

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1983 • \$3.00

## STOCKBROKER BARES ALL!

WHEN E. F. HUTTON'S  
SEXIEST BROKER  
AGREED TO POSE,  
WE DID MORE  
THAN LISTEN

## BEHIND HOLLYWOOD'S MIRRORS

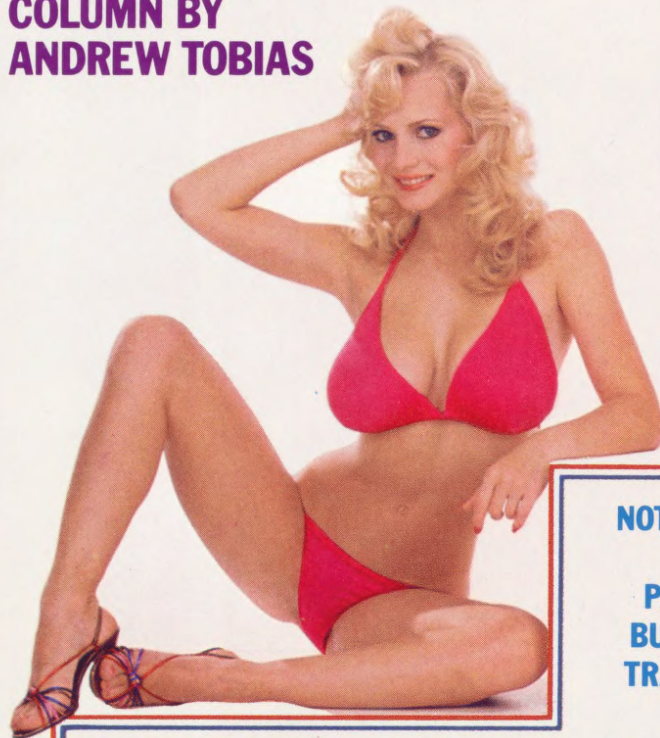
ASA BABER REPORTS ON THE  
COKE DEALERS TO THE STARS

PERSONAL FINANCE  
A PROFITABLE NEW  
COLUMN BY  
ANDREW TOBIAS

## IS THERE SEX AFTER MARRIAGE?

PART TWO OF  
THE PLAYBOY SURVEY

SAM DONALDSON  
AN INTERVIEW WITH  
TV'S MOST DOGGED  
REAGAN WATCHER



NOT THE OLYMPICS...  
NOT THE  
PAN AM GAMES...  
BUT THE SEXIEST  
TRACK MEET EVER

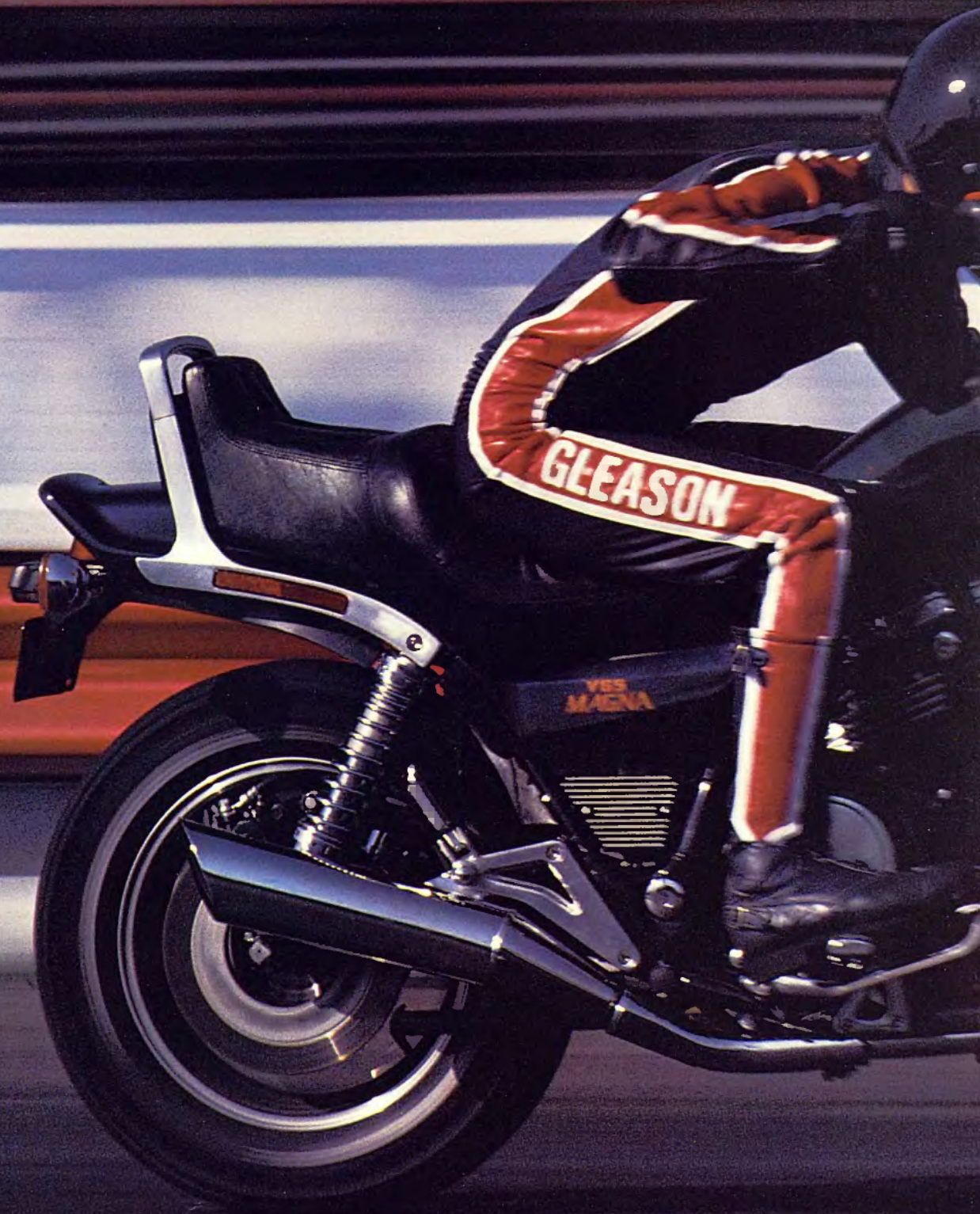
**IT'S THE FIRST ANNUAL PLAYMATE PLAY-OFFS**

AMERICA'S BEST-BUILT ATHLETES GO FOR GLORY, AND WE'VE GOT THE PICTURES



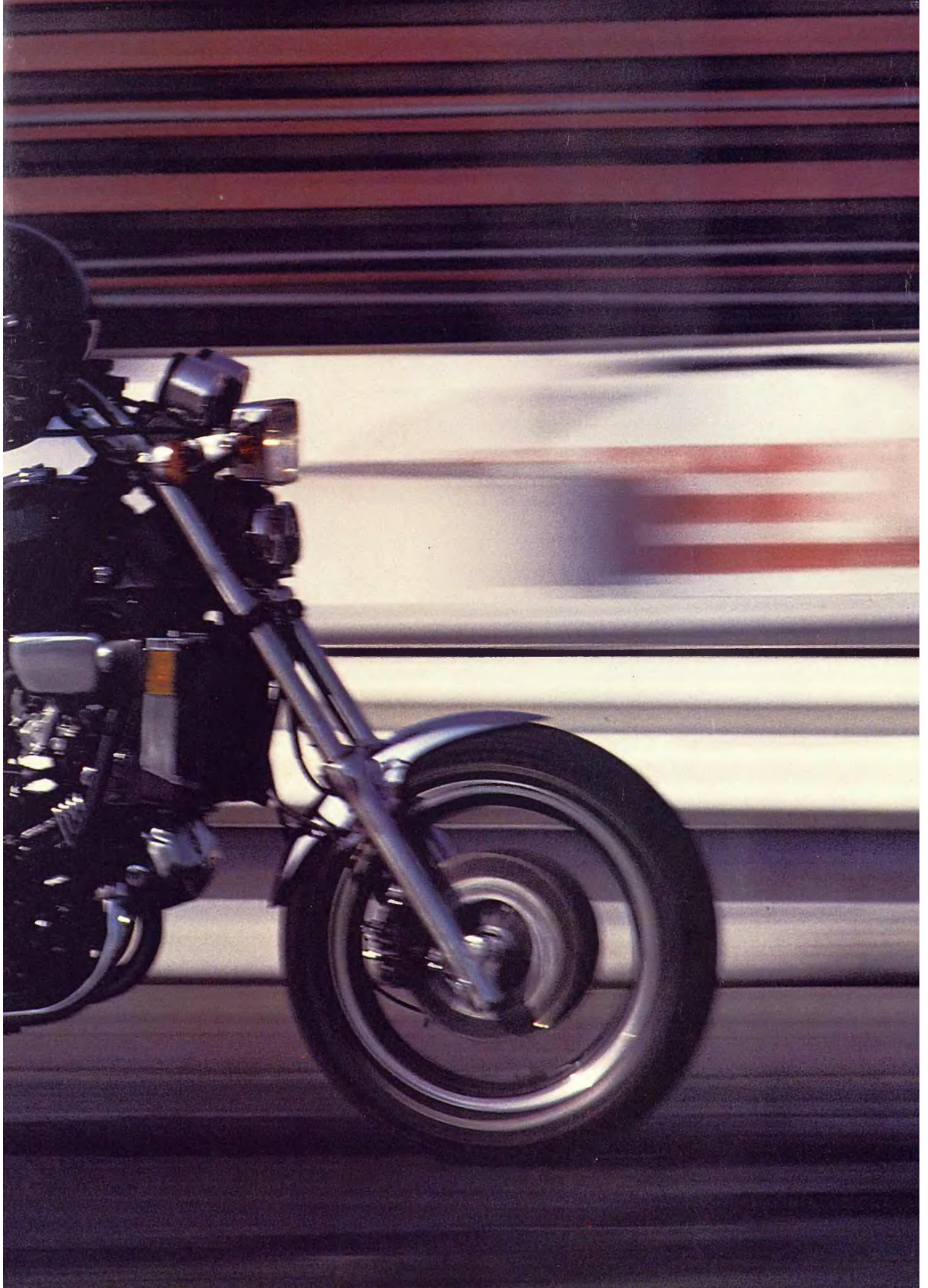






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But unlike the V45 Magna, it's not an incredibly powerful 750. It's an outrageously powerful 1100.

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10.92 seconds.

If you're not one of those people who memorizes quarter mile times like batting averages, we'd be more than happy to tell you what this means.

It means that the V65 Magna is the fastest production motorcycle we have ever made.

Not one of the fastest.

Not almost the fastest.

The fastest.

But since you probably won't be doing your riding on a dragstrip, we'll also tell you what all this power means out in the real world.

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It means that passing nearly anything is just a matter of flicking your wrist.


As for the competition, it means just one thing.  
Trouble.

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SPEED	123.96

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# PLAYBILL

THE USE of mood enhancers in the movie industry has been an oddly accurate, if sometimes Byzantine, reflection of subtle shifts in the status of America's preferential drugs. For years, alcohol was far and away America's—and Hollywood's—favorite. Then came the Sixties. Hallucinogens and marijuana became popular underground drugs, and, eventually, that fact influenced the movie industry, both publicly and privately. On the back lots of Hollywood, choice Mexican grass became increasingly available. Cary Grant confessed that he'd dropped acid. Then, in the Seventies, while marijuana became virtually an institutional drug for millions, Hollywood nosed ahead, so to speak, of a trend in American drug consumption. We sent Contributing Editor **Asa Baber** to Los Angeles with an intact septum and instructions not to get himself killed in the process of bringing us back an inside report on cocaine dealing in Hollywood. His article, *Behind Hollywood's Mirrors*, will, among other things, inspire you to ask yourself the next time you see a really bad movie, "Am I witnessing mere incompetence or too much toot?" Accompanying Baber's piece is a timely sidebar, *Will De Lorean Deliver Hollywood?*

Fortunately, cocaine isn't the only form of stimulation available. Some of us get an equivalent rush from taking on a challenge—such as asking the President of the United States embarrassing questions while TV cameras are rolling. ABC News White House correspondent **Sam Donaldson** is that kind of guy. Donaldson, whose notoriously aggressive style of reporting has garnered both admiration and hostility from his colleagues, faces **Peter Manso** in this month's *Playboy Interview*. Manso uncovers a side of Donaldson—both emotional and political—that you don't see on television. And speaking of politics, take a look at **R. M. Koster's** *Now Is the Time for All Good Men...*, illustrated by **Tom Evans**. Novelist Koster has been a member of the Democratic National Committee and a convention delegate for 16 years; here, he gives us a close-up, chicken-dinner view of his party's hopefuls in the starting blocks for election '84. If the candidates really want to know the audience they're playing to out there in the heartland, they'll wish they'd joined **Paul Slansky** as he traveled across the country with **Michael O'Donoghue**, one of the original writers of *Saturday Night Live* and the *National Lampoon* and also one of the most truly bizarre individuals you'll ever meet. Slansky's chronicle of the oft-hilarious journey is recorded in *Mr. Mike's America*, illustrated by **Sandra Hendler**.

Those looking for a respite from American politics will certainly find it in **John le Carré's** gripping tale of Middle Eastern espionage, *The Little Drummer Girl* (illustrated by **Philippe Weisbecker**), which we've excerpted from his new novel of the same title, to be published by Knopf in the U.S. and by Hodder & Stoughton in England. Sex, of course, is the perfect respite from *everything*. If you're wondering whether or not you're getting as much as everybody else, our second report on *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* will answer your questions, whether you're single, married, divorced, remarried or cohabiting.

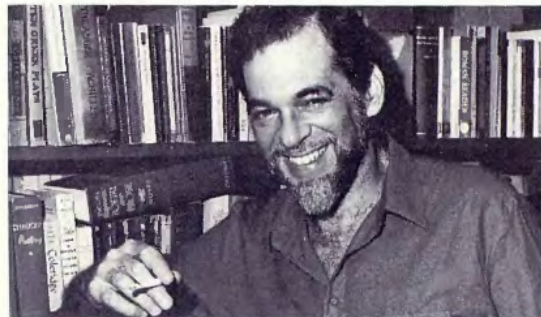
To round out the issue, investment expert **Andrew Tobias** inaugurates his four-times-a-year personal-finance column, *Quarterly Reports*, with sage advice on the benefits of compound interest; **Warren Kalbacker** conducts a marvelous *20 Questions* interview with millionaire inventor **Arthur Jones**, the creator of Nautilus exercise equipment; and (while we're talking tough) karate champ and actor **Chuck Norris** poses in the latest men's bedroom fashions for photographer **John Zimmerman** in *Bedtime Kicks*. Oh, yes—and last (but hardly least) are the ladies. For starters, try our pictorial on **Marina Verola**, a stockbroker with a blue-chip figure; then meet **Alana Soares**, our lovely Playmate of the Month; and, for a special treat, turn to our photographic record of *The First Playmate Play-offs*, featuring thrills, chills, agony, ecstasy and mud fights. Kind of makes you feel like spring is just around the corner, doesn't it?



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# PLAYBOY®

vol. 30, no. 3—march, 1983

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Mind Games P. 78



Startling Stockbroker P. 82



Dashing Politicians P. 96



Sexy Superstars P. 128



Postmarital Sex P. 90

PLAYBILL .....	5
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY .....	13
DEAR PLAYBOY .....	15
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS .....	21
<i>Checking In</i> with Valerie Bertinelli; the ultimate cuke-and-taco-joke compendium.	
BOOKS .....	25
Matthiessen has reservations about our treatment of the Indian; the newest in the <i>New Sun</i> tetralogy from Gene Wolfe.	
MUSIC .....	26
Test your knowledge of doo-wop, do.	
MOVIES .....	32
A batch of blockbusters reviewed; among them, <i>Sophie's Choice</i> , <i>Frances</i> and <i>Tootsie</i> .	
DIVERSIONS .....	36
How to be a good sport in video.	
COMING ATTRACTIONS .....	37
The boys from the Great White North head for the silver screen; ABC Motion Pictures' Karen Silkwood bio shapes up with Meryl Streep in the title role.	
MEN .....	ASA BABER 39
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR .....	41
DEAR PLAYMATES .....	45
THE PLAYBOY FORUM .....	49
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SAM DONALDSON—candid conversation .....	57
He has alienated more Presidents than Begin and made a jerking-off joke out of Reagan, but he remains one of the most forceful and successful electronic journalists on earth. This most articulate of talking heads talks with us about playing hardball with the current White House team and staying sane by playing his act to the hilt.	
THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL—fiction .....	JOHN LE CARRÉ 78
Yanuka is a well-placed P.L.O. bombsman; Kurtz is the Israeli operative who intends to invade his soul and bring back its secrets in a characteristically thorough and brilliant tale by the spymaster of novelists.	
TAKING STOCK OF MARINA—pictorial .....	82
A heartbreaker of a stockbroker, E. F. Hutton's Marina Verola talks—and people gape. Whether or not you play the market, you'll want to appraise her assets.	
THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY, PART II—article .....	90
This month: Is there sex after marriage? Of course there is, but it's like Mexican food: Singles seem to have it more often. This second chapter in the biggest sexual happening since <i>Masters</i> met <i>Johnson</i> reveals who's getting the best of it and suggests that most of us are finding partners different from the ones who came before us.	
PERSONAL BEST—accouterments .....	94
Glittering gifts for the man who already has what he needs.	

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**COVER STORY**

Women of Olympian proportions—if not immense athletic prowess—Kim McArthur, Kelly Tough and Karen Witter stood out among 20 gifted performers in our first annual Playmate Play-offs. Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag and West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski got this month's cover shot and spirited it away before *Sports Illustrated* could nab it.

**NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN. . . —article . . . R. M. KOSTER 96**

Will Fritz inherit Teddy's torch? Will Hart (or Cranston) spark Glenn to new heights? With Kennedy out, the nomination is up for grabs. The Democratic convention is almost a year and a half away, and already the party's front runners are burning up the hustings like chariots afire.

**WINTER WONDER—playboy's playmate of the month. . . . 98**

Alana Soares: She's a sentence unto herself. A mountain miss with her own mix of magic and mystery, Alana has highflying ambitions and a celestial body to match.

**PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor . . . . . 110**

**MR. MIKE'S AMERICA—personality . . . . . PAUL SLANSKY 112**

A pillar of the early *Saturday Night Live* and *National Lampoon*, Michael O'Donoghue decided to pick up stakes and drive cross country—to a new life on the Left Coast. Turns out Mr. M.'s America is just as strange as America's Mr. M. The author, who rode shotgun on O'Donoghue's uneasy ride, offers a profile of a guy who's as subtle as a needle in the eye.

**BEDTIME KICKS—attire. . . . . DAVID PLATT 115**

Good guys don't always wear black, at least not in bed. Fistic phenomenon Chuck Narris has martialed all his art to take on some of the most striking sleepwear ever to see the dark of night.

**QUARTERLY REPORTS: YOUR OWN**

**BEST INTEREST—article . . . . . ANDREW TOBIAS 119**

If you invested a shiny new dime at eight percent interest today, your heirs could collect 2.3 trillion dollars in 2383. Sound bizarre? It is, but that's the geometric genius of compound interest. Here's the best get-rich-slowly scheme we know, as explained by our new financial columnist in the first of a continuing series.

**BEHIND HOLLYWOOD'S MIRRORS—article . . . . . ASA BABER 120**

Hollywood's wheelers and dealers depend on people who are only the latter: Today, cocaine is what supplies the tinsel to Tinseltown. Baber went behind the scenes for the inside dope; his report is a chilling picture of the snowmen of Los Angeles. Plus: *Will De Lorean Deliver Hollywood?*—a look at the case of the man charged with dealing more than cars.

**20 QUESTIONS: ARTHUR JONES. . . . . 124**

Never heard of him? Well, he's the Captain Nemo of the Nautilus exercise system. In this month's score of answers, he shares his recipe for success: younger women, faster airplanes and bigger crocodiles.

**TO THE TABLES DOWN AT MORY'S. . . —drink . . . EMANUEL GREENBERG 127**

All the lore and lure of college bars, college drinks and craazy customs.

**THE FIRST PLAYMATE PLAY-OFFS—pictorial. . . . . 128**

They're the superstars of physical development, and they went to Hef's place for a three-day sporting celebration. Twenty of your favorites are here, and they just may be enough to give the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat a good name.

**PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor. . . . . 142**

**PLAYBOY POTPOURRI . . . . . 186**

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

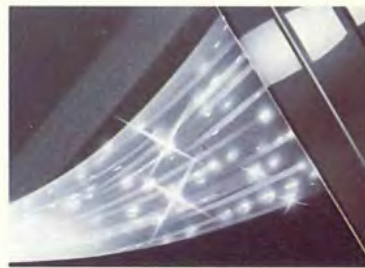
Video gear far the height of high-tech fashion; shirts and ties; a Roving Eye on Robin Love; *Grapevine*; *Sex News*.



Road Warrior P. 112



Good Night, Chuck P. 115



Behind the Lines P. 120



Soares Soars P. 98

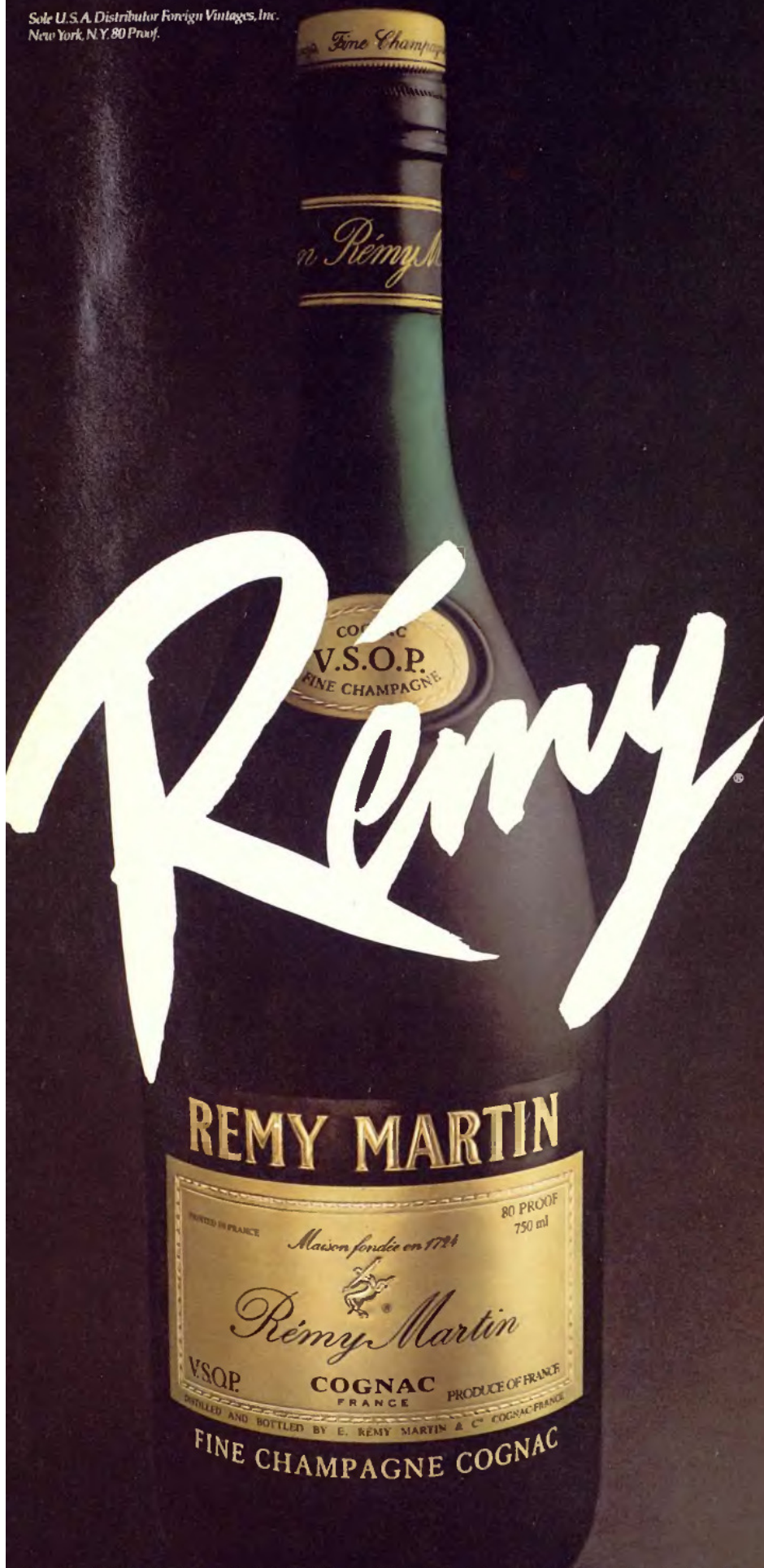


Higher Education P. 127

SYGMA, P. 85; DON M. GOODE, P. 9; MICHAEL HART, P. 5; PAUL JASMIN, P. 37 (2); RICHARD KLEIN, P. 5; PIERRE KOPP, P. 5; LARRY L. LOGAN, P. 13 (2); KEN MARCUS, P. 16; BRUCE MC BROOM, P. 13, 37 (2); DAVID MEECEY, P. 82 (3), 84, 86; RODGER SANDLER, P. 37 (2); DENNIS SILVERSTEIN, P. 186; VERNON L. SMITH, P. 5 (6). MAKE-UP BY ANITA WOOD, VIDAL SASSOON, CHICAGO, P. 206-207; HAIR BY ROBERT MODICA, HOWARD ALBERTS, CHICAGO, P. 206-207; FURNITURE BY CITY, CHICAGO, P. 206-207; ILLUSTRATIONS BY: DAN CLYNE, P. 187; DAVID LEE CSICSKO, P. 39; PAT NAGEL, P. 21, 41, 49; KERIG POPE P. 50, 51 (2); KERRY RUTZ, P. 186; RAY SMITH, P. 30; DOUG TAYLOR, P. 24; RON VILLANI, P. 25 (2); LEN WILLIS, P. 186. INSERT: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL CARD BETWEEN PAGES 182-183.



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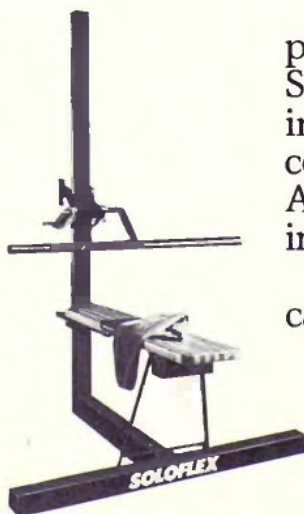
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A midsize sports machine powered by a V-twin.

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# HOT TO VEE?

the engine, the narrower and nimbler the motorcycle.

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The result is an engine as advanced as the motorcycle it powers. And if you look below, you'll see that's very advanced indeed.

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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*

## NUCLEAR BLAST AT HEF'S PLACE

Hugh Hefner hosted a benefit for the nuclear-freeze movement at Mansion West that attracted a broad assortment of celebrities. Among them were, at right, Margot Kidder and friend and—with Hef, below—Candice Bergen, Goldie Hawn and Jack Nicholson. Speakers at the event included Hef, Paul Newman and Harold Wilens, head of California's nuclear-freeze initiative. Other guests were Patti Davis, Kris Kristofferson, Sally Field, Jack Lemmon, Jean Stapleton and Wayne Rogers. The fund raiser also celebrated our publication in December of an adaptation of Robert Scheer's book about nuclear politics, *With Enough Shovels*.



## EARS TO LANSING

Above, Bunnies Kim, Cher, Vivian, Nikl and Ryan carry a proclamation welcoming the new Playboy Club to Michigan's capital city, Lansing. No, that's not really the new Club behind them; it's the state capitol building. The Club is at the Lansing Hilton Inn.



## AND HOW MANY VOTES FOR COUPLE NUMBER ONE?

At right, Eddie Murphy gives Playmate Ola Ray a leg up (or is that a hot tip?) during shooting of the movie *48 HRS*. You see, Ola's dancing in a night club, and Eddie's a convict who's just been sprung by a cop, played by Nick Nolte. And if you think that's an unusual twist, check out the pose above in a cheeky shot from Ola's original layout published in June 1980.



## CONNIE FINDS TIME TO RELAX

In the Ivy League, coxswains chant "Stroke!" to coax oarsmen to victory; we're not sure what September 1982 Playmate Connie Brighton told her crew, above, at Fort Lauderdale's annual New River Raft Race. Connie's crack team was fueled by Miller beer.





5000 Turbo Diesel



GT Coupe



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Gas model shown here.

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### GIMME SHELTER

After reading *With Enough Shovels* (PLAYBOY, December), by Robert Scheer, I've reached the frightening conclusion that President Reagan must believe he is playing the latest home video game: Window of Vulnerability. When the population of his electronic country has been destroyed, leaving only himself and an elite few at the controls, let's hope he can simply flip the RESET switch and start the game all over again.

Richard Lachowski  
Lockport, Illinois

I find Scheer's *With Enough Shovels* quite interesting. He raises a number of points concerning U.S. nuclear-war posture that need to be debated in this country if a working consensus is to be developed at the national level. The major problem with the article is that it entirely addresses U.S. strategy, with no real analysis of the strategy of the U.S.S.R. or of other countries possessing or having the potential to possess nuclear weapons. That, to me, is a serious flaw. The destruction of all nuclear weapons possessed by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. would not negate the need for civil-defense planning. The real problem is the uncontrolled proliferation of the ability to produce atomic weapons. The U.S.S.R., Europe and the U.S. have, in the past, made the technology, material, trained personnel and equipment available to any country that wished to acquire it. That cavalier policy has placed nuclear-weapon-production capability in the hands of numerous countries facing, at present or in the near future, major political, social and economic crises. History provides us with many examples of political leaders who used an external confrontation to divert what was, to them, an unsatisfactory solution to an internal problem. The other likely source of a nuclear attack is terrorists. Terrorism, to remain viable, must continuously escalate if it is to maintain media attention. Will not

nuclear weapons soon enter into this arena? The development of civil-defense plans could mean the difference between the human race's surviving and not surviving in the event that the unthinkable becomes thinkable in somebody's mind.

Chuck H. Bogart  
Department of Military Affairs  
Division of Disaster and Emergency  
Services  
Frankfort, Kentucky

Reagan's *hidden agenda* seems to be based on the concept that nuclear war may not be winnable but the arms race is. If we can play on Soviet paranoia and push the Soviets to build just a few more weapons, their already faltering economy will collapse and the current government can be overthrown. Economic, rather than military, intelligence reports may be the prime motivation behind Reagan's cry for increased military expenditure. From that perspective, the increasing percentage of Soviet G.N.P. devoted to the military is significant regardless of the doom potential thereby created. Reagan's good old-fashioned confidence in American resilience and ingenuity is apparently such that he is undisturbed by the current state of the American economy. Though not as hopelessly inane as talk of a winnable nuclear war, this kind of high-stakes poker is every bit as dangerous, and its ultimate objective every bit as dubious. Let's hope our true motives in escalating the arms race do not become clear to the Soviets. Otherwise, they might simply stop building weapons and start taking care of their people, and the joke would be on us.

Timothy C. Dorcey  
West Lafayette, Indiana

### BLAKE / JULIE

Julie Andrews really is a three-dimensional, fascinating person! And Blake Edwards really *intends* to produce films with static camerawork, pretentious messages and slapstick comedy! (We'll be seeing *Pink Panther* movies as long as

# What's a Rusty Nail?



a) that thing in the living room that holds up Grandpa Kelly's picture.



b) shortstop for the 1958 Kansas City Athletics.



c) the delicious combination of equal parts of Drambuie and scotch over ice.

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there's celluloid.) Thank you, Lawrence Linderman, for a *Playboy* interview (December) that confirms all my suspicions.

D. E. Eccher  
Oak Park, Illinois

Thanks for an enlightening interview with Julie Andrews and Blake Edwards in your Christmas issue. Although it's been pretty obvious in the past few flicks Andrews and Edwards have made together that they are more than ready to disclaim their public images, this interview settles the myths once and for all—in their favor. Besides, a husband-and-wife film-making team with perfectly matching hair styles can't be all bad, right?

Brian L. Covert  
Fresno, California

I've spent the past week in profound meditation on Blake Edwards' now-famous remark about why Julie Andrews is so popular with moviegoers. "She has lilacs for pubic hair," he said, and "leveled" everyone present at a Hollywood party. Joan Crawford, whose sense of humor is legendary, told Edwards it was the funniest line she'd ever heard. Andrews was so impressed, she married him. That's what troubles me. It must be an incredibly witty remark, but somehow, I don't quite get it. Trying to analyze humor is futile. Still, the spectacular results of Edwards' bon mot require explanation. Why lilacs? Why not "She has fettuccini Alfredo for pubic hair"? Why not "She has lilacs for toenails"? Would Blake have married Julie if she had leveled a cocktail party with the observation "He has shit for brains"? The meager results of my meditations are these: This is yet another example of the tendency nowadays to accept any inane remark as uproariously funny or yet another example of the laugh-provoking potential of any reference whatsoever to the genital area. But perhaps PLAYBOY has a better explanation.

John Raymond  
Atlanta, Georgia

*The study of mot mendum (thinking about how glib remarks generate laughter) reveals that humor arises from incongruity. Edwards' comment is funny because Andrews does not actually have lilacs for pubic hair. An unusual lady nevertheless, she has been known to sing from her diaphragm.*

#### COME AND GET IT

James R. Petersen's *Viewpoint* ("That Old-Time Religion," PLAYBOY, December) is the first enlightened article I have read about herpes. He states the facts and puts them in perspective without emotional hyperbole. As a physician, I have treated many people who have herpes. A year or two ago, those people would react as one would expect when informed that they had a viral illness with a small chance of potentially serious side effects. More recently, I have been faced with frantic, hysterical reactions to the same diagnosis and have

seen people spend money on every untried "cure" that comes on the market. Thank you, Mr. Petersen, for allowing us to see that the seamiest part of the herpes "epidemic" may be, as in the Dark Ages, our own fear and ignorance.

Russell Chavey, M.D.  
Detroit, Michigan

About three weeks after I contracted genital herpes, *Time* magazine published its sensationalistic exposé on the horrors of herpes. I felt forever barred from the beauty of sexual expression, which I had only recently discovered. I'm only 21, I'm not promiscuous (this was my second sexual experience; *Time* made me feel as though I'd never have a third) and I'm scared enough without the likes of *Time* and Phyllis Schlafly. Petersen is right that herpes is a "fact of life" and not "the new leprosy" (another insensitive *Time* gaffe, in a 1980 article). As such, herpes is a disease that everyone—not just those who are infected—must deal with. That means not only curbing the disease but being sensitive to those who have it.

(Name withheld by request)  
Nashville, Tennessee

#### NO PLACE LIKE HOME

I've been meaning to get my job application in to you folks for some time now, and *The Women of Playboy* (December) has convinced me to hurry it up or I'll be at the tail end of a mighty long line (namely, the millions of males in your readership). No task would be too menial, incidentally, and, judging by what I see, no department too dull. Now, how about money? What'll I have to pay you a week?

Herb Phillips  
Edwards, Mississippi

Congratulations on yet another fantastic edition. Although all your women are beautiful (as usual), I must comment on one in particular: Kathy Dooley. To say that she is stunning would be to do her beauty an injustice. I strongly suggest that you attempt to persuade Miss Dooley to do further modeling for the magazine (Playmate of the Month would be appropriate).

Victor Garcia III  
Solana Beach, California

What kind of woman works for Playboy? You have done a commendable job of answering that question in your December issue. In searching the country and the world for beautiful women, you have clearly saved some of the best and brightest for your own offices. It is interesting that these women, who, as the accompanying article indicates, must endure the condescending disapproval of the occasional misguided feminist about the magazine they work for, are justifiably proud of their beauty and so cheerfully accept the opportunity to share it—not exploit it—in the most tasteful and prestigious way possible. I hope that

feminists will take note that being witty and intelligent, as these women seem to be, is no reason not to be proud of having a knockout body.

Hank Clifford  
San Diego, California

Your *Women of Playboy* pictorial is simply outstanding. However, I have no problem whatsoever choosing my favorite employee. Kathy Dooley is the loveliest and sexiest woman I have ever seen. Still, I find myself demanding more of your photographers. I am certain that millions of readers would agree that the only fair course of action is to feature Kathy's beauty and grace in a gatefold.

Glenn Patton  
Fernleaf, Kentucky

*You don't see Kathy Dooley or any of the other beautiful women of Playboy in this month's centerfold because they have work to*



*do. We did snap off this shot of the red-hot Kathy for you, though—with a quick-shutter camera.*

#### DYSLEXIA BLUES

Your picture of Daniel J. Travanti in the December *Grapevine* section had me hot for days. It's just too bad that one can catch a hint of underwear in the photo—or my fantasies would be complete. By the way, the button he's holding reads, I'M NEARLY (NOT ALMOST) FAMOUS.

Erin O'Neil  
Chicago, Illinois

*We plead guilty, with extenuating circumstances. We temporarily lost control of our sentences.*

#### THE MOUTHTRAP

I just finished reading David Halberstam's *The Mouth That Roared* (PLAYBOY, December) and am shocked to find myself motivated to write a letter. The article is fantastic. It's about time someone with some power in his pen jumped off Howard Cosell's band wagon and blasted him for



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being the lowlife that he is; and, furthermore, it is the mark of a genius to incorporate Richard Nixon into the same article.

Alan Webber  
Chebanse, Illinois

What did Howard Cosell ever do to David Halberstam to cause him to unleash the venom that appears in the December *PLAYBOY*? Even if everything he says about Cosell is true, the savagery of his attack is frightening.

Harold T. Wrightson  
Arcadia, California

Nice job, Halberstam, on that pompous loudmouth. Let that be a lesson to anybody else who doesn't want you to write his autobiography.

Ron DeLacy  
Sonora, California

### HOW TO GET YOUR LETTER PUBLISHED

I honestly don't know how you people continue to do it, but each issue of *PLAYBOY* is better than the previous one. From cover to cover, the December issue is flawless—probably the best you've ever published. The articles, from serious to humorous, and the photographs, from titillating to breath-taking, totally fascinate me. Don't ever stop.

Lanny R. Middings  
San Ramon, California

### JONG, RESTLESS

Erica Jong's *The Perfect Man* (*PLAYBOY*, December) restores faith to those who constantly seem to find faults in themselves and work overtime to correct those faults but still never quite measure up. I have taken to heart that popular cliché "Beauty [not to mention perfection] is in the eye of the beholder." Thank you, Erica.

J. Littell  
Bremerton, Washington

Erica Jong's failed relationships with men lend little credibility to her as an authority on the perfect man. From her article, it appears she's insecure with men and is, indeed, an imperfect woman.

Stephen Strayer  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Regarding *The Perfect Man*, in your December issue: Oh, Erica, you say it so well. Just wanted to let you know.

Jill Harley  
Newport Beach, California

### TALE OF THE TAPE

You've outdone yourselves again. I didn't think Candy Loving could be overtaken, but Charlotte Kemp, Miss December 1982, wins by a landslide! Thank you, *PLAYBOY* and Charlotte, for brightening my day. I'm still drooling!

Robert Keller  
San Diego, California

I've been reading *PLAYBOY* for three years, and I have never seen anybody as



captivating as December's Playmate of the Month, Charlotte Kemp. I must have another look at her before I go crazy.

James Heida  
Tustin, Michigan

When I opened your December issue to the centerfold, I couldn't turn the page! Charlotte Kemp has to be one of the top candidates for 1983's Playmate of the Year. I went to the newsstand and bought five more December issues.

Dan Burke  
Olympia, Washington

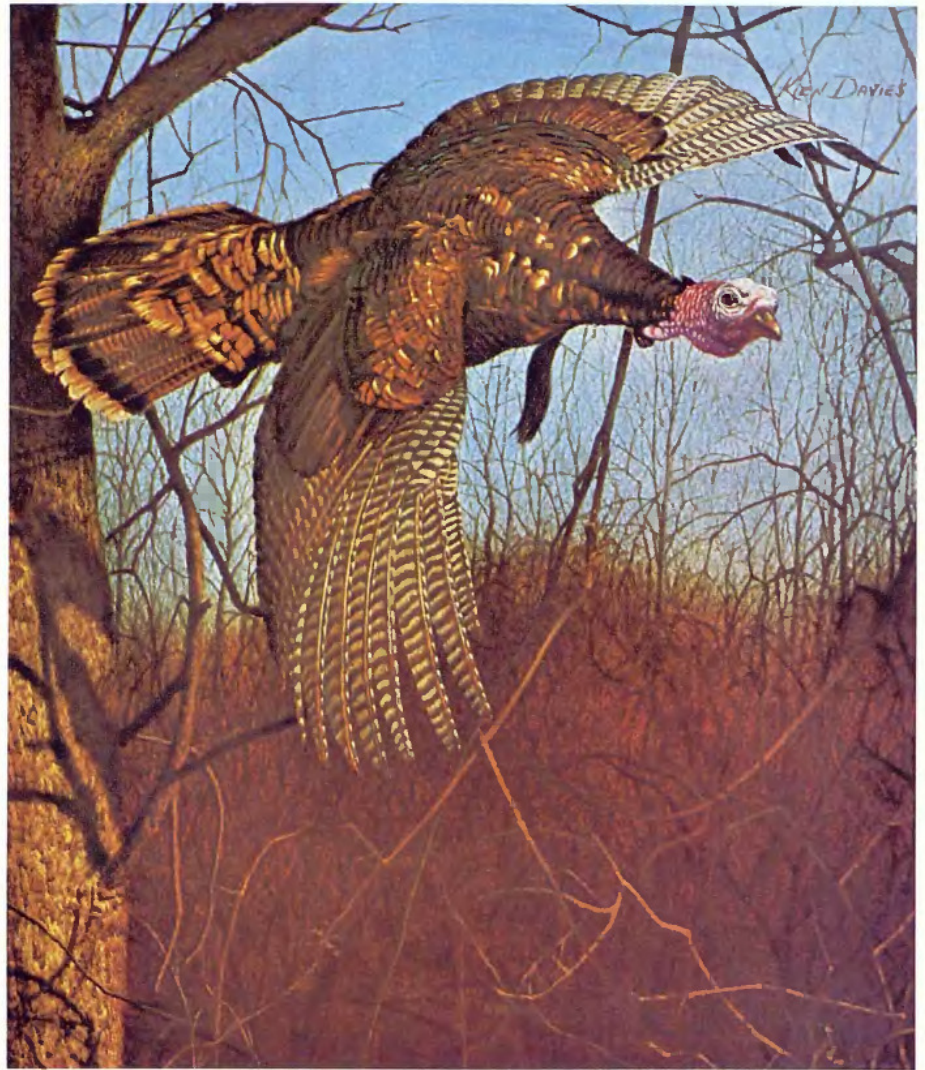
Miss December, Charlotte Kemp, is a fabulous, gorgeous and well-endowed woman, but I won't fall into that trap so many of your readers do of claiming that she is the most beautiful Playmate you've ever featured. There have been so many over the years. When I noted that Charlotte's bust size is 34 inches, it was with disbelief. Had PLAYBOY made a typographical error? I had judged her to be a 39 or a 40! Being somewhat expert in this field, I have long known that there are a lot of variables involved in arriving at the bust measurement. What you have never done, and what I suggest you start doing on the "Playmate Data Sheet" is to give the cup size as well. I would guess Charlotte's to be a DD or an E. Am I close?

