the following statement, which, unfortunately, has been picked up by several national publications: "Of the two-and-a-half-billion-dollar pornography industry, about one billion comes from child pornography." Now, that's 40 percent! It's amazing that it has been getting away with it, since anyone who has ever been in a porno shop knows that that figure is someone's fantasy.

Thanks to Los Angeles cops, we may now be able to put that figure to rest. Last August, "the country's largest dealer in child pornography" was identified and rough statistics became available. According to *The New York Times*, a well-to-do mother of five was alleged by police "to control 80 percent of the country's child pornography." Court charges state she netted about \$500,000 per year. Projecting those figures to 100 percent, child pornography seems to constitute .03 percent of the assumed two-and-a-half-billion-dollar total. That may be fairly accurate. Because child pornography "is considered untouchable by most pornography dealers," as the *Times* pointed out, the woman apparently used

her own mailing lists and dealt directly—through retail—most of the time. However, even allowing for wholesale and enormous retail markup, it seems the national figure could hardly have exceeded two or three percent before her legal demise.

Grant Taylor  
New York, New York

## FORUM LIBRARY

Here's a trio of books in paperback that will help readers deal with medicinal marijuana, unwanted pregnancy and—last but not least—herpes.

• *Marijuana as Medicine*, by University of Washington associate professor Roger A. Roffman. Not a "dope book," not a biased treatment of the issue and not written to legitimize the nonmedical use of the drug, it goes from the history of the plant to the laws of the land. It's \$5.95, plus \$1 postage and handling, from Madrona Publishers, 2116 Western Avenue, Seattle, Washington 98121.

• *The Abortion Guide: A Handbook for Women and Men*, by Carole Dornblaser and Uta Landy, Ph.D. How to cope when you don't want to be pregnant and where to go for assistance. It's \$3.50, plus 75 cents postage and handling, from Playboy Paperbacks Mailing Service, P.O. Box 690, Rockville Centre, New York 11571.

• *Herpes: What to Do When You Have It*, by Oscar Gillespie, Ph.D., cofounder of New York's Help program. "When you have it" is the key topic, with a few hints on how to avoid it, plus information on The Herpes Resource Center, which publishes *The Helper*. It's \$4.95, plus \$1.50 postage and handling, from The Putnam Publishing Group, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

#### THE NEW RIGHT

Recently, I had the opportunity to serve as an expert witness in an obscenity trial. The owner of a local theater was arrested for showing an X-rated film titled *Alice in Wonderland*, and since I teach a film-appreciation course at Southeastern Massachusetts University, I was hired by the defense to testify about the film's literary and artistic merits.

The trial was held in the courthouse of a nearby city before a judge who found the defendant guilty. However, an appeal was made for a jury trial, and, at the second level, the defendant was judged *not* guilty by his peers. The New Right, the Moral Majority and other puritanical groups have caught the attention of the country through their crusade against sexuality in the arts. Many of us are fearful of what that means to the First Amendment and the issue of free

speech, and there is no doubt in my mind that our local case is a microcosm of hundreds of battles taking place around the nation.

Keep up the good work.

Charles White, Ph.D.  
Southeastern Massachusetts University  
North Dartmouth, Massachusetts

#### HELPING HERPETICS

Phyllis Schlafly has turned from her crusade against the Equal Rights Amendment to reversing the tide of herpes. She has written a pamphlet titled "Herpes: Just the Facts," in which, the papers say, she assails *PLAYBOY*, Planned Parenthood, sex-education counselors and television for failing to warn people. That's very nice. Genital herpes is contagious, but blaming *PLAYBOY* is a little like blaming the sun for coming up.

(Name withheld by request)  
Portland, Oregon

*Interestingly enough, a reader sent us a similar clipping that reports that gossypol, a cottonseed-oil extract, is being tested against herpes in Finland—with a little help from the Ford Foundation and the U.S. Agency for International Development.*

#### BRADY CASE

As a rape victim, I feel compelled to write this letter. I can say only "Hurrah for *PLAYBOY*!" You've come to the aid of an innocent man, Tom Brady, and have again seen that justice is served.

Even the anguish I felt at the hands of a rapist cannot be as great as that of being locked away for something one didn't do.

As long as people like you are fighting for humanity, there will be a beacon shining for all of us.

(Name withheld by request)  
Hixson, Tennessee

Your "Playboy Casebook" in the November issue properly describes Tom Brady's plight with false imprisonment and reaches the only just conclusion. However, with Brady's finally being set free after spending more than three and a half years in prison, I wonder about the accuser. From the looks of it, her apparently false accusations of two rapes and kidnappings are a bit too serious to go unresolved. Rape is certainly a serious crime, but sending a man to prison for three and a half years isn't exactly *Mother Goose* material.

Chris Bailey  
Cheektowaga, New York

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

*a candid conversation with the nobel prize winner about his novels, his friend fidel castro and life, love and revolution in latin america*

The Nobel Prize is at once the most prestigious and the least predictable of honors, so it was an unexpected pleasure for us when it was announced that the 1982 winner for literature was the Latin-American novelist Gabriel García Márquez. Not only has PLAYBOY published his fiction for more than a decade but we had recently sent a reporter abroad to engage him in the most extensive interview of his career. So when it was announced that he would be making the traditional journey to Stockholm in early December to receive his award, we had the satisfaction of offering our readers a fortuitously timed interview. The world's literary community, however, may claim that the announcement was not unexpected. For years, critics had been waxing ecstatic about the author of "One Hundred Years of Solitude," hailing him as one of the world's great living novelists, comparing his work to that of William Faulkner and James Joyce. Indeed, among the literati, García Márquez—"Gabo," as he's known to his friends—has long been talked of as a Nobel contender. The only question was when, not if.

A few basic facts about García Már-

quez: He is the foremost practitioner of Latin America's "magic realist" literary style, a form in which fantasy and reality are blended into a uniquely New World form of storytelling; his masterly novel of life, love and revolution in a Latin-American village, "One Hundred Years of Solitude," has sold more than 6,000,000 copies in more than 30 languages; the book is a cult classic on American college campuses; before garnering his Nobel, García Márquez won every international prize worth having.

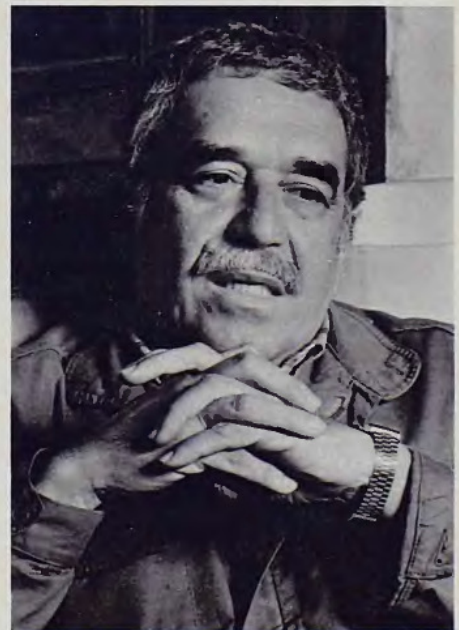
Beyond his literary accomplishments, García Márquez is a political activist, an advocate of social revolution in the Third World and in Latin America in particular. He is a close friend of many world leaders, including Cuba's Fidel Castro and France's Socialist President François Mitterrand. His leftist views and background have made him a controversial figure in the U.S.

When "One Hundred Years of Solitude" was published in the United States in 1970, critics fell over one another to pronounce García Márquez a genius. That was followed in 1975 with "The Autumn of the Patriarch," a wildly surreal work about a Latin-American dicta-

tor who's been in power so long that no one remembers how he got there. This April, Knopf will be bringing out his latest, "Chronicle of a Death Foretold," a story of sex, murder and retribution.

Born in the Colombian coastal village of Aracataca in 1928, the writer grew up in an atmosphere that made him a natural storyteller. Aracataca, he always said, was a wonderful place of "bandits and dancers." His grandfather told young Gabriel true tales of war, injustice and politics. His grandmother recited bedtime stories of the supernatural.

Since the age of 18, García Márquez knew that a big book about Latin America brewed inside him. As a young man, he studied law at the University of Bogotá—a pursuit he continued until, in the late Forties, he quit to eke out a living as a writer and a journalist. During the Fifties and Sixties, he lived the itinerant life of a reporter in Paris, Rome and Caracas, including a stint as a correspondent for Prensa Latina, revolutionary Cuba's news agency. On one brief trip back home in 1958, he married his childhood sweetheart, Mercedes Barcha. When not writing for newspapers, García Márquez wrote fiction:



PHOTOGRAPHY BY OSCAR PUGLIESE

"I am absolutely convinced that in Jimmy Carter's plans for a second term was a solution for the problem of Cuban-U.S. relations. Reagan, the instant he got into office, did the opposite."

"People find it difficult to believe that my friendship with Fidel is based on a mutual interest in literature. And on fish recipes. The man knows everything there is to know about seafood!"

"To interpret 'One Hundred Years of Solitude' as meaning 'no one will ever know us' is correct. Everyone is afraid of solitude. When you open your eyes in the morning, the first feeling is always fright."

"Leaf Storm," "No One Writes to the Colonel," "In Evil Hour" and "Big Mama's Funeral," works that some scholars now consider first drafts of "One Hundred Years of Solitude." By 1965, free-lancer García Márquez found himself in Mexico City, supporting his wife and two sons. It was there that the idea for "One Hundred Years of Solitude" was crystallized.

In the years since its publication in 1967, García Márquez has found himself catapulted to wealth, political influence and the international renown reserved for movie stars and statesmen. The García family now maintains elegant residences in Paris and Mexico City, and he has used his influence to become an unofficial ambassador for leftist Latin America. He has tried unsuccessfully to ignore his fame, saying, "I detest being converted into a public spectacle."

Last year, PLAYBOY gave journalist Claudia Dreifus the green light to try to question this unusual writer. Her report:

"To describe García Márquez as elusive is understatement. He does not answer letters, fearing that his correspondence may be sold at auction. His telephone seems to be perpetually out of order. I wrote to him at various addresses in Paris and periodically telephoned his agent in Spain. Nothing happened. Then, one afternoon in New York, Gregory Rabassa, the author's English-language translator, telephoned: 'Gabo is in New York, just for the afternoon. If you rush, you might catch him.'

"In a flash, I contacted García Márquez at his Park Avenue hotel. 'Mr. García Márquez, there's so much that's been written about you and so little of it is true,' I said. 'With a "Playboy Interview," you could clear up all the fiction. What's more, with the situation in Central America being what it is, North Americans would be interested in hearing a different voice speak on Latin-American realities. Why don't you tell us your side of the story?'"

"García Márquez was intrigued. In March of 1981, he'd suffered the experience of having to flee his native Colombia after the military there tried to link him with a Castroite guerrilla organization. In the United States, he was having problems with the State Department, which, because of his Castro connection, would grant him only a limited U.S. entry visa. Yes, he would like to talk about all of that. Did I speak Spanish? he asked me.

"No.

"Did I speak French?"

"A little.

"Well, what did I speak?"

"My heart sank as I spoke the name of the most unlikely language for this situation—German. Both of us giggled at the ridiculousness of my answer. 'We'll figure something out,' García

Márquez said. 'I'll see you in either Paris or Barcelona—your choice.'

"I prefer Paris,' I said.

"Ah, yes,' he laughed; then he added, 'This conversation is beginning to sound like a scene from a Dos Passos novel.'

"Two months later, we met at his charming modern apartment in a high-rise that towered over Paris. For nine days, we talked, argued and parried, with the nimble assistance of Patricia Newcomer, who did the translating chores from Spanish to English. Sometimes, the author's wife, Mercedes, a dark woman with a quiet manner, sat in on the sessions.

"Incidentally, our conversations about Latin-American politics occurred when El Salvador was in the headlines and before the outcome of last summer's Falklands conflict and the renewed tensions in Nicaragua. These discussions should be read within that context.

"Oddly enough, the playful black humor that is the trademark of García Márquez' writing came out only after lengthy coaxing. Gabriel García Márquez was giving an interview for posterity

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*"The State Department can end the visa game whenever it wants to and exclude me from the U.S. forever."*

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and, God, he was serious about it. Once, in a fruitless attempt to make him laugh, I took him a box of truffles from Paris' best chocolatier. In 'One Hundred Years of Solitude,' there's a priest who levitates every time he drinks chocolate. 'Will you levitate with these?' I asked.

"It only works with liquid chocolate!' he said glumly. And then he tossed the chocolates to a far corner of the room.

"Nonetheless, when García Márquez goes to Stockholm to receive his Nobel, he'll receive something he will doubtless appreciate more—\$157,000 in cash, great acclaim and a certified place in the history of letters. It must be a delicious journey for García Márquez, the fabulist who began his writing in Aracataca, drawing cartoons of his grandmother's occult tales, the man who writes because he wants 'to be loved more.'"

PLAYBOY: You have received numerous literary honors since the publication of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. You've been mentioned in connection with the Nobel Prize, and John Leonard of *The New York Times* once said, "The great American novel has been written by a Latin American." In view of that, do you find it ironic that because of your problem with the U.S. State De-

partment, you have difficulty getting a visa every time you want to visit the U.S.? GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ: First of all, the great American novel was written by Herman Melville. As to my problem, as you politely call it, it has to do with my political thinking, which is no secret. It is unpleasant. It's as if I had a mark on my forehead, and it shouldn't be that way. I am one of the great propagandists for North American literature. I have said to audiences everywhere in the world that the North American novelists have been the giants of the century. Moreover, great cultural changes are taking place in the United States because of the influence of Latin America—and my work is part of that influence. I should be able to participate more freely.

PLAYBOY: Why can't you?

GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ: The whole business stems from the fact that in 1961, I worked for the Cuban news agency in New York. I wasn't even a bureau chief. From that time on, my wife and I were told that we were "ineligible for entry" when we wanted to visit the U.S. That went on until 1971, when Columbia University awarded me an honorary degree. Since then, I have had some sort of conditional visa that makes me feel insecure. It's a game established by the State Department. What is frightening is that the State Department can end the game whenever it wants to and exclude me from the United States forever. No cultured man can exist today without traveling frequently to the U.S.

PLAYBOY: Despite your visa problems and your reported leftist views, it's clear that you have a real affection for Americans and American culture.

GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ: Yes, the people of the United States are one of the peoples I most admire in the world. The only thing I don't understand is why a country that manages to do so many things so well cannot do better in choosing its Presidents. But we can talk about that later. I notice you haven't asked me the one question all interviewers start with.

PLAYBOY: What question is that?

GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ: You haven't asked me if I'm a Communist.

PLAYBOY: We thought we would let the readers make up their own minds. Asking someone that question has ugly connotations in America, because of the McCarthy period.

GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ: Yes, but the readers of PLAYBOY will wonder why you didn't ask it anyway.

PLAYBOY: OK. Are you a Communist?

GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ: Of course not. I am not and have never been. Nor have I belonged to any political party. Sometimes I have the impression that in the United States, there is a tendency to separate my writing from my political activities—as if they were opposites. I don't think

they are. What happens is that, as an anticolonial Latin American, I take a position that annoys many interests in the United States. And so, simplistically, some people say I am an enemy of the United States. What I'd like to correct is the problems and errors in the Americas as a whole. I would think the same way if I were a North American. Indeed, if I were North American, I would be even more of a radical, because it would be a matter of correcting the faults in my own country.

**PLAYBOY:** Incidentally, why do you always use the words North America to describe the United States?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** It bothers me that the people of the United States have appropriated the word America as if they were the only Americans. America, in fact, begins at the South Pole and ends at the North Pole. When residents of the United States call themselves Americans, they are telling us they think of themselves as the *only* Americans. Actually, those people are residents of a country without a name.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** No name. They should find a name, because right now they have none. We have the United States of Mexico, the United States of Brazil. But the *United States*? The United States of *what*? Now, remember, that is said with affection. As I mentioned, I love North American literature. The only academy of letters I belong to is that of the United States. Critics in the United States are those who best understand my works.

But as a Latin American, as a partisan for Latin America, I can't help but feel resentful when North Americans appropriate the word America for themselves. As I see America, it is like a boat—with a first class, a tourist class, a hold and sailors. We Latin Americans don't want to be in the hold of the boat and we don't want the North Americans to be in first class. Nor do we want to sink the first class, because if we do, the entire boat sinks. Our historical destiny—Latin America's and North America's—is to navigate this entire boat together. For another thing, Cuba is very much a part of this American ship. Sometimes I think it would be safer for the Cuban revolution if its people could get a tugboat and tow themselves elsewhere—somewhere other than 90 miles from Florida.

**PLAYBOY:** Since we're playing God with geography, what else can we move?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** If one could do this, perhaps one could move rivers and oceans to where they are needed. Things are so unfair. In any case, it's already been done, no? Half of Mexico was taken and moved over to the United States. The United States did the same

with Puerto Rico—for which we feel great nostalgia, because it is a Latin-American country. The same thing happens to many countries of Eastern Europe. I don't want to appear sectarian.

**PLAYBOY:** Didn't you take a bus trip through the U.S. South in 1961 as a fairly broke reporter?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes. I had recently read Faulkner and greatly admired him, so I made this trip by—what do you call it?—Greyhound, from New York down to the Mexican border. I traveled by bus because I wanted to see the country from the small, dusty roads that Faulkner described—and also because I had almost no money.

**PLAYBOY:** How did the region look?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** I saw a world very similar to my home town of Aracataca in Colombia. As a company town built by United Fruit, Aracataca had the same wooden shacks with roofs made of zinc and tin. In Faulkner's country, I remember seeing the small stores along the roadway with people seated out front with their feet up on railings. There

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*"It bothers me that the people of the U.S. have appropriated the word America as if they were the only Americans."*

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was the same kind of poverty contrasting with great wealth. In some ways, it seemed to me that Faulkner was also a writer of the Caribbean, because of the great influence the area has had on the Gulf of Mexico and on Mississippi.

**PLAYBOY:** We'll be talking extensively about your work, but let's pursue this question of literature and politics a bit further. You *are* fascinated by the relationship between the two subjects, aren't you?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** I'm fascinated by the relationship between literature and *journalism*. I began my career as a journalist in Colombia, and a reporter is something I've never stopped being. When I'm not working on fiction, I'm running around the world, practicing my craft as a reporter. It will interest you to know that I do every kind of journalism—except interviews. With interviews, the interviewer has to work *much* too hard. But to return to your question, what has happened is that I have, as a result of the success of my novels, this huge reputation—and, yes, I am a Latin American, and considering all that is going on in Latin America, it would be a crime not to be interested in politics.

If I came from a part of the world that didn't have Latin America's enormous political, economic and social problems, I could ignore politics and live, very happily, on a Greek island. However, I am, indeed, Latin American, and so the only choice I have is to be an emergency politician.

**PLAYBOY:** What does an emergency politician do?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** In my case, first of all, I am not a militant for any party. Nor am I involved in the politics of a single country. I feel myself *Latin American* in the broadest sense. As such, I use my international reputation to conduct what might be called extraofficial diplomacy. I have friends, at high levels, in governments in Europe and Latin America.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about one of your famous friendships—with Fidel Castro. It is a close friendship, isn't it?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** We are good friends. Ours is an intellectual friendship. It may not be widely known that Fidel is a very cultured man. When we're together, we talk a great deal about literature. Fidel is a fantastic reader. As a matter of fact, the friendship really began after he'd read *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, which he liked very much.

**PLAYBOY:** Castro once said of you, "García Márquez is the most powerful man in Latin America." If that is an accurate quote, how do you think he meant it?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** The phrasing doesn't sound like Fidel, but if he did say that, I'm sure he was referring to me as a writer, not as a political man.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying you don't talk about politics with him?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, it would be hard not to. But we don't really talk about politics *that* much. Most people find it difficult to believe that my friendship with Fidel Castro is almost totally based on our mutual interest in literature. Very few of our conversations concern the fate of the world. More often, we talk about what good books we've read.

Whenever I go to Cuba, I always take Fidel a stack of books. Usually, upon my arrival in the country, I leave them with one of Fidel's aides and then I go about my business. A few weeks later, when Fidel and I finally get a chance to talk, he's read everything and there are 1000 things to talk about. Once, I remember, I left him a copy of Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, which is really an absolutely fantastic book but one that intellectuals consider unworthy. Well, I took that book to Fidel one night—about two in the morning. One always gets to see Fidel at that kind of odd hour. That's what his life is like. That night, he had many important state documents to read and consider. Well, we talked for about an hour, and

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then we met again the next day at noon. "Gabriel, you screwed me!" he said. "That book; I couldn't get a minute's sleep." He'd read *Dracula* from four in the morning till 11 A.M. And this is an aspect of his personality that few people know, and it is because of this that the friendship has developed. Contrary to what is said about us, we have never conspired on political subjects. Fidel thinks writers are meant to write their books and not to conspire.

**PLAYBOY:** But people think you do, as you say, conspire with Castro, don't they?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** There are some in the government of Colombia, my own country, who think that. But let me really tell you about my friendship with Fidel, because perhaps this is the place to clear up the misunderstandings about it. I'll begin with a story I think is typical.

In 1976 and 1977, I went to Angola to do a series of articles that was published in *The Washington Post*. On the way back from Angola, I stopped in Cuba. Well, in Havana, reporters from Reuters and Agence France Presse asked me for an interview. I told them that I had a seven o'clock plane to Mexico but that they should come by the hotel at four. Around 3:30, Fidel unexpectedly arrived for a talk. So when the journalists dropped by at four, the hotel staff told them they couldn't see me because I was with Fidel.

I told Fidel my impressions of Angola for ten minutes, and then, I don't know why—perhaps because we were discussing the food shortages in Angola—he asked me if I'd eaten poorly there. "It wasn't bad for me," I said. "I managed to find a tin of caviar somehow and I was very happy." So Fidel asked if I liked caviar. And I said, "Very much." He told me that that was a purely cultural, intellectual prejudice and that he didn't think caviar was such an exquisite dish. Well, one thing led to another, and we continued talking for hours about food—lobsters, fish, fish recipes. The man knows *everything* there is to know about seafood. So when it came time for me to leave for my plane, he said, "I'll take you to the airport." At the airport, Fidel and I sat in the VIP lounge and talked more about fish—while the plane was held up.

**PLAYBOY:** A VIP lounge at Havana's airport? Doesn't sound very socialist.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** It is socialist. There are two VIP lounges, as a matter of fact. Anyway, the reporters caught up with us at the airport and apparently said to each other, "If García Márquez has just come from Angola and Fidel has taken him to the airport, then they must be having an extremely important conversation!" So, when I left, the journalists came to the door of the

plane and said, "Don't leave without telling us: What were you talking to Fidel about for all these hours?" I said, "I'd better not answer you. If I told you the truth, you'd never believe me."

**PLAYBOY:** How do you go about maintaining a personal relationship with someone like Castro?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** It's difficult, obviously, because it is a friendship with limitations. Fidel is a man with few personal friends. It's inevitable, of course, given his job and his power. Once, someone asked him—in front of me—if he didn't feel the solitude of power. He said no. However, I wonder if those who have power really feel how alone they are.

**PLAYBOY:** One of the rumors about you is that you give Castro a first look at your novels—before you submit them to your publishers. True?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, with my most recent book, *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*, I sent him the manuscript, yes.

**PLAYBOY:** Did he like it?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Fidel? Yes! The reason

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*"Reagan sees any  
nonconformity by Latin  
America not as the end  
product of misery but as  
some kind of Soviet  
operation."*

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I showed it to him is because he is a very good reader with a really astonishing capacity for concentration—and also because he's so careful. In many of the books he reads, he quickly finds contradictions from one page to another. *Chronicle of a Death Foretold* is structured as carefully as clockwork. If there had been an error in the works, a contradiction, it would have been very serious. So, knowing about Fidel's quick eye, I showed him the original manuscript hoping he might catch any contradictions.

**PLAYBOY:** So you use the president of Cuba as a literary muse?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** No, as a good first reader.

**PLAYBOY:** Knowing Castro as you do, do you have any insight into what the United States might do—or might have done—to change its relations with Cuba?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes. I am absolutely convinced that in Jimmy Carter's plans for a second term was a solution for the problem of Cuban-U.S. relations. He would have lifted the blockade, restored normal relations, ended the harassment of Cuba by counterrevolutionary groups. Reagan, the instant he got into office,

did the opposite. I'm sure that Carter would have solved the problem of those hostilities in the same manner John Kennedy wanted to when they killed him. Without a doubt, Kennedy was seeking a solution for Cuba.

**PLAYBOY:** Why, in your opinion, have so many American Presidents—Kennedy included—had such an obsession with Cuba?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** For two reasons. The first is that Cuba, until the revolution, was practically a part of the United States. It was completely, completely United States territory. It was an incredible loss for the North American financial interests that controlled the country when the Cuban revolution proved a true revolution—both national and social. And that's the second reason for this obsession. Before Cuba, all revolutions in Latin America offered the possibility of sooner or later falling under the control of the United States. Cuba changed Latin-American history.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps, but it also merely switched its dependency from the United States to the Soviet Union.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** A lot of that was artificial and caused by the U.S. economic blockade. The Cubans were very lucky that the Soviet Union provided aid when it did, because the United States was trying to starve them to death. But that doesn't mean that the situation isn't artificial. It is not possible for a country like Cuba to have all its energy sources 14,000 kilometers away indefinitely—an oil supertanker arrives there every 32 hours. Well, that has to change. It could change if the United States recognized that the Cubans are entitled to their own revolution in their own style—that they're entitled to it.

What many in North America don't realize is that Cuba has great affection for the people of the United States. If the blockade ended, there would be good relations. In the United States, for instance, one hears a lot of propaganda regarding Soviet cultural influence on Cuba. I believe the cultural influence of the United States on Cuba is quite a bit stronger. I remember, one night, sitting in a bar in Havana with a European journalist, and he was talking about the incredible Soviet domination of Cuba while a man played music on the piano in the bar. At the end of the two-hour conversation, I said to the journalist, "Did you notice the music the man at the piano has been playing?" Curiously, he hadn't played a single Soviet tune—it was all North American music. I wish Americans realized that kind of thing.

**PLAYBOY:** For three years, you were writing a nonfiction book about Cuba. Rumor has it that you've decided to withhold publication of the book. Why?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** It's a long story. I've

been working on that book for many years. Each time I go to Cuba, I find that my previous work has become outdated. Reality moves very fast in Cuba. Finally, I decided to cease work on the book and wait for the Cuban situation to become normal before I complete and publish it.

**PLAYBOY:** You're quoted in the May 22, 1980, *New York Times* as telling a reporter that you'd decided not to publish the work because it was too critical of Cuba.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** All right. What I wrote is a very harsh, very *frank* book. It would be very easy for someone to quote out of context sentences that seem against Cuba. I don't want that to happen. But that's not my reason for withholding the book; I'm waiting for an event—perhaps the lifting of the U.S. blockade—before finishing it.

**PLAYBOY:** Another friend in a high place is France's president, François Mitterrand. Is it true that you serve as an unofficial advisor for him on Latin-American affairs?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Did you use the word advisor? No. President Mitterrand doesn't need advice on Latin America. Sometimes he needs information. Then we talk.

**PLAYBOY:** Paris had a confrontation some time back with Washington when it decided to send military aid to the left-wing *Sandinista* regime in Nicaragua. Is that the sort of thing you talk about?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** The decision to sell them the arms? No. Discussions on that matter, apparently, were very, very secret. But in the case of the commercial and economic help the Nicaraguans were seeking, that I knew about. The people now in power in Nicaragua, they're good friends. We worked together during the years they were fighting the Somoza regime. If you want to know what I told President Mitterrand about Nicaragua and, indeed, about the entire Central American situation, I'll be glad to repeat what I said.

**PLAYBOY:** Please do.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** It's my view that the big problem in Latin America, in Central America in particular, is that the Reagan Administration interprets everything as a result of Soviet-American dynamics. Which is ridiculous. And also unrealistic. The Reagan Administration sees any nonconformity by the people of Latin America not as the end product of the miserable conditions in those countries but as some kind of Soviet operation. In believing that, the Reagan Administration is creating a self-fulfilling prophecy—just as Kennedy did with Cuba in the early Sixties. I happen to know the *Sandinistas* very well, and I

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know they are making great efforts to work out their own system—independent of any world power. Unfortunately, the Nicaraguans are now facing all kinds of internal conspiracies and raids from the old Somoza forces operating out of Honduras and attempts to destabilize the government by elements funded by the United States. At the same time, the Nicaraguans have a desperate need for funds for food, development and self-defense. If the West refuses them that, they will be forced to seek it from the only government that will give it to them—the Soviet Union.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you see the situation in El Salvador? Do you think Reagan sees it purely as evidence of more Soviet activity?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** I think what the United States Government wants in Central America are governments it can control. Fortunately—or, depending on what you believe, unfortunately—the U.S. can't get that without war. It's hard to know what Reagan's motives are. He must know that the case he makes—that El Salvador is the victim of a Soviet conspiracy—can't be true. If he doesn't know that, we're in a very dangerous situation, because it means that the President of the United States is completely misinformed. No, I prefer to think that Reagan and his advisors are playing some political game.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you believe that the Soviet Union is expansionistic?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** I believe that the Soviet Union will take advantage of situations—especially when the United States refuses to support the nonconformist side. But to get back to El Salvador, it's a very dangerous situation. When you contemplate possible scenarios, you think that the world might be coming to a very great conflagration. First of all, we're not talking about a war in El Salvador alone. If the United States intervened there as it did in Vietnam, the war would soon spill over to all of Central America—perhaps all of Latin America. Yes, the United States might go into Central America militarily, because that is a weak place. Then, as a next step, the U.S. might create a Naval blockade to prevent the Cubans from helping the Central Americans. While I don't think that Cuba would do anything as preposterous as provoke a war with the United States, it certainly would defend itself against a North American invasion—which would also be a possibility.

**PLAYBOY:** You are obviously negative about Reagan's foreign policy, but do you think it's very different from that of his predecessor?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Very different. When it came to Latin America, Carter was extremely well informed, and during

the last few years of his office, he was greatly influenced by the late General Omar Torrijos, the former leader of Panama. Torrijos was one of my closest friends, and I know of many of the things that were said between them. I know, for instance, that Carter and Torrijos together were trying to work out a negotiated political solution for the problems of El Salvador. Carter's policy on signing the Panama Canal treaties was a major step in improving relations between the United States and Latin America. The treaties, for which he fought hard, proved to be the most important of all Carter's international policies. When he signed them, he showed that the United States was beginning to deal with Latin America in a fair way. And, also, Carter's human-rights policies were often commendable. I admit that when he was in power, I thought his human-rights campaign was a façade, window dressing. However, with the advent of Reagan, I've changed my mind.

Under Carter, for purely psychological reasons, the Latin-American dictators felt watched, uncertain. In the United States, the power structure has

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*“Since the visit of UN  
Ambassador Jeane  
Kirkpatrick to Chile, it's  
impossible to get one  
prisoner out of  
Pinochet's jails!”*

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never been monolithic. So, during Carter's term of office, you had the Pentagon and the CIA telling the dictators not to worry. You also had the State Department, at the same time, telling them that they had to respect the human rights of their citizens. The double message made the dictators feel insecure. As a result, those of us who are involved in human-rights work were able to rescue many people. However, since Reagan's election, you have Jeane Kirkpatrick running off to Chile and telling Augusto Pinochet that his is the kind of “authoritarian democracy” Latin America needs. Since her visit, it's impossible to get *one prisoner* out of Pinochet's jails! Nor can we get answers from the Argentine government about the 15,000 Argentine citizens who've disappeared. Carter took away support from the dictators to the greatest possible extent; Reagan gives them more support than should be possible.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned your friendship with Torrijos, who died in a plane

crash in 1981. Is it true that you've developed an ulcer since his death?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Who told you about that?

**PLAYBOY:** It's just a report we heard. Why does the question upset you?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Because it's impossible for me to have any privacy anymore. Absolutely *nothing* is private!

**PLAYBOY:** Well, *did* Torrijos' death cause you to get an ulcer?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes and no. I have a chronic problem in my duodenum that is affected by stress. Some years ago, the ulcer hemorrhaged, but it was fine for the longest time. But then, when Torrijos died, I was terribly upset. He was a dear friend of mine. No, he was *more* than that. I considered myself one of his closest friends. Aside from that, he was an extremely important man for Latin America. Moreover, I barely missed joining him on the fatal flight. As you can well imagine, all that taken together caused my ulcer to hemorrhage.

**PLAYBOY:** You almost took the fatal flight?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes. Several days before the crash, it struck me that I hadn't seen Torrijos in the longest time. That bothered me. Thinking it was time to talk and catch up with things, I called him and ended up joining him on Contadora Island. We stayed, in fact, in the house where the shah had lived.

**PLAYBOY:** The house the shah hated so much?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes. I'd never seen Torrijos in a better mood. He was working a lot on the problems of El Salvador. He was convinced that a negotiated political solution was possible and that the only obstacle was that the United States might not cooperate. Carter, he said, would have accepted a negotiated settlement, but things were different with Reagan. So, after spending some time at Contadora, we flew to Panama City. We spent some time together, and then he left for an unknown place and left word that a plane would be sent shortly for me to join him. Another day passed, he was still gone and I decided to go back to Mexico. I left a message for him saying I'd come back another time and we could finish our conversation. Two days later, he was killed in the crash. Now, if I hadn't gone back to Mexico, I would have been on that plane, too—Torrijos had very specifically invited me on that trip.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't think the crash was anything but an accident, do you?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** There is as much probability for it to have been an accident as not. But I would like to say I have many doubts.

**PLAYBOY:** Torrijos may have been a friend of yours, but in the American press, he was often described as a military

strong man, which is a code phrase for military dictator. There are some who think it odd for the author of *The Autumn of the Patriarch* and a military strong man to be best friends.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, a great many things are said in the U.S. press—some good, some bad, some right, some wrong. In the case of General Torrijos, he was one of Latin America's greatest nationalist leaders. His place in Latin-American history will be very high. Torrijos was, above everything, his own man. No one could ever accuse him, unlike so many others, of being a tool for North American interests. He had made the recovery of the canal the most important thing in his life, and his success with it will make him a major figure in Latin-American history. People loved him. After he died, his funeral and the emotion it caused in Panama showed that he was even more loved than he himself had imagined. I'm sure that those in North America who called him a dictator had to reconsider when they saw the enormous public outcry over his death.

**PLAYBOY:** You are surely aware that there is a feeling among some Americans and Europeans that Latin-American politics are hopeless and a certain brutality will always prevail in your political affairs.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes, it is a notion I encountered when I first traveled to Europe in the Fifties and when I was asked, "How can you live in such savage countries as exist in South America, where people kill one another for political reasons?"

**PLAYBOY:** And how did it make you feel?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Furious. To some extent, it is an unfair analysis. Our countries are only 170 years old; European countries are much older than that and have gone through far more atrocious episodes than what we in Latin America are going through. That we should seem savage to them now! We have never had as barbarian a revolution as the French Revolution! The Swiss—cheese makers who consider themselves great pacifists—were Europe's bloodiest mercenaries in the Middle Ages! Europeans had to go through long periods of bloodshed and violence to become what they are today. When we are as old as the European countries, we'll be much more advanced than Europe is now, because we will have both our experience and theirs to draw upon.

**PLAYBOY:** You haven't lived in Colombia regularly since 1955. Why? Is it that writers simply never can go home again?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** No, no, no. That hasn't happened by any great design. It's more by a series of accidents in my life. Yes, it's true that I now live half the year in Mexico and the other half in Europe. This began in 1955, when I

left Colombia during the dictatorship of [Gustavo] Rojas Pinilla. When I left, it was to work in Europe as a journalist. But then Rojas Pinilla closed down my newspaper, and I found myself stranded in Paris—where I stayed for three years. After that time, I returned to South America and married Mercedes, and we moved to Venezuela, where I worked as a journalist. Then, after the triumph of the Cuban revolution, I worked for the Cuban news agency Prensa Latina in New York. Later, the family lived in Mexico, where I worked on movie scripts and, eventually, on *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Well, one thing led to another, and I just never found myself returning to Colombia for more than a few months. After the success of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, I had the resources to live anywhere in the world I wanted. But then Colombia became a problem for me. In Colombia, I am national property, national patrimony. All Colombians act accordingly. I have not one ounce of privacy. Nevertheless, until that recent mishap I had,

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*"That we Latin Americans  
should seem savage to  
Europeans! We have never  
had as barbarian a  
revolution as the  
French Revolution!"*

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I returned to Colombia periodically—for a few months, for a year, to live.

**PLAYBOY:** What "recent mishap"?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, the Colombian government—like several other governments—refuses to believe that I talk with Fidel Castro only about fish and seafood. So, when I was in Colombia in 1981, there was a very unpleasant incident. I had just seen Fidel in Cuba two or three weeks earlier. One day, while I was in Colombia, a left-wing guerrilla group, M-19, staged a landing in the southern part of the country. After the guerrillas were captured, the government tried to get them to declare that I had coordinated the landing with Fidel Castro. *Me, personally!* Fortunately, I have many friends in Bogotá, and whenever anything is said in front of more than three people, one of them tells me. Three sources told me of attempts being made to link me to M-19. There was, apparently, a dinner at the presidential palace, where, in the presence of the president and the top military chiefs, my alleged involvement with that group was discussed. The guerrillas,

meanwhile, were being held, tortured and told to sign confessions implicating me.

Well, when I heard that, I was alarmed, to say the least. My sources told me not to worry—the government wouldn't dare touch me, because I was too important. But it seemed to me that it might like to make an example out of me to show that it had no respect for *anyone*. What I did was go immediately to the Mexican embassy and ask for diplomatic protection in order to leave Colombia.

Now, that caused a great scandal for the Colombian government. It officially stated there was nothing against me and that I was just probably trying to get publicity for my new book. There has since been a trial of the guerrillas, and several of them said they were tortured and asked to sign those confessions. One did sign. What I've done, as a result, is sue the Colombian military for abuse of authority. It's a little difficult for me to talk about this, because by the time this interview appears, the political situation in Colombia may well be completely changed.

**PLAYBOY:** When you had to flee Colombia, were you frightened? Death squads, after all, seem to have become a major South American institution.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Not at all. The government just wanted to make a gesture at my expense—it was nothing more than that. If it wanted to kill me, it could have just done it on any street corner. No, what it wanted was something different. The Reagan Administration and its allies in Latin America would like to revert to the situation of the early Sixties when Cuba was completely isolated. If the government could prove that a personal friend of Fidel's had coordinated a guerrilla landing, then it could justify breaking diplomatic relations with Cuba. Which is what it did, anyway, after that incident.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem pretty sure the Reagan Administration is out to bludgeon the Latin-American left wing. If a left-wing president were elected in, say, Colombia, as Salvador Allende was elected in Chile in 1970, do you think the present Administration would cause his overthrow?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** I'm absolutely certain that would happen. Chile all over again, yes. Carter wouldn't have done such a thing, but Reagan wouldn't hesitate. However, that isn't likely to happen. Internal conditions in Colombia are different from those in Chile in the early Seventies.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's move on to a discussion of your work. Some admirers of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* have said that in telling the saga of the Buendía family, you've managed to tell the

complete history of Latin America. Are the critics exaggerating?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is not a history of Latin America, it is a metaphor for Latin America.

**PLAYBOY:** In one of your short stories, *The Incredible and Sad Tale of Innocent Eréndira and Her Heartless Grandmother*, a young prostitute tells her lover, "What I like about you is the serious way you make up nonsense." Is that Gabriel García Márquez talking about himself?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes, that is an absolutely autobiographical statement. It is not only a definition of my work, it is a definition of my character. I detest solemnness, and I am capable of saying the most atrocious things, the most fantastic things, with a completely straight face. This is a talent I inherited from my grandmother—my mother's mother—Doña Tranquilina. She was a fabulous storyteller who told wild tales of the supernatural with a most solemn expression on her face. As I was growing up, I often wondered whether or not her stories were truthful. Usually, I tended to believe her because of her serious, deadpan facial expression. Now, as a writer, I do the same thing; I say extraordinary things in a serious tone. It's possible to get away with anything as long as you make it believable. That is something my grandmother taught me.

**PLAYBOY:** For our readers who may need a summary, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* traces six generations of the Buendía family in the mythical village of Macondo. It begins with the founding of the village in a time when "the world was so recent that many things lacked names," and ends with the last of the Buendías, an infant born with the tail of a pig, being carried away by ants as the Buendía line is extinguished. Between all that, Macondo experiences the "banana fever," the "insomnia plague," 32 civil wars, revolution, counterrevolution, strikes and a rain that lasts nearly five years. You describe these events in a style called magic realism, in which the fantastical and mythical are blended with the everyday—a priest who levitates when he drinks chocolate, for instance—so let's begin by asking you how much of your fiction has a basis in real life.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Every single line in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, in all my books, has a starting point in reality. I provide a magnifying glass so readers can understand reality better. Let me give you an example. In the *Eréndira* story, again, I have the character Ulises make glass change color every time he touches it. Now, that can't be true. But so much has already been said about love that I had to find a new way of saying that this boy is in love. So I have the

colors of the glass change, and I have his mother say, "Those things happen only because of love. . . . Who is it?" Mine is just another way of saying the same thing that has always been said about love: how it upsets life, how it upsets everything.

**PLAYBOY:** Over the past 20 years, we've seen an explosion of magic-realist novels from Latin America. What is it about the Latin world that encourages writers to work in this wild mixture of the real and the surreal?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Clearly, the Latin-American environment is marvelous. Particularly the Caribbean. I happen to come from the Caribbean part of Colombia, which is a fantastic place—completely different from the Andean part, the highlands. During the colonial period of Colombian history, all the people who considered themselves respectable went to the interior—to Bogotá. On the coast, all that were left were bandits—bandits in the good sense—and dancers, adventurers, people full of gaiety. The coastal people were descendants of pirates and smugglers, with a mixture of

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"One Hundred Years of Solitude' is not a history of Latin America, it is a metaphor for Latin America."

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black slaves. To grow up in such an environment is to have fantastic resources for poetry. Also, in the Caribbean, we are capable of believing anything, because we have the influences of all those different cultures, mixed in with Catholicism and our own local beliefs. I think that gives us an open-mindedness to look beyond apparent reality. As a child growing up in the Caribbean village of Aracataca, I heard wonderful stories of people who were able to move chairs by simply looking at them. There was a man in Aracataca who had the facility for deworming cows—for healing their infections—by standing in front of the beasts. He would stand in front of the cow and the worms would start coming out of the head of the cow. Now, it's true that I once saw that.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you explain it?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Ah, if I could explain it, I wouldn't be trying to tell you about it now. That seemed marvelous to me as a child, and it still does.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about the real-life prototypes of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Was your grandmother the prototype for Úrsula Buendía, the matriarch of the novel?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, she is and she isn't. They are both bakers by trade, and they are both superstitious. But all my characters are composites of people I've known. I take parts of an individual's personality and I paste them together with pieces of other people. As for my grandmother, I lived with her in my grandfather's house from the time I was born until I was eight. My grandfather's house was a house of many women—my grandmother, my grandfather's sister, others. My grandfather and I were the only two males there. The women were incredibly superstitious, crazy—crazy in the sense that they were people with imagination. Doña Tranquilina, my grandmother, had the capacity for saying the most extraordinary things without any tact. I'm not sure what her origins were, but she was probably Galician. Galicia is a very strange region of Spain—extremely mystical and tied to the occult. With my grandmother, every natural event had a supernatural interpretation. If a butterfly flew in the window, she'd declare, "A letter is coming today." If milk boiled over on the stove, she'd say, "We must be careful—someone in the family is sick." When I was a child, my grandmother would wake me in the night and tell me horrible stories of people who, for some reason, had a presentiment of their death, of the dead who appeared, of the dead who didn't appear. Often, our house in Aracataca, our huge house, seemed as if it were haunted. All those early experiences have somehow found themselves in my literature.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you give us an example?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Certainly. In *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, a group of yellow butterflies always precedes the appearance of Mauricio Babilonia, the lover of Meme Buendía. The realistic base of this story is that there was an electrician who came to our house in Aracataca to fix things. Once, after his visit, my grandmother found a butterfly—which she quickly hit with a dish towel—in the kitchen. "Every time that man comes into this house, we get butterflies," she declared. My grandmother was always saying things like that. She also played the lottery a lot, though she never won. Never.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you mean it to be ironic that her name was Doña Tranquilina?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** For a crazy woman, she was very tranquil. Her restlessness was only mental. She was never in any great physical hurry.

Now, my grandfather Nicolás Márquez was the opposite. He was the only person I communicated with in the house. The world of the women—it was so fantastic that it escaped me. But my grandfather brought me back to reality by telling me stories about tangible things—items from



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the newspapers, war stories from the time he was a colonel on the liberal side in the Colombian civil wars. Whenever my grandmother or my aunts said something particularly wild, he'd say, "Don't listen to that. Those are women's beliefs." My grandfather also had a great practical sense—which I think I inherited from him. Among my friends, it is often said that I'm one of the few writers they know who have a practical sense. It is that practical sense that I use for politics. And also for everyday life. I have a great sense of safety. I am very worried about preventing accidents—I take precautions so that they don't happen. I prefer stairs to elevators. I prefer *anything* to planes. That practical sensibility is not typical of poets. And if, someday, I become a patriarch, a patriarch in the political sense, it will be for that reason—not because I have real power. My friends always consult me on practical matters, and that is something I got from my grandfather.

**PLAYBOY:** You say your grandfather told you stories of his war experiences. Those stories must have been as disconcerting as your grandmother's tales of the supernatural.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Actually, no. When he spoke of the civil wars, he spoke of them as almost pleasant experiences—sort of youthful adventures with guns. Nothing like the wars of today. Oh, certainly, the civil wars had many terrible battles and many, many deaths. But during that time, my grandfather also had a great many love affairs and he also fathered a great many children.

**PLAYBOY:** The central character in *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, Colonel Aureliano Buendía, the son of José Arcadio Buendía, fathers 17 illegitimate children with 17 women during 32 civil wars. Did Nicolás Márquez have 17, too?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Who knows? The exact number will never be known. As late as 15 years ago, I met people for the first time who turned out to be aunts. According to my mother, there were 17. She was one of the two children who came from the marriage.

**PLAYBOY:** So, many of your grandfather's fond memories of the Colombian civil wars were really fond memories of all these sexual liaisons.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, I think he liked sex—with or without war. To my memory, he was one of the great fornicators.