Bob Davenport  
Healdsburg, California

*While all of you have been drooling, going insane and buying up magazines, we've gone to enormous lengths (though not as enormous as most of you thought) to solve the inaccuracy-or-bust riddle. Charlotte is, you see, one of*



*the few women whose backs are narrow enough to make their bust measurements somewhat deceptive. We checked very carefully for you, and she's a C cup with a 34-inch bust. We rest our tape.*



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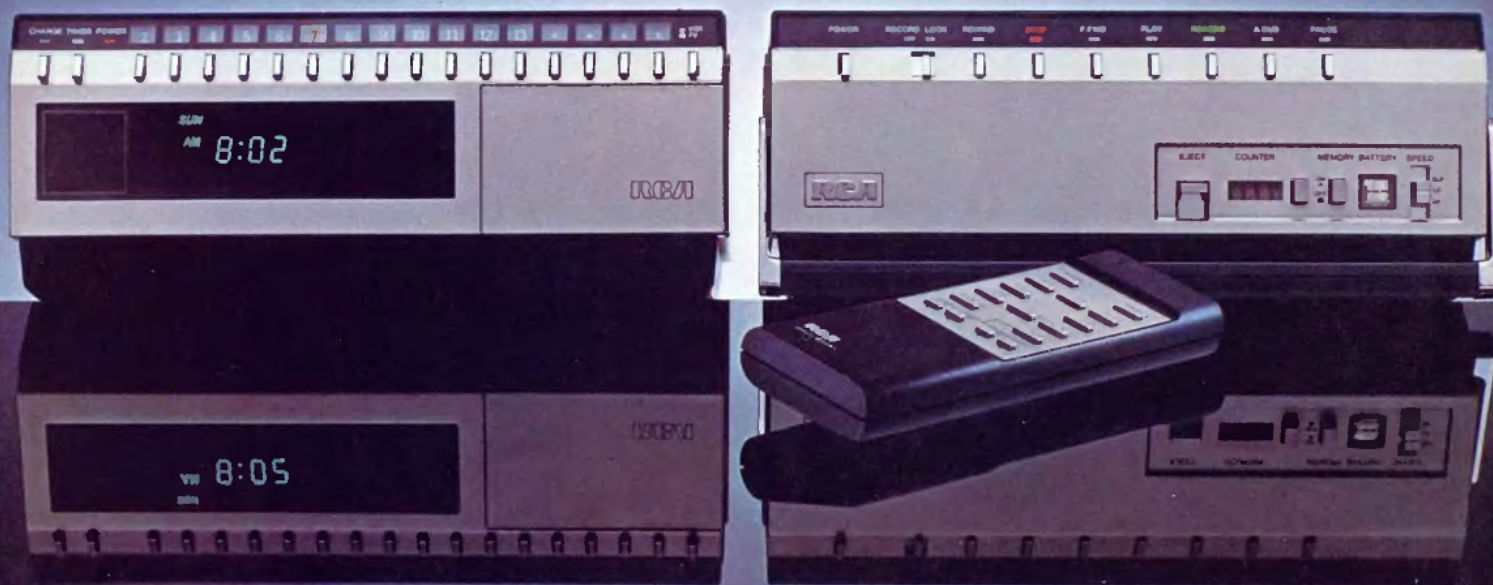
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## GETTING YOUR GOAT

While goats may eat anything, it turns out that their nervous system may not be as hearty as their digestion. At a county fair in Topsfield, Massachusetts, a one-ton tree fell onto a tent in which 125 people were watching a goat-judging contest. No one was injured, but two goats fainted. They were revived by contest officials. How? Mouth-to-goat resuscitation—a procedure not for the sheepish.

The sports section of the Vancouver, British Columbia, *Province* suggests, "Tie up a nymph to cure winter blues." It may not be such a bad idea for spring, either.

## NEEDLING THE ARABS

The enterprising Scandinavian compass maker Silva has done it again. The new Silva Muslims Compass has a ring around the central bowl that after a few minor calibrations points directly to Mecca, no matter where the believer finds himself. Of course, the insultingly low price of \$4.95 for the Silva Muslims Compass will probably inhibit sales. A diamond-studded model, perhaps, will follow.

## ALL THAT JAZZ

Passengers on a subway train in Queens were menaced by a shabby-looking guy armed with an alto sax. The train started moving and he started blowing. Very, very badly. When the train came to a sudden stop between stations, he said that if people didn't cough up some cash, he'd start playing again. The entire car chipped in willingly. Sax silenced, face beaming, the jazzman moved on to the next car and another performance. There are 8,000,000 musical stories in the naked city; this has been just one of them.

## SUSPENSE STORY

Divers attempting to salvage a treasure-trove from the *Lusitania*, the Cunard

passenger liner torpedoed by a German U-boat in 1915, braved heavy seas in the straits off southern Ireland. Penetrating the hull, the divers located a heavy wooden box. Believing that they had discovered the ship's store of precious metals, they opened the box—and found that it contained thousands of garter-belt clips.

California's *Fresno Bee* reports that Halley's comet returns to the sun every 76 years and will be closest to the sun on February 9, 1986. According to the paper, it "will be visible to the naked on the first day of 1986." Those of you who wish to see it, think warm thoughts; the rest of us up North will probably want to wait awhile.

The Baltimore *Sun* wins our headline award: "ISRAELIS SOFTEN ON PULLOUT."

## VINTAGE WHINE

In an effort to publicize Russian-made wine, a tasting extravaganza was held in London's Britain-Soviet Union Friend-

ship Society headquarters. Experts were invited to sip Ruby of Crimea, Krim Red and White Sparkling. The comments were less than encouraging. "Awful, unbelievable," said the *Daily Mail's* wine expert, Joseph Berkmann. "They are amazingly badly made wines. Most of the red wines are sickly sweet." Other descriptions of the U.S.S.R.'s *primo vino* varied from "sweet apple juice" to "totally oxidized." Thank God there's vodka.

It's a jungle out there in the financial markets. In Texas, the *Wichita Falls Record News* reports that Gene Jordan, agriculture loan officer with the First Wichita National Bank, has said that his bank "is financing cattle to regular customers at two percent over the primate rate."

## COPPING A PINCH

When a Fort Lauderdale police officer refused to give her a hug, persistent 21-year-old Pamela Tillis gave the cop a hard pinch on the butt. And since it happened in a crowded hotel lobby, Officer Kevin Allen charged the woman with a misdemeanor count of disorderly conduct and a felony count of battery on a police officer.

The incident began when Allen was called to investigate a disturbance at the Lauderdale Beach Hotel. Tillis, for reasons known only to her, requested a hug from Allen. "I told her I had no intention of hugging her or even getting close to her if I could help it," said Allen in his arrest report. The man in blue concluded that the woman had either no respect for police "or an unquenchable desire for this officer."

The charges kept Tillis in jail for four days. Prosecutors, however, said they'd probably drop the felony count. The local prosecutor didn't think a jury of six reasonable people would send Tillis to





state prison for up to five years. Perhaps if she had pinched Allen in front, the penalty would have been stiffer.

### MATCH POINT

Fraud charges were filed in Madrid against the operators of a Spanish matrimonial agency. They were accused of bilking clients out of piles of pesetas by matching up people regardless of whether they were "sick or well, healthy or unhealthy, married or not married" or even just interested in sex. The hearings were suspended, however, because of the absence of one of the accused. She had entered a nunnery. Whew.

When tubby Luciano Pavarotti canceled his performance in the Lyric Opera of Chicago's production of *Luisa Miller*, the slimmer tenor Giuliano Ciannella replaced him. Opera wags referred to the production as *Luisa Miller Lite*.

### THE SLOANE RANGERS

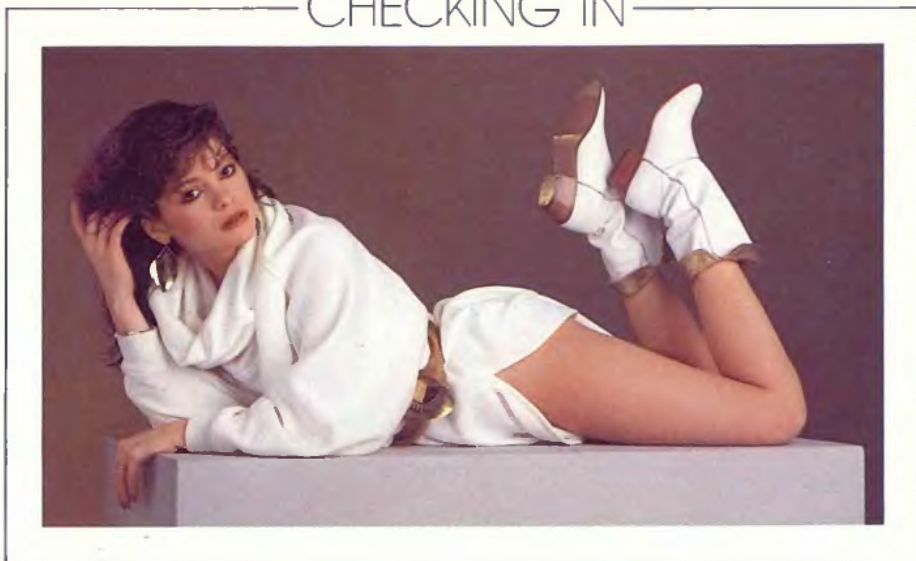
The English equivalent of *The Official Preppy Handbook* is doing jolly well on the London *Times*'s best-seller list. The Sloane Rangers are London's upper-crust young e'er-do-wells (Lady Diana Spencer was the quintessential Sloane), as defined in *The Official Sloane Ranger Handbook*, by Peter York and Ann Barr of the magazine *Harpers & Queen*.

Like preppies, Sloane clones are readily recognized by their air of self-assurance and by their attire. The Sloane men are shod, and the women bagged, by Gucci. "They always look clean and tidy," York says, "and the girls are a turn-on, if you like that sort of thing." The latter wear pleated skirts, cashmere up top and the mandatory Hermès scarves. Male Sloanes in town weekdays are Savile Row suited, with Harvie & Hudson shirts, Turnbull & Asser neckties and Barbour coats. Sloanes gather in "shrieks" rather than groups, ride old bicycles and drive Volvos to the country on weekends. They are vastly amused at the very thought of anyone named Wayne or Gary. Moderate to a fault, Sloanes reflect the verities of a younger, latter-day Colonel Blimp: patriotism, decency and respect for the status quo.

Sloane males work in the city, while women plan parties. The men may occasionally "get pissed" and "have a pee" between the railings onto someone's doorstep; but, generally, Sloanes know the right response to every situation, and they are discreet. "Sloanes know it always ends in tears," says York.

York believes that because Sloanes are not particularly burdened by original thought, they make ideal merchant bankers and chartered surveyors. Male Sloanes never blow their cool. Female Sloanes have been known to break, but only when faced with a male counterpart who has become entranced with another London-area subset—the fun-loving, anorectic Mayfair Mercenary.

## CHECKING IN



Can you picture "One Day at a Time's" Barbara Cooper wearing tight jeans and sporting a let's-fool-around hairdo? Drinking a Club daiquiri from a can and smoking a cigarette? Happily married to rock-guitar idol Eddie Van Halen and living in a rustic L.A.-canyon hideaway littered with musical equipment? "Well, that's the real Valerie Bertinelli," reports Contributing Editor David Rensin. "She's smart, animated and not afraid to say words she can't use on TV. She's not the Valerie I expected, but I wasn't disappointed. Not at all."

PLAYBOY: You've lived in the San Fernando Valley for 11 years—you're a bona fide Valley Girl. What makes you gag?

BERTINELLI: The *National Enquirer*. They recently had the balls to call up and ask for an exclusive interview when, a month earlier, they had written that Eddie and I were fighting and that our marriage was going down the drain. And what pisses me off even more is that they said we were screaming obscenities at each other in Le Dome, a restaurant we've never even been to. And right before I got married, they had an article saying I took Eddie away from his girlfriend of ten years. That's bullshit. They'd gone out for a couple of years, on and off, and three months before he met me, they'd stopped. The people who work for that magazine are sick. I have to laugh at it or I'd drive myself crazy. I hate it so much.

PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the line?

BERTINELLI: There's just one thing—and it's funny to be saying it in this magazine. As of now, I will never do a nude role. I say as of now, because one never knows. Maybe in ten years, there will be a movie role that's worth it. Maybe then I'll be more secure.

PLAYBOY: How are you insecure?

BERTINELLI: I mean, God! You try taking your clothes off in front of 50 men. It would be just awful. It's being shy and insecure with my own body. That's all it is.

PLAYBOY: You seem in excellent shape. What's the problem? What do you see when you look in the mirror?

BERTINELLI: Who really loves her own body? I'll bet even Bo Derek thinks she has problems. Why can't I look like Brooke Shields? You never see a bad picture of her. And Sally Field's body is gorgeous.

PLAYBOY: Even the optional equipment?

BERTINELLI: That's what excites me. If she can do it, maybe I can, too. I'd seriously

consider breast implants, but my husband won't let me do it, because he likes them the way they are. And I love him for it. He's a sweet guy, especially because he can look me straight in the eye and I can tell he's not lying when he says it.

PLAYBOY: Are there problems in being 22 years old and rich?

BERTINELLI: I'm such a tightwad. Neither Edward nor I comprehends the kind of money we make. Someone puts thousands of dollars into my bank account each week, but I still get disgusted at the price of milk.

I have meetings with my accountant every so often and he tells me how much money I have and my reaction is "What?!" And this is after taxes. I'm scared that one day, the money is just not going to be there anymore. On the other hand, I'm really very lazy about money matters. Just tell me if I can buy this or not. Edward's even more of a penny pincher. He spends his money only on guitars and cars. He's got every Porsche ever made—except the 928.

PLAYBOY: When you and Edward dine out, who chooses the wine?

BERTINELLI: We usually order vodka tonics. Unless we go down to the market for a bottle of Blue Nun or *Asti spumante*, we don't drink wine. We're not into high class here. My dad raised me on wine in gallon jugs with screw tops. Look at what I'm drinking now: a Club daiquiri out of a can!

PLAYBOY: Read any good books lately?

BERTINELLI: You're talking to the wrong person. I read only trashy novels.

PLAYBOY: Is marriage everything you imagined it would be?

BERTINELLI: Getting married was one of the best things I've ever done, but living with Eddie is no different from living with a girlfriend. Sharing a house is always difficult,





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## EDIBLE COMPLEX

Awhile back, some lawyers and writers from Minneapolis sent us a manuscript that will become *"The Cucumber Book"* (due out this spring from M. Evans). The book deals with why cucumbers are better than men. The idea, if not the manuscript, made the underground rounds; and pretty soon, in retaliation, taco jokes sprang up. Before the third category hits (we hear that broccoli jokes aimed at the sexually unevolved are next), we thought we'd bring you up to date with the phenomenon.

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- A cucumber isn't allergic to your cat.
- A cucumber doesn't use your toothbrush.
- A cucumber will never leave you (A) for another woman, (B) for another man, (C) for another cucumber.
- You always know where your cucumber has been.
- Cucumbers can get away any weekend.
- Cucumbers can always wait until you get home.
- Cucumbers aren't into rope and leather, talking dirty or swinging with fruits and nuts.
- You can have as many cucumbers as you can handle.
- You have to eat cucumbers only when you feel like it.
- Cucumbers never answer your phone or borrow your car.
- Cucumbers won't go through your medicine chest.
- Cucumbers never make a scene because there are other cucumbers in the refrigerator.
- No matter how old you are, you can always get a fresh cucumber.
- Cucumbers don't leave whisker burns, fall asleep on your chest or drool on the pillow.
- Cucumbers don't expect to be put through law school.
- A cucumber won't tell you it's outgrown you intellectually.
- It's easy to drop a cucumber.

### Tacos are better than women:

- Tacos won't shave with your razor.
- Tacos won't ask, "Is there another taco?"
- Tacos won't look through your checkbook.
- Tacos don't have cats.
- A taco won't mind if you share it with a friend.
- A taco never says, (A) "Is it hard yet?" (B) "Is it in yet?" (C) "Have you seen a doctor about that?"
- A taco won't tell other tacos about your cucumber.
- Tacos are ready when you are.
- Tacos never ask you to call them in the morning.
- With a taco, you never have to say you're sorry.
- You don't have to respect tacos in the morning.
- You don't have to tell tacos you love them.
- Tacos don't fall in love with you just because you have sex.
- Tacos don't make you wear a condom.
- Tacos are happy to sleep on the wet spot.
- Tacos don't get upset if you eat other tacos.
- You don't have to hold a taco while it's falling asleep.
- Tacos never have headaches.
- Tacos don't leave hair in your teeth.
- Tacos don't care if you're married.
- Tacos never even talk about marriage.
- Tacos don't get pregnant.
- Tacos don't insist on foreplay.
- Tacos don't bite.
- You can have your taco as hot as you want it.

especially when you want some privacy. I'm not going to use "space." I hate that word. "Give me my space." It's ridiculous. I went out with a guy for two years and all he could say to me was, "Give me my space." I finally said, "OK, you've got it." Of course, that was after he'd screwed somebody else and I had found out. I said, "Take all the space you need."

PLAYBOY: Do you still believe in monogamy?  
BERTINELLI: I insist on it, as does Edward. I don't want him screwing around with other girls. By the time I met Edward, I was tired of the Hollywood dating syndrome and of all that "What's your sign?" shit. But I hated *having* to be alone instead of wanting to be alone. So when I met Edward, it was amazing. I haven't been able to explain the feeling to anyone yet. We just took one look at each other, and eight months later, we were married.

PLAYBOY: Do you think about other men?

BERTINELLI: Not really. If I saw someone walking down the street, I might look and say, "Cute ass," or whatever. The first thing I noticed about Edward was his eyes. Then he turned around.

PLAYBOY: You used to date Steven Spielberg. Which do you think is his best movie?

BERTINELLI: *Duel*, the TV movie with Dennis Weaver. I saw *E.T.* and I thought, It's really sweet, but \$300,000,000 worth?

PLAYBOY: Does Barbara Cooper represent a sensible solution for the problems facing young women today?

BERTINELLI: What a wonderful question. Yes, she represents a sensible approach in her own little Indianapolis way. I am proud of her. She comes up with great one-liners. She's young, witty, bright—normal. And everybody's a little dizzy now and then.

PLAYBOY: Your co-star and big sister on *One Day at a Time* had a well-publicized problem with drugs. What was your initial reaction to her troubles?

BERTINELLI: I wanted to help. I was confused, disgusted, sorry, scared. I felt helpless, because she didn't want help. In fact, she didn't want me at all. Lately, though, Mac and I have a whole new relationship. It sounds corny, but we found each other again. When Edward was playing in town recently, Mac and I went to the shows, and then she spent the night at our house. Now we can talk bluntly with each other. I can tell her that I hated her then. And she can say she hated me. It's like I've finally found my long-lost sister.

PLAYBOY: What's the newest full-time addition to your purse?

BERTINELLI: I used to take just my driver's license and a couple of credit cards. But now I have a full-time wallet, with a checkbook. Blistex and a little green jar of breath freshener are always in there, too.

PLAYBOY: What, once you start eating it, can't you stop eating?

BERTINELLI: [*Smiles deliciously*] Pizza. I love pizza with pepperoni, mushrooms and black olives on it. Don't ever get me near a pizza. It's very dangerous.



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# BACK ISSUES

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ISSUE	PLAYMATE	INTERVIEW	SPECIAL FEATURE	ISSUE	PLAYMATE	INTERVIEW	SPECIAL FEATURE
JAN '79	Candy Loving	Marlon Brando	25TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE	MAY '81	Gina Goldberg	Elisabeth Kübler-Ross	Uncrowned Miss World
APR '79	Missy Cleveland	Malcolm Forbes	Debra Jo Fondren Pictorial	JUNE '81	Cathy Larmouth	Steve Garvey	Playmate of the Year
MAY '79	Michele Drake	Wendy/Walter Carlos	Private Life of Marilyn Monroe	JULY '81	Heidi Sorenson	Robert Garwood	Jayne Kennedy
JUL '79	Dorothy Mays	Joseph Wambaugh	Patti McGuire (Connors)	AUG '81	Debbie Boostrom	George Gilder	Valerie Perrine
AUG '79	Dorothy Stratten	Edward Teller	Candy Loving's Back	SEP '81	Susan Smith	James Michener	Bo Derek ("Tarzan")
SEP '79	Vicki McCarty	Pete Rose	Women of Ivy League	OCT '81	Kelly Tough	Donald Sutherland	Girls of Southeastern Conference II
OCT '79	Ursula Buchfellner	Burt Reynolds	Bunnies of '79	NOV '81	Shannon Tweed	Oriana Fallaci	Vikki La Motta
NOV '79	Sylvie Garant	Masters & Johnson	Condominium Conspiracy	DEC '81	Patricia Farinelli	Henry Fonda	Sex Stars of 1981
JAN '80	Gig Gangel	Steve Martin	NFL's Sexiest Cheerleaders	JAN '82	Kimberly McArthur	George Carlin	Women of the Soaps
MAR '80	Henriette Allais	Terry Bradshaw	Bo Derek	FEB '82	Anne-Marie Fox	Lech Walesa	The Year in Sex
APR '80	Liz Glazowski	Linda Ronstadt	Women of the Armed Forces	MAR '82	Karen Witter	Patricia Hearst	Barbara Carrera
MAY '80	Martha Thomsen	Gay Talese	Stewardesses	APR '82	Linda Rhys Vaughn	Ed Koch	Mariel Hemingway
JUN '80	Ola Ray	John Anderson	Playmate of the Year	MAY '82	Kym Malin	Billy Joel	Barbara Schantz
JUL '80	Teri Peterson	Bruce Jenner	Finding the Perfect 10	JUNE '82	Lourdes A.K. Estores	Sugar Ray Leonard	Playmate of the Year
AUG '80	Victoria Cooke	William Shockley	NFL Preview/Bo Derek Encore	JULY '82	Lynda Wiesmeier	Bette Davis	Girls of Ma Bell
SEP '80	Lisa Welch	Roy Scheider	Girls of Southwest Conference	AUG '82	Cathy St. George	Akio Morita	California Girls
OCT '80	Mardi Jacquet	G. Gordon Liddy	Girls of Canada	SEP '82	Connie Brighton	Cheech and Chong	Girls of the Big Eight
NOV '80	Jeana Tomasi	Larry Hagman	Women of U.S. Government	OCT '82	Marianne Gravatte	Robin Williams	Tanya Roberts
DEC '80	Terri Welles	George C. Scott	Sex Stars of 1980	NOV '82	Marlene Janssen	Luciano Pavarotti	Women of Braniff
JAN '81	Karen Price	John Lennon/Yoko Ono	Urban Cowgirls	DEC '82	Charlotte Kemp	Julie Andrews/Blake Edwards	Women of Playboy
FEB '81	Vicki Lasseter	Tom Snyder	Playmate Roommates	Jan '83	Lonny Chin	Dudley Moore	Playmate Review/Audrey & Judy Landers
MAR '81	Kymberly Herrin	James Garner	Twins				
APR '81	Lorraine Michaels	Ed Asner	Rita Jenrette				

Current \$5.50 back issue price subject to change.



# BOOKS

Peter Matthiessen has thoughtfully produced *In the Spirit of Crazy Horse* (Viking), a sad and detailed look at an unromantic part of the wild West legacy. Crazy Horse was the 19th Century Dakota Sioux who liked to point out that the white man—and the Bureau of Indian Affairs—had a keen sense of real-estate values. This book is about his modern counterparts in the American Indian Movement of the Seventies, primarily those on the huge Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota, and the old attitudes that punish them. In blunt terms, this is an account of assassinations and frame-ups of militant Indians, including Leonard Peltier, the A.I.M. leader who was convicted of murder. Matthiessen exposes questionable practices, in and out of court, to support his persuasive assertion that there is more than edginess rampant in the native American community today. From his vantage point, we aren't going to heal our Wounded Knees.

In the eyes of its critics, Israel is expected to behave better than other countries. But what happens when it doesn't? Jacobo Timerman answers that question in *The Longest War, Israel in Lebanon* (Knopf), a fascinating, piercing look at Israel during its longest—and most ignominious—war. Timerman rages against Begin with the wrath of a man of conscience.

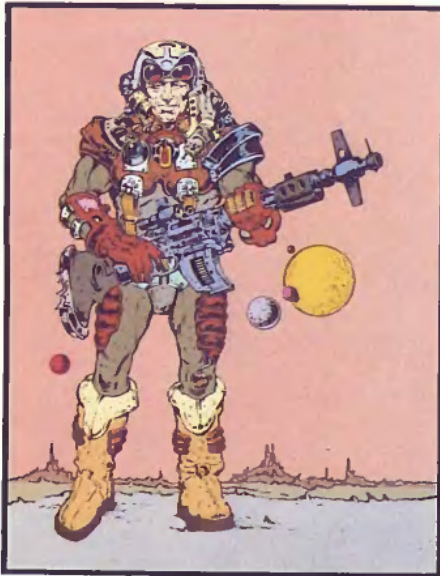
If you love science fiction, spend your money on Gene Wolfe's *The Citadel of the Autarch* (Timescape/Pocket), volume four of *The Book of the New Sun*. The tetralogy follows the rise to power of Severian the Torturer in the land of Urth. It contains all the usual elements of a great epic, but that is not the reason we recommend the series. Wolfe has produced some of the best writing we've read in any genre. He is playing with the very roots of storytelling, and the primary joy of the book is that it is so *unexpected*. Any writer who can introduce a character called Loyal to the Group of Seventeen, have that character tell a moving story in the equivalent of quotations from Chairman Mao—and have it *work*—is on to something.

Tildy Soileau is a barnstorming short-stop turned adulteress turned drug moll turned fugitive Madonna. Karl Gables, her husband, is a drunken men's-room attendant who finds a buried treasure that's impossible to fence. Jimmy Christo is a small-change con man, killer and Tildy's epiphany. Rabbits in fate's headlights, these three are the heroes of Hob Broun's *Odditorium* (Harper & Row), because they sense their impending dooms and still have the courage to run. An oddly great book, Broun's first novel comes choked



Lo, the poor Indian, again.

Peter Matthiessen on the Indians; hot science fiction; and a special first novel.



Wolfe scores with number four.

with death and despair but peppered with the small triumphs of born-to-lose saints.

We've just assessed three books on nuclear war, the first one ridiculous, the two others as important as any we will ever read on the matter. "Vacuum-cleaning fall-out from the piles of carpets may not be possible," writes Barry Popkess in *The Nuclear Survival Handbook* (Collier). He is full of similarly specious advice in this book that seems to be a joke but isn't. "An

alternative method of catching rabbits is by setting nets outside the exits from their burrows and then beating on the roof." Beating with what? You'd be smarter to read George F. Kennan's *The Nuclear Delusion* (Pantheon). This is a collection of his writings on the subject from 1950 to 1982, and the former U.S. Ambassador to Russia speaks eloquently of "the changes we shall have to make . . . if we hope to reverse the dreadful trend toward a final nuclear conflagration." Lastly, *The Game of Disarmament* (Pantheon), by Nobel Prize winner Alva Myrdal, discusses the nuclear argument from a European perspective. Myrdal's bottom line: "The hawks have it, and they are increasingly trying to win by working up extreme nationalism."

Africa has the most untapped natural resources in the world; and yet it seems able to produce only leaders who are either brutal buffoons or sensitive, educated men crushed by unsolvable problems. It all becomes more poignant when persuasive people predict that more and more super-power confrontations will be played out on African soil. David Lamb's *The Africans* (Random House) is a primer for all of us who don't know enough about the Dark Continent. It's a fascinating and important book that takes the time to articulate African complexities.

## BOOK BAG

*A Visit from the Footbinder and Other Stories* (Simon & Schuster), by Emily Prager: Former soap star and co-writer of *Mr. Mike's Mondo Video*, Prager is a storyteller of real note. "The Alumnae Bulletin" is a knockout.

*The Years of Lyndon Johnson: The Path to Power* (Knopf), by Robert A. Caro: We suspect that this volume, the first of three, is everything anyone could ever want to know about early Lyndon—and more.

*Crazy Time: Surviving Divorce* (Harper & Row), by Abigail Trafford: Not a how-to book but, rather, a conversational guide with facts and anecdotes to get you through that bad time.

*The Earth Will Shake* (Tarcher), by Robert Anton Wilson: Co-author of the *Illuminatus!* trilogy, Wilson is back at his science-fiction beat, writing about the ancestors of characters in several of his other novels.

*The Breaks* (Simon & Schuster), by Richard Price: We love Price. *The Wanderers* and *Bloodbrothers* were small gems. This novel, about a guy with growing pains, starts out strong but doesn't maintain its energy level. Still, it's worth your time.

*Playboy's Guide to Rating the Video Games* (Playboy Paperbacks), by Walter Lowe, Jr.: We'll just take a minute to toot our own horn. Lowe, our resident game wizard, has written a first-rate evaluation of the games available—what to play, what to buy (with prices) and a chapter on the 12 best arcade games. Read, then play.





**TEN YEARS THAT SHOOBOPPED THE WORLD:** In the late Fifties and early Sixties, lines of seemingly nonsensical phonetics called **doo-wop** frequently told the discerning pop or rock fan all he or she needed to know. That was back when rock 'n' roll was still a pulse on the circuit that ran roughly between the solar plexus and the groin—before anybody had thought of subjecting rock 'n' roll to music's stuffer conventions, such as thoughtful criticism, production values and a demand that musicians know how to play their instruments. Nobody knows where such terms as doo-doo-doo or bop-shoobop originated, but we know that many of them wound up in the record collection of contributor Diane Farrar, who put together the following short quiz on introductory doo-wop. The list is limited to doo-wop phrasings that appeared at the beginning of a song. Each, uh, phrase is taken from a top doo-wop hit, one per year, during the prime doo-wop years of 1955–1964. Sorry, no translations.

1. (1955) *Womp bomp loomump a lump bump bump*
2. (1956) *Eh, doom op da doom op da doom op, duh-duh*  
*Ooh wah ooh wah, ooh wah ooh wah, ooh wah ooh wah*
3. (1957) *Yi, yi yi yi yi, yi yi yi yi, yi yi yi-i*
4. (1958) *Dip dip dip dip dip dip*  
*Sha na na na, sha na na na na, badom*  
(three times)  
*Sha na na na, sha na na na na*

5. (1959) *Do doobie do*  
*Dum dum, du-um do du-um, doobie do* (12 times)
6. (1960) *Dum dum dum dumbie do ah*  
*Oh yeah yeah yeah yeah*  
*Oh oh oh oh ah*
7. (1961) *Bomp ba ba bomp ba bomp ba bomp bomp*  
*Ba ba bomp ba ba bomp*  
*De dang a dang dang a ding a dong ding*
8. (1962) *Do do do*  
*Down doobie do down down*  
*Come-a come-a down doobie do down down*

*Come-a come-a down doobie do down down*

9. (1963) *Shoobop shoobop my baby, shoobop shoobop*

10. (1964) *Boom-boom boom-boom boom-boom*

*Down down, down down, be doobie do*

*Down down, down down, be doobie do-oo-oo*

Answers on page 30.

## REVIEWS

Why are the best live rock-'n'-roll albums recorded in Detroit? We thought those people were depressed, but not according to the crowd sounds on **Show-time** (EMI America), the J. Geils Band's latest, recorded at Pine Knob music theater last September. This is a sexy collection of recent hits, but the best cut on the album is the old bar-band boiler *Land of a Thousand Dances*, featuring The Uptown Horns, an intense trio of New York session men who seem in search of something—a G spot, for instance.

Fans of baroque orchestral works usually point to Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos*, Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* and Handel's *Water Music* as the cornerstones of the period. Add one more. Neville Marriner and the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields' new digital recording of Handel's **6 Concerti Grossi Opus 3** (Philips) is magnificent. Even those familiar with previous attempts at the work will be astonished at the energy of this performance and its clarity of production. Handel, with care.

Recently, a plunderer filched our music editor's car stereo, leaving behind the traditional gaping hole in the dash and the tape that had been in the stereo the night before—Joni Mitchell's new **Wild Things Run Fast** (Geffen). Our music editor feels smug that the stereo burglar missed the tape—it's that good. To borrow a line

## TRUST US



### HOT

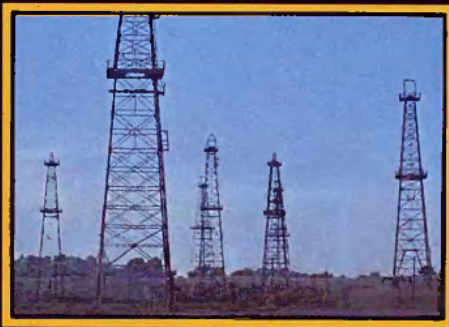
1. Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers / *Long After Dark*
2. Marvin Gaye / *Midnight Love*
3. Kris, Willie, Dolly & Brenda / *The Winning Hand*
4. Little Shop of Horrors
5. Michael Jackson / *Thriller*



### NOT

1. Rose Tattoo / *Scarred for Life*
2. Universal City Orchestra / *Stuck on TV*
3. Louise Mandrell and RC Bannon / *(You're My) Superwoman, (You're My) Incredible Man*
4. Monsignor sound track
5. *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial* (narrated by Michael Jackson)





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from Mitchell's work, "At least the moon at the window—the thieves left that behind." We like her new sound, which she says reflects her interest in Journey and The Police. She also has bright new songs, able assists from Lionel Richie, Jr., and Wayne Shorter and the good sense to rely occasionally on Leiber and Stoller to help her make timeless music.

Not since the New Riders of the Purple Sage has there been a contemporary cowboy band like Rank and File, whose first album, *Sundown* (Slash), has all the tongue-in-cheek naïveté and twangy guitar one could hope for. Even at their most earnest, these guys don't lose their wit. For example, the cut called *Rank and File*, which is nominally about work and rage, ends with "Push a pen, steer a ship, break a stone, grip and flip." It's fun to listen to when riding off into your headset.

Captain Beefheart isn't getting any younger. *Ice Cream for Crow* (Epic/Virgin), his newest effort, creaks along as though all the joints involved in this recording were arthritic. Sure, we know, the Captain is one of those art guys—the ones who are supposed to get away with more, the ones who take more chances. But how much of a chance is it to sing "The woman silk nude tie painting his chest/One celluloid stay exposed through his nibbled collar" in a voice that had mustard gas for breakfast?

### SHORT CUTS

**The Complete Charlie Barnet, Volumes V and VI** (RCA): These two albums will flesh out your swing collection and make you wanna dance by the light of the moon.

**Full Swing / The Good Times Are Back** (Planet): Richard Perry is back with a big band and a vocal trio. *The Tonight Show's* mild-mannered Tommy Newsom wrote and arranged one of the liveliest cuts; we guess he's no longer a secret swinger.

**Wilhelmenia Fernandez / Spirituals** (Tioch Digital): The captivating star of the film *Diva* takes black religious music, crisply, to a recital hall and deprives it of blood and sweat. A curious way to capitalize on her current visibility.

**Heavy Manners / Politics & Pleasure** (Disturbing): Very danceable *ska*, as interpreted by some dedicated Midwestern rock-'n'-rollers.

### The Doo-Wop Quiz Answers

1. *Tutti-Frutti*—Little Richard
2. *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*—Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers
3. *Little Darlin'*—The Diamonds
4. *Get a Job*—The Silhouettes
5. *Come Softly to Me*—The Fleetwoods
6. *Only the Lonely*—Roy Orbison
7. *Blue Moon*—The Marcels
8. *Breaking Up Is Hard to Do*—Neil Sedaka
9. *Hello Stranger*—Barbara Lewis
10. *I Wanna Love Him So Bad*—The Jelly Beans

## FAST TRACKS



**BIG BUCKS DEPARTMENT:** We don't know why nobody thought of it before, but Journey is marketing a video-game cassette. It's called *Journey Escape*, and the object is to get the band members from backstage to the concert hall, through gaggles of groupies, promoters and photographers. *Journey Escape* is on sale at the steep price of \$34.95. This smart move coincides with a road tour and a new album. They'll probably need a computer to keep track of all the goodies, so when the boys sing *Don't Stop Believing*, we'd better not.

**R**EELING AND ROCKING: Bill Wyman has turned Mel Brooks down. Brooks wanted him to play one of the merry men in his forthcoming movie about Robin Hood. Said Wyman, "I'm too shy and too old for that sort of thing." . . . PolyGram Pictures has optioned the rights to *Great Balls of Fire*, the biography of Jerry Lee Lewis written by ex-wife Myra. . . . Charlotte Caffey of the Go-Go's says their goal for 1983 is to do a movie. If they can't find a story, they may try to tailor something to tie in with their next album. Caffey's not worried that none of the Go-Go's has any acting experience: "We don't need lessons; we're naturals," is how she sees it. . . . A sequel to *Heavy Metal* is in the works, with Al Brodax (producer of *Yellow Submarine*) directing. . . . Paul McCartney plans to star in a movie about himself. He has already written the script and the music for *Give My Regards to Broad Street*. A cast of 30 will include Linda and Ringo. . . . Are you ready for *Ladies and Gentlemen, the Fabulous Stains?* Producer Lou Adler's film stars former members of The Sex Pistols, Fee Waybill and Vince Welnick of The Tubes and Paul Simonon of The Clash. *The Stains* is a teenaged-girls group.

**NEWSBREAKS:** Some of Motown's greatest are planning to unite next summer for a world tour. According to Four Tops member Duke Fakir, Stevie Wonder, Diana Ross, Smokey Robinson, The Temps, Marvin Gaye and the Four Tops have all agreed in principle to join the marathon. . . . Randy Newman's new album, *Trouble in Paradise*, will be in the stores momentarily, and his line-up of guest vocalists is about as tony as it gets: Paul Simon, Linda Ronstadt, Bob Seger, Don

Henley, Christine McVie, Lindsey Buckingham, Rickie Lee Jones, Jennifer Warnes, Wendy Waldman and Toto. This will be one time when the buyer will get his (or her) money's worth. . . . Lionel Richie, Jr., is going to begin his tour any time now, and he plans to hit about 35 cities. . . . Have you heard our favorite dance band? It has a record out called *Cardiac Party*, which is what you'd expect from Jack Mack and the Heart Attack, right? At heart, these guys play L.A. sessions (for such heavies as Glenn Frey, Quarterflash, Oingo Boingo, War and a live Rickie Lee Jones disc), but we highly recommend their very own album. Dance till your pulse races. . . . Pete Townshend has endorsed a new book about The Who called *The Who: Maximum R & B*, by Richard Barnes, an old friend who is credited with coming up with the name of the band. Pete says he likes the book a lot: "It's got everything . . . glue sniffing . . . the songs I stole . . . the uncontrollable violence and tyrannical reign of Daltrey, terror, the blood-spitting technique . . . by the do-anything-for-a-laugh Moon, the silent, sinister, sidelong sneers of . . . Entwine when his claret was served too cool. . . . The Who are a disgusting group, now exposed for what they were; what a pity we grew out of it." . . . An explanation for Alex Van Halen's black eye won't be coming from David Lee Roth. Roth did say, "It's a beauty, a real sweet one. Rock 'n' roll is a contact sport."

**RANDOM RUMORS:** This item *looks* real, but then, we never know. Do you know about the record *Erotique*? It's the sound of a female orgasm lasting half an hour. Laff Records encloses a lyric sheet. You're on your own.—BARBARA NELLIS



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# MOVIES

**B**efore *Sophie's Choice* (Universal), Meryl Streep seemed to me, at best, an accomplished but somewhat asexual star, too cool for my taste. All previous doubts are banished by her scintillating, bravura performance as the heroine of William Styron's best seller. Adapted for the screen by Alan J. Pakula, who also doubles as director and coproducer, *Sophie's Choice* is emphatically a breakthrough role for Streep. If they had written parts like this for Garbo, she might still be acting. Meryl commands our belief that she's a Polish beauty back in 1947, a refugee struggling with English in a halting but eager accent, though reluctant to discuss her wartime experiences. Behind Sophie's vulnerable façade lie many dark secrets about who and what she was during the holocaust and how she survived it. In postwar Brooklyn, she shares her bed with a romantic, brilliant American Jew named Nathan, who has a few murky secrets of his own. Broadway's Kevin Kline, best known for his flashy stints in hit musicals, scores a knockout movie debut as Nathan. Add plaudits for boyish Peter MacNicol as the budding novelist Stingo, Sophie's point-of-view character (and, obviously, author Styron's self-portrait), whose friendship with the mad, mysterious couple upstairs marks the beginning of maturity, the end of innocence.

To coax such vibrant performances from his cast in a drama that's seldom less than hypnotic is no mean achievement for adapter-director Pakula. Yet there are problems, particularly in the death-camp sequences, all flashbacks—some played in Polish or German, with subtitles—that often become heavy going. The movie is overstuffed with detail, also slowed by the clumsy device of voice-over narration. No matter how Styronesque the words (recalling "my voyage of discovery in a place as strange as Brooklyn" or "a plunge into carnal oblivion" with Sophie), they overstate the obvious, as if to declare in italics that an audience must not forget that there's a literary blockbuster being whittled down to size as cinema before its very eyes. He's got so much going for him already, Pakula doesn't *have* to throw the book at us. **YYY½**

The emotional upheavals spelled out in *Frances* (Universal) seem to stem from everyone else's inability to cope with the beauty, talent and forthrightness of Frances Farmer. That doomed, exquisite movie star of the Thirties is mistreated by Hollywood moguls, cruelly exploited by famous Broadway leftists (namely, the late director Harold Clurman and the playwright Clifford Odets, not lucky enough to be fictionalized, like their West Coast counterparts). Depressed by the Depression, Farmer asks rhetorically, "How can I



Streep, a choice Sophie, with Kline.

Meryl's magnificent,  
Jessica's electric, but  
*Sophie* outscores *Frances*.



Lange in soapy *Frances*.

keep making movies when people are starving?" But whenever the poor girl protests that she's had enough of fame and fortune, she is dragged in and out of mental hospitals by her fiercely ambitious mom. Such a catalog of celebrity trauma, pretty standard by now, proceeds to a chilling lobotomy sequence (the doctor demonstrates his "ice-pick technique"), followed by Frances' pathetic reappear-

ance as a has-been on TV's *This Is Your Life*. Got the picture?

Opening nationally about now, *Frances* was shown briefly at the end of 1982 to qualify for the Academy Awards. At least one nomination should be a cinch: for Jessica Lange, in the title role. Lange, who proved she could act in 1981's *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, plays Frances with formidable intelligence, perception and a gallant kind of gallows humor. She is quite wonderful in a movie that seldom matches her performance level, except when Kim Stanley is onscreen—another potential Oscar nominee as the vindictive killer mom. Actor-playwright Sam Shepard, who has charisma to burn, burns out rather early as *Frances* evolves from affecting memoirs of a Seattle girlhood to snake-pit melodrama. It's not half good enough, though Jessica manages to make the better half an electrifying one-woman show. **YYY½**

A bleached and blowzy Margot Kidder plays one of those tarts with a heart of gold and wrings something quite memorable from the flimsy material of *Heartaches* (Motion Picture Marketing). Almost a match for her is Annie Potts as a married girl who has left her husband, a stock-car racer (nicely played by Robert Carradine), after carelessly becoming pregnant by one of his best friends. The two waifs meet by chance on a bus bound for Toronto, decide to share a loft, quickly find jobs in a mattress factory. Soon after, Margot, as the sleep-around gal named Rita, is gaga over the boss's nephew, a handsome Italian (Winston Rekert) who's not likely to take her seriously—while Annie, as the expectant Bonnie, begins to negotiate with her estranged spouse. The soul of *Heartaches* is a genuine, naturally kindled relationship between two women with very little in common beyond their brave, resilient attitude of life goes on so what the hell. Director Donald Shebib sometimes milks the preciousness and whimsicality of Terence Heffernan's screenplay, but it's likable and spontaneous all the same—damned near irresistible whenever Kidder and Potts take charge, as they often do. **YYY½**

Writer-director Walter Hill begets movies with lots of muscle—from *Hard Times* and *The Warriors* to the superviolent *Southern Comfort*. He's getting better at it all the time, and his flashy, dandy **48 HRS.** (Paramount) has enough rock-around-the-clock energy to make cops and robbers look like a brand-new game. Although the four credited writers (Hill among them) haven't come up with much that's actually fresh or unpredictable, **48 HRS.** clicks anyway. It's a class act.