**PLAYBOY:** Oh?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** "Fuckers," as you say in good English.

**PLAYBOY:** That must have irritated your grandmother.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** It was curious about her. My grandmother was a very, very jealous woman. But when she'd hear of one of those children's being born, she reacted like Úrsula Buendía: She took it

into her household. My grandmother said that the family blood couldn't just wander out there, lost. Anyway, she loved all those children a lot. There was a point in that house when you couldn't tell which children came from the marriage and which didn't. My grandmother was also a very strong woman. When my grandfather went off to the war, she didn't have any news of him for a year. She took care of the house and the security of the family until, one night, there was a knock on the door. In the dark, in the early hours of the morning, someone said, "Tranquilina, if you want to see Nicolás, come to the door now." And so she ran and opened the door and she could see these men on horseback passing, but she didn't see him. All she saw was the horses leaving town. It was a year later before she received any further news of him.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if Úrsula is your favorite character.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes. She holds the world together. That is contrary to what I saw in real life—as a child. The women in my grandfather's household were often

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*"My grandfather liked  
sex—with or without war.  
To my memory, he was  
one of the great  
fornicators."*

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quite *unworldly*. However, I believe that in most cases, women are the practical sex. It's men who are the romantics and who go off and do all kinds of crazy things; women know that life is hard. Úrsula is a prototype of that kind of practical, life-sustaining woman. After Úrsula, I most like her great-great-granddaughter Amaranta Úrsula. Of all the Buendía offspring, she's the one who most resembles the original Úrsula—but without the older woman's complexes and prejudices. Amaranta Úrsula is Úrsula again—but emancipated now, with the experiences of the world, with modern ideas. However, living in the atmosphere created by Colonel Buendía—the atmosphere of the conservative triumph—she is not permitted to develop her personality. The history of Latin America is a series of such frustrations.

**PLAYBOY:** While your grandfather was telling you war stories, did he also tell you about the 1928 banana strike? In *One Hundred Years*, Macondo's banana workers, employees of a company that could be United Fruit, go on strike. Three thousand of them are massacred in the

Macondo town square, and their bodies are shipped in boxcars to the sea. Thereafter, none of the Macondo townspeople recall the strike; the only one who remembers is a Buendía, and for him, the recollection is the source of his madness.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** That episode didn't come from any storytelling. It is, more or less, based on historical reality. The reasons, the motives and the manner in which the events around the strike occurred were exactly as in the novel—though there were not 3000 dead, of course. There were very few deaths. If 100 people had been killed in 1928, it would have been catastrophic. I made the death toll 3000 because I was using certain proportions in my book. One hundred wouldn't have been noticed. I was also interested in achieving a certain imagery: I wanted the bodies to be taken away in a train, a train such as the ones that were loaded with clusters of bananas. I did research and found that to fill such a train, you'd need at least 3000 bodies. Three thousand in 1928 would have been *all* the residents of the town.

**PLAYBOY:** So that is how nonfiction gets transformed into art?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Let me tell you something very curious about that incident. Nobody has studied the events around the real banana strike—and now when they talk about it in the newspapers, even once in the congress, they speak about the 3000 who died! And I wonder if, with time, it will become true that 3000 were killed. That is why, in *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, there is a moment when the patriarch says, "It doesn't matter if it is not true now; it will be with time."

**PLAYBOY:** *One Hundred Years of Solitude* opens with this line: "Many years later, as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendía was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover the ice." Did your grandfather Nicolás Márquez ever take you to discover the ice?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, yes. Something like that. Aracataca was a tropical town—and living there, as I did, in the days before refrigeration, I had never seen ice. One day, my grandfather took me to the company store of the United Fruit Company—Aracataca was a banana center—and he showed me a crate filled with ice-packed fish. Whatever it was that was inside the boxes was so cold that it seemed to me to be boiling. I touched the inside of the box and felt burned. "But this is boiling," I said to my grandfather. And he told me, "No, on the contrary, it is very cold." And then he gave me this substance to touch—and it was ice. From that period of my life, and from my life in general, what remain for me are flashes of memory



that I hardly analyze. I prefer only the sensations they leave.

**PLAYBOY:** Your stories are always full of smells.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes. Odors. I think the evocative power of the sense of smell is the greatest of all the senses, greater than that of taste or hearing.

**PLAYBOY:** There is an almost erotic sense of smell in all your literature. Is that your way of dealing with sexual passion?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes. It's a matter of my own character.

**PLAYBOY:** Of all the sensuous pleasures in life, which matters most to you?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Eating.

**PLAYBOY:** Eating? Really? Why?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, it is a matter involving feelings—it is impossible to explain. But what I like most is to eat.

**PLAYBOY:** OK. To return to your own life history, how did you come to live with your grandparents?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** It's a story that's common in the Caribbean. My parents were poor. My father worked as a telegraphist. When my father wanted to marry the daughter of Colonel Nicolás Márquez, her family opposed it; my father had a reputation for going with too many women. So, after the wedding, my father took a job in another town far from Aracataca. When my mother became pregnant with me, in a gesture of reconciliation, my grandparents said, "Come have the baby in our house." Which she gladly did. After a while, my mother returned to the village my father was working in, and so my grandparents said, "Leave Gabriel with us to raise." The family was poor and, as I said, extended families are common in the Caribbean. Later on, when my parents returned to Aracataca, I went on living with my grandparents—where I was mostly very happy. I did that till I was eight, when my grandfather died.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you feel abandoned by your mother?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** No, I just thought life was like that. Perhaps, in another kind of society, I might have felt abandoned. But in the Caribbean, it's perfectly natural to live with grandparents and aunts and uncles. It is true that for the longest time, my mother was a stranger to me. I remember one morning being told to dress up because my mother was coming for a visit. I have no memory of her before that. I remember going into a room, and there were many women sitting there and I felt disconcerted, because I didn't know which one was my mother. She made some kind of gesture that made me realize that it was she. And she wore a dress from the Twenties, really from the Twenties, with a low waistline and a straw hat. She looked like Louise Brooks. Then she embraced

*(continued on page 172)*



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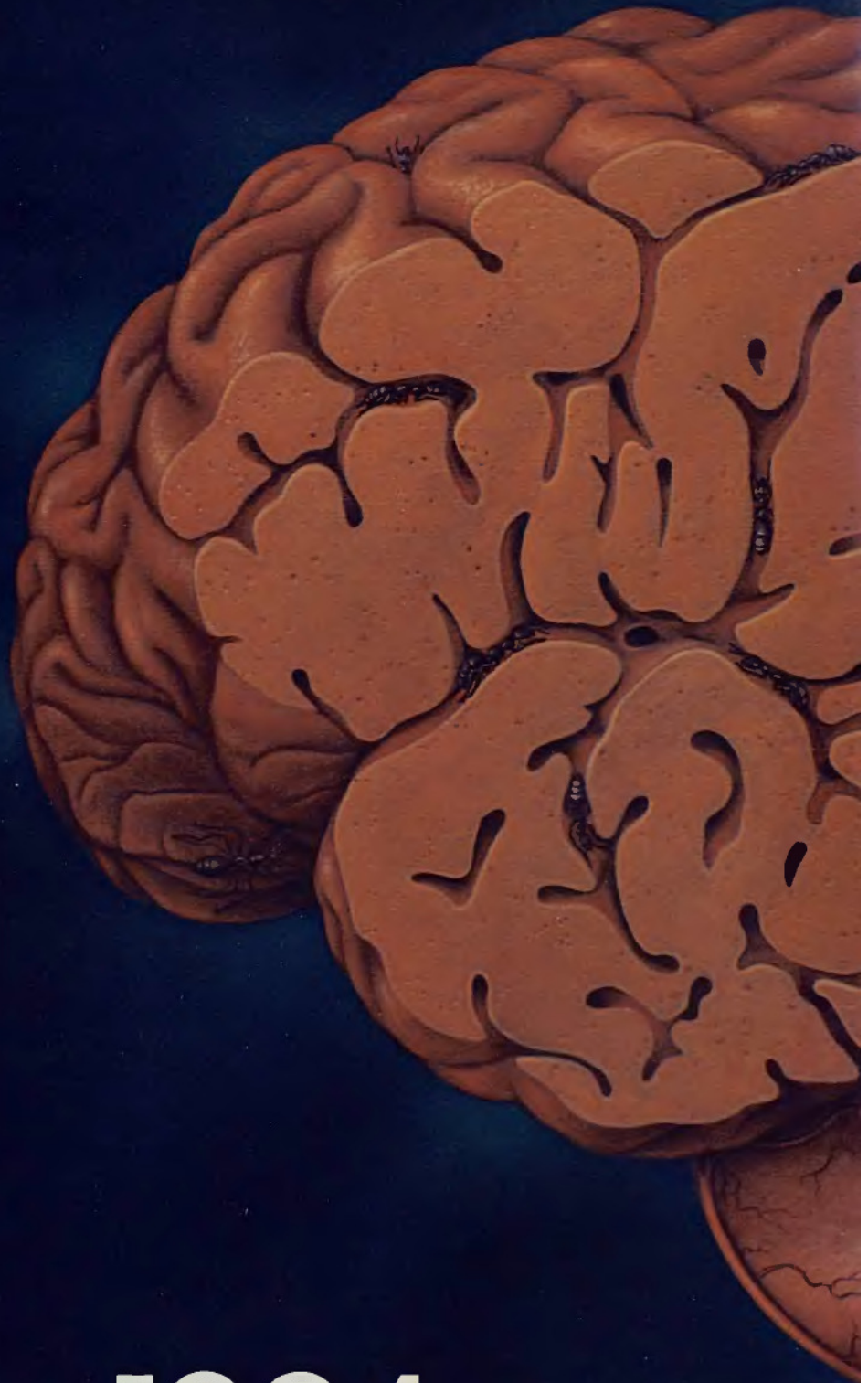
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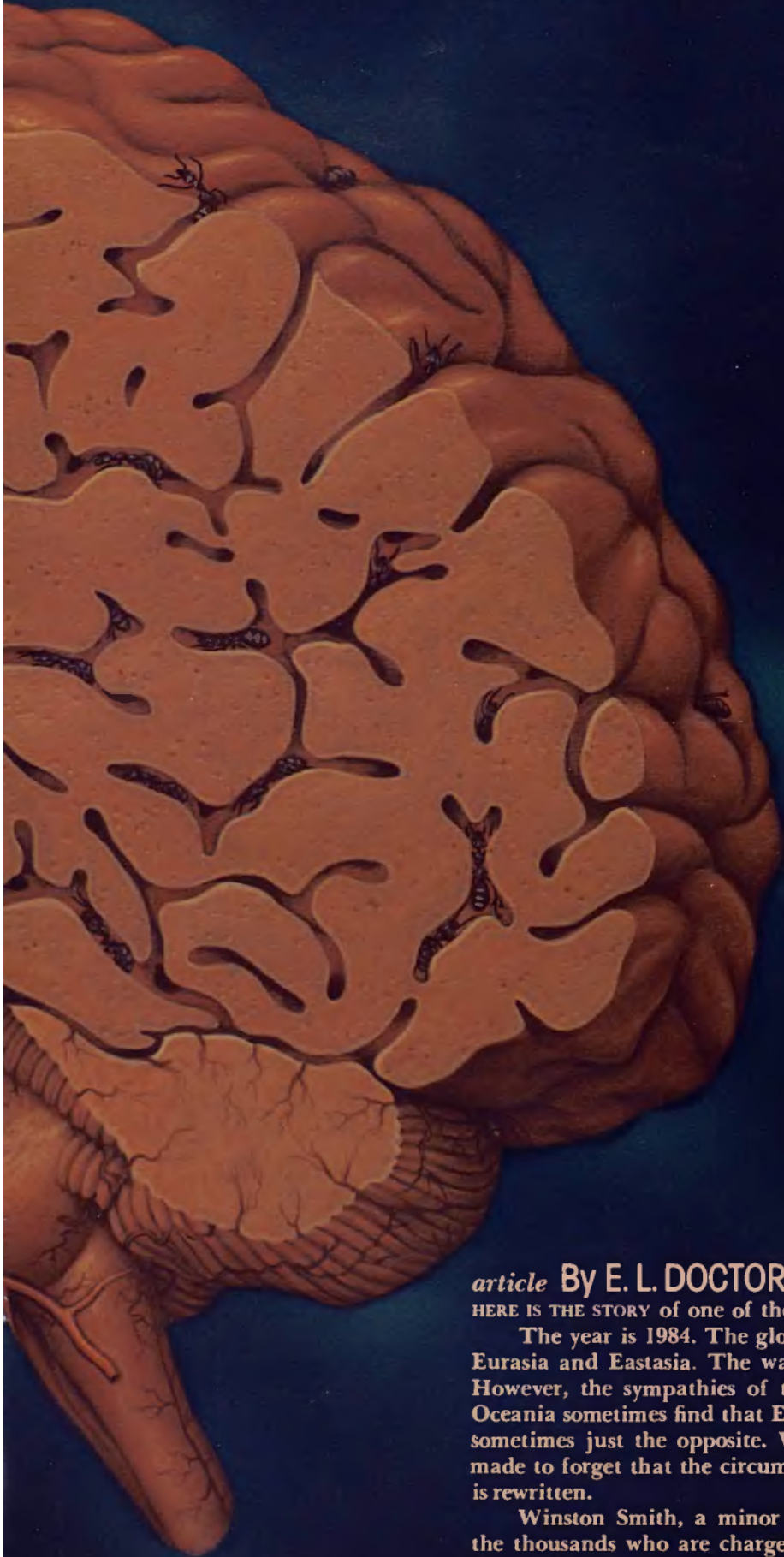
**WILD TURKEY® / 101 PROOF / 8 YEARS OLD**

Austin Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky © 1981



# ON THE BRINK OF 1984

*thirty-four years ago, novelist george orwell turned that date into a symbol of tyranny and terror. now, with only months to go, how close have we come to his prophecy?*



*article* **By E. L. DOCTOROW**

HERE IS THE STORY of one of the most widely read novels of our time.

The year is 1984. The globe is divided into three superstates—Oceania, Eurasia and Eastasia. The war among them is constant and never-ending. However, the sympathies of the war change all the time. The people of Oceania sometimes find that Eurasia is the enemy and Eastasia the ally, and sometimes just the opposite. When Oceania's allegiances shift, everyone is made to forget that the circumstances were ever different. The public record is rewritten.

Winston Smith, a minor government employee of Oceania, is one of the thousands who are charged with rewriting history. He spends his days

altering news stories, magazine articles and other printed materials so that they'll conform to the propaganda demands of the government. The agency he works for is called the Ministry of Truth. In like fashion, the Ministry of Love is responsible for the torture and elimination of dissidents. And the Ministry of Peace is responsible for waging the never-ending war.

Oceania's head of state is a mustached, Stalinoid personage known as Big Brother. He is never seen in person, but his portrait is displayed everywhere—on billboards and in public squares—usually underscored with the words BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU.

Winston's troubles with Big Brother stem from the day he wanders into a junk shop in a slum quarter of his city and buys an old blank diary. He begins to record his dissatisfactions. He writes out of the sight lines of the two-way telescreen in his apartment. There is no law against keeping a diary, but if he is found out, he will be executed or sent to a forced-labor camp for 25 years.

His troubles are only beginning. He notices a young woman colleague in his office who gives him surreptitious signs of her attraction to him. Her name is Julia. He works through his suspicions of Julia and meets her in a secluded glen in the countryside, where at least there are no telescreens, though there may very well be hidden microphones.

Winston and Julia become lovers, a treasonable offense punishable by death, inasmuch as Big Brother does not permit sex between unmarried partners and, in fact, condones it in married partners only for the purpose of procreation. Confronted with the problem of how to meet Julia on a regular basis without being detected, Winston goes back to the shop where he purchased his diary and rents a *pied-à-terre* over the shop, a charming room furnished, as in the ancient days before the great atomic wars, with a soft bed, curtains, a fireplace and antique bric-a-brac. The lovers take to going there when they can steal the time from their bleak existence. They make love, sleep and read the secret manifesto of the subversive revolutionary organization known as The Brotherhood, to which they've decided to give their allegiance.

But, as it happens, the idyllic room is monitored by a hidden telescreen. The antiques shop and the *pied-à-terre* are an artful construction of the Thought Police. Winston and Julia are arrested and taken to the dread Ministry of Love.

Winston's chief torturer is a high official named O'Brien, whom Winston thought to be a member of the revolutionary Brotherhood. In fact, O'Brien gave him the secret manifesto. Under O'Brien's tutelage, he is beaten, ques-

tioned and electrically tormented for a period of months until all the rebellion is expunged from him and he is able to agree, with tears of love in his eyes for his torturers, that two and two are five. What breaks him finally is the threat of the worst punishment imaginable, the torture in "Room 101," where such as he are simply exposed to what they fear most—in Winston's case, rats. As a rat cage is about to be strapped to his face, he begs O'Brien to inflict this torture on Julia instead, thus destroying his last bit of self-respect and moral integrity.

In the final scene of the book, Winston sits in an outdoor café, reclaimed, rehabilitated, totally broken and gazing with adoration at the enormous face on the screen in the public square. "He loved Big Brother," says George Orwell, the author of this tale, by way of an epitaph for his hero.

• Even in synopsis, it is clear that *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is an incredibly masochistic novel. The chief attribute of the hero is helplessness. The chief characteristic of his antagonist, Big Brother, is absolute, unremitting power. The state personified as Big Brother allows no resistance whatsoever, not even in the privacy of the mind. Individualism is a crime. Thought is a crime. Certainly, justice is out of the question, an obsolete concept. The hope of revolution is denied, because the revolutionary Brotherhood is probably a fiction. But even the personal consolations are withheld. Not only is love a capital offense. Not only is the natural world bugged with microphones. There is nothing to wear except uniforms. There is nothing to drink except a vile, synthetic gin. There is nothing for the eye to see except an industrial landscape adorned with the staring face of the despot.

Compare the fate of Winston Smith with those of the traditionally beset heroes of English literature and you begin to appreciate the depths of Orwell's prophecy. Consider Dickens' novels of impoverished, scorned, mistreated orphan boys, the lowest of the low: By pluck, or luck, they find their patrimony, their true love, their middle-class ease. Shakespeare's errant kings go to their doom in the majesty of battle or madness. Ending well or badly, boys or kings put up a struggle; their lives have moral dimension. Orwell claimed his novel was a political satire. But the heroes of classic satires, such as Gulliver and Candide, return safely home and find consolation from the weirdness or the evil of the world around them. They separate from their experience and are left whole by their authors. Orwell's satire leaves his hero without dignity, without mind, without a separate moral stature, either tragic or comic. We may be

tempted to find in the life of Winston Smith a vision of original sin, except that among all the other things Oceania does without, it does without God.

Masochistic or not, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has been in print continuously since publication. Its American paperback edition has had 63 printings. It is a work assigned to high school students as frequently as *Huckleberry Finn* or *Catcher in the Rye*. What makes its success even more interesting—this grim, joyless book with its helpless hero and hopeless outcome—is that Orwell wrote it from the desire to instruct. Is there a straighter route to library oblivion? After all, readers would be likely to avoid a writer whose characters are less important to him than the ideas he wants to illustrate, who can't quite integrate into the action all the information he has to impart, who gives away the ending of his story in the beginning and, worst of all, who writes to save mankind. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* met all those requirements for disastrous publication.

Orwell's biographer Bernard Crick tells us that when the English publisher Frederick Warburg read the manuscript, he wrote, in a memo to his staff, "It is a great book, but I pray I may be spared from reading another like it for years to come." That goes to the heart of the matter. Who cannot be relieved to put the book down? But, as it happens, state sadism and individual helplessness characterize our century. Perhaps the millions of readers willing to endure Orwell's relentless despair find compensation in the totality of his understanding—the way he puts it all in place, the daily confrontation of corrupted ideologies, the death and sanctimony that dazzle us each morning in newspapers, deafen us each night on the TV news.

• Orwell's real name was Eric Blair. He was born in 1903 and was sent away at a young age to an English prep school called Saint Cyprian's. There his ordinary miseries of status as the son of comparatively poor parents were compounded by a bed-wetting problem, canings by the school's authorities, awful food, inadequate heat in winter, greasy public-bath water in which he had to immerse himself and other torments. In such a setting there was no shortage of upper-form boys willing to bully the younger students, which suggests to some critics of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* that the Big Brother state is a metaphor for the awful childhood of young Master Blair. But it is not unusual for critics to avoid dealing with the substantive challenge of a book by referring to its author's life. Orwell's early work as a novelist was clearly autobiographical, and had he wanted to write a novel about Saint

(continued on page 156)



*Buck Brown*

*"If it's a duel you want, my dear fellow, then it's a duel you shall have! Wake me at sunrise."*



sean connery, bob fosse, george plimpton and other seasoned girl watchers have pledged allegiance to sexy miss basinger

# Betting on Kim

Just because she's blonde with her big blue eyes,  
She can't really help it; she was born with that disguise.  
But try to tell the women that, and try to tell the guys  
How many tears have fallen from those big blue eyes. . . .

personality by **Bruce Williamson** THAT LYRIC is from a song titled *Birthmark*, one of hundreds written by blonde, blue-eyed Kim Basinger, who has had precious little to cry about lately. She's lucking out as Domino, Sean Connery's ladylove in *Never Say Never Again*, which will bring Connery back to the fold (not to mention the gold) as James Bond.

Born in Athens, Georgia, Kim grew up in a family of seven children and describes herself as "a rebellious loner and painfully shy girl" who bided her time by writing (text continued on page 87)



As a lacquered Revlon goddess and cover girl (above), Kim always considered her modeling career "just a means to an end." The real Kim (at left) was photographed by PLAYBOY's Richard Fegley in Hawaii. And here's the way she is: indomitable, a natural. Next, she hopes to cut a record singing her own songs.



Advance word on *Never Say Never Again* calls Kim "enigmatic" and "vulnerable" in her role as the elegant Domino, opposite Sean Connery's James Bond (left). Bodes well for those of us who saw her stor potential long before Bond beckoned. Kim also sees the Bond epic as a major career breakthrough.

PHOTOGRAPHY  
BY RICHARD FEGLEY



You can take the girl out of the back country, but there's still some down-home simplicity that enhances Basinger's beauty. Which may be why she earned critical kudos on TV in *Katie: Portrait of a Centerfold* (top) and as a hooker in *From Here to Eternity* (above). Below, Kim with Charlton Heston in the theatrical film release *Mother Lode*.









Pensive in private, Kim confesses that "my ultimate dream is to be one of the first pioneers to set up housekeeping in space." On location with photographer Fegley (here and opposite page), she displays the free spirit expressed in many of her poems, notably one that reads, "Crystal Indian lady running wild through the pass—better watch where you stumble, you're fragile as glass. . . ." Incandescent, too.





poetry while looking for a way out. She got out of Georgia by winning a Miss Breck contest, became a Ford model in New York and wound up "making lots of money, lots of music and lots of mistakes."

Next stop: Hollywood, where she turned down an offer to join *Charlie's Angels* because she didn't want her wings clipped by a long-term contract. In 1978, she won the lead in *Katie: Portrait of a Centerfold* on TV, then triumphed as the winsome hooker Lorene in NBC's hit miniseries based on *From Here to Eternity*. Still, she hadn't become a household word. Her first feature film was (text continued on page 90)

Sand, sun and all that glitters lend radiance to this golden girl from Athens, Georgia. Kim (overleaf) wets down, ready to go with the flow when the tide turns her way.







the 1980 *Hard Country*, with Jan-Michael Vincent; her next, *Mother Lode*, with Charlton Heston. Neither has received wide distribution.

By the time her Bond opus opens in the summer of 1983, however, the wide world will know what I sensed the first time I met her—that Kim is a one-of-a-kind girl

ninity . . . the prototype of a galactic New Woman."

Thus encouraged, we went on to recruit a blue-ribbon trio of gentlemen with solid credentials in the art of appraising remarkable women, both in public and in private. Their testimonials follow.

## SMITTEN BY KIM



SEAN CONNERY  
"She's terrific . . ."



GEORGE PLIMPTON  
"determined . . ."



BOB FOSSE  
"a charmer."

who's destined to go places and determined to get there on her own terms. It was a critical colleague, Judith Crist, who alerted me to her beauty, talent and natural chemistry; she'd reviewed Kim's *Centerfold* performance on TV and kindly phoned to say, in effect, "Oh, boy, have I got a girl for you."

That started wheels spinning, and long before the Bond wagon had taken her aboard, PLAYBOY's editors had approved the plan to test my own hunches about Kim Basinger by exposing her portraits, her film footage and/or her provocative immediate presence to a list of connoisseurs. The results are impressive.

France's star-making director Roger Vadim met Kim and reported, "She has this quality—absolutely indispensable for an actress, specifically for a beautiful actress—which is not to know that she's beautiful."

After seeing her first movie and chatting with her, glamor-industry mogul Vidal Sassoon offered, "She's a positive, positive delight. . . . I think we have the makings of a star. First of all, she has the most sensual lips in the business."

Veteran Hollywood make-up man Allan "Whitey" Snyder, who worked his magic on such beauties as Marilyn Monroe and Betty Grable, said, "When you first meet a girl, you know she's got style or she hasn't. Kim has it."

And after studying a portfolio of her photographs in far-off Rome, cinematic maestro Federico Fellini summed up his impressions: "She is abstract femi-

Sean Connery, a certified superstar, had six James Bond adventures under his belt before he packed it in as Ian Fleming's hero (for the second time) more than a decade ago. But the aptly titled "Never Say Never Again" brings Connery back for a seventh 007 role. It will be a screen showdown with his most successful successor, Roger Moore, who's simultaneously starring in another Bond film, "Octopussy." Barbara Carrera was signed early on to play the bad girl in "Never," but finding a Miss Right for Bond seemed not an easy task. Sean reports that it turned out to be easier and far more pleasant than expected.

Having casting approval on a film is a two-edged sword. I wanted the best for all the parts—underline best—and I'm glad to say we got the best. Having rehearsed with Kim, filmed with her and seen the early results, I can say she's terrific, the kind of totally professional actress I enjoy working with.

She had come well recommended by Talia Shire, another splendid actress, who is also the wife of the film's producer, Jack Schwartzman. As if that were not enough, fate gave a gentle nudge in the right direction by putting Kim in the same hotel I was in when she came to London—quite unbeknown to me—to test for the role. My wife, Micheline, encountered Kim in the lobby, had no idea who she was, yet described to me in detail the stunning girl she had seen who would be perfect for Domino. The

rest, I suspect, is already on its way to becoming cinema history.

George Plimpton is the world's most avid and articulate collector of vicarious thrills, the peripatetic Paris Review editor, writer, actor (most recently in "Reds") and man about town who once photographed a Playmate candidate. He had never before, however, interviewed a gorgeous up-and-coming actress for a PLAYBOY pictorial—an assignment he jumped into with typical zest and sportsmanship.

We met in the patio of the Polo Lounge—a Sunday, I think it was, and crowded, so that the tables under the parasols were taken—and we sat in the bright sun for lunch. Appropriate enough. Kim's an outdoor girl. Pale eyebrows. Her hair is extraordinary—heavy, textured, straw gold, the bulk of it cascading over one shoulder. She is in constant attendance to it: a hand to it here, a shake of the head to clear a strand from before her eyes. What I liked first about her was that she had very little to say one way or another about the Polo Lounge. We could have been sitting together on a park bench in Wichita rather than in Beverly Hills. In fact, she had never been in the place before—bizarre, considering that any aspiring actress makes a pilgrimage there at least once. She told me later that she had breathed a small sigh of relief when she left: The large table next to us where everybody was speaking French made her uncomfortable; when she reached home, up in Topanga Canyon, she had gone swimming with her dogs.

There is very little of Hollywood conformity about Kim. She does not go to parties—having had her fill of them, she told me, when she lived in New York City, modeling. She had arrived there from Athens, Georgia, when she was 17—that gold hair of hers hanging to her waist. She was spotted in the airport by Bill Mathis, the New York Jets football player. She was very funny describing how he tried to strike up a conversation—edging over, very shy, quite red-faced and talking so fast that she could barely understand him. He offered her a ride to the city. She told him that the last words her family had said were, "Don't get into a car with anybody!"

"I am a very respectful man," Mathis had said, shifting uneasily, standing there in the airport rotunda. After all, he was from Georgia himself. He went on to say that he actually knew Eileen Ford, the head of the famous modeling agency that was going to represent her.

"I swear to God," Mathis had said, "I know everybody in New York. You can trust me."

Football players turned out to be her  
(continued on page 170)



*Intarlandi*

*"I like it. It's preppie!"*

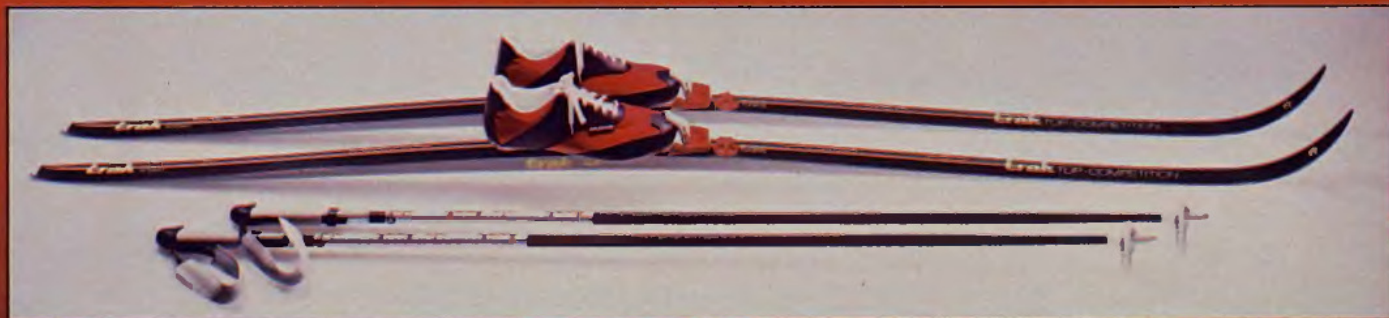
# HIGH TECH GOES HIGH COUNTRY

*modern living*

*space-age skiing  
equipment for downhill  
and cross-country*



Above: A ski for all conditions, the Blizzard Thermo Firebird SL changes its characteristics depending on the temperature of the snow, from Blizzard U.S.A., Boulder, Colorado, \$300. No, the Firebirds aren't missing a toe piece; the Spademan S.9 is an integrated boot/binding combination, \$440 complete. Those poles are ultralightweight 7001 Signatures with a special cushion grip that absorbs shock by flexing, by Reflex, \$64 the pair. Left: Talk about status goggles! These Swans 725 GED feature a gold-coated lens into which is incorporated a battery-powered defroster wire, from Imports International Sales, Denver, \$116. Below: The Salomon SR90 is an integrated boot/binding system for cross-country skiers, by Salomon/North America, about \$120 complete. It's attached to Trak Top-Competition Tuning skis, \$230, featuring a device that allows skiers to change camber. The Varistick poles, also by Trak, \$100, are spring loaded for umph.





WE ONCE SAW a T-shirt in a store in Jackson Hole that proclaimed simply: THE MAN WHO DIES WITH THE MOST TOYS WINS. It seemed appropriate in a ski town. Skiing is a sport designed to satisfy man's deep and abiding affection for high-tech equipment. Changes in equipment have changed the sport, making it easier and more thrilling. In the past few years, we've seen advances in the materials used to make skis and accessories. We've seen creative solutions to problems of a sport that mostly takes place in less than humane climates. New fabrics and insulating materials let us go where no man has gone before—or, at least, where no man has gone without freezing his ass off. (concluded on page 170)



Above: Rossignol's FP V.A.S. Competition skis feature a unique vibration-absorbing system, \$300. The Integral by Look 5005 boot/binding system eliminates the need for height, length or width adjustments, by Look Sports, \$249.95. Those variable-length Darth Vader-type Ramer ski poles telescope so that they can be used for downhill, touring or even as avalanche probes, by Alpine Research, \$75. Right: A battery-powered fan keeps these Turbo goggles from fogging, by Smith Goggle, \$75. Below: Anyone for telemarking? Adidas Davos Boots, \$71.95, and 50/7 bindings, \$20.95, provide an exceptionally tight boot-to-binding link. The Phoenix Mountain Edge Racing Series is a handsome hybrid that falls somewhere between an alpine and a cross-country ski, by Phoenix Ski Corporation, \$190. The Exel Blackfeathers poles are made of super carbon fiber and weigh about as much as a pencil, by Exel-Silenta, \$120.



# THE DELTA STAR

*"I've got main street pain from my hangover and a bunch of crazies driving me nuts. Man, this is the kind of pain-in-the-ass day that's going to make me kill someone."*

*fiction by*

**JOSEPH WAMBAUGH**

THE BAD CZECH was *really* cranky. He had an awful headache. The base of his skull hurt, both temples hurt and the top of his head, where his heavy black hair was parted by a cord of white scar (compliments of an N.V.A. mortar fragment at Khe Sanh), hurt most of all. Even his *eyebrows* seemed to hurt. There was nothing like the central city, growling and farting and belching forth a pall of smoke and pollution, for intensifying an already brutal hangover. The Bad Czech lurched along his beat on smog-choked Alvarado Street with the old black cop Cecil Higgins and looked like he might commit murder. Which he tried to do within the hour.

But before attempting murder and finally succeeding, The Bad Czech had a rather normal morning. First order of business for the two beat cops was to stagger into Leo's Love Palace, an Alvarado bar frequented by Cubans, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans, Guatemalans, Dominicans and Salva-

dorans. Leo, a Pima Indian, despised *all* the greasers even more than he despised the huge paleface and the old nigger now looking at him with agony in their bloody eyes. Leo started mixing up the morning Alka-Seltzer for the beat cops without being asked.

Three Salvadorans boogied out the back door before finishing their beers, causing Cecil Higgins, who had just removed his police hat and was massaging his aching bald head, to say, "Musta been a good hit on Sy's Clothing Store over the weekend. Those three was all wearin' Calvin Kleins."

"Oh, my head!" The Bad Czech moaned. "I'm feelin' Main Street pain. Don't talk too loud, Cecil."

As The Czech said it, he drank down the Alka-Seltzer, moaned again and was licking the foam from his wiry black mustache when a black Puerto Rican came finger popping through the door, listening to KROQ with *two* (continued on page 98)



FIRST LOOK  
at a new novel





# EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

*safari jackets, mountain parkas, rugged chinos and trekker cords—we've brought them back alive!*

*attire* **By DAVID PLATT**

**E**VEN IF THE last big-game hunt you were on began in a singles bar, there's still a little bit of Francis Macomber in all of us. And with high-adventure films and TV series (such as *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Tales of the Gold Monkey*, *Bring 'Em Back Alive!*) proliferating, it's not surprising that designers of menswear have joined the fashion safari. If all of this seems a bit Walter Mitty-ish, remember that dozens of popular styles—including the bomber and baseball jackets—were derived from specific occupations and sports. So take your best shot and bag yourself a neo-survival look. Happy hunting!

Left to right: Our back-from-the-outback end man wears a polyester/cotton poplin parka, \$55, cotton raggy crew-neck sweater, \$30, cotton madras button-down shirt, \$25, and polyester/cotton/spandex jeans, \$40, all by Woolrich. His jungle hat, by Miller Brothers Hat Company for London Fog, \$22.50. The rough-and-ready guy next to him favors a cotton poplin blouson jacket, by B. Teller of Vienna, about \$60; brushed-fleece sweat shirt, by Evan Picone, \$39.50; and chino slacks, from John Weitz by Glen Oaks, about \$35. Na, the lad up front isn't a member of the L.A. SWAT team; he's just decked out in an oil-cloth jacket, \$57.50, plus matching slacks, \$38.50, both by Nino Cerruti; cotton crew-neck, by Gant, about \$40; cotton/linen shirt, from John Weitz by Shelburne, about \$26; leather boots, by Roots, \$175; and an Army fatigue-type cap, by Adam Hats, \$6. The fourth fellow definitely isn't pith poor (sorry about that); his outfit includes a cotton poplin vest, \$35, cotton crew-neck, \$33, and cotton shirt, \$27, all by JanSport Apparel; plus corduroy slacks, by Sedgefield Sportswear, \$29; rubber-and-leather padded boots, by Sporto, \$35; and cotton-covered pith helmet, from British Khaki by Robert Lighton, \$30. Last, a cotton safari jacket, \$170, cotton knit shirt, \$42.50, cotton polo-type shirt, \$27.50, and cotton/linen pleated slacks, \$58, all by Calvin Klein; plus rubber-and-leather boots, by Sporto, \$35.

"Some days, I walk this here beat and I don't know my dick from a dumplin'."

shiny new radios blaring music in his ears. He saw the two hung-over bluecoats at the bar, said, "Uh, oh," and highballed it back out onto Alvarado.

"Shee-it," Cecil Higgins said. "That sucker's the fifth thief I seen this mornin' with brand-new ghetto blasters glued to his fuckin' ears. Raymond's Stereo Center musta got raped over the week-end."

"I gotta get some fresh smog in my lungs or I'm gonna die, Cecil," The Bad Czech whimpered and lurched out of Leo's Love Palace onto the busy sidewalk, the older cop following behind, still rubbing his loose, bald scalp.

"Jesus Christ on roller skates!" The Bad Czech suddenly cried.

"That's who it is, aw right," Cecil Higgins nodded, as the two beat cops moved off the sidewalk to let Jesus Christ on roller skates boogie on by.

He wore an ankle-length, dirty-gray sari and shoulder-length dirty-brown hair and a full beard and dilated blue eyes. He was about as skinny as the skate board he was riding and could not possibly have carried the seven-foot cross made of four-by-fours if he hadn't had the ingenuity to attach a roller skate to the toe of the cross, which Cecil Higgins said proved that he might be crazy but wasn't stupid. His mission seemed to be to stop every 20 yards or so, put the cross down and scream, "Prepare ye for my coming!" at the top of his lungs.

If that wasn't bad enough, he also had a ghetto blaster strapped around his neck, but at least it wasn't tuned in to KROQ. He was playing a cassette of *That Old Rugged Cross*.

"Wonder if Jesus Christ on roller skates was the chaplain for the gang that ripped off Raymond's Stereo Center?" Cecil Higgins mused.

"Maybe it's the cheap booze at Leery's," The Bad Czech groaned. "But ya know, Cecil, sometimes I ain't too sure no more what's real and what ain't."

"Huh!" Cecil Higgins grunted. "You on'y got thirteen years on the job, boy. Wait'll you got twenny-eight years, like me. Some days, I walk this here beat and I don't know my dick from a dumplin'. Tell ya the truth, Czech, I ain't been absolutely sure what's real and what ain't for maybe twenny-two years now."

"I know that Jesus Christ on roller skates was real," The Bad Czech mumbled, more to himself than to Cecil Higgins, as the two blue-suited beat cops walked gingerly on their ripple soles to

reduce the pain. "Only reason I know is, that screechy roller skate hurt my head, is how I know." Then he added, "I'm pretty sure that Jesus Christ on roller skates was real."

The ravaging hangover was making The Bad Czech mad enough to commit murder. It began when he decided to hang the wino.

The wino was one of those real pain-in-the-ass winos. A play ragpicker who pushes a shopping cart around Pico and up Alvarado clear to the freeway, pretending to pick up trash and bottles, stealing whatever isn't chained, locked, screwed or nailed. A wino who, in addition to being a thief, also had a fetish and foraged through MacArthur Park, stealing the underwear from old women who couldn't put up a fight. One day, the wino pulled the stockings right off the old shocks of a snoozing grandma in a wheelchair and was chased by The Bad Czech clear to the water's edge, where he waded and swam to Duckie Island and had to be arrested by helicopter. The Bad Czech's uniform was covered with duck shit and had to be dry-cleaned twice. The Bad Czech didn't like that wino one little bit.

His name was Elmo McVey. He was a cadaver with a crewcut who smelled like the Vernon slaughterhouse. It was particularly frustrating, because he was ruined by alcohol, yet somehow could still outrun The Bad Czech.

The two cops spotted him while they were making their first pass through MacArthur Park, hoping they wouldn't observe any assholes pulling a pigeon drop on pensioners or mugging checkers players or purse-picking commuters on the way to the bus stop. The last thing The Bad Czech wanted to see when he was *this* cranky was Elmo McVey. But there he was.

The skinny wino was sneaking up on a young Guatemalan couple who were necking on the grass. They had a prize in a carrying bag next to the wooden bench some distance away. The prize was a big silver stereo, which wasn't switched on but was protruding tantalizingly from the bag. Elmo McVey was creeping toward that bag like a mangy cat stalking a grasshopper.

The Bad Czech said, "I'd like to hang that wino."

"So would I," said Cecil Higgins, not knowing that The Bad Czech was feeling mean enough to do just what he said.

As they were watching Elmo McVey wriggle along the grass 50 yards away, a toothless woman with chin whiskers came wheezing along the path through the park and said, "Officers, are you watching that dirty wino?"

"Yeah, lady," Cecil Higgins answered. "What'd he do, steal your purse?"

"He stole my bra!" the whiskered woman answered. "From the clothesline outside my window!"

Cecil Higgins took off his police hat and rubbed his loose, rubbery, bald scalp, which was beginning to lose its chocolate sheen, what with all the futile experiments with hair-growing preparations. All the cops said his head was starting to look like a moldy coffee bean. He also used Lady Clairol on his mustache, which, if left untouched, would be dead white. "Lady, even for Elmo McVey that's a new low," said Cecil Higgins. "Wonder what he'd do with a size-fifty-E cup? Pretty hard to peddle it, I imagine."

"I want you to put him in jail!" the whiskered woman demanded. "The worse kind a scum."

"He's the kind a pain-in-the-ass wino that really gives me a headache," said The Bad Czech absently. "I'd like to hang that wino."

"Too good for him, you ask me," the whiskered woman said. Then she spun around huffily and went wheezing back down the path.

He never heard them coming. Elmo McVey was suddenly lifted two feet off the ground by the back of his Army field jacket, looking into the demented gray eyes of the biggest, strongest and, unarguably, *meanest* cop in Rampart Division. The Bad Czech let him dangle for a moment, and he did, indeed, resemble a mangy cat, wiggling and hissing.

"I ain't did nothin'," Elmo McVey spat. "I jist wanted to hear the score a the ball game!"

"There ain't no ball game, Elmo," Cecil Higgins said, while The Bad Czech continued to suspend the wino by the scruff of the neck and glare at him.

"Well, I *thought* there was a ball game, is what I thought," Elmo McVey said. "Once a Met fan, always a Met fan. I thought the Dodgers was playin' in New York today. I was jist gonna tunc in that radio to catch the score is what I was gonna do."

"Why don't you go *back* to New York, Elmo?" Cecil Higgins said as The Bad Czech lowered the wino to the ground but continued to hold him by the nape of the neck.

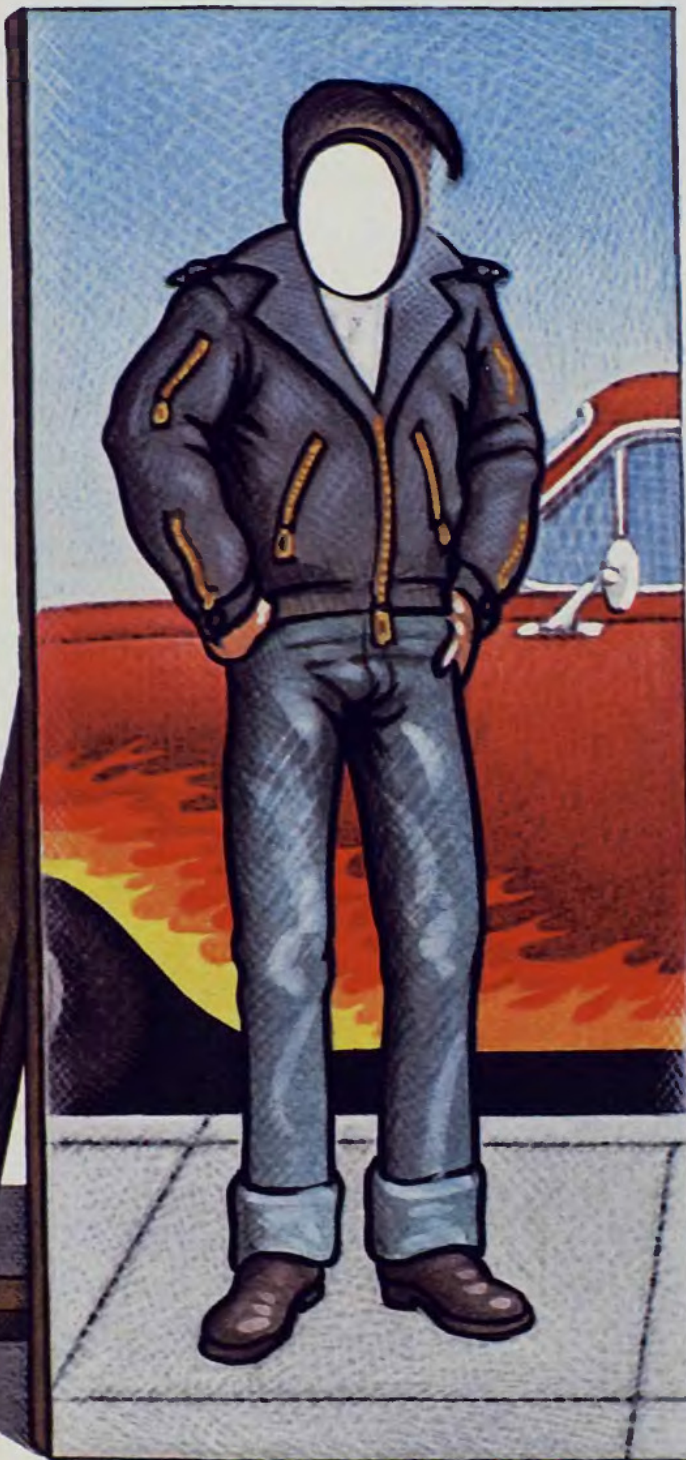
"Too cold in New York. L.A.'s my kind a place," Elmo McVey said, getting quite uncomfortable, what with The Bad Czech's hand, the size of a catcher's

(continued on page 192)



*"I wasn't really sick, Shirley. I told the boss I was under the weather, but actually, I was under the weatherman."*

# THE DECADE GAP



**T**HE GENERATION GAP symbolized the differences between the baby boomers and their parents. But a more detailed concept is needed to make sense of the divisions in the B.B.s' own ranks—not to mention between the B.B.s and their rapidly developing younger brethren and sisthren. Thus, the Decade Gap.

Now that you know there is such a thing, you will feel lost until you take this quiz and find out which era your

soul inhabits. The multiple-choice answers are arranged by decade: A is always the Fifties response, B the Sixties, C the Seventies, D the Eighties. The decades are defined subjectively rather than chronologically, and they also vary by category. For instance, the Sixties begin politically on November 22, 1963, with Kennedy's assassination, and end in 1974 with Nixon's resignation; musically, the decade begins with the Beatles' 1964 airport press conference and ends

in 1970 with John, Paul, George and Ringo's resignations.

Good luck, and remember: There are no winners and no losers in this quiz, just some people molded by your great decade and some horribly twisted by the three others.