Looking a bit beefier than usual, Nick Nolte plays a tough San Francisco detective on the trail of two ruthless cop killers



(James Remar and Sonny Landham, so evil they seem to do *everything* in cold blood). His only hope of snaring these two homicidal maniacs is to spring one of their former cohorts from prison on a two-day pass—and that's a cue for the auspicious screen debut of Eddie Murphy, the 21-year-old boy wonder of *Saturday Night Live*. It's a shrewd move for Murphy to stretch his talents in a hard-edged buddy movie that uses insult humor mostly to ease the tension of the man hunt, and he's sensational—quick, cocksure, easily the most engaging black actor to hit the jackpot since Richard Pryor. The scenes that Murphy doesn't steal are handed to him on a platter by both Hill and Nolte, whose generosity might well be inspired by self-confidence. The point is, everyone here seems to be on top of his specialty. There's a hum of nonstop excitement in James Horner's musical score (with a counterpoint of black rock numbers performed by the Bus Boys), and Ric Waite's cinematography makes the mean streets of San Francisco look dark and dangerous. *48 HRS.* may be construed to bear a brief message about brotherhood, but I suspect Hill's purpose is really to establish that time flies when you're sweating bullets at the movies. **YYY½**

The three authors of the original runaway hit sent a letter to the press disclaiming any responsibility for, or connection with, *Airplane II: The Sequel* (Paramount). Well, the spin-off, by writer-director Ken Finkleman, isn't all *that* bad, though it may be fair to warn you that Finkleman wrote *Grease 2*. *Airplane II* is a lunar shuttle with a mad bomber aboard to complement the ship's structural defects (as well as a headstrong computer brain named Rok). Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty, Peter Graves, Lloyd Bridges and some other familiar *farceurs* are checked in but are not given quite as much to work with as they had the first time around. Typical of sequels, which often have a bit of trouble getting off the ground, the fun quotient here seems second-string and rather strained. **YY**

Producer-director Sydney Pollack, an actor himself once upon a time, has a featured role as Dustin Hoffman's agent in *Tootsie* (Columbia). And he's so damned good; it's as if he'd decided to sneak on and grab an extra bow for one of the sassiest comedies of the year. If you're willing to believe Hoffman (it would be foolish to resist) as an unemployed actor who achieves fame by getting into drag and landing a job on a daytime soap opera, everything about *Tootsie* is a total delight. Hoffman has a field day as a guy named Michael Dorsey and/or Dorothy Michaels, who picks up where *Victor/Victoria* left off but digs just a little deeper. He becomes the toast of the soaps and also complicates his life with a host of very timely problems about man-woman relationships and sexual



Nolte, O'Toole off duty in *48 HRS.*



Tootsie Hoffman, Genna Davis.

Join Nolte and Murphy on a *48-HRS.* pass; don't miss *Tootsie*; but forget *The Toy*.

identity. At one juncture, his girlfriend (Teri Garr) thinks he's gay, his delectable co-star (Jessica Lange) thinks he's a lesbian and *her* father (Charles Durning) wants to marry him. Given Pollack's smooth direction of a screenplay by Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal—both experts at dispensing New Yorkese—you get a slice-of-life satire combined with a credible romantic comedy. Lange's sweet, sexy performance vis-à-vis Hoffman may boost her stock higher than the dark histrionics of *Frances* (see review on page 32). This time, of course, it's Hoffman's show, though the superb supporting cast includes Bill Murray as his skeptical writer roommate (author of an unproduced play "about a couple who moved *back* to the Love Canal"). Murray was never better. Hoffman was never lovelier. And although you may pick out a blemish or two, *Tootsie* is a joy. **YYYY**

An earlier French version of *The Toy* (Columbia) was reviewed right here in 1979, when I called it "sticky as a melted gundrop." I'll stand by that description for the Americanized remake starring

Richard Pryor as a writer who's hired by a busy tycoon to be a plaything for his spoiled, precocious ten-year-old son. ("He bought a black man" is how they put it now.) Jackie Gleason has a fairly nothing part as the father, while young Scott Schwartz makes the spoiled brat about as loathsome a moppet as Carol Sobieski's adaptation requires. Pryor brings off some funny bits, but they are shticks in lieu of any real acting—no doubt a matter of indifference to his fans, for he can bring down the house merely by belching. *The Toy* telegraphs most of its jokes and has an intrusive musical score to indicate the mood of each scene (they run the gamut from sloppy sentimental to downright silly). Pryor's still a major talent in search of a screenplay worthy of him. Meanwhile, *The Toy*'s just a windup designed to make millions. **Y**

More than a decade has passed since playwright-actor Jason Miller's *That Championship Season* (Cannon) won raves on Broadway and copped a Pulitzer Prize. The movie version marks Miller's directorial debut, but it's too bad he had to wait so long: Some of the freshness has gone from the subject of schoolboy athletic heroes who try to live on their yea-team glories well into middle age. *Championship Season* covers the 24th annual reunion of a high school basketball squad that took the state-wide cup for Scranton, Pennsylvania, back in 1957. Four players and their coach—a good ol' boy who has instilled them with enough American-dream bullshit to destroy a regiment of men—gather for a nightlong orgy of toasts, accusations, back stabbings, drunken mutterings and harsh truths. A local mayoralty election is just one issue that curdles the camaraderie of the occasion, complicated by the fact that one wealthy campaign contributor (Paul Sorvino) has been balling the candidate's wife. As the harassed politician and former court star, Bruce Dern is first-rate. So are all the other actors, for whom *Championship Season* seems to be designed. Everyone gets at least one big showstopping scene and makes the most of it—from Sorvino to Stacy Keach, as an ambitious, vengeful campaign manager; Martin Sheen, as his alcoholic brother; plus Robert Mitchum, in good form as the authoritative, tough-hided coach, who may or may not have a terminal illness. Miller's direction is pedestrian, far surpassed by his skill at writing playable dialog and letting his players run with it. **YYY**

Pinteresque is the word for *Betrayal* (Fox), adapted by Harold Pinter from his London/Broadway stage hit. It's a bizarre, bass-ackward love triangle played in reverse gear—with the first scene between a man and a woman whose extramarital affair (he's her husband's best friend and business associate) had ended several years before. Subsequent scenes carry them back, year by year, to that moment of headlong passion when they first decided



to throw caution to the wind. The dialog is pure Pinter, typically cryptic, unabashedly stogy. All in all, a fascinating exercise about grownups who have been through the mill—with, of course, a trio of awfully civilized English actors to portray them. Jeremy Irons continues his steady rise toward stardom as the lover, with Ben Kingsley very low-key (and let's admit it's not easy to picture him as any less a man than Gandhi) as the cuckolded husband and Patricia Hodge as the wife. Miss Hodge belongs to that select breed of British actresses who probably light up a stage with keen intelligence but seem somewhat dimmer in front of the camera. I wager that director David Jones would have cast differently if he'd had any lightning flash of inspiration about how to make *Betrayal* blaze into being as a movie. **YY½**

An intrinsic awkwardness takes some of the fun out of *Trail of the Pink Panther* (MGM/UA). Sixth in the *Panther* comedy series launched by writer-director Blake Edwards in 1963, this effort utilizes classic footage featuring the late Peter Sellers as Inspector Clouseau, with a fillip of other



Sellers, Harold Berens on *Panther's* trail.

Panther's resurrection muffed, Burt and Goldie's material falters, but Clint's worth catching.



Burt, Goldie fade into the sunset.

choice bits that were cut from the early films. The plot gimmick of *Trail* is that Clouseau's plane has been lost at sea, and a French TV reporter (Joanna Lumley, whose Gallic accent comes and goes) traipses around interviewing characters we all remember (David Niven, Capucine, Herbert Lom, Burt Kwouk). Shades of *Citizen Kane*. But it's candy *Kane* and largely tame *Panther*: At one moment, it resembles an affectionate tribute to Sellers; moments later, it shows the strain of trying to salvage the series after the demise of the star. Overall, a macabre enterprise, with the most effective comic relief from Richard Mulligan in a droll, newly minted cameo as Clouseau's lickerish old dad, whose senile housekeeper (a direct steal from one Edwards invented for "10") gets by with a little help from his dog. **YY**

As a pair of successful Hollywood screenwriters who ruin a beautiful romance by getting married and going back East to visit their families, Goldie Hawn and Burt Reynolds overwhelm *Best*

*Friends* (Warner). In tandem, their superstar personae finally sabotage the modest framework of this comedy by Valerie Curtin and Barry Levinson, a husband-wife writing team whose firsthand experience and previous credits promise much more than *Best Friends* ever delivers. (*Inside Moves* and . . . *And Justice for All* were joint efforts, while Levinson's autobiographical *Diner*, which he wrote and directed, was one of the movie highlights of 1982.) Persistent rumors that Curtin and Levinson had little to do with *Friends* after their checks were mailed suggest that director Norman Jewison got in over his head with two powerful Hollywood entities, Goldie and Burt—who are a bit long in the tooth to play a couple of honeymooners so naïve that they don't dare insist on sleeping together in her parents' house. Goldie tries to skirt all the film's credibility gaps with goggle-eyed innocence, while Reynolds habitually looks to heaven for a kind of help that never comes. In such strained circumstances, their famous, familiar charms wear thin much sooner than you'd think. A fatuous musical score by Michel Legrand (lyrics by Alan and Marilyn

Bergman) makes a bad situation measurably worse for big talents gone wrong. **YY**

My hat's off to Clint Eastwood in *Honkytonk Man* (Warner) for doing things the hard way when it would be far easier to satisfy his multitude of fans with another *macho* potboiler. The public may not cotton to Clint as a terminally tubercular country singer/songwriter on a pilgrimage to Nashville, where he hopes to make his mark before he dies. For my money, he's more persuasive as a serious actor than as an unsung singer (though unsung seems just right to describe a couple of the musical interludes), but at least he tries. I suspect he would do better if he called for some outside help instead of stubbornly retaining his three-cornered hat as producer-director-star. *Honkytonk Man* is solemn and sentimental, full of down-home color from the Great Depression. Never an embarrassment, though I assume that the main attraction for Eastwood watchers may be the movie debut of Clint's 14-year-old son, Kyle, keeping pace with Dad as the doomed drunk's loyal nephew and sidekick. There are small pleasures to relish here if you don't ask for the moon. **YY½**

*Time Stands Still* (Libra), by Hungarian writer-director Peter Gothar, has been widely overpraised for its portrait of youth in Budapest circa 1963. These Hungarian teenagers are supposed to be the progeny of political upheaval, growing up in the aftermath of the 1956 revolt—but I'm not sure that's an adequate explanation for the way they shuffle across a dance floor, curiously reminiscent of the zombies in George Romero's horror classic *Night of the Living Dead*. Good intentions are not enough, even with a first-rate cast playing characters whose emotions range from sullen rebelliousness to outright apathy. **Y**

There's much more satisfying political drama in the Argentine *Time for Revenge* (Televisine), by writer-director Adolfo Aristarain. At the 1982 Chicago International Film Festival, Federico Luppi was named best actor for his starring role. I wouldn't argue with the choice. Luppi is superb as a demolition expert and a former radical, a 40ish, cynical man who joins in a scam against a huge conglomerate by faking an accident at the mining camp where the company uses excessive, illegal dynamite charges without regard for workers' safety. The scheme backfires, but the hero, whose partner is killed, nonetheless sues the company for a fortune, pretending to be mute and irreparably damaged by the fatal blast. During the trial, his radical spirit revives until money becomes less important than the will to win against the leviathans of big business. *Revenge* is intelligent, engrossing, fiercely concentrated on one man's obsession. **YY½**

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON



## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- Airplane II: The Sequel** (Reviewed this month) Not bad but bumpy. **YY**
- Best Friends** (Reviewed this month) Burt and Goldie blow it. **YY**
- Betrayal** (Reviewed this month) Pinter playfulness about adultery. **YY½**
- Brimstone & Treacle** A kinky English nonmusical, starring Sting. **YY**
- Britannia Hospital** Savage social satire, bundled from Britain. **YY½**
- Come Back to the 5 & Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean** Altmaniactal. **YY**
- Eating Raoul** Murdering L.A. swingers for fun and profit. **YYY**
- First Blood** Stallone on the rampage and again the winner. **YY**
- 48 HRS.** (Reviewed this month) Eddie establishing Murphy's law. **YYY½**
- Frances** (Reviewed this month) Just OK, with Jessica Lange fine. **YY½**
- Gandhi** Ben Kingsley is the mahatma in a monumental screen bio. **YYYY**
- Heartaches** (Reviewed this month) Two gals take Toronto. **YY½**
- Honkytonk Man** (Reviewed this month) Clint as a C&W music man. **YY½**
- Independence Day** Woman at odds with middle America. Watch a fascinating actress named Dianne Wiest. **YY½**
- It Came from Hollywood** Vintage schlock for devout collectors. **YY**
- The Missionary** Python Palin saving some fallen women. **YYY**
- My Favorite Year** Early TV frames a fine comic romp for Peter O'Toole. **YYY**
- Six Weeks** Unabashed tear-jerker about doomed teen (Katherine Healy) with Mary Tyler and Dudley Moore—and Dudley's musical score for relief. **YY**
- Sophie's Choice** (Reviewed this month) Streep in sync with Styron. **YYY½**
- Starstruck** Proof that musicals from down under have a long way to go. **Y**
- Still of the Night** More of Streep, teamed with Roy Scheider in Robert Benton's so-so suspense drama. **YY**
- That Championship Season** (Reviewed this month) All-star acting company at a reunion. From the play. **YYY**
- Time for Revenge** (Reviewed this month) Bucking the system down Argentina way. Another country heard from. **YY½**
- Time Stands Still** (Reviewed this month) So does this Hungarian youth drama. Turgid, despite some rapturous reviews. **Y**
- Tootsie** (Reviewed this month) Hoffman hits it big wearing Halstons. **YYYY**
- The Toy** (Reviewed this month) French flop revisited, or Pryor restraint. **Y**
- Trail of the Pink Panther** (Reviewed this month) Souvenir of Sellers. **YY**
- The Verdict** Paul Newman's strongest Oscar bid to date, playing a drunken lawyer. Directed by Sidney Lumet. **YYY½**
- YYY** Don't miss **YY** Worth a look  
**YYY** Good show **Y** Forget it

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# TUACA





# DIVERSIONS

Jesse Owens ripped through my living room the other day, taking four gold medals out from under Hitler's nose. Then Franz Klammer banged out the greatest downhill in the history of man. In between, headed to the kitchen for a beer, I missed the Immaculate Reception.

There isn't much sport on video cassette. All the hype is over the blockbuster movies you can take home; the corner video store boasts titles from *Absence of Malice* to *Z*. But even film buffs often tire of movies when the shine is off the VCR, and a lot of us sports-blooded American men are bound to look elsewhere for relief.

Sports titles get buried in the catalogs of video distributors. Apparently, fans don't crave them, and few new ones are made. Still, if you care about those brief, shining moments when athletics become art, you can find some of them on tape. Maybe it's time to put a little canned Mel Ott onto your shelf next to *Camelot*. Here are the moments with which I lost a weekend.

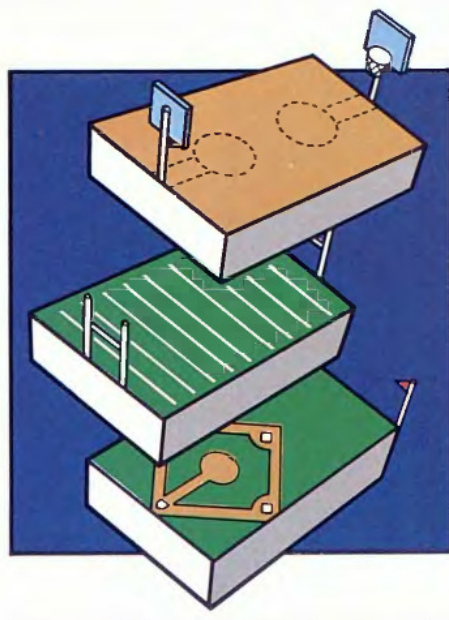
Owens' sprints seem to jump right out of *Greatest Sports Legends, Volume One* (CBS/Fox Video). His four wins at the 1936 Berlin Olympics are sprinkled through a talky video profile, which is accompanied by "action portraits" of Joe Frazier, Eddie Arcaro and Sam Snead.

Klammer's gold-medal downhill is the highlight of *Olympic Highlights of 1976* (CBS/Fox Video). The Austrian's fearless, gambling, primarily airborne run was the most exciting winter event since the Three Wise Men's camel race. Gymnast Nadia Comaneci's "perfect ten" (an Olympic first) is here as well, along with Bruce Jenner's decathlon, Ray Leonard's first step into the limelight and Leon Spinks's deadpan savagery in the ring. Jim McKay's narration is fine if you don't mind a little cosmic portentousness.

For pure beauty in skiing without the competition, look to any of Warren Miller's spectacular ski travelogs, foremost among them *In Search of Skiing* (CBS/Fox Video).

Franco Harris' mythic catch in the 1972 A.F.C. play-offs—the Immaculate Reception—graces *The N.F.L.'s Best-Ever Teams* (N.F.L. Films). Bart Starr's suicide sneak over Jerry Kramer's block in the "Ice Bowl" is on the same tape. Neither has lost anything in the intervening decades—they're the two indelible entries in the N.F.L.'s playbook. Super Bowls I–XIV are available from N.F.L. Films on individual cassettes, but there's never been a great moment in a Super Bowl.

Armchair tail-gaters will get a kick out of CBS/Fox Video's *A Golden Decade of College Football: 1970–1979*. Exhaustive and



Scanning the globe for great moments in sports on video tape.

dramatic, it showcases Dorsett, Sims, Swann and plenty of guys who are now washing cars. Many great moments here—you pick 'em.

For fans of the fumble and the devastating clothesline, there's *The Son of Football Follies* (N.F.L. Films). The original 1969 *Football Follies* is outdated; this one's just weird. Narrated by Mel Blanc, full of his lithping voices and a Bugs Bunny-style sound track, it's sort of a *Groove Tube Meets the N.F.L.* Shun *The Son* unless you're shovel-headed stoned.

The world's best baseball tape is *Great Moments in Baseball* (RCA/Columbia Pictures Home Video). More intelligent than most, and longer, it begins by debunking the Doubleday legend and then serves up all the multifaceted heroics that ever lit up a diamond. A worthy tribute to the greatest game, *Great Moments* makes the same company's boorish *The Batty World of Baseball* look as ugly as George Steinbrenner's soul.

America's hockey team gets draped again in glory in *The Miracle of Lake Placid* (CBS/Fox Video). The long-building tension of that remarkable week is absent from this edited, overstated account of our boys' kicking the Russians, but the story is still magic, both as sport and as political drama. Al Michaels' hockey play-by-play shines, as do Eric Heiden's five now-forgotten golds in speed skating at those 1980 Winter Games.

The fight game is so telegenic you'd expect great boxing on video tape. Expect

again. *The Greatest Fights of the Sixties* and *The Greatest Fights of the Seventies* (both CBS/Fox Video) offer barrel-bottom bouts featuring all the Jerry Quarry and Oscar Bonavenas you'd hoped you'd never see again. *Boxing's Greatest Champions* (VidAmerica) will make you right cross with its insipid commentary by Curt Gowdy, Larry Merchant and Bill Gallo, but at least it brings back a few fine rounds from the careers of Dempsey, Louis, Marciano, the first Sugar Ray and Ali. The best bet of all for boxing moments is *Grudge Fights* (VidAmerica). In addition to press-conference shenanigans by a lucid Muhammad Ali and a surprisingly witty Floyd Patterson, *Grudge Fights* includes the Dempsey–Tunney "long count," young Cassius Clay's phantom punch-out of Sonny Liston, Max Schmeling's demolition of a lumbering Joe Louis and the vice-versa rematch, plus tantalizing snippets from all three Ali–Frazier wars.

Secretariat's 1973 Triple Crown races are on *Greatest Sports Legends, Volume Three* (CBS/Fox Video). Remember Sham and Forego, both losers in the 1973 Derby? How about Secretariat, winning by 30 lengths in the Belmont, described by the track announcer as "moving like a tremendous machine"? There's also film of the seven-times-golden Mark Spitz at Munich, the balletic Gale Sayers and the obscure Rodger Ward. (Quick—what was his sport?)

Ornithologists and followers of Moses should shoot for *The 1981 N.B.A. Play-offs and Championship Series: The Dynasty Renewed* (CBS/Fox Video), the only N.B.A. tape in the video stores. The Philadelphia–Boston semifinal is a heart-shaker. The Houston–Boston final, starring Moses Malone (then a Rocket) and Larry Bird, includes Bird's impossible flying-into-the-seats follow shot off his own rebound.

It's not sports, but it's sporty: *Jane Fonda's Workout* (Karl Video) is the hottest-selling video cassette of all. Long at 90 minutes, it's enervating and often nauseating to watch, but there are great moments when Jane does the splits.

The Grail in any search like this, I guess, would be a Hall of Fame film—all the momentary miracles in any fan's memory, personally edited into a single tape. That's not possible yet. Many famous events simply aren't available on video tape. We do have the Long Count, the Shot Heard 'Round the World, the Phantom Punch, the Immaculate Reception and innumerable others, but that just brings up one final, mildly disturbing question: D'ja ever wonder how many incredible lost moments there were that never got catchy names? —KEVIN COOK



# ☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

**DOL GOSSIP:** Shirley MacLaine and Debra Winger will co-star in Paramount's *Terms of Endearment*, the screen adaptation of Larry (The Last Picture Show) McMurtry's novel about the relationship of a mother and daughter over a 25-year period. . . . Preston Sturges' 1948 classic *Unfaithfully Yours* will undergo the remake treatment by 20th Century-Fox. The story of a symphony-orchestra conductor who becomes insanely jealous when he suspects his beautiful young wife of philandering with a handsome violin virtuoso, the new version will feature Dudley Moore as the conductor and Nastassia Kinski as his wife. The original starred Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell. . . . Isaac Hayes has been signed to star in *Tiburón*, an action thriller about an ex-CIA agent hired to locate a stolen nuclear warhead. Hayes's most recent appearance was in John Carpenter's *Escape from New York*. . . . Jackie Gleason, Paul Williams, Pat McCormick and Colleen Camp star in Universal's third installment of



MacLaine Winger

the *Smokey and the Bandit* series, this one titled (since Burt Reynolds isn't in it) *Smokey Is the Bandit Part III*. Word has it that Gleason, in one of his dual roles, will be made to look like Burt, a feat that, if possible, should handily win the make-up artist an Academy Award nomination. . . . Tommy Lee Jones and Michael O'Keefe will star in Paramount's *Savage Islands*, concerning the supposedly true story of Captain "Bully" Hayes, the American buccaneer whose roguish exploits on the high seas have become, according to the press release, "legend." . . . John (Rocky) Avildsen will direct *Ladies' Night*, starring Christopher (The Blue Lagoon) Atkins as a college student who earns his tuition by moonlighting as a male stripper.

**BEER BUST:** Rick Moranis and Dave Thomas, better known as Bob and Doug McKenzie in SCTV's Great White North segments, reprise their popular small-screen roles in MGM/UA's *Strange Brew*. Written and directed by Moranis and Thomas, the film is set in a brewery in Canada's Great White North country, wherever that may be. The two stars uncover a sinister international plot to take over the world through the distribu-

tion of a certain beer that leaves those who imbibe it catatonic. Max von Sydow portrays the villainous perpetrator of this fiendish scheme, Paul (Breaking Away) Dooley is the brewery chief and Canadian



Moranis Thomas

actress Lynne Griffin is the love interest, as they say. A low-budget project aimed at the proverbial youth market, *Brew* is due—you guessed it—this summer.

**WAR COVERAGE:** Top-lining Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman and Joanna (Blade Runner) Cassidy, Orion Pictures' *Under Fire* is a romantic thriller about the exploits of three journalists covering the final days of the 1979 Nicaraguan revolution. Nolte plays Russell Price, a free-lance photo-journalist who lives his life through the lens of a still camera and is known for the risks he will take to capture an image ("I don't take sides," he says. "I take pictures"). His relationship with Alex (Hackman), a respected senior correspondent, and with Claire (Cassidy), an independent radio reporter (and the focus of both men), is the crux of the story. Filmed mostly in Mexico, *Under Fire* co-stars Jean-Louis Trintignant and



Hackman Nolte

René (Hill Street Blues) Enriquez and is being directed by Roger (The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper) Spottiswoode.

**NUCLEAR REACTIONS:** Certainly, a superficial amount of Karen Silkwood's tragic story was woven into the plot line of *The China Syndrome* several years ago: the lone voice questioning the monolithic corporate structure of a huge power company, the attempt by the company to silence it, and so on. But now, eight years after Silkwood's death in an unexplained automobile accident, ABC Motion Pictures is bringing her real story to the

screen. *Silkwood*, starring Meryl Streep as Karen and Kurt Russell as her boyfriend, Drew Stephens, with Cher, Craig T. (Poltergeist) Nelson and Diana (Mommie Dearest) Scarwid, differs from *Syndrome* in many ways. Directed by Mike Nichols and written by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen, the film concentrates on the character of Karen Silkwood and how she came to make a commitment in her life. Described by one source as "an incredibly emotional movie," *Silkwood* is not based on any one book or article but is the result of years of research by the screenwriters and producers. (Karen's father, Bill Silkwood, and Stephens both helped with the research.)

**"WEEKEND" UPDATE:** Since we last reported on Sam Peckinpah's *The Osterman Weekend* (starring Rutger Hauer), more has come to light. The first of Robert Ludlum's best sellers to hit the big screen, *Osterman* co-stars John Hurt, Meg (Ticket to Heaven) Foster, Dennis Hopper, Craig T. Nelson, Helen (The Dogs of War) Shaver, Cassie (F.I.S.T.) Yates, Chris Sarandon and Burt Lancaster. The plot concerns a TV journalist (Hauer) who is informed by the head of the CIA (Lancaster) that three of his best friends are traitors.



Hurt Lancaster

Seems Hauer spends an annual weekend with his three pals (Hopper, Nelson and Sarandon) and their wives (Shaver, Yates and Foster); at this year's reunion, his task will be to turn them around. Meanwhile, Hurt, who plays a CIA operative, is conducting surveillance of the premises. *Osterman* represents something of a comeback for Peckinpah, who hasn't directed a feature since 1978.

**I GET A KICK OUTA YOU DEPARTMENT:** Chuck Norris, probably our second favorite guy in pajamas (see page 115), is due soon in *Lone Wolf McQuade*, which differs from the popular chop-socky star's previous endeavors in that this time, he's got a fairly respectable supporting cast. The Orion Pictures production co-stars David Carradine as the bad guy (you may recall some recent publicity about Carradine's unwillingness to compromise his invincible screen image), Barbara Carrera and Leon Isaac Kennedy. Plotwise, it's an action-adventure flick about the Texas Ranger who'll do practically anything to get his man.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL





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## By ASA BABER

THERE'S A REVOLUTION in this country, and men are taking it on the chin. I'm talking about unemployment. A higher percentage of men than of women have lost their jobs over the past couple of years, and the trend is not likely to reverse itself any time soon. Many male-intensive industries (steel, automobile, agriculture) are in deep trouble. Men have been laid off by the millions, and the biggest questions they face are "What will be done to and for me?" and "What will I do for myself?" It is interesting that those questions face both blue- and white-collar workers everywhere.

To clear the air, let me add that I am not claiming that women now have equal opportunity and equal pay. They are still far short of their rightful status in the job market. Their economic oppression over the centuries is, I hope, coming to an end, but their struggles are far from over. But there is an irony under the surface of women's rhetoric about employment: When they describe their economic condition, they often make it sound as if men had it made, as if we were all blessed with steady work and serious money. Nothing could be further from the truth. Things are tough today, and the prospect of high unemployment into the future is a bleak one for many males as well as for many females.

"All is flux, nothing stays still," wrote the Greek philosopher Heraclitus. In some ways, men know that better than women. I would argue that our lives have been in the process of immense change both at home and at work. Sex roles, job segregation, marriage, home, career have been thrown into flux, into examination and change.

In the November 1982 issue of *Psychology Today*, Carin Rubenstein suggests that a man whose wife earns more than he does is a prime candidate for divorce and early death. Quoting several surveys of contemporary marriages, Rubenstein comes up with some tough facts:

- When both husband and wife hold professional, typically male jobs, the chance of divorce is twice as high as in marriages in which the wife holds a typically female job—33 percent versus 15 percent.

- If the husband's job is beneath his potential and his wife has a prestigious job, he is 11 times more likely than normal to die of heart disease in middle age.

- In families in which the wife has a managerial job and the husband does not, incidents of violence are almost twice as high as in those in which the husband holds a managerial job.

- Job segregation by sex is an "ego protector for men." Rubenstein quotes a pollster: "It's OK for your wife to have a higher-paying or higher-status job, as long as she's a nurse or a teacher, because that's what women are supposed to be."

- In a 1980 survey conducted by the



## TAKING OUT THE GARBAGE

A guy who took out the trash in his own home was, by definition, emasculated, a wimp.

magazine, one third of husbands earning less than their wives thought they loved their wives more than their wives loved them . . . and 17 percent claimed they had not had sexual intercourse with their wives in the months preceding the survey.

In short, the portrait we get of the out-earned male is that of a confused and grieving person, a man whose conscience scolds him because he is not performing up to the standards of stereotypical male behavior. What I am suggesting is that with the flux of our economy and our culture, with the disappearance of industries and trades and crafts in which men specialized, many of us are living through this problem.

I'm trying to communicate with my fellow men about this subject because I not only think about it—I live it. As a freelance writer, I have an income that goes up and down year by year. My wife has a good managerial job and, on the average, she earns more from her work than I do from mine. She also dresses more formally for work, has the more definite schedule, travels more frequently and widely and just generally *seems* more professional than I do. So, I guess, I want to say to those men who are living with high-powered women who hold better-paying jobs: Hey, *amigos*, you're not alone; there are more of us around than you may imagine; and, yes, we all have to adjust to this new way of living.

It is my belief that we can do so, and the lives we lead when we accept the fact that we are not the only protectors in the family can be more enriching than the more conventional lives most of us once knew.

None of my training prepared me for what I now encounter. As a kid on Chicago's South Side, as a graduate in the late Fifties of a prestigious university, as a Marine and a trucker and a teacher, I grew up believing in a Western-movie ethic: The male should be the breadwinner; the male should be the sheriff; the male is not a male unless he is both the breadwinner and the sheriff. Looking back on it, I can see how restrictive and unimaginative such a role was, but there are still days when I struggle to understand that I am all right just as I am. They include, by the way, the days when I am unemployed as a writer, i.e., when the words do not come or the work does not sell. The real hazard of my days is that I will give in to the belief that my status as a member of society is neither valued nor legitimate. Many men face unemployment today, but it is taboo among men to say much about it. I think we should break that taboo starting now. Whatever kind of society is being fashioned for our future, we men must retrain ourselves to deal with it and prosper in it.

It's my belief that we men have not been taught much about self-appreciation, and our egos often get in the way of our admitting that we have any needs in that area. But needs we have—immense ones—and if we are low in self-esteem sometimes, we can pick ourselves up. We can enjoy families, religion, nature, books, movies, music, friends, pets. We can work on self-discipline and feel proud of it. We can learn new skills and go back to school and develop new hobbies. Indeed, I think it can be argued that men are just now learning to appreciate life. It took a certain kind of humbling, a loss of automatic privilege to make us examine our possibilities.

A friend of mine who used to have a very fat job and now can't find work has a phrase for it. He calls it taking out the garbage. That used to mean only one thing to him: A guy who took out the trash in his own home was, by definition, emasculated, a wimp who forgot that the man's role was to walk into his home and accept his wife's offerings of slippers and martini and sit back in the easy chair and watch TV. But that's changed now that my buddy's wife earns more money than he. Now his house wouldn't function unless he took out a lot of garbage and did it without guilt or whining. And once he pushed himself past the idea that his domestic support was demeaning, he learned that cooperation was a lot more fun than rebellion. "Besides," he laughs, "I fix a better martini."

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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a young woman in my late 20s. I was married for five years, and after my divorce, I realized that my sex life with my husband had been a farce. Quite by accident, I entered into a relationship with another woman. She taught me things that released the full potential of my sexual response. It was a transitional affair; we moved on to other things; and now I have a problem. I am essentially heterosexual and I want to have relations with men, but I'm afraid to tell them what I've learned about sex, or the source. Is there a way for me to get around my hang-up? How do you give directions without being indiscreet?—Miss B. A., Washington, D.C.

We'll let our readers answer this one. "The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey" included the following question: "How would you tell a partner how to give you more pleasure?" Seventy-two percent said that they would "praise the things my partner does that I like." Fifty-one percent said they would "discuss it in the bedroom," while thirty-one percent said they would discuss it "outside the bedroom. Thirty-nine percent said, "Through actions, not words." Only seven percent of our readers said that they would "talk about great moments in my sexual past." So you don't have to reveal your sources to improve your sex life. Go to it.

My car can be equipped for road racing. I have no desire to put my life on the line that way, but I wonder whether or not there is anything wrong with replacing some of its parts with racing parts. I would certainly appreciate the enhanced performance. In fact, I really can't see why some road-racing equipment isn't installed by the manufacturer, since I understand it's significantly better. What do you suggest?—L. D., Kansas City, Missouri.

We suggest that you leave well enough alone. Racing parts are better, generally, for racing. There is a big difference between a car that is supposed to last 100,000 miles or more and one that must go at top speed for only a couple of hours. And that's the same difference between racing and stock parts. Racers don't mind replacing a part after only 100 miles, but you do. What provides better handling on a flat course (a stiff suspension, for instance) can turn your car into a giant blender on country roads. While there are ways to get better performance from a street car, such changes are better left to professionals. Otherwise, you run the risk of upsetting delicate balances, and the freeway is no place to be unbalanced.

I have never reached orgasm during intercourse. My boyfriend and I have tried everything, but nothing works. Needless to say, the frustration is hurting our sex life. I can come during masturbation, but some-



thing about sex with another person is distracting. Am I normal? Do you have any hints?—Miss T. S., Los Angeles, California.

Pick up a copy of Lonnie Barbach's "For Each Other: Sharing Sexual Intimacy." Barbach is a West Coast sex therapist who has written one of the most sane books about sex that we've ever read. She has devoted several chapters to women who have orgasmic problems. It is possible that you may have trained yourself to have orgasms only one way. According to Barbach, "Research by Gerda de Bruijn in the Netherlands found that women who masturbate by lying passively while stimulating their genitals with their hand or some other object reach orgasm more easily when their partner actively applies the stimulation. Women who masturbate while lying passively and inserting something into their vagina experience orgasm more easily during coitus in which the male is the active partner. Women who masturbate by creating a stimulating friction through the use of their lower body muscles by rubbing against something are more likely to have orgasms when they rub their genitals against their partner's thigh, buttocks or their partner's pubic bone during the intercourse. De Bruijn concludes that 'women who want to orgasm during lovemaking with their partner may have a better chance to achieve this orgasm if they engage in a type of sexplay that corresponds with the woman's masturbation technique.' Consequently, enlarging one's masturbation pattern as well as employing masturbation techniques during lovemaking are two fundamental approaches to learning to be orgasmic with a partner." Barbach suggests a variety of exercises to expand your orgasmic pattern. Do it with your left hand. Do it standing up or from the chandelier. Bring yourself close to orgasm, then experiment with more gentle movements. A

partner's movements can never be as precise as your own. The point of these exercises is to learn to be responsive to less precise stimulation. Barbach says, "The important thing to keep in mind when changing masturbation position or technique is to first discover what it is about the current position or technique that brings about the orgasm. It may be leg tension, firm clitoral pressure, a feeling of safety or the use of fantasy, to name a few. Then change the masturbation pattern in some way while trying to preserve the aspect of the pattern that is necessary for orgasm." It's good advice from a good book.

Every year, clothing manufacturers come out with "new" colors; and every year, I go through the same thing: trying to find one of those new colors that I look good in. They look great in the ads and on the models, but on me they just look silly. I enjoy being fashionable, but often I've had to skip buying new clothes because I've hated the colors. What do I do?—M. P., Detroit, Michigan.

Relax. It's the designers, not you, who are under pressure to come up with something new. We can think of at least two reasons you're having trouble. The first is geographical. Some colors are more suitable in some parts of the country than in others. Bright colors, pastels and prints usually work better in warm climes. Dark colors, muted patterns and heather tones tend to look out of place in the South. Choose your fashions with an eye toward your location. The second problem is your basic skin shade. No matter what you put on, you've got to figure in the skin factor. A bright red, for instance, can make a pale complexion even paler. Some colors tend to reflect on the wearer's skin. Try putting on a blue shirt, then a red one, and note the changes in your skin color. It's a fact that certain hues affect the viewer differently. You may have noticed a difference in the way you are treated when you wear your pinstripe suit from when you wear your tan outfit. Experiment with color and learn which basic shades work best on you. Stick with those even through "new" color seasons. They are not really that new. If you like blue, you are likely to find a shade of blue in the new colors that will work for you. Shopping that way will save you a lot of confusion.

After discussing the subject with various people and reading everything about it I can find, I am still having little success in dealing with my jealousy, which has been a problem for me and my husband since the beginning of our relationship. He has always been more at ease with women than with men and, as a result, has developed several close female friendships—not all of which have been Platonic. I find



it nearly impossible to accept them and cannot seem to forgive him for what happened even before we were married two years ago. We have discussed this many times but can arrive at no satisfying solution. I feel that it is more my problem than his; yet I also feel that he could do more to make me feel secure. He has made an effort to cool his relationships with his female friends, but that seems unfair to him and doesn't really get at the root of the problem. My female friends say that I should show him my jealousy and that it's OK to feel this way. However, all I have succeeded in doing is making both myself and my husband miserable. Can you recommend some reading or something we can do as a couple to work out our problem?—Mrs. J. W., Los Angeles, California.

*Jealousy is both natural and involuntary. We all, to a certain extent, want the devotion of the ones we care for to be directed exclusively toward us. But persistent, obsessive jealousy can kill a relationship. Rather than reveal it through anger, explain to your husband what is causing your distress. Enlist his aid in overcoming your insecurities and discuss why his actions are so painful. It could help.*

**A**fter driving a car with power steering for many years, I switched about eight months ago to one with rack-and-pinion steering. I enjoyed the extra feel and quicker handling at first; but lately, the car is getting sluggish. It seems to take more strength to pull it around a corner than it did when it was new. I don't know if something is wrong with the steering or if some settling-in process is taking place. Got any ideas?—O. D., Nashville, Tennessee.

*You can take it to a mechanic to see if there is a mechanical problem, but we suspect that the answer is blowing in the wind. The wind that's escaping from your tires. All tires lose air after a while. You probably didn't notice it as much when you had power steering, but it's very apparent with a rack-and-pinion setup. It's a good idea to get yourself a tire gauge and check periodically to make sure the pressure is what it should be. Not only will it improve your handling but it will increase the efficiency and extend the life of your tires.*

**T**o my mind, two of the most exciting developments in audio have been the introduction of high-quality microcassettes and compact discs. The problem with both, of course, is the lack of prerecorded material. Which system do you think has the better chance of widespread use?—R. L., San Diego, California.

*Compact discs and players should be going on sale sometime this year. This system will be the only truly digital one on the market, and it will only play, not record. While its sonic quality has been getting rave reviews, the early word is that the little discs are a bitch to produce. The cost is said to be about three times that of analog discs, and the yield (the number of good ones in the bunch) is very low. Quality micro-cassette systems and cassettes have been on the*

*market in Japan for a couple of years. As a result, there is a good software inventory. Micro-cassettes are also immediately adaptable to both auto and personal stereos. So, clearly, for now, the tiny tapes have the edge. But if the sonic quality of the C.D.s impresses enough buyers to lower the price, you may see a big jump in that system, at least in home use.*

**E**lectrical muscle stimulation is being touted as the no-sweat way to get in shape. I sure could use an easy way to get it all together. But I seem to remember that electrical muscle stimulation was all the rage about 15 years ago and that it was said at that time to be both ineffective and dangerous. Does it really work and is it safe?—B. R. M., Los Angeles, California.

*You can't get in shape without expending some physical effort. Electrical muscle stimulators simulate the muscle-contraction signals of the human nervous system, substituting external electrical power for will power. In theory, you could swill beer in a saloon all day and still plug in and get conditioned simultaneously. However, electrical muscle stimulators can be misused and may pose some danger. The FDA successfully argued in court in 1970 that the use of one of those devices could cause miscarriages and heart-rhythm problems, as well as aggravate epilepsy, hernias and varicose veins. The FDA is currently trying to remove similar devices from health spas that promote them for various weight-loss and cosmetic purposes. Under medical supervision, the devices are used to prevent muscle atrophy in patients with immobilized limbs. Unless you have such a condition, we suggest that you save money by using the electrical impulses of your own nervous system rather than those of your local power-and-light company.*

**C**an smoking inhibit erection?—K. S., Portland, Oregon.

*Depends on what you're smoking. Ahem. According to Dr. Arne M. Olsson, the answer is yes. In Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, he writes, "Smoking provokes temporary constriction of peripheral vessels in all individuals. This is easily demonstrated by measuring the hand temperature, before and after smoking a cigarette, with a thermographic camera.*

*"As erection is created by a more than twentyfold increase of penile blood flow, an evening with heavy smoking can, by its vasoconstrictor effect, prevent a good erection.*

*"In very few persons, obviously much more sensitive to tobacco than ordinary ones, smoking provokes such a strong vasoconstriction that the penile blood flow is not sufficient to create an erection useful for coitus.*

*"In the long run, smoking can have a permanent adverse effect on potency by inducing arteriosclerosis and thereby lowering the peripheral blood flow."*

**S**ince I've never had a turbocharger on my car before, I know very little about how to care for one or, for that matter, how

to drive with one. But I've got one now, and I'd like to know if there is anything I should do to keep it running properly. Does a turbo require special treatment?—L. B., Reno, Nevada.

*A kiss on the hood now and then couldn't hurt. Aside from that, lubricating it regularly and keeping an eye on the oil pressure is all you need to do. The turbine is driven by exhaust gases from your engine and shares the engine's oil. Thus, it is lubricated only when the engine is running. In cold weather, it is possible for the turbo to be as sluggish as the engine until the engine oil is warmed up. Therefore, in cold weather, wait until oil pressure and temperature are where they should be. That means you can't go from garage to freeway immediately. Also, it's a good idea to let the car idle for a few seconds (30 should do it) before turning off the engine. That will give the turbo time to slow down. Otherwise, it could be running without the proper oil supply. Your turbocharger must have clean oil, so you will want to change it and the filters more frequently than on a non-blown engine. Those few tasks should coddle a very happy turbocharger.*

**O**ver the past year, I have run into several women who confessed that they had herpes. Some were honest enough to tell me before we slept together. However, one or two brought up the subject afterward. Now I'm going slightly nuts. I don't think I've contracted the disease, but how can I tell for sure? I haven't had any outbreaks of blisters, but someone told me that you can have it and not know it. Any suggestions?—R. S., Atlanta, Georgia.

*Deborah Pavan Langston, author of "Living with Herpes," suggests the following: "The first infection with herpes usually occurs three to seven days after sexual exposure. Many people never notice this first attack, indicating that it may be quite mild, with just a few tiny blisters or even totally without signs or symptoms. Patients who have had previous infection with type-1 virus, such as cold sores on the mouth, usually have some partial protection against severe infection with herpes type 2. If there is a question in your mind as to whether you have recently contracted genital herpes, your doctor can draw two blood tests for herpes antibodies, usually one month apart (acute and long-term levels)." However, the blood-test results may still not tell you if you've been exposed to genital herpes. Right now, the only conclusive way to diagnose the disease is to have a culture taken of an active lesion.*

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

## RONRICO GOLD RUM & CLUB SODA

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



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The turntable revolution continues at Technics.

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# DEAR PLAYMATES

**F**or the past couple of months, we've asked the Playmates questions about power and envy—questions about who's on top, so to speak, in their relationships with men. It seems only natural to follow up now with a topic at the heart of the matter. Is money an aphrodisiac?

The question for the month:

**In a relationship with you, how important is it for the man to have money?**

**M**oney is not important. It has no bearing on a relationship. Money cannot buy love or happiness. It can buy material objects, which won't hold a relationship together in the long run. As far as I'm concerned, love can last forever, but it can't be bought. I speak from experience. Someone tried to buy me once. I learned very quickly that when you love someone, you love him from your heart.