## PART ONE: FILL IN YOUR BLANKS

1. *I can't imagine life without*  
A. Wall-to-wall carpeting  
B. Hallucinogens



are you a fifties, sixties, seventies or eighties person? this quiz may help you decide who you are—  
and it's a whole lot easier than therapy

humor **By LENNY KLEINFELD**



- C. Therapy
- D. Vomiting
- 2. My parents are
  - A. Saints
  - B. Fascists
  - C. Divorced
  - D. Hippies
- 3. God is
  - A. On our side
  - B. Eric Clapton
  - C. Gay
  - D. Bored

- 4. When I met my wife, she was
  - A. A virgin
  - B. A dealer
  - C. A man
  - D. Bleeding
- 5. My wedding attire was
  - A. An ill-fitting rental tux and patent-leather loafers
  - B. A gauze peasant shirt, striped bell-bottoms and sandals
  - C. A velvet tuxedo jacket, designer jeans and Adidas

- D. A custom-made silk tux, red boots and spiked bracelets
- 6. My children are
  - A. Spoiled
  - B. Materialistic
  - C. Anal retentive
  - D. Programed for success
- 7. If I caught my kid using drugs, I'd
  - A. Turn him in
  - B. Join him
  - C. Blame his therapist

(continued on page 186) 101



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

# MAYS CRAZE

*melinda's a nut about  
health and fitness and a  
hell of a lot more inspiring  
than richard simmons*



*While on a combined picnic and hike (above) in the antebellum plantation area of historic Stone Mountain Park, just outside her home town of Atlanta, Melinda stops for a breather.*

**T**HE FIRST TIME you meet Melinda Mays, she's likely to smile and say in her soft, husky, little-girl voice, "Hey." On the other hand, she might not. Because of pressure from boyfriends who've told her she's too friendly to men ("They say I might give guys the wrong impression"), Melinda is trying to cut down on her natural gregariousness. It's impossible, of course. You can see it in her eyes. It's also nearly impossible to interpret Melinda's "Hey" as a come-on: This is one very sweet, innocent (well, relatively) young girl. The kind of girl you want to wrap your arms around and protect for life against all those sleazo guys out there. But then, that's the charm of Southern women. They make you want to protect them. Besides, friendliness has certainly done Melinda more good than harm. It helped her get

a job as an aerobics-and-exercise instructor at an Atlanta-area health club, and it keeps her students smiling. Melinda, who was born and has lived all her life in Georgia, is the kind of exercise coach fat folks dread and love at the same time. Her workouts are grueling (take it from us; we saw one) and her attitude toward excess avoirdupois is merciless. "As far as I'm concerned, people are in trouble if they're ten pounds



*"Am I attracted to handsome men? Well, looks mean something, I guess, but they're really not the most important thing. I could love a man who looked real ordinary as long as he treated me nicely. After all, someone you love may seem handsome when you're happy with him; but when you argue, he can look like the ugliest person in the world."*







overweight. *They* may not think they're fat, but *I* think they are. Of course, I don't tell people that. I just stress the fact that they *can* lose weight if they really want to. Some women think they look better with a little extra weight. That's fine with me. I just try to help each of my students get his or her body into the shape he or she would like." Naturally, Melinda has never had to battle the bulge the way some of us have. Not only has she never been fat, she was her high school's prom queen and the hottest thing happening in the small town of Conyers, where she spent most of her teen years. "Hanging out around

*"I like sex but only when I want to do it. I just hate for guys to make me feel like I have to do it. Guys just don't ever seem to get enough. That drives me up the wall. Why are they like that?"*



*"It takes a lot to make me mad, but when I am, I get very mad. I scream and yell and can say some very mean things. It builds up to a certain point, and then I have to let it out. I'll bring up stuff that made me mad two months ago."*



the ice-cream parlor was about the most exciting thing we kids did." Melinda says she was a good student until "I suddenly got distracted by other things. Like guys. I *hated* boys when I was in grammar school. Once a boy kissed me and I got so mad I cried." After high school, Melinda eschewed college for employment. While job hunting, she signed up for an aerobics class at the club where she now teaches. "I had no

*"I like athletic men. Probably, my ideal romantic evening would start out with me and the guy exercising together at the club."*







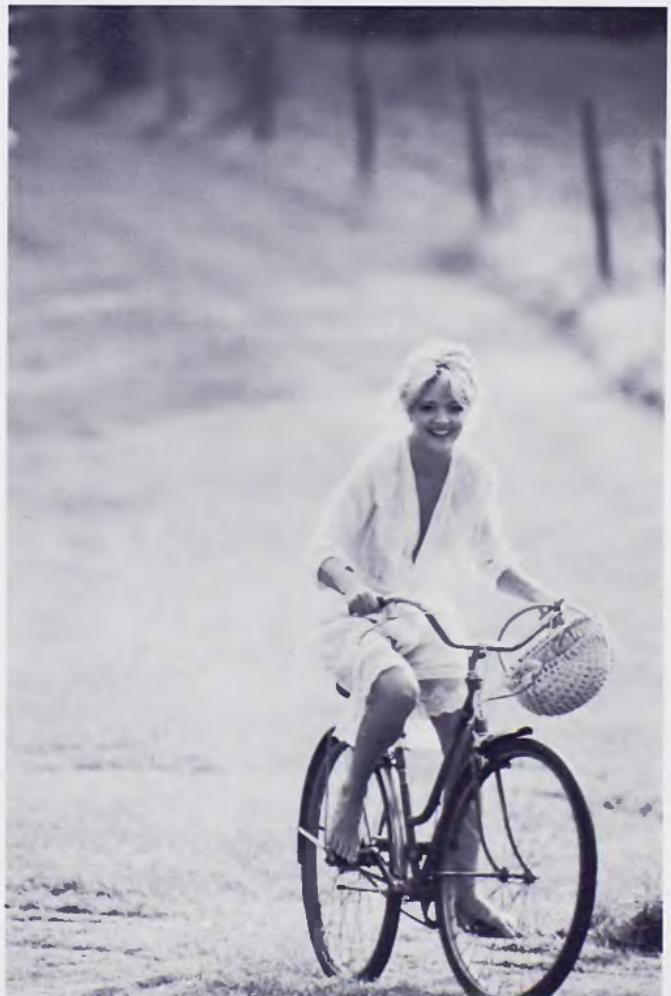
idea how hard it would be," she says. "I teach three 45-minute classes in a row, with 15-minute breaks in between. Often, when I go home at the end of the day, I'm just too exhausted to do anything." However, since she was chosen as a Playmate, Melinda has suspended her classes for a while (sorry, all you fat guys in Atlanta who were ready to sign up tomorrow). She has also gained five pounds. The weight gain is understandable: Melinda can eat. The afternoon we took her to lunch, she had broiled scallops, potatoes, salad, two glasses of wine and a chocolate brownie smothered with ice cream. "Ice cream is one of my weaknesses," she confesses. "I'd say I go to Baskin-Robbins for ice cream at least four nights a week." We proposed that perhaps the best ploy for a guy who wanted to woo her would be to offer her ice cream. "Definitely," she laughed. "And now that you mention it, one guy did just that. One day, I was shopping for clothes, and a guy just came up to me and asked me if I'd like to go get an ice-cream cone. I couldn't believe it. I would have loved to go have one but if there's one thing I love more than ice cream, it's shopping." We suggested that perhaps a better ploy would be to offer an ice-cream cone with a credit-card topping. She laughed again.



*Above, Melinda conducts one of her daily 45-minute aerobics classes at a suburban Atlanta health club. "I really make my students work," she laughs. "When we were doing the shooting, I got several guys who work at the club to join the class, and after ten minutes, they were huffin' and puffin'."*



*At the Festival of Georgia Folklife (above), Melinda stops at a basket weaver's concession, where he gives her a few tips on his art. Also participating in the festival were musicians, potters and a wine maker. "The Atlanta area can be a lot of fun in the summer," says Melinda. At right, she takes a bike ride through the Georgia countryside, carrying several freshly picked peaches in her brand-new basket.*





MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Melinda May

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Melinda Mays

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 101

BIRTH DATE: 2-23-62 BIRTHPLACE: Augusta, Georgia

AMBITIONS: To be successful and happy in life with whatever I might be doing.

TURN-ONS: A real gentleman, ice cream, shopping, roses and muscles-lots of them!

TURN-OFFS: A negative attitude, liars, unfriendly people and spiders

FAVORITE BOOKS: Watership Down and all of Erna Bombeck's books.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Olivia Newton-John, Billy Squier, Joan Jett and Kool and the Gang.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Volleyball and aerobics

IDEAL MAN: One who is not a quitter, lots of fun, considerate, truthful, humorous and protective.

SECRET FANTASY: To be on a beautiful deserted island with a wonderful man.



2 years old



Me and my toys  
Christmas 1968



Miss  
Homecoming  
1979

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**B-r-r-r!**" shivered the girl when an icy blast hit the couple as they left the singles bar. "Do you know what the forecast is?"

"The prediction is for better than six inches," replied her new-found male friend. "And," he added, as he linked his arm through hers, "it might even snow."

**I** had this framed for good luck," explained the bottomless go-go dancer to her visitor. "It's the first dollar bill I ever snatched."



**I**t's rumored that NBC may take legal action against a porno cable-TV operation that's been using the slogan "Proud as a peaked cock!"

**T**here may be some interesting developments around here involving the new girl who's been hired for the steno pool," the employment interviewer told his boss.

"Oh? Why's that?" inquired the latter.

"Well, at first, I thought I'd nix her. She'd actually gone and written 'Fellatio' in the foreign-languages block on our application form!"

When the two men had finished laughing, the chief executive said, "What made you change your mind and recommend her, then?"

"Just this," replied the interviewer. "When I pointed out the mistake she'd made, she promptly erased 'Fellatio' and then rewrote it under special job skills."

*In sex education, Miss West  
Said, "Johnny, your work has regressed!  
But since learning's a tool,  
If you stay after school,  
I will help you bone up for the test."*

**C**ontrary to popular belief, the four-letter word most frequently heard in a whorehouse is "Next!"

**I** want a divorce, because my husband has become impossible to live with," insisted the woman. "Why, now he wants to have sex with me once a week!"

"But that doesn't sound unreasonable," countered her attorney.

"It does to me," snapped the client, "because he used to get it about twenty-five days a month!"

**B**eing asked solicitously about the state of her health was becoming bothersome to the pregnant woman at the cocktail party. And yet another guest went over and inquired, "Well, how are you feeling these days?"

"Not too well," said the expectant mother. "You know, I've missed seven or eight periods now and it's beginning to worry me."

**T**he Navy has become more vigilant about screening out pot-smoking homosexuals, we've heard, ever since an incident in which a head was found giving head in the head.

*A huge-organed female in Dallas  
Named Alice, who yearned for a phallus,  
Was virgo intacto,  
Because, ipso facto,  
No phallus in Dallas fit Alice.*

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *premature ejaculation* as a foregone conclusion.

**S**o that sexually active high school girls who might otherwise forget their birth-control medication will be sure to take it first thing in the morning, an enterprising pharmaceutical firm has come out with a chocolate-breakfast-drink contraceptive. It's called Ovumteen.



**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *spinster* as an old unmade.

**S**tirring up interest in certain winter-sports circles is a projected ski complex in wide-open Nevada. It's to be called Slalom and Gomorrah.

**I** happened to meet the foxiest lady on one of my regular trips to Tulsa," the drinker recounted to a bar acquaintance, "and though she said she was busy that evening, she did give me her home phone number and invited me to call before heading her way again."

"It sounds like you've got it made."

"I dunno. Her number begins with 800."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Doo-hooin' what comes natch-rally!"

some penetrating thoughts about the salary system in america

# WHY WAYNE NEWTON'S IS BIGGER THAN YOURS

article By ROY BLOUNT JR.

SOME PEOPLE have big ones; some people have little ones. Women have been shorted on them. Nobody really wants to know—but, on the other hand, everybody *does* want to know—how his stacks up next to the other fellow's. It's not so much the size of them as what you do with them and what goes along with them. (Sure!) There is a taboo against revealing them.

Salaries.

Not sexual organs. That's a different matter. For instance: If inflation in, say, sports had hit sexual organs the way it has hit salaries, there would be *utterly* no justification for requiring women reporters to conduct interviews outside men's locker rooms. Because every time you opened the door to a men's locker room, sexual organs would bob out into the hall.

Here is the deal: PLAYBOY has offered me a sum of money (none of your business how much; anyway, less than Burt Reynolds makes per hour—but I am taller than Burt Reynolds) to reflect upon some figures (see the box on page 180) put together by David Harrop, author of *World Paychecks: Who Makes What, Where and Why*. And I am going to, though it opens up a can of worms.

In his book, Harrop tells us, for instance, that a New York City sanitation worker makes three times as



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**ZOO KEEPER**



PER HOUR **\$** \$6.47

much as the chief of staff of the Indian army (and yet the chief keeps his office picked up); that the president of Sri Lanka makes \$243 a year (plus perks); that a consultant to a multinational corporation can make \$2000 a day; that Paul McCartney earned, or anyway took in, \$48,200,000 in 1980. (One record-company exec to another: "There's good news and bad news. The good news is, Elvis is dead and his albums are selling like hot cakes. The bad news is, Glenn Miller has just reappeared and wants all his royalties.")

What Harrop has done for PLAYBOY is to divide various people's annual incomes by 2080 (52 weeks times 40 hours) to ascertain their hourly wage. Since the average drug pusher (estimated \$72.11 an hour), for instance, probably does not punch a time clock, that methodology can be quibbled with, but it does point up some startling contrasts. I think we can get down to the nub of this whole discussion by noting that, according to Harrop's figures, Wayne Newton makes \$5769.23 an hour and the average general-duty nurse, \$5.93.

Wayne Newton is the economic (if not the musical) equivalent of 972.89 nurses! What does that say about American values? How can we justify a Vegas warbler's making almost 100,000 percent more per hour than a Florence Nightingale?

One way of looking at it, of course, is this: If it were the other way around, you might wake up in a hospital, feeling bad enough already, and there, leaning over your bed, would be Wayne Newton, all in white.

But a great deal remains to be said. I have been reading Freud, Marx, Norman O. Brown, both Adam Smiths, George Gilder, John Kenneth Galbraith, Ayn Rand and Kropotkin industriously, and watching Lee Iacocca on television whenever I take a break, and I have come up with no easy answers. I do have one concrete proposal: that the average IRS agent's income (\$10.81 per hour, according to Harrop) be changed to a certain fixed percentage of mine after taxes. Eighty percent, say. Thus, if I make \$40,129 and am allowed enough deductions to keep \$40,000 of that, the agent gets \$32,000 (low enough so he doesn't lose his edge against the fat cats but high enough that he can take me out to lunch). The objection might be made that since \$32,000 a year works out to \$15.38 an hour, my proposal would increase the cost of Government. Let it be amended, then, to apply *only to that agent each year who gets to handle my return*. In which case, what the heck, make it 90 percent.

•

I have other, more complex, thoughts to share—or, actually (this economic

thinking takes hold after a while), to sell.

When sports attorney Bob Woolf was trying—successfully, as it turned out—to win basketball star Larry Bird as a client, he made a pitch to Bird, who was then still a student at Indiana State, and a group of Terre Haute men whom Bird had asked to advise him. "I was telling them about how much certain athletes were making, just to give them an idea of what we might expect for Bird's contract," Woolf later told *The New York Times*. "Then I mentioned Tommy John, the Yankee pitcher. Well, John is from Terre Haute. And these men said, 'Yeah, what does Tommy John make?'"

"Then Larry . . . interrupted. He said, 'Excuse me, Mr. Woolf, but Tommy John is a friend of mine. And I'd rather not know what he makes.'"

Probably, Bird's remark caused the Terre Hauteans in the room to mutter, "Darn!" But those men would have been loath to tell one another their own salaries, and if John had been present, no one would have been so rude as to ask him his. Most people don't know what their closest friends' salaries are. When I tell anyone my stipend for a given piece of work, even, I feel like a flasher. Why is that?

"Money is what all business is about," writes Michael Korda in his book *Power!*, "and therefore it retains all the power of the central mystery of a religious cult. . . . In no single area of adult life do the rules of childhood apply so strictly as in raises. . . . If you ask how much someone else is getting, you will be told, 'That doesn't apply,' or 'It's not your business,' just as something other children were permitted to do was never a sufficient reason for being allowed to do the same thing ourselves. You will also be told to 'be reasonable,' 'be patient' and to 'try to understand our problems,' advice liberally given to children by parents, teachers and headmasters and designed to make them feel guilty for even asking."

What if workers Jones and Smith go behind the boss's back and say, "I'll tell you mine if you'll tell me yours"—and find that Jones's is substantially greater than Smith's? It is a queasy, intimate moment. Jones feels like a teacher's pet, no longer able to gripe about the system along with the other kids, and Smith feels cheaply gotten. Of course, if Jones and Smith look at the big picture and consider what an agricultural worker in Cameroun makes (\$40 a year), they both ought to feel like pigs. (It is not known whether or not any agricultural worker in Cameroun knows what Wayne Newton makes.)

There are deeper than strictly economic reasons why the average person draws a veil over his or her emolument. Freud associated money with excrement,

the first medium of exchange. "Feces are the infant's first gift, a part of his own body which he will give up only on persuasion by someone he loves." (And then he grows up, becomes salaried, and money is what he gets for kowtowing to Mr. Dithers.)

Sec, I told you this isn't about sexual organs. That is to say, not about sexual organs alone. In *Life Against Death*, Norman O. Brown argues that money represents, to the human psyche, not only b.m. but also death, guilt, magic, the child, Satan, the sacred, separation anxiety, "the aggressive fantasy of becoming father of oneself" and, too, the (detached) penis. Is it any wonder that we don't wave our incomes around lightly?

Even if you think of money as just paper, beads, smackers, mazula, simoleons or something to bathe in, the way Scrooge McDuck does, the whole science of economics is strange enough. But if you regard your pay check as an excremental dead magical baby-Devil holy estranged pushy autopaternal pecker, then you wonder whether the bottom line (as they say) of economics was not drawn best by David Stockman: "None of us really understands what's going on with all these numbers."

In fact, at one point in my researches, I decided, Fuck it, I'm a Marxist.

A Marxist even though I would personally rather be alienated, as Marx said capitalist workers are, than herd sheep, which is more or less—as I understand it—what precapitalist workers did. That is just the way I am.

And a Marxist even though I discovered, in *Marx for Beginners*, that "Marx remained in London for the rest of his life, in the direst poverty (three of his children died through lack of medicines), continuing to write revolutionary books and articles."

Wait a minute, I thought when I read that. Why couldn't a man with Marx's education and moneyed background dabble in capitalism or burglary or sell his whiskers or write a thriller under a pseudonym or *something* to keep his kids alive? However, I didn't want to make the kind of judgment my father did in refusing to read the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe on the grounds that Poe had married a teenager and devoted himself to debauchery while allowing her to die of consumption. That was unfair to Poe, I later learned; and, at any rate, my father didn't read the poetry of anybody else, either.

Marxism applies far more directly to the matter of children dying in poverty than capitalism ever did, at least until Marx came along. And Marx made clear one reason nice people don't vaunt their

(continued on page 180)





# SOME LIKE IT COLD

*for a frosty  
kick, try vodka,  
schnapps  
and other  
white spirits  
straight  
from the  
freezer*

**drink** By Emanuel Greenberg

A WELL-TRAVELED drinking buddy of ours confessed recently that his latest bibbing kick was drinking cold and bold. From time to time, he loads five or six shot glasses with imported vodka and puts them in the freezer for future consideration. In that arctic temperature, the raw spirit takes on a viscous texture, turning sensuous and silky—with a racy sting of alcohol in the finish. The man is by no means unique. Lately, sophisticated swiggers are taking their vodka neat and frigid, straight from the freezer, skipping ice and mixer. After decades of hearing that vodka's major attribute was an ability to blend discreetly with juices, tonic, liqueurs—almost anything—some find  
*(concluded on  
page 203)*

*he learned to play  
hockey and it  
made him a hero—  
then he learned  
the harsh truth about that*

IN THE AFTERNOON, the wind changes and the color of the water changes with it, darkens and takes a bigger bite. In the afternoon, it could be a different ocean. Above that, the moon and the gulls are floating, pale and timeless against the sky; and, as it happens in this life, I find myself on a porch on Cape Cod with a television director who, 19 hours ago, interrupted his drinking long enough to kill a 52-ounce rum kamikaze that may have come with orchids floating in it, and he is looking a little pale and timeless himself.

We watch the gulls awhile and the moon and the ocean breaking in over the rocks, smoothing them, and it comes to me, suddenly, that the television director is about to connect us somehow to the great plan all around us. And I am right.

"Erik Estrada is a pain in the ass," he says, looking out over the ocean. "A complete pain in the ass. That surprises you, doesn't it?"

"Well, you hear the rumors. . . ."

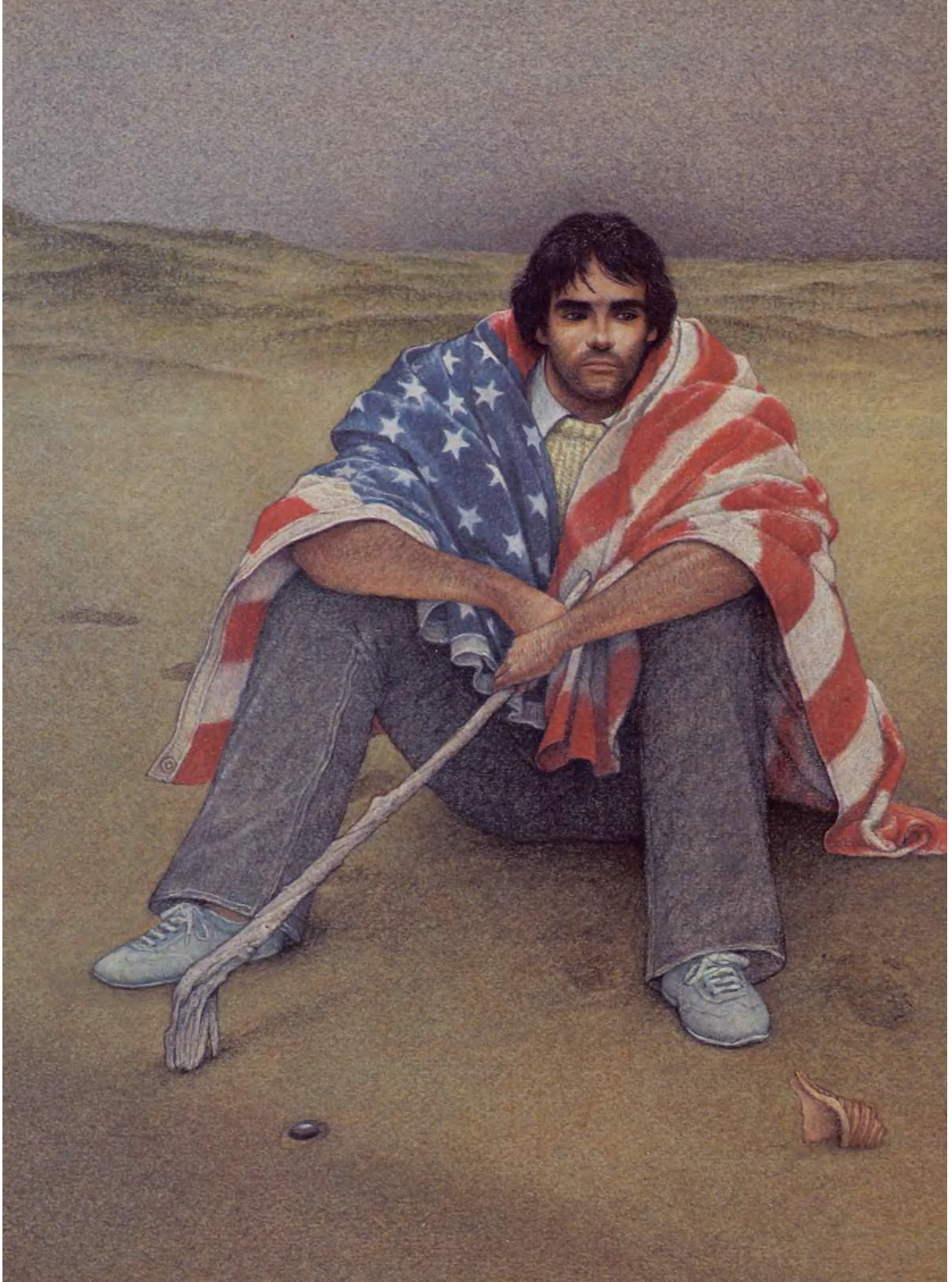
The director smiles. "He sits on a motorcycle all day on the set, giving everybody a load of shit because he's a television star. They're going to get rid of him because he's a pain in the ass. That's why (continued on page 136)

# *The Education of Jim Craig*

*article*

*By Pete Dexter*







# PERSONAL BEST

---

*luxurious and  
stylish accouterments  
for the man of taste*

**C**lockwise from 12: That handsome Italian-leather tobacco humidior and attached pipe rack features gold-leaf tooling, \$195; on the rack is a pipe by Parker Hardcastle of London, \$55, both from Willoughby & Taylor Ltd., Dallas. Next to the pipe rack is a tobacco-leaf-covered cuff-link/stud box that's made in the Philippines, \$12, and a pair of Hungarian-pigskin driving gloves with a Velcro fastener, \$35, both from Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago. On the gloves: Ray-Ban antiqued-leather-and-metal Arista sunglasses with Ultragradient beige lenses, by Bausch & Lomb, \$110. English polished-leather money clip, from Willoughby & Taylor Ltd., \$16, including two or three gold-stamped initials. Chinese-lacquer fountain pen with an 18-kt.-gold nib, \$270, and a matching ballpoint pen, \$200, both by S. T. Dupont. English Victorian stud set in a fitted leather box, from the Sentimento Collection for Britches of Georgetowne, Alexandria, Virginia, \$250. An 18-kt.-gold-and-onyx watch with a Swiss quartz movement and a pigskin band, by Bulgari, \$1950. Antique scissors-type cigar cutter with a sterling-silver handle, from the Sentimento Collection for Macy's, New York, \$125. Leather coin purse, from Bottega Veneta, New York, \$35. At six o'clock and just above it: A pair of enameled gilt cuff links with an English school crest, from I. Magnin, San Francisco, \$100. Pigskin suspenders, from Peter Barton's Closet, New York, \$40. Set of 14-kt.-gold blazer buttons includes four sleeve and three front buttons (not shown), by Charles Gold & Company, \$950. Tasco brass-and-leather pocket telescope that extends from 5" to 15" and features a 25 x 30mm lens, from The Sharper Image, San Francisco, \$39. By the tip of the telescope: 14-kt.-gold ring inset with a 1/10 oz. Krugerrand, by Houston Numismatics, \$310. Large crystal ashtray, from Design Source, Chicago, \$18.50. Left of the ashtray: A silver-plated Danish Super Egg Ice Cube containing a special coolant; freeze the egg, drop it into a cocktail and—voilà!—your drink is ice-cold, from Sointu, New York, \$25. In the top left corner: An 8½"-high etched-crystal decanter, \$250, plus two matching etched-crystal liqueur glasses that are part of a set of four, \$135, including a lined case (not shown), all from Mark Crass, Chicago. Malachite cigarette box, from Alfred Dunhill of London, Chicago, \$500. On the box: A 14-kt.-gold man's neck chain, from Tiffany, New York, \$880; and a sterling-silver pipe tamper, from Alfred Dunhill of London, \$125. At center: Sterling-silver ribbed table lighter, from les must de Cartier, New York, about \$360.



# THE WOMEN OF ASPEN

*talk about a  
peak experience...*

ON THE MOUNTAIN, World Cup downhillers were preparing for the last two races of the season. Dressed in skintight Lycra suits, wearing helmets and clutching oddly bent poles, they hurtled down the fenced-off course at heart-stopping speeds. On one of the tamer slopes, your basic collection of Hollywood celebrities was holding a pro-am slalom. George Hamilton played host to the likes of Sonny Bono, Joyce DeWitt, Barbara Bosson and Jill St. John. An announcer's voice echoed over the slopes: "This is your chance to see Christie Brinkley without a bathing suit." It was the height of Winternational, when Aspen invited the world to a party. But what was the local news? The front page of *The Aspen Times* showed PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag shooting one of the women of Aspen. Skiing you can see any time. Aspen is proud of its women. When we had placed an ad a few weeks earlier, more than 200 (text concluded on page 202)

When Aspen throws a party, the whole world comes. At home in the hot tub on the opposite page are Karen Isaacs (left) and Dorian Frankel (right). Trying out a new Rocky Mountain high (above) is Fran Clayton, who come from Alabama with one ambition—to become a great skier. Go for it!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





Skiing is a contest with gravity, and the mountain always wins. Sasha Vanderhoof (above) is a connoisseur of powder. We ran into her again (below) a few days after the mountain had won. She was undaunted by her accident: "I'll be back."







Kelly Marshall (above left) moved to Aspen with her mom. "I grew up very quickly. It's an adult Disneyland. I've been exposed to a lot." High school was a collection of cliques: cowboys, jocks, smokers and dapers. Kelly spent her time keeping a journal. Cynthia Thomsen (below) arrived with a friend. "He left, I stayed." Just passing through are Cheryl Gustafson and Catherine Swanson (above right).





If God had meant man to disco in the mountains, He wouldn't have invented Vibram soles. At top, snow falls on the dancers at Andre's. Eve Lubin (above) came to Aspen two years ago, via London, for a ski vacation. She gave up the life of a model, the bright lights, the big city for a dose of the natural. She trains thoroughbred horses and breeds Russian wolfdounds. Her goal? To buy a home in a small town outside Aspen.

Danielle McCann (left, and tenting tonight, right) was a third-generation Southern Californian. "I am the first member of my family to relocate permanently. I moved to Aspen on three days' notice and wouldn't leave for anything." Jennifer Busse (top right) is another Californian who exchanged paradises. She hopes to be an actress but for now is content to indulge in skiing.





Tips up, please: Holly Cook (above) was born in Burbank. Maybe that explains her behavior. Shawna Massey (right) has another explanation: "It's the altitude. It makes the partiers party harder. One drink here equals three at sea level." Cynthia Ramstead (below) grew up near Mount Baldy, California, so she's at home in the mountains. She likes skiing, volleyball and backpacking.



Keep on Trucking: The Trucks sisters (opposite), Helen (left) and Anne (right), relax in an indoor pool. They need the rest. They came to Aspen via Nashville, Kingsport, Baltimore, Indianapolis and Miami, among other Trucks stops. Helen enjoys riding, skating and camping. Anne likes riding, skiing and dancing, bath jazz and ballet. Let's get physical.





Kalla "Katarina" Brandt grew up in Helsinki, where she read an ad for a Finnish-speaking baby sitter to work in a town called Aspen. She couldn't find Aspen on a map of the U.S., but she got on the plane anyway. The only other place she's visited in this country is Harvey Cedars, New Jersey. Lanette Poe (left) came to Aspen from Milwaukee by way of Greenfield, Wisconsin.







# 20 QUESTIONS: YAKOV SMIRNOFF

*the real-life russian comic wants to tell the west  
about the funny conditions behind the iron curtain*

**W**hen 32-year-old Russian comic Yakov Smirnoff (green card A21702322) arrived in the U.S. six years ago, he knew no English. He has since learned enough to make audiences see humor in life in the U.S.S.R. When Contributing Editor David Rensin saw Smirnoff's act in Los Angeles, he brought him to our attention. Rensin's report: "Smirnoff lives in the Hollywood Hills. He drives a Mercedes 450SL that he recently bought in Germany. His bedroom is equipped with a stereo and video system. I think he likes it here."

1.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get into comedy in Russia?

**SMIRNOFF:** Just by being funny between friends. Same thing as here. I started in small clubs and then realized maybe I can make money at it. I used to work Russian cruise ships on the Black Sea. I did show in Russian. We had tourists from eight countries, and they would be laughing, though I didn't know how they could understand me. This was my first clue that I possibly will be able to be a comedian.

2.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there a Russian *Tonight Show*?

**SMIRNOFF:** No. There are big comedians, like Bob Hope, who have been around a long time, but television is not big on comedy. They like people who *don't* talk. Here there are talk shows. There, they have *don't talk* shows, like *Shut Up Your Face*. Well, there was the Brezhnev talk show. He talked, you listened.

3.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have trouble getting out of Russia?

**SMIRNOFF:** Yes. It's a very tough process. There are two years of preparing to apply, getting all the papers together. Then two years waiting for the visa—and then they give you a MasterCard. And they make it miserable after you apply, because they make sure everyone knows you're a traitor and you're treated like you're running away from the motherland that gave you food and education. I was fired from being a comedian, from the government agency that employed me, and the only way I sur-

vived was to work unofficially and get paid under the table. The club managers knew me and knew I wouldn't say anything in my act that would put them in danger, so I worked. Ship captains liked me, so I got hired on as dishwasher.

I don't know why they let me go, and I didn't ask. Things are processed and, suddenly, you have a week to get out. And if you don't, they keep you. My parents and I were booked on the last train we could legally take. And they wait until the train is almost ready to leave to start searching your luggage. They throw it all into a pile, and—just like in the movies—you have to throw it all back into the suitcase and run to the train. I jumped on the moving train and pulled my mother and father on after me. If we had missed it, they would have said, "Sorry, you had your chance."

4.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you come to the U.S. with the idea of being a comedian?

**SMIRNOFF:** No. I just wanted to get that feeling of freedom, something I couldn't get there. When I worked on cruise ships, I talked to people and found out our living conditions were horrible compared with other countries'. I never had a car in Russia. We didn't have a shower in our apartment. We had five families in one apartment with one kitchen and a communal shower ten blocks away. You had to pay money to go there and shower with 200 guys watching.

5.

**PLAYBOY:** Has the U.S. taken some getting used to?

**SMIRNOFF:** I'm like a five-year-old. A while ago, I was standing in front of The Comedy Store and this guy comes over and puts his arm around me and touches me and says he saw me on the *Today* show and tells me, "You were great!" He was tall, nice-looking. I've been living in Hollywood for a while, and I thought he was trying to pick me up. Thank God the doorman from The Comedy Store asked him for an autograph—I realized, knowing *that* doorman, he wouldn't ask a gay guy for an autograph. And it was Monty Hall. Later, my former manager said, "This is a man who made millions talking to people dressed as tomatoes and potatoes." Now I know to take door number

three. Do you want this picture of Brezhnev or what's behind the iron curtain? When I got to America, my first girlfriend said that if I was a comedian and I was good, I'd eventually get on the Johnny Carson show. To me, "Johnny Carson" and "Jimmy Carter" sounded exactly the same. So I went home to my mother and said, "Here the President has his own television show."

6.

**PLAYBOY:** Ever date a Russian woman weight lifter?

**SMIRNOFF:** No, because if I had, I wouldn't be here talking to you. When they jump your bones, they *really* jump your bones. Crunch. Well, there *was* this one girl. She looked a bit like Orson Welles, only a different-color beard. I'll tell you the truth: Russian women don't take care of themselves. There is no Oil of Olay, though there is perfume, Evening in Prison. But it's understandable. If you look at a Russian woman's night table, you see that in daytime it's a stove. Also, Russian women must work harder than men. A man can spend 18 hours behind the plow; but the woman is in *front* of it. So it's tough. And if you wonder why Russian men's team wins in Olympics all the time, it's because if they don't win, they become Russian women's team.

7.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the difference between a Russian and an American blow job?

**SMIRNOFF:** Simple. In America, you can get it. Also, here they don't use a gun.

8.

**PLAYBOY:** Tell us some more of your Russian jokes.

**SMIRNOFF:** A comedian in Russia won first prize in a contest with the joke "How many Russians does it take to screw Poland?" There was no punch line. They gave him 20 years to provide one.

In Russia, designer jeans are called Calvin Kremilins. If they could talk, you'd be shot.

Russian TV is wonderful. We have great shows: *Marx and Mindy*, *The Young and the Arrested*, *One Day to Weep*, *Bowling for Food*. We've even got commercials: "You asked for it, you got it: hard labor." "The Russian Express Card. (continued on page 188)

*"Nobody figures out your life surer than a newspaper reporter who's had half a day to look it over."*

Jimmy's got a good chance to get on the show."

"Who is Erik Estrada?" I ask.

"On *CHiPs*," he says. "He's one of the cops on *CHiPs*. And he's a pain in the ass, and Jimmy's not."

Months later, though, *CHiPs* will not have traded in its pain in the ass for Jimmy Craig. By then, Craig will have done a guest spot on *Laverne & Shirley* and gone back to Boston, planning to play pro hockey again for the Bruins.

"Jimmy's like a wonderful child," the director says. "There's nothing phony about it, either. Just look at him."

Out in the ocean, Craig is bouncing in the waves, keeping his chin just over the water. A beautiful three-year-old child named Muriel Goddu is fastened to his neck, singing to him. *Bette Davis Eyes*. Better than anything else, he knows children. Better than hockey or women or celebrity, better than he understands what has happened to himself.

When it began, he was a kid. A nice kid. A little mouthy for having been small growing up—he was only 5'3" when he was graduated from high school and grew almost ten inches in the next year—but a kid who would find a way to win. "I always believe I'll win," he said once, "and it seems to carry over to the other people on my team. That's my greatest asset as a hockey player: I make them believe."

Craig led Boston University to an N.C.A.A. title, and a year later, he was the goalie on Herb Brook's Olympic team that beat the Russians and then Finland to win the gold medal.

When that happened, he became a national hero. He had money for the first time in his life; he got an N.H.L. contract, a Coca-Cola contract. Women and talk shows and *Sports Illustrated*. Babies were named after him.

And it was harder to see, but he was still just a kid who could play hockey.

"Muriel," he says, "sing it to me one more time."

She says no. He says, "Oh, please, Muriel? Please?" She says no. He says, "Poor Muriel, she doesn't even know how to sing *Bette Davis Eyes*." And Muriel sings it again.

The television director shakes his head. "He has such a marvelous quality," he says.

Craig walks out of the ocean, limping on a leg he tore up this morning playing softball, the baby still hugging his neck.

The air has turned cool and Muriel

pulls closer. He picks up a towel and wraps her in it carefully and then holds her there, close to him, until she stops shaking.

"Poor Muriel," he says. "She doesn't even know how to sing *Bette Davis Eyes*." And she sings it to him again. Dead serious, chattering teeth.

The director is still shaking his head. "Jimmy stayed at my house," he says. "Did you know that? The whole week he was out on the Coast, he stayed with me, and I love him. He didn't drink all the booze in the place or anything. My kids loved him. He isn't a smartass with anybody, and he's sincere. Everybody loved him. Then he got back on the plane to Boston. He called me from the airport to thank me, to say he loved me, and the next thing I knew, it had happened."

"I mean, I was just talking to him on the telephone, and the next day, the story was in the paper."

The story in the paper. Just before midnight last May 29th, in a rainstorm, Craig's new BMW collided with a 1973 Toyota driven by a 30-year-old woman named Ingrid Olson. The collision occurred in front of a bait shop on Route Six in Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, two miles from his house.

Olson has told police Craig was in her lane. Craig has said she was in his. However it started, the cars skidded, hit each other on their passenger sides and rolled into the trees on the north side of the road. Margaret Curry, who had been sitting in the back seat of the Toyota, was thrown through the rear window and killed. She was 28 years old.

Another woman, Patricia Belliveau, was admitted to St. Luke's Hospital in New Bedford in critical condition and was released three weeks later.

Olson was treated and released that night, and Craig, who had been knocked unconscious, refused treatment. He was given a sobriety test and was taken to the police station for questioning. There has never been any suggestion that drugs or alcohol were involved. "I remember I wanted to go home," he says. "It was freezing cold, and I just wanted to be at home."

Three days after that story hit the wire services, there was another story. Craig had been charged in a three-week-old incident on Cuttyhunk Island, off Martha's Vineyard. He had taken two of his brothers and three of their friends on his boat to the island, which has 47

year-round residents, and they were all being charged with disorderly conduct.

The only known casualty of the afternoon was an \$11 pane of glass in a public telephone booth, but there are only seven phones on Cuttyhunk and the islanders are protective. The report also had it that the intruders had used abusive language and, possibly, urinated in public. State trooper Daniel Flynn said this for the papers: "The boys acted up and were pretty rowdy."

Coming weeks after the fact and just days after the car accident, it looked cheap, and a week later, when the charge against Craig was dismissed ("There just wasn't any evidence against Mr. Craig," said Assistant District Attorney Charles Morano), it still looked cheap.

"I'll tell you what I learned from all this," Craig had said after the accident. "I learned there's always people who want to build you up to be a hero, but they want to tear you down, too. I learned how rude people can be and how bad the media is."

The truth is, the newspaper coverage wasn't much worse than it usually is when something happens. *The Boston Herald* made it look like they'd gone and shot Kennedy again, and there is at least a possibility that the stories had as much to do with the disorderly conduct charge on Cuttyhunk Island as the police did, but mostly, the papers just did what they always do.

They went to the family home in Easton to talk with Craig's father. They called his brothers. They went to old coaches, to the relatives of the girl who had been killed, to Craig's business agent, Bob Woolf, and to the police. The stories they wrote, of course, were rooted in the moment at Lake Placid when Jim Craig, wrapped in an American flag, had skated up the ice after the U.S. had beaten Finland for the gold, looking for his father.

They presumed that that moment was the apex of a life and that a car accident was where it bottomed out, and they wondered at the speed of the fall. Nobody figures out your life surer than a newspaper reporter who's had half a day to look it over.

The story from Cuttyhunk can be laid in a large part to the work of a *Boston Herald* reporter named James Welch. Welch says he got an anonymous call from the island and went to Trooper Flynn with the information.

Bob Woolf calls the charge "crazy" and says that the newspaper had pressured the police into bringing the charge. "That happened a month before the car accident and Jimmy was never charged then," he says. "Why now?"

Flynn says he hadn't brought the

(continued on page 163)

# LEROY NEIMAN

## • SKETCHBOOK •



EL PASO



PESNIAR



Arabians are more muscular and have more endurance than thoroughbreds. Costing \$1,000,000 each, El Paso (also called Tex, above left), from Poland, and the Russian champion Pesniar (above right) are at stud in the U.S. and may be the progenitors of a new class of race horse.



Neiman, Hammer and ex-Texas governor John Cannally at an auction.



OIL FIELDS AND OIL PAINTINGS are the things one usually associates with Dr. Armand Hammer. He is the chairman and chief executive officer of Occidental Petroleum Corporation, the owner of New York's Hammer Galleries and a legendary collector of art. In 1980, he paid \$5,100,000 for Leonardo da Vinci's notes on the nature of the universe. Less well known are his philanthropic works, including the Hammer prize for cancer research and the Armand Hammer Conference on Peace and Human Rights. Don't be surprised to see him show up in the winner's circle with a descendant of one of these prize stallions.

# THE YEAR IN SEX

we had our doubts for a while, but in 1982, the rich and the famous proved once again that there's still monkey business going on out there

IT LOOKED, for a while, as if we weren't going to have anything to talk about in this department this year. Had the Moral Majority, Women Against Pornography and others of their shrill ilk succeeded in driving everybody underground? Or were people so worried about the sagging economy that they couldn't get anything else up, either? Most of the stories that crossed our desks were about censorship (the cable-TV show that had to be shot in two versions; the record sleeve for Queen's single *Body Language*—featuring, naturally enough, a couple of tastefully bared bodies—that had to be shipped with an optional plain white sleeve). Folks in Muncie, Indiana, who are obviously getting their concept of teenage lingo from *Happy Days*, talked PBS brass into scissoring an episode on real teens from its theretofore highly praised *Middletown* series, mainly because they were horrified at the kids' use of swear words. While some professional ditherers were worrying about steamy sex scenes on cable TV, others were pointing the finger at good, gray Phil Donahue for the variety of unconventional topics discussed on his popular network show. Some titles: "Children of Gays," "Underwater Births," "Transsexual Twins," "Teen Birth Control" and "Incest: A Family Crisis," featuring a woman who claimed her father had molested her as a child—along with said father, who admitted it, and his wife, who told how she felt about it. *Father Knows Best* was never like this. *Time* ran a cover story about herpes and another about the baby boom, the combination of which sounded to some of us like papal bull (don't do it unless you're married, and then only if you're making a baby). Professor Barry Singer resigned under pressure from the faculty of Cal State Long Beach, reportedly for offering students extra credit (text concluded on page 168)



**LET'S GET FISCAL:** The fact that Olivia Newton-John made about a zillion dollars with her smash-hit song (*Let's Get Physical*) probably had a lot less to do with musical quality than with the packaging in which it came—album, television special, video cassette and certain muscle-tightening poses.



**THE SANDMAN NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD:** In an effort to spark ratings for its late, late shows, L.A.'s channel 11 hired *Bedtime Movie Girls* (the sample at left is Angela Aames).

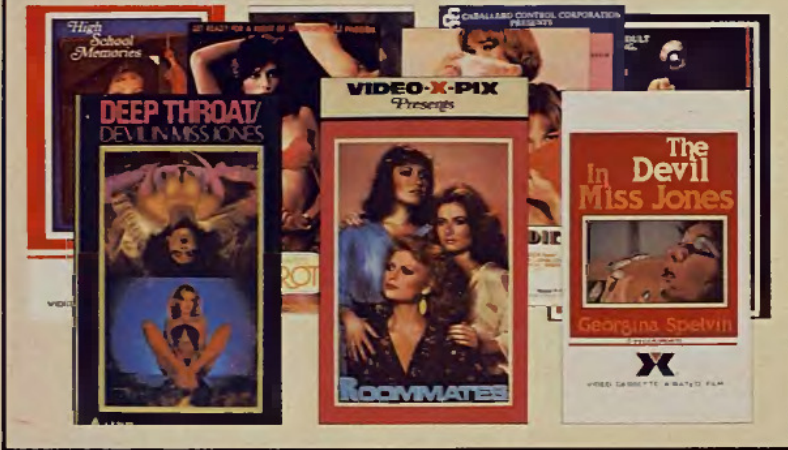
**SCARE ME SOME MORE:** It began in L.A. with Elvira (below), channel nine's horror-movie hostess, whose cleavage won her headlines and a spot on the Johnny Carson show.



**STICK IT IN YOUR EAR:** Lonely ladies may enjoy an audio visit ("You'd like me to lick your pussy?") via cassette from Jeremy, thanks to Allan Epstein of, naturally, Beverly Hills.

# IS THIS WHAT THEY MEAN BY AUDIO-VISUAL AIDS?

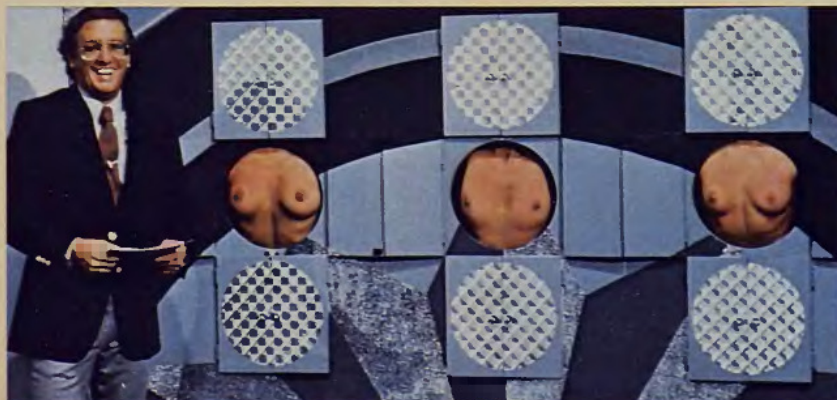
**X MARKS THE PLOTS:** "Adult" tapes now account for an estimated 60 percent of the video-cassette market; among the top sellers (below) are a combination of porn-movie classics (*The Devil in Miss Jones*) and several new, ah, comers (*Roommates*, *Night Dreams*).



**I LOVE IT WHEN YOU TALK FORTRAN TO ME, BABY:** We suppose some people *do* use computers to balance bank accounts, but the makers of erotic software have come up with programs that are more fun, such as *Zesty Zodiacs* (below), *Street Life* and *French Postcards*.



**AT LAST, A TV TITLE TO BELIEVE IN:** *Everything Goes*, a show you may have caught on The Playboy Channel, calls on contestants to identify the bare essentials of folks they've met clothed earlier in the program. The losers, doubtless, feel like boobs. The happy m.c. below is Kip Addotta.



**BEHIND THE GREEN ROOM:** Nobody warned Chicago's WMET-radio news director Mark Scheerer of porn star Marilyn Chambers' penchant for doing interviews in the buff, but he survived a look at history's most overexposed pubes.



**NOW YOU SEE 'EM, NOW YOU DON'T:** When Showtime, a pay-TV service, produced an item titled *Bare Touch of Magic*, the let-it-all-hang-out version below left aired in the U.S., the cover-up in Canada.



**DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!** To celebrate government decontrol of French radio, a couple made love in the studio while reporters delivered the play by play. Below, the *après-amour* press conference.



# ALL THAT FLASH



**ABOUT THOSE HUDDLED MASSES.** . . . Spanning the continent with his camera, Craig Blankenhorn posed couples having a ball in memorable sites. It started as a gag (not with a spoon), but some shots became greeting cards.

**WHO INVITED HIM?** Martial law didn't stop everything in Poland; you can still skinny-dip there if you don't mind cops and don't wear a Solidarity button, either.



**GIVE THE LADY AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE:** Recruit Lisa Vanasco wanted out of the Army, so she stripped in front of a Times Square recruiting station. It worked. Take note, Judy Benjamin.

**NO MORE MELANCHOLY DANES:** As everybody knows, the legendary little mermaid in Copenhagen harbor doesn't wear much. Neither does this Danish pastry, who's flashing, we suspect, at a photog's urging.



**OH, YEAH? TAKE THESE, ARGENTINA!** Prince Charles may have been on hand at Southampton to welcome troops coming home from the Falklands on the liner Canberra, but they whooped it up for the greeting from the unidentified (sorry!) bird below.



# WHERE'S THE RABBIT?

June 7, 1982 / \$1.00

# Newsweek

## Art Imitates Life

The Revival of Realism

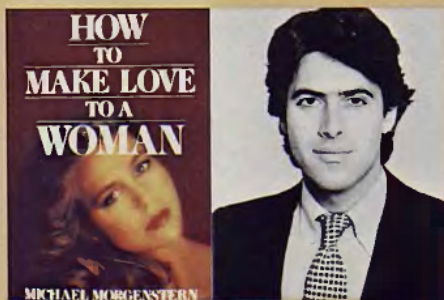


William Bailey's Portrait of S

**WHAT? USE SEX TO SELL MAGAZINES? NEVER!** We just thought you'd like to see some examples of the covers publications that *don't* bill themselves as "entertainment for men" have been putting on the nation's newsstands. Defense rests.



# THEY RECALL BOOKS, DON'T THEY?



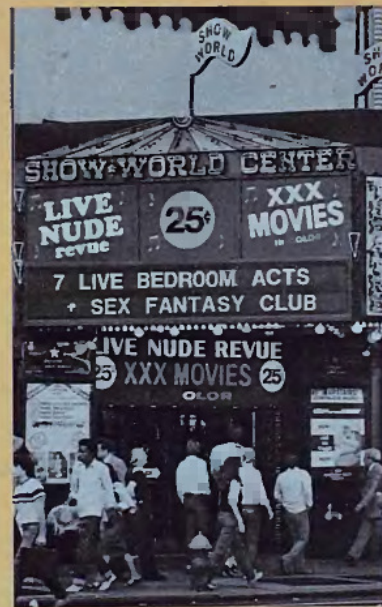
**AND HOW NOT TO. . .** After lawyer Michael Morgenstern was booked for allegedly slugging his girlfriend and breaking her jaw, the sales of his new book, *How to Make Love to a Woman*, doubled.

# WE LOVE NEW YORK...AND PARIS

**NOW, THAT'S A PRESS CONFERENCE:** To hype a Sexpo '82 exhibit in Manhattan (below and right), planners threw in some live entertainment. Which may be why Sexpo later got busted.



**WHO SAYS TRICKLE DOWN DOESN'T WORK?** It was revealed this year that the Times Square joint below asked for, and got, a loan from the Small Business Administration in 1977.



**RENT THIS SPACE:** Here's a medium we'd like to massage. For an Advertising Strip Tease party (right), a Parisian restaurateur recruited human billboards.



**BOIS HUMBUG:** We warned you about Paris' gender-bending hookers. Now, we hear, transsexuals like the one above infest the Bois de Boulogne.



**SWAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** Porn queen Samantha Fox plans a three-day bare-a-thon in New York. Below left, she shows how it's done.



**SO YOUR SEX LIFE IS COMPLICATED?** In Broadway's *Torch Song Trilogy* (above right), queen Harvey Fierstein's lover is married.



# HEAVENLY DAZE

**SO YOU THINK YOUR HONEYMOON WAS LOUSY?** The Reverend Sun Myung Moon told 2075 couples he wed in Madison Square Garden (right) that they'd have to wait to sleep together until he says it's OK.



**GRAND DESIGNER JEANS:** In Italy, the Church fights unemployment by founding factories; products include Father Corrado Catani's Jesus Jeans.



**SHAKE IT, ANITA!** We all remember what Anita Bryant used to say about homosexuals, but here she is, discoing with gay evangelist Russ McCraw.



**THE PIPES OF PAN:** Kenneth Walker is senior minister of the Church of Pan, founded when Rhode Island naturists couldn't find a pastor for a nude wedding. Thirty families now belong.



**BET THEY HAVE GREAT CHURCH SOCIALS:** It's back to nature and back to God for missionaries Gary and Carole Jackson (with sons, below), leading Bible study at a nudist camp in Florida.



**GOLDSTEINS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH:** Screw's Al Goldstein always makes a dramatic entrance at the Adult Film Association awards. This year, as Superman, he rose above protests.



**WHO'LL SERVICE THE SERVICEMEN?** This place was declared off limits by Great Lakes Naval Base after complaints the reverend seduced swabs.



**THE ASHRAM THAT ATE ANTELOPE:** Tales of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh's ashram in India (left) initially worried folks in Antelope, Oregon, where Bhagwan's followers incorporated their own town. There's still "dynamic meditation" (below), but land reclamation is emphasized.



*Bhagwan's Excitement*  
**ASHRAM IN POONA**



# SEX-SCANDAL SWEEPSTAKES



**ROYAL BLUSH:** What's a guy to do when he gets home from the wars? Head for a little R&R, of course; and if the guy is Prince Andrew and he knows a cute actress named Koo Stark, star of the skin flick *Emily* (below), he invites her along to a secluded island. Randy Andy's mum, the queen, was not amused.

**THE HORN OF A DILEMMA:** Our Outstanding Performance in a Steamy Divorce award goes to Roxanne Pulitzer (with pits, below), who admitted to sleeping with a trumpet but denied charges by hubby Peter (below left) of sex with Jacquie Kimberly, wife of Kleenex heir James (they flank Roxanne). There's more, but we've run out of space. See text.



**THE Sun**  
Queen in rage at sexy Koo



**SEX-TRIAL SOCIALITE: I SLEPT WITH A TRUMPET**

**JUST KIDDING, GUYS:** For a while there, it looked as if we'd have another full-blown Washington exposé this year, but then former page Leroy Williams confessed that he'd been lying about a homosexual sex ring involving Congressmen and teenaged pages.

**LESS THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR AT BLOOMIE'S:** The coo-some twosome at right are Vicki Morgan and the late Alfred Bloomingdale, whose estate she sued for \$5,000,000. The palimony action, with charges of bizarre sex, displeased widow Betsy, Nancy Reagan's best pal.



## HERE COME DE JUDGES

**KINKY HINCKLEY REPORT:** We all knew that John W. Hinckley, Jr. (bottom right), was hot for Jodie Foster, but even we blinked when the would-be assassin ordered, from a mental hospital, her nudie pix.



**GUY WE'D MOST LIKE TO PICK UP THE CHECK:** Robert N. Parker, a University of Illinois official (above), was convicted of embezzling some \$600,000 in state funds to lavish on club B-girls near Chicago.



**NICE PIECE OF HORSEFLESH, HUH, OFFICER?** Police from the City of Angels kept a lookout for the city's fallen angels this year with a mounted-patrol vice squad.



**NO BUSESSES:** To speed foot traffic on the Milwaukee Road commuter-train platform, the town fathers of Deerfield, Illinois, established a no-kissing zone. Violate me, baby!

# PHYSICAL-FITNESS BUFFS



**YOU SWAB THE WET SPOT:** A transatlantic sailing race is serious business, but this all-girl French crew (left) takes time for fun in the sun en route to New Orleans.

**HERE'S MUD IN YOUR. . .** Just when we thought we'd come to the end of the mud-wrestling craze, Chippendale's, that outpost of the *outré* in L.A., made it coed.



**CAREFUL OF THOSE HUEVOS, RANCHEROS:** More than 10,000 spectators showed up for the sixth annual National Reno Gay Rodeo (below, wild cow milking) despite (or maybe because of) official attempts to block it.

**OMIGOD, PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY WAS RIGHT!** We never paid much mind to the anti-E.R.A. propaganda about unisex rest rooms (there's a lock on the door of the one bathroom in the old homestead), but now here comes Health Works (below), billed as "L.A.'s only cosexual bath club."



**THAT'S NOT MY RIP CORD:** We seem to have spotted a trend here; our offices were showered this year with photos of sky-diving teams in minimalist attire. This one has just dropped in on a nudist resort in Florida.



# ANYTHING FOR A BUCK

**NO WONDER THEY'RE BULLISH ON WALL STREET:** The porn flick *Wanda Whips Wall Street* (right) was actually financed by brokers; below, star Veronica Hart greets some Wall Streeters.

**OUR KIND OF GOING-OUT-OF-BUSINESS SALE:** Next, Veronica announced she was retiring from the screen to sell the stuff she models below right.



**PROMISE HER ANYTHING...** but give her billboards, movie roles—maybe even a Golden Globe? Zillionaire Meshulam Riklis has his pretty wife, Pia Zadora, bending over backward.



**GAG ME WITH A WHAT?** Frank and Moon Unit Zappa's hit *Valley Girl* spawned, not surprisingly, T-shirts. But Frank wasn't cut in, so he sued.



**WHO SAYS ONLY SISSIES HAVE DOLLS?** Not Brooke Shields, who may make a bundle from her likeness (with painted-on panties).



**WHADDAYA MEAN, MY THREE MINUTES ARE UP?** Aural-sex girls Leslie, Lori and others of their ilk have numbers to get you off, by phone.

## IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

**COME SPOT, COME:** The book was a best seller, but most folks agreed the quest for the G spot was more fun.

**WHITE MALE, GOOD CONVERSATIONALIST, LIKES CHINESE FOOD, INTO YOGA, HAS MEDIUM-SIZED BLISTERS:** Someday, someone will find a cure for *Time*.



**WHOOPS, MY DEAR:** It took a mating dance with George Archibald, director of the International Crane Foundation, to persuade Tex, a rare whooping crane, to lay an egg, Baby Gee Whiz.



Chicago Tribune, Sunday, September 19, 1982

### A social register for herpes sufferers

By Gene Castellano

**B**RENT DECKER HAS A better idea for herpes sufferers. The Framingham, Mass., mechanical engineer has started a dating service for people who have the fast-spreading and incurable social disease—even though he'd rather not call it a dating service. Decker would like to have his company, *Herpes Intruders*, known as "an anonymous social register for our members." Estimates of the number of Americans suffering from herpes range to 30 million, and to make them aware of his service, the 31-year-old Decker has begun distributing fliers to physicians across the country. There is no fee to receive the initial four-part questionnaire (dealing with values, interests, attribution and background). Once you've filled out your copy of the



# ALL THE NUDES THAT FIT WE PRINT



**YEAH, BUT DO THEY TAKE PETS?** Paradise Lakes Resort Hotel, just north of Tampa, offers tennis, swimming, volleyball, canoeing, movies, a hot tub, dancing, cocktails—and a minimum of valet service.

**OEUFS, PAIN, POMMES DE TERRE, HUILE. . .** Tired of dressing to go to the supermarket? Take a slightly longer trip—to the south of France, where, in the holiday village of Cap d'Agde, skin is in.



**WOODSTOCK LIVES:** And the beat goes on at the Us Festival, the Woodstock of the Eighties (below), which drew hordes to San Bernardino.

**BERT PARKS, EAT YOUR HEART OUT:** Despite militant protesters outside, Brenda Dee Burkhart is obviously delighted to be Ms. Nude America (below). Said a judge, "She deserved to win. A great ass, a great smile."



**AND YOU FLUNKED ART APPRECIATION:** Hottest ticket in California is the Festival of the Arts at Laguna Beach, with its living statues (below).

**WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?** After all the trouble naturists have gone to to make nudity respectable, these contestants at Ponderosa Sun Club have gone and painted on clothes.



# IT'S A DRAG

**SKIRTING THE ISSUE:** To make a hit movie in 1982, guys almost had to don women's clothes. Examples (below, from left): Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*; Eric Idle in *Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl*; Steve Martin in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*; Robert Preston in *Victor/Victoria*; Hector Elizondo in *Young Doctors in Love*; Robin Williams, John Lithgow in *The World According to Garp*.



# TIME FLIES WHEN YOU'RE HAVING FUN



**A DECADE OF DECADENCE:** Only ten years ago, Linda Lovelace and Harry Reems made, er, headlines with *Deep Throat* (left), in which he also Reemed Carol Connors (right). Where are they now? Carol's in *Desire for Men* (below right); Harry stars in *Harry Reems in Society Affairs* (below left); director Gerry Damiano (bottom) has just made a sex documentary, *Consenting Adults*; but Linda, who now calls herself Marciano, is on the picket line (below).






*"What are you staring at? Haven't you ever seen an older woman with a younger man?"*

An alderman—a wealthy cit—  
Called one day on a man of wit.  
“Dear Dick,” he said, “to me, ’tis clear  
You’re always gay and full of cheer.  
Yet if what I have heard be true,  
Fortune has been unkind to you  
And has denied the only blessing  
Every man thinks worth possessing.  
The bawd, by habit, will dispense  
The pounds to others; you, the pence.”  
“Alas,” replied the smiling beau,  
“How boldly do my patches show!  
And on my brow I bear the curse  
Of poet with an empty purse.”  
Replied the cit, “I think to please ye:  
The sickness known, the cure is easy.  
What say you of a wealthy wife?  
Could you endure the married life?  
A woman with ten thousand pound,  
Young, blooming, rosy, fair and round?”  
Astonished, then, and mystified,  
The beau most ardently replied,  
“If such a marriage could be got,  
I’d scarce refuse to tie the knot.  
But I’m afraid you’ll never find  
An heiress of that generous mind  
Who wealth and title will omit  
And wed a beggar for his wit.”  
“You’ll dine with me!” his friend  
averred.  
“I have three girls—but mum’s the word.  
We’ll have for dinner beef and fish  
And wine as good as you can wish.  
My girls, how they can dance and play!  
They are, like you, forever gay.  
My wife, you know, is long dead since,  
And I live merry, like a prince.”  
With this, our Richard was content.  
Home with the alderman he went,  
And though he there had often been,  
He never had the daughters seen.  
Downstairs they came, and Richard  
swore  
He’d not beheld such charms before.  
Sweet virgin beauty, every grace  
Alike adorned each smiling face.  
His soul, so ravished with delight,  
Began to stiffen at the sight.  
And now they all at dinner sat  
And passed the time with merry chat.  
By turns, the sisters he surveyed,  
To each his sprightly wit displayed  
And flattered each with fervent word  
Until her heart was deeply stirred.  
The father cried, “To tell the truth,  
Thou art a most bewitching youth!  
The hearts of all you’ve swiftly won;  
I wish I had you for a son.  
And now, my friend, and daughters dear,  
To my next words please lend an ear:  
I hope, dear Richard, you’ll agree  
To take a wife among the three.  
Ten thousand pounds to each I’ll give  
(And add to that while I still live),  
And she on whom dear Dickon pitches  
Shall not complain for want of riches.”  
Dick, at this strange discourse amazed,

Upon the father sharply gazed.  
He knew not what to say or think;  
Was this inspired by too much drink?  
But no; the father sober seemed  
As on his children joy he beamed.  
And now the daughters thought it fair  
That Richard should his mind declare.  
On this, the charming girls withdrew  
And left poor Dick in quite a stew.  
Choose he must from the lovely three;  
Which beauty pleased him most? thought  
he.  
“Each formed alike for heavenly joys,  
I know not how to make a choice.  
When three bright ladies of the sky  
To Paris, as umpire, did apply,  
He bade them all their robes unpin  
And stripped each goddess to the skin.  
But now such freedoms will not pass;  
The very thought offends a lass,  
And though we flatter, fawn and beg,  
The saucy thing won’t show a leg.  
Your daughters, sir, are heavenly fair,  
But how their beauties to compare?  
I freely own I can’t discover  
Which would be the sweetest lover.  
Perhaps I could by questioning arts  
Disclose the secrets of their hearts.”  
“By Venus!” cried the hearty cit,  
“Here is the way of doing it:  
Each maid wears nothing but a mask  
While you your thrusting question ask.  
The masks will all their blushes hide  
And still preserve the maidens’ pride.”  
With this, the father was content  
And for his charming daughters went,  
To whom he told what he had said  
And hoped they would not be afraid  
To undertake this daring task  
And answer what their friend would ask,  
Lay modesty and clothes aside,  
For, shortly, one would be the bride.  
With roguish smiles and quick consent  
They doffed, and gaily down they went,  
Their pretty silken masks in place  
To hide each fair, inquisitive face.  
Dick, at the sight, could not resist  
And boldly each fair sister kissed.  
These kisses set his heart afire  
And in him raised such strong desire  
That he stood trembling and amazed  
As on their rosy charms he gazed.  
“Now, since you generously submit  
To make a trial of your wit,  
Forgive me, fair ones, then, if I  
Your knowledge with a question try.  
And pardon me if to your ears  
The question something odd appears:  
Whether the mouth that’s in your face  
Or the one you keep in a hidden place  
The elder is? And each, as well,  
The reason why must frankly tell.”  
The masks their coloring cheeks concealed  
While blushing necks their shame revealed.  
The first-born daughter said, “In truth,



I think the elder is my mouth,  
Since that’s where rows of teeth have  
grown  
And yet the nether mouth has none.”  
The second said, “The mouth of love  
Is older—for the mouth above  
Upon its lips no hair can show,  
While I am bearded down below,”  
And added with an air quite sage,  
“Is not the beard a sign of age?”  
The youngest sister sprightly said,  
“I’m but a young and silly maid,  
But yet I think the mouth above  
Is elder than the lips of love.  
’Tis by their cravings they evince:  
My upper mouth was weaned long since  
And lives by bread and fish and meat;  
My lower mouth longs for the teat.”  
Richard, at this, embraced each fair  
But for the youngest did declare.  
He loved her for her pretty wit—  
For shamelessly displaying it.  
He married her in great content  
And never did his choice repent.



*All they needed was an inch.*

*You had to stop them. So you built a wall. A determined wall made of you and the rest of the line.*

*And when the play unfolded, when they came at you with their cunning, they ran into your wall of strength.*

*They just couldn't move you an inch. Standing your ground takes more than raw strength. It takes fierce determination. A strong sense of pride. And the very best a man has to give. At Anheuser-Busch we understand that. Which is why we brew a light beer with a clean, distinctive taste. Budweiser® Light.*

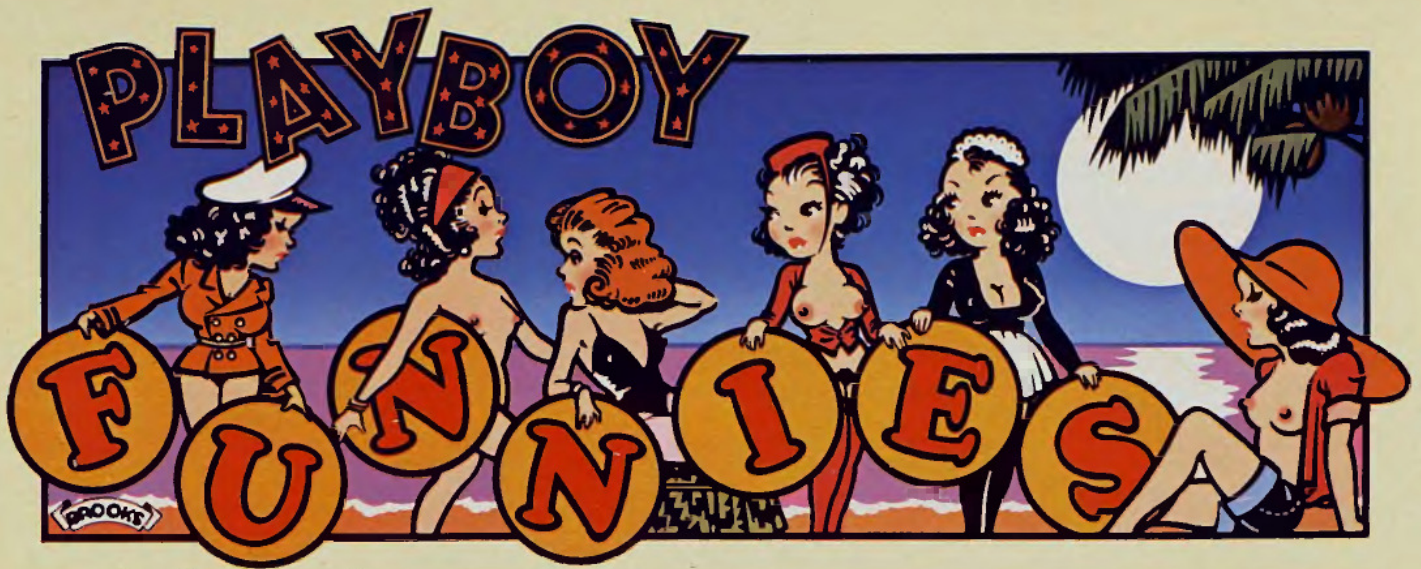
*We know the best never comes easy. That's why there's nothing else like it.*

# *Bring out*





***your best.***™



**annie & albert**

by J. Michael Leonard



**THE LONER**

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



*Our Secret Fantasies*

by Mort Gerberg





GOSH... AN ANONYMOUS VALENTINE!

**MEATY MYTHS**  
by  
FRED SCHRIER

YOUR BODY CAN MAKE ME DROOL, I TURN INTO A FOOL, MY MOUTH BEGINS TO PUCKER, I'D LOVE TO TRY YOUR SUCKER. SIGNED, "LOVE STRUCK"  
...GASP...

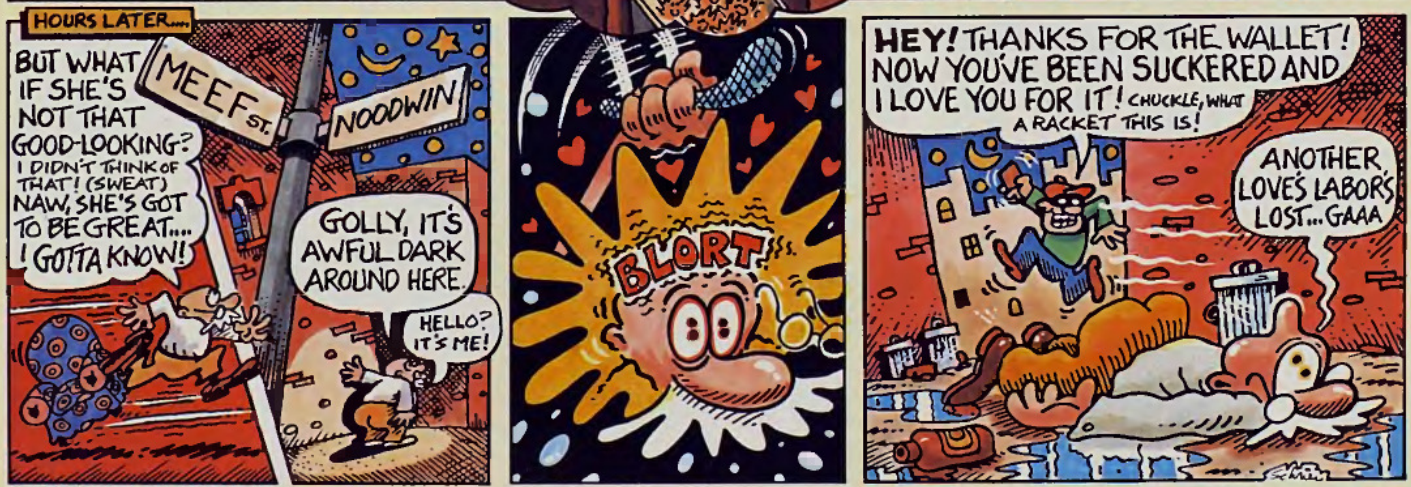


IT SAYS TO MEET HER TONIGHT AT THE CORNER OF NOODWIN AND MEEF STREET. WHO COULD IT BE? SAY...

MAYBE IT'S POLLY PRODUCE DOWN AT THE SUPERMARKET! HA... SHE COULD CHECK ME OUT ANY TIME!

NOW, MR. FARDLE, THAT'S NOT A ZUCCHINI, IS IT?

HOW ABOUT THE SALESPERSON AT VIC THE VIDEO VENDOR? HECK, SHE'S IN MOST OF HIS TAPES! HOW 'BOUT X-RATED MUPPETS? SLOBBER



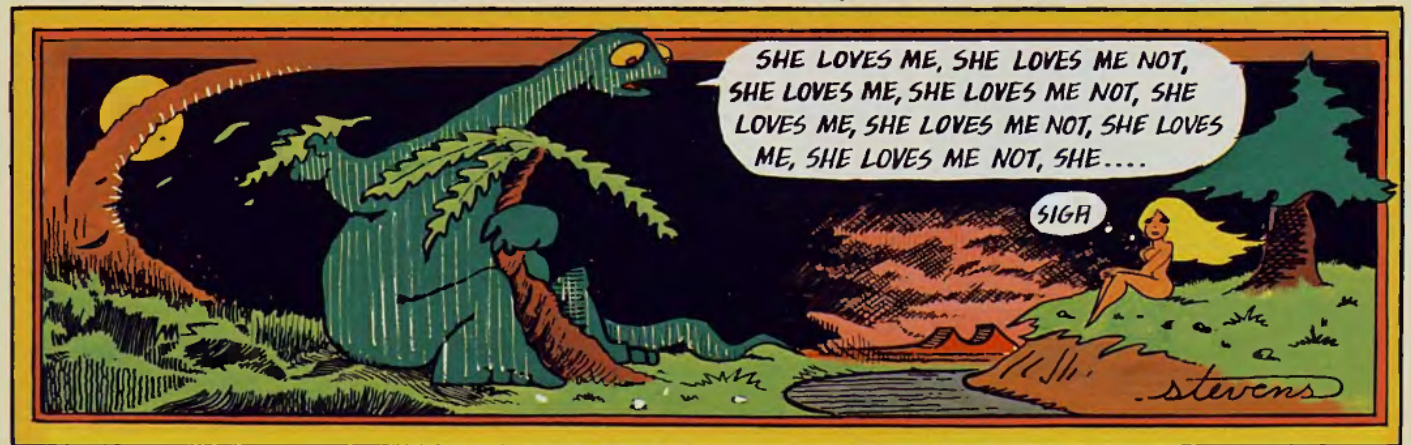
HOURS LATER... BUT WHAT IF SHE'S NOT THAT GOOD-LOOKING? I DIDN'T THINK OF THAT! (SWEAT) NAW, SHE'S GOT TO BE GREAT...! GOTTA KNOW!  
MEEF ST. NOODWIN  
GOLLY, IT'S AWFUL DARK AROUND HERE  
HELLO? IT'S ME!

BLORT!

HEY! THANKS FOR THE WALLET! NOW YOU'VE BEEN SUCKERED AND I LOVE YOU FOR IT! CHUCKLE, WHAT A RACKET THIS IS!  
ANOTHER LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST...GAAA

TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

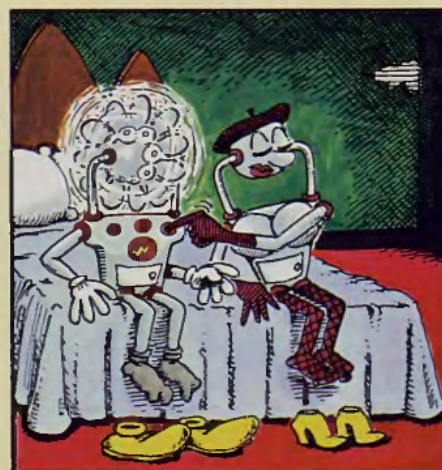
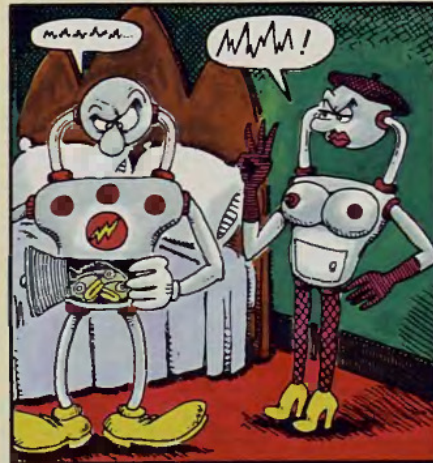
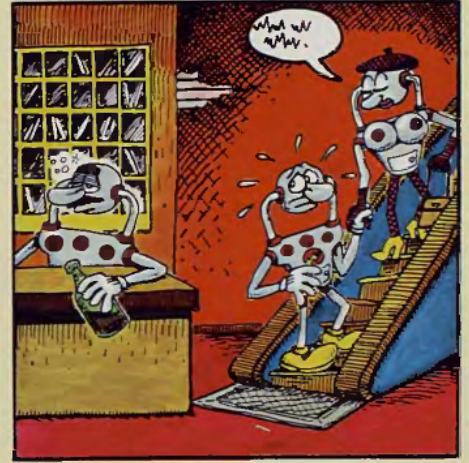
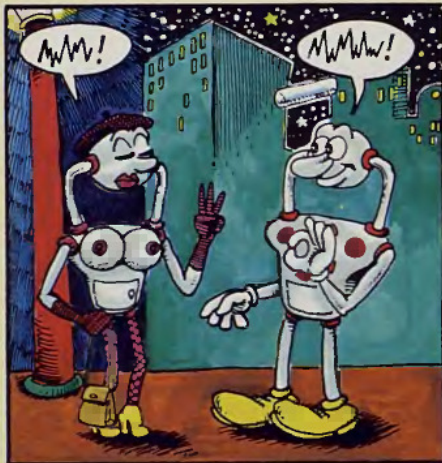
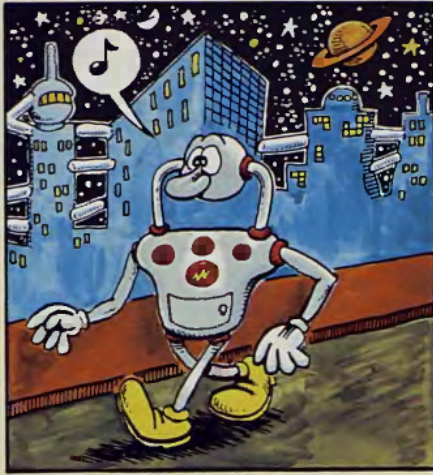
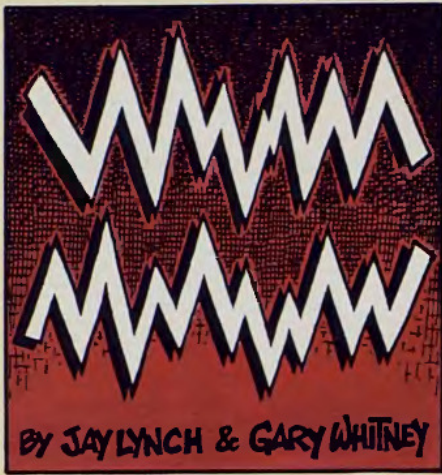
by Chris Browne & John Stevens

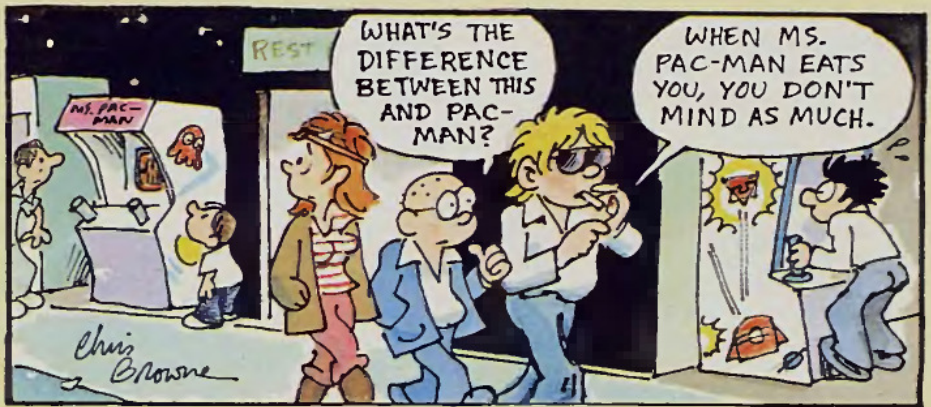
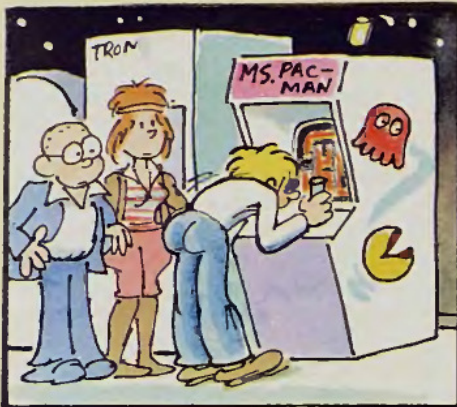
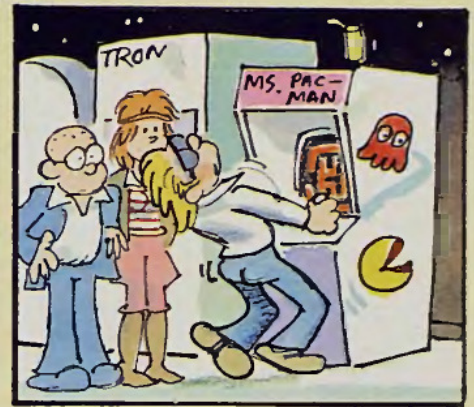
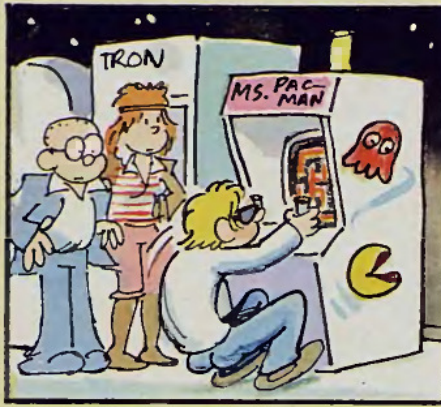
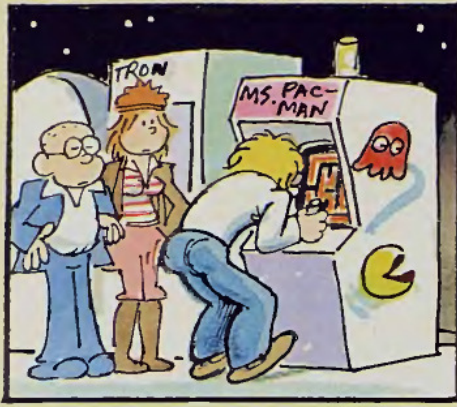


SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT, SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT, SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT, SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT, SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT, SHE...

SIGH

stevens





## Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



# THE BRINK OF 1984

(continued from page 80)

*"The story Orwell tells is not of good nations against bad nations but of governments against individuals."*

Cyprian's, he would have. In fact, he wrote a great essay on the subject titled "Such, Such Were the Joys." He was a modest, plain-spoken man not given to ridiculous aggrandizements of his own experience, and the idea of turning the whole world into a totalitarian nightmare because of an unhappy time in a boys' school would have seemed to him absurd.

Besides which, Orwell's entire life, not just his childhood, was difficult. As a young man, he worked in Burma as a British Imperial policeman (writing about the experience in his novel *Burmese Days*) and went back to Europe to live in terrible poverty as a free-lance writer (the basis for his novel *Down and Out in Paris and London*). He had turned politically leftward, and when the Spanish Civil War began, he joined an international brigade, saw action and received a throat wound from a sniper's bullet. His account of his experiences in Spain can be found in his dazzling work of reportage *Homage to Catalonia*. As a member of the Loyalist coalition fighting the Spanish Fascists led by General Franco, he underwent the crucial political revelation that the Communists, who were his nominal allies, were, from their own intense, doctrinal self-interest, enemies of the Loyalist cause. He realized that at least that one element fighting the Fascists was itself fascist. And from that insight and from what he learned of Stalin's purges and show trials, he derived his concept of totalitarianism as an extent of state power that renders irrelevant the ideology that has produced it.

That was not an easy lesson to learn in the Thirties. Everyone on the left could see and deplore what fascism was quite clearly, but a leftist intellectual on the side of the workingman and against the cruelties of private wealth who could also see the errant energy of a left revolution as it was betraying itself was ahead of his time. Orwell's fate put him squarely inside the world of the 20th Century. It was his genius to see it for what it was. By the time of World War Two, he was in London working for the BBC, still a socialist and writing "England Your England," an essay in praise of the solidarity of the English class structure he was committed, in principle, to change. It begins "As I write, highly civilized human beings are flying overhead trying to kill me." He would not for any cause render anything less complex or paradoxical than it was.

For many years, Orwell had suffered

from tuberculosis. By the time he began to write *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, his condition was incurable and terminal. He was then 42, and what he had seen and thought and written had raised his aesthetic imagination to a visionary level. He had lived hard in the world, all over the world, and the world was what he wanted to talk about. He had lived in the trenches, walked bread lines, instructed himself in the matter of German concentration camps and Russian labor camps. He had seen what the U.S. had done with its atom bombs. The Cold War, which is our name for the policy of permanent militarization of the world, was already in place. Orwell composed *Nineteen Eighty-Four* from the historical evidence of the Thirties and Forties. He intended a work of political satire, a judgment of the world he lived in by a prophecy of what it was in danger of becoming. Transpose the numerals of his year of darkness and you get 1948, the year in which the book was finished.

But the exquisite torment of authorship is that no book, no matter how great, can legislate the way in which it is to be read. In the U.S., intellectual Cold Warriors read *Nineteen Eighty-Four* as only a warning against Soviet communism. In the popular press, it was not infrequently seen as an attack on the idea of socialism generally and, by association, on liberals who were less than steadfast in their ideological defense of the free-enterprise system.

More or less in vain did Orwell issue statements through his publisher that his book was not a simple prophecy of what would happen if we let down our guard against communism. He had written a convenient and useful text for the early days of the Cold War. Poor Orwell, a democratic socialist to the day he died, was acclaimed in England by the Tories and in America by the right-wing professional anti-Communists, ex-Communist spies, confessors, repenters and FBI men then publishing Communist-under-the-bed warnings every day in the week including Sunday and ready to raise the only real writer among them, they thought, to their shoulders.

Still, it may have been ingenuous of him to expect otherwise. The surface of the book glitters with descriptions of life derived in balanced measure from Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. Daily the Oceanians are convened at work or on the streets for a ritual called the Two Minutes' Hate, an orgy of mindless rage

directed at whichever of the other super-states, Eurasia or Eastasia, happens to be the enemy of the moment; but more often against The Brotherhood and its leader, a formerly loyal party leader named Immanuel Goldstein. The Two Minutes' Hate recalls Hitler's use of the German media for the frenzied production of hyperpatriotic, racist events by which every appalling excess of his government was justified and every military adventure ennobled. At the same time, the figure of Goldstein is portrayed with an unmistakable resemblance to that of Trotsky, and since Big Brother is described as looking like Stalin, the Soviet reference is substantial. Big Brother's ubiquitous portrait mirrors the personality cult of Stalin, with its giant banners, posters, murals, busts that showed up everywhere in Russia—in every parade, on every wall, in every park. One thinks, too, of the degree of surveillance under Big Brother, the concept of *thought-crime*—punishable offenses not of action but of attitude—as having a Russian resonance; not just since the Revolution but for hundreds of years under the czars, the Russian secret police have generated a culture of paranoia.

The idea of corrective interrogation, enforced confession, is pointedly Communist—the Fascists simply beat people up and killed them. On the other hand, quite clearly a Nazi inspiration are the children in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*—vicious little sneaks and spies who turn their parents in to the secret police, just as children were encouraged to do in the Third Reich.

And so on. The careless reader who didn't see beyond the landscape of the book wouldn't understand just what moral was being drawn. The story Orwell tells is not of good nations against bad nations but of governments against individuals. Statism is rampant in 1984. The action is set not in Russia but in the Anglo-American superstate of Oceania. And what has turned life so grim and brought about the monstrous subjugation and degradation of Oceania's citizens is unending and unnecessary war. Living in a perpetual and artificial emergency, the citizenry cannot resist the Spartan militarization of life or the rigorously punitive means by which the government achieves national consensus. The greatness of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* comes not from its observations of dictatorships of the Thirties and Forties but from its vision of the totalitarianism implicit in the structure of the entire postwar industrial world.

The reader going back to the book after many years may be surprised to find what it is that commands most of the author's attention. Not the furnishings of the malign state—the police, the telescreens, the torture devices, the famous Room 101. What Orwell comes

back to again and again all through the book is the idea of the political manipulation of reality through the control of history and language. Does that sound abstract, overintellectual? Consider yourself in a situation in which you see something on the street: A man is hit over the head, thrown into a car and driven away. Suppose, further, that he is a man known to you and to others—a famous man. But none of the other people on the street will talk to you about what you and, presumably, they have seen. You are ignored. And when you go home to see if there is any report about the incident on the TV evening news, there is none. Nor is there any account of the matter the next morning in the newspaper. Suppose you are a brave or a persevering sort and you know where this famous man's residence is. You go there to tell the family what has happened: The house is unoccupied, the rooms are empty and no name is on the mailbox or the front door. The janitor tells you that no such person has ever lived there. You go to the police station and are told there is no record of that name in the census. Finally, you go to the library—the man was famous, after all—and discover no reference to him in any publication, registry or book. He doesn't exist and never did.

Winston Smith's job, remember, is to alter history. He changes facts and figures on command; he eliminates journalistic references to people who have been murdered; at one point, he even invents a fictitious person to make sense of an earlier deletion of another person from a Big Brother speech. And, until he himself is swept away, he is one of thousands who do that sort of work for the Ministry of Truth. "Do you realize," Winston says, trying to explain to Julia the terrible significance of such work, "that the past, starting from yesterday, has actually been abolished? If it survives anywhere, it's in a few solid objects with no words attached to them. . . . Every record has been destroyed or falsified, every book has been rewritten, every picture has been repainted . . . every date has been altered. And that process is continuing day by day, minute by minute. History has stopped. Nothing exists except an endless present in which the Party is always right."

Orwell's sensitivity to the political control of language is equally acute. One extremely important function of the Ministry of Truth is to prepare the "definitive Eleventh Edition" of the dictionary of Newspeak. Newspeak is the official language of Oceania. It is being formulated to eventually replace Oldspeak, which is English. Why? Not only "to provide a medium of expression for the world view and mental habits" of the population but to "make all other modes of thought impossible." One of Winston's colleagues in the Ministry of

Truth who is working on the dictionary explains the beauty of Newspeak:

You think, I dare say, that our chief job is inventing new words. But not a bit of it! We're destroying words—scores of them, hundreds of them, every day. We're cutting the language down to the bone. . . . It's a beautiful thing, the destruction of words. . . . Take *good*, for instance. If you have a word like *good*, what need is there for a word like *bad*? *Ungood* will do just as well. . . . You haven't a real appreciation of Newspeak, Winston. In the end, we shall make thoughtcrime literally impossible, because there will be no words in which to express it. . . . In fact, there will be no thought as we understand it now.

The diminishment of thought through

the constriction of language is such a crucial element of the Orwellian vision that a separate essay titled "The Principles of Newspeak" is appended to the book. It purports to be written well after the year 2050, when Newspeak officially replaced Oldspeak. "In 1984," we are told, "the word *free* still existed in Newspeak but could only be used in such statements as 'This dog is free from lice.' . . . It could not be used in its old sense of 'politically free' or 'intellectually free,' since political and intellectual freedom no longer existed even as concepts and were therefore of necessity nameless." In 2050, the word *free* is gone.

There is more operating here than a writer's jealous love of his native tongue. The falsification of history and the emasculation of language bring us to the center of the Orwellian nightmare. The ultimate totalitarianism is the absolute



"Can I interest you in nine inches?"

control of reality. It is far more frightening than Room 101. Orwell was a realist; he believed in a self-evidential, objective world of truth that is perceivable by the mind of man. But the book's heavy, O'Brien, Winston's articulate torturer, says to him, "Reality exists in the mind and nowhere else." And he proves it by conditioning Winston to believe, sincerely, that two and two are five. Orwell's obsessive return to this idea over and over again belies his confidence in objective reality. There is truth and it can be perceived, he seems to be saying, but only by the multiplicity of witness. Is he contradicting himself, committing a kind of *doublethink*? If truth is a perishable, as he shows it to be in the world of 1984, then perhaps it is not self-evident and objective. In fact, under such totalitarian systems as exist in the world today, the effort of governments to command truth seems never-ending, as if it is not entirely possible. *Samizdat* copies of forbidden texts distributed secretly in Russia have created a new word of which everyone in the world now understands the meaning. Dissidents not only in the Soviet Union but

in various Fascist regimes in Latin America and elsewhere have learned the brave arts of the press conference in exile, the uses of international-rights organizations, and so on, to press their claims for the truth of what is happening in their countries. On the other hand, they are small individual voices coming out of regimes whose control of speech and the media is virtually absolute. And so the truth is objective and perishable simultaneously that depends for its expression on the bravery and sacrifice of a few stronger-than-average individuals.