*Lorraine Michaels*

LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

**N**ot very important, really. But money does make life more comfortable. I do like to go to nice places, and I also like the simple pleasures. It depends on the man and how much money he has to spend. I don't care very much about fancy gifts, gold watches and such. I don't really need to be wined and dined. It's nice when it happens, but I wouldn't pick a man just because of his ability to provide those things.



*Lynda Wiesmeier*

LYNDA WIESMEIER  
JULY 1982

**I**t's not. In a sexual relationship, the attraction is mostly physical, and money has nothing to do with that. Charisma, energy, animal passion, yes. Money, no. On the more realistic side, everyone has to go to the market, and you can't walk through the grocery store on love alone. It doesn't work when you get to the check-out counter. But women can be financially independent now; they don't have to rely on a man's support. So if you fall in love today, it should be for a man's special qualities, the things about him that will enrich your life. And that's not his bank account.



*Marcy Hanson*

MARCY HANSON  
OCTOBER 1978

**I**t depends on whether or not he's using his money belt as a sexual aid. It could be uncomfortable. But, seriously, I left a money relationship. I wasn't happy. It's nice to be involved with someone who does have a little capital. But find a man with whom you can also be poor, so in those low periods when the cash isn't there, you can get through it with a man you care for. Then you'll get rich again! I want just enough money so we can stop and smell the roses every so often and enjoy life. Not work, work, work.



*Cathy St. George*

CATHY ST. GEORGE  
AUGUST 1982

**I**t's important and it isn't important. I think a lot depends on the lady in question. I think women go through stages. Take being a Playmate, for instance. If a girl has never been around money before, she's in a situation, all of a sudden, where she may feel the temptation to go out with a rich man. But in the end, it all comes down to love. Happiness and freedom mean the most to me right now. And I think that rich men often try to make women think they are great lovers because they have money. Money can't buy love.



*Missy Cleveland*

MISSY CLEVELAND  
APRIL 1979

**T**o me, personally, it's not the money that matters. My respect for a man has to do with my feelings for him. Ambitious men who are trying to make something of themselves obviously command more respect than men who aren't motivated. A man who is motivated is just more interesting; he has self-respect. I am probably one of the least driven individuals to walk the earth, but I know what I like. Money all by itself is not an aphrodisiac, and it means absolutely nothing to me.



*Cathy Larmouth*

CATHY LARMOUTH  
JUNE 1981

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





# IF A CAR IS REALLY AN EXTENSION OF ONE'S PERSONALITY, WHAT KIND OF PERSON WOULD DRIVE A SAAB?

Not long ago, a leading car magazine called Saab owners "the lunatic fringe of the American car-buying public."

Yet according to our statistics, the average Saab owner is male, age 38, college-educated, works in a managerial job, and earns over \$40,000 a year. He is married and has 1.2 children.

The fact is, both descriptions are accurate.

## *The fringe.*

Some people call this person a driving enthusiast; others call him a car nut.

Whatever you call him, he buys a car for one reason.

Economy? Who cares. Luggage space? Who needs it.

His attitude is if a car doesn't give you goose bumps when you drive it, what's the point of owning it.

For him, even a drive to the supermarket should be exhilarating.

For that, Saab's front-wheel drive and taut suspension give him the cornering ability of a sports car.

And every time Saab's new APC turbocharger kicks in, he feels like he's just engaged warp drive.

Engineering philosophy doesn't interest him. Results do.

Often, he belongs to a car club.

Not the kind with leather jackets and secret handshakes.

But every month or so,

they sponsor an event called an Autocross. Much to the dismay of the local townspeople, club members roar their Saabs against the clock through staid suburban parking lots.

## *Beyond the fringe.*

At the other end of the spectrum is the Saab owner who is largely responsible for the respectable statistics that were cited earlier.

He bristles at Saab's cult car reputation. He thinks of car clubs in the same light as motorcycle gangs.

Nonetheless, he does realize that many of Saab's "radical" innovations like turbo-charging, front-wheel drive, and aerodynamic design have broader applications than just blowing your neighbor's BMW off the road.

He sees the safety in high performance every time he merges onto a crowded freeway or passes a truck on a two-lane highway.

And, in a Saab APC Turbo, this performance is attained without sacrificing fuel economy. In fact, the APC system actually improves gas mileage.\*

He sees the logic of Saab's front-wheel drive and four-wheel disc brakes, especially after the first snowfall. Or the last rainfall.

Even Saab's hatchback design, which some find unconventional, he finds practical, considering that it gives his

Saab the carrying capacity of a station wagon.

And not only does his Saab have plenty of room for luggage, it also has plenty of room for people. More, in fact, than many elitist cars.

For those who insist on luxury for luxury's sake, Saab has made one concession. Some turbo models are now equipped with an *Exclusive Appointments Group* that includes leather-upholstered seats and electric sunroofs. (That's really two concessions, isn't it?)

## 1983 SAAB PRICE\*\* LIST

900 3-door .....	\$10,750
900 4-door .....	\$11,050
900S 3-door .....	\$13,550
900S 4-door .....	\$13,950
900 Turbo 3-door .....	\$16,510
900 Turbo 4-door .....	\$16,910
Automatic transmission \$370 additional.	

Even with leather upholstery and sunroofs you don't have to open manually, Saabs have not replaced Mercedes and BMW as the standard-bearer at the country club.

But for Saab owners, whatever type they may be, the experience of driving a Saab outweighs the lure of status.

It has to.

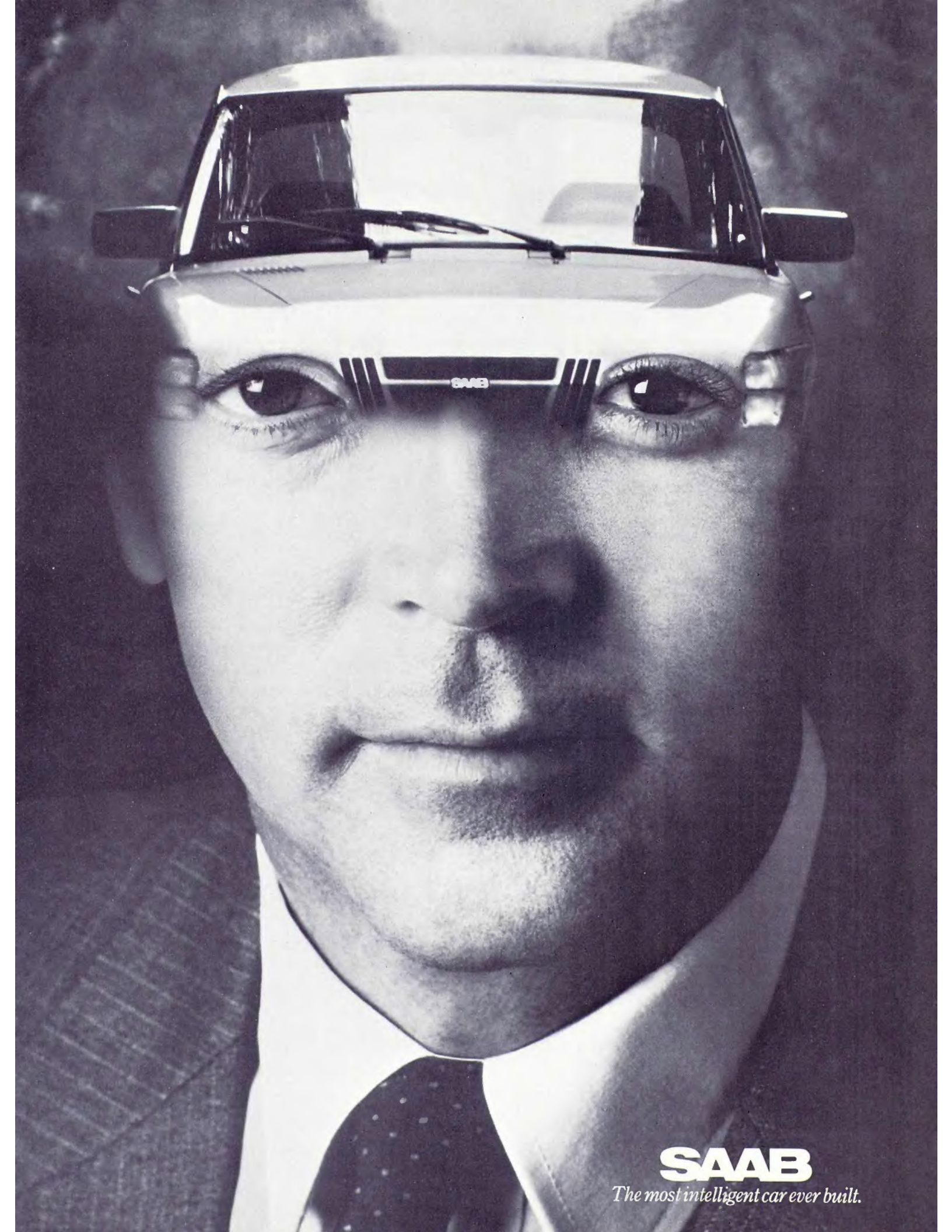
How else could they get a practical car that drives as well as most wildly impractical cars? A car that appeals to their emotions as well as their intellect?

So what kind of person drives a Saab?

A very satisfied one.

\*Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: 22 EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. \*\*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.





**SAAB**

*The most intelligent car ever built.*



Here comes

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# BRIGHT

A fresh new taste experience  
that outshines menthol.

It not only tastes fresher while you smoke.  
It even leaves you with a clean, fresh taste.



You never had it this fresh!

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

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



# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## SATANIC MESSAGES

To the self-proclaimed audiophiles in the December *Playboy Forum*, I can only say that the danger of playing records in reverse is greatly exaggerated. I've spent years as a disc jockey and have probably put as much effort into spinning albums backward as some people have into spinning them forward. The only proper method of cueing a song requires a backward spin. And the only records that are noticeably affected are those that have received heavy air play for a long period of time. Even then, the damage is caused by going back and forth over the same few seconds of a tune, resulting in "cue burn."

As for tapes, the idea that passing an electromagnetic surface across a steel head in reverse is more harmful than regular play is ludicrous.

There's no question that some albums contain messages in reverse, but I have a hard time believing that this is anything more than an outlet for the recording personnel's creativity.

Rick Barcome  
Lake Orion, Michigan

The Beatles were famous for some of their backward messages, and John Lennon continued that practice on *Meat City*, from the *Mind Games* album, which includes (backward) the phrase "fuck a pig." To mention another popular record, Pink Floyd's *The Wall* says, during *Empty Spaces*, "Congratulations, you have just discovered the secret message. . . ." There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such messages on an amazingly wide variety of albums. It is not an uncommon practice. Frank Zappa included such a message at the end of side one on *We're Only In It for the Money*. It states, "Take a look around before you say you don't care, / Shut your fucking mouth about the length of my hair, / How would you survive if you were alive, shitty little person?" An example from side two of Robert Fripp's LP *Exposure* is actually a sly reference to a Monty Python skit. The secret message there is, "One thing is for sure: The sheep is not a creature of the air." I could go on and on, but we must leave room for PLAYBOY's beautiful women.

Ken Hart  
Denison, Texas

## YOU'RE WELCOME

In a recent *Los Angeles Times* is an article on a woman Vietnam veteran, Lynda M. Van Devanter. It is reported that she applied to *Ms.* magazine for a grant and

was refused. Her request for a grant/study on women veterans of Vietnam was funded, instead, by the Playboy Foundation.

I am a feminist, and although I do not agree with your depiction of women, I want to thank you for assisting Van Devanter. I, too, am a woman veteran, non-Vietnam era, though I feel that for what I went through in four years in the Army, I should have received combat pay. On behalf of all women veterans, thank you!

Catherine C. Williams  
Long Beach, California

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*"He and all the others  
who play roulette with  
conception are the major  
cause of the problem  
that abortion solves."*

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## POLISH RUBBERS

Here is something your readers may want to know. In view of its present foreign-credit difficulties, the military government in Poland decreed that the sale of condoms be rationed according to the following formula: Men up to 35 years of age will be entitled to seven pieces a month; those up to 60, four pieces; and those past 60, just one a month. There is no upper age limit, though, which is encouraging and should be appreciated by many.

The news was carried by the press and



was announced on radio and television with some—interestingly enough—critical comments. Aren't we a little better off in this country?

Witold Saski  
Professor Emeritus of Pharmaceutics  
University of Nebraska Medical  
Center  
Lincoln, Nebraska

*That was a hoax—and you fell for it, too.*

## DOPE-SNIFFING DOGS

In reference to the October 1982 *Forum Newsfront* item regarding the Navy's use of drug-sniffing dogs on ships, this letter will give the real reaction of sailors who have dope stashed on board.

Although I am not in the Navy, I have heard stories from a close friend who is. Once the dog sniffs a noseful of pepper, its drug-seeking capabilities are useless. So, on sight or forewarning of a Cannabis-catching canine, rather than dump the dope overboard, sailors merely sprinkle pepper on the decks and around their stash. That alleviates the threat from the dogs but not the bawling-out session afterward by frustrated senior officers.

Marty Applebaum  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*That's very good, but we talked with a fellow who works with such dogs and he says that they're trained not to respond to pepper—or talc, perfume or cedar shavings, for that matter. Try something else.*

## BABY MAKING

The following conversation took place between a longtime business acquaintance turned lover and me the morning after our first night together:

HE: (Tentatively) How do we know that you aren't going to be a mommy?

ME: If you look closely, you can see the little scars from my tubal ligation. I've been sterile for ten years.

(He looks closely but can't see scars; glasses are on dresser, too far away to reach.)

ME: You'll pardon me, but this is one hell of an inappropriate time to discuss this.

HE: Well, er. . .

ME: I figured you'd had yourself fixed, since you didn't bring it up last night.

HE: Well, really, I was carried away by passion.

ME: Bullshit!

HE: Besides, I thought I felt an I.U.D.

ME: If that were true, it would still



be too late to bring up the subject, you realize.

HE: Yes, I know, but...

The incident in itself should have been enough for me to push for legislation to put a warning label on this man, but the real kicker I learned a couple of weeks later: The guy thinks abortion should be punished as a crime!

This middle-aged Lothario, with his graduate degree and his socially constructive job, may think his position is morally correct. In reality, he and all the others who play roulette with conception are the major cause of the problem that abortion solves.

I know PLAYBOY has said this many times before, but once more, please: Each member of the team is 100 percent responsible for preventing the conception of an unwanted child. There are no free rides, Daddy.

(Name withheld by request)  
San Jose, California

I fail to understand why the moment of conception is the start of life, as some propose. Where does the soul come from? From the sperm? From the egg? A part from each? Are all of the sperm and eggs that are so crudely destroyed by humans possessed of a part of a soul? Does the self-fulfilling act of fornication, and its associated carnal desire, determine the moment of conception?

These questions that no one can answer only reinforce my belief that life—ergo, the soul—joins with the body when it is whole and free from the womb, breathing and feeling on its own, with no help from another body. And I say that that moment is most likely at or about the time of birth. No living human can say exactly when, for if he tries, he becomes a self-appointed spokesman for God—and a charlatan.

Most certainly, this matter is not one suited to governmental interference. Nor is a woman's right to abortion. A child should be born out of love, not because of fear of committing an act called unholy by someone else.

Richard Zacher  
Oceanside, California

It's people like Phillip B. Shawas (*The Playboy Forum*, September), the so-called do-gooder Christians, who are responsible for the terrible state of affairs we're in today. Everyone—including rapists, murderers, the K.K.K.—will tell you that God told them this, God said that. With so much sickness and hatred, I'm sure God had nothing to do with it.

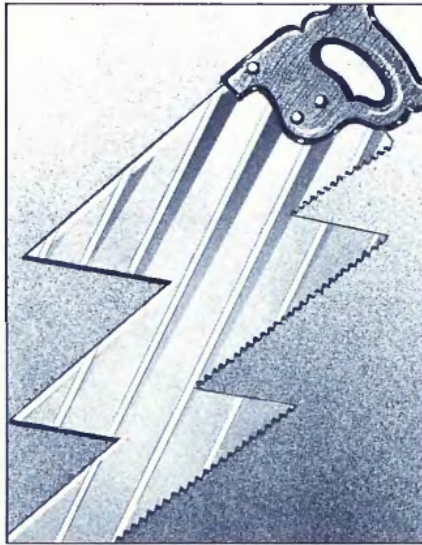
If there weren't so many unwanted children growing into sick adults by no fault of their own, things wouldn't be as bad as they are. Otherwise good foster parents and natural parents who are frustrated emotionally and sexually from their misconceptions of what God wants and who God is abuse the children physically and sexually. Afterward, they ask God for

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

## LOPPED-OFF LIMBS

CLAYTON, MISSOURI—A "wrongful death" suit for \$350,000 has been filed against a utility company and a tree-pruning company for allegedly causing the demise of an old oak with a trunk measuring more than five feet in diameter. The suit, filed by the



owners of a local apartment complex, claimed that the developers had spent \$100,000 to save the tree during construction and that a local utility company had overdone it when it hired the tree pruners to chop off limbs.

## PAROLED TOO SOON?

VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA—The release of a repeat sex offender who has spent 21 of his 36 years behind bars has led to a suit against California prison authorities after he killed a newsboy. The boy's family is arguing that the man had mistakenly been released on parole only three months before that crime.

## PREGNANT TEENAGERS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Services for pregnant teenagers and programs for sex education are being expanded with about \$8,500,000 in Federal money under the Office of Adolescent Pregnancy Programs. The new pitch, emphasizing adoption as an alternative to abortion, was originally sponsored by Alabama Senator Jeremiah Denton. A grants-management officer said that "probably none of our money could be used for abortion counseling. Abortion definitely would not be encouraged." However, some local officials said it looked to them as though they had wide latitude on expenditures.

## WRONGFUL BIRTH

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—The Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has upheld the dismissal of a \$1,000,000 "wrongful birth" suit against doctors at the Navy Hospital in Portsmouth, citing failure to prove their negligence and ruling that granting the mother's request for damages would be against public policy. The woman had claimed that the physicians had botched her sterilization and had demanded money for the "expenses in raising and providing for said child."

Meanwhile, in Towson, Maryland, a doctor has been ordered to pay \$70,000 toward raising a child born because of his "negligence" in another failed sterilization operation on a woman.

## WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL?

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN—Again there's a Michigan judge who has denied a 13-year-old girl's request for an abortion and a fetus that has become the "defenseless creature" in its mother's womb. "Is it asking too much to require her to carry this child a few more months for the separate rights of the child within her?" asked a Kent County probate judge. The girl's lawyer said she wants an abortion despite her mother's opposition and that because of her age and situation, she is in no position to care for the child. In 1981, a similar case involved an 11-year-old girl who was prevented from having an abortion by another judge for similar reasons and who has been remanded, for child neglect, to the custody of the court.

## NEITHER PROFANE NOR OBSCENE

ANNAPOLIS—The Maryland Court of Appeals has ruled that shouting a four-letter word—fuck, presumably—at a police chief was not profane, in that it did not refer to something divine or holy and did not constitute obscenity because it was not, in the context, erotic. The defendant was charged under a law that allows punishment for people who make "loud and unseemly noises" or who "profanely curse and swear or use obscene language" within earshot of someone on a public street.

## SUBJECT OF DISPUTE

WHITEWRIGHT, TEXAS—The matter of four submachine guns—two more than the number of police in town—has been settled. After calling the mayor's fears of "riot or nuclear attack" absurd, the police chief traded four nine-millimeter weapons to a Dallas arms dealer in return for a badly needed patrol car.



### "CHILD FIND"

WASHINGTON, D.C.—At last, parents can call the FBI and ask whether or not the names and descriptions of their missing children are recorded in the agency's national computer. They can also ask that the names be listed, if state and local authorities have neglected to do so. This represents President Reagan's first effort to relieve the "frustration and anger" of trying to find missing children. The telephone number of Child Find, national registry for such children, is 1-800-431-5005.

### COUNTERSUIT

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA—After a spat with a local restaurant over a lost food-and-drink check some three years ago, a 34-year-old graduate student was taken to the police station and afterward sued the restaurant. Eventually, he lost, sued again in Federal court from Massachusetts, where he had become a postdoctoral fellow, and again lost. Now he's again in court, responding to a "long-arm" suit brought by the same restaurant three years later, and he's losing again: The final bill is \$60,000. "I've been blind-sided," says the man, who claims the



countersuit was never brought to his attention. "I don't think I would have been as persistent as this fellow," says the restaurant's owner, but it has now become a "matter of principle" and a "personal obligation."

### ANNE FRANK ON TRIAL

WISE, VIRGINIA—Parents of seventh graders have decided that "Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl" is too sexually explicit and have objected to two parts in which Anne commented on her awareness of the mature female figure and described a man's genitals. The book, translated into more than 30 languages, is considered a classic of holocaust literature. The local

principal agreed to take the book off mandatory-reading lists until a committee of county librarians could decide on it. Then he added, "I do wish some of the parents would show the same enthusiasm about some of the television programs their children watch."

### MOON SHOT

SAN DIEGO—A woman shot in both arms when a .44 Magnum revolver dropped to the ground and fired has been granted an award of \$261,752 from the gun's owner. The accident occurred when a group of six people went on a picnic; some smoked marijuana and drank alcohol while they were target shooting. Afterward, one of the women decided to take pictures, and the man with the gun mooned for the camera. The same bullet that struck the woman in both arms then hit the man's wife. She, too, has since recovered.

### STRIP SEARCHES

BURBANK, CALIFORNIA—A 29-year-old woman has filed a \$500,000 claim against the city, charging she was strip-searched by police for failing to appear in court on a traffic citation. According to her report, the incident stemmed from a charge of her running a red light, and when she called about a court date, she was advised to wait until she received a mailed notice.

Meanwhile, a Santa Fe Springs woman was handcuffed, strip-searched and jailed by mistake because she was slow in getting her house painted, as ordered by a court in California. The case was already settled by that time, with charges dismissed, but police didn't get the word.

### POT-POURRI

Urine tests to detect marijuana use are becoming prominent in employment agencies, the military, prisons and drug-treatment centers, largely because the Syva Company has been selling a low-cost, portable test that does not require laboratory analysis. Syva admits that positive test results "should be confirmed by an alternative method" and notes that the results may be in error up to five percent of the time, but some labs report inaccuracies of ten to 30 percent.

Elsewhere:

- Nursing mothers should not smoke pot, to avoid passing on the drug's active ingredients to their babies. "Because the effects on the infant of chronic exposure to THC and its metabolites are unknown, nursing mothers should abstain," according to an article in The New England Journal of Medicine.

- The Pentagon is seeking authority to open the mail of Servicemen for the first time since World War Two, but the goal is to search for drugs and other contraband. The Defense Department has sought such authority for the past two years, and an

agreement with the U.S. Postal Service has almost been reached.

- Four people, including two Portsmouth, Virginia, city employees, have been arrested for allegedly salvaging part of \$20,000,000 worth of marijuana that was supposed to have been incinerated. The pot was being peddled on the street for \$30 to \$40 a pound, a fraction of its regular \$325-to-\$425-a-pound street value.

- When an undercover policeman uprooted a seven-foot pot plant from behind a house on Detroit's far east side, a burglar alarm sounded. Explained the marijuana planter, "I couldn't afford to buy it, so I had to grow it."

### BONES FOR ENTERTAINMENT

PITTSBURGH—The county coroner and a costume-shop owner are feuding over a century-old human skeleton that has been used for years as a Halloween and movie prop. The coroner says the skeleton, that of a



middle-aged female probably used at one time as a medical school specimen, should be buried or cremated. The shop's owner said in a telephone interview from Florida that she knew of no law preventing the use of bones for entertainment. Police confiscated the skeleton from the suburban Pittsburgh store in whose window it had been displayed.

### GUM VERSUS GUN

SEATTLE—A local police officer started to toss his gun into a courtroom wastebasket when he misunderstood a judge's request that he discard his chewing gum.

"In the basket?" said the officer.

"Yes, in the basket," the judge repeated.

"There's garbage in there."

"Yes, I know."

With a shrug, the puzzled officer un-snapped his holster and began to remove his revolver until a bailiff clarified the issue.



# THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH

*it may deter a few; does it deter the many?*

Who can quarrel with the intent of the death penalty? Its purpose is to validate the preciousness of human life by imposing the ultimate punishment on those who commit the ultimate crime.

Too bad it doesn't work that way.

Consider who qualifies for the death penalty.

Not the enraged individual who in unpremeditated fury kills a spouse or a barroom adversary—the single most common kind of murder.

Not the person who kills by accident or negligence.

Not the rare person who is so mentally deranged that he cannot be held legally accountable for his actions.

That leaves the professional and the otherwise premeditated murderer (both are statistically rare species) and the felony murderer who kills during the commission of another crime, such as robbery, burglary or home invasion.

In truth, the last is the only class of killer from whom innocent society needs systematic protection and for whom society demands execution. But most felony murderers do not intend to kill and do so out of panic, rage or accident. In the absence of prior intent to commit a capital crime, they are not deterred by prior considerations of capital punishment.

Which leaves a subclass of felony murderer whom society has every right to hate and fear: the sadistic psychopath, who doesn't just kill in the course of robbing but may commit robbery as an excuse to kill, terrorize or maim. This is the fellow who holds up the mom-and-pop grocery store for \$60 and then pumps bullets into the owner pleading for his life or who takes the wallet from an unresisting victim and then sticks a knife in him.

Only the most principled humanitarian would spare these killers' lives—and maybe a few criminologists who find the threat of death not a deterrent to murderous behavior but an inducement to it.

Psychologists who specialize in violent antisocial behavior have long recognized that the most dangerously hostile, aggressive and sadistic criminals tend to be mentally deranged but legally sane individuals who are embarked on a campaign of self-destruction. Most of those criminals would laugh at that idea; and it certainly doesn't seem that way to their



innocent victims. But where the badly troubled person from the so-called upper classes tends to turn his hostility inward, sink into an abyss of depression and end his own life with a bottle or a bullet, his less introspective and socialized counterpart takes his frustration and aggression out on others until he is caught or killed.

For this person, brutality has the immediate payoff of compensating for an intolerable sense of im-

potence; the ultimate reward is to be transformed by society into a celebrity murderer, attended regally by a vengeful justice system, and then to be solemnly and ceremonially executed by the state. To "ride the lightning."

The percentage of murderers who kill in order to be killed is unknowable, but it seems likely they outnumber those who rationally weigh the prospect of execution and are deterred.

Add to that another unhappy fact of criminal behavior: The rational felon whose planned or unplanned act could cost him his life may well elect to leave no living witnesses.

And add to that a cultural effect of capital punishment that to students of violent behavior is the most worrisome of all. By performing executions in the name of justice, the state validates the idea that killing is an appropriate response to sufficiently wicked or intolerable behavior. Which happens to be the exact frame of mind that prevails in the most common of murder situations—the bedroom or barroom rage. Whether cloaked in legal pageantry or performed in a moment of white fury, the message is the same: *The son of a bitch had it coming!*

Not even the Supreme Court has suggested that the death penalty deters murder. In 1976, it took, instead, the curiously honest position that execution primarily serves a retribution function, that it fulfills an emotional need of citizens outraged and frustrated at the prevalence of crime and violence. That it certainly does. Contrary to the lofty position of the true humanitarian, the less philosophical citizen may in fact derive comfort and genuine satisfaction from bloody vengeance. But a wiser court and wiser men in public office might have considered that the transient satisfaction of a blood sacrifice may well be paid for by additional violence and suffering inspired by its lethal example.

forgiveness of their sins. The cycle continues from parent to child.

Nicole Mitchell  
Hollywood, California

It is with some confidence that I venture to say that Shawas has never faced the situation he so heatedly addresses in your September issue: the prospect of providing for an unexpected and unwanted baby who would cause emotional, financial and legal problems for both parents as well as for himself. Nor has Shawas considered having that baby—his own child—torn violently from its mother's womb by vacuum or by some other equally gruesome and irreversible means.

My girlfriend was not a sleaze bag I had picked up in an alley. We were both hard-working, college-educated, middle-class young adults. We made one mistake. A biggie. We had to get an abortion. Neither of us could raise a child, so, after much agonizing, we got an abortion—and not without everlasting regrets.

Abortion is not just an easy way out for the irresponsible, as Shawas would have us believe. But as long as legal abortions exist—and even if they cease to exist—they will be the only intelligent recourse for sensible human beings.

(Name withheld by request)  
Phoenix, Arizona

Your answer to Carlos Gutay in the December issue is consistent with your position on abortion. Gutay is, indeed, in favor of a "minority position." He believes fetuses are people.

However, PLAYBOY consistently forgets a very important fact. In this country, we determine who will be President, or represent us in other ways, by our elections. But we cannot determine right and wrong by majority vote! When you enter into that area, you are treading on thin ice, indeed. Think about it.

There is an adage among those of us who are pro-lifers. It says that one man in the right is a majority of one. I am happy that Gutay is in the majority, in the sense of that very poignant adage. And I am happy to be with him there.

(Name withheld by request)  
Indian River, Minnesota

## RELIGIOUS ZEAL

Religious groups have been attempting to suppress those magazines, motion pictures and business enterprises of which they do not approve.

My first question: Do such religious groups constitute a criminal conspiracy to suppress freedom of religion and freedom of the press? My second, corollary, question: Do such religious groups make themselves financially responsible in a civil suit by the magazine, motion picture or business involved?

You may recall the California State/Long Beach professor who was fired after fundamentalist groups objected to his



course and a second California State/Long Beach professor whose teaching privileges were limited after the same fundamentalists suggested that she approved of lesbianism. Then there was a Nebraska theater that was forced out of business by a Catholic women's group because it showed X-rated films. And so on through the litany of church groups that would force their moral codes upon others.

It seems to me that they have no more right to do that than a rabbi has to force butchers to sell only kosher meat, priests have to force restaurants to abstain from selling meat dishes on fast days of obligation or Moslems have to force the same restaurants to close during the daylight hours of the fast of Ramadan.

That is to say, no matter how immoral it may be for different groups to violate dietary laws, those groups cannot, under U.S. law, force markets to sell a product or restaurants to serve a menu that reflects a particular religious code.

In a like manner, no professor, no moviehouse, no bookstore and, for that matter, no television station should be forced to serve a "menu" that reflects a particular religious code.

Lybrand P. Smith  
Torrance, California

#### DANGER OF BEING DIFFERENT

Public school children are young and impressionable—too young to understand a member of their peer group who doesn't pray or who leaves the room during so-called voluntary devotions.

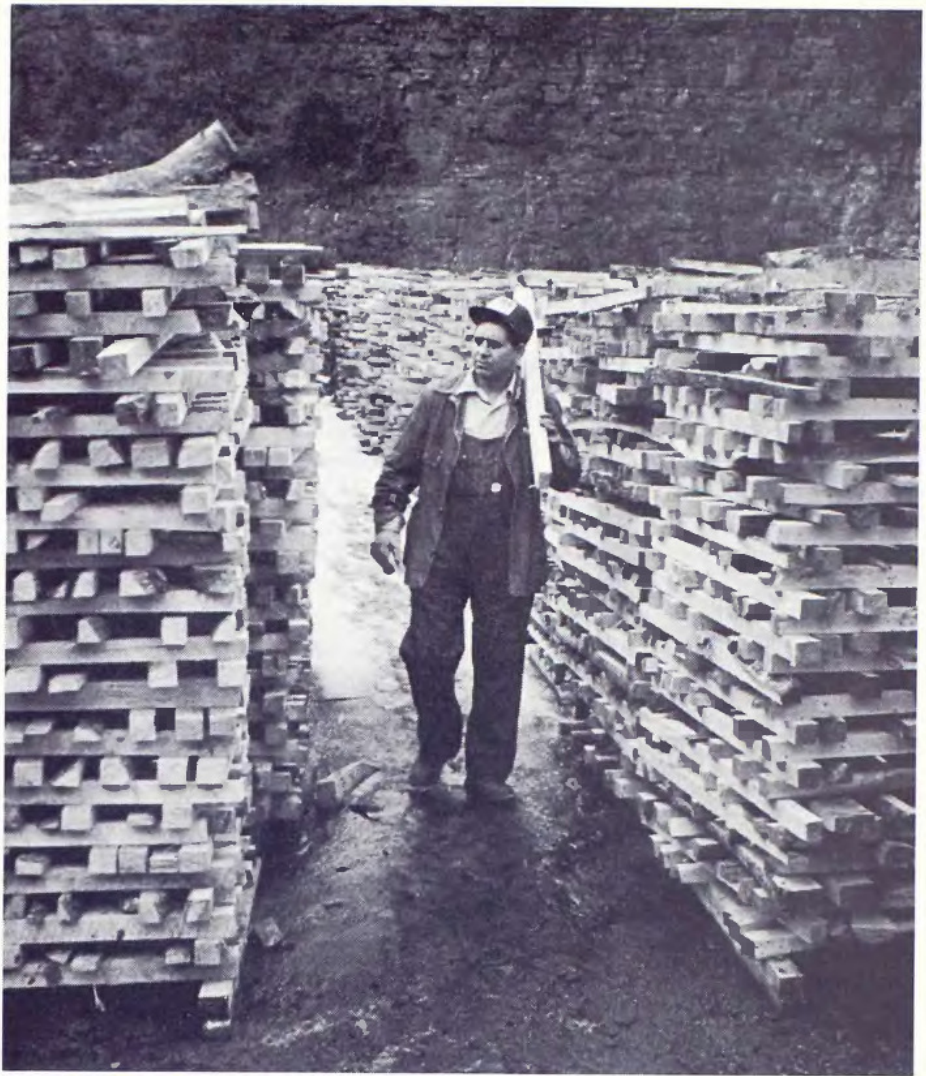
I'm not a psychologist, but I was once a child and can vividly remember the cruelty that was directed toward anyone who was considered "different." There are already too many differences dividing our young people—racial, social, economic. Must we add another? Why not insist, instead, that our public schools stress the importance of reason, understanding and tolerance? Then, one day my soldierly profession might become unnecessary.

(Name withheld by request)  
Fort Benning, Georgia

The main difficulty with teaching creationism in the science classes of our public schools lies in the fact that that doctrine is one of religion, not of science.

Since it is a dogma, creationism is the very antithesis of scientific study. Science is a self-correcting process of questions, facts, evaluation and explanation. It is a process of investigation, of seeking to understand. Creationists must accept the inerrancy of the Biblical books; they dare not question the literal truth of what has been written. The creationist who deems himself a scientist has forsworn his professional integrity in order to follow blindly a religious dogma.

The First Amendment guarantees freedom of (and from) religion and forbids Congress to establish a state religion. If the teaching of creationism is permitted in



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public schools, the most widespread forum for government influence, then it will *de facto* grant to fundamentalist Christianity an aura of acceptance not granted to any other religious persuasion.

Roy R. Snelling  
Department of Entomology  
Natural History Museum, Los Angeles  
County  
Los Angeles, California

#### GOOD CAUSE

In regard to "Good Guys Finish Last?" in the September *Playboy Forum*, it is true that some women seem to be drawn to men who are dominating and exploitive. There may be many reasons for that. The fact that women like to be mistreated is probably not one of them. Some women feel insecure and unworthy and look for a man to reinforce those feelings. Some women like the challenge of the *macho* myth, thinking it makes them more feminine. Some women may never have been exposed to nice guys and don't know how to spot one or relate to one. But most men who say, "You can't pamper them and expect to get either respect or results" are regarding those results from their own

point of view, to excuse their behavior.

My father and my husband are both kind, thoughtful, sensitive and considerate men. I find them extremely stimulating and wonderful and consider myself one of the luckiest women around.

Lynn Rutledge  
Riverside, California

#### LEFTOVERS

Don't you think that keeping prisoners in jail for life is like keeping leftovers in the refrigerator until they rot before you throw them away?

Jean Brockman  
Chicago, Illinois

The death penalty has one curious side benefit. Appeals are mandatory, the cases are more carefully scrutinized by the courts and the press and the condemned more easily find organizations and attorneys willing to represent their interests. As *PLAYBOY* itself has pointed out, murder convictions are remarkably easy to obtain on the basis of false or mistaken eyewitness testimony. When such a conviction carries merely a life sentence or 40 years or whatever, the innocent person is locked away

## FORUM FOLLIES

Crimes are classified according to their relative severity, their degree of heinousness and the depravity of the criminal. First-degree murder is considered worse than second-degree murder, which is considered worse than manslaughter. Recent Illinois court decisions have made clear that (at least in Illinois) murder is apparently somewhat less evil than cohabitation.

In the case of *Jarrett vs. Jarrett*, the Illinois Supreme Court decided that a woman was an unfit mother because she was living with a man without the benefit of marriage (whatever those benefits may be). In that case, Jacqueline Jarrett lost custody of her children when her former husband challenged her moral fitness; she was mainly breaking the fornication laws. In Illinois, fornication is a class-B misdemeanor, regardless of how good you are at it. And a fornicator is anyone "who cohabits or has sexual intercourse with another not his spouse... if the behavior is open and notorious." The requirement that fornication be open and notorious, according to the Illinois Supreme Court, recognizes the right to privacy of individuals as well as the fact that fornication, when open and notorious, presents a "graver threat to public morality than private violations." By being open and notorious, it "encourages others to violate those standards and debases public morality."

Mrs. Jarrett argued that living together is no longer an affront to public morality, because of its wide acceptance. The Illinois Supreme Court, however, was more concerned with the terrible example she might be setting for her children. For, as the court projected, her cohabitation "could well encourage the children to engage in similar activity in the future."

Not long after the *Jarrett* case, the same Illinois Supreme Court directed its attention to the lesser crime of murder and how it affected the custody of children. In a case titled *In Re Abdullah*, the court ruled that unlike the immoral Mrs. Jarrett, a man convicted of murdering his wife and sentenced to a mere 60 years in prison was not necessarily "depraved" under Illinois law and his child could not automatically be placed for adoption until such depravity was legally established. In the end, the Illinois Supreme Court agreed with him, indicating that killing one's wife does not necessarily mean that the person is depraved. Thus, the adoption was squelched. There was, however, one dissenting voice—that of Justice Clark, who recognized, by comparing the *Jarrett* and *Abdullah* cases, that what the court appeared to be saying was that "cohabitation may justify losing custody but the murder of one's wife, the mother of the child, will not."

—STEVEN J. J. WEISMAN

and forgotten. But if he gets the chair or the gas chamber, he'll have at least some chance of exonerating himself.

(Name withheld by request)  
San Antonio, Texas

#### LAW OF THE LAND

I am a 24-year-old college student. Since I live in Houston when I'm not attending the University of Arkansas, I travel U.S. 59 between semesters. On one of my trips home, I was pulled over not for speeding but to be searched. Yet I had broken only one of "Humpy's laws": I was young. After turning my car inside out, the officer told me to "Git, boy." (I should explain that Humpy is the local sheriff.)

Anyway, I figured maybe it was a case of mistaken identity and didn't think much of the incident until my brother crossed paths with a Tomball, Texas, police officer. My brother approached a parked patrol car to report an accident he had witnessed and was immediately thrown up against the car, frisked and handcuffed. I guess the officer was horrified at the menacing appearance of a skinny, short-haired youth in an Izod shirt. My brother was not allowed to call our parents until about sunrise, four hours after his arrest.

We are very much afraid that one of these days a cop will plant some pot in somebody's car if he doesn't find any. After all, local police have been known to plant guns on people once in a while.

I have noticed that your magazine seems to be an excellent showcase; people here are basically helpless to do much until the problem is exposed.

(Name withheld by request)  
Houston, Texas

#### UNPLANNED FATHERHOOD

A friend mentioned hearing of a case in which a man sued his former wife for infringing on his rights by having a child that he had not wanted, forcing him into parenthood.

I'm in the same situation, but I'm not suing. During a time of turmoil in my last marriage, my wife lured me into sex "one more time, for old times' sake" prior to our divorce, assuring me she could not get pregnant. You can guess the rest. She got pregnant and had the baby over my objections. What happened to *my* freedom of choice?

Doesn't a man have any choice about whether or not he wants to be a father? I'm now in a position where I have to pay 18 years financially and the rest of my life emotionally for a child I did not want. I did not rape the woman; I was tricked into getting her pregnant.

(Name withheld by request)  
Torrance, California

The quarreling of divorcing wives and husbands over who is by nature or by law the more suited to raise children involves arguments usually couched in terms of the welfare of the kids. I've about decided that



that is nonsense. I've gone through one divorce with children, married a divorced woman with children, have both male and female friends in the same situation, have read in *The Playboy Forum* letters arguing all sides of the issue and am finally convinced that in most cases, the dispute is based on the egotistical selfishness of the father or the mother or both, with the issue of child support lurking somewhere in the background.

At the time of my own divorce, some 15 years ago, I went through a great deal of psychological agony at "losing" my children to a woman I was sure would be a lousy mother. She turned out to be a fine one. My present wife's ex dedicated his first few years to faultfinding and worrying, all for nothing. Both of us found that our kids only grew closer to us, as fathers and mentors, than to their own mothers, who had to handle all the day-to-day school and discipline matters.

I think the moral here is that divorced fathers—or, for that matter, mothers—never have to "lose" their children to former spouses if they can just refrain from using them as pawns in their personal game playing and bickering. It seems to be the spouse who does not have custody who ends up with all the pleasures of parenthood instead of the responsibilities, because he or she doesn't have to do the nagging about washing dishes, not wasting money or doing homework.

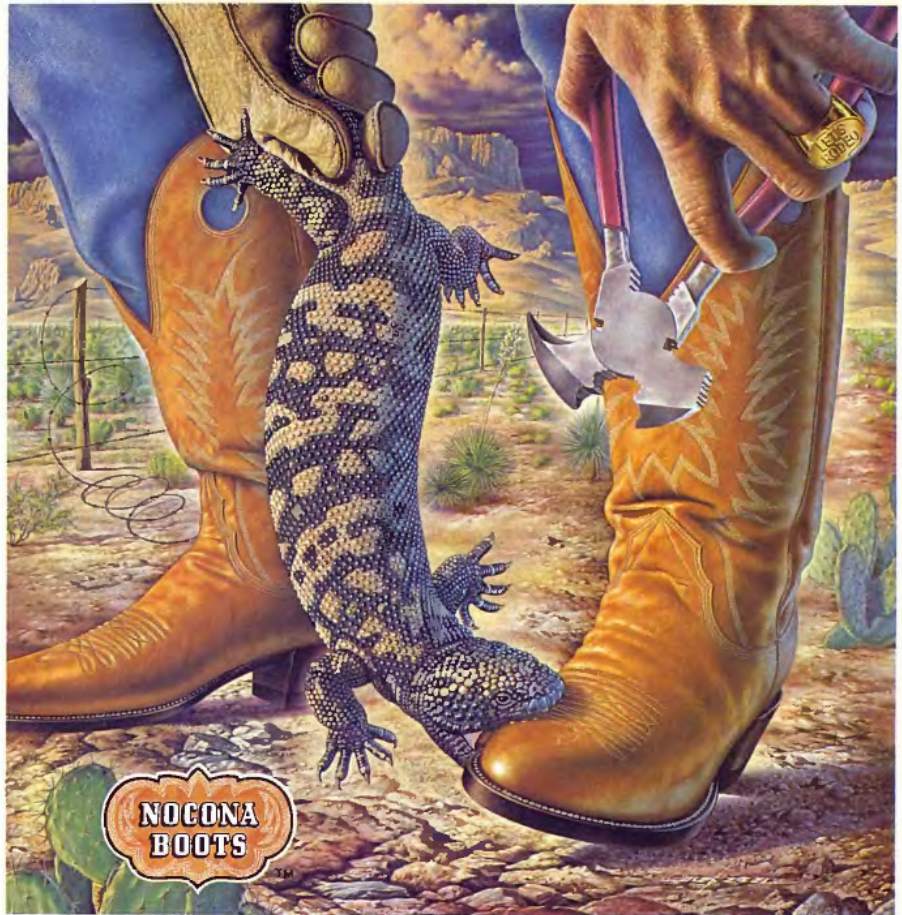
(Name withheld by request)  
Iowa City, Iowa

#### HI, O.O.B.

After reading of out-of-the-body (O.O.B.) experiences, I have a few questions. While two people are making love, is it possible for them to experience O.O.B.? Could they then continue making love in both the physical and the O.O.B. planes of existence, and would that be a form of fourth-dimension sex? Do they experience identical sensations in both the physical and the O.O.B. states? Are the sensations greater or longer lasting? Is it dangerous or rewarding if only one partner experiences O.O.B. during coitus? Can coitus be achieved in the O.O.B. state regardless of time or distance barriers between the partners? Can impregnation or childbirth occur during O.O.B.? Can O.O.B. anesthetize the physical body? Can O.O.B. be used as a form of birth control? Can O.O.B. be used as a burglar-alarm system during coitus? Does any of this O.O.B. business make sense, or is someone pulling my leg?