Orwell is not a philosopher of knowledge, and the traditional philosophical problem of where reality originates—in the mind or outside in the physical world—does not, finally, interest him. What he is talking about is a state of experienceable horror in which the mind's volume is filled with authority and fear of punishment, the integrity of the moral soul is overthrown and a person loses corroboration of what is happening to him, of what his life is, by reference to a past or by the educated articulation of the present. In the argu-

ments Orwell gives to the torturer O'Brien, one is reminded of no other writer so much as Edgar Allan Poe. The characterological transformation of a human being lacking a history and a language is what Poe entertains as the experience of being buried alive, of being sealed up in a basement, brick by brick—perhaps having been lured there by an invidious promise—to scream your head off in the black, suffocating silence.

"Who controls the past," runs the Party slogan, "controls the future; who controls the present controls the past."

We may be tempted to agree with Orwell in principle but may not share his intensity of concern, feeling that as a writer of prophetic satire, he is given to exaggeration; except that some slight attention to stories current in the press on the eve of 1984 reveals that if anyone takes the composition of history and language as seriously as Orwell does, it is the people who run governments.

In Japan, recently, the minister of education decided that the history texts assigned to Japanese school children should be revised insofar as they referred to Japan's invasions and military occupations of China and Korea in the Thirties. What had been referred to as Japanese "aggression" in those countries was changed to "advance," a more neutral military word that gave no indication of who was doing what to whom. In fact, even by 20th Century standards, the atrocities committed by His Imperial Majesty's troops on the Asian mainland between 1937 and 1945 were noteworthy: The references to such atrocities have been glossed over. In addition, the uprisings of the conquered South Koreans against Japanese colonial rule of those days are now designated mere "riots" in the minister's revised texts.

Those are just the latest examples, according to a piece in *The Nation* by Donald Kirk, of a long-standing campaign by the Japanese government "not to dwell on old days," in the words of the education ministry, nor to allow attention to "extremely tragic subjects," such as the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki; but to see to it that publishers emphasize, under quaintly termed "guidance policies" set by the government, a respect for the patriotic mind, the family, and deference to the elderly—all of which sounds harmless enough, except that those were also the cultural values that dominated Japan during World War Two, when it was an imperial terror in partnership with Nazi Germany. The new guidance policies come more or less simultaneously with two political developments: the rise of the right wing in the ruling Japanese Liberal Democratic Party (Orwell would relish the idea of a right-wing liberal



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# Taste Power!



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democrat) and the year-by-year rise, with U.S. encouragement, of Japan's military budget—11.5 billion dollars annually as of last count—for its self-defense forces.

Japan is not a totalitarian state but a constitutional democracy.

Here's another example, closer to home. The U.S. Foreign Assistance Act specifies that for another country to qualify for our military aid, it must certifiably meet U.S. standards of human rights. *Human rights* is a term of great currency in our political language: When introduced, it tended to refer to a person's right to speak freely or to hold any political opinion of his choosing or to be tried swiftly and under due process of law in the event he was accused of a crime—in general, to any of the collective rights of Americans under the Constitution. But under pressure of world-wide practices, the term has taken on a humbler meaning. Now *human rights* refers to standards of treatment that you hope to expect of your oppressor after he has taken all your rights away. He should not pack you away in an isolation cell while denying publicly that you're under detention; he should not salt you away in a labor camp after a sentence by a kangaroo court; he should not on a whim machine-gun you in the street or hack you to death in your bed or with relish take you to a ditch and break every bone in your body before killing you. If you're an infant, you have the right not to have your skull smashed against a wall; if a nursing mother, not to have your breasts sliced off; if a nun, not to be raped and disemboweled; if an old man, not to be made to defecate in front of a crowd and eat your own excrement; if a boy or a young man, not to be castrated and have your severed organs stuffed into your mouth. The right not to have those things done to you—the right not to be tortured, mutilated, enslaved or injudiciously murdered—is what we've come to mean by the term human rights.

In July 1982, in order to keep military aid flowing to the government of El Salvador, the Reagan Administration certified to Congress that that government was making "substantial progress" in human rights. Yet, according to Thomas Sheehan, writing in the *Los Angeles Times*, offices of the archdiocese of San Salvador recorded, just in the first four months of the year, 2334 political murders committed by "government forces or right-wing death squads, which are often composed of off-duty policemen."

Clearly, to advance its diplomatic and strategic interests, the Reagan Government is willing to regard those political murders and atrocities as different in kind from the 84,000 civilian deaths previously attributed to the Salvadoran state forces. Somehow, those 2334 murdered

souls are harbingers of gentler times. Orwell, in his essay "Politics and the English Language," says, "In our time, political speech and writing are largely the defense of the indefensible." To defend the indefensible, you have to deform the language, use words not to communicate thought but to prevent it. You have to remake history. So the peasants and priests and nuns, the farmers and teachers and scholars and doctors and nurses and union leaders and school children who have been shot and hacked to death are "rebel elements." The desperate coalition in El Salvador of all political points of view but the ruling extreme right's is deemed a "Communist threat." A historical awakening, through the Catholic Church, of the perennially abused and disenfranchised peasantry is portrayed as a conspiracy of terrorists funded by the Soviet Union and administered by Cuba.

All over the world today, not just in the totalitarian countries, assiduous functionaries in Ministries of Truth are clubbing history dumb and rendering language insensible. And insofar as the above examples are concerned, it does not do to say that both we and the Japanese people have, at least, the means of corrective response—an alerted citizenry, a free press, opposition political parties, and so on—whereas the Russians and the Chinese do not. The population of a democracy can be only sporadically sensitive to historical lies. The opposition parties often endorse them. And a good percentage of the press is inclined by ownership to affirm rather than challenge political orthodoxy. Besides which, even in a democracy, the power of initiative belongs to the government. The effort required to check and redress crimes against truth is greater than the effort needed to commit them. Our massive involvement in Vietnam required only President Johnson's authorship of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution: It took an aroused youth movement, a cultural revolution, a polarized society, ten years of mass marches on Washington and 57,692 American dead and thousands more wounded to undo that one.

Nobody at the moment can stop the Reagan Administration from doing anything it wants to in El Salvador. Of all the activities of an Administration, its foreign policy is the least constrained by our system of checks and balances. More to the point, what Reagan is doing in El Salvador has the inertial force of 35 years of Cold War, the weight of enormous military and weapons-manufacture lobbies, the malign energy of premises that have not been seriously disputed or even questioned by any President since the death of Franklin Roosevelt in 1945. It is instructive to note that within a week or so after the hideous massacre of some 600 Palestinian refugees in West

Beirut by Christian Phalangist allies of Israel, 400,000 Israeli citizens—a tenth of the country's population—were rallying in Tel Aviv and demanding the resignation of Prime Minister Menachem Begin and his defense minister, Ariel Sharon. Under U.S. tutelage, and with U.S. money and weapons, equally hideous Salvadoran government massacres of the peasantry have caused only sporadic protests in the United States. Nobody has even thought of demanding the resignation of our President. How do we explain that? Following Orwell, I would suggest it is because what this President is doing in El Salvador is consistent with what previous Presidents have done in Chile, Vietnam, the Dominican Republic, Guatemala and Iran. Three and a half decades of Government-controlled reality, however resisted, cannot have left the national mind of our people undamaged; it is, after all, essentially corrupting to insist on carrying forward the ideals of democracy by denying its blessings to others. That is the world of doublethink, which Orwell describes as "to know and not to know, to be conscious of complete truthfulness while telling carefully constructed lies, to hold simultaneously two opinions . . . knowing them to be contradictory and believing both of them. . . ." For 35 years, we and the Soviets have been linked in a Manichean system of state thought that will not, finally, be held accountable to the moral civilization of mankind. And just as we have had our precedents for El Salvador, they have had their precedents for Afghanistan in Poland, Ethiopia, Angola, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Each of the superstates has the demonic *other* to justify its espionage, its assassinations, its interventions and its invasions. We and the Soviets have actually created an unholy alliance, a gargantuan intimacy, in which, by now, our ideological differences are less important than the fact that we think the same thoughts, mirror each other's responses, heft the same bombs and take turns committing crimes and deploring them, in some sort of alternating current of outrage and despair, outrage and despair, that has with smoke and sulphur generated an ectoplasmic gel of objective reality along the lines of Orwell's tortured vision.

•  
Big Brother brainwashes his subjects, rewrites their history and deadens their language, but his broadest means of control is the waging of war, or of what passes for war.

In 1984, says Orwell, the three superstates have long since had their nuclear war and stopped it short of total disaster because the end of organized society would mean the end of their power. They do, however, continue to develop and stockpile nuclear weapons in the



Rowland  
Wilson

*"Row, row, row your boat gently down the stream. . . ."*

hope someday of discovering a weapon of such unequivocal advantage that it "will kill several million people in a few seconds without giving warning beforehand." In the meantime, "propping each other up like three sheaves of corn," they fight a continuous nonnuclear war on the far borders of their territories. Each of them—they are roughly equivalent to the Anglo-American bloc, the Russian-European bloc and the Chinese bloc—has everything it needs to sustain itself, which means that there is no need for war as in the old days, when nations fought for natural resources or markets or cheap labor. But since war goods do not add to a nation's real wealth, being useless for anything but war, the unending conflict serves the purpose of consuming the wealth of each of the great states without raising appreciably the standard of living of its masses. That is desirable because the real wealth of the world must be contained if the masses are not to become too comfortable and therefore too intelligent, for then they will no longer be willing to endure the injustices of a hierarchal society.

The continuous war also monopolizes public emotion, generates public fervor and justifies encroachment on the private, individual mind. The war of superstates is therefore an "impoture," says Orwell. The real war is "waged by each ruling group against its own subjects, and the object of the war is not to make or prevent conquests of territory but to keep the structure of society intact."

This is satire, of course, but less so than it was when Orwell wrote the book.

The considerable natural wealth of the Soviet Union has for some generations been squandered on its military establishment. These days, about 20 percent of that country's annual budget goes into the maintenance and development of its war machine. Russia's military services and weaponry consume its real wealth and keep its citizens standing in line for their consumer goods. Perhaps resenting the unequal advantage of that, the Reagan Administration has been methodically closing down Federal domestic-spending programs while at the same time plotting a long-term U.S. weapons expenditure of more than one and a half trillion dollars. Presumably, the money saved by depriving students of their tuition loans, school children of their hot lunches and miners of their black-lung pensions will pay for junk-weapons parity with the Soviets. In any event, the social priorities of the two states are now aligned.

We seem to be learning from the Soviets, too, the inestimable advantages of a closed, heavily dossierled society as opposed to a clumsy, open, argumentative one. The current Chief Executive has undertaken to empower the CIA

once again with domestic-spying prerogatives, has made Executive-classification procedures for documents more arbitrary and less open to challenge under the Freedom of Information Act and has signed into law the Intelligence Identities Protection Act, which makes it a criminal offense to reveal the identities of covert agents even if they are publicly available in previously published sources and even if those agents have committed crimes themselves, which gives a nice turn of the screw to investigative journalism.

You do not have to accept Orwell's analysis to its bitter end to understand the totalitarian presumption of any government that finds reason to make itself unaccountable to its own people.

Last spring, the Pentagon revealed a new five-year defense plan under which nuclear war has been reconceived as something that can be fought on a protracted basis and won. In clarification, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger would not admit that he believed a nuclear war could be won, only that in such a war, the U.S. could "prevail." Undoubtedly in anticipation of this linguistic defense of the indefensible, a world-wide nuclear-freeze movement, which was initiated in Western Europe, has gradually brought millions of people into the streets of the cities of Western civilization.

What has been the reaction of the contending superstates to this torrent of prayer and protest?

The Soviets have given approving press coverage to the U.S. and European antinuclear movement. Tass, the Soviet press agency, reported it to be evidence of the people's "resolute disagreement with the U.S. Government's policy of war preparations." Yet, last June, the Moscow police picked up members of a newly formed Russian antinuclear peace group and warned them to give up their activities. According to *The New York Times*, the demonstrators were told, "The Soviet government and people are already fighting for peace, and this kind of activity can only be provocative and antisocial."

In the U.S., the appearance of 750,000 people in Central Park in New York for a nuclear-freeze rally seems, by contrast, not at all to have fazed our Government. President Reagan took the opportunity on television to make a charmingly fervent European-missile-deployment offer to the Russians that he knew would be rejected. And the nuclear-freeze proposal was dismissed out of hand by the then-Secretary of State Alexander Haig as not being realistic. Haig's reaction was not as hypocritically funny as the Soviets', but in pre-empting the right to wage peace, in designating to a few men in Government the sole power of intellection on this abstruse

subject—the incineration of mankind—it is funny enough.

How far are we, then, from realizing the prophecy of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*? American elder statesman George F. Kennan has suggested that the politicians and their supporting specialists, having had 35 years in which to create a structure for international disarmament and not having done so, cannot reasonably be relied upon ever to do so. That means that the will and the energy to disarm must come from elsewhere than the complex of political, military and defense-industry establishments that makes policy here and in the Soviet Union. The continuing representation of U.S. and Soviet national self-interests by their characteristic oligarchies—Communist bureaucrats or capitalist businessmen—in fact, imposes on the host populations a system of transideological blackmail. Now, in a world armed to the teeth with nuclear weapons of unbelievably computerized sophistication, we may reasonably be as wary or afraid of our own leaders as of the leaders of the Soviet Union. That is exactly the relationship underlying political life foreseen by Orwell—in which the real war is "waged by each ruling group against its own subjects."

If nuclear war breaks out, Orwell may be proved wrong that it will be a limited war; but if so, nobody will be alive to care. If he is right, we are hardly able to take comfort given the post-war society he describes. What we have now, on the eve of the Orwellian year of judgment, are two coincident reality systems: the human reality of feeling and thought, life and love and death; and the suprahuman, statist reality of contending political-myth structures that would, in our name and from the most barbaric impulses, disenfranchise 99 percent of the world's population from even tragic participation in their fate. Inasmuch as no human being is god enough to grant to himself the disposition of nuclear weapons, and the destructive endowment of even one bomb transcends the limits of responsible human action, it will be the second system, the statist reality, that will get things going. The necessary abandonment of human values and the obliteration of logic and meaning by the ruler who engages a nuclear war ensure that the only surviving reality will be that of the political myth. And that is the heart of Orwell's prophecy. The state-managed death of individualism will have begun. Everyone will love Big Brother. The liberal, enlightened society with its claims of human entitlement—including life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—will be history.

Then it will not even be that.



*“Jim Craig is right: The same people who build you up to be a hero want to tear you down.”*

charge against Craig because Woolf had told him his client was on the boat when the glass in the phone booth was broken. “I didn’t get over to investigate until the first of June,” he says, “and when I checked, it turned out all six of them got off the boat.

“Then Mr. Welch called and started telling me there had been public urination. I said, ‘Public urination? Hold on; we’re getting into a felony now.’ But it turned out the urination wasn’t public; it was into private weeds. The judge dropped charges against Jim Craig, and that’s fine with me. As far as I’m concerned, the newspapers blew the whole thing out of proportion.”

Welch says he resents that. “There was a four- or five-hour boat chase, two Coast Guard boats and then a helicopter, before they caught him,” he says. “I’d like to hear the Olympic hero deny he was on that boat.”

Welch is right; there was a chase. It wasn’t four or five hours, but there were two Coast Guard boats and a helicopter, and it was the helicopter that eventually caught up. The Coast Guard says Craig was so much faster that he may not have known that its boats were trying to stop him.

And Craig is right, too. The same people who build you up want to tear you down.

Jimmy carries Muriel into the house and sits on the floor with her in his lap. There are a dozen other people in the room: Woolf and his family, the first baseman and the shortstop of the Mattapoisett Inn softball team, Craig’s brother Danny, an old goalie coach. Everybody’s kids crawl all over Craig, but he pays all his attention to Muriel. They have decided to be best friends and play with each other.

It develops that Muriel plays rough. They wrestle on the floor and she throws short, straight punches into his stomach, then his head as he folds over and then into his back as he expires on the floor.

The television director is on the phone to the Coast, trying to straighten out some kind of furniture problem there. I don’t know what the problem is, but the furniture is teak. The director has been on the Cape 36 hours, and half that time, he’s been on the phone with the Coast. Los Angeles is a hard place to get away from.

Muriel is jumping off a chair, landing with her elbow in Craig’s back, trying to bring him back to life or make sure he’s dead, and while he waits

for her, he watches the director explaining, running his hand through his hair, trying to show somebody who can’t see him how tall a table is. Everything Craig never wants to have to do.

“I wish they’d never invented telephones,” Craig said earlier. “Nothing good ever happens when the phone rings; good news doesn’t come that way. Every time it rings, it’s something you’ve got to do, someplace you’ve got to go, someplace you forgot to go.” Most of the time, Craig doesn’t answer his phone; he lets the answering machine do it.

“That’s what it’s for,” he says. And sometimes he will listen to the tape the answering machine makes, but mostly he won’t.

In the week after the accident, Craig moved into Woolf’s house and didn’t answer anything. “The worst thing in the world is having to talk every day about something you didn’t do,” he says.

And this morning, before the Mattapoisett Inn softball team dropped a double-header, a kid had stood behind the fence and watched him take batting practice. He said, “Are you that Olympic hockey player?”

“Sure am,” Craig said. “You play?”

The kid said, “I thought you got arrested for killing that girl.”

Craig looked at him the longest five seconds in the world. “No, I didn’t get arrested.” He moved away from the kid



*“Stay your hand, sir, I have diplomatic immunity.”*

then, back toward the bench, but the kid followed him.

"I bet you're sorry you killed her," he said. Craig grabbed his glove and ran past the kid, out toward third base.

The kid started to follow him, then stopped. "Are you sorry?" he said.

"Yeah," Craig said without looking at him. "I sure am."

Back on the floor, he puts Muriel on his knees and then drops her almost to the floor. You wonder how he knows how much to scare her, how long to hold her to get her over it.

Jim Craig was the sixth of eight children. He was raised in North Easton, Massachusetts, a working-class town between Boston and Brockton. He caddied at the golf course in Brockton. His father was a director of food services for the school system; his mother died of cancer in 1977, before things had begun to go his way.

"That's what it was about, after the game," he says. "I was thinking of my mother. Actually, I guess, I was thinking about my dad thinking of my mother, wishing she could have been there to see it. I knew that's what was going through his mind, and I was trying to find him in the stands, to let him know I understood."

There was something else to that, too. In seven months of exhausting daily

practice before the Olympics, Craig never got close to the team. He was the talker, and he would say what he thought. He was full of himself, and sure of himself, and apart. And when it was over and he was being pulled all the different ways something like that will pull you, he needed somebody to share it with.

And so he skated up the ice while the rest of the players were falling over one another, scrubbing heads, and looked for his father. And somehow, doing that, he was chosen as the proof that America was still what it was supposed to be.

The Iranians had grabbed the hostages, Russia had grabbed Afghanistan and the Arabs were still kicking the ass out of the economy, and then this kid and his teammates had come out of nowhere to beat the world at hockey. America had won one—beating Russia in the semis so everybody knew to watch the finals against Finland—and people from one end of the country to the other cried and got drunk and hurt their backs jumping up and down in front of the television set. They had been saved.

They wrote letters to Craig and his father saying it was the greatest moment since they had their first grandchild. President Carter had the team over to the White House for lunch, and for two months, every time you turned on the television, there was the American hock-

ey team gathering into that happy ball and then Craig, moving off alone.

And Craig knew it wasn't what they thought but liked where it was going. He signed napkins in restaurants, he talked to every reporter, he did the talk shows, he even answered the phone calls.

Fifteen of the 19 players on that American hockey team went into the Olympic games with a commitment from N.H.L. teams. Craig wasn't picked up by the Atlanta Flames until he was already a national hero. He never had any of it until he had it all.

The Flames were a bad team on the ice and a bad team at the gate. They brought Craig in for a \$45,000 bonus, a contract calling for about \$85,000 a year and guarantees of endorsements. They thought Jim Craig could make Georgia love ice hockey as much as it hated the Russians.

As soon as he arrived in Atlanta, Craig was given a one-shot Coca-Cola commercial for \$35,000. "Everywhere I went," he says, "people wanted to do things for me. They offered me free places to live, free cars to drive, free meals at restaurants. The governor made me the second most powerful man in the state. He gave me a proclamation."

He says that and you see that he half believes he was the second most powerful man in Georgia.

Everywhere he went, people knew him and wanted some part of him. The country club where he had caddied in Brockton gave him a membership. That is one of the things that nobody has taken back.

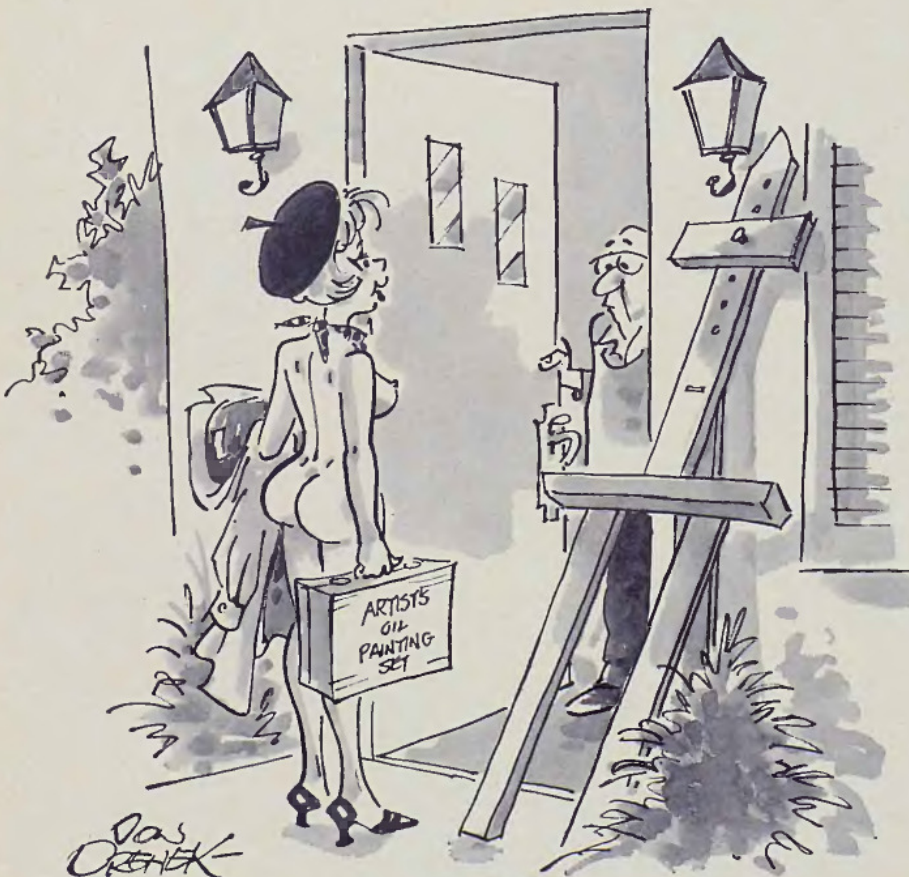
"Yeah, I knew they were using me," he says, "but I was just so happy to be used. . . ."

The first game Craig started for Atlanta was the first sellout crowd of the season. Atlanta won the game, 4-1, and then it all went wrong. Craig played in three more games and then it all caught up. Exhaustion and an ulcer. "I worked my ass off not to let anybody down. I thought I could have it all ways; I didn't know you couldn't do that. I didn't know until I didn't even want to put my skates on anymore."

The Flames sent Craig to doctors, who found the ulcer and diagnosed the exhaustion, and then to Hollywood, Florida, to rest.

His father says, "I thought the boy handled it pretty well, considering. He did as much as he could as long as he could. It seemed like there were always so many people depending on him, if you know what I mean."

At the end of the season, Craig left Atlanta, and so did professional hockey. Craig was traded to Boston and the Flames went to Calgary. Boston watched him awhile and decided to send him to a farm team. He refused to go. "A lot of people misunderstood that," he says. "It



"Hi; we're looking for people who like to draw. . . ."

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wasn't that I thought I was a big deal. I was playing good hockey, though, and if I wasn't good enough to make it in the N.H.L., I wanted to know it so I could get on with something else. That was when I saw that it was beginning to roll the other way. People were talking about what was best for hockey and what was best for my career. I kept thinking, What career? I've played in four games.

"I mean, I was 24 years old. That isn't a kid in hockey; you've only got so long. The players down in the minors, most of them were 18 and 19 years old, Canadians. Can you see me spending half a year in a bus with 18- and 19-year-old kids?"

"That didn't make me popular with the Bruins, either. Most of them are Canadians, and they came up through the juniors. They think college hockey is bullshit. So I showed up, famous and supposedly rich, and I didn't know how to act. I knew what they were thinking."

Craig got into 23 games for the Bruins in the 1980-1981 season. He broke a finger getting ready for the Canada Cup series before the next season began. And this time he went to the minors to play himself back into shape. To the Erie Blades.

"Erie, Pennsylvania," he says. "There were nights when we ended up sleeping in banquet halls. You could lie awake all night in Erie wondering why it was there."

He broke his finger and then his ankle, then he had a growth on his shoulder that he thought was cancer, and then he hurt his back. It was a bad season for a professional athlete but the kind of season that a professional athlete sometimes gets. Being Jim Craig, he had no time to sit back and figure that out. There were always reporters wanting to know what had happened to America's hero.

"It occurred to me one night that no matter what they wrote, it didn't change anything. I couldn't see that before. It occurred to me that I didn't care if I ever saw my name in another newspaper as long as I lived."

Late at night is when things come. When he can't sleep and there's nobody to talk to, when there's nobody else in the house. Days he fills with golf or softball, or he gets in his boat. During hockey season, he is always an hour early getting to practice, an hour late leaving. But two days before the season opens, there is no season. Craig will be given his unconditional release by the Boston Bruins, and a month into the National Hockey League season, no other team will have offered him a tryout or shown any interest in him at all. Even now, he may feel it coming.

"I just want to get a job and be happy," he says. And he sounds like a kid who doesn't know what a job is. And he talks about going to Hollywood and

doesn't know what that is, either. "I'd mow the grass just to look at the girls," he says.

And he fills the days; but late at night, things come.

"I was lying in bed, thinking," he says. "About what has happened to me just in the past year. My Uncle Bob died; my grandfather died. I got my finger mashed and missed the Canada Cup and most of the pre-season, so I went to Erie and hurt my back. I broke my ankle and then I thought I had cancer, and then my cousin got murdered in Florida, and then the girl got killed in the car accident. You lie there thinking, What's going to happen to me next?"

Jim and Muriel get off the floor and bounce on the sofa. The television director finishes with the phone and watches from the kitchen, smiling. "Poor Muriel." Jim says. "She doesn't even know how to sing *Bette Davis Eyes*." Muriel locks her jaw and shakes her head no.

He says, "Poor Muriel, can't even talk."

She says, "Then I won't love you anymore."

And he says, "Has anybody seen Muriel? She was just here. She was so cute, and now she must be invisible. Maybe somebody better call the police and tell them."

Muriel sits in his lap and watches while Bob Woolf's daughter picks up the phone and reports her disappearance to the police. When she hangs up, Muriel says, "Ha."

Jim says, "Has anybody looked under the bed?" Somebody goes into the bedroom and looks under the bed. No Muriel. "I wonder who'll play with her brother now," he says. Then his face changes. "Maybe God took her," he says. "Maybe she's up in heaven, or maybe He put her in that other place."

Muriel turns in his lap and gives him a look. "I'll bet God took her," he says.

She says, "I'm right here."

"It's funny," he says, "I can almost hear her. Her mother is going to miss her very much."

"I'm here," she says. Something has come into her voice.

"I wonder if God would give her back if she gave me a kiss," he says.

"Hey," she says, "I'm here." She isn't worried enough to kiss him yet, but Muriel is a tough play. Fifteen minutes later, though, she suddenly pulls his head down and kisses him on the cheek.

"Why, I can see a foot," he says, moving his hand up her leg. "And here's a knee. Muriel is coming back. . . ." And a couple of minutes later, Muriel is all the way back, still sitting on Jim Craig's lap, touching her arms and legs, making sure.

And half an hour later, she is still making sure, standing in front of a window,

studying her reflection. Someone she doesn't know tells her not to worry. "You're right here, Muriel."

She looks at herself in the window. "I know," she says. "They said so." And something small has been changed. Getting scared can do that.

The stranger says, "You didn't really go away. You're always going to be here." And she looks at him like she knows that for the lie it is.

"And then the girl gets killed in the car accident. You lie there thinking, What's going to happen to me next?"

In a real, tangible way, of course, Margaret Curry's death was something that happened to Jim Craig. Something bad. And if he sees it that way, as opposed to something that happened to Margaret Curry, you can understand it. In his way, the television director is right: Craig is like a child. But the world is catching up.

"I thought about that accident again and again," he says. "You run it over in your mind every way possible, and my mind is completely clear. . . ." But still, he can't sleep.

"Those girls," he says. "I don't even know what they look like. What happened was a tragedy, but the girl who was driving that car has to live with that the rest of her life, not me."

But as it goes on, the girls become enemies. Hearing that they had been to at least one bar before the accident, he comes to refer to them as "smashed." He talks about the bald tires on the Toyota and the reflexes that made him a goalie in the N.H.L. And there is truth in all of it. The tires were bald, the girls had been at a bar and he has exceptional reflexes, even for a professional athlete. He explains that he had been on the West Coast, so it was only nine o'clock to him. The mistakes in the news accounts of the accident are somehow proof, too.

There are things on his side—and two months later, a judge will look at the things and drop all charges—but the things of it are separate from the moment itself, from headlights and steel and a girl whose life ended going through the back window of a Toyota. And the quiet afterward.

He sits by himself in the living room, going over it one more time, from the time he sees her car in his lane. He moves into her lane, trying to miss her; she moves back. He adds it up every way there is and says his mind is clear. But late at night, it keeps coming back. Late at night, you're never really clear. That's what growing up is about.

He sits for a minute in the wake of the accident, sipping a beer. Then he sighs and looks around the room until he spots her, still over by the window.

"Muriel," he says, "come sing me *Bette Davis Eyes*. Please?"







*"Down the hall. First door on the left."*

# YEAR IN SEX

(continued from page 138)

*"But the definitive winner of the sex-scandal sweepstakes of 1982 surfaced in, of all places, Palm Beach."*

for such activities as trips to gay bars (though it was later rumored that some of his coeds had been offering cherries rather than apples to the teacher). Judge William Reinecke of Grant County, Wisconsin, described a five-year-old rape victim as "sexually promiscuous" and was resoundingly re-elected. In the therein't-no-justice department, we also had the case of attorney Michael Morgenstern, who wrote a book titled *How to Make Love to a Woman*, about which he said, "There are many books about what women should want; this book is about what women really want." After his work was published, Morgenstern was arrested for allegedly drubbing his live-in girlfriend and breaking her jaw. News of that event, claims Morgenstern, caused the sales of his book to double.

Then there were the folks who organized Sexpo '82, an exposition for the adult-entertainment industry, in New York. The event (arranged, interestingly enough, mainly by women in the erotica field who wanted to combat the antisex image promulgated by Women Against Pornography) opened on October eighth—and closed October ninth after seven video-tape-merchant exhibitors had been busted for selling cassettes of adult films readily available in almost any video store in the city. Dennis Sobin's Washington, D.C., swingers' club was also busted—but he struck back by running for mayor. Another citizen who didn't take repression lying down was Katharine Hepburn, who—when it looked as if right-to-lifers would succeed in outlawing I.U.D.s and abortions even in cases of incest—fought back with an impassioned (and widely circulated) letter in defense of Planned Parenthood, a movement her mother had helped found.

Almost unnoticed by the media was the fact that 1982 marked the tenth anniversary of history's first porno hit, *Deep Throat*. We checked to see what had happened to its principals; all except for Linda Lovelace are still (or again) making adult films. Linda split from Chuck Traynor, who claimed he'd taught her the sword-swallowing act (he's now with Marilyn Chambers), has married again and recently worked to promote *Not a Love Story*, a supposedly anti-pornography Canadian-made documentary that has itself been banned as obscene in the province of Ontario.

There were a few gleams in the gloom, some of them funny—such as the two personals ads in the *Dallas Morning*

*News*, one seeking a wife, the other a mistress; the mistress message outpulled the wife pitch. Some were sad, such as the tale of the scientist who excited a rare whooping crane into laying an egg (fertilized by artificial insemination) by doing a mating dance with her. The egg hatched and mother and baby were doing well—until Mom was killed by marauding raccoons.

Observers of the Washington scene were, for a time, licking their chops over the potential of a sex-and-drug scandal laid at the closet doorstep of Congress when ex-page Leroy Williams charged that members of the House were getting some pretty special deliveries from their messengers. That investigation blew up when Williams confessed he'd been lying all along. And observers of unusual religious groups expected juicy tidbits when the followers of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh moved their ashram lock, stock and red-orange garb from Poona, India, to a tract of dried up range land near Antelope, Oregon. Reports of uninhibited sexual goings on at the Indian locale, documented by a moviemaker, had led one wag to dub the film *Poon-tang in Poona*, and there was initially some town-and-gown friction in Antelope. Bhagwan's disciples, called sanniyasins, solved it by incorporating their own town, Rajneeshpuram; inviting 5000 enthusiasts from all over the world to a tent-city festival on the premises; and, by all reports, making the desert bloom by building dams and greenhouses, planting grains, 3400 fruit trees and 12,000 grape vines, raising cattle, chickens, ducks and honeybees. The result has been that, while nobody denies Bhagwan's premise that acting out sexuality relieves tension, most of the press Rajneeshpuram has been getting lately deals with animal husbandry rather than with other kinds of horseplay.

Still more religious news came by way of the Unification Church, whose spiritual leader, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, joined 2075 couples in marriage in what must have been history's biggest blind date. The Reverend Moon picked the pairs, then told them they'd have to wait to consummate their unions until he got the word from the Man Upstairs—after a period estimated at 40 days to several years. We doubt that the Moonies will have much truck with another, and considerably smaller, body of worshipers meeting in a San Francisco apartment. The congregation calls itself

the Church of Saint Priapus—and, as all you Latin and Greek students out there may have guessed, its object of veneration is the male sex organ.

Not until the year was half gone did its real sexual headlines begin to surface, from, of all places, the courtroom. When the rich and famous get sued or divorced, the fur—and reports of indiscretions—begins to fly. We should have had a hint in January, when Sheila Dowling, 17, described as the live-in secretary and social companion of Huntington Hartford, the 70-year-old heir to the A & P fortune, filed a \$65,000,000 lawsuit against Hartford, his fourth ex-wife, Elaine Kay, and a teenaged girl, accusing the women of having tied her to a bed, stripped her and shaved her head while a sleeping Hartford ignored her cries. Next we heard from one Vicki Morgan, who filed a multimillion-dollar palimony suit against Alfred Bloomdale, scion of the New York Bloomie's family. When Al died, Vicki made his estate the target of her suit, to the disgust of his wife, Betsy, a close buddy of Nancy Reagan's. A judge, ruling that Vicki was nothing more than a well-paid mistress, turned down the better part of her request, but she's appealing.

In England, a royal fuss was stirred up over the visit to the Caribbean of Prince Andrew and Koo Stark, whose main claim to fame had been that she had starred in a soft-core movie, *Emily*. All the billing and Kooing sold newspapers and persuaded producers of another flick Stark had made to release it at last.

But the definitive winner of the sex-scandal sweepstakes of 1982 surfaced in, of all places, socially stuffy Palm Beach, Florida. Peter Pulitzer, grandson of newspaper publisher Joseph of prize fame, wants to split from his second wife, Roxanne, and get custody of their five-year-old twins. So far, Roxanne has either admitted to or been accused of the following: a lesbian affair with Jacquie Kimberly, third wife of James Kimberly, heir to the Kimberly-Clark (Kleenex, Kotex, etc.) fortune; sleeping with a real-estate salesman, a French baker, a Belgian race-car driver, an alleged drug dealer and a supernatural trumpet; and having propositioned her 26-year-old stepdaughter, Liza. Roxanne, for her part, has accused hubby of indulging in threesomes with her and Mrs. Kimberly (pooh-poohed by Mrs. K.) and of having committed incest with his daughter (denied by both Liza and Dad). Then there were the allegations of drug use, the stories of bedroom séances involving a dozen or more friends, even a few death threats. Mrs. Kimberly claims the Pulitzers are just out for publicity. If so, the press was glad to oblige.



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## HIGH TECH

(continued from page 93)

So, gentlemen, choose your weapons. No matter what variety of skiing—Alpine or Nordic, leisurely or lunatic—there is a tool for the job.

Descente Ltd., a manufacturer of sports apparel (see the skier on page 92 in the pictorial), heralded its new line with the slogan "Technology you can wear." Descente introduced a new nylon fabric and polyurethane coating, called Aero-K, that maintains a balance of water resistance outside and moisture permeability inside. (One of the main problems in active winter sports is keeping the snow out without trapping perspiration inside.) Combine one of these outfits with underwear of polypropylene that draws perspiration away from the body and you have winter comfort. Perhaps one of the best combinations of fabrics was introduced by Gates Industries, which combined Gore-Tex and Thinsulate with a deerskin palm for a warm, waterproof ski glove—no more soggy leather mittens. Other manufacturers, such as Fila (see skier on page 93), have introduced stretch fabrics in one-piece jump suits—or powder suits—that keep the snow out when you're in it up to your ears.

But there has also been a revolution in equipment. A few years ago, Adidas redesigned the cross-country binding, throwing out the wire three-pin design for an integrated plastic binding/boot combination. Other cross-country manu-

facturers followed: this year, so did the downhill crowd. Look and Spademan companies have introduced integrated boot/binding combinations that are lighter and less bulky (thus interfering less with the flex of the ski).

Research has led to a diversity of products. There is now a pole for every season, from superlightweight racing models to ones that adjust in length or are even spring loaded for extra push. The Ramer pole, for example, has a Darth Vader-style grappling hook built into the handgrip. If you fall on a steep slope, you use the claw to slow down your descent. The pole converts to an avalanche probe, in case someone else gets buried. Ramer has a catalog of unusual and practical winter gear. (You can obtain a copy from Alpine Research, Inc., 765 Indian Peaks Road, Golden, Colorado 80403.)

Next time you get into a conversation with someone about the benefits of the space race, you can mention the Swans 725 GED goggles. There is a 24-kt.-gold coating on the inner lens. Developed for the space program, that gold coating filters 100 percent of the sun's harmful infrared and ultraviolet rays. A self-contained electric heating wire prevents fogging.

These products are expensive. But the way we look at it, winter comes only once a year, and anything that maximizes the time you can spend on a slope having fun is worth the expense. This is prime time. Tune in.



## Betting on Kim

(continued from page 90)

particular friends and guardians during her years in New York—Mathis (who did drive her into the city), Tucker Frederickson, Joe Namath. Very protective. They'd call and ask, "Has anybody attacked you?"

Kim became a hugely successful, eye-catching model for Clairol, Revlon, Maybelline, Cover Girl, Yamaha, a whole range of products—"You name it," she said—for which she got paid up to \$1000 a day.

But always during that cornucopia time, she was determined to sing and act. She was an apprentice at the Neighborhood Playhouse. One day, after ten years of modeling, she said, "I'm not going to work today," and—with four dogs, a cat and a New York actor she described to me as Romeoish—crossed the country in a jeep and arrived in California. The first part she tried for was the Fay Wray role in the De Laurentiis *King Kong*. It didn't work out. Parts she was offered—in *Charlie's Angels* and two James Bond movies, including *Moonraker*—she turned down as inappropriate; her first big role was in *Hard Country*. I went to see it not long ago, intending just to stop by the screening room for ten minutes, so I'd recognize her when she turned up in the Polo Lounge. I ended up staying for the film's length. Kim is asked to do a great deal in the film, displaying an enormously emotional range from despair to high spirits.

About the only thing she does not do in *Hard Country* is sing, which is surprising, since she told me her great ambition was not only to sing but to write songs. She said she had entered 12 songs in the American Song Festival. I wondered—though not aloud—whether the judges wouldn't think her a mite aggressive, sort of stuffing the ballot box. But that is her nature—determined and to hell with the proprieties.

Very busy and ambitious. And yet her material longings are very few: to own a guitar and a swimming pool and to keep her dogs. Those dogs! The carpet at Kim's must seem to rise when guests come to call. It's not just that there are so many (six) but that the dogs are either very large—a Malemute and a Siberian husky, a golden retriever—or very small: two Pekingese and a Shih Tzu.

Kim swims nude with Elvis (the Malemute) and the retriever. She doesn't enjoy swimming in other people's pools, she told me, because she has to put on a bikini. "It's weird, weird," she said, "putting on a bikini."

"Oh?" I asked.

"It's the pits. That's the truth, man."

That's the way she talks sometimes,



"Of course I relate to you as a person. You don't think I'd do this to some animal, do you?"

when she gets excited—that brash New York-bop/Sixties lingo. And then, when she doesn't understand a question, she tilts her head and asks, "Sir?" with that lovely formal politeness of her Southern heritage.

"Why did you, er, ah, pose for PLAYBOY?" I asked. "I mean, should an actress, er, ah. . ."

"Sir?"

I liked her answer when I put the question to her more clearly: She posed nude because during all those modeling years, she was inevitably performing on behalf of Revlon or Maybelline or a lingerie company. "They never photographed me!" she said. Well, that was straightforward enough.

I hadn't known that Kim was married. It came out in the conversation. She kept referring to "we" and "us"—"our" home up in Topanga Canyon. For a while, I thought (and hoped) the collective referred to the dogs, perhaps; but after a bit, it emerged that she was referring to her husband. He is Ron Christian, from a famous Hollywood make-up-artist family. His father, Whitey Snyder, was Marilyn Monroe's make-up artist, and, in fact, prepared her after her death for the funeral.

Kim wants to play Jean Seberg if anyone is clever and forthright enough to do a film adaptation of that girl's life. I hate to think of all that tawny-gold hair being cropped to the shape of her head, the way Seberg liked it and the way she had it in *Breathless*, but Kim would be wonderful.

She can resist the feeling of being lost in Hollywood's competitive struggle. She has her strong defenses. She showed me a necklace given to her by her husband, two hearts on a gold chain, with the inscription *Je t'aime sur tout quand je te l'exprime le moins*—"I love you most when I express it least."

If you can be assured of that, you're in fine shape out here.

•  
*Bob Fosse, the protean director-choreographer who has conquered Broadway and Hollywood with aplomb, from "Lenny" to his Oscar-winning "Cabaret" and "All That Jazz," is also famous as a connoisseur of beautiful, talented ladies. His next film will be "STAR 80," based on the story of Dorothy Stratten. His very personal report on Kim follows.*

I started walking. I thought her hotel was only four blocks away. It turned out to be eight. It was hot. Trickle of sweat were running uncomfortably down my ribs, which reminded me that my doctor said I should take off five pounds. My shoe was rubbing a blister on my toe. That very morning, the banks had dropped a full one and a half percent on six-month savings certificates. Whatever

savings I have are in those accounts.

It was one of those chic hotels on Madison Avenue that turn me off. The snob with the strange accent at the desk wasn't sure there was a Kim Basinger staying there. Five minutes later, he confessed that she was registered and that the delay was due to my mispronunciation of her name. Thanks a lot.

The house phones were all busy. Long conversations in several languages; nasty looks at me, also in several languages. What the hell am I doing here? I saw Kim in a picture called *Hard Country*. I liked her—a lot. I thought she was a good actress. I saw some photos. She looked pretty. But don't most actresses look pretty in photos? Bruce Williamson had asked me to see her. I like Bruce. As much as any film director can like any film critic. But I wasn't sure I liked him this much! My toe was really hurting. I was just about to say "Screw Bruce Williamson! Screw Kim Basinger!" and walk when I got her on the phone.

"I'll be *right* down."

It's been my experience that when a young, pretty actress from California says "I'll be *right* down," she really means, "I have several phone calls to make, I'll finish this joint, meditate awhile, eat some nuts and raisins, brush on some mascara, audition two or three different jump suits, and then I'll be *right* down."

Not so. Kim *was* right down. Long blonde hair flying, she walked directly toward me. I couldn't help noticing that every man and woman in the lobby

was looking at her and then at the object of her walk—me. I stood up a little straighter. She's tall. Then, with a mouth that would turn a leader of the Moral Majority into a heavy breather, she said, "Bob?" My toe stopped hurting.

The next couple of hours flew by. We both ordered coffee and didn't touch it. She talked about her time in New York, her childhood in Georgia, about acting, about dancing, about success, about trying to be a good actress. Flirtatious? Well, maybe a little, but she also talked glowingly about her marriage.

She totally captured me. She's a charmer! She has, in my opinion, that special quality most actors pursue with an unpleasant zest but only a few possess. Directors, producers and casting directors try to explain that particular quality using such words as vulnerable, sexual, intelligent but usually wind up saying, "Oh, I don't know. It's just something special."

She has it. I left her not giving a damn about my bank accounts, determined to take off five pounds immediately, liking the hotel and thinking that Bruce Williamson is one helluva nice guy. Even if he pans my next picture, I don't care! Well, maybe my enthusiasm is causing me to exaggerate a *little*.

Anyway, we exchanged phone numbers when we parted. I've already lost hers. But I don't think I'll have any trouble finding her. I think she'll become a star.



*"Some people, Miss Phillips, simply don't understand corporate pain."*

# GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ (continued from page 77)

*"Mercedes was like the women in the Colombian civil wars; she kept life going while I campaigned."*

me and I became very frightened, because I felt I didn't love her. I'd heard one was supposed to love one's mother very much, and it seemed evil that I didn't. Later on, when my parents moved to Aracataca, I remember going to their house only when I was sick. I'd have to stay overnight, and I would be given a purgative of resin oil. It's not a pleasant memory.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it painful for you when your grandfather died?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** No. I practically didn't realize it. Besides, as an eight-year-old, I didn't have any clear notion what death meant. Having a Catholic upbringing, I probably thought he'd gone to heaven and was very content.

**PLAYBOY:** We ask about his death because you've often told interviewers that nothing interesting has happened to you since you were eight.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** What I mean is that after that I went to live elsewhere with my parents, and I feel that all my writing has been about the experiences of the time I spent with my grandparents.

**PLAYBOY:** Is your contemporary life less interesting than your childhood?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** It has less mystery. I don't have a grandmother to make up marvelous things for me.

**PLAYBOY:** The Aracataca of your childhood must have been a marvelous place.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** I think of it as a horrible boom town. It was a banana center for the United Fruit Company—a place where people came to enrich themselves as quickly as possible. But what happens in such a place is that when it suddenly turns into a crossroads for the world, it inevitably fills up with fantastic elements.

**PLAYBOY:** It's odd that you call Aracataca a horrible boom town. Macondo, the mythic town you created out of Aracataca, is thought to be one of the most charming villages in literature.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, what has happened is that Macondo is a town built with nostalgia. The virtue of nostalgia is that it eliminates all the disagreeable aspects from one's memories and leaves only the pleasant ones.

**PLAYBOY:** How did the idea come to you to create Macondo out of the memories of Aracataca?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* really began when I was a very young man—perhaps 20 years old. I tried to write a novel about the Buendía family titled *La Casa*: the house. The entire drama was to take place in

the house—nothing outside. After writing a few chapters, I felt I was not yet ready to write a book as big as that. What I decided to do was start something easier and progressively learn how to write. Mostly, I wrote short stories. Around that time, when I was about 21, my mother asked me to take a trip with her to Aracataca—and that visit had a decisive impact on my career as a writer. You see, at that point, I was living in Barranquilla, a Caribbean city not far from Aracataca. My grandparents had both died, and my mother wanted to sell their house.

At first, I was very happy with the idea of returning to Aracataca. But when we got there, I was staggered. The town had not changed at all. I had the sensation that I had left time, that what had separated me from the town was not distance but *time*. So I walked along the streets with my mother and I realized that she was going through something similar. We walked to the pharmacy, which belonged to people who'd been close friends of the family. Behind the counter sat a lady working on a sewing machine. My mother said, "How are you, my friend?" When the woman finally recognized her, she stood up, and they embraced and cried and said absolutely nothing for more than a half hour. So I had the feeling that the whole town was dead—even those who were alive. I remembered everyone as they had been before, and now they were dead. That day, I realized that all the short stories I had written to that point were simply intellectual elaborations, nothing to do with my reality. When I returned to Barranquilla, I immediately sat down and wrote my first novel [*Leaf Storm*], which takes place in Macondo. Incidentally, on that trip, my mother and I passed a banana plantation that I had often seen as a child. There was a sign on the place; it was called Macondo.

**PLAYBOY:** When did *One Hundred Years* finally begin taking shape in your mind?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** The trip I described took place around 1950. After that first effort, I made a second try at the novel in Mexico in 1963. I had, by then, a clearer idea of the structure but not of the tone. I didn't know yet how to tell the story so that it would be believed. So, again, I took to writing short stories. But one day, in 1965, I think, I was going to Acapulco by car. And all of a sudden—I don't know why—I had this

illumination as to how to write the book. I had the tone, everything!

**PLAYBOY:** It came to you as a vision?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Sort of. It was as if I had read everything that was to be in it. So I returned to Mexico City and sat down for the next 18 months to write from nine in the morning till three in the afternoon. I had a family—a wife and two small sons—and I had been supporting them by working in public relations and fixing up movie scripts. All that had to cease so I could write my book. But we had no income, so I pawned our car and gave Mercedes the money. From then on, Mercedes had to be like the women in the Colombian civil wars: She had to run the household and keep life going while I campaigned.

She performed all kinds of wondrous feats. Every day, somehow, she made sure I had my cigarettes, paper, everything I needed to write. She borrowed money. She got credit from stores. When the book was finished, it turned out that we owed the butcher some 5000 pesos—which was an enormous sum. Somehow, the rumor had gotten around the neighborhood that I was writing a very important book, and all the shopkeepers wanted to collaborate. At one point, I realized that Mercedes could not go on anymore alone. I then dropped work on the novel and did a radio script. But the minute I started doing that, it gave me an unbearable migraine headache. Nothing could cure it—the doctors gave me all kinds of things.

Finally, when I went back to my novel, the pain went right away. It took 18 months for the book to be finished. But when it was done, we still had all kinds of problems. Once, toward the end of it all, the typist who had the only copies of many of the chapters of the book was hit by a bus. So the only copies of half the book went flying all over a Mexico City street. Fortunately, the bus didn't kill her, and she was able to get up and reassemble the manuscript. Finally, when it was finished, we needed 160 pesos to send it off to the publisher in Buenos Aires. Mercedes had only 80 pesos left. So I divided the manuscript in half, mailed half off and then pawned Mercedes' Mixmaster and hair drier to pay for the other half. When Mercedes heard that the last of our possessions had gone into postage, she said, "Well, now, all we need is for this novel to be bad!"

**PLAYBOY:** How did the book's title come to you?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** That came almost when I was writing the last page. Until then, I had no idea what to call the book. I had long abandoned the title *La Casa*. When I made the decision, I made some calculations and discovered that more than 100 years of solitude had passed, but it wouldn't have sounded right to

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call the book *One Hundred and Forty-three Years of Solitude*. I rounded off the number. It proved to be a good decision. The book was accepted and published in 1967, then became internationally well known when it was translated into English and published in the United States in 1970.

**PLAYBOY:** Will *One Hundred Years of Solitude* ever be made into a movie, as rumored?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Never. Producers keep offering me enormous sums for the rights, but I refuse. The last offer, I believe, was \$2,000,000. I don't want to see it turned into a movie, because I want readers to go on imagining the characters as they see them. That isn't possible in the cinema. In movies, the image is so definite that the spectator can no longer imagine the character as he wants to, only as the screen imposes it on him.

When I studied the way movies were made, I realized there are limitations in the form that do not exist in literature. I've become convinced that the novelist's work is the freest work that exists. You are totally your own master.

**PLAYBOY:** Like God?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, somewhat. The problem is that, unlike God, you can't kill characters so easily. You have to kill a character when it really dies. That is what happened to Úrsula Buendía. If you work it out, she must be 200 years old. While I was writing *One Hundred Years*, I realized frequently that she had lived too long, and I tried to have her die. However, she continued. I always needed her for something. She had to be kept until she died naturally.

**PLAYBOY:** There is also a rumor that there were 1000 pages of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* that you burned. True?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** False. But it's curious how in all legends there are elements of truth. After I finished *One Hundred Years*, I threw out all the notes and documentation so there wouldn't be any trace of them left. That way, the critics would have to take the book on its own merits and not go looking in the original papers. Whenever I write a book, I accumulate a lot of documentation. That background material is the most intimate part of my private life. It's a little embarrassing—like being seen in your underwear.

**PLAYBOY:** Or having someone learn the secrets to your magic?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Sure. It's like the way magicians never tell others how they make a dove come out of a hat.

**PLAYBOY:** Toward the ending of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, you wrote, "Literature was the best plaything that had ever been invented to make fun of people." Do you think that's true?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Actually, it was said by

a friend of mine and I put it in the book.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think it's true?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** I think it's fun when you start to control your book. There isn't anything more wonderful than writing when you truly have the book in your grip. That is what I call inspiration. There is a definite state of mind that exists when one is writing that is called inspiration. But that state of mind is not a divine whisper, as the romantics thought. What it is is the perfect correspondence between you and the subject you're working on. When that happens, everything starts to flow by itself. That is the greatest joy one can have, the best moment. I am never better and my house is never better and my relations with everybody are never better than when a book is turning out well.

**PLAYBOY:** The last chapter of the novel is filled with lots of jokes and personal asides. You've written Mercedes in as a character and many of your friends, too. Why is that?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Because I was having fun. It was the end of my 18-month siege, and the book was advancing nicely at that point: I had the feeling nobody could stop it, that I could do anything I wanted with it, that the book was in the bag. In that state, I was so happy, especially after the early agonies, that I started to make those private jokes. There are many more jokes in that section than are apparent to the casual reader. Friends see them and they die laughing, because they know what each one refers to. That was a book that *had* to be finished with great joy—because, in another sense, it is a very sad book. Like life, no?

**PLAYBOY:** Yes, it is a very sad book. It seemed to say progress is impossible in Latin America; the dreariness of Latin-American political life means that social change can never happen; all things are bound to repeat themselves. It's the common political interpretation.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** I know. I hear that critique a lot. Once, I had a problem with literature professors in Cuba who said, "*One Hundred Years of Solitude* is an extraordinary book, but it has the defect of not giving solutions." To me, that is dogma. My books describe *situations*. They don't have to give solutions. But with *One Hundred Years*, I did want to give the idea that Latin-American history had such an oppressive reality that it had to be changed—at all costs, at any price! In any case, *One Hundred Years of Solitude* doesn't say that progress isn't possible. It says that Latin-American society is so full of frustrations and injustices that it would dishearten anyone. That really indicates a society that *must* be changed.

**PLAYBOY:** We've talked extensively about

*One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Does it offend you when readers act as if it is the only book you've written?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Deeply. I've often read reviews that said that *One Hundred Years* was the definitive Latin-American novel. That's ridiculous! If it were the definitive book, I wouldn't have gone on writing. Frankly, I think *The Autumn of the Patriarch* is, as a literary work, much more important. It's more important as an experimental book. It was a book I couldn't complete until I had the financial security provided by *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, because it was a book that required a lot of time and money to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it bother you when people say they find *The Autumn of the Patriarch* too hard to read?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** It was a difficult book for me to write! Yes, it's true that to read it, a certain literary initiation is needed. Yet I'm hoping that, in time, it will prove as easy to read as my other books. When *Ulysses* came out, it was thought unreadable. Today, children read it. If you ask me, the only shortcoming of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* is that it is too easy to read.

**PLAYBOY:** *The Autumn of the Patriarch* is a novel about the death of a Latin-American dictator—a popular theme, it seems, in Latin-American literature. Was there anything special in your own life that motivated it?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, again, the roots of this book are in the Aracataca of my childhood. In the town, as I was growing up, lived many Venezuelan exiles—this was during the time of the dictator Juan Vicente Gómez. As often happens with exiles, the dictator became a mythical character. In exile, they magnified him. Their vision of Gómez is part of what motivated the book. But there were other sources, too.

**PLAYBOY:** When scholars and critics have tried to make elaborate interpretations of your work, you've always put them off. Once, you said something like this: "*One Hundred Years* is not the universal book it is made out to be. It is just the story of the Buendía family, of whom it is prophesied that they shall have a son with a pig's tail; and in doing everything to avoid this, the Buendías *do* end up with a son with a pig's tail." Now, surely, you were doing a little legpulling there?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, that is the plot. But it is an exaggeration about as large as that of critics who try to find explanations and symbols where there are none. I maintain that in the entire book, there isn't a single conscious symbol.

**PLAYBOY:** So you're amused by your many followers who read *One Hundred Years* word for word.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** No. I rather feel a sort





*Intar Landu*

*"And how much of this goes to the poor, Sir Robin?"*

of compassion for them. Books are not meant to be read word for word. There is an academic tendency to find not what is in a book but what is beyond the book. In other words, an autopsy.

**PLAYBOY:** Nonetheless, Alastair Reid, the *New Yorker* writer who is one of the great scholars of your work, claims that the real meaning of *One Hundred Years* is that "no one will ever know us. We all live alone on this earth in our own glass bubbles." Has Reid read your book correctly?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Absolutely correctly. I'm convinced that everyone has a totally secret and personal part of his personality that is never communicated or revealed. Mercedes and I, for instance, have a very good relationship—we've been together for 25 years. Yet we are both aware that we have obscure areas that neither person can enter. And we've been respectful of that, because we know there's no way to fight it. For instance, I don't know how old Mercedes is. I didn't know her age when we married, and she was very young then. When we travel, I never look at her passport or identity card. On airplanes, I'll fill out our landing cards and leave blank the section on hers that requires the birth date. Of course, this is a game. But it's a game that represents very well how there are impenetrable areas that none of us can ever go near. I am absolutely sure that it is impossible to know a person completely.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the loneliness of *One Hundred Years of Solitude* a reflection of that?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** No. I think that this is something that everyone has felt. Everyone is alone anyway. Compromises and agreements of a social nature are made, but the being is alone. For example, as a writer, I communicate with a lot of people—and quite easily, too. But when

I sit down to write, which is the essential moment in my life, I am completely alone. Nobody can help me. Nobody knows exactly what I want to do—and sometimes I don't even know. I can't ask for help. It's total solitude.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that frightening?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** No. It no longer scares me, because I've shown I can defend myself alone rather well at the typewriter. But I do think that everyone, *everyone* is afraid of that. When you open your eyes in the morning and you are surrounded by reality, the first feeling is always fright.

**PLAYBOY:** You grew up in a part of the world where the influence of Freud and psychoanalysis was minimal. Could the kinds of phenomena Westerners call the unconscious really be the same kinds of things a magic realist might describe?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes. Maybe. But I never go into those areas. I like to leave the unconscious where it is. To do that has given me good results as a writer.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel when critics make a psychoanalytic interpretation of your work?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** I don't have much admiration for that. Nothing I do is consciously that way. I understand that literary work, especially fiction, exists on the edge of the unconscious, but when somebody tries to explain that unconscious part of my work, I don't read it.

**PLAYBOY:** How about another approach: Could it be that magic realism is not so much the surreal as the everyday world seen by a more acute eye?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, it is true that I have a great sense of observation. But the other part of it is that I am from the Caribbean and Caribbean people are capable of believing anything. We are very much affected by the influences of so many diverse cultures—African, European, our local beliefs. That gives us an

open-mindedness to look beyond apparent realities.

**PLAYBOY:** Do things happen to you that don't happen to other people? A mutual friend told us he believed you were telepathic.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Extraordinary things do happen often to me. I can imagine they happen to others. The bad thing is that none of this can be systematized. You don't know what a premonition or a telepathic phenomenon is until after it happens. That happens with almost all prophecies—prophecies are always coded. For example, I was on a train recently, traveling to Barcelona. Back home in Mexico, a girl who works in our house was expecting a baby at any moment. So on the train, as I was taking my shoe off, I had the impression that something concerning us was happening in Mexico. I said to Mercedes, "Teresa has just given birth." When we arrived in Barcelona, we telephoned and they told us the exact time when Teresa had given birth. It was more or less when I had said it was in my premonition. Visions are not precise, but they are like magic whispers. I think this happens to practically everyone, but because of their cultural background, people don't believe it or they don't appreciate it or they don't recognize it. You really need a kind of innocence about the world to see those things.

**PLAYBOY:** One memorable scene in *One Hundred Years* is of a priest who levitates when he drinks hot chocolate. How did that idea come to you?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, there was a real priest in Aracataca who was thought to be so saintly that people said he rose off the ground whenever he raised the chalice during Mass. When I took that episode and wrote about it, it just didn't sound believable to me. If I don't believe something, neither will the reader. So I decided to see how believable it was with other vessels and liquids. Well, he drank all sorts of things and nothing worked. Finally, I had him drink Coca-Cola and that seemed to be just the thing! However, I didn't want to give Coca-Cola free advertising, so I gave him hot chocolate, which also proved believable. Truly, if he'd gone with Coca-Cola, we would have seen billboards in Latin America that said, GET OFF THE GROUND WITH COCA-COLA.

**PLAYBOY:** We've heard that you did one draft of *The Autumn of the Patriarch* and threw it away because it read too much like a clone of *One Hundred Years*. True?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Partly true. I tried the book three times. The first time I wrote it, I based it on a memory I had of Havana in 1959. I had been covering the trial of one of Batista's big generals. He was being tried for war crimes in a



"And I've received special training in fetching, rolling over and playing dead."

large baseball stadium. What interested me, as I watched him, were the literary possibilities in his situation. So when I sat down to write *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, I thought I could use the form of a monolog by the dictator as he sat in the middle of the stadium. However, as I began writing, the idea quickly fell apart. It wasn't real. Latin-American dictators, the great ones, all either died in bed or escaped with huge fortunes. For a second try, I decided to write the novel as if it were a fake biography—that version *did* turn out to be, stylistically, more like *One Hundred Years*. So, sadly, this version was eliminated. Honestly, I don't understand why so many people wanted *The Autumn of the Patriarch* to be like *One Hundred Years*. I suspect that if I wanted commercial success, I could go on writing *One Hundred Years* for the rest of my life. I could cheat, as they do in Hollywood: *The Return of Colonel Aureliano Buendia*. What I finally decided to go with is a structure based on multiple monologs—which is very much the way life is under a dictatorship. There are different voices who tell the same thing in different ways.

Then, after some time, I reached another block. I personally had never lived under one of the old dictatorships. To make the novel work, I wanted to know what daily life was like in a very old dictatorship. While I was writing, there were two of interest: in Spain and in Portugal. So what Mercedes and I did was move to Franco's Spain, to Barcelona. But even in Spain, after a certain moment, I realized that something was still missing in the atmosphere of the book; things were too cold. So, again, to get the right mood, we moved. This time to the Caribbean—we'd been away a long time. When I arrived in Colombia, the press asked me, "What have you come here to do?" I said, "To try to remember what the guava fruit smells like." Mercedes and I traveled to all the Caribbean islands—not taking notes, simply living. When we returned to Barcelona, the book just streamed forth.

**PLAYBOY:** Your latest novel, *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*, is being published this year. Didn't we read somewhere that you said you'd never publish another novel while the Pinochet government remained in power in Chile? Pinochet is still running Chile and your book is out. What happened?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Oh, that was just something I said to the press after *The Autumn of the Patriarch* was published. I was angry. I'd worked seven years on that book, and the first thing they asked me was, "What are you doing next?" When I get asked questions like that, I invent all sorts of answers—anything to make them happy. As it happened, when I finished *The Autumn of the Patriarch*, I didn't have plans for another novel.

That answer eliminated that disagreeable question from many an interview.

**PLAYBOY:** We were told that you often make up stories, little fictions, when you give interviews.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Who said so?

**PLAYBOY:** Well, you just did, for one. But that is one of the many legends going around about you—that you "improve" on the stories you tell in your interviews.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** My problem is that I have great affection for journalists, and when I'm fond of a person, I may create something, the way a short story is created, to make sure he or she gets a different kind of interview.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you invented anything in this interview?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** In which interview? In ours? Now? No! On the contrary, I have tried to refute *all* the fiction there is about me.

**PLAYBOY:** Good. Can we return for a moment to *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*? In that work—indeed, in almost all your books—you write with great warmth about prostitutes. Is there a particular reason for that?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, I have fond memories of prostitutes and I write about them for sentimental reasons.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the brothel the place where young Latin-American men learn about sex?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** No, it's more feudal than that. Brothels cost money, and so they are places for older men. Sexual initiation actually starts with servants at home. And with cousins. And with aunts. But the prostitutes were friends to me when I was a young man. Real friends. The environment I grew up in was very repressive. It wasn't easy to have a relationship with a woman who *wasn't* a



"He's survived charges of fiscal irregularities, inept public service and even hints of moral turpitude, but I don't think he's going to beat that rumor of herpes."

prostitute. When I went to see prostitutes, it wasn't really to make love but more to be with someone, not to be alone. The prostitutes in my books are always very human and they are very good company. They are solitary women who hate their work. With prostitutes—including some I did not go to bed with—I always had some good friendships. I could sleep with them because it was horrible to sleep alone. Or I could not. I have always said, as a joke, that I married not to eat lunch alone. Of course, Mercedes says that I'm a son of a bitch.

**PLAYBOY:** The women in your books are very strong. They are the ones who take care of the business of life.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** It's true in my house as well. Mercedes takes care of everything. And my literary agent is also a woman. I am completely supported by women. For me, it's almost a superstition. When I know a woman is involved in something, I know it will turn out well. For me, it is very clear that women hold up the world.

**PLAYBOY:** The whole world—not half of it?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Women are concerned with daily reality, while men go around doing all sorts of crazy things. I find that women have a great virtue in that they lack historical sense. They're interested in the reality of today, the security of today.

**PLAYBOY:** They don't go off and make 32 civil wars, like Aureliano Buendía, you mean.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** No, they stay at home, run the house, bake animal candies—so that the men can go off and make wars. Another virtue women have is that they are much more loyal than men. The only thing women won't forgive is being betrayed. If, from the beginning, one sets the rules of the game, no matter what they are, women generally accept them. But what they can't stand is if the rules are broken somewhere along the way. If that happens, they can be absolutely unmerciful. On the other hand, men's major virtue is tenderness.

**PLAYBOY:** Tenderness?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Right. Tenderness is inherent not to women but to men. Women know that life is very hard.

**PLAYBOY:** If women have no historical sense, as you said, how do you explain such women as Eva Perón, Indira Gandhi and Golda Meir? Not to mention Joan of Arc?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, I'm speaking in general terms. You bring up fine and great exceptions.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you glad to see your sons growing up in a world where men and women are more at ease with one another?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Ah, this is wonderful. I'm dying of envy. Sometimes, when I tell my sons of what it was like for me when I was young, they hardly believe me. For instance, they read *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*, which is the story of an atrocious crime in which two brothers kill a man. A girl is married, and on her wedding night, her husband returns her to her parents because she is not a virgin. So the two brothers kill the man they believe deflowered her. Now, that was a totally common drama in Latin America during my time. But when my sons read it, it seems like science fiction to them.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you meet Mercedes?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** The whole story is in *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*. We lived in the same town, Sucre, when we were young. We became engaged in 1952, when I was working for the Bogotá newspaper, *El Espectador*. Before the wedding, the paper gave me the opportunity to go to Europe as its foreign correspondent. So I had to choose between doing something I'd always wanted to do and the wedding. When I discussed this with Mercedes, she said, "It's better for you to go to Europe, because if you don't, you'll blame me for the rest of our lives." And so I went. The original plan was for me to stay only a month. However, I wasn't in Europe very long when the dictator Rojas Pinilla shut down *El Espectador*, leaving me stranded in Paris and broke. So I cashed in the return part of my airplane ticket and used the money to continue living in Europe. I stayed three years.

**PLAYBOY:** How did Mercedes react to that?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** This is one of the mysteries of her personality that will never be clear to me—even now. She was absolutely certain I'd return. Everyone told her she was crazy, that I'd find someone new in Europe. And in Paris, I did lead a totally free life. But I knew when it was over, I'd return to her. It wasn't a matter of honor but more like natural destiny, like something that had already happened. From Paris, I wrote to Mercedes every week. And after we were married, whenever something happened that she was unhappy with, she'd say, "You can't do this, because in your letter from Paris, you said you would never do such a thing." Finally, I told her, "I want to buy back all your letters." [Mercedes has been quietly listening to this part of the conversation] How much did I pay for them, Mercé?

**MERCEDES BARCHA:** One hundred bolívares.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** That was cheap.

**MERCEDES BARCHA:** It sure was.

**PLAYBOY:** What did Mercedes do with the money?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** I have no idea. [Mer-

cedes smiles] What I did was burn the letters. And now I'm truly glad I did that, because if the letters still existed, someone would be after them for publication.

**PLAYBOY:** A man who has many literary honors thrust on him has to make more than his share of grandiose pronouncements—and you have. Is there anything more you'd like us to know about the quiet man, the private man behind all those pronouncements?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** No. I think we've missed very little. Of course, there are obscure zones in every human being that no one ever touches. But I think that readers of interviews don't want to go into those zones. They prefer to find the person as they want him to be.

**PLAYBOY:** Then who are you?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Me? I am the shyest man in the world. I am also the kindest man. On this I accept no argument or debate.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, since you are the kindest and the shyest human being on the face of the earth, what would you say your greatest weakness is?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Ah, you've asked me a question I've never been asked before! My greatest weakness? Umm. It's my heart. In the emotional-sentimental sense. If I were a woman, I would always say yes. I need to be loved a great deal. My great problem is to be loved more, and that is why I write.

**PLAYBOY:** It's fortunate that your writing has brought you so much love. Even people who hate your politics love your books.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Yes. But I'm insatiable. I still need more love.

**PLAYBOY:** You make it sound like being a nymphomaniac.

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** Well, yes—but a nymphomaniac of the heart. And now, what I want is for you to transmit to the readers in the United States this impression of me—with absolute sincerity. I'm very afraid there might be someone in the United States who doesn't love me, and I want that person to love me because of this interview.

**PLAYBOY:** All right. But we'll give equal time to one last grand question. What do you think the meaning of your life has been so far?

**GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ:** I can answer you, perhaps, by telling you what I would like to have been in life if I had not become a writer. I'd want to have been a piano player in a bar. That way, I could have made a contribution to making lovers feel even more loving toward each other. If I can achieve that much as a writer—to have people love one another more because of my books—I think that's the meaning I've wanted for my life.



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*"My idea of heaven is one of ideal materialism: being married to a nurse who makes \$5769.23 an hour."*

salaries: Salaries are not only inequitable, they're unnatural.

Capitalism, Marx said, is obsessed with money as a thing in itself, though in itself it is useless and won't get you into heaven, which Marx didn't believe in, anyway. (Marxists pride themselves on their materialism and call capitalism idealistic because it supposes that man's just reward cometh not on this earth. Capitalists argue that their system has provided the greatest material rewards and that Marxism's vision of universal earthly parity is too idealistic. My own idea of heaven is one of ideal materialism: being married to a nurse who makes \$5769.23 an hour.)

Instead of working directly for their own needs, Marx said, people under capitalism sell their labor for money to exploitative types who invest the vig-

orish in pork futures. (Little Richard is somewhat different. Little Richard works for money but also for Jesus; and recently, I am told, he stopped in the middle of a recording session and turned his back on the Christian businessmen who were standing by, prepared to move his product. Dismayed, the businessmen approached him warily. "Little Richard shall not sing another note!" he cried. "Until he gets some *bobby-cue!*" Marx didn't anticipate Little Richard.)

So people become alienated from their work (as well as their pork); it's just something they do for a buck—or, if they are Secretary of the Interior James Watt, for \$33.47 an hour and the chance to dispossess little bunnies and bluebirds. Marx felt that people should be able to work for their own enjoyment.

*Yeah*, I thought. Why should I have

to write all this stuff about money and then sit home, waiting for the check, and then take it to the bank and stand in line and get some cash, and so on, in order to be able to buy some barbecue? When I could *eat barbecue for a living*.

Be at a party, and somebody says, "What business you in?"

"I'm in barbecue eating."

"That right?"

"Yep. What's your field?"

"I'm in baby-animal petting. Just got back from the Coast, took the red-eye in. I was petting Weimaraner pups out there."

But then I realized it couldn't be that simple. To make a living eating barbecue, I'd probably have to raise pigs. Which, although it would require less legwork than raising sheep, I wouldn't enjoy. (There is another question of exploitation here, with regard to the fact that barbecue demands a lot of a pig. On the other hand, if it weren't for barbecue, there would be a lot less demand for pigs.) And I doubt I could raise pigs and also find the time to make halfway decent beer, so I'd have to trade a pig to somebody else who was good at

## A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

compiled by DAVID HARROP

*if time is money, whose time is worth the most in this society? we asked a salary expert to break down earnings into hourly wages*

JOB OR PERSON	HOURLY RATE		
Bus driver, San Francisco	\$ 10.09	High-fashion model (average)	26.44
Dave Winfield, outfielder, New York Yankees	721.15	Truck driver, Chicago	11.56
General-duty nurse	5.93	Tom Brokaw, TV journalist	721.00
George Shultz, Secretary of State	33.47	Word-processing operator (high average)	7.69
Plumber, Seattle	16.71	Corrections officer (Alabama prison guard)	7.71
David Stockman, director, Office of Management and Budget	33.47	Social worker (caseworker)	6.34
Musician, New York Philharmonic	13.25	C. C. Garvin, Jr., chairman, Exxon	483.65
Architect, chief of design	16.82	Bartender, Washington, D.C.	5.26
Barber	7.50	Drug pusher (estimated average, when successful)	72.11
National Basketball Association (average salary)	104.80	Senior editor, Time magazine	33.65
Wayne Newton, entertainer (Las Vegas performances only)	5769.23	Resident M.D. (first year)	7.59
Bank teller	4.90	James Watt, Secretary of the Interior	33.47
Donald C. Platten, chairman, Chemical New York Corporation (bank)	370.19	Flight attendant (Eastern Airlines, top salary)	11.79
John J. O'Donnell, president, Airline Pilots' International Association	52.00	Jackie Sherrill, football coach, Texas A&M University	137.98
Shoe repairman	6.25	Parachute packer	8.76
Lady Pink, New York graffiti-artist superstar	20.00	Private, first class, U.S. Army	3.81
		Rawleigh Warner, Jr., chairman, Mobil Corporation	696.63
		Top law-school graduate (starting salary at major firm)	21.63
		Hollywood stunt man	43.26
		Publicity director (book publishing)	13.79
		Anesthesiologist (net)	45.19
		Hotel telephone operator	6.30
		Fork-lift operator, Philadelphia	8.17
		Rabbi (average base salary)	13.46
		Mikhail Baryshnikov, dancer	96.15
		Coal miner	11.46
		Logging-camp worker	8.81
		Farm laborer (1980)	3.67
		Christopher Reeve, actor	1442.30
		Physical therapist (hospital staff)	9.61
		Carpenter	12.90
		Stockbroker (average)	28.84
		Legal-aid lawyers (midrange)	14.42
		Executive secretary	9.75
		Numbers runner (estimate)	13.48
		Burt Reynolds, actor (based on two films a year)	4807.69
		C.P.A. (average)	12.50
		Advertising creative director	43.26
		Hotel manager (responsible for 300-500-bed hotel)	17.35
		William F. Bolger, Postmaster General	33.47
		Insurance agent (high average)	19.23
		Reporter (large-city newspaper)	14.00
		Lee Iacocca, chairman, Chrysler Corporation	174.03

beer, and what is a six-pack worth in pork? You're comparing apples and oranges there. Before you know it, you're reduced to printing up little certificates, each one of them worth a pig, and minting little coins, each one worth a chitlin' or a quarter, and soon you have to have bankers and economists and *The Kiplinger Tax Letter*.

Of course, Kropotkin said no, the way to go about things would be for people to produce what they enjoyed producing, and it would all go into a common storehouse from which all people would take what they enjoyed using. I believe, in fact, that the Hutterites do organize things that way. My hat is off to them.

But if everybody in the world were a Hutterite, that would be a big storehouse. You'd show up with a herd of pigs and stand in line behind a lot of other pigs and pigherds, and sheep and shepherds, and litters of kittens and guys trying to pass themselves off as cat-herds. . . .

"There's no such thing as a catherd."

"Yeah? Who says?"

"Why don't you just get your cat spayed, man?"

"Because she and I happen to enjoy producing kittens."

And radishes and radishers, and hats and milliners, and burly designated hitters bearing bundles of runs batted in, and bales of *ziti schlepped* in by somebody who just got a new pasta machine—and your pigs are trying to get at the *ziti* and the radishes and the hats and even, for some reason, the sheep—and when you finally get to the head of the line, the people on storehouse duty (who would rather be out producing movies) are saying, "Pigs! More pigs! Where we going to put all these pigs?"

"I don't know. I just want some beer, right away, please."

"All right. . . . Hey! Where you going?"

"Back to the beer department."

"No, you don't. You'll get everything out of order. We already got 20,000 fishing worms and a flock of geese loose back there. Hey, Vernon! Bring this guy out some beer."

And Vernon would be back there yelling, "I only got two hands!" but he'd be getting around to it, and then you'd remember:

"Oh, and one of those little deals for connecting a washing-machine hose."

"What do you mean, 'little deals'?"

"You know, those little round strips of metal with the holes in them and a screw that you tighten. . . ."

"Aw, no. That's over in hardware. Hardware is in the Philippines."

"The Philippines! How'm I going to get to the Philippines?"

"Go on over to the 18th Street annex and pick up a plane ticket. Take all you'd enjoy using."

"How'm I going to get to the airport?"

"Go over to the Third Avenue entrance and requisition a cab. Couple of 'em, if you like."

"I don't want any cabs! And I don't want any plane tickets! I want one of those little washing-machine-hose deals. I got to get back home and eat barbecue."

Of course, everybody in the world isn't a Hutterite. Everybody in the world is all kinds of things. There are people who enjoy producing *terrible* poetry, and there are people who enjoy using radio aerials to hit people with.

Call me a pessimist, but I don't care how

Dentist (net)	31.25	Screenwriter (based on two film treatments and screenplays in one year)	25.31	Partner, major law firm	92.93
Bowling-equipment repairman	9.06	Petroleum engineer (ten years' experience)	18.02	Professor, University of Maine	13.89
Funeral director (Federal job)	13.94	Messenger	4.10	Secret Service agent (average, protective detail)	9.01
Chiropractor	15.38	Gary Coleman, TV star	288.46	Bank robber (average, if successful, for one a year, 1980)	3.07
David Brinkley, TV journalist	360.57	Travel-agency manager (high average)	9.13	Auto mechanic, New York	11.52
Pharmacist (senior, hospital staff)	16.44	Trustee, Duke Endowment	30.64	Jet captain (average)	33.13
Cleaner or janitor, Denver (1980)	6.26	Educational Testing Service director	42.30	Warren E. Burger, Chief Justice, U.S. Supreme Court	40.70
Supermarket cashier (nonunion)	7.53	Tugboat operator	8.12	Guided-missiles-and-space-vehicles-manufacturing worker	9.98
Auctioneer	21.63	Lane Kirkland, president, A.F.L.-C.I.O.	52.88	Zookeeper, Providence, Rhode Island	6.47
Author, books (average)	2.29	Bucky Dent, shortstop, Texas Rangers	144.23	Steven J. Ross, chairman, Warner Communications	939.48
Callgirl (independent)	60.00	Internal Revenue Service agent (average)	10.81	Public school teacher (national average, kindergarten through 12th grade)	8.30
General John W. Vessey, Jr., chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff	27.64	Hotel cook, Detroit	5.06	Sol C. Chaikin, president, International Ladies' Garment Workers Union	39.65
State policeman, Texas	8.29	TV-network researcher (after three years)	10.31	Costume-design assistant (Broadway show)	8.25
Steelworker (roller)	12.35	Real-estate agent (average, full time)	8.65	Women's-garment worker (coats, suits, skirts)	4.68
Automobile-assembly-line paint sprayer	9.91	Dolls-games-and-toys-manufacturing worker	5.56	Katharine Graham, chairman, Washington Post Company	178.86
Locomotive engineer (road passenger)	14.86	John McEnroe (tennis earnings)	476.44	Meat-packing-plant worker	8.83
Director of data processing	17.34	Security guard, Dallas	6.85	Major-league-baseball umpire (average)	15.38
Jim Palmer, pitcher, Baltimore Orioles	300.48	Psychiatrist	27.88	Sugar Ray Leonard, boxer (1981)	8967.26
		Juggler (three performances o week)	9.37		
		Priest, Archdiocese of Los Angeles	1.73		



well that warehouse was run, there would be terrorists kidnaping people from it and guys in white sheets burning crosses in front of it. And pretty soon the storehouse would be out of beer when you wanted it, so you'd be issued little chits to make sure you could get some beer when it came in, and then, after a while, you'd be saying, "Hey, give me some *more* chits."

"What do you want more chits for?"

"What do you mean, what do I want more for? 'Cause I'd *enjoy* using 'em."

"Well, we're out of chits."

"Out of chits! How can you be out of chits? I only got. . . . How many chits does Vernon get?"

"That doesn't apply. And it's none of your business."

•  
Maybe it is just my upbringing, but I keep going back to the fall of man. There Adam and Eve were, in the primordial free storehouse, the Garden of Eden. Just don't eat the apple of knowledge, right? Is that too much to ask? In Russia, you don't get to read PLAYBOY or the Bible; in Eden, you don't get to eat the apple.

Here comes the snake (representing the root of evil, Satan, death, guilt, bad shit and—hey, why not?—the detached penis), boogity, boogity. Make a long story short, Eve and Adam bite the apple. And start comparing figures. And feel *wrong*, somehow, and put on fig leaves. Which lead to pants.

This is crucial. Because one of the simple enjoyments of being an infant is carelessly taking a dump. But outside Eden, babies wear pants.

And the parent has to change the pants. This is not work that the parent does for enjoyment. The parent does not go into these pants the way the parent would go into the Kropotkinite storehouse. And yet the parent—who doesn't want the baby to get irregular and start hollering—*counts on* something being there. Unpins the diaper and says, "Uh-huh. I *thought* this was what I'd find. *Whew!*"

The infant notes an ambivalence. Something *primo* about this stuff—the parent carries it off somewhere, must save it for special occasions—but something unsavory about it, too. Hm, the infant starts thinking, I can turn out this shit forever. But what exactly is the deal here?

Then the parents start teaching the baby to save it. He's been enjoying it, using it to bring loved ones to his bedside, playing mud pie with it when he's bored. Now they want him to hold it in until he can deposit it into a shiny, impersonal facility very like a bank. Everybody is proud of him when he does this, and then—*floosh!*—the stuff is gone. And the part of him that produced it gets covered back up, along with other

things, by his pants (which in due time will have, in the rear, a wallet pocket).

So. It is little wonder that we don't wear our salaries on our sleeves. It is little wonder that people develop an aversion to the New York Yankees when their owner keeps saying, in effect, "Hey, I give these guys a whole lot of money. So I expect them to take a whole lot of shit and produce." And yet it is little wonder that people tend to rate themselves and other people by how much money they themselves make and by how much the others *must* make; the way they spend it, you'd think it was water.

Money is, in fact, a mess, and the more inflated and recessed it gets, the more the media are full of it and the more absurd the quantities become (the Government now is talking trillions) and the more compelled people feel to think in terms of it.

Furthermore, this feces/Devil/death/child/penis material is distributed around the world in such a way that millions of people starve, and yet a *number* of people now, even outside (*well* outside) rock 'n' roll, make more than \$1,000,000 a year. One of the prices you have to pay for being a corporate bigwig is that the SEC requires that the bacon you bring home be made public. The whole world knows, therefore, that J. Peter Grace, chief executive of W. R. Grace and Company, made \$1,486,000 last year—and \$1,000,000 of that was a "special bonus," presumably designed to make him feel better about the fact that David Tendler, cochairman of Phibro Corp., was compensated to the tune of \$2,669,000. Hey, I'm not saying I would get indignant if a board of which I was cochairman were to call me in and say, "How does \$2,669,000 sound?" Probably, I would just say, "Well. . . . And this year, can I take the company slogan off the side of my Rolls?" But if I were a Corp., I'd be embarrassed to *have* to compensate somebody that much for working for me.

"A man's got to live," John Belushi said, tongue in cheek, when told of the millions that were pouring into his pocket from movie work, which he was afraid was crap, organized around moguls' focus on the moola. Trying to stay tongue in cheek, he blew as much of it as humanly possible on shit that Edenized, bloated and killed him.

The first time I ever thought much about salary was when I happened to find out, sometime during puberty, that my father was making the same (\$30,000) as Yogi Berra. That astonished me. I had always figured my father could make anything he wanted to (he made me a Bunsen burner once), but I had never seen him and Yogi Berra in the same light. I wondered whether I would ever have an income of that size. (Now, of

course, \$30,000 is less than the minimum major-league-baseball salary and is about what it would take to keep my family of four out of the poorhouse if under Reagan there were a poorhouse.)

My father was a wholesome capitalist. His first love was home building; his father was a carpenter-contractor with authoritative busted fingers and a knack for eyeballing square footage. But my father came of age in the Depression, so his father steered him clear of construction. Eventually, he got into the savings-and-loan business, taking care of people's savings and lending them to other people to build houses with. He didn't love money (didn't even enjoy spending it) the way he loved wood, but he loved building his institution. There is no taboo against comparing annual statements. He wasn't getting a cut or anything, but he was always after more assets for his institution. "We're getting our share," one of his colleagues told him.

"We want part of somebody *else's* share," he replied, and he said they were going to get it. My mother—though leisure to her meant putting her feet up for one minute—said he was going to strive himself to death. They both turned out to be right.

My father, however, would have printed a picture of Joe Stalin on every one of his savers' passbooks if for some reason there had been no other way to get medicine for his dying children. Of course, we would have heard about it for the rest of our lives, via my mother: "There sits your father, who had to become the only Bolshevik in the entire Southeast so you could have Aureomycin, and you can't behave in Sunday school?" (I might hold something like that over my children, too. Not only is money guilt but guilt is money in the bank.) But I am confident that he would have done it, and not only because my mother would have made him do it. Do *something*.

My father was a solid, tithing, fundraising Methodist. But he had a Faustian streak, striving, demanding, delving into the black arts of money breeding. He wouldn't have listened to the theory that money represents dung and the Devil (though that was the way Martin Luther felt), but if Mephistopheles had come to my father with a plan to double Decatur Federal's assets, I think my father would have heard him out with an eye toward finding some Methodist adaptation of whatever asset-doubling strategy the Devil had in mind. My mother wouldn't have wanted to know about it. She was pessimistic about worldly schemes. She was into feeding, tending, fostering, teaching and singing sadly about the garden of prayer, not overreaching.

The median salary for women in this



country in 1982 was \$131 a week lower than men's. One reason is that women—for whatever tangled reasons of tradition, psychology, physiology and oppression—tend to have less Faustian jobs than men. And Faustian is where the money is.

Harrop points out in his book that all over the world—in capitalist countries, Communist countries and countries too poor to be either one—mining workers make substantially more than agricultural workers. I'll tell you why: Mining is a more Faustian activity. Adam and Eve, before they were alienated, were small farmers. In modern economics, small farmers can't thrive (they are almost obsolete in this country; and in Russia, farm workers are the most dismally rewarded people in a nation of dismal rewards), because thriving is a matter of big numbers. Of biting off more than you can chew. Of doing something aggressive, alchemical, snaky, infernal, like capitalizing on the nest-building instinct or going underground after minerals that can be made to glitter and burn.

Of course nurses don't make serious money. They're in the tending-and-nourishing line. Money is for flashy, brazen work in Las Vegas—for wowing people who play games with chips of raw money.

I forsook Marxism, though. I could go for Marxism as long as it meant overthrowing a junta, but I don't want to *live under it*. Marx was right about capitalism's money fetish, but there is also such a thing as being obsessed with an ism. Marxism, in conflating morality and wherewithal, cuts no slack for those who disbelieve in Marxism or in economics or in whoever is in charge. In this country of checkered privilege—where you can make a nice dollar off of misery in crooked nursing homes or, less viciously and less cozily, by snatching gold chains from people's necks—you can sell copies of *The Communist Manifesto*; and if you can make a buck at it, capitalism has to hand it to you.

The problem with a just system of income is, who runs the Bureau of Economic Justice? According to Harrop's figures, the average book earns its author \$2.29 an hour. My books, for instance, earn nurse's money compared with Judith Krantz's. But merit underrated, by the market place or by a bedlam of critics, still has more *bounce* to it than merit officially, ideologically defined. I think I would feel as stifled living in, say, Cuba as I would working for a major corporation.

What the world seems to be moving toward along various potholed routes (Reaganomics or no Reaganomics) is various forms of what I still say Marx should have resorted to: catch-as-catch-can synthesis of capitalism and socialism. Maybe it will dawn on the world how

absurd and yet deep-seated salary structures are. Maybe somebody will come up with a Belushi Memorial Ism, whereby everybody can fatten unabashedly or else authentically sing the blues.

Under whatever system, each person eats a peculiar hybrid knowledge apple. I, for instance, inherited something of my father's streak and also my mother's feeling that it is no bargain. I am left with a taste not for salary, because salary lets you know exactly what you can and can't afford; and not for capital, because capital leads to Republicanism; but for producing a piece of writing (more or less as a self-fathering pig produces pork) that I enjoy, because I think it's worth something, in return for a piece of money that I enjoy, because I think it's worth something else.

By money I enjoy, I mean what characters in *Semi-Tough* call "up-front whipout": money you spend. Spend it on pediatric medicine (including whatever it takes to finance the goddamn

drug companies' lobby); spend it on barbecue; spend it on UNICEF and the A.C.L.U.; spend it on records and movies and books. Spend it on a savings-and-loan account, though that whole concept, I keep reading, is obsolete. (My father, may he strive in peace, also worked hard and well for Packard Motor Car Company and the Edsel: See Norman O. Brown on the notion of "a monument more enduring than bronze.") Spend it on staying out later than Faust.

Money, says a character in *Portrait of a Lady*, "is a terrible thing to follow but a charming thing to meet." Might as well acknowledge it the way you do death, guilt, magic, excreta, etc. I'll tell you the honest truth. I don't know what I make. Lord help me (if there is a heaven and I attain it, I'll share it with agricultural workers of Cameroun, who will take my lunch money every day), I just want to keep the feel of it in my pants.



"Fourteen—get in here!"

# A BEAUTIFUL DEFIN

Torque by itself isn't very exciting. It's just a way of measuring how much force an engine exerts on its crankshaft.

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# ITION OF TORQUE.

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Which is only natural. Because all that torque is going to give you a totally new way to ride one.