Bill Loren  
Rockville, Maryland

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SAM DONALDSON

*a candid conversation with the brashest of the new breed of television reporters about his white house beat and his reputation as a wild man*

In 1977, not long after taking over the White House beat, Sam Donaldson was staked out on the West Wing lawn, waiting for Saudi Crown Prince Fahd to arrive for a meeting with President Jimmy Carter. Like the rest of the Washington press corps, Donaldson was working on deadline, and, growing impatient, he soon broke into song; keying his basso profundo to the occasion, he was already several verses into "The Sheik of Araby" when none other than President Carter emerged from the White House to ask ruefully whether or not the ABC-TV correspondent was enjoying himself. Donaldson nodded, then shot back, "Get the oil!"

Later—after a defeated Carter had wished only two things on his successor: Menachem Begin and Sam Donaldson—the 48-year-old reporter stopped Ronald Reagan as the President was leaving a banquet. According to a story by Robert Sam Anson in the September 1982 *PLAYBOY*, Donaldson loudly said, "Mr. President, did you hear about the study they conducted of what men do in the shower?" The President shook his head, looking around at the growing crowd of reporters. "Yes, sir," Donaldson continued, "they found that 70 percent sing in the shower and the rest play with themselves. And do you know what the 70 percent sing?" No, the President admit-

ted, he did not. "I didn't think so," Donaldson replied, breaking into a grin as Reagan, at a loss for a comeback, turned on his heels and walked off.

Such stories characterize only one side of Samuel Andrew Donaldson, but also underscore why he is widely regarded as the most intrepid television journalist covering the White House today. Donaldson is a maverick who has been credited with revitalizing Washington press coverage in an era in which some reporters have contented themselves with official briefings and press handouts; yet he has also been denigrated as a loudmouthed clown whose flamboyant and outspoken style—what he himself calls his act—attracts as much attention as his reportorial relentlessness. In the competitive world of network news broadcasting, he has, according to *People* magazine, "alerted, informed, sometimes amused and often angered two Administrations." His high-jinks and his reputation as a cutup in a city that often takes itself too seriously have led the Washington Journalism Review to dub him "the junkyard dog of the White House press corps . . . he is always 'on'. He is a clown." And, indeed, although Donaldson's antics have earned him such epithets as "pompous," "belligerent," "tenacious" and "grating," he is

also, as John Weisman of *TV Guide* puts it, "aggressive. Very, very aggressive."

If irreverence and showboating have created the Donaldson legend, what underlies the act is his unremitting commitment to getting the day's story, and even his severest critics acknowledge his real accomplishments. "Yeah," says one, "people will bitch and shake their heads and say what a belligerent ass Sam is. And then, for their lead, they'll use the answers Sam got. It happens all the time."

While other correspondents may feel the need to prepare their stories well in advance, Donaldson characteristically waits until the last minute, "crashing," in TV parlance, to get the last bit of information. Deadline pressures seem not to faze him—in fact, he thrives on them—and it is not unusual for anchor man Frank Reynolds to see Donaldson's piece for the first time the moment it airs. For his producer, David Kaplan, such workaholic habits may occasionally produce pandemonium, but there's no question that Donaldson has helped galvanize ABC's Washington bureau into a force that has challenged rival CBS for top ratings.

Such competitiveness and drive are not without roots. Donaldson was born on March 11, 1934, on his family's farm near El Paso, Texas. Raised by his mother, "a pretty strict



"I watch Reagan for signs of senility. He often misquotes figures and gets things wrong. But I think it probably has nothing to do with age. He absorbs things and he remembers them forever, even when they're wrong."



"I think I've matured, and I'm serious about my work. I can't defend all my actions, but on balance, I think you can take me places without fear that I'll run amuck, attack the ladies, bore the men."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN WHITMAN

"The White House beat can become sterile. I'm tired of being the one who has to yell at the President and get the mail that says, 'You rude, crude, arrogant, loudmouth!' I don't need that anymore, thank you very much."



Baptist who thought transgressors should be punished," he was sent to the New Mexico Military Institute, where, he speculates, he learned the values of discipline and competence. Texas Western College in El Paso followed, then the University of Southern California in 1955 for graduate courses in telecommunications. After a stint in the Army and a short-lived marriage, he returned to Dallas in 1959. Unable to muster any enthusiasm for his apprenticeship selling mutual funds, he soon took a job in the news department of KRLD-TV, Dallas' CBS affiliate. Less than two years later, after being turned down by all the networks in New York for lack of "print experience," he went to Washington's WTOP-TV as a reporter, covering local politics, the Cuban Missile Crisis, civil rights riots in Cambridge, Maryland, and Barry Goldwater's Presidential campaign. When ABC hired him in 1967, he was both remarried and anchoring WTOP's weekend news.

Donaldson's conversations with Presidents—and Presidential candidates—began in earnest in 1972, when he snagged the first interview with George McGovern at the Democratic National Convention. His aggressiveness had gotten him moved from general-assignment reporting to Capitol Hill in 1967, first covering the House, later the Senate; not long after, in 1971, he was reporting from Vietnam. Then came Watergate. Both assignments were decisive, Donaldson claims, and forced him to re-evaluate his role as a reporter, as well as the credibility of public officials. In 1976, ABC assigned him to Jimmy Carter—"They gave me Carter when he wasn't even expected to get the nomination"—and in 1977, he was promoted to chief ABC White House correspondent. Two years later, as though to signal his need to keep trying his hand at other assignments, Donaldson landed the anchor spot on ABC's "Sunday Evening News" and now also appears on "This Week with David Brinkley," on which he often goes head to head against conservative columnist George Will.

To find out more about Donaldson and the state of TV journalism, we sent writer Peter Manso (whose last assignment was the headline-making "Playboy Interview" with New York City mayor Ed Koch in April 1982) to ABC's Washington News Bureau and points West. Manso reports:

"We began with Donaldson's making very sure of the guidelines, what I call PLAYBOY's Miranda rights: that anything recorded on the record remained on the record; that he'd have no editorial control over the final transcript; and that anything said with the tape recorder off was, indeed, off the record. From the start, then, I got a quick and thorough make on Donaldson the pro, very much the fellow reporter and interviewer being interviewed, and I wasn't at all surprised over the next three weeks when he'd cut in with editorial asides about where I might be 'leading' him.

"Donaldson is a tall man, lanky and energetic; he was inexhaustible during our multiple four- and five-hour sessions. Rather than fumble or backtrack after an interrup-

tion by one of his assistants or his producer, he would immediately return to the topic at hand, his recall almost letter-perfect. More than once, he made reference to the magazine's Carter and Koch interviews, joking that by the time we were done, he expected the network to exile him to Atlanta. In effect, he was warning himself aloud to tread—or speak—cautiously.

"By our second session, things began to loosen up, and it was obvious that on the subject of politics, he wanted to talk—surprising in itself, as he'd never before gone public with what I quickly saw as his left-of-center bias. At the same time, he insisted on distinguishing between personal views and on-camera performance—which is, of course, the central issue any journalist faces. Donaldson the character emerged as well, particularly when we went West. The new unemployment figures were expected to break into double digits, and Reagan, so the scuttlebutt went, had planned his pre-Congressional-election sweep through Nevada, California and Texas in order to get out of town; Donaldson, naturally, went to cover the President, and I dogged his every step to watch him in action. And, indeed, the trip began with a bang: Making its approach

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*"A lot of people think I'm aggressive. Some admire that; others think it a rude, boorish quality; I think I make people a little nervous."*

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at Las Vegas, the White House press plane went out of control—a small private aircraft had crashed on the landing strip ahead of us—and as the huge 727 yawed from side to side, Donaldson bolted from his seat, strode up the aisle and, mocking his famed TV persona, bellowed, "This is Sam Donaldson, ABC News, somewhere over Nevada, and I want to know what the hell is going on here!" His colleagues, used to such antics, hooted and cheered.

"The same refusal to take himself too seriously was evidenced elsewhere—from his openness with a couple of UCLA students in a funky Mexican restaurant in Westwood to his sharing information with younger reporters in the White House press pool in San Diego. Ditto with cabdrivers, stewardesses and waiters. Working with his producer, editor, cameramen and sound technicians, however, Donaldson cracks the whip. Prior to air time, he's a whirling dervish; when he's marshaling his troops, competence is all, excuses meaningless. Which was precisely the message Donaldson delivered to Larry Speakes, the Presidential press spokesman, on the last day of our taping, back in D.C. As Speakes waffled on the subject of American

Marines in Lebanon, the man from ABC once again reverted to his private score card, yelling, "That's 16 questions, Larry, and not a single answer!"

"Speakes's retort? 'That's what I'm paid to do.' And did that end it? No. Donaldson just threw out another question."

**PLAYBOY:** The most apparent thing you've brought to TV news reporting is a change of image. You're as far from the warm, avuncular Walter Cronkite as possible. In fact, you're sometimes seen as rude and boorish in pursuit of a story. Do you agree?

**DONALDSON:** I long ago stopped seeing Walter Cronkite when I got up in the morning and looked in the mirror. A lot of people think I'm aggressive. Some admire that; others think it a rude, boorish quality; and, sure, I think I make people a little nervous. You spoke of Cronkite as warm and avuncular. True, you can't watch me and get that feeling. I'm always a little on edge. Part of it is that I can't see—I wear contact lenses—and people may think, What's wrong with him? Do I seem a little stiff, grim? Maybe so. Maybe military school made me stiff. I don't feel that way, though if that's how I'm perceived, then that's clearly what counts. But I also think most people feel that I really believe what I'm saying to them.

**PLAYBOY:** That at least you're not bullshitting your viewers?

**DONALDSON:** That's right. I'll get a few letters from people saying they think I'm biased or that I've made something up. But most people think I believe that what I'm telling them is accurate, the truth as it is commonly taught. And that is my work. My job at the White House is not merely to pass along what the President says but to tell viewers what's actually going on, to cut through a lot of the bullshit, to use your word. The Administration says something, but is that what it means?

**PLAYBOY:** What are the limits to your aggressiveness when it comes to cutting through? You were once quoted as saying, "The people who surround a President, his aides and advisors, even his family, seem to think he's some kind of god. They think the press isn't quite high class enough to ask him questions. To hell with the noise. I'll ask a President whatever seems pertinent and I'll yell or jump or roll on the floor, if I have to, for an answer."

**DONALDSON:** It's basically an accurate quote, though I don't remember saying "roll on the floor," because while I don't dress that well, I don't want to get my clothes soiled. Still, that is basically my attitude: Presidents are there, like mayors and governors, to be questioned by reporters on behalf of a public who put them in office in the first place and who have the right to remove them through the election process. Now, I'm going to be respectful to the President, just as I would be to any mayor or governor, but I'm not going to stay my hand by not asking



a question because we're waiting for Margaret Thatcher or some other dignitary—not when I think there's a question that needs to be answered.

Some of Reagan's men don't want that kind of questioning, because they don't want their boss to be put in a position where he doesn't know the answer or where he blurts out something that he shouldn't. Equally, they believe that reporters should not have the right to ask questions, because of decorum and a sense of place. That's the attitude of some of Reagan's men, not necessarily of Ronald Reagan himself, though I could be wrong; that amiable grin may hide a lot I don't see. Some of Reagan's associates really believe that reporters and cameramen and camerawomen somehow aren't quite as good as the President. Well, I don't need that anymore, thank you.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that when you yell at the President from behind the press-ropes, it's in response to being stonewalled?

**DONALDSON:** Well, that's why I have to yell. You think I yell because I like to? I'm raising my voice a little bit right now, to you, because we're discussing something very intense. But I'm not yelling; you're three feet from me. But when the man is 15 feet away and I'm behind a rope, how am I going to get his attention if I don't yell? When people write, "How rude of you to yell at the President," I write back, "How am I to get his attention, madam? He is partially deaf." With Jimmy Carter, we often walked along beside him. Even though Secret Service men surrounded him, we were only two paces to the side and there wasn't any need to yell. You could just say, "Mr. President, what about this?"

**PLAYBOY:** Comparing the two Presidents, then, which one was more accessible to the press overall?

**DONALDSON:** Carter, hands down. But because of the assassination attempt on Reagan, there was a marked increase in his security. He was shot because he was walking out of the hotel entrance with reporters, cameramen and, as it turned out, the general public, one of whom was named Hinckley, only 20 feet away. Since then, you never see Reagan walking out of any entrance with reporters, cameramen and the public less than hundreds of yards away. Or he'll walk out of an entrance shielded from view by a constructed blockade, a plywood or canvas framework, a virtual corridor at the door, so that you never see him until the limo drives by. That's for security, and I have no quarrel with it, even if it means we have no opportunity to talk with him or see him.

**PLAYBOY:** That's obviously not the stonewalling we mentioned. You said that Reagan's advisors really don't like the press or think they're "as good."

**DONALDSON:** Ah, but that's another question; that comes back to their feelings about reporters and cameramen and cam-

erawomen. They have a sense of pomp, a sense of decorum. They banned our sitting outside on a part of the lawn the press traditionally used. More substantially, during the Carter Administration, we were in the habit of going up to visitors coming out of the West Wing executive entrance and, as they walked down the driveway, we'd try to speak to them. We had our cameras and we'd say, "Governor, governor, can we have a word? You've just seen the President." Sometimes they'd come over to the microphone because they wanted to talk to the press and get on television. Sometimes, because of the nature of their visit or the politics of the situation, they preferred not to; but once, we caught Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski walking together down the driveway. Well, we'd always gone after them, but after that episode, the Reagan people put a stop to it. White House guards now come running up, under orders, of course, and shout, "Get back! Get back!" It is a very debilitating situation. It's clear we are being kept back and, again, for two reasons: the fear of political damage, because the press may get to talk to some disgruntled person

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*"Some of Reagan's associates believe that reporters somehow aren't quite as good as the President. Well, I don't need that anymore, thank you."*

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who's just seen the President, and also because of the Administration's belief that somehow this pack of disorderly, unkempt—

**PLAYBOY:** Raffish?

**DONALDSON:** Raffish—thank you, I'll embrace the word—raffish journalists really clutter up the beauty and pageantry and, I guess, the symbolic purity of the office. And I think that's nonsense. We're as good as the President and his people, as professionals and as human beings. I will concede Ronald Reagan his right to sit in there and decide whether or not to go to war against the Soviets. I'm glad I don't have that responsibility. I concede him his right to private conversation with his advisors. I concede him his right to be protected from nuts such as Hinckley. I concede him his right to have a private life with his family without my peering over his shoulder in the bedroom. But having said that, I concede him *nothing*. I don't concede him the right to remove himself from the press! However, I exempt Reagan himself. I may be wrong, but I don't think he's the prime mover behind this.

**PLAYBOY:** Who is?

**DONALDSON:** I don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it common talk in Washington that the President's wife, Nancy, has emerged as the instigator of this new decorum, whatever its true meaning or effect?

**DONALDSON:** I don't cover Nancy Reagan. I'm there to cover the President and the activities and the issues around the Presidency. I am not going to in any way criticize Nancy Reagan, their private life or her participation in the Administration.

**PLAYBOY:** What happens to a reporter who attends, say, a state dinner held by the Reagans?

**DONALDSON:** I've attended two state dinners, one held by the Carters, the other by the Reagans. It's a type of invitation that you would be rude not to accept. But let me tell you the difference I've seen. Carter's people would invite a White House correspondent or a reporter and his wife or her husband to dinner. Under the Reagan Administration, the reporters were invited but not their spouses. Why? Because the White House wanted to limit the number of people at state dinners? Because it was getting out of hand? Sure. But was the wife of General Motors' chairman not invited? Oh, no; she came. Was Gregory Peck's wife not invited? No, no; she came. The point was that the press spouses were dispensable. The Reagans didn't really consider us on the same level as their Hollywood friends or the industrialists or the artists from New York City. And it is a fact that the guest lists are drawn up in the East Wing of the White House.

**PLAYBOY:** The East Wing being Mrs. Reagan's wing.

**DONALDSON:** Yes, and that's a fact. Earlier, you were asking me to suppose or speculate, and I refused to do that. But in this instance, it's a matter of public record that the guest lists for state dinners are drawn up in the East Wing of the White House.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been talking about a general effort to keep the press at arm's length. What efforts have been made to prevent *you* from breaking through the decorum?

**DONALDSON:** Well, during the first several months of Reagan's Presidency, we would have a photo opportunity in the Oval Office or the Rose Garden, the Cabinet Room, wherever, when we'd take pictures of him with world leaders, a poster child, whomever. We would go in—meaning the cameras from the networks, along with one reporter for each network—and, of course, we'd seize the opportunity to ask him questions about the issue of the day. Under Carter, more often than not, the questions would get answered. Reagan followed the same policy in his first few months of office. But his answers began making news, because often they'd show he wasn't really up to speed on what was happening. One morning, *The Washington Post* carried a headline something like this: "ADMINISTRATION BACKS 40-BILLION-DOLLAR SOCIAL SECURITY CUT." We went in for a photo opportunity—I've forgotten the subject—



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and I said, "Mr. President, is it true that you want to cut 40 billion dollars out of Social Security?" He said, "What? I don't know what you're talking about." I said, "Sir, it's in the morning paper." His reply? "I haven't read the paper." Well, his aides, of course, rushed us out.

There were countless other examples, during the first year, of answers he gave that his aides thought were injudicious. A couple of days after the Red Brigades seized General Dozier in Italy, Reagan was in the Cabinet Room and I said, "Mr. President, is there anything we can do about General Dozier?" And his answer, roughly, was, "Those cowards, those bums, I'd like to have them right here on the Mall; I'd show them what to do." He was angry, and the anger bubbled over. Some of his aides were appalled.

**PLAYBOY:** All of that happened during the first year?

**DONALDSON:** Yes. The final time, it was Sadat, if memory serves. We were asking the President questions about Cuba, Sadat was sitting there and we were saying, "Mr. President, is it true that the Soviets and Cuba . . . ?" He was trying to answer, and White House Deputy Chief of Staff Michael Deaver just kind of blew his stack. He put out the word that if we reporters didn't agree *not* to ask questions during a photo opportunity, then we would no longer be allowed in the Oval Office. Our response was, "Fine, our cameras won't be able to show up. You don't want us, you don't need our cameras."

**PLAYBOY:** You were prepared to play hardball with Reagan's advisors?

**DONALDSON:** Well, the next time we all went in, as usual, because they obviously wanted the cameras. For their purposes, it was essential that Reagan be seen with this or that king. But we kept asking him questions and they kept fuming. Then there came a day when Hosni Mubarak, Sadat's successor, came to the Oval Office. I started asking the President a question—about the Middle East, I think—and Deputy Press Secretary Larry Speakes, under Deaver's orders, began waving his hands, saying, "Out! Out! Out!"

Then he went out and made some silly claim that I'd created an international incident. That night, a headline on the front page of the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* read, "PRESS BARRED FROM OVAL OFFICE." There was a picture of me and a picture of Speakes. That's when they really got tough. My colleagues at NBC and CBS and I held to the position that if they barred us, they barred the cameras. But they finally figured out how to beat us. They didn't confront us. They called the bureau chiefs in one day and simply gave them a *fait accompli*: "These are the new rules—all your cameras can come in but only *one* broadcast correspondent. Not one per network but just one broadcast correspondent, period, to represent *all* the broadcasters. And we're going to cull every broadcast organization covering the

White House—the Voice of America, U.P.I., the whole lot—once every 30 or 40 days." Their point was that the one correspondent *might* be me, but most of the time it wouldn't be; it was going to be someone who didn't share my view of when he should question the President.

**PLAYBOY:** How did the bureau chiefs respond to those new rules?

**DONALDSON:** They protested, but they *didn't* say, "Well, then, no cameras." In fact, NBC said that it didn't care. And once you fall apart, as Ben Franklin said, you hang separately.

**PLAYBOY:** They divided and conquered you?

**DONALDSON:** That's right. CBS and ABC hung tough for a few days, but it was competitive, so then CBS gave in. ABC held out. It was Roone Arledge who did it, not Sam Donaldson, and he hung tough for a couple of weeks, but then realized, yes, they had us. The White House aides didn't care if ABC stayed out forever; they still had 40,000,000 viewers on NBC and 40,000,000 on CBS. So now I go in only every 40 or 50 days and they don't have to put up with my questions anymore.

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*"I said, 'Mr. President, I think I have a right to ask a question.' He said, 'Well, I can also ask you to go sit in the corner and wash your mouth out with soap.'"*

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**PLAYBOY:** There's a story that at one point Reagan turned to you and said, "Sam, you can ask your questions, but I have the right to wash your mouth out with soap." Correct?

**DONALDSON:** Words to that effect. It was during our battle when they'd made their rule about no questions and I went ahead and asked a question anyhow. The President said, "Sam, this is a photo opportunity. No questions." "Mr. President, I think I have a right to ask a question. Of course, sir, you always have a right not to answer it." He said, "Well, I can also ask you to go sit in the corner and wash your mouth out with soap."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you say anything back?

**DONALDSON:** No, no. You always let the President have the last word. You may think of a brilliant line, but you let the President have the last word, unless you're stupid. There have been other times when he and I have bantered—on his terms, always. Now, Carter didn't make light conversation well. So his last words quite often *begged* for someone to top them. But Reagan usually has a last word that is a topper, and you would be foolish to try it, because you'd fail—it's like going up

against Bob Hope. He has great ability at repartee, small talk.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of feedback did you get from Reagan during those light exchanges? Given your battles, did he see you as his perennial pain in the ass?

**DONALDSON:** No. He has never displayed that attitude in such a way that I could feel it. What he thinks of me deep down, you'd have to ask him. But every time he's had contact with me—and I emphasize that such contacts have been minimal and fleeting—it has been friendly. In fact, sometimes there's been banter, and, of course, his aides don't like it. One time, I was in the Oval Office when several leaders of Congress were there watching the President sign a resolution. He was saying, "I want to thank Senators Hatfield and Baker and Congressmen Conte and Michel," pronouncing the last name Michelle. Well, Bob Michel, pronounced Michael, wasn't there, but he's a Republican, and the Minority Leader of the House at that. I corrected the President: "Are you talking about Bob Michel?" "Oh, Michel, yes, Bob Michel," he corrected himself. Then he asked me, "Don't tell him I said 'Michelle.'" I said, "No deals, Mr. President. You said it. No deals." I'm speaking with a smile in my voice; this is not a mean conversation, and we're being overheard by reporters and cameramen and his aides and the Congressional delegation. He replied, "Haven't you ever made a mistake with a name?" And, again, he's smiling at me. I said, "Sir, the last time I called someone Michelle, she was a blonde." He laughed. Other people laughed. But one member of the Congressional delegation complained to the staff that it was unseemly for the President of the United States, the leader of the free world, to be engaged in banter with a reporter.

**PLAYBOY:** You say those moments have been minimal and fleeting. How many one-on-one interviews have you had with the President since he's come into office?

**DONALDSON:** One, and I don't think it should count, because it was an interview for ABC Sports. It was just an interview about his old coach and his college days.

**PLAYBOY:** You're saying that as ABC's White House correspondent, perhaps the most visible TV correspondent in Washington, you've done a face-to-face interview with the President to discuss only—

**DONALDSON:** Football and his old coach, correct. A producer at ABC Sports called and said, "We're doing a feature on the President's old coach, who's celebrating his 87th or 88th birthday." So I got to sit in the chair opposite Ronald Reagan and ask him about his old coach.

**PLAYBOY:** For how long?

**DONALDSON:** About ten minutes.

**PLAYBOY:** How hard have you tried to interview the President?

**DONALDSON:** I've requested interviews with him. But they were requests that were



almost always doomed to be rejected. They decide who will have a one-on-one with him purely from the standpoint of "What good will it do us?" and—

**PLAYBOY:** "They" being Deaver, Edwin Meese and James Baker.

**DONALDSON:** Yes, and maybe even Speakes. And maybe Nancy Reagan and, ultimately, Ronald Reagan. But at ABC, we have a principal anchor man named Frank Reynolds, and we also have Barbara Walters.

**PLAYBOY:** You're saying you've never had a real interview with Reagan because ABC has never put you forth as the interviewer.

**DONALDSON:** That's correct. Has CBS put Lesley Stahl forth? No. It was Walter Cronkite who did the interviews, thank you very much. Has NBC put Judy Woodruff forth? No; it was John Chancellor. The only White House correspondent in modern times I know of selected by his network to do a long interview with the President was Dan Rather, who did an hour with Richard Nixon some time in either 1971 or 1972.

**PLAYBOY:** Does that frustrate you, disappoint you?

**DONALDSON:** No. I understand how our system works.

**PLAYBOY:** You accompanied Reagan to the NATO talks in Brussels last summer. In the course of that airplane trip, didn't you spend any time talking with him?

**DONALDSON:** Oh, no. I flew on Air Force One on one leg when it was my turn, but he didn't talk with reporters on the airplane. He seldom does. Carter did that almost every trip for the first three years of his Presidency, until he went to ground during that last awful year. Reagan began by occasionally coming back to the press seats, but now it's so infrequent that you could count the times in the past year on one hand.

**PLAYBOY:** There are really two issues here: the Reagan Administration's emphasis on decorum and its reputation for limiting press access. Let's take the first. Haven't you been chastised for behaving indecorously? There was a famous incident with Margaret Thatcher when the press, as usual, was kept waiting, and you, as is your wont, supposedly yelled out, "Bring her on!"

**DONALDSON:** Exactly right, and I'm glad you got the quote right. Because I've seen versions of it using vulgarity, versions of it that I never said.

**PLAYBOY:** But the story goes on to allege that Meese was so put out that he supposedly got in touch with the ABC News management and made ugly sounds about having your White House press pass withdrawn.

**DONALDSON:** I know Meese was put out, to use your words. I do not know for a fact which official at the White House called ABC News management.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there such a call?

**DONALDSON:** I'm told there was such a call. No one lifted my White House press pass.

**PLAYBOY:** Then we're talking about an Administration that has quickly gained the reputation of cutting off the public's right to know—

**DONALDSON:** Much more than the Carter Administration, correct. Not cutting it off completely but curtailing it effectively.

**PLAYBOY:** Has the White House press corps done much more than treat Reagan with kid gloves? Has the press been tough enough in questioning him?

**DONALDSON:** No, and I include myself. Reagan has had an extraordinary honeymoon, much longer than Carter's. We did not pursue him with hard questions and tough reports early on, basically for three

reasons. First, because of his hail-fellow-well-met style, his amiable grin, his reputation as Mr. Nice Guy. That's beginning to change. Second, the assassination attempt extended the honeymoon. And, third, in his first year, he had a string of victories—he beat Congress every time he went up against it. But we now have the facts that supply-side economics hasn't worked. And the bloom is really off the rose with the Congressional defeats and the mid-term elections.

**PLAYBOY:** Despite your limited access, isn't there *too much* coverage of the President—the man as well as the institution? Your air time is limited, yet TV news often finds

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a way to include trivial doings in the White House.

**DONALDSON:** I agree. But the rationale is a good one: The President is important, his post is important and, therefore, he ought to be covered like a blanket. Now, many things he does are *not* important, and the problem is to differentiate. Besides importance, there's *interest*. If Jimmy Carter and Jody Powell get down on their hands and knees and try to capture a frog in the Rose Garden while a bunch of cherry-blossom princesses look on, that's interesting. But I concede it is *not* important from the standpoint of affecting our lives.

**PLAYBOY:** There are sillier examples, such as the long-distance-camera coverage of Reagan at his ranch.

**DONALDSON:** That began when one of the two other networks—perhaps both of them—decided to take long lenses to a peak two and a half miles away, the nearest spot. Well, I'm opposed to that. It was invasion of privacy and ridiculous in terms of news coverage. I'd *love* to have said to NBC and CBS, "Fine. You boys stay up there on that mountaintop with your cameras." But I had to agree with my bosses that we had to do it, too. Competition is very much a part of this business.

**PLAYBOY:** It's also what's known as the body watch. Would you explain that term?

**DONALDSON:** It's literally watching the body of the President to see whether or not he gets shot, God forbid, or suffers a heart attack. It was begun after the assassination of J.F.K.

**PLAYBOY:** And it's now practiced from a mountaintop miles away?

**DONALDSON:** Right; and I'm opposed to it.

**PLAYBOY:** But surely it has occurred to you that your energies and intelligence could be put to better use. What about an overview? What about covering the Presidency, not merely the President?

**DONALDSON:** Overviews are essential, but someone has to take the machine-gun nest. That's my job at the moment.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about the job of a reporter apart from covering the President. In general, isn't there still a split between you television people and the print reporters? Isn't it a standard assumption, for instance, that only in print journalism can reporters gain the necessary experience?

**DONALDSON:** It used to be. Certainly in 1960, when I applied to NBC. Not that I would've been hired, anyway, but I wasn't even considered, because I hadn't worked for a paper. Print experience was an icon. TV people were very embarrassed about being the new kids on the block, and they wanted to let everyone in the business know that they were as responsible as the wire services. Today, that's all gone. Frank Reynolds never worked for a newspaper. I don't think Dan Rather ever worked for a newspaper; he was a disc jockey, like me. [*In fact, Rather worked for the Houston Chronicle.*] Tom Brokaw never worked for a newspaper; Mort Dean never worked for a newspaper; Bill Plante

never worked for a newspaper. You used to have to hide facts like those. Now you don't have to, because we're more confident in what we do. We don't have to go around proclaiming our integrity all the time. To progress in television news today, we have to take Edward R. Murrow's picture and turn it to the wall. He was a great innovator, a pioneer, and deserved all the praise he got; but life moves on and our way of doing things, the technology of our business, moves on. Murrow would have moved on, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet it's a pervasive criticism—and not just by print reporters—that TV news people *can* be all looks and no brains, that it's all showbiz and that TV reporters think of themselves as budding stars.

**DONALDSON:** I know; the bubblehead theme, the notion that TV reporters are ninnyes or dummies. It's not true.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's start with the obvious—looks. You *do* have to care more about how you're dressed and how you look than the print people do.

**DONALDSON:** To some extent, if only because we have to go on camera. We have to wear a tie and a jacket, at a minimum; be

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*"Until the print guys see  
what their beards look like  
without make-up, they won't  
understand why we do it.  
They think it's vanity. No, it's  
to keep our job, son."*

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shaven; have our hair, if any, fairly kempt. A print journalist does not have to worry about those things. But we have men like James Wooten and Jack McWethy, who've made the transition from print to TV, and until the print guys get over here and see what their beards look like without make-up, they won't understand why we do it. They think it's vanity. No, it's to keep our job, son.

OK: bubblehead, make-up, hair spray. Then, after that, we go back to the serious business of journalism. They don't see us making a lot of those 2:45 appointments with the lower-level officials, that background research, so they immediately assume a TV guy doesn't know anything about the story. They don't know how we work. Well, talk with the people who *have* successfully made the transition from print. They'll tell you they never worked as hard before coming to television.

But most reporters have a preconceived idea of us. For example, a guy named Ken Auletta wrote a piece about the Carter campaign in which he savaged me. He thought it was great fun to show how the Carter people were adept at hoodwinking us TV people while the print reporters got

the *real* stories and occasionally penetrated the Carter smoke screen. The TV reporters were all ninnyes, and by way of proof, said he, let me introduce you to Sam Donaldson. And the rest of the piece followed that line. I have never met Auletta. Someday I hope to.

**PLAYBOY:** You say that with malice, as a threat?

**DONALDSON:** That's right; tone of voice isn't recorded in this interview. I say it because during the entire time he was preparing that piece, he never introduced himself to me. He never asked me a question. He never came to me and said, "Sam, my name is Ken Auletta. I'm doing a piece on the press corps, and I'm gonna do a lot of things that have your name on them. And I think it's fair to tell you that I think"—to use the word that he used in his article—"that you're an asshole. Is there anything you'd like to say?" I would've made my best case, and then he would have been free to write whatever he wanted. But I never heard from him until I saw his piece in print. In his article, he claimed that one of the little people who ride in the back of the press plane—you know, like one of the secretaries—said, "Sam Donaldson is the greatest asshole on the face of the earth." I didn't mind that so much. But two weeks later, after the piece had been published, a guy came up to me and said, "Sam, I want you to know that I'm actually the source for that quote." I said, "Thanks, Jody; I appreciate your coming up and telling me."

**PLAYBOY:** Jody Powell?

**DONALDSON:** Jody Powell, Carter's press secretary, yes. Now, think of the difference to the reader. If Powell, one of the senior aides to Carter, says Donaldson is the greatest asshole, fine. But no; Auletta makes it appear that I must step on the little people in the back of the plane, that I'm such a spoiled brat that one of them calls me an asshole. That's the kind of stuff that I'll never forgive.

[*Auletta claims that Powell was not the source of the original remark.*]

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from characterizing you as a spoiled brat, doesn't the story convey the image of you that many people have? That Donaldson is intemperate, refuses to go by reasonable rules?

**DONALDSON:** Maybe to some extent, if you're referring to rules such as the one I mentioned earlier—not questioning Reagan during photo sessions.

**PLAYBOY:** Or challenging the Secret Service.  
**DONALDSON:** Well, that's another question apart from yelling at the President. I think I bridle at rules, at authority, if I believe they're unfair or being applied without warrant.

**PLAYBOY:** That's been a theme in your life, hasn't it? We read that you were sent to the New Mexico Military Institute as a kid because you were—to use *your* phrase—"a bit of a bad-ass."

**DONALDSON:** If I was bad, it was not bad in the sense of brushes with the law. I have





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no criminal record except for driving offenses. But I think my mother thought I was probably uncontrollable or lacking in certain values dear to her. She never slapped me, but a nice switch, carefully pruned from some supple tree in the orchard, was occasionally, when I was a little boy, applied to my buttocks.

**PLAYBOY:** By your mother?

**DONALDSON:** Yes. My father died before I was born. But my mother's punishment wasn't excessive. Remember, in those days, corporal punishment was thought by most families, particularly farm families, to be the way to raise children. My mother is a tough woman who came from a family of 13, a farm of 40 acres in Missouri. She grew up as a devout, God-fearing woman. Her God is a God of vengeance, a God who punishes, a God who believes in an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. And she has, I think, often seen herself as someone who ought to help God in punishing transgressors, particularly her sons.

**PLAYBOY:** And it was her view of you as a wrongdoer that led to your being sent to military school?

**DONALDSON:** Probably. But if I had to look at several bench marks and say, "These are the things that helped me get to where I am today, for whatever they're worth," having gone to New Mexico Military Institute was certainly one of the important ones. Had I not gone there, I wouldn't have learned about having to fend for myself in an environment in which things aren't just given to you.

**PLAYBOY:** A military academy calls up images of hazing—

**DONALDSON:** Exactly. In those days, as a cadet, a rat or a plebe in my first year, I was beaten regularly with rifle butts, paddles and wire coat hangers. What hurt the most, though, was an ordinary toothbrush, because, as small as it may be, a toothbrush is very springy and hits on a very small area. So if an older cadet said, "All right, mister, grab your ankles," and took a toothbrush to you, you remembered it.

I hated the place. In the first year, I was a very sad rat. I never polished my brass, didn't shine my shoes, my clothes were often not as sharp as they could be. Now, I'm not recommending that people get beaten with rifle butts, but I did learn something—namely, that the world didn't owe me a living and that if I wanted to get ahead, I was gonna have to work harder than the next guy. Maybe if I had had a father, he would have taught me a lot of that at home. My mother certainly tried; she did her best. But the summer after my first year, I thought about it a lot, and when I went back in the fall, I knuckled down. And I rose in rank. By the end of the second year, when the promotions were given out for the third year, I was promoted to sergeant, which was the highest rank one could attain for my class. I transformed myself from a first-year sad sack into one of the sharpest cadets there.

**PLAYBOY:** There must have been a lot of

*macho* behavior in that sort of environment.

**DONALDSON:** If what you mean by *machismo* is something like George Patton, no, I was never into that. But, yes, I grew up in a society where a woman's place was in the home, where women were still subordinate; those were my feelings, too, but not to an extreme. I was never the extremist in putting down women, and today, I think I've changed almost completely. But, as I've said, there were good things I got from my upbringing—self-reliance and working hard being the most important. In fact, now when I talk to journalism students and they want to know, "What's the secret? How do I get a job with a network?" I always tell them, "You just work harder than everybody else, and even the people who are smarter than you will be left behind." Of course, their eyes glaze over. They've never heard of Horatio Alger. Instead, they think that somehow I've got the real secret but I just don't want to tell them.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get interested in television?

**DONALDSON:** I was part of that silent generation who went to school to have a good

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*"When I came East to New York, I left the conservative fold. I was reading The New York Times and other so-called Communist-inspired papers, such as The Washington Post."*

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time; I managed to get through college by cramming all night before tests and by getting in three weeks of homework under threat of being expelled. And I was a disc jockey for a while in El Paso. But by the time I got out to Los Angeles, to work on a master's in telecommunications, I was again knuckling down seriously. I started a magazine, *Television Film*, with a guy who was an instructor at USC. At that point, I was thinking of making money. The magazine almost went broke, and then I even tried selling mutual funds once I was back in Texas. I hated it.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you decide you *didn't* want to make money?

**DONALDSON:** Recently. Ever since I've been in the news business, one of my goals has been *not* to get rich.

**PLAYBOY:** But before then, was it your main goal?

**DONALDSON:** Well, one mark of the Southwest is wheeler-dealerism. All of us young boys wanted to pattern ourselves on those guys—the Hunts, the Murchisons.

**PLAYBOY:** Given your background, you probably would have patterned your politics on them, too, right? You *were* schooled in conservative politics.

**DONALDSON:** Yes, but I changed. It was a little like Ronald Reagan's second life—after his conversion, albeit in reverse. I was raised in the Southwest, where the dominant theme was conservatism, the emphasis on the work ethic: If someone really wants a job, he can get one. If he doesn't, he's just a lazy, shiftless bum. I helped establish the Young Republicans Club of El Paso in 1956 and was thrilled to death when Richard Nixon, who was then the Vice-President, came to campaign there. I just thought that was terrific. I read *Time* magazine and *U.S. News & World Report*. *Time*, of course, was Henry Luce's then, and I won't insult the people reading this by giving them a tick-tock—that's a Washington term for a blow-by-blow description—on what *that* meant.

But when I came East to New York and Washington, my view of the world and politics changed. When I went back home, I had violent political arguments with my mother and friends. I had left the fold. I was reading *The New York Times* and other so-called Communist-inspired papers, such as *The Washington Post*. I was coming back with these screwy ideas—you know, I *didn't* think everyone who was out of work was really responsible for not having a job; I *didn't* feel someone who couldn't read and write English could be faulted for not finding a position as a computer operator. Some of my friends thought I had been won over and was an agent of the Kremlin.

**PLAYBOY:** Converted or not, you went for the big time in the big city and succeeded. And now you're in what most journalists consider the biggest-time post of all—Washington. Is that what's been important to you—the big-time action?

**DONALDSON:** Part of being in Washington is enjoying the fact that you get your victories often and quickly. You don't have to wait a lifetime to figure out if you've done something worth while. On any given night when I'm on the air, whether I've done a good piece or a bad piece, I'll get feedback immediately. I don't need it, since I know when I've beaten the competition; but when it happens, I'm on top of the world. And eventually, if I've done a better job than the competition, my rewards will come before I get to heaven. If I've failed, that will be demonstrated.

[Suddenly, one of Donaldson's assistants gestures from the newsroom and presses to the glass a note reading SPECIAL REPORT. Donaldson runs to a nearby monitor. A Marine has been killed in Beirut, but, as Reynolds points out, it is unknown whether or not by hostile fire. Donaldson, clearly agitated, wonders aloud why regular programming has been interrupted, thinks the announcement may be premature. Returning to his office, he mutters, "See, this is what competition does to us, damn it."]





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**PLAYBOY:** You just made a remark about the effects of competition. What did you mean by that?

**DONALDSON:** I'll tell you what I meant. In the old days, even just a few years ago, we would not have gone on the air with a special report unless it was something of major, dramatic circumstances. Certainly, a Marine's being killed in Beirut is a newsworthy topic, but I'm trying to make the contrast between now and what we used to do. I don't want to say we should interrupt programming only for the assassination of John F. Kennedy or the shooting of George Wallace. You can make some gradations. But I warrant that five years ago, none of us would've gone on the air with a special report to say that a U.S. Marine had been killed and not from hostile fire. So I wonder what it does to viewers. Are they on to the fact that we're going to break in with almost anything that qualifies as a development in an important story? Is the audience going to become progressively indifferent? Or do we alarm people unnecessarily?

**PLAYBOY:** Which brings us back to the question of competition, the need to beat rival networks. Would you rather be first or right?

**DONALDSON:** I would err on the side of going on the air. I may later say to myself, Well, that piece of news wasn't really that important; but if it were a close question, I'd go on the air. These questions nag us all. They nag Arledge. We're not irresponsible people. We sometimes do things and later say, "Gee, I wish we hadn't done that. It didn't fit the criteria."

**PLAYBOY:** The criteria of *not* going on the air? Having the discipline to resist an item you think is inconsequential, even if a rival network succumbs to it?

**DONALDSON:** We've done that at ABC, and I'm sure the other networks will tell you they've resisted, too. Even though we feel that at any moment, we'll see SPECIAL REPORT slides jump up on CBS and NBC. We've done that.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet the most common criticism of TV network news is the so-called group-think syndrome. Not only is it common for the networks to use the same stories on the evening news but usually they're presented in the same order. Try it; just flip from one channel to another. Aside from the personalities of the anchors and correspondents, the shows are almost carbon copies of one another. Often, even the film footage is the same.

**DONALDSON:** Sometimes that criticism is justified. Sometimes I think we all succumb to the idea that, goddamn it, the others are just about to do this or the others have just done it, so we'd better.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you know when another network is about to do something?

**DONALDSON:** We don't. We don't have spies at CBS or NBC. You have a feeling. But I have never known of an instance when someone has said, "I've just gotten a call from CBS or NBC. They're about to

go on with something. Should we do it?" On the other hand, we've often sat there and said, "On, damn it, now what are we going to do with this? I'll just bet CBS and NBC are going to do a bulletin." We have weighed that. I would be lying to you if I said we hadn't.

**PLAYBOY:** And isn't it that competition that leads to the grossest errors in TV news coverage?

**DONALDSON:** Because of competition, I think we *do* get ourselves pushed to some excesses. For example, there was the Saturday that I call the Battle of the Network Anchor Men. It was during the Falklands crisis, early, before the fighting started. All day long, the anchor men broke into programs with the most unimportant items. You get caught up in the competition of wanting to make damned sure that no one can say that CBS or NBC had it first, while poor ABC didn't care anything about the story.

**PLAYBOY:** And, meanwhile, you're traumatizing a nation.

**DONALDSON:** That, or a lot of kids are missing their kiddie shows for no reason. I *love*

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*"Of course, I'd like to protect the President, but in those two seconds during the assassination attempt, my job was to watch Ronald Reagan."*

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people to miss their shows when I have something important to tell them. But even so, then they write in and say crossly, "You broke into my soap opera."

**PLAYBOY:** Let's take another example, a more extreme one with which most people are familiar: the coverage of the attempted assassination of Reagan. Didn't competition push the networks into giving a false report of James Brady's death? And weren't you somewhat responsible?

**DONALDSON:** No, that's wrong. Someone wrote that there was an erroneous report from a White House correspondent. I wasn't at the White House.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's put that one to rest, then. Describe what happened.