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# DECADE GAP (continued from page 101)

*"Who is your favorite: Marilyn Monroe, Julie Christie, Divine or Brooke Shields?"*

- D. Blackmail him
8. *I trim my Christmas tree with*  
A. Popcorn  
B. Peace symbols  
C. Glitter  
D. Barbed wire
9. *If I were President, I'd*  
A. Launch a first strike  
B. Tie-dye the White House  
C. Condo the Pentagon  
D. Auction off the national parks
10. *When some jerk cuts me off in traffic, I*  
A. Scream and honk the horn  
B. Say my mantra  
C. Take a Valium  
D. Follow him home and set fire to his dog
11. *When stopped by a panhandler, I*  
A. Give him a nickel  
B. Give him half of everything on me  
C. Ask if he takes VISA  
D. Kick him
12. *When traveling abroad, I*  
A. Take toilet paper  
B. Stash my dope internally before crossing borders  
C. Spend most of my time shopping  
D. Carry ransom money
13. *I got away from it all by joining*  
A. The Foreign Legion  
B. The Peace Corps  
C. The Moonies  
D. The Cabinet
14. *A penny saved is*  
A. A penny earned  
B. A collusion with the fascist banking tyranny  
C. No way to keep pace with inflation  
D. What happens on reruns of *Sky King*
15. *I can't believe I was into*  
A. Push-button transmissions  
B. Paisley wallpaper  
C. Angel dust  
D. Dungeons & Dragons
16. *I still believe in*  
A. John Foster Dulles  
B. The intelligence of plant life  
C. The National Football League  
D. Supply-side economics
17. *Senator Kennedy's first name is*  
A. John  
B. Bobby  
C. Teddy  
D. Caroline
- C. Phil Donahue  
D. Gary Gilmore
2. *Bust*  
A. Jane Russell  
B. The narcs planted it on me  
C. The economy  
D. How I got to grade school
3. *Tracks*  
A. Trains  
B. Needles  
C. Jogging  
D. Computer codes
4. *Pornography*  
A. Nipples  
B. Gulf of Tonkin Resolution  
C. Marital aids I'm not ashamed of  
D. I don't know any words that long
5. *Score*  
A. Sex  
B. Dope  
C. Money  
D. Space Invaders
6. *Bohemian*  
A. Beatnik  
B. Hippie  
C. Skinhead  
D. Preppie
7. *Pill*  
A. Dour personality  
B. Birth control  
C. Tranquilizer  
D. The Elvis Diet
8. *Energy*  
A. Con Ed  
B. Vibes  
C. Coke  
D. Radiation
9. *Spiritual*  
A. Church music  
B. Mescaline  
C. Speaking in tongues  
D. Tax-exempt
10. *The Rockies*  
A. Denver  
B. John Denver  
C. *Après-ski*  
D. Coal
11. *Scandal*  
A. *The \$64,000 Question*  
B. Watergate  
C. Abscam  
D. Cardinal Cody
12. *Leather*  
A. Motorcycles  
B. Indians  
C. Bondage  
D. Ersatz vinyl
13. *Deep*  
A. End  
B. Space  
C. Throat  
D. Shit
14. *World War Two*

## PART TWO: SOME FREE ASSOCIATIONS

1. *Heroism*  
A. Douglas MacArthur  
B. Bobby Seale

- A. The Big One  
B. A Fascist plot  
C. Neat Nazi uniforms  
D. The one where President Wilson freed the slaves
15. *U.S. Army*  
A. What made a man of me  
B. What made a cripple of me  
C. Steady work for minorities who can't get a job with the Postal Service  
D. Steady work for Ph.D.s who can't get a job with the Postal Service
16. *Life*  
A. Insurance  
B. Liberty and the pursuit of ecstasy  
C. In the fast lane  
D. War
17. *Death*  
A. Taxes  
B. Reincarnation  
C. Sex  
D. Freedom

## PART THREE: POPULAR FAVORITES

1. *Shoes*  
A. Wing tips  
B. Sandals  
C. Track shoes  
D. Steel-toed boots
2. *Male movie star*  
A. John Wayne  
B. Clint Eastwood  
C. R2-D2  
D. Chuck Norris
3. *Female movie star*  
A. Marilyn Monroe  
B. Julie Christie  
C. Divine  
D. Brooke Shields
4. *Male pop star*  
A. Buddy Holly  
B. Jim Morrison  
C. Jim Croce  
D. Frank Sinatra
5. *Female pop star*  
A. Patti Page  
B. Grace Slick  
C. David Bowie  
D. Wendy O. Williams
6. *Pop group*  
A. The Lettermen  
B. The Beatles  
C. The Beatles  
D. The Beatles
7. *Jazz musician*  
A. Charlie Parker  
B. John Coltrane  
C. Keith Jarrett  
D. Willie Nelson
8. *Book*  
A. *I, the Jury*  
B. *Siddhartha*  
C. *Fear of Flying*  
D. *Dr. Michael Fox's Massage Program for Cats and Dogs*
9. *Comedian*  
A. Bob Hope  
B. Richard Pryor  
C. John Belushi

- D. David Stockman
10. *Dance*  
A. Jitterbug  
B. Twist  
C. Hustle  
D. *Grand mal*
11. *Drink*  
A. Johnnie Walker  
B. Ripple  
C. Perrier  
D. Oil
12. *Wheels*  
A. Cadillac convertible  
B. VW microbus  
C. Mercedes limo  
D. XM-1 battle tank
13. *Artist*  
A. Norman Rockwell  
B. R. Crumb  
C. Christo  
D. Any C.P.A.
14. *Vacation*  
A. Easter at Fort Lauderdale  
B. Cutting sugar cane in Cuba  
C. Dieting at La Costa  
D. Hijacking the space shuttle
15. *Dream job*  
A. Director of the FBI  
B. Rock star  
C. Sexual surrogate  
D. Alien
16. *Dramatic film*  
A. *The Ten Commandments*  
B. *Easy Rider*  
C. *Rocky*  
D. *Eraserhead*
17. *Comedy film*  
A. *Pillow Talk*  
B. *Dr. Strangelove*  
C. *La Cage aux Folles*  
D. *Dawn of the Dead*
18. *Musical film*  
A. *Singin' in the Rain*  
B. *Yellow Submarine*  
C. *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*  
D. *Apocalypse Now*
19. *Science-fiction film*  
A. *Forbidden Planet*  
B. *2001: A Space Odyssey*  
C. *Star Wars*  
D. *Bedtime for Bonzo*
20. *Dinner*  
A. Steak and potatoes  
B. Granola, brown rice and alfalfa juice  
C. Champagne and cocaine  
D. Alpo
21. *Religious leader*  
A. Oral Roberts  
B. Guru Maharaj Ji  
C. Werner Erhard  
D. Jerry Falwell
22. *Wisest person in the world*  
A. Ike  
B. Jerry Garcia  
C. Jerry Brown  
D. Miss Piggy
23. *Hippest person in the world*  
A. Frank Sinatra  
B. Mick Jagger  
C. Halston  
D. Beaver Cleaver

24. *Hippest city*  
A. New York  
B. San Francisco  
C. Dallas  
D. Belfast, Tehran, Gdansk (three-way tie)
25. *Hippest ethnic group*  
A. Jews  
B. Blacks  
C. Colombians  
D. The Windsors
26. *Height of vulgarity*  
A. Lenny Bruce  
B. Private possessions  
C. Monogamy  
D. Poverty
27. *Greatest American ever*  
A. Vince Lombardi  
B. Ché Guevara  
C. Fred Silverman  
D. Pac-Man
28. *Greatest American achievement*  
A. Hiroshima  
B. Moon landing  
C. Studio 54  
D. The Karen Anne Quinlan decision
29. *The person I love most*  
A. Mom  
B. Whoever I'm with  
C. Myself  
D. Nobody

PART FOUR: HARD CORE

1. *What I want with a woman is*

- A. A quickie  
B. Nirvana  
C. Therapy  
D. A T.K.O.
2. *My usual come-on is*  
A. "How about a spin in my Austin-Healey?"  
B. "Did you come?"  
C. "Wanna share my space?"  
D. "Got herpes?"
3. *My favorite female body part is*  
A. Breasts  
B. Legs  
C. Mouth  
D. Bruise
4. *My favorite euphemism is*  
A. Gash  
B. Yoni  
C. Beaver  
D. Bunker
5. *My favorite position is*  
A. Missionary  
B. Lotus  
C. 69  
D. D.O.A.
6. *My favorite location is*  
A. Cars  
B. Rock festivals  
C. Bathrooms  
D. Alleys
7. *If I found her in bed with another man, I'd*  
A. Shoot him  
B. Join them



"Oh, I'm not against premarital sex, but how do I know I'll ever get married?"

- C. Call my psychiatrist  
D. Call *People* magazine
8. *If I found her in bed with another woman, I'd*  
A. Shoot myself  
B. Join them  
C. Call her psychiatrist  
D. Video-tape them
9. *An instant turn-on for me is*  
A. Cursing  
B. Crying  
C. Yawning  
D. Pleading
10. *An instant turn-off for me is*  
A. Armpit hair  
B. Being asked to wear a rubber  
C. Conversation  
D. Sincerity
11. *Masturbation*  
A. Causes warts and blindness  
B. Attracts sympathy at a love-in  
C. Requires batteries  
D. Is romantic
12. *Homosexuality is*  
A. A perversion  
B. A trip  
C. Ideologically superior  
D. A great marketing tool
13. *Celibacy is*  
A. Life without sex  
B. 24 hours without sex  
C. Monogamous sex  
D. Sex without publicity
14. *When I break up with a woman,*  
A. I demand my ring back  
B. I tell her how much I love her  
C. We sue each other for alimony  
D. She doesn't notice

## PART FIVE: DEFINE YOUR TERMS

1. *Space*  
A. A place to park  
B. The verb for daydream  
C. The metaphysical bubble I exist in  
D. An overused film location
2. *Youth*  
A. The first 30 years  
B. The first 18 years  
C. The first 12 years  
D. My entire life
3. *Antique*  
A. Early American  
B. Pre-World War Two  
C. From my childhood  
D. Stained
4. *Gross*  
A. 144  
B. Pleasurable  
C. Unsigned clothing  
D. What I want a piece of
5. *National pastime*  
A. Baseball  
B. Frisbee  
C. Jogging  
D. Arson
6. *Success*  
A. A two-car garage  
B. Spiritual enlightenment  
C. More  
D. Nuclear superiority

7. *Failure*  
A. An unmarried daughter  
B. Bad dope  
C. Looking my age  
D. *National Lampoon*
8. *Crisis*  
A. My daughter home late from the prom  
B. Choosing between a Dead concert and dinner with my boss  
C. Sex without 'Ludes  
D. Going out without my Walkman
9. *Marriage*  
A. The inevitable consequence of sex  
B. A hypocritical social convention  
C. The best closet  
D. A business transaction
10. *Interracial marriage*  
A. A fate worse than death  
B. A political statement  
C. A mild fetish  
D. Exchanging vows with a fish
11. *Revolution*  
A. Communist conspiracy to overthrow democracy  
B. Democratic crusade to overthrow fascism  
C. An old Beatles cut  
D. A 360-degree turn of the planet
12. *Computer*  
A. An enormous adding machine  
B. A fascist mind-control device  
C. A tiny adding machine  
D. My best friend
13. *Catsup*  
A. What I put on everything except ice cream  
B. A condiment full of poisonous refined sugar  
C. Lower-class Béarnaise sauce  
D. A vegetable
14. *Intimacy*  
A. Heavy petting  
B. Peeing with the door open  
C. Sharing my psychiatrist  
D. Sharing my safety pins

## PART SIX: IDENTITY CRISES

1. *Hunter Thompson*  
A. A reporter for *The National Observer*  
B. A political analyst for *Rolling Stone*  
C. Author of a vacation guide to Las Vegas  
D. A character in *Doonesbury*
2. *J.F.K.*  
A. A Catholic conspiracy  
B. King Arthur  
C. Jackie O.'s first husband  
D. An airport
3. *Bob Dylan*  
A. The folkie who sings through his nose  
B. The greatest American poet  
C. The Jewish born-again Christian pop star  
D. That old guy who sounds like Dire Straits

## YAKOV SMIRNOFF

(continued from page 135)

Don't leave home."

In the U.S., it's "innocent until proven guilty"; in Russia, "guilty until you die."

To keep warm during the Russian winter is easy. You hire a bear to hug you. But in Siberia, it's no problem. They have solar heating. No roofs.

Growing up in Russia is fun. We have wonderful schoolboy games: Simon demands. Hide and stay hidden.

Here you have freedom of speech. You can go up to Reagan and say, "I don't like Ronald Reagan." You can do the same thing in Russia. You can go up to the party chief and say, "I don't like Ronald Reagan."

## 9.

PLAYBOY: Why don't you use the word fuck in your act?

SMIRNOFF: Because I use *yup*. *Yup* means almost the same thing in Russian. Also, I'm planning to have a long career, and that means Atlantic City and Las Vegas and television. Those places don't accept cussing. So why waste my time developing something I won't be able to use anyway? That's the Russian school of comedy coming in handy. There it was politics and government I couldn't joke about. Here I put limits on cussing and cheap fart and shit jokes—which make me sick personally, anyway. But if I get personalized license plates for my Mercedes, they'll say YUP.

## 10.

PLAYBOY: Recently, we saw a picture of Russian kids with punk hairdos listening to Sony Walkmans. Do you think they have been co-opted by Western values? Do you think that will eventually spell the end of East-West tension?

SMIRNOFF: No way. The government is letting those things happen. It's the same with Sakharov and the other dissidents. The government lets them talk, because it doesn't hurt and it makes the West think they are still open-minded. A lot of Americans will see that picture and think things are not so bad in Russia. But maybe there are only five kids like that and they got them all together for the picture.

When I was on *The Merv Griffin Show* with Roy Clark, Roy was saying how wonderful it was in Russia; he'd been there for a few weeks. They showed him the best things they have. They took him to wonderful supermarkets. He saw happy people. But it's a setup. A friend of mine told me that when he came to America, he couldn't believe the supermarkets were real, because in Russia, they set them up to show foreigners. He thought he could go shopping again in a week and the market would have disappeared. Russia is really just like the world's biggest movie set.



11.

PLAYBOY: Have you had any problems with the Government here?

SMIRNOFF: Not so far. I did in Europe. I went to Germany to get my Mercedes. They saw that my papers said I was a comedian. They said, "What is a comedian?" I said, "I make people laugh." They said, "Well, make us laugh." I said, "I don't have to do that. I have the right papers. I can do anything I want to." They said, "That's funny," and put me in jail.

12.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been debriefed by any of our Government agencies?

SMIRNOFF: Yes, a couple of times. They just wanted to make sure I was legit in what I was doing. They saw me on television after I'd been in America only six months, and since my records said I couldn't speak English, they wondered how I'd learned so fast. So I got a visit from a couple of guys in New York. It was very intelligent, not like K.G.B.—no arm twisting. When they realized I was for real and had nothing to hide, they were supportive and wished me luck.

13.

PLAYBOY: How do you recognize a K.G.B. officer?

SMIRNOFF: I know what I could say, but I don't know if I should. [Hesitates] OK, it's a free country. Here's a joke they used to tell in Russia. They knew there was a K.G.B. officer actively working somewhere in America, but they didn't know how to find him. So they hired a private eye and, somehow, he got him the next day. They asked how he did it and he said, "Well, we set up people near every public rest room, and the one who walked out while still zipping his pants was the Russian agent."

14.

PLAYBOY: What can a Russian kid do to piss off his parents?

SMIRNOFF: Talk about sex, because the parents are not really up to giving out legit information. They tell you about the stork, so kids are not well informed. In America, you have advantage of having PLAYBOY. In Russia, there are no movies kids can sneak into and see what is going on. They have to learn in the streets. We experiment in the bushes, because there are no apartments unless you buy your parents double-feature movie tickets and take the girl home while they're gone. Otherwise, it's hard to make love when your parents are in the same bed. There's also no birth control in Russia. It's really bad. And abortion, seriously, is terrible. Girls are made to feel like their parents and schoolmates will know. There are no private doctors, so the clinic doctors *must* report her. Also, they don't use anesthesia, which is

their way of punishing. This is true. Girls are made miserable so they will not get pregnant so easily again.

15.

PLAYBOY: What made you start doubting the party line?

SMIRNOFF: My father was a pretty open-minded person. Sometimes he listened to the *Voice of America*. During the war, he was in Bulgaria and Germany and he saw a different world than the government told us existed. Then, when I saw it for myself on the cruise ships, I became convinced. Also, I had a couple of friends who had gone to America and were writing to me what it was like. In order not to make suspicion, we agreed before to write everything opposite to what it was. So they wrote that America was a terrible place with no food, no clothes, no cars. And then I realized they were living in Cleveland.

16.

PLAYBOY: Are you purposely making Russia sound worse than it is?

SMIRNOFF: No. Sometimes I even try to make it look nice.

17.

PLAYBOY: Is the Russian government serious about taking over the whole world?

SMIRNOFF: Last time I talked to them, they were. That's the main line of the Communist Party. Since I was a kid, it's all I've heard. Nobody even explains why. It's just assumed our society is better than a capitalist one. When I came to America, I realized the difference. In America, man exploits man. In Russia, it's the other way around.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the strangest sexual experience you've had in America?

SMIRNOFF: I was in New York. On Broadway and 42nd Street. It was three in the

morning and I was walking. A guy comes over to me and says, "I have a girlfriend for you." I didn't speak too good English at the time and I thought he was just saying hello. But he introduced me to the girl and she fell in love with me. Nothing like that had ever happened before. So she took me home and gave me this little thing and said, "It's for protection. Put it on and I won't have babies." Well, we didn't have balloons in Russia, so I had trouble to find where to put it on. But then I did and everything was fine. Then all of the sudden she said, "I want to change the atmosphere here, so climb up on the dresser." I did. Then she put a bucket of water next to me and said, "Sprinkle it on me like it's going to be rainy. Also, turn the light switch on and off like lightning. And bump your leg on the dresser like thunder." I'm sitting on the dresser, nude, doing all this stuff, and she's lying in bed, covered by blankets, saying, "Oh. Oh. I need a man. I need a man!" So I say, "Where can I find a man at this time of morning? And in this kind of weather?" But she was nice. I waited for her to call me for three weeks. But she didn't, so I decided, babies or not, I'm taking this thing off.

19.

PLAYBOY: Are there drugs in Russia?

SMIRNOFF: No. No uppers or downers. Well, things similar to downers: bullets. They'll mellow you out. Drugs are five years in jail if they catch you. Also, they tell us in Russia that drugs will make our children look like lizards. So I didn't do them. I didn't want my babies going "Slurp, slurp."

20.

PLAYBOY: Is there PLAYBOY in Russia?

SMIRNOFF: No. No PLAYBOY. Just a guy playing with himself.



"Get a load of the cleavage on this one."

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*



## ROLL ON, LARS

Where else but in Beverly Hills would somebody market boards on wheels as a form of exercise called Scandinavian Skiing? But listen to the importer—Scandinavian Incentive, 338 North Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210—and you realize skiing on wheels does have merit. Specifically, there's no damage from jogger's knee, your upper torso gets more exercise and you burn more calories if you roll on the pavement instead of pound it. Just \$300 sent to Scandinavian will get you skis, poles, shoes and bindings. (Be sure to include your height and shoe size.) Live in hilly San Francisco? Forget it!

## THE BUTT-LER DID IT

When a rock star wants a cigarette, he has a gofer who gets it. But we mere mortals must rely on a Smoke Butler, a little plastic windup Jeeves who toddles around in black tie, clutching a cigarette and matches. Talk about simple pleasures! You can have your very own Smoke Butler for only \$10.20 sent to The Game Room, 2100 M Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037. You clean up the ashtrays.



## FOR MILITARY BUFFS ONLY

Toy soldiers are no longer child's play, as anyone who's recently visited a hobby shop knows. And toy soldierettes—especially the kind men like—are even more of a specialty line, appealing to the hard-core miniature buff who likes his shapely little statues, well, in the buff. Pictured here are three such 54mm-high painted ladies from history: a Union Army artillery maid, a gun-toting frontier housewife and a survivor of the siege of Rorke's Drift—almost dressed in an 1879 British officer's uniform. They're \$45 each from Sword & Shield Miniatures & Militaria, P.O. Box 66302, Scotts Valley, California 95066. Of course, if you're really buying for your son, S. & S. stocks Admiral Nelson, Sherlock Holmes and Doc Holliday, too.

## BREW BUCKLE

For the man who has everything except a church key when he has a powerful thirst, Heineken is offering a metal 3 7/16" x 2 1/2" bottle-opener belt buckle that will hold up a pair of pants when you're not in the mood for a brew. And the buckle's price of \$5.35, postpaid (you supply your own belt), sent to Heineken Belt Buckle Opener, c/o Phase Four Productions, 11-12 30th Drive, Long Island City, New York 11102, isn't much more than the cost of a six-pack.







### THE FEEL OF MUSIC

In January 1982, we featured in *Potpourri* a piano-keyboard scarf, created for those who want to compose while walking in the cold. The manufacturer, Edgerton Enterprises, P.O. Box 1383, New York 10008, has come up with another new wrinkle in musical duds: an acrylic keyboard sweater with two hands tickling the ivories in black and white or red and black (sizes extra-small through extra-large) for \$36.95 and an 80" eight-bar-waltz acrylic scarf for \$18.95. (Both prices are postpaid.) You've played it again, Edgerton.

### LATIN KINGDOM

The seductive ra-cha-cha rhythms you hear while driving through Spanish Harlem hardly do justice to the sensuous, rich variety of Latin America's great musical wealth. So it's a pleasure to discover that Ipanema Records, P.O. Box 49452, Austin, Texas 78765, is importing South and Central American and Caribbean records—with a side helping of reggae and Mexican, too (and some spicy U.S. salsa as well). Its 34-page catalog is only \$2. (If you're seeking a record that's not listed, it'll try to locate it.) You don't have to speak Spanish to enjoy.



### TOGETHER AGAIN

A traditional tandem bike is fun if your cycling companion looks like Zasu Pitts; but if she's a gorgeous blonde in a tank top and shorts, you might consider trading in your fore-and-aft wheeler for a Barrett Side By Side bicycle. Basically, Barretts come in two models: A balloon-tired five-speed is \$890; a lightweight folding 12-speed goes for \$1290. For more information on these cozy conveyances, write to Barrett Bicycles, Angola, New York 14006. It's the only side-by-side-bike builder in town.

### SHARPENING YOUR PORTFOLIO

When Will Ritmanich discovered that he'd lost his shirt in the market while making his broker rich, he came up with Off the Wall Investments—a dartboard with selections from the New York Stock Exchange on one side and American and over-the-counter issues on the other. If you'd care to hurl yourself into investing this way, \$32.95 sent to Target Systems, 18 Mar Monte, La Selva Beach, California 95076, will get you everything.



### STONED FOR VALENTINE'S DAY

Whether it's an old girlfriend who did you dirt or an ex-wife who took off with the milkman, everybody knows somebody he'd like to surprise come February 14 with a 42"-high broken heart of fiberglass "stone" bound with real chains. Now the bad news: Canthus, 7 East 20th Street, New York 10003, a company that makes colossal hearts along with a whole menagerie of other weird display-type objects, gets \$495 for the faux stone one, \$345 for a pinned heart, \$375 for a zippered heart and \$285 for a plain red one. There's always candy.



*"The Bad Czech's loony eyes looked a little loonier than usual. Just the hangover, Cecil decided."*

mitt, clamped around his neck.

The Bad Czech finally spoke. "I musta asked you a thousand times to take your act downtown to Main Street, Elmo. Did I ask you a thousand times or not?"

"Don't like Main Street. Too many winos down there," Elmo McVey said, looking up fearfully into The Bad Czech's deranged gray eyes.

"Well, I ain't gonna ask ya no more," The Bad Czech said.

"Watcha gonna do?" Elmo McVey asked.

"I'm gonna hang you," The Bad Czech answered.

And while The Bad Czech walked Elmo McVey south through MacArthur Park, Cecil Higgins followed reluctantly, wondering what this latest bullshit trick was all about. He felt vaguely uncomfortable, because The Bad Czech's loony eyes looked a little loonier than usual. Just the hangover, Cecil Higgins finally decided. Until they got into the secluded alley east of Alvarado and north of Eighth Street.

"I noticed this when we walked through yesterday," The Bad Czech said to Cecil Higgins when they arrived in the alley.

"Noticed what?" Cecil Higgins looked around. The alley was away from traffic and quiet. There were some wooden boxes separating a pink-stucco apartment building full of Latin-American aliens from an auto-parts warehouse that had more alarms, barbed wire and steel bars around it than Folsom Prison. Aside from the wooden boxes and the derelict remains of a bicycle, there was nothing in the alley.

"I saw *this*," the monster cop said.

Tucked behind a peeling metal downspout was a 20-foot length of rope that someone had tied over the bottom step of a fire escape held in place at the second floor by a rusty cable. All business, The Bad Czech began fashioning a noose with the oily length of rope.

Cecil Higgins and Elmo McVey looked quizzically at each other, and Elmo McVey giggled uncomfortably and said, "I thought capital punishment was abolished in this state."

"They brought it back," Cecil Higgins said. "But they ain't used it in a long, long time." Then, to his partner, "Hey, Czech, what the fuck're you *doin'*?"

"I told him a thousand times to take his act on the road. Down to Main Street," The Bad Czech said, cinching the noose, checking the snugness of the knot as it slid down to the size of a 13-

inch neck. Then he opened the noose wide and left it dangling from the fire escape while he crossed the alley in three giant steps and picked up a wooden box.

"This ain't much of a scaffold," The Bad Czech said, "but it's all we got." He placed the wooden box under the noose and said, "I asked you a thousand times to . . ."

"Ain't this gone far enough?" Elmo McVey whined nervously. He wisely decided to talk to the black cop, who, though an evil-looking old nigger, was nevertheless more agreeable to Elmo McVey than the gigantic madman with the eyebrows all over his face.

"Hey, Czech, let's go git some soul food," Cecil Higgins offered, also sounding a bit nervous. "Little gumbo cleans up a hangover in no—"

But suddenly, The Bad Czech lifted the mangy wino up on the box until he stood eye to badge with the beat cop's silver hat piece. Then The Bad Czech grabbed the squirming wino under the throat and quickly slipped the noose over his head and cinched it tight. The monster cop stepped back and reckoned that the wino's feet would never come closer than 12 inches to the ground.

"Boys, this is some kind a fun," Elmo McVey giggled, grabbing at the rope. "I mean, I been roused by cops from Manhattan to Malibu. I learned to appreciate the weird sense a humor a you guys. Now kin we jist wrap this up and take me to the slam or . . . or . . ." Then, for the first time, he looked *deep* into the demented gray eyes of The Bad Czech. "Or . . . or beat the crap outa mel *Or do somethin' reasonable!*"

"Let's go git some gumbo, Czech," Cecil Higgins said. "*Now!*"

"Fuck it. How do ya know Elmo's real, anyways?" The Bad Czech said.

And he kicked the box clear across the alley.

When Elmo McVey dropped, so did the fire escape. The rusty cable holding it up snapped with the wino's weight, and both the fire escape and Elmo McVey crashed down into the alley. The fire escape nearly creamed Cecil Higgins, who yelped and jumped into a doorway. It missed The Bad Czech by less than a foot, but he didn't seem to notice.

"Aw, shit!" The Bad Czech said. "Let's tie it to the railing and try it again."

But by now, Cecil Higgins was prying the rope from Elmo McVey, who was gasping and squeaking and about the color of the cop's uniform.

"He . . . he . . ." Elmo McVey croaked

and coughed and babbled and touched the rope burn and took several gulps of air and finally said, "*He lynched me!*"

"Take it easy, Elmo," Cecil Higgins said, dusting off the wino's Army-surplus jacket. "Don't make a big deal outa it."

"*He tried to hang me!*" Elmo McVey screamed hoarsely as The Bad Czech worked silently to redo the noose and find a better gallows.

"Elmo, I was you," said Cecil Higgins, "I'd forgit all about this here . . . *fantasy* about some cop tryin' to hang ya. I mean, I was you, I'd take one more hard look at my partner and take your act on the road, right down to Main Street."

"I want a lawyer!" Elmo McVey screamed.

"Elmo," Cecil Higgins said shakily. "If ya was to make some kinda crazy complaint about bein' lynched and all, would anybody believe ya? And even if they did, whadda you think The Czech would do when he hunted ya down in a alley sometime? I bet he wouldn't hang ya by the *neck* next time, is what I bet."

Then Cecil Higgins reached into his pocket and took out two dollars. "Go get yourself a bottle a Sneaky Pete and forgit this fantasy. And git your shit together and take your act on the road."

Elmo McVey's eyes were still the size of poker chips, but his face was only slightly lavender when he left that alley holding his neck. "Well," he said, "Main Street's got its good points. There's a mission down there where the food ain't bad and nobody's gotta hear *too* much Jesus crap. And down there, stealin' bras and panties ain't a *hangin'* offense."

Actually, after the rope burn healed, Elmo McVey could not be sure that the hanging wasn't some terrible alcoholic dream. Even he wasn't sure that it was real.

After having disposed of the gallows and rope while The Bad Czech ate a beef-and-bean *burrito* from a *taco* truck, the old beat cop cadged a free cup of coffee from the Mexican vendor and decided it was time for some heavy conversation.

"Shouldn't oughta eat from these roach wagons," Cecil Higgins advised The Bad Czech, who was drinking grape soda pop and devouring a *burrito* like any whiskey-ravaged hangover victim.

"Nother one," The Bad Czech said, with his cheeks full of *tortilla*, to the Mexican, who, having served *burritos* to free-loading cops from Tijuana to L.A., just chalked the freebies up to public relations.

After The Bad Czech was belching hot sauce and was feeling less cranky, the old beat cop took his giant partner by the arm and walked him over to a bench by the water in MacArthur Park. When The Bad Czech finished his soda pop, Cecil Higgins said, "Know somethin',

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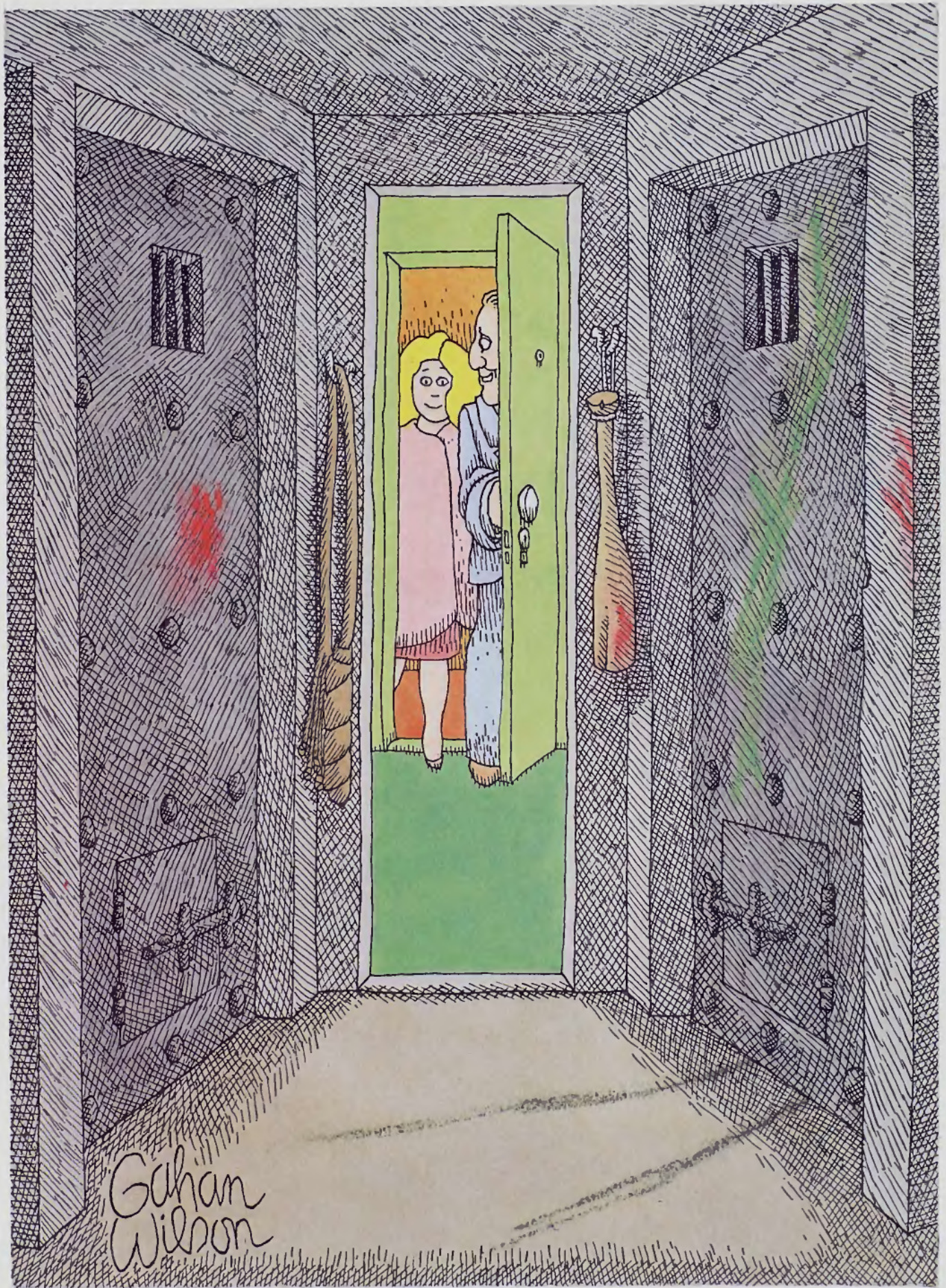
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*"Now, remember, dear, my folks are a little difficult!"*

kid? I been noticin' that ya ain't so happy lately."

"I ain't?" The Bad Czech said, belching up a green chili seed that stuck to his wiry black mustache.

"No, you ain't. Is it your divorce?"

"I'm used to them. After three, I oughta be. I ain't got no money for the lawyers to take no more."

"Maybe it's the booze," Cecil Higgins offered. "Maybe nobody oughta go to Leery's ever' single night."

"I think I'd *really* get grouchy if I didn't go to Leery's ever' single night," The Bad Czech said.

Cecil Higgins, still boozy from the night before, was being hypnotized by the green-pepper seed on The Bad Czech's mustache. Then he pulled himself together and plucked off the fiery seed and threw it in the water, where a white duck bit into it and got totally pissed off, quacking furiously.

"I know what it is!" Cecil Higgins suddenly cried. "It's the fuckin' newspaper. You're gettin' goofy from readin' the *L.A. Times!*"

"Ya think so?" said The Bad Czech. "Ya think I'm gettin' goofy?"

"Kid, the *Times* ain't good for your head," the grizzly old cop said. "Ya take it too serious."

"Maybe you're right," The Bad Czech nodded. "But, Cecil, am I *really* gettin' goofy?"

"Czech, I think you're aware that hangin' went out in this state, oh, maybe eighty years ago. Like, they ain't even gassed nobody in years. I mean, the chief, the mayor, the public defender, the A.C.L.U., even Alcoholics Anonymous, almost *everybody* I can think of would not like it one fuckin' bit, they was to catch ya hangin' winos."

Then The Bad Czech turned his demented gray eyes toward Cecil Higgins and said, "But, Cecil, how do ya know for *sure* that wino was *real*?"

"Guddamn it!" Cecil Higgins yelled, getting up and throwing his police hat down onto the bench.

Then he pulled out his night stick and whacked a palm tree that brought a little palm frond down onto his bald, scaly bean, and he said, "There ya go again with this *real* bullshit!"

"Cecil, don't get cranky!" The Bad Czech pleaded. "Look, the chief justice a the state supreme court says that smugglers shouldn't have to get rid a their Gucci luggage and buy sniffproof containers for their dope. Don't ya get it? Even a dog can get his balls slapped for search and seizure. Don't ya *get* it?"

"Get what?"

"It ain't *real*. I mean it ain't *really* real in . . . in . . . a . . . a *philosophical* way."

"Philo-fuckin'-sophical!" Cecil Higgins groaned. Then the old black cop paced

back and forth, snorting disgustedly. "I should a knowed. Ever since you took that night school class at L.A. City College. Up until then, the biggest word you ever said was *enchilada*. Philosophical. Shit. Night school's fucked up your head worse than the *L.A. Times*."

"But you said yourself, Cecil, that even *you* ain't always sure what's . . . *really* real and what ain't."

Then Cecil Higgins sat down on the bench. A burly man in his own right and, when standing erect, at least six feet tall, he had to look straight up at The Bad Czech, who had most of his great height in his torso. Like John Wayne, he always bragged.

"OK, Czech, I'm gonna tell ya what's *real*," Cecil Higgins said. "What's *real* is that nobody, I mean no *civilian* outside a the fat broad with the whiskers, is gonna care about what's *really* real when it comes to hangin' winos. And if ya insist on hangin' winos—or anybody else, for that matter—what's gonna happen is they're gonna send some head-hunters out to throw ya in the slam, and then they're gonna send ya to San Quentin. And up in Q, there's these gangs a bad-news niggers, like the Muslims and so on. And one day, in the prison yard, old Elijah X or some other head-shaved motherfucker is gonna give the signal, and all these spades is gonna jump on your bones and pull your pants off and about eighty a them's gonna lay more tube than the motherfuckin' Alaska Pipeline and your asshole's gonna end up lookin' like the Second Street Tunnel and you're gonna be able to carry your bowlin' ball and six armadillos no hands for the rest a your fuckin' life, which is gonna be real short anyways. *And that's what's real! Kin you dig it?*"

It was the longest speech Cecil Higgins had ever made. The Bad Czech seemed impressed. "OK, I won't hang no more winos," The Bad Czech said, "if ya promise not to ask to work with somebody else. You're the only person left I kin talk to."

For once, The Bad Czech's demented gray eyes didn't seem to smolder. The old beat cop brushed a palm nut off his scaly noggin and looked at those eyes and, well, he had to admit it: The big wacko had started to *grow* on him. Truth to tell, Cecil Higgins didn't have anybody to talk to, either, outside of the other losers at Leery's saloon.

"OK, kid," Cecil Higgins said. "I promise to work with ya right up to my thirty-year pension. Which I don't expect to live to see, anyways. I jist hope I don't end up in San Quentin with a asshole big enough for a motor scooter to turn around in."

Meanwhile, there was more trouble on the beat. A woman with wooden teeth

was being whacked around like a tetherball.

Her true name was unknown, but all the people around MacArthur Park called her Wooden Teeth Wilma. She was a harmless rag woman who wore Hedda Hopper hats and miniskirts and boots that showed off her bony, varicose, 65-year-old legs, which she thought were beautiful. She was not as unkempt and dirty as most rag women, so it was thought that she might have a little income and actually live somewhere. Some policeman years earlier had started a rumor that she had been married to a cop, and when he was shot and killed by a bandit, she haunted the area he used to patrol. It was probably without substance, but even cops need a little soap opera in their lives, so they chose to believe it and she was given handouts from time to time by The Bad Czech and Cecil Higgins.

As to the wooden teeth, it was a total mystery. She would only smile slyly when asked why she had dentures made of wood and where she had gotten them. She didn't talk much, since even rag women in MacArthur Park thought it imprudent to tell all. The only answer she gave was that George Washington also had wooden teeth and look how people loved him.

But Earl Rimms didn't love George Washington or Wooden Teeth Wilma. Earl Rimms didn't love anybody. He had spent all of his 45 years learning that love is expensive. Love can cost and hate can pay.

Earl Rimms was not very discriminating when it came to victims, as long as they were defenseless. And he believed in quantity, not quality, so he'd steal the purse of just about anyone over the age of 60 who might break a hip or a shoulder when he knocked her to the ground.

The heat was on in his Watts neighborhood, and old black women were starting to fight back. Earl Rimms wasn't getting any younger himself, so he'd decided to move to central Los Angeles last year. He had been arrested there twice by Cecil Higgins and The Bad Czech, who were well aware of his record of senseless brutality to robbery victims. The beat cops had come to hate him as much as he hated everyone.

When Wooden Teeth Wilma made the near-fatal mistake of strolling past Earl Rimms that Tuesday morning, he couldn't have known that the loony old lady carried only food for the ducks and dog food for herself in her oversize plastic purse. Earl Rimms was feeling particularly bummed, because his girlfriend had called the cops when he took half of her welfare money and knocked her down the steps for resisting. He was thinking of what he was going to do to

that ungrateful bitch when he finished with his day's work.

Wooden Teeth Wilma was wondering where The Bad Czech and Cecil Higgins were this morning. Maybe it was their day off, she thought, but there were no other beat cops around Alvarado. Traffic was medium light on this overcast, rather balmy Tuesday morning.

She said, "Good morning!" to Earl Rimms.

He punched her so hard in the stomach that her wooden dentures shot from her mouth, clattering across the pavement. He grabbed the red-plastic purse at the same moment and jerked the frail woman, who whipped around him like a tetherball. She wanted to let go but was unable.

In order to keep anyone from stealing her red-plastic purse full of food for the ducks, she had wrapped the purse strap around her wrist. Earl Rimms was a powerful man, and he whipped her in an arc until she slammed into a park bench, cracking six ribs. On another pass, she crashed into a palm tree, breaking her hip and the strap of the purse.

A Costa Rican newspaper vendor who was working on the corner saw the incident and started yelling. Earl Rimms ran like hell through the park and disappeared in the foot traffic on Alvarado with the duck food and the *Alpo* hors d'oeuvres. Wooden Teeth Wilma ended up in the hospital and would unquestionably be on a walker for the rest of her life. When The Bad Czech heard about Wooden Teeth Wilma's being belted around like a tetherball, he got mad enough to commit murder.

They didn't know as yet the identity of the suspect, but they had a descrip-

tion supplied by the Costa Rican news vendor, and Earl Rimms was one of eight or ten people they suspected. The news vendor said that when the suspect started highballing it through the park, he almost fell on his ass. He wore what looked like brand-new brown-and-white-patent wing tips.

"Brown and white," The Bad Czech said. "There ain't too many dudes around with brown-and-white shoes."

"We kin take a look around Leo's Love Palace," Cecil Higgins said. "Git us a Alka-Seltzer while we're at it."

"Wooden Teeth Wilma wasn't a bad old broad," The Bad Czech said. "It makes me mad to think a somebody usin' her like a tetherball. I'm feelin' mad enough to murder any spade I catch wearin' brown-and-white shoes."

"Let's jist hope Mayor Bradley don't go out on the streets today with brown-and-white shoes on," Cecil Higgins said.

While The Bad Czech and Cecil Higgins started a search for Alka-Seltzer and spades in brown-and-white wing tips, the K-9 cops were playing with their partners in the park, showing off to Jane Wayne, the six-foot lady cop, and her partner, Rumpel Ronald.

Gertie, the German shepherd, and Ludwig, the huge black Rottweiler, were having such a glorious time that they both had to be dragged toward their radio cars, heartbroken that their romp was over. Both animals were German imports and understood no English. The K-9 cops drove black-and-white Ford Fairmonts with the back seats removed. The animal stayed in the back and metal mesh protected any potential prisoner in the front seat from the threat in the back. Gertie and Ludwig were whimpering for each other when Hans and the

other K-9 cop ordered them into their respective radio cars.

The other K-9 cop was nameless. All the K-9 cops were nameless to the people on uniform patrol. They knew the names of all the dogs, but the dog's partner, unquestionably the less important half of the team, was nameless. It was "Gertie and Gertie's partner." (The dog's name was really Goethe, which the cops had trouble saying.)

The only reason they knew Hans by name was that he chose to do his drinking in The House of Misery, among other haunts downtown. To the cops in Rampart Station who *didn't* drink at The House of Misery, this K-9 team would be Ludwig and Ludwig's partner.

Rumpel Ronald, the cop who was one day from a pension, would have stayed in Echo Park all day, screwing off and watching the dogs work. The pension was officially his at 12:01 tonight. He was absolutely convinced that if he did any police work whatsoever on this day, he would be a dead man.

As they were getting into their cars, the call came crackling over the radio: "All units in the vicinity and two-A-thirteen. Two-F-B-one is in foot pursuit of possible two-eleven suspect in the alley north of Eighth Street and Alvarado!"

"That's The Bad Czech!" Jane Wayne cried. "Let's hit it, Ronald!"

"Oh, God!" Rumpel Ronald cried. "Oh, God! This is it! I shouldn't be chasing robbery suspects today! Oh, God, this is it! A good cop's gonna die today!"

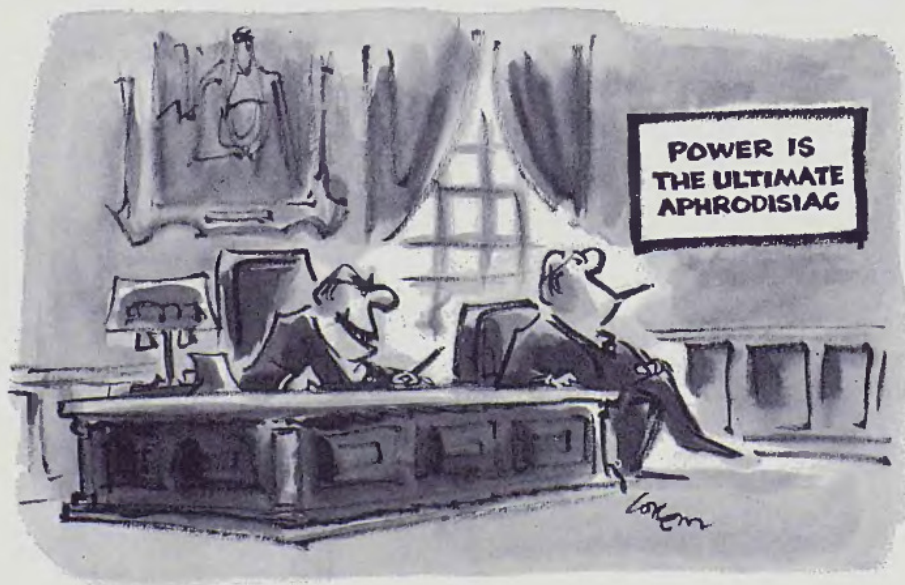
And as it turned out, Rumpel Ronald was right.

Cecil Higgins had spotted the suspect first. He didn't know it was Earl Rimms. He just saw the tall black man with the mean-looking body shove a drunk out of his way when he came in the back door of Leo's Love Palace. He could see that the man wore a stingy-brim straw hat and a sports coat, but that was all he could see until the door closed. Then the man was no longer back-lighted against the sunlight as he stood in the dark saloon trying to get his eyes in focus.

Cecil Higgins' eyes were already in focus. He could clearly see that the man was wearing two-tone wing tips. Then he could see the man's mean and threatening face. "Earl Rimms," he said to The Bad Czech, who was putting away his second Alka-Seltzer, along with a glass of tomato juice with egg. "Look at his shoes."

The Bad Czech saw the shoes at about the same instant that Earl Rimms's eyes dilated and he saw the beat cops at the end of the bar. The foot race was on.

Back out the door went Earl Rimms, followed by the monster cop, who was



"I just got damned tired of looking at THINK BIG."

yelling and moving fast for his size. Cecil Higgins put out the officers-need-assistance call on the rover radio unit he carried on his belt. There wasn't much point in his trying to keep up with The Bad Czech, who was 13 years younger, so he tried to figure in which direction Earl Rimms would go once he realized that the alley off Eighth Street would lead him into the dead end where The Bad Czech had hanged the wino.

Both K-9 units beat the others to the scene. Cecil Higgins had totally lost sight of Earl Rimms and The Bad Czech once they got to the alley. There was a ten-foot chain-link fence at one end, and although Cecil Higgins thought The Bad Czech was too hungover to scale that fence, he realized that was what must have happened.

Unit K-9-1 arrived before any other car. It was to be expected, in that Gertie's partner was superhyped and burning for action. Gertie was fairly frothing by the time they arrived, even more hyper than his partner. The shepherd detected the radio urgency, the change in his partner's breathing and voice level. The dog smelled the new sweat.

Gertie was stoked. Gertie wanted to go. He was ready to attack. Gertie was as wild-eyed as his partner when Cecil Higgins, holding his hat in his hand, waved the careening K-9 car around the block, yelling, "Drive south two blocks! If you don't see them, head west toward Alvarado!"

Hans, being a more placid and plodding cop, was, of course, giving off enough vibrations to make Ludwig excited, but both members of unit K-9-2 were in control when Cecil Higgins, standing on the corner directing traffic, waved them in a westerly direction in search of The Bad Czech and Earl Rimms.

Jane Wayne, along with a pale and clammy Rumpled Ronald (who thought he was looking straight into his own grave), began weaving through the traffic to the south.

"Why ain't I driving? Why am I in the death seat?" Rumpled Ronald wanted to know. "Why am I in this Burt Reynolds movie?"