**DONALDSON:** I was outside the hotel when Reagan came out. A number of us were yelling questions about Poland. He turned to the rope line, raised his hand and waved. Who knows now whether or not he was going to come over? But just as he turned and raised his hand, Hinckley started to fire. And I knew they were shots. I couldn't have told you what caliber from hearing it, but I knew it was a handgun, small caliber. Five—rather, six—shots.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you surrounded by other reporters who went down?

**DONALDSON:** Some of them may have, but not the network cameramen. Our cameraman stayed on the President; and, then, aware of the commotion to his right, where the shots had come from, he swung his camera over and caught bodies on top of Hinckley. I was watching Reagan. I wanted to see whether or not he was going to be hit.

**PLAYBOY:** You didn't turn to see where the shots were coming from?

**DONALDSON:** No, no. My job was to watch the President. I'd never been at an assassination attempt before, but I'd lived through Dallas here in Washington. I watched them take the news to Teddy Kennedy, as he sat there in the Senate, presiding in the chair, that his brother had been shot. I was in the press gallery, right above his head, watching. And, of course, when Bobby was shot on the West Coast, I was here. You go through all of those as a reporter, and when you're finally around a political figure and the shots are fired, you know exactly what's happening, and you also know that the important thing is the question, Are they gonna get him? Someone in a group about three days later said to me, "You mean to say you heard the shots and you were interested only in whether or not he'd been hit? Why didn't you protect the President, why didn't you grab the assailant?" I tried to explain patiently that it was only two seconds. Of course, I'd like to protect the President, but in those two seconds, my job was to watch Ronald Reagan.

Anyway, I didn't see him hit. I didn't see him slump or see any pain on his face. I saw a quizzical expression, or what I thought was a quizzical expression. I was watching from the side as he was rushed into his car, then I ran to the phone. My first radio report was that shots had been fired at the President but that while I had not seen any evidence that he was hit, I did not know that for a fact. Then I went back to the studio, I got cleaned up there and, 30 minutes later, Frank and I were sitting in the anchor chairs, saying that although the President of the United States had been shot at, he hadn't been hit, according to the Secret Service, the White House press office and Mike Deaver, who was at the hospital. All of a sudden, Frank was handed a piece of paper that said Lyn Nofziger had just announced that the President *had* been shot. Well, my reaction was to say, on the air, "Frank, excuse me, I'm gonna go over to the hospital." He agreed and I went.

I'm not paid to cover the White House. I'm not paid to cover Nancy Reagan or Rosalynn Carter. I'm paid to cover the President. Reagan was lying shot in the hospital. Other reporters went to the White House. I'm not criticizing them, but I was standing behind the rope line at the hospital, talking with every nurse who



came out. Some of my colleagues actually got into the hospital. I didn't get in, but while I was outside, one of my colleagues at the White House thought he had nailed down a confirmation that Brady was dead. He had it from a man who was then in the press office of the White House. And he was not the only source for our report but one of several that Frank used finally to announce that Brady had died.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet isn't it true that Sid Davis, NBC's Washington bureau chief, waited for several confirmations of Brady's death before NBC went with it?

**DONALDSON:** I don't know. But to answer your implicit question, we *were* wrong. In a clinical sense, looking at what happened that day, we were clearly wrong. Reynolds will be the first to tell you, but at the time, we believed honestly that we had enough confirmation.

**PLAYBOY:** The announcement of Brady's death was also the moment for which Reynolds was criticized for being overly emotional on camera. Have you ever lost your cool on the air?

**DONALDSON:** I am certain that some of my reports in the Watergate days would show that I was under emotional strain. Ditto for some of my reports from Vietnam. I've changed, but I think now that some of my worst moments as a reporter occurred during Watergate. Toward the end, meaning the last two or three months, I didn't always keep my personal views and attitudes out of the work. There came a time when I was convinced that Nixon was a conscious member of a criminal conspiracy and that, therefore, the public ought to remove him. It was not a question of saying, "I think Nixon's guilty as hell." That was not my job. But, in retrospect, my demeanor, my tone of voice may have given that impression. I can defend myself by claiming I never *said* Nixon was a crook. But you use words that push viewers in that direction. You don't do it intentionally; it just happens. You're not sufficiently self-critical to notice.

**PLAYBOY:** You say you've changed. Do you think the discipline of keeping your personal beliefs in check serves a psychological function for you?

**DONALDSON:** I have strong opinions. And there are things I do that perform a psychological function. Keeping my personal views out of my copy is not one of them.

**PLAYBOY:** What are they?

**DONALDSON:** Go back to my aggressive behavior when questioning people on television. That probably performs a psychological function for me. Just how and why, I leave to the experts. But if you ask me, "Can't you be mild and quiet and not interrupt?" obviously, I can't or I would.

**PLAYBOY:** It's more than that, though, isn't it? You *thrive* on the action. It's as if you're testing yourself every day.

**DONALDSON:** OK. What fulfills me? What do I need out of life? I need my job, first of all. It cost me my long second marriage, so, clearly, my job came first. I'm not saying that with satisfaction, just stating the fact. You're right, OK? I need the fast action. I don't have to have all of *every* big story in Washington—no one can—but I need a piece of it. Any time Arledge tries to relegate me to a point where I can't get a piece of a really big story, he has an unhappy Sam on his hands. But he hasn't done that.

**PLAYBOY:** Your propensity for crashing, the term for going down to the deadline wire on a story, is part of the action, isn't it?

**DONALDSON:** That's true, I think. On those occasions when I anchor for the Sunday news or substitute for Teddy Koppel on *Nightline* and we're ready 20 minutes ahead of time, I'm flat. I can't read, or something happens. But when it comes right down to the wire and people are screaming and phlegm is flying, and with ten seconds left you straighten your tie, then it usually comes out better.

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*"I need the fast action. I don't have to have all of every big story in Washington—no one can—but I need a piece of it."*

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**PLAYBOY:** What are the occupational diseases of that life?

**DONALDSON:** Well, there are my two divorces. I realize that's not a disease, but it's certainly not uncommon. I guess high blood pressure, heart attack, stroke. Myself, I let it all hang out. I may wind up with a heart attack but not ulcers.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there much boozing?

**DONALDSON:** Yeah, there's boozing. There may be a few tectotalers, but I don't really know them. On the other hand, are there those who get sloppy drunk? No, they can't afford to. Certainly, a correspondent can't afford to have his speech slurred on the air.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the effect of celebrity? Has that changed your life?

**DONALDSON:** I really don't need that. When I started in the business, it gave me a big thrill: "There he goes; I see him on television." Ah, I thought that was terrific. But that was a long time ago. If you talk with anyone else in the business, he'll tell you the same thing. Frank Reynolds and Dan Rather will both say it complicates their lives. And they can't, like Cronkite before them, go out and cover a news story. Every time they try, they become the news. Even their fellow reporters swarm around them and won't let them work. For

example, if they go to a Presidential news conference, it distorts the conference, because even Presidents will defer to them.

**PLAYBOY:** Despite the protestations, don't most people enjoy that sort of power?

**DONALDSON:** But, you see, it's a reverse power, a cancerous power, because it turns against them. Reynolds would like to go out there and occasionally be a reporter—Rather would, too—but he can't do it, because of what you call his power.

**PLAYBOY:** Surely, though, much of the satisfaction of your job is in being close to power. Somehow it rubs off, doesn't it?

**DONALDSON:** A lot of the satisfaction has to do with being close to power in the sense that I get to see how powerful people work and what they're doing to politics. Would I rather be covering the mayor of El Paso, my home town, than the President of the United States? No, I'd rather be covering the President, thanks very much.

**PLAYBOY:** What are you saying, Sam—that this proximity to the President hasn't affected your self-image? Come on.

**DONALDSON:** To the extent that I've acquired more self-confidence and more verve and *elan*, OK; but it's more a result of having achieved some success in the business. Now, do I enjoy that? Yes. It enhances my ability to do my work, and I think my work is better because I feel freer to express myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Then perhaps you'll express some more political views. Despite your attempts to keep your personal opinions in check, haven't you made your feelings about Reagan clear? For instance, you once said, "Reagan's view of the Russians is one that existed in the Fifties. He's obsessed with the thought of 'The Russians are coming.'"

**DONALDSON:** I believe that is the attitude Reagan brought to Washington. Although I think he's adaptable, I remember his first press conference. I asked him a simple question, and the transcript will show the exact words: "What do you think of the Russians? Do you think they're out to dominate the world or do you think that they really want *détente*?" And out it came: "They lie, they cheat, they steal. They reserve the right to murder, pillage, rape, burn." And he went on to talk about the Soviets' openly preaching world domination. Well, the record shows that not since about 1963, when Nikita Khrushchev, in a party-congress speech, made reference to world-wide Soviet hegemony, have they openly preached domination.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think his fundamental commitments remain unchanged?

**DONALDSON:** His ideological belief remains firm, yes: The Soviet Union is out to destroy us on a plain just short of Armageddon. Nevertheless, he has proposed intermediate-range talks in Geneva. He hated the SALT treaty, campaigned against it, said it would allow the Soviet



Union to gain such an advantage that it was sure to press an attack. His last known position on the SALT treaty is that the U.S. would abide by all its provisions as long as the Soviets did.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think he decided to do that?

**DONALDSON:** Because he had to. The man is a good politician, flexible enough to do what he has to when the political forces are overwhelming. But that doesn't mean that he has changed his conviction.

**PLAYBOY:** If Reagan is obdurate in his ideology but has good political sense, is it fair to say that Carter was more flexible in his ideology but less of a politician?

**DONALDSON:** I agree with Hamilton Jordan's assertion that Carter didn't have a unifying philosophy. Reagan does.

**PLAYBOY:** As someone who has covered both Presidents, what do you see as the most striking personal differences?

**DONALDSON:** Carter had greater insecurities than Reagan, more questions about things and about himself. With Reagan, you get what you see. With Carter, I was never quite clear *what* he was. He wanted to be President because, first of all, he wanted to win the office to demonstrate that he could do it. It wasn't an ideological necessity. Carter always believed in striving, demonstrating to himself and to others that he was not only up to a job but that he could do it better than anyone else. Carter's rhetoric was filled with expressions about the best, "Why not the best?" that sort of thing, and at the end, it was kind of pathetic.

**PLAYBOY:** You're suggesting that Carter's need for a demonstration of success—

**DONALDSON:** Was greater than Reagan's, though, clearly, anyone who runs for the Presidency has some needs for success. I'll give you a mundane example. Carter hated to lose. One time—in the summer of 1976—I played in one of his softball games. My son, who was then nine, was watching. I went up to bat, Carter was pitching and he struck me out in front of my son. And he meant to, knowing that was my son watching. Now, I think that if I'd been pitching against somebody whose nine-year-old son was there, I might've put the ball right over. Not ol' Jimmy. And my son kind of looked at me and I said, "Well, he struck me out. But you just wait." Well, sure enough, I was the catcher and, later in the game, Carter came pounding down from third base. He saw me there with the glove. I got the ball and I tagged him out. In the heat of the game, I probably struck him a little too hard. By mistake, of course. But I tagged him out and looked back at my boy and said, "You see, life comes round, doesn't it?"

**PLAYBOY:** What was Carter's reaction?

**DONALDSON:** Oh, he heard, of course, but said nothing. Carter grinned a lot, but that famous Carter grin is basically a rictus. Watch the eyes; the eyes very seldom smile. When he was in the Oval Office with the late Golda Meir, making small

talk in front of reporters, he said to her, "Do you get back to your home town, Chicago, very often?" She said, "Milwaukee, sir." He kind of grinned, but his eyes said, "Damn it, I made a mistake and these people heard it." And then he said to her, "Well, you know, you're about the same age as my mother." Meir sort of stiffened a little and said, "Oh, really?" Very few people, women or men, want to be told they're old. And Carter realized he'd made another mistake. You could see it in his eyes: "Oh, I did it again."

**PLAYBOY:** Is there less self-questioning, more security, on Reagan's part?

**DONALDSON:** Yes, but again, neither one of us is a psychiatrist, so this is all impressions. On the other hand, let me ask you a question: Does self-doubt have any correlation with intelligence? Does intelligence translate into security? Because some people have the point of view that Reagan is self-assured simply because he isn't smart enough to see his errors, his stupidity. I don't believe that for a moment.

**PLAYBOY:** But earlier you said that Reagan's advisors may try to insulate him

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from the press because they worry that he may be perceived as not quite up to speed. Many observers—even friendly ones—have made the point that Reagan often seems in over his head intellectually.

**DONALDSON:** That's a value judgment that I'm not going to make, but I'll answer the question in another way. Reagan frequently displays the fact that he does not know details of policies, programs that are part of his Administration's work. If he were sitting here today, he might deny it on the surface, but I don't think he'd really argue against what I just said.

**PLAYBOY:** Carter was known for putting in—what?—18-, 20-hour days?

**DONALDSON:** Yes. And he knew every detail. Reagan, though, is 71 years of age, and he needs his rest.

**PLAYBOY:** Is his age a factor in his intellectual capabilities? Recently, someone in the press corps remarked on his clenched fist, as if he were struggling to last out the speech he was listening to.

**DONALDSON:** I can't see it yet. I watch for signs of senility or forgetfulness. He often misquotes figures and gets things wrong. But I think it probably has nothing to do with age. Reagan absorbs things and he

remembers them forever, even when they're wrong. You say, "Mr. President, you've said at your press conference that the first combat division of Marines to be sent to Vietnam was sent by John Kennedy. Well, sir, that's wrong; it was Lyndon Johnson." But the very next time he goes out, he'll repeat the same illustration. Why? Because he believes it.

**PLAYBOY:** Out of stubbornness?

**DONALDSON:** Who tells him those things and why does he believe them? I don't know, but it fits his ideology. He'll find an illustration that suits him and he'll put it somewhere in his mind as part of his repertoire and he'll use it over and over again. His mind doesn't let in what it doesn't *want* to know. Lyndon Johnson had some of the same trait.

**PLAYBOY:** The pattern of President Johnson's lies during the Vietnam years certainly had an effect on the press. Didn't it turn you all into skeptics?

**DONALDSON:** It shaped our thinking about the way to *watch* Government. Watergate reinforced it, drove the lesson home, but it was Vietnam that taught us you had to be extremely skeptical, yes, and that you could not, as many reporters had done previously, work hand in glove with Government.

**PLAYBOY:** On the subject of alleged misinformation, will you comment on General Westmoreland's lawsuit against CBS over its story alleging that he knowingly misrepresented body counts?

**DONALDSON:** I'm reluctant to do so, because it's an ongoing court suit at the moment, and for me to inject myself as a potential party to that suit would be ridiculous. I'll speak to the general issue, though: The general issue is a claim that the news organization begins with a premise, sets out to prove it, runs across contradictory information, contradictory witnesses, and deliberately—using the word of the law, *maliciously*—fails to take those into account. If that, indeed, happens, then the organization ought not to be in the news business.

**PLAYBOY:** Shouldn't the same standard be applied to both parties?

**DONALDSON:** In the body-count charge? Good; you have a point.

**PLAYBOY:** Advocacy journalism usually starts with a premise, too. Are you opposed to that sort of reporting?

**DONALDSON:** For me, it cuts too many corners, precisely because it does begin with a premise. Sometimes I'll agree with the premise: that the poor should somehow be helped or people who are being unfairly treated should somehow not be. And I also think that the news media ought to be in the forefront of spotlighting such abuses. But if the advocate journalist begins with a premise and then sets out to document it, and if along the way he runs across information that either refutes his premise or



at least, out of simple fairness, warrants presentation, and he doesn't include it because it takes the other side against the good and the beautiful, then that's cutting too many corners.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that what Geraldo Rivera's critics charge he does?

**DONALDSON:** In this very magazine, he was quoted as having said, in effect, that when he was down in Panama, he didn't report certain information that was inimical to the Senate's ratification of the Panama Canal treaty because he himself believed that it was important that the treaty be approved. I don't think a journalist should make that kind of judgment based on that kind of reasoning. If, in fact, Rivera said it, and if, in fact, he did it, then I think he ought not to work for a news organization.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Jack Anderson?

**DONALDSON:** For a long time, Jack was primarily a reporter and primarily a journalist. Now, I think, he's primarily a businessman, putting out newsletters, and so forth. If you speak on the air five times a day and you print this and print that, you have to depend on a lot of other people for information and the chances for error are much greater.

**PLAYBOY:** What about other opinionated journalists, such as Theodore White?

**DONALDSON:** Teddy White wrote nuts and bolts, but in his last books, he's tried to be the philosopher king, and they haven't

been his best books. I think his best one was in 1960; at least it was the great one.

**PLAYBOY:** Oriana Fallaci?

**DONALDSON:** I like her work. I see her as a hard-hitting reporter who isn't afraid to ask tough questions, the right questions, and who really lets the person she's interviewing talk. Like some television, and the *Playboy Interview*, her interviews show the true individual emerging over a period of time, despite his or her best efforts to conceal it.

**PLAYBOY:** You're not bothered by what some people see as Fallaci's manipulation of her subjects?

**DONALDSON:** I judge that—again, like this interview—every one of her subjects consents to it. This is not ambush journalism. They go in with their eyes open. Maybe they say, "I can beat her," or "It's a challenge to me, since this journalist has a reputation for bringing her subjects low through their own words, so I'll demonstrate. . . ."

**PLAYBOY:** Is that what Kissinger may have thought?

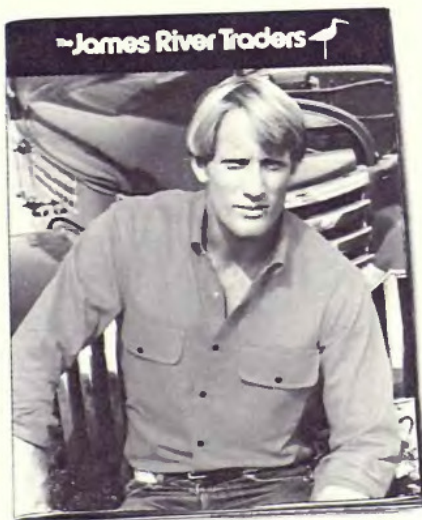
**DONALDSON:** When he came out as the Lone Ranger? A perfectly innocent phrase, when you think about it. But, coming from Henry Kissinger, it made him look a little ridiculous, I agree. Well, we all come to these things as consenting adults. Therefore, I'm not disturbed by Fallaci's attempts to manipulate.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem to admire people who take stands. Would you name some people in television who've taken comparable stands?

**DONALDSON:** Fred Friendly is definitely one. He was a courageous producer with his *See It Now* broadcasts and, in particular, his Murrow broadcast against McCarthy. He was also a courageous and good president of CBS News. And I admired him when he resigned. Instead of carrying the first hearings on the Vietnam war, which William Fulbright, as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was conducting, CBS chose to carry reruns of *I Love Lucy*. Friendly resigned in protest. I think that was a courageous act.

**PLAYBOY:** Friendly is the exception in television, though. It took two pretty courageous print reporters to break the Watergate story. It took a print reporter to break My Lai and it took *The New York Times* to do the Pentagon papers. So the scoops are still largely on the side of print.

**DONALDSON:** No, I don't think television by itself has ever originated as big a scoop, to use your word, as *The Washington Post* did with Watergate. I don't want to be defensive about it, but it now comes time to discuss the differences of operation, the differences of ability and the strengths and weaknesses of the various news media, not just people. One of the basic reasons is that we are a visual medium. We're always



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looking for pictures that show people the world, and those pictures are usually of things that happen in the open, leaving aside the creepy-peepy—or ambush—camera, about which there's a lot of debate. The Watergate informants weren't operating in public. I am both explaining and conceding, since, on the other hand, you *saw* the little girl with the napalm on her back in Vietnam, and that made an impact. And, more recently, you saw those dead bodies in the Sabra and Shatila camps in Beirut, which made an impact far beyond the accounts in the *Times* or the *Post*. If the American public is outraged about what happened in the Palestinian camps, it's more because it saw little girls and boys dead with flies feeding on them than because it read about them. By the same token, if there is a conspiracy to cover up a felony that eventually reaches the President of the United States, its coverage has to start with the kind of hard digging that Woodward and Bernstein did. It's just the nature of the media.

**PLAYBOY:** Why don't the networks have a kind of subterranean staff, people on the daily news programs who do the same sort of digging as newspaper reporters do?

**DONALDSON:** We're developing them: a group of people who are called off-air reporters. Some of them are young; some are top-flight people who have worked for major organizations whom we've been lucky enough to hire. They develop information on their beat and we use it on the air, but they don't get the credit they deserve. We're working on that, too. But you're right; those off-air reporters can go into that kind of meeting with low-level officials, for example. On the other hand, there's never enough time, either in the 90 seconds they give you on the air or in my own research time, to use the information, to absorb it on a day-to-day basis.

**PLAYBOY:** But if you came up with a story as big as Watergate, you'd surely use the entire evening news to break it. The point is that broadcast journalism has never gone after the scoop.

**DONALDSON:** You're asking for greater resources than we have. All the networks have tried setting up investigative teams.

**PLAYBOY:** And what happens?

**DONALDSON:** What happens is that the pressure for a daily return becomes too great from both sides. The investigative unit wants other jobs and the network wants a return on its investment.

**PLAYBOY:** And there's the format of television news, of course: its brevity—you have, as you said, 90 seconds for a story—its reliance on pictures, what you call "writing to a picture." Don't those factors preclude in-depth reporting? It has been estimated that the typical 30-minute TV news show, if written, wouldn't fill a single page of a major newspaper.

**DONALDSON:** What you seem to forget is

that this is a recent development, using pictures and symbols as we do now. Before Av Westin [an ABC News executive], before Roone Arledge made certain changes, anchor men's faces filled the screen. Cronkite, Huntley, Brinkley. Westin said, "We're going to show people things." If the anchor man says "Good evening" and starts in on a story about the Middle East, let's show a map of the Middle East. Let's show a picture of Golda Meir. That was all new. The old hands threw up their hands and said, "It's horrid. Murrow never did it this way. Seavreid never did it this way." I'm broad-brushing now, but a lot of people thought it was irresponsible, it cheapened our values. They claimed it was just show business, a gimmick. Well, I think that's nonsense. We're talking about television—not radio, not a newspaper. If we can't show people what's happening, then we aren't using our medium. So to imply, as some people do, that the use of pictures is done for titillation or in a way that cheapens the product betrays a lack of knowledge.

**PLAYBOY:** Go back to the example of the

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pictures of the bodies in Beirut, the dead children covered with flies. Isn't it said that such pictures are shown essentially for their shock value or, at least, that they lead to uninformed emotionalism rather than a deeper or more responsible understanding of the issue?

**DONALDSON:** Pictures have shock value because they *are* shocking; they represent an act that was shocking. And to use them is responsible journalism. That they make people uncomfortable and that they bring emotion to a story that previously lacked it to such a degree isn't a charge that should be refuted. It is, rather, something we should be proud of. Statesmen often enjoy talking about policy questions in a detached, unemotional way, often pretending or accusing their critics of not understanding because emotion clouds their judgments. After all, they say, we are trying to divide the world in a detached, rational fashion. Well, I say that's right and as it should be for statesmen. But emotion has a place, too. Dead bodies bring home the fact that a policy that causes death and destruction ought to be re-examined or that there's another side apart from that of

geopolitical maps and arcane arguments. It is a policy that ought to be leavened with emotion, and pictures do precisely that. In fact, it was such pictures that helped unveil our unwise involvement in Vietnam. Too many policy decisions over the years have been made by men in closed rooms not thinking about the dead bodies. When bullets fly, people die, and pictures ram that message home.

But it's *not* like a tabloid's use of pictures. In television, you're also hearing the responsible story. TV reporters have to use the English language and, yes, they have to recognize a story if it bites them on the nose. But they also want to be able to use television as a medium. It's not good enough to sit in the studio or stand out in the field looking down at a clipboard, reading your script. You've got to show people, be able to use pictures so that they make sense and the audience can understand them.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the charge that TV news uses visual techniques merely as attention grabbers? Because of your boss's sports background, Arledge's news broadcasts have been referred to, scornfully, as *The Wide World of News*.

**DONALDSON:** Howard K. Smith said something in the Sixties that I didn't understand then. He said, "The greatest sin in television news is to be dull," and I thought, How can Howard K. Smith, whom I respect, say that? The greatest sin is to be inaccurate, or to deliberately distort, or to have a bias. I went through all the great journalistic sins, and I thought, Dullness is a great sin? But more and more, over the years, I've come to understand what Howard meant. It does no good to have a story if no one watches it, if no one listens to it, if no one understands it. It's as simple as that.

**PLAYBOY:** Without its being a rationale?

**DONALDSON:** Yes. It's not a rationale, it's a fact. You talk about the tabloids and *The New York Times*. Now, the *Times* doesn't have to have mass circulation to stay in business. It's the newspaper of record, and I read it every day. But I'll tell you something: I read the *Times* because I have to, not because its stories are written so they really interest me.

**PLAYBOY:** You're still talking about visual impressions. Isn't the prime objective of journalism to keep people informed?

**DONALDSON:** We are not a medium of record; you can't go back and look at us again. So we *do* give impressions. You get an impression from watching a television news story and to some extent remember what was said. People are forever writing in, accusing me of saying certain things that I never said. They honestly believe they heard me say them, but I didn't. Now, I'm not talking about a weasel word, a modifier they didn't catch. I'm talking about four or five words, direct quotes. Yet



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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."





they have gotten an impression, which is correct, of what I was saying to them. They will write, "You called the President a liar." I didn't call the President a liar; perhaps I said what I thought was really happening behind what Reagan said was happening. Now, those impressions add up, from day to day, much as the hours of a *Playboy Interview* add up; and after a longer period of time, the viewer may come away with a more complex, less superficial understanding of the subject.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps, though the demographics hardly suggest that TV news has been in the forefront. According to a 1974 comprehensive study, the median age of viewers—40 percent of whom didn't have high school diplomas—was 55. The yearly household income was less than \$10,000. The occupational status was 70 percent blue collar or unemployed. Admittedly, the figures are several years out of date, but the profile remains.

**DONALDSON:** Granted, we have to do things differently because we know we're not talking to people who can understand certain words. Instead of saying "eleemosynary institution," I may say "nonprofit charitable organization." Yet I don't think people who have had a one-to-three-year high school education—or who are blue-collar workers—are as unable to grasp a news story as some people would believe those indexes suggest. I think television viewers are much smarter than some people like to believe. People can watch a politician and interpret his reactions, his body movements, and be right about him in a way his words alone won't convey.

**PLAYBOY:** In his recently published book, *Newswatch*, Av Westin says, "Television news is the lazy person's way of keeping informed. It never claimed to represent what an informed citizen needs to know. Too many viewers do nothing more, preferring instead to complain that TV news fails in roles it never set out to fill." How do you respond to that?

**DONALDSON:** It's true. We never claimed to be so thorough that if you only watch us, you need not read newspapers, you need not look elsewhere. That's ridiculous.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's continue talking about television news in the role it *does* fill. And that takes us back to your brash style. Do you ever think you'll go too far, push some President or politician too hard?

**DONALDSON:** I push against the boundaries and occasionally I put my foot over instead of my big toe, but I don't think I go so far as to be cast out by my bosses. I think I'm smarter than that. I have a healthy respect for the need not to commit suicide. I've seen people do it professionally, and one of the reasons is that they begin believing their press clippings. They begin to think they really *are* somebody.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the feeling around

Washington that Donaldson already *has* stepped on too many toes?

**DONALDSON:** I do step on toes. I'm told there is an executive at ABC who frequently says to the news division, "This time, Donaldson's gone too far." I don't know how the news division responds, except that I'm still in my job. Obviously, it's not the chairman of the board, Leonard Goldenson, or I suppose I wouldn't be here.

**PLAYBOY:** Go a step further. Are you sure a situation couldn't arise with the Reagan Administration in which you felt compelled to take a stand that took you too far over the line?

**DONALDSON:** No, I'm not sure that that situation couldn't arise. We all like to think that we're brave enough that we would report a piece of news and do it repeatedly if it were necessary. But I also feel that Arledge would back me; if I didn't think that, I'd have to rethink the whole relationship. For instance, there was that exchange the day the new ABC building here in D.C. was dedicated by President Reagan. It was also the day that the David Stockman interview in the *Atlantic Monthly* was released. Goldenson, Elton Rule,

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*"Before Roone could say anything, Reagan said, 'Oh, that's just Sam. He's irrepressible, as you know.'"*

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the president of ABC, and Roone Arledge were all at the dedication. As soon as Reagan finished, I began to question him about Stockman, and he said he was going to meet with Stockman to talk about the piece that afternoon. That was the first we knew that Reagan was going to meet with him. In the long march of history, that's not much of a news story, but at that instant, that day, that was the news. So I questioned him some more. Then Helen Thomas started to question him, and Roone, clearly trying to keep the peace, said, "Well, Helen, this isn't really a news conference. I don't think we ought to keep the President any longer." Then he said more or less the same thing to me. I said back to him, "So fire me." And, with that twinkle in his eye that he often gets, he shot back, "That's not a bad idea."

That all happened publicly, with the President standing there, his aides, Goldenson and *his* aides, the newsroom filled with visitors as well as our regular personnel. Roone was teasing, and I was teasing him back. I didn't mean it in a snotty, defiant, if-you-don't-like-what-I'm-doing-fire-me way; I meant it jocularly. But not everyone in that room took it that way. Fortunately for me, one man did, and that comes from a number of sources. As they

left the room, Deaver started in on Roone. I don't know what his tone of voice was; I don't know his words; but it was something like "Gee, you mousetrapped us. We didn't think we were over here to hold a news conference; we thought we were over here to dedicate your building." But before Roone could say anything, Reagan said, "Oh, that's just Sam. He's irrepressible, as you know. That's fine." Or words to that effect. And you know, Reagan, of them all, has the best sense of what the press is about and is the most tolerant. Oh, Reagan doesn't want to put his head in a mousetrap—he wants to avoid tough questions, just like every President—but I think he understands what we're doing.

Still, if Arledge hadn't wanted to back me, that day was the perfect day not to do it. Because I think Goldenson was embarrassed; Rule was embarrassed; a lot of people on the President's staff saw it as an opportunity to make their case against me in ways that ABC would understand. But it didn't happen, thanks to Ronald Reagan and, also, thanks to Roone Arledge. On the other hand, I have to admit that on occasion I will simply press a question on the President not only because I want an answer for a news report but also because I continually want to make the point to his advisors that while they may hold their views about decorum and the proper time for questions, they are not going to deter me or other reporters. I've helped, I think, destroy that type of thinking in the press corps.

**PLAYBOY:** So, all in all, there was good reason for Carter to feel that you were one person he didn't regret leaving behind when he left the White House.

**DONALDSON:** Oh, absolutely. The press corps gave him a private farewell dinner the week before he left the White House. It was all supposed to be off the record, which, of course, is the best way to get everything immediately into print. It stayed off the record all of five minutes. And Carter said, "There are two things I wish on Ronald Reagan: that Menachem Begin remain prime minister of Israel and that Sam Donaldson remain the White House correspondent for ABC News."

**PLAYBOY:** Did his press secretary, Jody Powell, feel that way, too?

**DONALDSON:** Jody and I are good friends now. In fact, he's an ABC News contributing editor, and we work together. But he and I used to have some knockdown, drag-out fights—not in the literal sense, though once, before Carter became President, I thought we were going to square off.

**PLAYBOY:** Oh?

**DONALDSON:** We were having an intense disagreement about coverage of Carter. He thought I'd been unfair in my report that night. We'd had a few drinks; we were on the press plane between El Paso and



Cleveland, the so-called margarita flight, and Powell and I stood in the aisle and roundly denounced each other. I had the impression that if we kept on, we might've gotten physical, but both of us knew we had to back off.

**PLAYBOY:** Does any of your scrappiness have anything to do with the network you work for, ABC, which used to be the perennial underdog?

**DONALDSON:** Yes. We're an aggressive news organization, in that we pursue the news and nowadays often get there first. Fifteen years ago, ABC would always get there last. We're also aggressive in that we present as much as we can, such as Pierre Salinger's special on the hostage crisis. By contrast, I think some other news organizations come across as bland, giving a straight—by which I mean colorless—presentation of the news. We're aggressive, interesting and young in the sense that we're innovative.

**PLAYBOY:** If you think ABC is at the top in terms of personality and aggressiveness, who's at the bottom?

**DONALDSON:** NBC. But individual correspondents at the other networks, such as Bill Plante and Lesley Stahl at CBS, are aggressive. Competitively speaking, I think my colleagues now believe they need to show *their* presence more aggressively, because if you work for NBC or CBS, it gets awfully tiring to have Reagan con-

stantly say, "Well, Sam, let me tell you." Or, "No, Sam. . . ." I mean, you have to cut out the Sam, and that takes a little time. CBS doesn't want those constant references to Sam, since people kind of know whom Reagan's talking about; they want him to say, as he did yesterday, Bill. That's fine. Still, I suppose that I have one personal, as opposed to institutional, advantage over some of my colleagues: I have a loud voice, and since Reagan is half deaf, he naturally responds to things he can hear. But there *are* times when he seems to hear much better than others. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** It hasn't escaped our notice, Sam, that you've been relatively restrained so far in discussing both your colleagues and the subjects you've covered; you choose your words with great care. Is this the same kind of caution that made you hesitate before agreeing to do this interview?

**DONALDSON:** Yes. I discussed it with my lawyer and several friends, some at ABC but not management. As you might suspect, half of them said, "Sure, why not?" and the other half said, "You can only injure yourself; you don't need it."

**PLAYBOY:** Too high a risk?

**DONALDSON:** If you do an interview like this, no matter how honest the interviewer and the magazine—and I believe **PLAYBOY** is honest or, clearly, I wouldn't have dared

risk it—well, in all the hours that you talk, you're going to say things that later you're going to wish you'd put a different way. Even if I haven't said anything egregiously stupid or provocative, anything I say will, like Kissinger's Lone Ranger remark to Fallaci, be read in various ways.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you make the decision to go ahead and do it?

**DONALDSON:** Ultimately, for the challenge. If I had said no, I'd have to ask myself what I was afraid of. Also, there's self-interest involved; there has to be. Ultimately, I want to be judged by the job I do for ABC News. Now, among the interviews done with me in the past three or four years, this is the first to really ask me about my work or the business. Every other one has concentrated on what the interviewer discerned or had been told about my off-air personality.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel you're not seen as a serious man?

**DONALDSON:** Yes; a lot of people do not regard me as a serious man. They respond to me because they like my "act"—or because they hate it. It either amuses them or repulses them. Still, trying to get my views across in this interview won't necessarily help me, say, with Roone Arledge. I trust it won't hurt me, either. Let me put it to you this way. It's no secret that I want to leave the White House assignment. People have known that for two

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years, and Arledge has agreed to find something else for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Which some people say is because of what is commonly called burnout. And that returns us to the rumors, accurate or not, of your becoming "flaky," increasingly jumpy and temperamental.

**DONALDSON:** I don't agree with that characterization of my activity or demeanor.

**PLAYBOY:** Nonetheless, you've been talking about your increasing frustration in covering the White House.

**DONALDSON:** That I'll agree with. I've been saying that because of the burnout factor, I felt it was time for me to leave the White House assignment. I mean, the tenth time you see the same story come through the pressroom, you write it because it's your job, not because you find it exciting and important. The White House beat can become sterile, and, as someone once said about being ridden out of town on a rail, if it weren't for the honor of the thing, I'd sooner walk. There are days when it is exciting, when I feel that I've done a job that I hope is good, but there isn't that much opportunity for growth. The first time you go to the White House, you're in awe of the Presidency. The first state visit, you see the ceremony on the South Lawn with the cannon, the 21-gun salute and *Hail to the Chief*, and—wow!—your stuff looks pretty good. About the 50th time you do it, you say, "Who wants to see the cannon again?" Besides, I'm tired of being the one who has to go up to the rope line and yell the questions and get the mail that says, "You rude, crude, arrogant loudmouth!" Well, I don't need that anymore, thank you very much.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you do instead?

**DONALDSON:** I don't know, and I'm not dodging the question. At the moment, there are jobs that aren't open, but if Roone wanted me there, I'd certainly be happy to take them.

**PLAYBOY:** An anchor position?

**DONALDSON:** Reynolds was once the White House correspondent; so were Rather and Brokaw, and they all now have traditional anchors' jobs. There's talk, I don't know if there's anything to it, that someday Roone may decide to put the Brinkley show up against *60 Minutes*, and that would be a hell of an idea. That's self-interest, because I'm on the Brinkley show at the moment, and put up against *60 Minutes*, I think we could take them.

**PLAYBOY:** "I think we could take them." Sums it up, doesn't it?

**DONALDSON:** I always knew I could do the job, but, yes, I'm doing a better job today than I did when I first came to the White House. I believe that. I don't know whether you're born with it or you acquire it, but you certainly don't come to the White House at the age of 42 and suddenly develop it. Look, I'm *aggressive!*

**PLAYBOY:** One final thing—

**DONALDSON:** Sure, sure! [*Loud laugh*] All I can think of is poor old Jimmy Carter hanging on to his door in Plains, about to answer *his* final question, just dying to tell you guys how he had lust in his heart. No one made him say it. Just wanted to be one of the boys so he wouldn't be thought of as some Southern Baptist prude. But sure, fire away.

**PLAYBOY:** Nothing as dramatic as that. We were just going to ask, How do you compensate for the pressures of your job? How do you let off steam?

**DONALDSON:** [*Long pause—first one in the interview*] I don't know. I don't have any hobbies. I go out to dinner, I listen to music in my apartment, but I don't spend much time there. So I don't know how to answer your question. I don't do anything but work.

**PLAYBOY:** There's another side to that, though.

**DONALDSON:** You know there is. It's what people call my act. That's how I release tension and frustration: I let it out; I do a lot of yelling at work. I'm also not certain

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*"It's hard for a loving relationship to continue when it's understood that Daddy's coming home because he needs fresh underwear."*

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that my needing a pill to get to sleep sometimes may not be related to the job.

But the biggest price I've paid is the end of my long second marriage. During the campaign of 1976, I'd go home for a few hours at a time to change my laundry, then go back on the road. And everyone at home would understand that was *why* I was coming home. [*Bitter laugh*] It's hard for a loving relationship to continue when it's understood that Daddy's coming home because he needs fresh underwear.

It's been three years since I was invited to leave my marriage, and I think I've gone through my way stations: pretending I'm 24 again, pursuing women because it's supposed to be the thing to do. The process may not have ended, but I think one needs to regularize one's life. You have to have an anchor, something in your life that's not just yourself: someone you can talk to, let down your hair with; someone you can love.

**PLAYBOY:** You realize, don't you, Sam, that this has been a lot of serious talk from a guy both the public and some journalistic insiders see as the wild man of the airwaves? You've been not only serious

but downright careful in your answers to us.

**DONALDSON:** Obviously, I've been careful. I understand what this is about, that you publish what I say and that I can't just pop off as if you and I were having an informal drink, B.S.ing over some red wine. But I *know* what's said about me out there. I even read about myself in a comic strip, freaking out like Howard Beale in the movie *Network*. Why should I add to the perception that I'm not a serious person? So, yes, I've been very careful in this interview, even to the point of not using the profanity I might use in everyday language. You're suggesting that's not the real Sam Donaldson? Well, I'm *tired* of that exaggerated perception of me. If I'm coming off a little statesmanlike, well, your questions are serious, not frivolous, and I appreciate that.

**PLAYBOY:** But, in the final analysis, how much of it is covering yourself, simple careerism?

**DONALDSON:** OK, fair question. There *is* some careerism. If I came off as a non-serious idiot, I don't think the president of ABC News would be very impressed and want to give me any more responsibility in his news organization. But I want to tell you something: Believe it or not, I'm personally tired of the way my public image has been going. It's been snowballing. And I'm not such an insensitive boor that I can laugh about all the things said about me. Now, I'm not trying for a moment to deny that in my private life, I like to have a little fun. Occasionally, I'm still capable of walking down a street and, if I see a little ledge, I'll jump off it, like a 17-year-old would. But I think I've matured; I think I'm serious about my work; I think I'm a reasonably decent human being. I can't defend all my actions, but on balance, I think you can take me places without fear that I'll run amuck, attack the ladies, bore the men.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you mean that with age, you may end up becoming more like Walter Cronkite after all?

**DONALDSON:** I'll never be thought of as Walter Cronkite, nor do I want to be. On the other hand, I'm not Howard Cosell. I'm not knocking him, but in doing this kind of interview, he'd work hard to *add* to the Howard Cosell legend and be pleased he was able to do so. I don't *want* to add to the legend that I'm a wild, crazy man. In my ideal world, I'd go out walking in the woods or raise roses in the garden. That's a lot more refreshing to me than parties or sports. Because in this business, when a telephone line goes down, say, in Omaha, and that prevents you from feeding your report to the network, and everything else is crashing down around you, you've got to do *something*. Meanwhile, this so-called act of mine manages to keep me from going nuts.



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# THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL

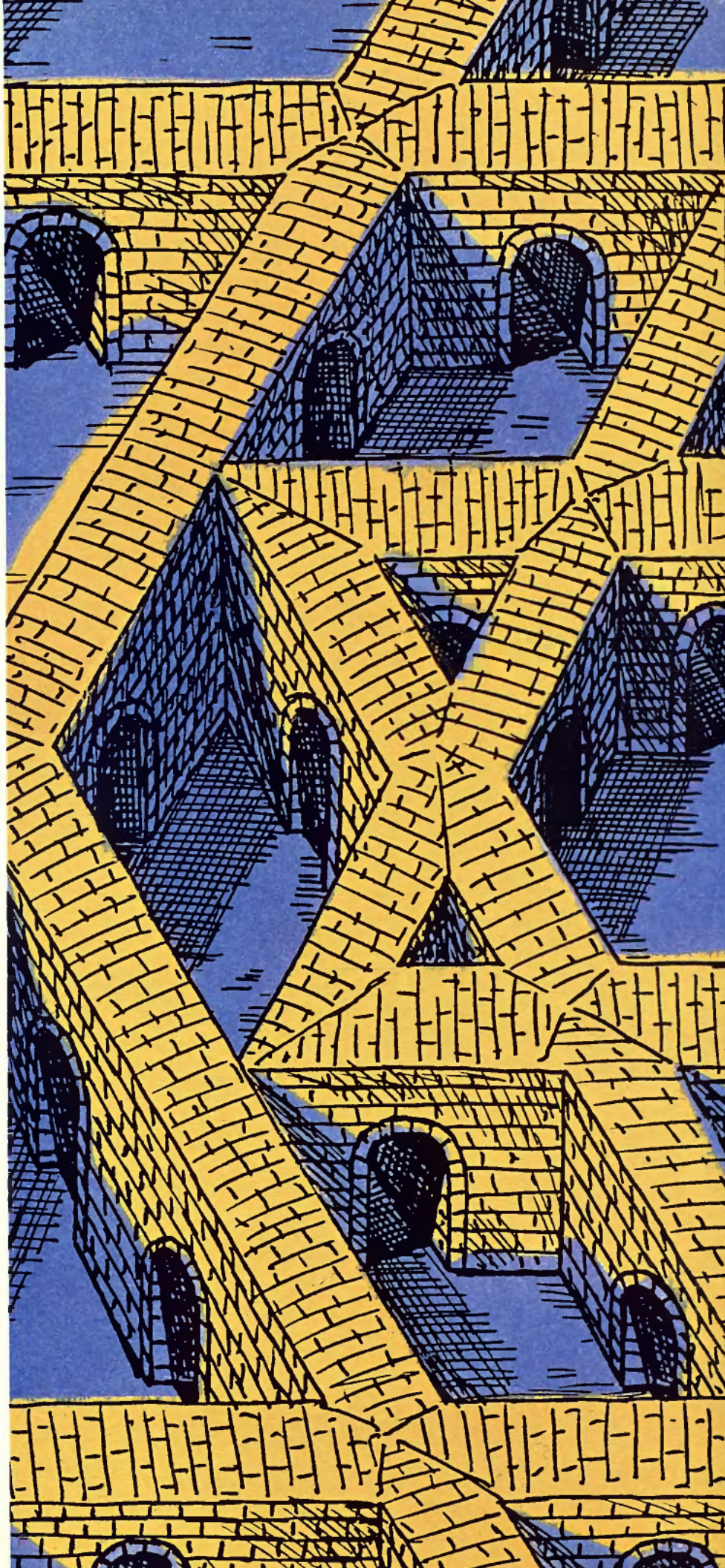
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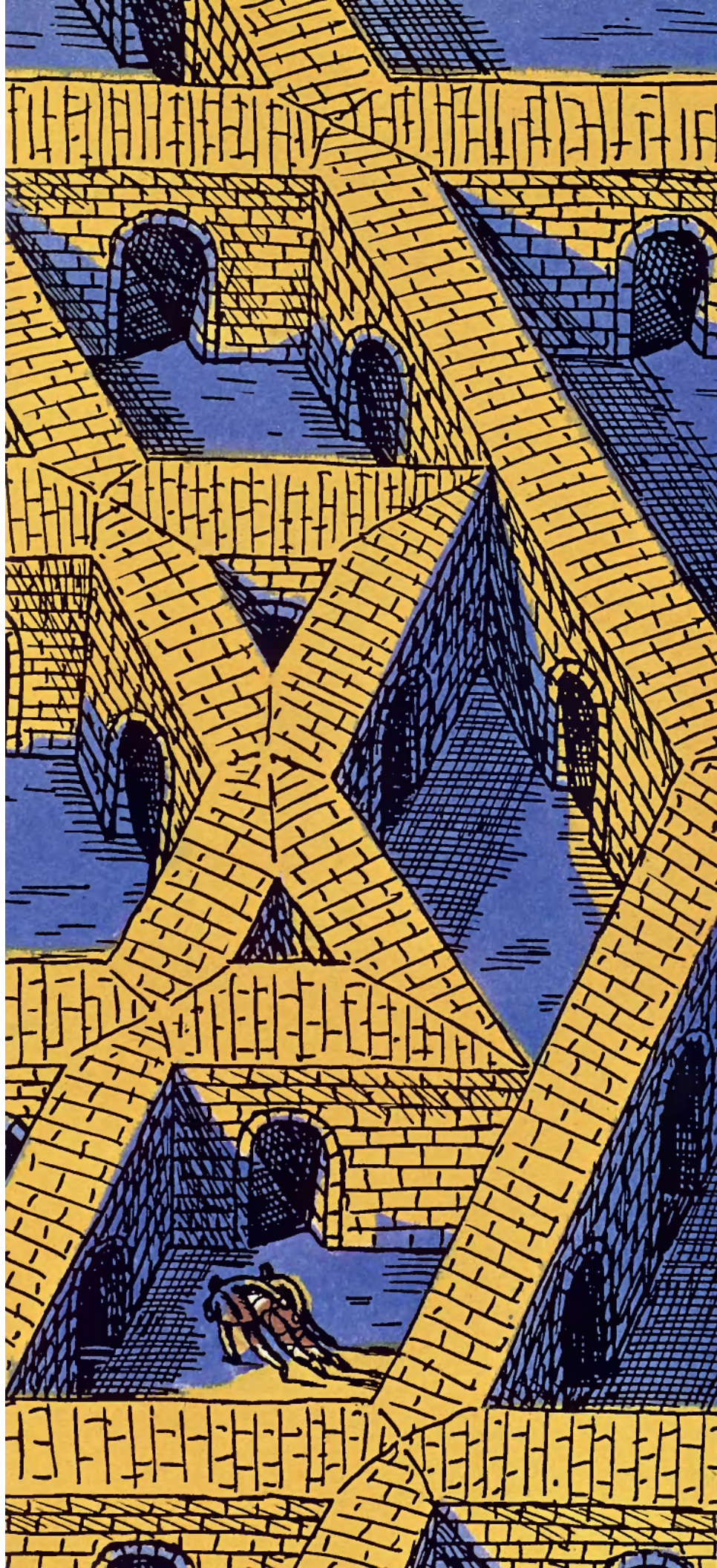
**By JOHN LE CARRÉ**  
author of *Smiley's People*

"HE'S A NORMAL young man, this Yanuka," Lenny pleaded earnestly. "Tradesmen admire him. Friends admire him. That's a likable, popular person, Marty. Studies, likes to enjoy himself, talks a lot; he's a serious fellow with healthy appetites." Catching Kurtz's eye, he became a little foolish: "Now and then, it's hard to believe in this other side to him, Marty; trust me."

Kurtz assured Lenny that he fully understood. Then, over crackers, cheese and tea, the three professional static watchers gave Kurtz the full tour of Yanuka's lifestyle, quite disregarding the fact that for weeks now, Kurtz had been sharing every small sensation as it arose: Yanuka's phone calls in and out, his latest visitors, his latest girls. Lenny was bighearted and kind but a little shy of people he was not observing. He had wide ears and an ugly, overfeatured face, and perhaps that was why he kept it from the hard gaze of the world. He wore a big gray knitted waistcoat, like chain mail. In other circumstances, Kurtz could tire of detail very quickly, but he respected Lenny and paid the closest attention to everything he said, nodding, congratulating, making







all the right expressions for him. Lace curtains hung across the window of the high-gabled gingerbread house right at the heart of fashionable Munich. It was dusk in the street and dusk in the flat also, and the place was pervaded with an air of sad neglect. An array of electronic and optical devices was crowded among the fake Biedermeier furniture, including indoor aerials of varying designs. But in the failing light, their spectral shapes only added to the mood of bereavement.

"Want to take a look, Marty?" Lenny suggested hopefully. "I can see by Joshua's smile there that he has a very nice perception of Yanuka tonight. Wait too long, he'll draw the curtain on us. What do you see, Joshua? Is Yanuka all dolled up for going out tonight? Who does he speak to on the telephone? A girl, for certain."

Gently pushing Joshua aside, Kurtz ducked his big head to the binoculars. And he remained a long time that way, hunched like an old sea dog in a storm, hardly seeming to breathe, while he studied Yanuka, the half-grown suckling.

"See his books there in the background?" Lenny asked. "That boy reads like my father."

"You have a fine boy there," Kurtz agreed finally, with his iron-hard smile, as he slowly straightened himself. "A good-looking kid, no question." Picking his gray raincoat from the chair, he selected a sleeve and pulled it tenderly over his arm. "Just be sure you don't marry him to your daughter. The next thing you know, she'll be planting bombs for him or his big brother."

Lenny looked even more foolish than before, but Kurtz was quick to console him: "We should be thankful to you, Lenny. And so we are, no question."

Having shaken hands with each man in turn, Kurtz added an old blue beret to his costume and, thus shielded against the bustle of the rush hour, strode vigorously into the street.

The baby of Kurtz's hastily assembled Munich team was Oded, a 23-year-old graduate of the prestigious Sayeret. The grandfather was a 70-year-old Georgian



named Bougaschwili—Schwili for short. Schwili had a polished bald head and stooped shoulders and trousers cut for a clown—very low in the crotch and short in the leg. A black homburg hat, worn indoors as much as out, topped the quaint confection. Schwili had begun life as a smuggler and a confidence trickster, trades not uncommon in his home region, but in middle life, he had turned his trade to forgery of all kinds.

It was raining as they picked Kurtz up in the van again, and as the three of them drove from one glum spot to another, killing time before Kurtz's plane, the weather seemed to affect all three of them with its somber mood. Oded was doing the driving, and his bearded young face, by the passing lights, revealed a sullen anger.

"What's Yanuka got now?" Kurtz asked, though he must have known the answer.

"His latest is a rich man's BMW," Oded replied. "Power steering, fuel injection, five thousand kilometers on the clock. Cars are his weakness."

"Hired again?" Kurtz asked.

"Hired."

"Stay close to that car," Kurtz advised. "The moment he hands back his car to the rental company and doesn't take another one, that's the moment we have to know about immediately." They had heard this till they were deaf from it. They had heard it before they ever left Jerusalem. Kurtz repeated it nonetheless: "Most important is when Yanuka turns his car in."

Suddenly, Oded had had enough. Perhaps he was by youth and temperament more prone to stress than his selectors had appreciated. Perhaps, as such a young fellow, he should not have been given a job that needed so much waiting. Pulling up the van at the curbside, he yanked on the hand brake so hard he all but wrenched it from its socket.

"Why do we let him go through with this?" he demanded. "Why play games with him? What if he goes back home and doesn't come out again? Then what?"

"Then we lose him."

"So let's kill him now! Tonight. You give me the order, it's done!"

Kurtz let him rave on.

"We've got the apartment opposite, haven't we? Put a rocket across the road. We've done it before. An RPG-seven—Arab kills Arab with a Russian rocket—why not?"

Kurtz still said nothing. Oded might have been storming at a sphinx.

"So why not?" Oded repeated, very loud.

Kurtz did not spare him, but neither did he lose his patience: "Because he doesn't yet lead to his brother, Oded; that's why."

They drove Kurtz to the Olympic Village, to one of the dark underground car parks there, a favorite haunt for muggers

and prostitutes of both sexes. The village is not a village at all, of course, but a marooned and disintegrating citadel of gray concrete, more reminiscent of an Israeli settlement than anything that can be found in Bavaria. From one of its vast subterranean car parks, they ushered him up a filthy staircase smeared with multilingual graffiti, across small roofgardens to a duplex apartment that they had taken, partly furnished, on a short let. Outdoors, they spoke English and called him sir, but indoors, they addressed their chief as Marty and spoke respectfully to him in Hebrew.

The apartment was at the top of a corner building and was filled with odd bits of photographic lighting and portentous cameras on stands. At its back on the south side was a spare bedroom four meters by three and a half, with a skylight let into the rake of the roof, which, as they carefully explained to him, they had covered first with blanket, then with hardboard, then with several inches of kapok wadding held in place with diamonds of black tape. Walls, floor and ceiling were similarly padded, and the result resembled a mix of a modern priest hole and a madman's cell. The door to it they had discreetly reinforced with painted steel sheeting and had built into it a small area of armored glass at head height, of several thicknesses, over which they had hung a cardboard notice saying DARKROOM KEEP OUT and, underneath, DUNKELKAMMER KEIN EINTRITT! Kurtz made one of them enter this little room, close the door and yell as loud as he could. Hearing only a hoarse, scratching sound, he gave his contented approval.

Of the kidnaping, little need be said. With an experienced team, such things happen fast and almost ritualistically these days, or not at all. Only the potential scale of the catch gave it its nervy quality. There was no messy shooting or unpleasantness, just a straight appropriation of one wine-red Mercedes and its occupant, the driver, some 30 kilometers on the Greek side of the Turkish-Greek border. Shimon Litvak commanded the field team, and, as always in the field, he was excellent.

Oded, having duly reported the return of the hired car with no substitute in sight, followed Yanuka to the airport; and, sure enough, the next anyone heard of him was three days later in Beirut, when an audio crew operating from a cellar in the Palestinian quarter picked up his cheerful voice saying hullo to his sister Fatmeh, who worked at one of the revolutionary offices. He was in town for a couple of weeks to visit friends, he said; did she have an evening free? He sounded really happy, they reported: headlong, excited, passionate. Fatmeh, however, was cool. Either her approval of him was lukewarm, they said, or she knew her phone was tapped. Maybe both. In either case, brother and sister failed to meet.

He was picked up again when he arrived by air in Istanbul, where he checked into the Hilton on a Cypriot diplomatic passport and for two days gave himself to the religious and secular pleasures of the town. The followers described him as taking one last good draft of Islam before returning to the Christian commons of Europe. He visited the mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, where he was seen to pray no fewer than three times, and afterward had his Gucci shoes polished once on the grassy promenade that runs beside the South Wall.

But his most devout concentration was reserved for the mosaic of Augustine and Constantine presenting their church and city to the Virgin Mary, for that was where he made his clandestine connection: with a tall, unhurried man in a windbreaker, who at once became his guide. Until then, Yanuka had resolutely refused such offers, but something this man said to him—added, no doubt, to the place and time of his approach—persuaded him immediately. Side by side, they made a second, cursory tour of the interior, dutifully admired the early unsupported dome, then drove together along the Bosphorus in an old American Plymouth till they came to a car park close to the Ankara highway. The Plymouth drove off, Yanuka was once more alone in the world—but this time as owner of a fine red Mercedes, which he calmly took back to the Hilton and registered with the concierge as his own.

Yanuka did not go out on the town that night—not even to watch the celebrated belly dancers of the Kervansaray, who had so enchanted him the night before—and the next sighting of him was very early the following day, as he set off westward on the dead straight undulating road that leads over the plains toward Edirne and Ipsala. On such a road, the followers had no choice but to ride him astride, as it is called, with one car far out ahead and another far behind, hoping to God he would not plunge into some unmarked side turning, which he was quite capable of doing. But the deserted nature of the place gave them no option, for the only signs of life for miles at a time were tented gypsies and young shepherds. Reaching Ipsala, he fooled everybody by preferring the right fork into town instead of continuing to the border. Was he going to hand over the car? God forbid! Then what the hell did he want in a stinking little Turkish border town?

The answer was God. In an undistinguished mosque in the main square, at the very edge of Christendom, Yanuka once more commended himself to Allah—which, as Litvak said grimly afterward, was wise of him. Emerging, he was bitten by a small brown dog, which escaped before he could retaliate. That, too, was seen to be an omen.

Finally, to everyone's relief, he returned  
(continued on page 88)





*"Sincerity will cost you five bucks extra."*



# TAKING STOCK OF MARINA

*when e. f. hutton's verola talks,  
people listen—and look*



On business trips to Wall Street, a conservative look helps Marino fit in without causing a crash, though chauvinistic moneymen keep hoping she'll appear when there's a bare market. "Beauty and brains can go together," says she (about to belly up to the bar graph on the facing page). "I'm a little more logical, more practical than some of the men in the business. I've realized that I don't have to sell everybody." We were sold immediately.

THERE'S A STOLID E. F. Hutton office a block from the Atlantic on the eastern coast of Florida, where the sun turns the air to steam every afternoon. Bright-shirted families trundle metal pails and folding chairs down the sidewalk that leads to the beach; one keeps expecting the people to stop and lean toward the building, trying to eavesdrop on the financiers inside.

The walls in the Hutton lobby are dark mahogany. An electronic ticker-tape readout marches across one wall, flashing bright-green decimals that look like the scores at a basketball game. Down the hall, in one of the tasteful offices, a mahogany desk bears one stockbroker's accessories—financial statements and annual reports, a blinking computer monitor, a calendar turned to the correct date and two pink roses in a delicate vase. The triangular name plate reads, MARINA VEROLA.

"I always have flowers on my desk," she says, rocking her chair forward to punch instructions into the computer. Her suit is navy blue. Her white blouse ties in a knot at the base of her neck. "And I wear business suits at work. That's what I expect of the secretaries, too. I don't like jeans."

What she does like is money. She likes making it, spending a little of it and, most of all, managing it for clients across the United States and in five foreign countries. "Money turns me on. My parents both lost most of what they had. I was raised—I can't say poor but very limited as far as money was concerned. When I chose to study business, money was the driving factor. I wanted to work with it and to manage it well."

Marina has been realizing both ambitions every weekday for five years now. There aren't many other women who have done the same. Women account for only a tiny percentage of the country's more than 100,000 brokers; they get mistaken for their receptionists more often than for their









Bullish on women in business, Morino is aware that they have at least a few advantages: "When I leave a message with a secretary, 'Please call Marina at E.F.H.,' most men will be certain to return my call."

colleagues. When Marina was posing for us on Wall Street, two men in business suits walked past. One of them commented to the other, "Look at that beautiful model. They give her *The Wall Street Journal*, like she really knows what she's doing."

She fought back the impulse to roll up the newspaper and tell the man what to do with it, but stereotypes like that do annoy her. "Women have come a long way in the business world," she says, "but we're still in the tunnel looking for the light at the other end."

At 29, a successful broker for one of the nation's largest brokerage firms, she seems already to have reached the other end. But the business biz wasn't always so bullish on Marina and her family. Her father, a Russian historian and theologian who published 40-odd books and spoke seven languages (English not among them), was once a well-to-do officer in the czar's







Above: What's wrong with this picture? Too few women on the floor of the N.Y.S.E.—but more like Morino are leaving bored rooms for board rooms. Below and left: Here's Morino of ease after working hours evaluating assets. What's wrong with these pictures? Nothing.

army. He lost everything but his life in the revolution. The day before his scheduled execution, he escaped from a concentration camp and made his way to Switzerland. Eventually, he followed Marina's mother, also a Russian *émigrée*, to the United States. Marina was born seven years later, while her father was teaching at a seminary in Pennsylvania. "He'd come home to Long Island by bus on Friday night," she remembers, "and leave again on Sunday night."

Marina eased her way through high school and went to college in Long Island on a scholarship. It was there that she







Male Wall Street walkers assumed she was a model, but Marina would rather stretch out with an annual report than in a fashion magazine. Relaxing late at night, though (below and right), she can't help bringing new meaning to thoughts of action on the floor.

decided to go into wheeling and dealing (literally—these days, she drives to work in either her 'Vette or her Lincoln Continental). She changed her major from premed, graduated in business administration and began paying her dues.

Working for a company of ten brokers, she studied on weekends to become a broker herself. "Eventually, one of them recommended me to a big producer who wanted a girl to work just for him. I really catered to him and his clients. I handled the accounts while he was on the golf course, and the clients would bring me flowers and candy. Finally, I took the exchange's registered-rep test (concluded on page 188)









## LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL (continued from page 80)

*"Yanuka pulled up and lowered his window and watched the girl walk luxuriously toward him."*

to the main road. The frontier crossing there is a hostile little place. Turk and Greek do not meet easily. The area is mined indiscriminately on both sides; terrorists and *contrabandiers* of all kinds have their illegal routes and purposes; shootings are common and are seldom spoken of. A sign on the Turkish side says HAVE A GOOD TRIP in English, but there is no kind word for departing Greeks. First come the Turkish insignia, mounted on a military board; next, a bridge over slack green water; next, a nervous little queue for the Turkish emigration formalities, which Yanuka tried to bypass on the strength of his diplomatic passport—and, indeed, succeeded in doing, thus hastening his own destruction. Next, sandwiched between the Turkish police station and the Greek sentries, comes a no man's land of 20 yards or so, where Yanuka bought himself a bottle of duty-free vodka and ate an ice cream in the café, watched by a dreamy-looking, long-haired lad called Reuven, who had been eating buns there for the past three hours. The final Turkish flourish is a great bronze bust of Atatürk, the visionary and decadent, glowering into the hostile Greek plains. As soon as Yanuka had passed it, Reuven hopped onto his motorcycle and transmitted a five-dot signal to Litvak, who was waiting 30 kilometers inside the Greek border—but outside the military area—at a point where traffic had to slow to a walking pace because of construction work. He then hurried to join the fun.

They used a girl, which was common sense, considering Yanuka's proved appetites, and they gave her a guitar; which was a nice touch, because these days, a guitar legitimizes a girl even if she can't play it. A guitar is the uniform of a certain soulful peaceability, as their recent observations in another quarter had reminded them. They wavered about whether to use a blonde girl or a brunette, knowing his preference for blondes but aware also that he was always ready to make an exception. In the end, they came down in favor of the dark girl on the grounds that she had the better backside and the saucier walk, and they posted her where the road works ended. The road works were a godsend. They believed that. Some of them even believed that God—the Jewish one—rather than Kurtz or Litvak, was masterminding their entire luck.

First there was tarmac; then, without warning, there was coarse blue chipping the size of golf balls but a lot more jagged. Then came the wooden ramp with yellow scarecrow lights blipping along it, speed limit ten kilometers and only a madman

would have done more. Then came the girl the other side of the ramp, plodding along the pedestrian walkway. Keep moving just as you are, they said; don't tart around, but trail your left thumb. Their only real worry was that because the girl was so pretty, she might hole up with the wrong man before Yanuka appeared to claim her. A particularly helpful feature of the spot was the way the sparse traffic was separated by a temporary divide. There was about a 50-yard wasteland between the eastbound and westbound lanes, with builders' huts and tractors and every kind of junk spread over it. They could have hidden an entire regiment in there without a soul being the wiser. Not that they were a regiment. The team was seven strong, including Litvak and the decoy girl. The five others were lightly dressed kids in summer rig and track shoes, the sort who can stand about all day staring at their fingernails with no one ever asking why they don't speak—then flash into action like pike before returning to their lethargic contemplations.

The time was by now midmorning; the sun was high, the air dusty. The rest of the traffic consisted of gray lorries laden with some kind of lime or clay. The polished, wine-red Mercedes—not new but handsome enough—stood out in such company like a wedding car sandwiched between rubbish trucks. It hit the blue chip at 30 kilometers an hour, which was too fast, then braked as the rocks started popping against the underbody. It mounted the ramp at 20, slowing to 15, then ten; and as it passed the girl, everybody saw Yanuka's head turn to check whether the front of her was as good as the back. It was. He drove for another 50 yards till he reached the tarmac, and for a bad moment, Litvak was convinced he would have to invoke the fallback plan, a more elaborate affair that involved a second team and a faked road accident 100 kilometers on. But lust or nature or whatever it is that makes fools of us had its way. Yanuka pulled up and lowered his electric window, poked out his handsome young head and, full of life's fun, watched the girl walk luxuriously toward him through the sunlight. As she drew alongside, he inquired of her whether she intended to walk all the way to California. She replied, also in English, that she was heading "kind of vaguely" for Salonica—was he? According to the girl, he replied, "As vaguely as you like," but no one else heard him, and it was one of those things that are always disputed after an operation. Her eyes—her features altogether—were really most alluring, and her slow, enticing motion claimed his complete attention. What more could a good

Arab boy ask after two weeks of austere political retraining in the southern hills of Lebanon than this beguiling jeans-clad vision from the harem?

It must be added that Yanuka was slim and extremely dashing in appearance, with fine Semitic looks that matched her own, and that there was an infectious gaiety about him. Consequently, a mutual scenting resulted of the kind that can take place instantly between two physically attractive people, where they actually seem to share a mirror image of themselves making love. The girl set down her guitar and, true to orders, wriggled her way out of her rucksack and dumped it gratefully on the ground. The effect of this gesture of undressing, Litvak had argued, would be to force Yanuka to do one of two things: either to open the back door from inside or else to get out of the car and unlock the boot from outside. In either case, he would lay himself open to attack. In some Mercedes models, of course, the boot lock can be operated from inside. Not in this one. Litvak knew that. Just as he knew for certain that the boot *was* locked and that there was no point in offering him the girl on the Turkish side of the border, because—however good his papers might be, and they *were* good—Yanuka would not be stupid enough to compound the risk of a frontier crossing by taking aboard unattested lumber.

In the event, he selected the course they had all voted most desirable. Instead of simply reaching back an arm and unlocking one door manually, which he could have done, he chose, perhaps in order to impress, to operate the central locking device, thereby releasing not one but all four doors together. The girl opened the rear door nearest her and, remaining outside, shoved her rucksack and guitar onto the back seat. By the time she had closed the door again and started on her languid journey toward the front, as if to sit beside him in the passenger seat, one man had a pistol to Yanuka's temple while Litvak himself, looking his most frail, was kneeling on the back seat, holding Yanuka's head from behind in a most murderous and well-informed grip while he administered the drug that, as he had been earnestly assured, was the best suited to Yanuka's medical record; there had been worry about his asthma in adolescence.

The thing that struck everyone afterward was the soundlessness of the operation. Even while he waited for the drug to take its effect, Litvak distinctly heard the snap of a pair of sunglasses above the rumpus of the passing traffic and, for a dreadful moment, feared it was Yanuka's neck, which would have ruined everything. At first, they thought he had somehow contrived to forget or shed the false-number plates and papers for his onward journey, till they found them, to their pleasure, neatly fitted into his smart black grip under several

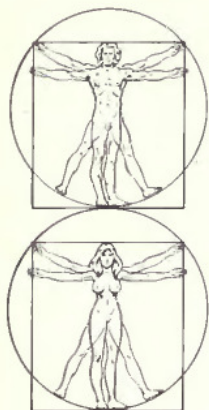
*(continued on page 146)*





*"Actually, it's not my ear...I found it!"*





a continuing report on the state of the sexual union

# THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY

part two

*are you single, married, divorced or living with someone? in this chapter, we take a look at how your marital status affects your sex life and answer the eternal question: is there sex after marriage?*

In January 1982, PLAYBOY published a 133-item questionnaire that asked its readers to report on their sexual habits and attitudes. More than 100,000 people responded. We tabulated the results and ran an introductory article about them in our January 1983 issue. The news was mostly good, and it was picked up by the national press. Our findings suggest that America is no longer in a sexual revolution but a sexual evolution. Changes that began in the Sixties and Seventies have reached fruition in the Eighties. People are doing more of everything and having a better time. In particular, men and women appear to have become sexual equals, partners in pleasure. Women have learned from men that sex can be an adventure; men have learned from women that intimacy can be an adventure. Most of the people who answered our questionnaire are in relationships. One in 20 lives with someone, eight in 20 are married and the rest are unattached. The majority of single people who've never been married see one person more than others or have a steady partner. Twenty-three percent of the single men and 11 percent of the single women are dating around.

Many people have charged that the sexual

revolution's most important product is the one-night stand—that it has unleashed a plague of casual sex on the land. When we look at the figures, it becomes clear that the best sex exists in relationships. We asked the computer to break down our findings in terms of marital status. We wanted to know how the married differ from singles, how cohabitants differ from the divorced. The results were unexpected. Marital status is a major factor in determining sexual behavior.

ONE OF THE entrenched stereotypes in our culture is the notion that singles live a catch-as-catch-can sexual life. For all the glamor of the chase, there is the harsh fact of rejection. Most previous sex surveys treated the singles lifestyle as a passing phase. Kinsey, Hunt and Redbook labeled it premarital sex—the phrase alone is enough to reveal the bias. One of the first questions we asked happens to be one of the most frequently asked questions in the street: "Getting any?" The answers are surprising. It seems that among our readers, single people engage in as much sex as married people. And couples who cohabit—who remain legally single while acting

married—have it best of all. Indeed, when we look at the sexual behavior of cohabitants, we discover that they lead very interesting lives: They have intercourse with greater frequency and greater satisfaction than married or single readers. They are in a class of their own.

A small but significant number of the people who answered our survey are divorced or remarried. (We included the answers of widows and widowers with those of the divorced.) We discovered that the people who have been in and out of marriage possess great sexual energy. They are not sexual failures, doomed to repeat past mistakes. In many cases, they seem to have come out ahead.

*The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* presented us with an opportunity to assess sex in the real world. Much of what we know about sex has come from academia. College psychologists usually study the sex lives of college students. Our readers are older. The average age of the single males in our study is 25; the single females' average age is 24. The average age of our married respondents is 34 for husbands and 29







for wives. Our divorced readers are 36 and 32, remarrieds 39 and 31, cohabitants 29 and 26. These are the veterans of the sexual revolution. Participants, not observers.

HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH?

Intercourse is still the standard by which we measure the quality of our sex lives. The men and women who answered our survey have a clear notion of how much sex is enough. Once a week is the cutting point. The majority of men and women who say they make love at least once a week say that they are satisfied with their sex lives. However, as soon as the level drops below once a week, they express discontent. Seventy-five percent of the men who make love once a week say that while they are satisfied with their over-all sex life, they want more intercourse. Sixty-four percent of the women at that frequency say they want more. (In contrast, only 24 percent of the men who make love four or five times a week want more intercourse. A mere 16 percent of the women who make love that often want more intercourse.) Almost every sex survey since Kinsey's has commented on the relationship between satisfaction and frequency of lovemaking. It is probably not a cause-and-effect relationship—more likely a circular one. The authors of the *Redbook* survey noted that "the more you like it, the more often you do it, and the more often you do it, the better it is." Given that standard, how do our readers stack up?

HOW MANY TIMES A WEEK DO YOU HAVE INTERCOURSE?

	Male		
	4 or more	2-3	1
Single	20%	23%	10%
Married	19%	38%	18%
Divorced	27%	30%	11%
Remarried	27%	38%	16%
Cohabitant	47%	33%	10%

	Female		
	4 or more	2-3	1
Single	31%	27%	10%
Married	26%	41%	16%
Divorced	31%	30%	10%
Remarried	31%	40%	13%
Cohabitant	42%	36%	9%

PERCENT WHO SAID THE FREQUENCY WAS SATISFACTORY

	Male	Female
Single	33%	44%
Married	38%	56%
Divorced	40%	43%
Remarried	47%	56%
Cohabitant	61%	62%

Let's re-examine those figures. The cohabitants are the most satisfied with the amount of intercourse they are getting. (Little wonder; compared with the other groups, they are rutting like weasels. Don't those people have jobs?) In the other groups, we notice one striking fact: No matter how much they are getting, men in any category are less satisfied than the women in the same category. For them, there is no such thing as enough. They want more intercourse, and they are more likely than women to do something about it: Men are still the initiators of sex—72 percent say that they always or usually start the ball rolling. While women have become more open about their desire, they still lag behind men. Only 19 percent say they usually initiate sex. The vast majority—66 percent—say they initiate sex "sometimes."

Go back to the chart for a moment. At first glance, it would seem that singles are second-class citizens when it comes to sex. They are getting less than any other group. However, the term single encompasses a variety of situations. There are singles dating around, singles dating one person more than others and singles who are going steady or are engaged. When we break down the figures for frequency of intercourse by social situation, an interesting pattern emerges.

PERCENT OF SINGLES WHO HAVE INTERCOURSE TWICE A WEEK OR MORE

	Male	Female
Dating around	31%	35%
Dating one more than others	64%	68%
Going steady, engaged	68%	74%

Those figures show that singles in a relationship are twice as likely to have intercourse twice a week or more as singles

dating around. They are more active than the first-time marrieds but not as active as the cohabitants—the people who are legally single but who live together. When we moved to question 16—the frequency of intercourse per night—we discovered some startling differences among the groups that suggest that while the frequency-per-week figures may resemble one another, they tell only half the story.

HOW MANY TIMES A NIGHT DO YOU HAVE INTERCOURSE?

	Male	
	1	2 or more
Single	24%	69%
Married	74%	25%
Divorced	31%	66%
Remarried	68%	30%
Cohabitant	53%	44%

	Female	
	1	2 or more
Single	31%	64%
Married	73%	25%
Divorced	29%	67%
Remarried	67%	30%
Cohabitant	60%	38%

As you can see, the vast majority of people who go to bed with the same partner each night do it once a night. Singles and divorced people, in contrast, are inclined to fuck their brains out. Why? One obvious reason is that variety is a powerful aphrodisiac, while familiarity breeds contentment. If you think your partner is going to be there forever, you don't seize every opportunity. The unattached have a different approach to sex. Singles are more likely—when they do have it—to have sex repeatedly in the same night. For single people (including the divorced), it's a safe guess that sex is more attached to performance than it is for married folk. Nothing is taken for granted. There is a vague, unspoken notion that if the sex is not terrific, they may never see their partner again.

THE ELUSIVE ORGASM

We know how often our readers do it; do we know how well? For years, we've been told that friends make better lovers. The (continued on page 178)











# PERSONAL BEST

*luxurious and  
stylish accouterments  
for the man of taste*

**C**lockwise from 12: Sterling-silver cigar humidor, from Cartier, New York, \$3500; and three tobacco accessories, including a briarwood-and-brass lighter, from Britches of Georgetowne, Alexandria, Virginia, \$50; an 18-kt.-gold cigar piercer, by Gubelin, \$340; and a stainless-steel cigar cutter, from Alfred Dunhill of London, Chicago, \$185. Next to the humidor: Italian-made kidskin gloves, from Peter Barton's Closet, New York, \$60. In the top drawer: A nickel-plated-chrome salt-and-pepper shaker, from Sointu, New York, \$75. Below it: Two brass and nickel-plated-brass pencil-shaped paperweights, also from Sointu, \$30 each; sitting atop note cards, from Cartier, \$31.50 for a box of 50, not including engraving. In the long drawer: English-pottery-and-sterling-silver match holder, from the Sentimento Collection for Bloomingdale's, \$95; and leather belt with brass buckle, from Paul Stuart, New York, about \$39.50. Proceeding clockwise: Crystal ashtray, from Fortunoff, New York, \$73; black-jade-and-18-kt.-gold knot-design cuff links, by Angela Cummings of Tiffany, New York, \$775; and quartz watch with a Chinese-lacquer face, by S. T. Dupont, \$700. Stemmed martini glasses, \$28 for a set of four, plus sterling-silver cocktail shaker, \$800, both from Tiffany; and Italian-made sterling-silver lemon peeler, from Kettell Blake & Reed, Boston, \$85. Next to the peeler: Leather memorandum pad, from S. T. Dupont, \$65; and Mont Blanc Diplomat fountain pen, from Alfred Dunhill of London, \$250. The 18-kt.-gold-electroplated money clip in the middle of the page also contains a knife, scissors and file, by Colibri, \$26.95. Near it: Lapis-handled letter opener, from Perspective Ltd., New York, \$366; hand-tooled-leather cylinder box, from Paul Stuart, about \$50; and lizardskin eyeglass case, \$75, containing a pair of Zeiss eyeglasses with 18-kt.-gold frames, \$2875, both from Lugene Opticians, New York. Above the glasses: Steel and gold-plated magnifying glass, from Perspective Ltd., \$238; ostrichskin wallet, from Index-Antkies, Coral Gables, Florida, \$125; 18-kt.-gold key chain, from Les Must de Cortier, New York, \$475; and leather-covered appointment book, from Peter Barton's Closet, \$95.



# NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL GOOD MEN....

TWO RECEPTIONS are a churn in fair-sized ballrooms on the top floor of the Bellevue Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia. Guests slosh back and forth from one to the other. New guests foam in. By stair, mostly. Half the elevators are out of whack, one with a cargo of Democrats captive inside it. They can't be much worse off in point of comfort than those of us up here, but one concedes their piteous lack of booze.

Fritz Mondale, trim and neat in the press of bodies, is working the room like an intern on hospital rounds. The Democratic Party is feeling much better, is going to pull through, may be its old self

before long. Dr. Reagan, the patient's savior, isn't in town, and Mondale, who administered vitamins a few hours earlier in the form of a rousing speech, is sopping up credit.

But moving along. There are other rooms to work, and he wants to be out of the Bellevue before Dr. Kennedy drops by. Two nights ago—or maybe it was last night; the nights have a way of sloshing into one another—Mondale threw a bash in this very room, and when Kennedy showed, the guests and the photographers went for him the way the Flyers would likely go for Bo Derek if she happened to flounce *(continued on page 152)*



ILLUSTRATION BY TOM EVANS



article **By R. M. KOSTER**

*will teddy's torch be passed to  
fritz? will hart or glenn  
emerge from the pack? for a  
party determined to go the  
distance, these are the  
questions that set chariots afire*









PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

# WINTER WONDER

*meet alana soares,  
the coed who came in  
from the cold*

HOW MANY PEOPLE can stay up all night studying for a mid-term in political science, take a quick shower and then show up for an interview in complete control—charming, sparkling, witty? And still look as good as Alana Soares? None that we can remember.

We asked how she did on the test. "Well, it was one of those where you did either very well or not so well. I think I did OK. I am fascinated by American government, politics, how things work. When I like something, I usually do very well."

Alana is a freshman at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. She has signed up as a political-science major, in part because of a trip to Mazatlán last spring. "It bothers me how people take for granted our way of life. When you see how differently the rest of the world lives, you want to find out more about your own system."

Alana is a one-woman United Nations. "My father is Hawaiian-Japanese, a three-time United States surfbord champion. My mother is Spanish-Irish. When they divorced, she took my younger sister and me and moved to Park City. My mother works in a ski shop." Alana tends to favor her mother: "I've tried surfing. I can't do it. In skiing, you lean away from the mountain. In surfing, you lean into the wave. It seemed wrong." Although we've never heard of a famous Spanish, Irish, Hawaiian or Japanese skier, Alana and her sister, Leilani, took to skis in a ferocious sibling rivalry. They were sponsored by the local K2 representative and for seven years went to every race in the Intermountain Division.

"During my freshman year in high school, I

*Utah is mostly Mormon and mostly conservative. To many Utahans, Park City is known as Sin City. "Most of the tourists who come through town are from California," says Alana. "They are serious partiers. Now that I've been exposed to the outside world, I can choose the best of both."*









*"Going to school in a small town has its advantages. I was a varsity cheerleader, a gymnast and a volleyball player. If I'd gone to a larger school, there would have been a lot of competition for all that. I guess I have confidence that I can do anything."*



took another look at my goals. I had been in training for years. I was tired of climbing up hills, tired of running gates, tired of dry-land training. I realized I was missing my childhood. I decided to devote myself to my studies. Now, when I do ski, I like my mountains steep and hard. You can find me on Prospector or Jupiter Bowl [two Park City trails] after fresh snow. I really like Deer Valley. The trails there are groomed to perfection and you can just fly. And the food at the mid-station restaurant is great."

It became evident that Alana had an appetite for adrenaline and the good things in life. We asked her what it was like to grow up in a town as small as Park City. "My high school had 300 students. My graduating class was only 63 people. Everyone knows everybody else. I finally called up my father in California and went out to Laguna Beach to go to school for a year. I wanted to be a nobody, to see how I fit in where nobody knew anything about me, where I didn't care what other people said. It was an











*"A life in the mountains doesn't make you a hermit. I'm just like anyone else. I like to snuggle in front of a fireplace on a sheepskin rug. I like to read. I like to watch 'All My Children.'" See? Alana is perfectly normal.*

incredible year. I met a lot of terrific people. But I moved back to Park City to finish high school."

That sense of seeing how she stacked up against the "real world" is probably the factor that made Alana try to be a Playmate. She was applying for a modeling position in Japan. "My mother and I drove to this studio in Salt Lake City. The photographer who was going to take pictures for my composite shared the studio with another photographer, named Steven Wayda. Wayda asked me if I had ever thought about becoming a Playmate. He said that 6000 girls tried out every year but only 12 made it. When I looked through the magazine, I didn't think I had a chance. They were all so blonde. I was surprised when PLAYBOY called me in for a gatefold test. My mother and I went out to California, I did the shot and the rest just happened." The event has brought considerable attention to Alana; she's that rarity, a Playmate from Utah. "Girls come up to me on campus and ask, 'Are you proud to be in PLAYBOY?' I say yes. It's an honor to be a Playmate and a brunette." Not a bad line for someone who'd gone without sleep.







*"You can always tell a city person from a local in Park City. The city people are worried about fashion, the next party, who they're going to hang around with, who they are going to be. Locals just do what they want without worrying. I guess you could call them laid back or mellow. Nicer."*



*Alana was a serious ski racer for seven years before hanging up her boards. "I made a choice. If you're not the best, what do you fall back on? You've missed school and a social life. I decided to ski for fun and explore the rest of my life. No more early-morning training sessions. Just school."*





MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Alana Santos*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Alana Soares

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'2" WEIGHT: 103

BIRTH DATE: 2/21/64 BIRTHPLACE: Pedondo Beach, California

AMBITIONS: To be successful in everything I do

TURN-ONS: sunsets, good friends, positive people, roses, ballets, traveling, Kappa Sigma

TURN-OFFS: smoking, homework, gossip, judgmental people, alarm clocks, the scale (IT'S MY BIGGEST ENEMY)

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Turning Point, Chariots of Fire, On Golden Pond, One Hundred and One Dalmatians, Arthur

FAVORITE FOODS: lobster, Filet Mignon, Quiche, Nuggen-Days ice cream Oreos (double stuff), Tab

FAVORITE PLACE: Park City, Ut., Laguna Beach, Ca.

IDEAL EVENING: Candlelight dinner for two, great bottle of wine and a blue-eyed, curly-dark-haired male

BIGGEST JOY: Winning

Age 14 mos.



2nd Easter with the BIG Bunny

Age 4



Once a Dalmation lover, Always a Dalmation lover

Age 17



Oh, that dreadful senior picture



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**M**y professional and my personal lives have become too intertwined," the stewardess told the marriage counselor. "When my husband nudged me awake the other night, I murmured, 'Welcome aboard.'"

**H**ow was it for you," the religious-revival groupie was asked, "making it with that smooth TV clergyman last night?"

"Let me put it this way," was her reply. "His viewing audience isn't the only thing whose size he overstates."



**D**ad," said the young man nonchalantly, "can you spare me twenty bucks for a blow job?"

"When I was your age, Harvey," responded his father in measured tones, "I settled for kisses."

"OK, then, Dad," pursued Harvey, "how about letting me have twenty bucks for a long, low kiss?"

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *flame thrower* as a bouncer in a gay bar.

*When the clients are more than a few,  
There's a savvy old madam named Drew  
Who'll establish a line  
By displaying a sign  
That informs all arrivals: FUCK QUEUE.*

**M**aybe you've heard about the I.U.D.-wise sperm that just made it under the wire.

**A**n American tourist went into a restaurant in a Spanish provincial city and asked to be served the specialty of the house. When the dish arrived, he asked what kind of meat it contained. "These, *señor*," explained the waiter in halting English, "are the *cojones*—the, what you say, the testicles—of the bull killed in the ring today."

The tourist gulped but tasted the *plato* and found it delicious. Returning the following evening, he asked for the same dish.

When it was served, he commented to the waiter, "But these—these *cojones*—are much smaller than the ones I had yesterday."

"True, *señor*," said the *mozo*, "but the bull—he does not *always* lose."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *vice-squad cop* as a piece officer.

**W**ith all the Boll Weevils, Gypsy Moths and Yellow Jackets in Congress these days," the Washington, D.C. callgirl remarked to a sister pro, "every time I turn a legislative trick, it's like I'm being pollinated."

**A**nd then there was the nymphomaniac wife of a troop leader who believed very strongly in scouts on her.

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *premature ejaculation* as the come before the scorn.

**M**y boyfriend is so well hung," bragged the girl, "that he carries his wallet around in a condom."

**I**ntriguing fragment of bar conversation: "Courtney isn't only A.C./D.C., he also happens to be AM/FM!"

**T**he two matrons hadn't seen each other in years and were exchanging confidences. "Tell me, Louise," asked one of them wickedly, "is your George a consistent performer in bed these days?"

"Yes, he certainly is," replied Louise, "weak in and weak out!"

**C**ried a kinky young barber named Hector,  
*Who's depantied a girl to inspect her:*

*"I presume you won't care*

*If I clip off some hair—*

*For, you see, I'm a boxtop collector!"*

**S**ome smartass massage-parlor girl is supposed to have titled her autobiography *Peter Pull and Mary*.



**R**eturning from the men's room, a tavern drinker was shaking his head. "What's the matter?" inquired the bartender.

"While I was in a stall back there," came the reply, "I noticed among the scribbings on the wall one that said, LORRAINE GIVES REALLY FABULOUS HEAD—ABSOLUTELY THE GREATEST BLOW JOB IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD!"

"Aw, I wouldn't give that a second thought, Mac," said the bartender. "We get jerks in here, just like anywhere else."

"I know," continued the headshaker. "One of them has scratched out the phone number."

*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.*





"I'll get it."







# MR. MIKE'S AMERICA

*a funny thing happened to macabre comedy master michael o'donoghue on his way from coast to coast—he found a country as weird as himself*

personality By PAUL SLANSKY

IT WAS A TIME when people walked the nation's streets with orange-foam pads clamped to their ears and antennae bouncing above their heads. The newspapers of the day told of several thousand men and women who had allowed themselves to be paired off and married by the leader of a religious cult, while on television there was a show that featured actual couples discussing their actual sexual problems with an actual therapist. Hundreds of consumers mistook a dishwashing liquid for lemon juice and squirted it into their drinks.

A gold designer handgun was available to the public, as was a breakfast cereal that claimed to taste like doughnuts. The Post Office boasted of its plan for post-nuclear-war mail delivery, which seemed to depend heavily on the distribution of emergency change-of-address cards. The President, who was known far and wide as a man who loved to laugh, communicated his displeasure with a foreign country by posing for a photograph with a representative of that country and refusing to smile.