"I hope the Czech's OK," Jane Wayne said, biting her lip nervously while her blue eyes, lined severely with black eye liner, swept over the streets.

"I probably shoulda been better to my wife," Rumpled Ronald said. "I know I shoulda been better to my girlfriend."

It was unit K-9-1 that first spotted The Bad Czech. He was lumbering north on Coronado toward Wilshire Boulevard. A black man in a stingy-brim hat and a sports coat was 50 yards ahead of him.

Unit K-9-1 hit the siren, blasted past four panicked motorists, ran up over the curb to get past two cars at a red light,

spun and swayed and straightened out and skidded to a stop. The black-and-tan shepherd was given his command to attack.

"Fass!" the cop yelled. "Fass, Goethe! Fass!"

Earl Rimms turned in horror when he saw the roaring mass of black-and-tan disaster hurtling toward him. He instinctively ran straight up to the front porch of a triplex, kicked open the door, entered past a screaming, hysterical child, slammed the door shut, kicked through the rear door and was in the yard while Gertie frothed and growled and barked at the front door. Then Gertie heard Earl Rimms plowing through the rear yard, and the dog leaped from the porch, vaulted one fence, scrambled gracefully over another and spotted the terrified mugger sprinting across the residential street.

Gertie pursued wildly. In full throat. Ecstatic. With abandon.

Gertie never saw the car. It didn't

have time to brake. Gertie was struck broadside by a Cadillac, lifted six feet, head over tail, and smashed against a metal light standard at the intersection.

Gertie immediately tried to stand on three broken legs. He pulled himself upright on the one good leg and dragged his bloody hulk down the sidewalk toward the fleeing Earl Rimms. After him still. Vomiting scarlet.

Jane Wayne had tried pushing her foot through the floor when the K-9 unit broadcasted the sighting of The Bad Czech and the suspect. She was the first to careen onto Coronado and see the dog dragging his broken body down the sidewalk, instinctively in pursuit of the man who had disappeared and was again scaling back-yard fences.

She stopped the car beside the dog and said, "Oh, Gertie!"

The dog didn't seem to hear her. The pain and shock were by now overwhelming. He could only whimper and vomit blood. And vainly drag his ruined body



"Don't be upset, Neil. I never could come at high altitudes."

after the vanished Earl Rimms.

"Somebody should shoot him now," Rumbled Ronald said.

Then they heard unit K-9-1 screaming up behind them, and Gertie's partner was out before the car skidded to a stop, slamming into the curb. He was quickly down on the sidewalk, wrapped around the bloody dog, babbling to him and crying like a child.

"Goethe, Goethe," Gertie's partner said, sitting down on the sidewalk, cradling the dying shepherd.

"He should shoot that animal," Rumbled Ronald said.

"Shut up, Ronald," Jane Wayne said.

It wasn't necessary to shoot Gertie. His head was hanging loose and he'd stopped whimpering even before his weeping partner picked him up in his arms and carried him to the black-and-white.

Hans and Ludwig had arrived, and Ludwig jerked Hans down the sidewalk like a puppet despite the pinch collar Ludwig was wearing. Ludwig was whimpering and barking and growling all at once and tried to get into the back of unit K-9-1 with Gertie. Ludwig was obviously confused and bewildered and ignored Hans's commands. Ludwig almost pulled the chain clear out of Hans's grasp and had to be wrestled away by Hans and Jane Wayne and Rumbled Ronald before they could close the door on Gertie.

"Well, Ronald, you were right," Jane Wayne said as they got back in their car. "A good cop *did* die today."

Earl Rimms was by now as bonkers as The Bad Czech, and he was lots more scared. He'd gotten away from the dog, and every time he thought he'd eluded the monster cop, he'd stop running and take a breather and wipe the sweat off his face and fan himself with his stingy brim. And each time he thought it was cooling off, the giant beat cop would come scuttling around the corner and the chase would be on again.

They had run west on Wilshire Boulevard, past the Sheraton-Town House Hotel, providing a great show for some tourists from Toledo. They were several blocks past the perimeter of search. They had run through apartment houses, in the front door, out the back door. They had crossed busy streets, climbed over walls, run through alleys. They had both been threatened by frightened dogs and had frightened humans when they scaled or crashed through fences.

The Bad Czech's face and hands were bleeding, and he was convinced that he was about 100 heartbeats from a coronary, but he simply couldn't stop himself. He was, like Gertie, a product of training, and he pursued like a monster police dog.

Twice he almost had a shot at Earl Rimms, who leaped over a fence each time. Whenever they got close enough

to almost smell each other, the elusive mugger managed to do something totally unexpected, such as dash through the door of an interior-design shop on Wilshire Boulevard and out the back while customers screamed. The Bad Czech yelled curses and threats at Earl Rimms and at a covey of shoppers who got in his way at Bullocks Wilshire.

It was a foot pursuit that would go down in Rampart Division legend. Particularly after its bizarre ending. It appeared that Earl Rimms had won. He left The Bad Czech at Seventh Street and Magnolia, with the beat cop staggering in exhausted, bewildered circles. The sun and the smog and the traffic sounds combined to make the huge cop giddy and disoriented.

For a second, The Bad Czech thought he'd been nuked. A noise in his head sounded like the incoming missiles back in 'Nam. He had to sit on the curb and put his huge head between his knees. The Bad Czech raised his sweat-bathed face after a few seconds. He was dying to kill. He wanted to *murder*.

So did Earl Rimms. After he'd won the pursuit, after his heart stopped banging in his throat and the fear subsided, he was murderous. He was mad at the whole world. At the old crazy who carried only dog food in her purse. At his own woman, who called the cops just because he knocked her down the stairs. At Los Angeles County, which didn't give his woman enough welfare money to support him properly, thereby *forcing* him to whack old crazies around like tetherballs. At lunatic monster cops who just kept coming like police dogs.

Then he spotted the spic in the pickup. He would have preferred spotting an old woman in a Mercedes, of course. Someone he could grab by the neck and throw out onto the street. And have a purse left on the seat to make this miserable day worth while, while he drove a decent car out of this goddamned neighborhood, which must be overrun by cops looking for him. But he didn't see a single person sitting in a parked car on the old and seedy residential area around Magnolia and Leeward except the spic in the pickup.

The spic in the pickup was a Durango Mexican named Chuey Valdez. He was a gardener and had the back of the pickup loaded with lawn tools. He'd had a bad day, too. Two customers had stiffed him, promising to pay him next week. Chuey Valdez had found that money and mangoes were not growing on trees in Los Angeles, as he'd been promised by the *pollero*, who had hustled him illegally across the Mexican border for \$200 American. He was working his ass off in Los Angeles, and he was cranky. He was not about to let some big, sweaty *mallate* steal his battered pickup.

Chuey Valdez was eating his lunch of

corn *tortillas* and cold beans and the treat of the week—one whole avocado—when Earl Rimms walked up to his truck.

"OK, climb outa there, grease ball," Earl Rimms said, his depthless black eyes snapping like a whip.

"Joo wan' sometheeng?" Chuey Valdez asked warily.

"I want your *neck*. I want your *balls*. I want your fuckin' *blood*! An' I'm gonna *have* them if you don't get the fuck outa that truck!"

So Chuey Valdez, as was his custom, shrugged in the face of overwhelming odds as if to say, "*Sí, señor*." He picked up his sandwich bag and his avocado and his *tortillas* and got out of the truck. Then Chuey Valdez reached into his sandwich bag and withdrew the kitchen knife with which he had been peeling his avocado.

When Earl Rimms, feeling as deadly as a white-lipped cobra, turned to give the little grease ball a shot of knuckles in the mouth, Chuey Valdez plunged that kitchen knife right into his sweating chest. Right under the sternum. Right up to the handle. Then he jerked the knife out and tossed it into the back of the truck and stepped away a few feet to survey the job.

Earl Rimms just stood there with his back to the truck, looking at Chuey Valdez. He clearly couldn't believe it. He held both hands cupped over the puncture wound and said in disbelief, "You little spic! You stuck me!"

At which Chuey Valdez shrugged non-committally and said, "Joo made me mad."

"You fuckin' little grease ball!" Earl Rimms said in wonder, and with each beat of his heart, with each word he spoke, a jet of blood squirted from his body and splashed onto the asphalt.

Then he turned and began walking aimlessly toward Wilshire Boulevard, while Chuey Valdez contemplated being a good American and calling the authorities or being a smart wetback and getting the hell out of there.

As it turned out, he didn't have to decide. Jane Wayne, who was by then crazy with fear for The Bad Czech, came squealing around the corner of Magnolia in her black-and-white Plymouth with her nearly comatose partner, Rumbled Ronald. Earl Rimms stopped, pointed to his chest and at Chuey Valdez as if to say, "That little grease ball stabbed me!" and staggered across the lawn of a stucco duplex, collapsing by the driveway.

Within five minutes, there were a dozen police cars blocking the street, their red-and-blue lights gum-balling in all directions. Earl Rimms had dragged himself toward the back yard of the duplex and was lying there, getting very cold, waiting for the ambulance.

The other cops kept back the crowd





*"I know we were made for each other, Franz. I was also made for half the crowned heads of Europe."*

of rubbernecks and directed the traffic past the police cars and waited to wave in the paramedics, while The Bad Czech, battered and exhausted, stood with his partner, surveying the inert body of Earl Rimms.

"He ain't gonna make it, is he, Cecil?" The Bad Czech asked in the flattest tone of voice Cecil Higgins had ever heard from him.

"I don't think so. He musta bled two quarts already. 'Course, these miserable motherfuckers like Earl Rimms, somehow they live when anybody else'd cash it in. He *might* make it."

Then The Bad Czech said, "Cecil, go ask Jane Wayne if she radioed the paramedics that he's gonna need plasma right away."

"It ain't like you to be so concerned," Cecil Higgins said suspiciously. But he turned to see whether or not Jane Wayne had informed the ambulance as to the nature of the puncture wound.

The Bad Czech looked dementedly down at the inert figure of Earl Rimms and said, "I think you ain't breathin', Earl. You need CPR."

The Bad Czech rolled up his shirt sleeves and knelt at the head of the mugger and began *giving* him cardiopulmonary resuscitation. The Bad Czech pushed down on the bloody chest of Earl Rimms, and the blood shot two feet in the air. The Bad Czech put the

stingy-brim hat of Earl Rimms over the puncture and pushed down on the chest and the jet of blood clattered against the crown of the straw stingy brim. The Bad Czech began rhythmically pushing on the chest of Earl Rimms and the blood pounded and clattered against the inside of the straw hat.

An elderly black woman who lived in the duplex where Earl Rimms had fallen finally got enough courage after peeking through the lace curtains. She walked out onto her back porch. The Bad Czech sweated as he worked on Earl Rimms.

The old black woman was overcome with emotion. "Oh, that's so wonderful, officer," she said to the monster cop, who looked up, startled. "You're saving that poor man's life!"

The Bad Czech turned his crazed eyes on the old woman and said, "That's right, ma'am. He ain't breathin', and this is his only chance. If I can resuscitate him."

"I'm going right inside and call the mayor's office," she said. "You deserve a medal."

As the geysers of blood thudded against the crown of the stingy brim, while The Bad Czech pushed on Earl Rimms's chest, Cecil Higgins returned. He said, "Czech! What the fuck're you doin'?"

The Bad Czech had his bloody hands pressed around the rim of the stingy

brim. When he straightened up and removed it, a hatful of blood washed over Earl Rimms's body and onto the concrete driveway. The Bad Czech had to jump back to keep from getting splashed.

"You pumped him *dry*!" Cecil Higgins whispered.

"Quiet, Cecil," The Bad Czech said. "Don't make a big thing outa it."

"Czech! Czech!" Cecil Higgins said, grabbing the monster cop by the shirt front, looking for a shred of sanity in those demented gray eyes. "That's murder! Did anybody see this?"

"I think he was dead anyways, Cecil," The Bad Czech said.

They heard the ambulance cut its siren and slide to the curb. A few minutes later, The Bad Czech, Cecil Higgins, Jane Wayne, Rumbled Ronald, two detectives and a patrol sergeant were all in the street, discussing the incident. The Bad Czech reassured Chuey Valdez that he wouldn't even be charged with littering and that the only way he could've done better was if he'd taken Earl Rimms's scalp, like a fucking Apache.

The paramedic walked out to the clutch of cops while his partner covered the body. "He's long gone," he said. "I never saw so much blood, even from a puncture like that. The coroner'll have to go to his spleen for a blood sample.



He looks like something from Transylvania got to him."

Which caused Cecil Higgins to glance involuntarily at The Bad Czech, who said, "This ain't been my day. I want a burrito."

As they were preparing to leave, the old black woman who lived in the duplex hobbled out to the patrol sergeant and said, "I just want you to know that you should be proud of your men. That big officer there tried to save that poor man even if he *was* a criminal. That's Christian charity. I want his name so's I can write a letter to the mayor about it."

"Thank you, ma'am," The Bad Czech said shyly. "It don't hurt to remember that we're all God's children."

The Bad Czech insisted on getting a burrito from the roach wagon before they headed back to the station for all the reports. His uniform was a mess, but the paramedics had cleaned up the cuts on his face and hands. He'd drunk seven free Pepsis, much to the chagrin of the Mexican on the roach wagon, but all things considered, he looked remarkably fit after his ordeal.

Cecil Higgins was a wreck.

"Even when ya hung the wino, I thought ya wouldn't really do it," Cecil Higgins said, looking up at his belching partner, who had both cheeks full of burrito. "I mean *really*."

"It ain't easy to say about somethin' *really*," The Bad Czech said, pondering it. "I mean, what's real and what's *really*—"

"What's that got to do with hangin' winos and doin' a Dracula on Earl?"

"Well, it's hard to explain, but . . . it's like it ain't *really* real. Stuff like that."

"I ain't ready for San Quentin," Cecil Higgins said. "I ain't ready to have a asshole big enough for Evel Knievel to pop wheelies in."

"You ain't gonna ask to stop workin' with me, are ya, Cecil?" The Bad Czech looked alarmed for the first time.

Just then, the sergeant drove up and parked at the curb. "Hurry up and get into the station, Czech!" he yelled. "The captain got a call from the old lady who saw you trying to resuscitate the suspect. He thinks it might make a good public-relations story, so a television crew's coming down!"

"OK, sarge, we're on our way!" The Bad Czech said.

And when the sergeant waved and sped away, Cecil Higgins could only look dumfounded.

On their drive to the station, Cecil Higgins said, "I been thinkin', Czech. There's a certain risk to workin' with you. I got to face that. What could ya offer me if I'm willin' to run the risk a

spendin' my old age in San Quentin with a asshole big enough for a bobsled race and the Lawrence Welk orchestra?"

"You're the on'y one I kin talk to, Cecil," The Bad Czech said eagerly. "I'll buy ya a drink *every* night at Leery's!"

"Ya do that anyways. Make it two drinks."

"OK, two drinks!"

"Maybe you're on to somethin'," Cecil Higgins said deliberately. "You're gonna be kissin' babies and have your picture in the papers."

"Cecil, this really ain't worth so much stewin' about."

"But that old woman *saw* you suckin' him dry. I mean, you looked like a big ol' blue vampire bat, but she *saw* a compassionate Christian *hero*."

"Good thing I got a clean uniform for television," The Bad Czech said, warming to the thought of it.

"I think maybe you ain't crazy," Cecil Higgins said. "I think maybe *I'm* crazy."

"I wish you could be a hero, too," The Bad Czech said sincerely. "Damn, I sure hope they send that foxy little blonde from channel two!"

"When ya buy me my two drinks tonight, I want ya to explain it all to me," Cecil Higgins said. "I want to know what's real and what's *really* real. I think I'm ready to listen."



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**HOW CAN ANYTHING  
THAT LOOKS SO WILD  
TASTE SO MILD?**

## WOMEN OF ASPEN (continued from page 125)

*"These are women for whom the Jane Fonda workout is something they could do in their sleep."*

women in a town with a standing population of 4000 had responded. (If we had the same response in New York, we'd be dealing with 353,000 women.) Aspen has a right to be proud; we only wish we had the pages to show you everyone we talked with. The women of Aspen are world-class.

We talked with a girl who was walking around Aspen's town square with a sandwich board promoting a restaurant. She was wearing a fur coat and \$400 boots. She lived in a cabin outside town. "I've lived with the gypsies, been at sea in a hurricane," she said. "I knew most of the great climbers of our generation before their deaths. I came here to get grounded. Even the people who say they are high are mundane. They fart. The trick is to experience this place without outside influence. There is a beauty, a serenity, a connection that is far beyond the hype, the hyperbole. And there you have it. Five minutes from Main Street, you are in the mountains. Mountains that are as cold and as stark and as un-

forgiving as they were a million years ago, mountains that are as magical as the day they were born. Here, you can't get away from anything."

What do the women who live in Aspen have in common? Here is a list of things they chose to reveal to us. Under hobbies, they listed skiing, volleyball, all water sports, horseback riding, tennis, swimming, scuba diving, backpacking, camping, roller skating, basketball, bicycling, running, long walks, softball, sailing, wind surfing, motorcycling, *aikidō*, body building, rafting, ice skating, kayaking. These are women for whom the Jane Fonda workout is a piece of cake, something they could do in their sleep, something that, for them, provides the cardiovascular benefit of a coma. These women have *machisma*—the female equivalent of *machismo*. They have tasted adrenaline. A friend once told me the unofficial motto of Aspen: "The only requirement is keeping up." These women can keep up with the best Aspen has to offer. They are independent, self-

sufficient, skilled, competent, competitive. They, too, subscribe to the basic philosophy of life in Aspen, a combination of health and hedonism: "You've got to work out, to rid your body of toxins, so you can make room for more toxins."

Of all the priorities in life—love, career, family, whatever—they have chosen *place*. Everything else is secondary. In Aspen, it doesn't matter what you do for a living. In all probability, you do several things. You moonlight as a waitress or a bartender. You sell real estate and work in a bank. You sell clothes in a secondhand-clothing store and wash dishes at the Hotel Jerome. You are a hostess for the chamber of commerce, greeting tourists at the airport. Status doesn't seem to matter. You are here. Everyone else is a tourist; you get, 52 weeks a year, what flatlanders pay a mint to sample for one week or two. Housing is a problem. No one lives alone in Aspen. Kalla Brandt, an *émigrée* from Finland, lived for five months in a van, taking showers at friends' houses. "It was hard to invite people for dinner."

They like the town for its movies, ballet, theater, incredible food, world-class fashion. Aspen is a town of shopkeepers—but the shops are like nothing you'll find in the flatlands. From The Mogul Shop (it sells skiwear, not bumps) to Silver Threads (fur and leather), the taste is exceptional. Sasha Vanderhoof says, "You can go for a day dressed in overalls, the next in velvet. In the outside world, it's hard to find a guy who can go from construction worker to GQ."

It's an odd town. One woman—a bartender—told us a great Aspen story: "In the early Seventies, I worked for a struggling firm in San Francisco for pennies a day. The boss always said that if he made it, he would repay us in real salaries. One day, he showed up in Aspen with a suitcase full of money. His company had finally made it and he was keeping his promise. He said that he had always been charmed by my choice of cars: I drove the terminal lemons, the last-gasp limousines. He said, 'You can buy any car you want.' I picked out a Saab Turbo. He paid for it and gave me \$1000 spending money. I had fun with that car. I drove it to San Francisco very fast. When I got back to Aspen, people asked, 'How many blow jobs did that cost?' Or, 'I didn't know you had a trust fund.' Or, 'When did you start dealing drugs?' No one would believe the true story. Finally, I examined my priorities. I sold the car and used the money to rent an apartment for a year—for myself. I wanted a year of privacy in this town."

We wished her well, but we didn't have to. In Aspen, the women take care of themselves.



*"We're out of vanilla!"*

# SOME LIKE IT COLD

(continued from page 119)

*“Once you’re into classic cold shots, you’ll want to explore vibrant variations on the theme.”*

that quite a turnaround. Its genesis can be traced to the unexpected popularity of imported vodkas started by Stolichnaya, with Finlandia, Wyborowa, Absolut, Silhouette, Burrough’s, Suntory and a dozen more following Stoly’s lead.

Surprising as the new quaffing mode is to Americans, it’s S.O.P. in vodka-drinking lands and among northern Europeans in general. Scandinavians belt their aquavit—essentially, flavored vodka—neat, icy and unadorned. Norsemen believe in drinking aquavit “when you feel good; also when you don’t feel so good,” and a bottle is routinely stowed in the fridge. For special occasions, it may be encased in an ice jacket, which serves two functions: It makes a glamorous presentation and it keeps the bottle’s contents properly glacial. Even glassware is chilled. Bommerlunder, a German aquavit, offers a set of stemmed shot glasses in a freezer pack designed for just that purpose. When the frigid spirit hits the cold glass, the vessel turns a smoky, mystic hue, veiling the lambent potion. Colder temperature or higher proof increases the mixture’s viscosity. It’s unlikely that your spirit will solidify, since that would require a temperature below  $-20$  degrees Fahrenheit, but uncup the bottle anyway as a precaution.

Once you’re into classic cold shots, you’ll want to explore vibrant variations on the theme. Dozens of flavored vodkas are produced in the U.S.S.R., and the most popular examples are shipped here. Ruddy Pertsovka, zapped with red and black pepper; spicy, aromatic Okhotnichya (the hunter’s vodka); and Starka (laced with brandy, wine and fruit-tree leaves) come to the U.S., though in limited supply. The enticing Zubrowka, infused with a fragrant grass, is currently banned in the States by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. In its place, the Soviets are sending Limonaya, a greenish, lemon-flavored vodka with true citrus aroma.

Aquavit, too, comes in a range of flavors. Aalborg Taffel, the most familiar, is tanged with kummel—caraway. However, the Aalborg Cooperative markets eight or nine aquavits in Denmark, including dill-flavored Jubilaeums. O. P. Anderson is scented with anise, fennel and caraway—and Norway’s Loiten is an aged aquavit and relatively robust. (All those listed are available here.)

Other likely candidates for shooting neat and cold are Holland’s genever and other gins; Germany’s Jägermeister (an

herb-flavored liqueur); korn (a type of schnapps); grappa; even dry fruit brandies or *eaux de vie*. With the exception of the last, preferred as after-dinner *digestifs*, cold quaffs are usually flanked with something to munch. Scandinavians favor cheeses, liver paste, tiny shrimps or a platter of smørrebrød—petite open-faced sandwiches.

A formal predinner cocktail session puzzles Russians. The proletarians get right down to business around a heavily laden table, popping shots and attacking the *zakuski*—lusty appetizers selected for their thirst-provoking qualities: salt and baked herring, smoked and pickled fish, salt cabbage, salmon caviar, *pirozhki* (spicy, filled turnovers), Beluga caviar, game and *balik* (the cold-smoked-shoulder section of the sturgeon).

There are two schools of thought about proper form for drinking spirits cold and bold. Europeans tend to knock them back, draining the glass in one

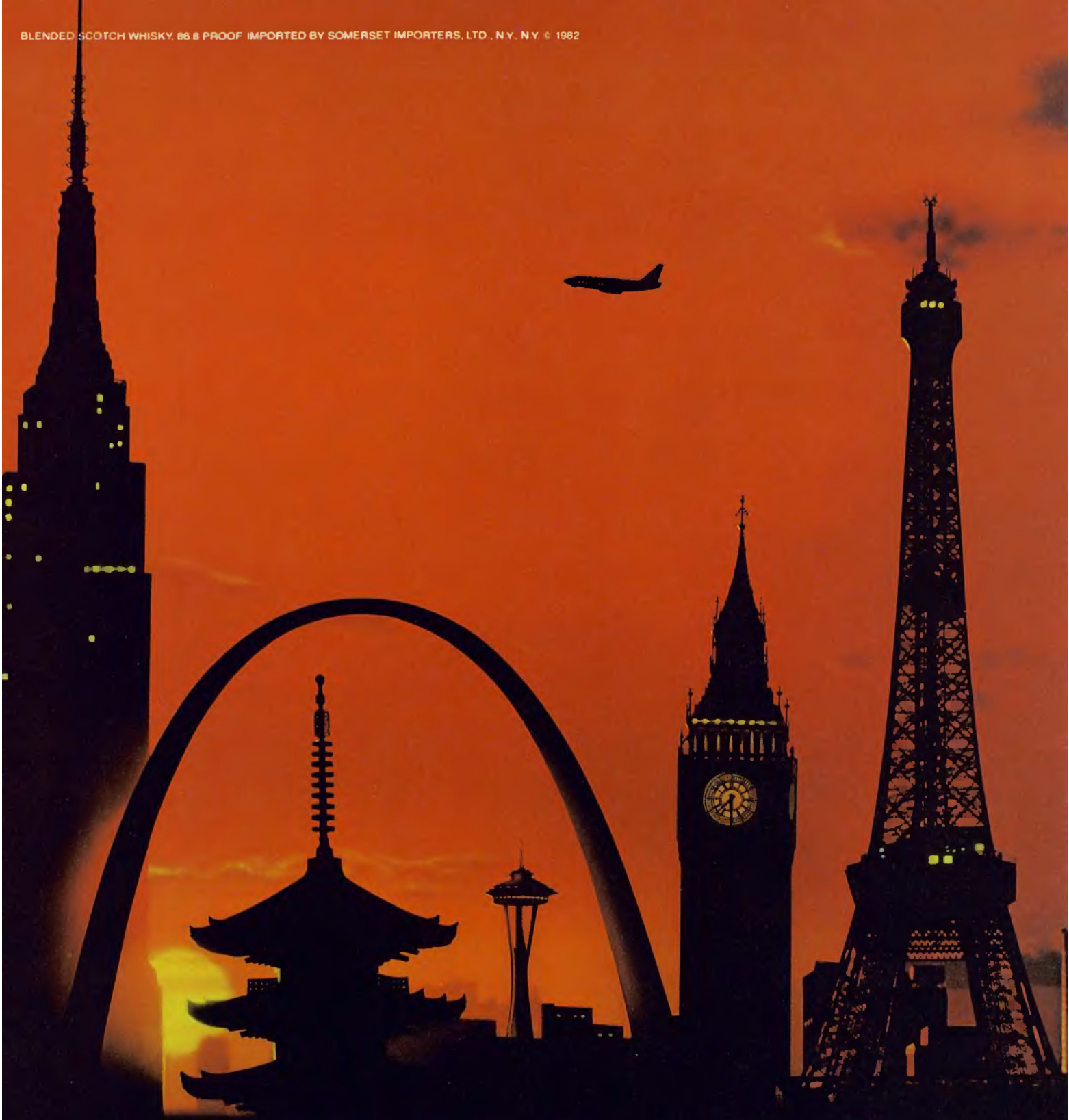
gulp, or “bite.” On the other hand, the new crop of American quaffers lean toward sipping contemplatively. They contend that it’s the only way to fully savor the clean spirits and appreciate the distinctive shadings of taste, aroma and body peculiar to each. The question is worth exploring in depth with adventurous friends, and even if you don’t resolve the issue, it will make for a stimulating evening.

Just set an assortment of domestic and imported vodkas and gins, aquavits and, perhaps, a grappa or a schnapps in your freezer; give them at least three or four hours to chill and become syrupy. Glasses should be chilled, too, but they can go in later. You can pick up suitable eats from a deli or a specialty-food shop, but no canapés or other fluff, please. You want substantial fare to lay a base for the cold, potent spirits: liver *pâté*, cheeses such as Danish Saga Blue and Dutch Gouda or a platter of sliced cold meats.

The one remaining detail is to invite a gang of fun lovers with a capacity for enjoying new ideas. After a few rounds of tossing shots, you’ll know you have the evening down cold.



*“How was I to know he wasn’t doing a TV commercial when he offered me ten dollars for the panties I was wearing?”*



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# PLAYBOY

## ON · THE · SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### GEAR

## SLICK CLICKS

Until recently, not even the most laid back of weekend photographers would have considered venturing forth without an industrial-strength single-lens reflex camera and five lenses slung around his neck. Now everybody—including the camera industry—has gotten it together: The current point-and-shoot 35mm models

are so simple to operate and so inexpensive (most are discounted below the prices we list here, so it pays to shop around) that they make picture taking literally a snap. And since f-stop and shutter-speed decisions—and in some cases, even focusing and film winding—are taken out of your hands, there's little margin for error. Aim and fire!

Our budding Brenda Starr exercises excellent snap judgment as she fires off a compact Konica EF3 that features automatic exposure and flash control; the lens is a 35mm f/2.8 Hexanon, about \$160.

The shooter that's dangling just to the right is a Minolta AF2-M featuring an automatic exposure system that sets the lens opening and shutter speed, plus an automatic film advance, about \$250.

The lucky camera hanging above the lady's navel is the Snappy 20—a point-and-shoot model with a fixed-focus f/4.5 lens and automatic advance and rewind motor, by Canon, about \$115.

Left: This ultracompact 35mm camera, the Mamiya U, selects its own aperture opening and shutter speed; a sliding eyepiece cover protects the lens/view finder from scratches, by Osawa, \$189.95.

If you're planning to shoot in some wild and crazy locales, check out the Fujica HD-S at near left (the HD is for heavy duty), as it's an all-weather water-resistant 35mm with auto exposure, by Fuji, \$285.

Tucked into our friend's jeans is an Olympus XA 1 35mm solar-powered camera with light cells positioned around the lens; other features include a detachable flash and a sliding cover, \$145.



## No conventional turntable delivers the accuracy and control of this one: Technics SL-6 Programmable Linear Tracking Turntable.

The problem with a conventional turntable tonearm is that it arcs across the record surface. So it is capable of true accuracy at only two points in its arc. Where the stylus is precisely aligned with the record groove.

The Technics SL-6 Linear Tracking Turntable goes beyond that. It actually duplicates the straight-line motion of the cutting arm that originally mastered the record. This enables the Technics SL-6 to deliver true accuracy at every point on the record. First note to last. There is none of the tracking error, skating force error or distortion that accompanies a traditional tonearm.

And the SL-6 ensures this accuracy with some outstanding technological advances. Including a microcomputer-controlled system that constantly monitors the stylus-to-groove angle and automatically makes corrections.

But linear tracking is just the beginning. There's the

precise control you get with the Technics random access programmable microcomputer. At the touch of a button, you can set the SL-6 to play any selections you want, in any order. You can even repeat or skip selections.

There are still more features that help the Technics SL-6 perform so impeccably. A precision direct-drive motor. Sensors that automatically select the correct playing speed.

Our patented P-Mount plug-in cartridge system delivers optimum tonearm/cartridge compatibility along with simplified cartridge installation.

And all of this technology has been neatly placed in a turntable about the size of a record jacket.

Accuracy, control and musical pleasure beyond the conventional. The Technics SL-6 Programmable Linear Tracking Turntable. Just one of the sophisticated and "intelligent" turntables from Technics.

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# FASHION

## BACKWARD AND FORWARD

Like the flip side of a hit record, the back of a coat, jacket or shirt has all too often been given short shrift as manufacturers have concentrated their attention on the way one looks coming rather than going. Now that's all changed and it's to the rear, march! Designers are discovering that the front of an outfit needn't have all the

fun just because you don't have eyes in the back of your head. Your company's chairman of the board (George Steinbrenner excluded), of course, may not wish to appear sporting the name of his favorite baseball team on the back of his navy pinstripe, but in casual gear, there's no reason for you to be flat on your back. —DAVID PLATT

Below: No, this isn't a prop left over from an old *Terry and the Pirates* movie or a kung-fu flick, it's a black-cotton sweat-shirt jacket with a multicolor dragon motif on the back featuring a knit fold-over collar, dolman sleeves, snap closure and front pockets, by Kansai for Achilles Sport, about \$110, that's worn with cotton twill walking shorts with side tabs, double pleats, three-button fly, angled and side flap patch pockets, by Robert Stock, about \$43.



Top right: The front of this leather *blouson* jacket has a zipper placket closure and slash pockets, but it's the detailing on the back that's really jazzy; i.e., a zipper pouch, plus sleeves that zip off, transforming the jacket to a vest, by Robert Comstock, \$480. (His cotton/polyester slacks, from John Weitz by Glen Oaks, about \$36.) Right: Striped for action in a cotton shirt with different-colored stripes front and back, \$25, and cotton twill safari shorts, \$37, both by Gianfranco Ruffini; plus a cotton-web-and-leather belt, by Sperry Top-Sider, \$14.

J. VERSER ENGELHARD

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '81.

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# HABITAT

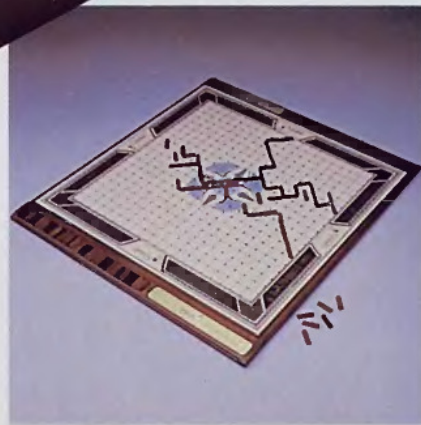
## VIDEO GAMES' NIGHT OUT

Attention, humanoids. This is Commander Playboy speaking. Mission is accomplished and you no longer need to go Berzerk, repel Space Invaders, gobble dots or rescue a helpless damsel from the clutches of Donkey Kong every night of the week. Yes, there is another form of fun and games out there that isn't video oriented, and we're not talking about Parcheesi or mah-jongg. A number of innovative companies that don't know a micro chip from a cow chip are producing challenging board games that actually pit you against a human being. In fact, the only electronic accessory we've pictured here is Monopoly Playmaster, and we've included that be-

cause it speeds up Monopoly so much that you'll think you're wheeling and dealing in a brand-new game. (The unit allows players to conduct special auctions, electronically roll the dice and compute loans—and it even plays appropriate tunes, such as *We're in the Money*.) Other games, such as Tournament Shufflebug, are more classical: That one has a four-foot-long butcher-block maple playing field that's as durable as the kind you find in singles bars. (Hustlers can even tote their own set of polished-brass pucks in a special storage case.) If all this sounds like good old-fashioned fun, it is. And when you *do* return to the video firing range, just think how rested your fingers and eyes will be.

Below: This 48" x 15" x 3" tabletop Tournament Shufflebug game of butcher-block maple comes with solid-brass pucks, plus built-in brass-plated feet for precise leveling, \$295, storage case for pucks, \$20, optional hardwood legs (not shown), \$42, all from Tournament Shufflebug, Big Rapids, Michigan. Left: Pente, a fast-moving game for two or more people, is available in a variety of models from a travel-size soft set (not shown), \$15, to the luxe wood-board style pictured here, \$100, all by Pente Games.

Right: Marble Football is trickier to play than you may think: The field is hardboard with maple sides and chutes, from World Wide Games, Delaware, Ohio, \$63.



Middle left: Yes, Monopoly has gone electronic with the addition of the Monopoly Playmaster, an A.C.-powered accessory with lights, music and sound effects, \$65, Monopoly game, \$9.50, both by Parker Brothers. Left: At first glance, the game Marrakesh is nothing more than a nicely packaged version of backgammon, but look closely and you'll see there's much more to it: Players move their pieces by using a special deck of playing cards, thus introducing an additional element of strategy, from Xanadu Leisure Ltd., Honolulu, \$49.50. Right: Antipalos, an ancient game for two or four players in which they both attack and link borders, resurfaces in this handsome walnut-board edition with 40 pieces, by Antipalos Games, \$100.

### Making a Couple of Points

After marrying her guitarist, Neil Geraldo, and surviving an onstage collapse, PAT BENATAR has resurfaced with an album titled *Get Nervous*. The *Hit Me with Your Best Shot* girl has added politics to her sex riff and now sings, "I need more than your bedside manner." We're not surprised; you can stretch that spandex just so far. Now she can try to stretch her range.



ABEL ARNAS II



© THE AMY CLIFFORD D&A

### I Remember Momma

Who says TV's a cultural wasteland? Here's the man who made Chuck Barris famous. Is this an outtake from *The \$1.98 Beauty Show*? No doubt you remember the retiring RIP TAYLOR. He's polishing his act with one of his favorite props. We'd call this X-rated number Ripped to the Tits.

### Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?

If you answered yes, then pop singer KIM CARNES doesn't care that her sequel to the ever-popular *Bette Davis Eyes* bombed on the charts. The album, *Voyeur*, just didn't have it. We never thought imitating Rod Stewart was a sure thing. After all, it hasn't worked that well for Rod.

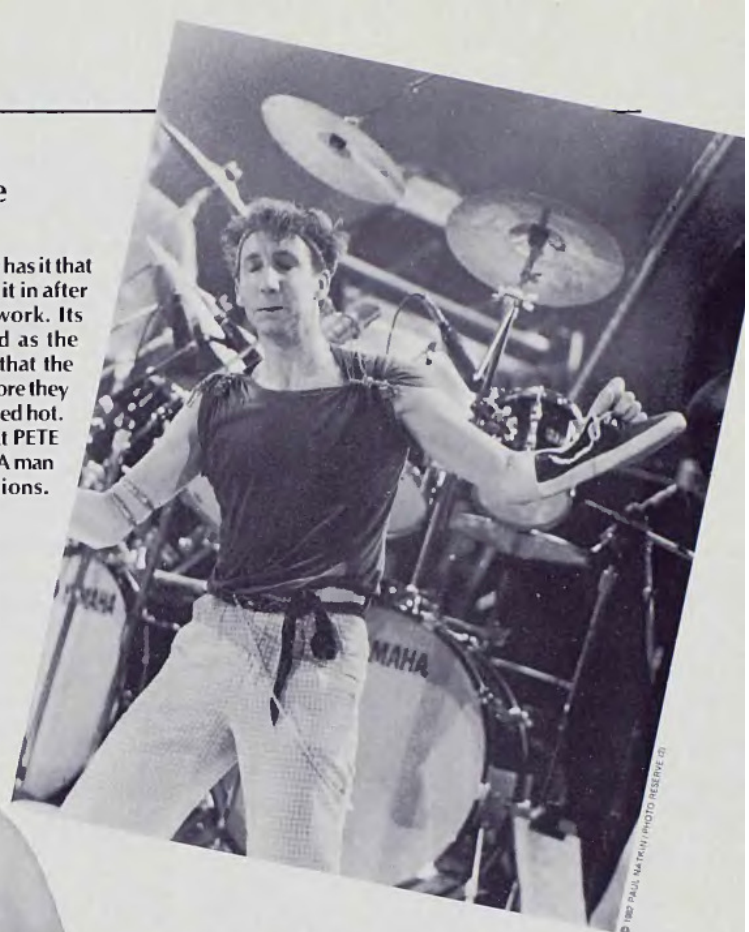


© THE MELISSA HILL CO



### Grabbing a Bite on the Run

Say it isn't so. Rumor has it that The Who is packing it in after 20 years of road work. Its recent tour, billed as the final one, proved that the guys didn't die before they got old. They stayed hot. Just take a look at PETE TOWNSHEND. A man for all generations.



© 1987 PAUL MATTHEI (PHOTO RESERVE CO.)

### Taking the Balls on the Rise

JIMMY CONNORS is Mr. Everything in tennis again. He surprised us at Wimbledon and astonished us at the U.S. Open. This picture catches him in a moment of deep humility: thanking the fans for sticking by him.



© 1987 JOHN SANCHEZ



### Shedding Light on Day

You've seen actress ALEXANDRA DAY on TV, but not like this. She has appeared on NBC's *The Devlin Connection* and in a movie of the week with Gregory Harrison titled *The Fighting Chance*. We know celebrity breasts of the month when we see them.

## RUBBERS STRETCH AROUND THE WORLD

Once upon a time, the use of condoms was believed to cause both nymphomania and sterility in women, mental decay and amnesia in men and cancer and suicide in both sexes. As you know, in recent years, those beliefs have been put to rest, and about the worst accusation you can lay on condoms is that they create an absurd foliage on riverbanks where treated sewage has been dumped.

Considering how long condoms have been around and how much we thought we knew about them, we were surprised when an issue of *Population Reports* with a special update on world-wide condom use hit our desk. Among other things, we found out that condoms coated with spermicide will soon be available in the U.S. We thought you'd be as interested as we were in some of the information the report covered.

For instance, did you know that you can reuse condoms? It is not considered optimal, but a package insert from the People's Republic of China suggests that after use, a condom should be washed, rinsed, blotted dry, powdered and rerolled. It sounds simple until you get to the rerolling part. Maybe that was a joke from the famously inscrutable Orientals. After all, Asians haven't always taken rubbers seriously. *Population Reports* informs us that when latex condoms were first shipped to Thailand from the U.S., they came in standard American sizes that did not correspond to the smaller Thai penis size. The Thais, apparently untouched by Western hang-ups about phallic heft, joked that men had to tie condoms around their waists for safety's sake.

Nobody said popula-

tion control was easy.

Easy or not, world-wide condom use has soared to a consumer population of about 40,000,000 couples. The largest group of users is the Japanese, who buy one fourth of all condoms sold, their number-one form of birth control. The People's Republic of China ranks second, accounting for 20 percent. The U.S. and other developed countries account for 38 percent, while a mere 17 percent of all condoms are consumed by Latin America, the Caribbean, Africa, the Middle East and the rest of Asia.

Like most other marketers, condom manufacturers have found that brand names are an important element in sales appeal. To be successful, a name must reflect certain cultural interests. Here, we're familiar with Ramses and Trojans. The rest of the world enjoys Condor (El Salvador); Panther (Jamaica); Preethi, meaning "joy and happiness" (Sri Lanka); and Raja (Bangladesh). A brand called Tops blamed slow sales in Egypt on its too-American-sounding name.

Of course, if condoms didn't work, you might just as well call them Rover, because no one would buy them. They are effective, with a theoretical pregnancy rate of less than one per 100 couple years. That means that of 100 couples who used condoms for a year, one woman *might* become pregnant.

One worry that some health professionals have had is that the tiny molecule of the herpes virus can pass



A reader sent us this charming postcard picturing a pair of women from Borneo in their revised native costumes after the first Frederick's of Hollywood catalog hit the island. Which way to the beach party?

through latex. The authors of the *Population Reports* article say that both air and water molecules are smaller than the herpes virus and they don't slip through, so the condom may well have a prophylactic effect on its spread.

Perhaps most important, there's good news on the subject of shelf life. High-quality condoms, stored correctly in a temperate climate, remain in good condition for at least five years. Perhaps that means that a high school boy can buy a condom as a freshman, keep it tucked in his wallet throughout his high school career and take it out and use it with maximum efficiency after graduation—at which point he can afford to buy a new one.



We recently took a look at the newest Frederick's catalog to hit our island (see photo above) and were delighted to find an updated graphics style along with the traditional upward thrust of most Frederick's haberdashery. All of the barely essential pictures below originated in the catalog, which sells for \$2 from Frederick's of Hollywood, 6610 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028. Hooray for Hollywood.

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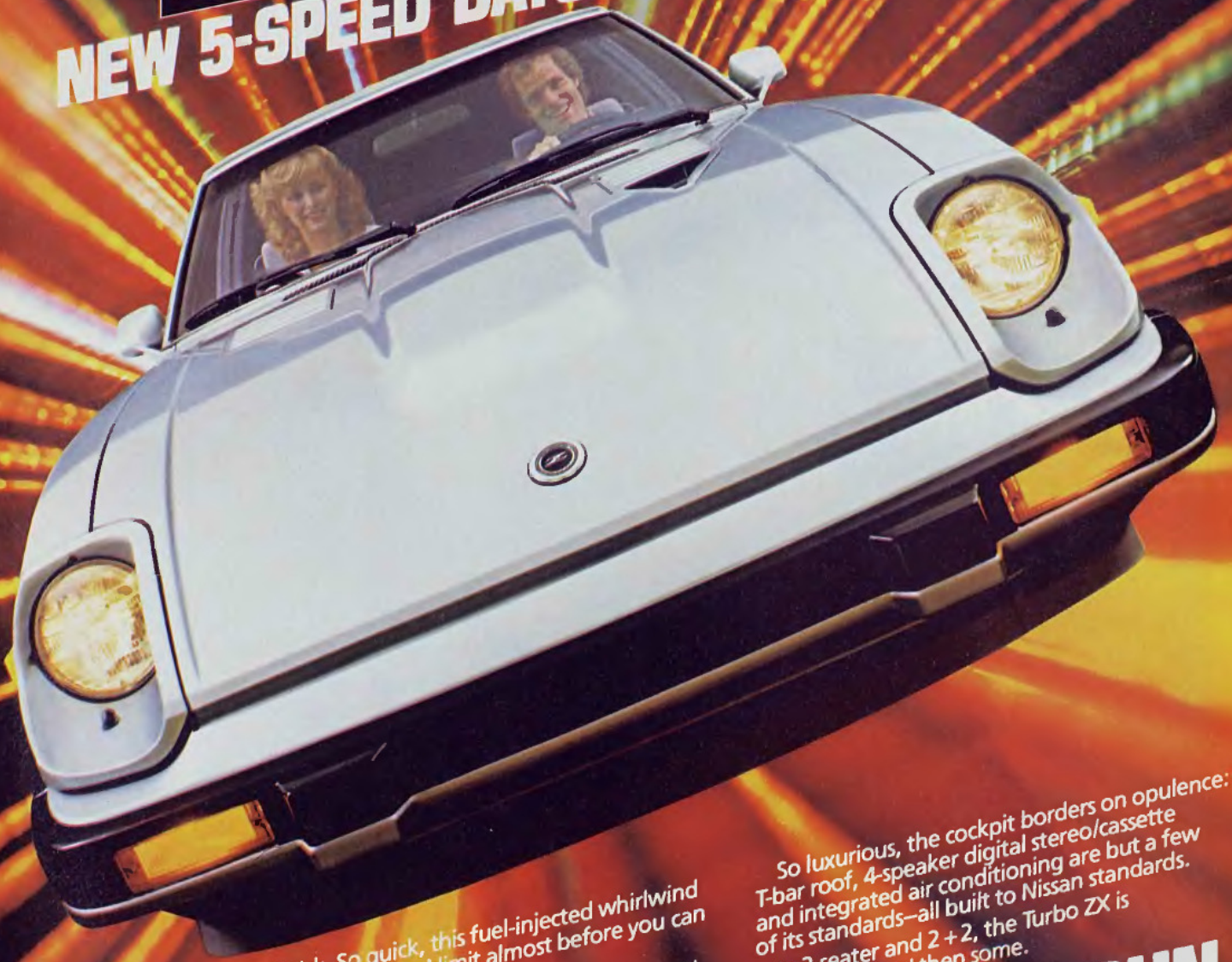
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**"FRITZ AND TED AND GARY AND JOHN AT THE GUN"**—NOW THAT THE OFF-YEAR ELECTIONS ARE OVER, THE DEMOCRATIC CONTENDERS ARE OFF AND RUNNING. A REPORT BY **R. M. KOSTER**

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