And it was a time when, from a pay phone in the mental hospital to which he'd been committed, a would-be Presidential assassin told a reporter that he regretted putting a bullet through the brain of an unintended victim. "I just honestly wish I could go back before the shooting," the young man said, "and let him move two inches out of the way."

It was the beginning of last summer, and I was about to drive across the country with the dark prince of black comedy, Michael O'Donoghue, also known as Mr. Mike.

"I've never been one of those snotty New York writers who sneer at L.A.," says O'Donoghue, turning his BMW into the Holland Tunnel in Lower Manhattan and heading for New Jersey. "I think the concept of a sybaritic culture is terrifying to a lot of people from the Northeast, but not to me." Not to

a 42-year-old man who gets really cranky if he goes too long without a bubble bath.

O'Donoghue has been talking about moving to Los Angeles for years, and now he is doing it. He is leaving the faded elegance of his Greenwich Village brownstone to live, for an indefinite period, in a rented house in the Hollywood Hills. Since there are certain amenities—art, music, fine silverware and silk dressing gowns, to name a few—that a civilized man cannot be expected to give up, O'Donoghue has packed those into the rear of his car and is moving them West himself. It is his first cross-country drive in more than 20 years.

It's already past noon on Wednesday, June 30th, and O'Donoghue wants to celebrate the Fourth of July in L.A., so there aren't any leisurely encounters with Mr. Bubble on his immediate schedule. Not to worry; he has drugs. He reaches behind his seat and pulls out a blue Right Guard aerosol can. He unscrews the false bottom and casually displays the contents: 35 perfectly rolled joints, a dozen Percodans (he gets migraine headaches) and a little something special to help with the late-night driving.

"A friend of mine has this theory about my comedy that has to do with my migraines," O'Donoghue says as we move through the eerie light of the tunnel, "which is, if I'm gonna get migraines, they're gonna get migraines, and I'll just have to give 'em to them."

O'Donoghue, as any serious comedy fan knows, was present at the creation of the two dominant comic institutions of the Seventies: the *National Lampoon* and *Saturday Night Live*. As a performer on the latter, he clawed his way into the national psyche with his "impressions" of how Mike Douglas, Tony Orlando, Elvis Presley and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir might react if 18-inch-long steel needles were suddenly plunged into their eyes. As it



happened, they all reacted pretty much the same way—by flailing violently about the stage, clutching at their eyes and emitting bloodcurdling shrieks of pain.

O'Donoghue quickly became known as *the sicko* of Seventies comedy, the only man who set out to disturb his audience on such a primal level—*needles in eyes*, for God's sake!—and then dared them to laugh anyway. "People either got that joke or they didn't," he has said. "There wasn't anybody who said, 'Well, I sort of liked it.'"

Then came the creepy Mr. Mike and his "Least Loved Bedtime Stories." Describing the grisly demise of a soft, furry animal, lingering fondly over a particularly gruesome detail, Mr. Mike was obviously no stranger to madness. Again, the challenge to the audience: Is this too scary for you? How about a photo album called *The Vietnamese Baby Book*? Wanna hear a song called *Cancer for Christmas*?

"People often attack me for my black humor," O'Donoghue told an interviewer a few years ago. "Now, if I were immortal, then it *would* be unethical for me to make fun of these pathetic human beings who have coronaries and pitch forward and piss blood on the rug. But, as it happens, I'm one of them, and it's gonna happen to me also, so I feel I have a perfect right to rant about whatever I want."

Now, after years of trying to get his emotional life into some semblance of order, O'Donoghue is ready to play the game. He wants to hear his rants echoing throughout the pop culture, to become widely known as the genius his friends and fans have long believed him to be. He also wants to make a lot of money. With his remaining hair cut severely short, his eyes inaccessible behind ice-blue reflecting glasses and his skeletal six-foot frame somehow conveying both extreme fragility and enormous strength, O'Donoghue will cut a striking figure in the Hollywood community.

He is already making his presence felt. *Single Women*, his mordant country song about the pickup-bar scene, was a big hit for Dolly Parton and is soon to be a made-for-TV movie. He is creating a *Twilight Zone* clone called *Factory of Fear* for cable television. And he is co-writing and directing a sequel to a movie most people thought was unsequelable, *Easy Rider*, in which he intends to bring Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda *back from the dead* for one last bike ride through an America in ruins.

So here he is, following the signs to the New Jersey Turnpike, ready to observe the national decay firsthand. I am here to share the driving. He knows I'll probably write about the trip and, if the truth be known, that prospect doesn't displease him. This, after all, is the man who once said, "Life is not for everyone." It is quite possible, in fact, that one of O'Donoghue's

favorite things is to have someone recording his every word for posterity.

"The funniest death to me," O'Donoghue says with a giggle, "is a movie producer doing Quaaludes, falling asleep in his hot tub and parboiling. I don't know if it has ever actually happened, but the idea is sure humorous to me.

"Everybody lies all the time in L.A.," he continues, puffing on the first joint of the trip and warming to the topic of his new home. "People just lie as a matter of course. They go to those screenings and they have to walk past the producer and his wife after the movie's over—'Jeez, I just loved it, Sol; most exciting film in years. Yes, I think *Night of the Lepus* is a classic'—and something in them snaps. Something deep within them snaps, and it never returns. Then they just lie about everything. 'Great dinner, honey. Great salad. Great sex.' Great has become a meaningless word; it's just a rhythm word now." He smiles contentedly, passes the joint and says, "I am always happy in L.A."

We stop for lunch on Interstate 78 in Pennsylvania, at a Stuckey's with a sign above the door that says, NOW WE HAVE VIDEOGAMES! In fact, they have one Ms. Pac-Man machine, and it sports an OUT OF ORDER sign. The catsup pump here rests only two inches above the condiment counter, so if you want catsup on your hamburger, you actually have to rub the meat against the spout. Life on the road can get raw.

"If you were a kid," O'Donoghue says, "and there were a video-game restaurant where you could just suck on some kind of milk-shake/meat device while you played the games, you'd be pretty happy, wouldn't you?"

Having put 160 miles on the odometer, O'Donoghue is obviously in excellent spirits. "We've already gone more than one twentieth of the way," he crows. He sits in a window booth with his *taco* and his chocolate shake and thinks about a song he's writing for his biker movie, an anthem honoring the early American flag that carried the words "Don't tread on me." "Now, *there* was a fuckin' slogan," he laughs. "'Stay the fuck away from me or I'll kill you.'"

On the table across from ours, someone has left a copy of this week's *National Examiner*. "HITLER IS ALIVE," the headline declares and, in smaller type, "AT AGE 93. NAZI MADMAN MASTERMINDED ARGENTINA'S INVASION OF THE FALKLANDS."

"I thought that bore Adolf's inimitable mark," he says.

It is O'Donoghue's stated belief that running out of gas is "possibly the stupidest thing human beings can do," so we pull into a Texaco station before getting back on the road, though the tank is nearly half full. Fearing that self-service gas pumping requires some special knowledge that he lacks, he busies himself washing the bugs

off the windshield. "There's no mystery to this," I say, inserting the nozzle into the tank. "If I can do it, believe me, it's easy."

"Well," O'Donoghue says matter-of-factly, dipping the squeegee back into its bucket, "I guess you've just found out that I'm a major puss."

Driving through the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia at sunset, we spot a billboard announcing, BUFFALO RANCH AND MANSION FOR SALE. "What an impulse item as you're traveling across the country," O'Donoghue says, reaching for one of the four open packs of More cigarettes on the dashboard. "Whoa, honey, let's pick up a buffalo ranch and mansion." None of my trendy friends have buffalo ranches. Can't you just hear it? 'I have to get back to the bison; it really clears out my head.'"

We decide not to eat dinner until we get to Roanoke, so we stop for snacks at an Arco AM/PM Mini Market. Hundreds of service-station owners are now supplementing their declining gasoline income with little stores where motorists can stock up on such items as Chee-Tos, Chuckles, Chewels, Chips Ahoy!, Cheez 'n Crackers and Choco-Diles. We buy nine candy bars, three boxes of cookies and two Cokes.

To make up for our late start, we drive until three A.M. and stop in Morristown, Tennessee. The Knoxville World's Fair—home of the fabulous SunSphere—is only another 45 miles down the road, so we don't exactly have our pick of accommodations. The night clerk at the Ramada Inn has a vacancy in the Fair Village Annex out back. The room is in a trailer. We take it.

Seven hours later, O'Donoghue, wearing yesterday's driving outfit—white shirt and jeans—is having his first cup of coffee in the hotel restaurant. As I sit down, he looks up from his Tennessee map and says, "I couldn't remember what you wanted, so I ordered you the squid."

At the next table is a family of five, heading East after paying their respects to Elvis at Graceland, which is the one thing both of us really want to see on this trip. They tell us how many hours they had to wait to get in (six) and how "worth it" it was. All five of them are wearing Elvis T-shirts.

It looks like we'll be arriving in Memphis just about the time Graceland closes. Should we stay in town overnight or just forget about it? O'Donoghue thanks the waitress for filling his Thermos with coffee, then says, "Let's not decide right now. There's so little to do, let's save it. We'll really discuss it and weigh the merits of all our choices later on."

Back on I-40 West, a kid in his late teens is holding up a sign that says, COLORADO. O'Donoghue points to the full back seat as we pass him. "But," he says, "if you were a 12-year-old girl, fella, somehow we'd have found room for you."

Behind us in the car, on top of the clothes  
(continued on page 172)



# BED'TIME KICKS

*karate world kingpin chuck norris takes on the latest in sleep/loungewear*



## *attire* **By DAVID PLATT**

**S**LEEPING IN A T-SHIRT and undershorts may be fine for the boys at boot camp, but we're happy to report that the men's pajama market is alive and, well, kicking—as martial-arts superstar Chuck Norris demonstrates on these pages. Norris, whose seven previous films have grossed more than \$200,000,000, currently stars in the Topkick/Orion feature *Lone Wolf McQuade*. But it's a sure bet he won't be alone for long, as the pajamas in which he's kicking up a storm bear little resemblance to the baggy bedroomwear of yore. In fact, most can do double duty as late-evening lounging togs. Some take their styling cue from jogging or warm-up suits, while others are more elegantly tailored for sharing a carafe rather than a karate kick by the fire. If you don't believe us, just ask Norris... nicely.

**Above:** Arrrrrgggggghhhhhh! Here, the world's deadliest martial-arts practitioner, Chuck Norris, delivers a perfect jumping round kick wearing a loose-fitting cotton tone-on-tone V-neck pajama/lounging top with back yoke and side slash, \$80, matching pull-on pajama/lounging pants with drawstring waist and on-seam pockets, \$80, both by Fernando Sanchez for Men.





**Above left:** What's a tough guy like Norris doing in a striped polyester/cotton box pajama with piping on a contrasting notch collar, lapels, cuffs and breast pocket, with pants that have a drawstring waist? Delivering an open-hand low block and doing anything else he wants to. The pajamas are from Bill Blass by Host, \$28.50. **Above right:** Norris is really smokin' as he demonstrates a flying side kick in a Persian-print silk knee-length smoking jacket with contrasting rolled lapels, cuffs, breast pockets and sash, \$380, plus black silk satin-finish pants with an elasticized waist, about \$140, both by Ora Feder Pour Homme.



**Norris gets his front kicks from two three-quarter-length lounging outfits that include (left) a polyester/cotton robe with patch pockets and drop shoulders, plus piping on the lapels and cuffs, \$47, and pull-on pants that have an elasticized waist, angled pockets and tuxedo striping on the side seams, about \$20, both by Pierre Cardin for Roytex; and (right) a striped silk kimono with two front patch pockets, \$160, coupled with patterned silk pajamas, \$160, both from Loungewear by Ron Chereskin.**



**Left: Norris, who was the professional world middleweight karate champion from 1968 to 1974, side-kicks for the sky in cotton/polyester pajamas that have a karate-style top with jewel collar, asymmetrical four-button front closure and self-belt, plus pants that feature a drawstring waist, by Henry Grethel for Roytex, \$38. Below: His closing shot—a straddle-leg punch—kisses off this killer feature. His outfit is a fashion killer, too: A color-blocked moiré sateen cotton boxing robe with rolled collar and cuffs and drop shoulders, by Fernando Sanchez for Men, \$120.**









# Quarterly Reports

*a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance*

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

## YOUR OWN BEST INTEREST

*compound interest, that is—in the long run, it can make you rich*

**I**F YOU COULD BE any financial concept in the world, which one would you be? Inflation? Hedging? Disintermediation? (Sorry; “rich” is an adjective, not a concept. You’ve got to pick a concept.) If you were smart, you’d pick compound interest. It never fails to dazzle.

Today, for example, I bought \$200,000 worth of zero-coupon municipal bonds. Zero coupon means they pay no interest. Municipal means I pay no taxes. (Why taxes should be a consideration at all when no interest is paid I shall explain momentarily.) All these bonds offer is the promise that on January 1, 2014, they will be redeemed at full face value: \$1000. I bought 200 such little promises.

Now, even a fine-arts major knows that \$1000 well into the next century is worth something less than \$1000 in cash today. (A bird in the hand, and all that.) But how much less?

I called my broker, a man of surpassing charm and experience, who does things the old-fashioned way. “Buy me two hundred of these New Hampshire zeros of 2014,” I said. I love to talk like that.

“At what price?” he asked, his quill pen at the ready.

“They’re quoted two and five eighths,” I told him.

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“I mean they’re quoted two and five eighths,” I explained.

“What do you *mean*?” he asked.

When a bond is quoted at par (100), that means it’s selling for 100 cents on the dollar—its full \$1000 face value. When it’s quoted at 55, that means it is selling for 55 cents on the dollar. Eventually, it will be redeemed at full face value—\$1000—but right now, if you tried to get rid of it, \$550 is all you would get. And when a bond is quoted at two and five eighths, that means it is selling for two and five eighths cents on the dollar, or \$26.25 a bond. Not a lot of money.

“I mean,” I said, “that each bond costs twenty-six dollars and twenty-five cents.”

“That can’t be right,” said my broker. “It must be two sixty-two fifty.” The old decimal-point trick. Not \$26.25—\$262.50.

“Hunh-unh,” I explained again, “twenty-six twenty-five.”

“You mean,” he said, “that for every twenty-six dollars you pay now, you get a thousand dollars in thirty-one years?”

“Now you’ve got it.”

“Wait,” he said. “That can’t be right.”

But it is. And I bought them—\$200,000 worth for \$5300. It is the so-called magic of compound interest. It astonished us as children (*Ripley’s Believe It or Not!*); it astonishes us today.

I called to tell a young investment-banker friend about these bonds. He holds two Harvard degrees and earned a bonus last year of \$73,000. Money is his business. I asked how much he thought it would take to build up \$200,000 in after-tax money by 2014.

“You want me to figure it out for you or just guess?” he said.

“Just guess,” I said.

“Three thousand a year?”

“No, fifty-three hundred once.”

“That can’t be right,” he said, reaching for his calculator.

“What rate of return is that?”

“Twelve percent a year, compounded.”

“It is!” he said, a moment later, marveling at the cherry-cough-syrup display of his pocket calculator.

It was Homer who said that \$1000 invested at a mere eight percent for 400 years would mount to 23 quadrillion dollars—\$5,000,000 for every human on earth. (And you can’t see any reason to save?) But, he said, the first 100 years are the hardest. (This was Sidney Homer, not Homer Homer—*A History of Interest Rates*. Outstanding.)

What invariably happens is that long before the first 100 years are up, someone with access to the cache loses patience. The money burns a hole in his pocket. Or through his nose.

Doubtless that would have been true of the Corrêa fortune, too, had Domingos Faustino Corrêa not cut everyone out of his will for 100 years. That was in 1873, in Brazil. You could have gotten very *(continued on page 160)*



*if the film industry fuels america's dreams, meet the people  
who fuel the film industry's dreams—  
the coke dealers to the stars*

## BEHIND HOLLYWOOD'S MIRRORS

**T**HE DAY Mike got busted was a typical day on the studio lot. Everything seemed normal—for Hollywood. The studio executives who had the habit sent their secretaries down as often as five or six times a day to pick up a gram of cocaine per visit. It was a shrewd move to send the secretaries. That way, the executives never held the substance. They snorted the cocaine immediately and left Mike to do the holding. That was part of the deal.

Mike is not his real name, of course. The names have been changed here, but the stories are real. Mike was a film projectionist at

a major Hollywood studio. He ran the 35mm Simplex projectors, the ones that look like monsters and have exhaust ducts feeding into the ceiling. Mike had his own office. Nothing fancy, really: a desk and a chair and a couch. He kept his supply of cocaine in one of the desk drawers. Folks seemed to need it.

Mike had lucked into his job. A street kid from the East Coast, he had been busted at the age of 13 for smoking pot in the boys' room at school. He landed in a reformatory for a time. His own home wasn't much of a place for him. His Scandinavian father worked long hours in the restaurant business, and his Sicilian mother had left the family

*article* **By ASA BABER**







when Mike was four. "My dad backed me all the way," Mike says, "when he had time for me. But I didn't see much of him. I just sort of hung around the street after school."

When he was old enough, Mike went into the Navy for a while. But he kept jumping ship, and after his ninth A.W.O.L. charge, the Navy gave up on him. He got a general discharge under honorable conditions. He went home. There were no jobs. Then one day, without warning, his father showed up and handed Mike an airplane ticket to Los Angeles. "Your mother's sick," his father told him. "Go out there and take care of her and your stepsister." Mike, who had not seen his mother for 17 years, did what his father asked him to.

"No one knew it, I guess, but my mother was dying of cancer," Mike recalls. "She had a brain tumor. She lived in terrible pain. I tried to take care of her and my stepsister. It wasn't easy. I drove my stepsister to and from school every day. I helped my mom, helped her do things like take her pills—too many pills. I started doing speed just to keep up with the pressure. I couldn't get a decent job, but one day, I hopped a fence at the studio and sneaked onto the lot. There was a guy in the labor-relations office who talked to me. He gave me my first break. I guess he thought I was a good kid. He set me up as a temporary projectionist, showed me how to operate the machines, gave me an office. I'd worked with cameras

and projectors before, and after a while, I got pretty good at it. I didn't have to fake it for long."

Mike's first job earned him about \$600 per week. He was grateful for that, but he was also burning out on speed, and the specter of his mother, dying slowly at home, haunted him. He faced medical bills, food bills, tuition bills; financial responsibilities tumbled down on him.

"I remember one day on the lot, I asked a really dumb question: 'What are all these mirrors doing all over the place?' I mean, everywhere I'd go, there'd be these hand mirrors lying around—behind the façades, in the toilets, in the projection rooms.

(continued on page 192)

## WILL DE LOREAN DELIVER HOLLYWOOD?

*local dealers worry about what may be revealed when an outsider gets busted in their backyard*

"If John De Lorean had come to me and asked what he should do, I swear I would've told him to stay out of it, don't mess with it."

Mike, the studio dealer, is talking about the latest media event brought to you by cocaine, celebs and the Los Angeles connection. "The only way to survive as a dealer," says Mike, "is to make coke a social drug. You deal only with people you really know. Friends, in other words. You buy it from friends and you sell it to friends, and you don't walk into strange hotel rooms and start talking prices with people you don't really know. Above all, you don't touch the product yourself. You have people fronting for you. You have two or three levels—at a minimum—between you and the business, especially if you're dealing big volume. The bottom line is that it's a tough business and there's no room for amateurs. A lot of amateurs try it, of course, but they don't last. Just ask De Lorean. He was in deep shit and he didn't even know it."

The professionals in the West Coast cocaine trade—the dealers who are still functioning, the ones who haven't been busted, with their pictures on page one—those dealers can't understand De Lorean's naïveté and stupidity and self-destructiveness. To them, he is a fool who ran unnecessary risks, ignored the principal rules of survival, was ignorant of the most basic surveillance techniques and—perhaps most important of all—may bring everybody else down as a result.

"The reason people are nervous in this town," says Mike, "is that we know what they're asking De Lorean and his buddies. Two basic questions: Where did the coke come from? Who were you going to sell it to? So, you see, if De Lorean talks, they'll be able to draw the

whole tree: branches and twigs, dealers and consumers. To get that much coke together, there had to be several dealers involved before it got to the guys De Lorean was buying from. And for him to think he could unload it, he must have known a lot of executives and people who wanted to take it off his hands. If he turns state's evidence, watch out. There could be an inquisition in this town. That's the reason this is such a hot one. The narcs *know* where that coke came from. And they probably have a good idea of where it was going."

"Surveillance today is high tech," says Mel, the man who calls himself a mover, not a dealer. "De Lorean walked into an operation that had to be number one on the narcs' computer profile. An airline in the desert with that type of aircraft? And those people? You think that kind of operation isn't closely watched? I'm telling you, they run computer profiles with special parameters before they decide who to watch, and Morgan Aviation had to be right up there as one of their favorites."

"The coke business is like the film business," Mike says. "There's a technical side to both. You have to know what you're doing on a movie set when it's costing you \$20,000 per minute to film. The same for cocaine. There are *cuts* now that cost \$1500 an ounce. Do you get what I'm saying? You can stretch one ounce to two with those cuts and no test can catch it; not even an experienced person can tell that you've diluted your product. How's De Lorean going to survive in this particular world with all the scams we've got? Another example: We do a gig on some people and tell them that once a year, there's a special shipment of coke coming in: Peruvian Pink, Pineapple, we give it names like that. We build it up as spe-

cial, talk about how it comes from the best plants at the highest altitudes and all that bullshit. But it's nothing more than regular street coke mixed with a little red dye. And people are willing to pay extra for it. Maybe that's one of the scams De Lorean fell for. Maybe that's why he was willing to pay so much for it up front.

"But so what?" Mike continues, laughing. "He spent 11 days in jail, he'll plead entrapment, he'll write a book and sell the movie rights and make a lot of money."

Mel faults that famous De Lorean flair. "What's all this theater, anyway?" he says. "You know—pilots in the desert, meetings in hotel rooms, that kind of crap. That might be good for a TV series, but the narcs were playing to De Lorean's sense of drama, if you ask me. The big dealers out here, the really big ones, they work very quietly. There's not a lot of money changing hands at the drop. This is a business that works on trust, and no jerk is going to show up with a big load of cash for the pickup. You send the money later, in separate shipments. Money takes up volume, and you really don't want it around when you're hauling away a trunk full of coke. If you're not trusted enough to get credit, you don't get the business."

"My bet," Mike concludes, "is that De Lorean used the product, knew some high-powered people who used it, too, and he thought he could play with us, come in and make a big deal and go out and unload it in the executive suites of America. But he didn't have the knowledge and he didn't have the training. He didn't have his M.D.A.—master's in dealing administration. They don't teach that in business schools yet. Maybe one day soon, but not yet. So he flunked, and he deserved to. He broke every rule in the book." —ASA BABER





*"Don't be silly! A hundred and three isn't old—for a vampire!"*







# 20 QUESTIONS: ARTHUR JONES

*the man whose nautilus exercise machine started america sweating  
talks about the important things in life: younger women,  
faster airplanes and bigger crocodiles*

**A**rthur Jones is a man of many interests. The inventor of the hottest exercise equipment began his career as a World War Two bomber pilot and afterward began to seek out real adventure. He flew free-lance cargo missions all over Central America and Africa, tracked big game and hosted a TV show called "Wild Cargo" in the Sixties. He holds strong views on subjects as diverse as pumping iron and geopolitics. He regales listeners with tales of mercenary strike missions and coups that failed. He boasts that he has eluded hit teams that emerging nations have dispatched to stalk him, but when pumped for details on the subject, he demurs. Apparently, if you have to ask the price of danger, you can't afford to take the chance.

Warren Kalbacker tracked Jones to his closely watched compound in central Florida. "We rendezvoused beside a darkened airstrip," Kalbacker tells us. "Somehow, it seemed to set just the right tone for the interview, but Jones was in no hurry to begin taping. He insisted that I meet every one of his reptiles, tour his immense video-production complex and pit my strength against his latest Nautilus prototype. It was a tough assignment, but somebody had to take it on."

## 1.

**PLAYBOY:** We couldn't help noticing the pistol, the locked door and the television-camera surveillance. Do you resent interruptions, or are you worried that somebody's gaining on you?

**JONES:** If you have any doubt about the extraordinary security measures around here, walk out the door and across the lawn. Roll the dice. The stakes are your ass. If you think I'm joking, try me. Recognition has a price. The price is danger.

## 2.

**PLAYBOY:** Nautilus equipment has achieved a great deal of recognition. Gym shorts and jockstraps are *de rigueur* in a gentleman's wardrobe. Do you possess an uncanny marketing sense, or were you the man with the right product at the right time?

**JONES:** I hadn't the slightest idea of becoming involved commercially. In 1948, I was staying at the Y.M.C.A. in Tulsa, and I built the first serious attempt at a Nautilus machine. Later that year, I built another one, and I kept building them wherever I went. I built them by the hundreds. They're sitting in schools, police-

department gyms and rotting in jungles all over the world. I was building machines for my own purposes. I was interested in efficiency of exercise. In 1970, I built a prototype machine and hauled it to California and put it on exhibit, more or less to see what would happen. The roof fell in. People started writing and calling and placing orders for machines that did not exist. I told them there was nothing to buy. They said, "When you have them, we'll take one of each."

## 3.

**PLAYBOY:** What got you interested in exercise? Were you a 97-pound weakling who wanted to develop biceps to impress girls?

**JONES:** I was never a 97-pound weakling. Even as a child, I was considerably stronger than average and have been most of my life. But from a very early age, I was interested in exercise. I started lifting weights, training with bar bells long before it was popular. In the Thirties and Forties, you did it in secret, because you didn't want your friends to know. I wanted the benefits of weight training, but I didn't want to be branded a lunatic.

With the introduction of the bar bell into this country around the turn of the century, it became possible to produce degrees of muscular development and strength previously thought impossible. The adjustable bar bell—a bar and plates with holes in them so that you can add weight—was almost magic. When people did what appeared to be impossible, they became freakish. Perhaps some people were overawed by the first examples of weight lifters who developed their muscles to a very large size. All the myths started: If you lifted weights, you became muscle-bound. That's totally untrue. Weight lifting of any kind makes you more flexible. Weight lifters are very close to being on a par with gymnasts and even ballet dancers in certain ranges of motion. And you were slow and clumsy and dumb. Quite the contrary. I really don't know what the relationship is between the size of a man's muscles and his I.Q.

## 4.

**PLAYBOY:** If the bar bell worked like magic and you kept your workouts secret, what made you think you could improve on that?

**JONES:** I noted as far back as the Thirties

that some bar-bell exercises produced very rapid rates of growth and some did not. A bar bell provides one-directional resistance—straight down as a result of the force of gravity. But human beings are rotational animals. We don't move in straight lines. We move by rotating around the axis of a body joint. You move your hand, for example, by rotating around the axis of your wrist. Even if a movement is in a straight line, it's the result of two or more rotational movements.

So the first requirement when it came to improving the bar bell was to design a device that provided rotational resistance for exercise. With a bar bell, you're exercising part of a muscle, and you will develop that part of the muscle. But then another part of the same muscle is not being exercised; it doesn't receive any benefit.

Another problem with movement is that the strength of a human being changes. It varies as your advantage of leverage gets better or worse. With a bar bell, as a consequence, you're always limited by the amount of weight you can handle in your weakest position—which is not necessarily the starting position. In the bench press, for example, when the bar is resting on your chest and you start to lift it, you're fairly strong. But you're rapidly growing weaker as you reach the so-called sticking point. Then you suddenly become much stronger again; and at the very end of the bench press, as far as your muscles are concerned, you're infinitely strong, because you have the advantage of leverage. You're locked out. You could move the world in a bench press. You could handle 1,000,000 tons if your bones could support them.

But by using a bar bell in a bench press, you're limited by the amount of weight you can handle at the sticking point. At the end of the movement, you may be able to handle 300 pounds. But you're forced to train with the 100 pounds you can handle in your weakest position.

## 5.

**PLAYBOY:** Was there a sticking point in your development of the Nautilus machine?

**JONES:** It was a long, slow process. I started out trying to solve the problem of adding variable resistance to the bar bell by adding chains to one: At the start of a movement, most of the chain would be



lying on the floor, so that as you lifted the bar bell, more of it came into the air, thereby adding weight. That helped, but it didn't solve the problem, because in some cases, you need a decrease in the weight. In others, you may need an increase and then a decrease. I tried pulley devices. I tried hanging by my knees from a trapeze. I tried hanging by my heels, but that has certain problems, especially when you fall on your head.

## 6.

PLAYBOY: So inventing that Nautilus shell-shaped device was your big breakthrough. JONES: I was living in Africa in 1968 and, as usual, I'd built myself a machine. It was something of an improvement, but it was still a long way from being what I wanted. One night, I got an idea that I thought had great merit. I immediately called one of my people and, together, we drew a part over the telephone. I said, "Build it and have it here by eight o'clock in the morning." Well, we installed it and it did not work. It was a total, absolute, abysmal failure. But it failed so obviously that for the first time, I understood why.

I knew how to modify and rebuild it. Immediately, other problems presented themselves. I stayed with it night and day and slowly solved the problems, one after the other. The Nautilus machine is a thinking man's bar bell—nothing more or less. For the first time in history, a machine provides exercise for all of the muscle structure through a complete range of motion.

## 7.

PLAYBOY: Just how many ways can you build a strong body?

JONES: There is only one way to build a strong body, and that is to exercise against a resistance that is high enough to provide overload. For an old lady, that may mean getting out of her chair and walking across the room. For someone else, it may mean doing squats with an 800-pound bar bell. When you exercise with overload, you're sending a signal to your body saying, "This muscle is asking me to do things that I cannot do. It's expecting me to perform the impossible—so make me stronger." And the body will respond to that by growing, if it can. Exercise itself doesn't produce anything. It's a catalyst that stimulates your body to grow.

## 8.

PLAYBOY: How did you acquire your exercise expertise?

JONES: There aren't any experts in any field. There are people who are arrogant enough to announce they're expert. There are other people who are dumb enough to believe them. I went to the ninth grade. I don't consider myself an expert on anything. I've been curious all my life. I have

done research all my life in a wide variety of fields.

At the moment, we're doing large-scale research with a gynecologist in an attempt to determine what, if any, beneficial results can be produced for pregnant women by training them before, during and after childbirth. We're entering into our sixth year of research with poisonous snakes. We're nine years—and many millions of dollars—into research into computerization of medical tools and exercise equipment. Of course, I would like the research to develop into something of value.

## 9.

PLAYBOY: As a big-game hunter, did you ever venture so far into the jungle that your bearers got frightened and fled?

JONES: I never used bearers. I usually traveled light. As Daniel Boone said, "I've never been lost, but sometimes I didn't know where I was for a few weeks." If you're lost and you're the leader, it's not a good idea to tell the other people that you're lost. Besides, most of my hunting has not been for the purpose of killing. I was never a trophy hunter. You don't see stuffed heads or tigerskins on the floor. I have some rattlesnake hides, but those are from snakes we were raising for research and they died of a virus.

I've captured animals alive all over the world for the purpose of relocating them. In some cases, they were going to be killed in a certain area and I moved them to where they could survive. I was in the animal business, buying and selling them to zoos and petshops, for quite a number of years. I look back on that with a lot of regret, because I don't particularly approve of zoos. Many of the types of animals I worked with are now almost extinct.

## 10.

PLAYBOY: Jungle borders are known to be porous. Are any foreign powers still out to dun you for customs infractions?

JONES: I haven't been over their hit lists lately. In 1968, I had built a studio in a place called Rhino Hill near Salisbury, Rhodesia. When things began to fall apart there, I came back to this country; and after I left Rhodesia, Ian Smith's government seized all my assets: seven ground vehicles, two aircraft, a brand-new helicopter, 5,000,000 feet of film, two studios full of equipment, cameras, weapons, ammunition, family records going back two centuries, my wife's insect collection and children's toys. I'm not all that enamored of the government over there. But don't ask me to give you rational explanations for other people's insane actions.

## 11.

PLAYBOY: Were you a fearless leader?

JONES: Anybody who's not afraid is a damn fool or a liar and probably both. But I refuse to live in fear.

I was sitting in a boat one time in the Caprivi Strip in Africa and I glanced back over my shoulder and made eye contact with a large crocodile that was stalking me from a distance of about 12 feet. Within another second or two, he'd have had me. That was obviously his intention. It didn't upset me, you know. Why worry about what didn't happen? You'd better concern yourself with what might happen next.

## 12.

PLAYBOY: You once risked your life to save a co-worker from the jaws of an angry lion. Were you aware of the danger then? Or was it a reflex action?

JONES: It would not have gone through my mind to do anything else. There's a tendency not to want to get involved, which I suppose is fear of some sort. I don't consider myself brave. I've spent a good deal of my life avoiding danger. Any time you've looked out the plane window and seen an engine burning off the wing, you've had all the adventure you want. But if you lead an active life, if you get around the country or around the world, you're going to have adventures.

## 13.

PLAYBOY: You've stalked big game, watched aircraft engines burn and spent years training with weights. Wouldn't you agree that you've had a *macho* lifestyle?

JONES: It's silly, the connotation people try to put on *macho*. People who stand around on the beach flexing their muscles irritate me. I didn't wear short-sleeved shirts when I trained with weights.

Violence is not something to joke about. Toughness is fake. The real tough people in this world don't go around bragging about it. If you've been there, telling you about it is unnecessary, because you know. And if you haven't been there, you're not capable of understanding. If it's necessary to hurt someone or kill him in self-defense, you should do it and not worry about it.

## 14.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an arsenal of excuses for sloughing off and not using your machines?

JONES: I've worked out, on and off, for more than 40 years. My lifestyle has been such that I haven't always been in a position to exercise. You lay off a day and it becomes a week, and one thing leads to another; and when you're working 18 hours a day, seven days a week, it's hard to get around to it.

But as soon as I got back where I could exercise, I would go back to it. You'll always go back, because once you've experienced life in good condition, you cannot fail to notice the difference. It's so superior; you have much more energy. I can work longer hours, require less sleep, shrug off slight illnesses better. You feel  
(concluded on page 191)





*a guide to undergrad quaffing customs from colorado university's flaming shot to princeton's zionist preppie*

## TO THE TABLES DOWN AT MORY'S....

*drink* By EMANUEL GREENBERG

DURING THE EXUBERANT Twenties and the decades following, living patterns—including fashions in drinks—were dictated by well-connected socialites and the cafés and clubs they frequented. But this is a different world. Today, styles and trends, especially in alcoholic beverages, are often conceived in campus hangouts and fraternity houses, from the tables down at Mory's to the bar at the University of Houston's Delta Upsilon house. There are no words to describe these new bihulous patterns accurately, but off the wall is a good start. You can also try *macho*, *meshuga*, prankish and innovative. How else would you interpret such stunts as the Scorpion Bowl—a group gulp—and the Flaming 151 Shot. The latter calls for downing a measure of 151-proof Puerto Rican rum in a shot glass—while it's aflame! Mercifully, not all campus temptations are so flamboyant. Keg beer and white wine get a play at collegiate get-togethers, particularly on weekdays. Punch is the preferred potion for fraternity-house parties and mixers. Serious drinking tends to be relegated to weekends, *après-exam* nights, the last day of classes, athletic confrontations with archrivals and visitors' days—when Dad or some other gainfully (continued on page 166)



# THE FIRST PLAYMATE PLAY-OFFS

*20 playmates stretch their muscles and our credulity in three days of hot competition*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG / LARRY L. LOGAN



"We who are about to trash this joint salute you." Our gladiators pose in front of Playboy Mansion West. From left to right, they are, standing: Kym Herrin, Gig Gangel, Charlotte Kemp, Marcy Hanson, Kelly Tough, Victoria Cooke, Karen Witter and Kym Malin; kneeling: Kim McArthur, Lisa Sohm, Crystal Smith, Lorraine Michaels, Jeana Tomasina, Linda Rhys Vaughn; sitting: DeDe Lind, Monique St. Pierre, Missy Cleveland, Debbie Boostrom and Denise McCannell. The 20th Playmate, Pam Zinszer, was in the whirlpool bath. Getting the kinks out (above left), the Turquoise team stretches while the video crew readies the equipment. Host Hef (below left) talks strategy before the games begin.





JIM MCKAY wasn't there. It's his loss, because the thrill of victory, the agony of defeat never were more memorable than on that mid-October day when Playmates gathered at Playboy Mansion West, as Howard might say, "to bring the competitive fervor into the idyllic groves amid the cogent contours of that unique landscape." But Howard wasn't there, either. What he missed was the sight of 20 unquestionably physically fit girls from around the country gathered for the first, and probably annual, Playmate Play-offs—to pit muscle against muscle, sinew against sinew, thigh against thigh in a series of the most diabolical athletic events ever devised. The three-day extravaganza was video-taped for broadcast on The Playboy Channel, so, naturally, everything had to move in clockwork fashion. Sure. What was immediately apparent was that there were two different athletic





Hosting the event for The Playboy Channel (below) were Playmate Vicki (let's not get too physical) McCorty, veteran game-show host Chuck Woolery and the designated laugher, actor Chuck McCann. Three spirited one-hour programs emerged from the three-day event. In the bothhouse (right), Kym Malin stores her energy in a yogic posture known as The Flounder.



The action above was not an event, but it should have been. Alos, the Four-Legged Boob Drop was scuttled when judges couldn't get a fair start. In the dressing room (right), Debbie, Gig and Linda repair damage while Jeona checks the trades for safer employment.

philosophies at work, one group following the Simmons-Fonda ethic of bean sprouts and stretching, the other adhering to the tenets of modern Marxism. Groucho, not Karl. What was also clear was that, in the words of any football announcer, these girls came to play. When it was over, our gorgeous Playmates sported bruises, numerous bumps and scrapes; four had made visits to UCLA Medical Center's emergency room.

The participants had been divided into four teams. The Lavender team, captained by 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre, consisted of Miss January 1980, Gig Gangel; Miss August 1967, Dede Lind; Miss October 1981, Kelly Tough; and Miss December 1982, Charlotte Kemp. The character of the Lavender team can best (text continued on page 189)



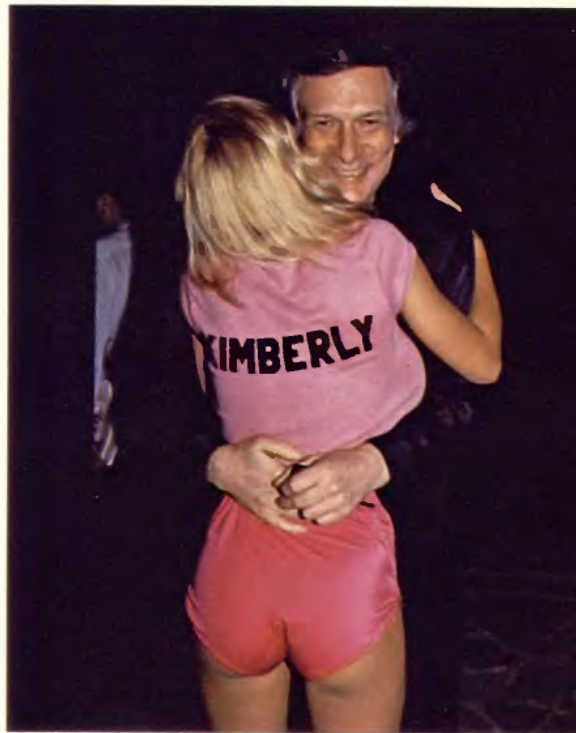




The Humps (left) required speed but not necessarily grace, as Victoria demonstrates. The Tug of War (left center) required only determination. Believe us, Captain Lorraine and teammate Crystal are having a good time. On the easier but wetter side, Fill 'er Up (bottom left) tested the Playmates' hand-eye-bucket coordination.



Legendary lute riser Hef (above) reportedly leaned out of an upstairs window early on the first day and just shook his head at the outrageous scene on the Mansion grounds below. No doubt fearing a coup while he slept, he went down to try to get a grasp on the situation. Although he found the invaders friendly, if a bit rowdy, Hef decided to take McArthur prisoner anyway. Like the famous general, she'll return.





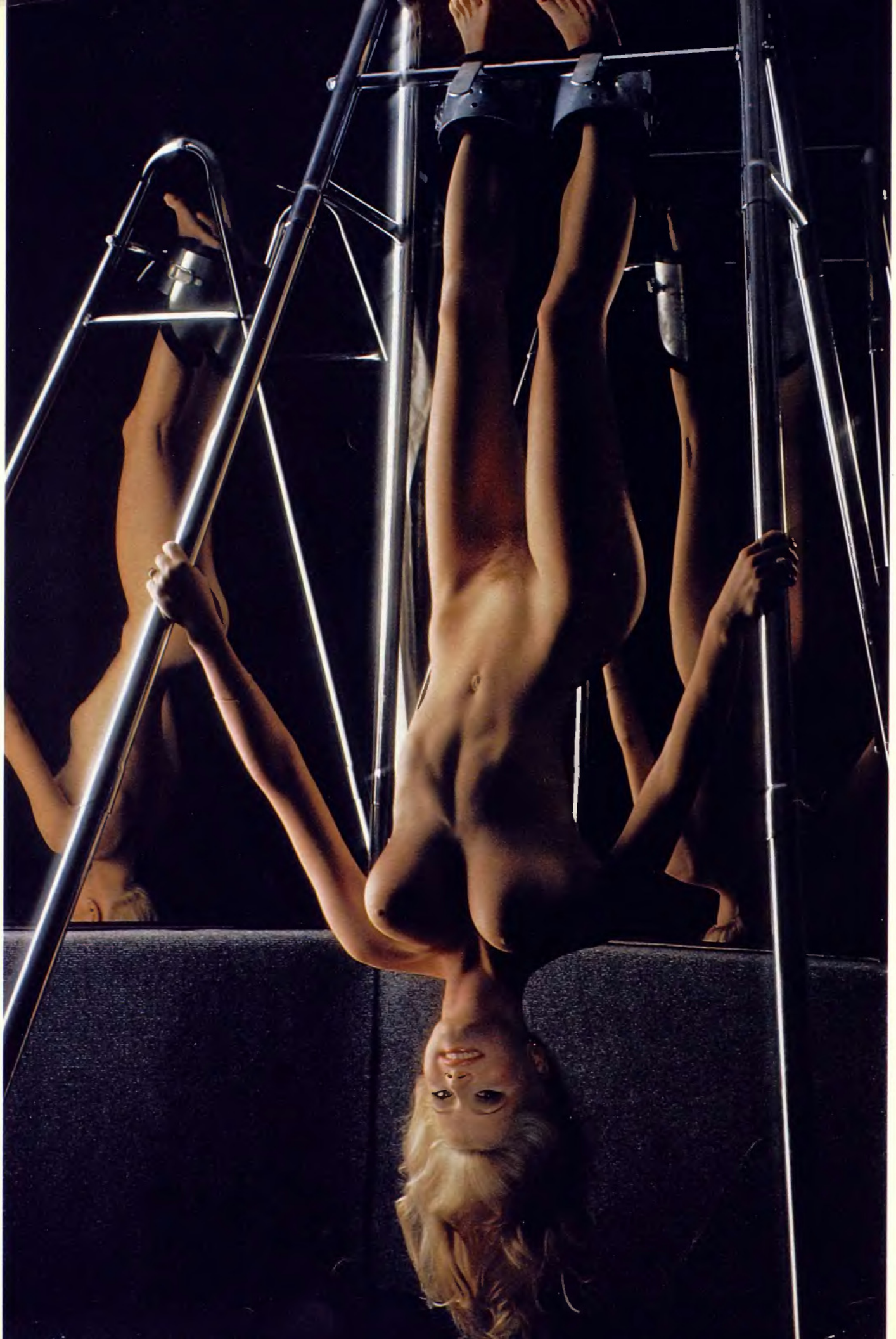


The swinger at left is actually trying to cross a mud pit. Some girls made it and some didn't. Those who didn't more or less collected in the pit (below, left center) to vent their frustration with an impromptu mud-wrestling match. Host Woolery, seeing several articles of clothing fly out of the pit, ran to the scene and regretted it (bottom left).



Lorraine and Kim (above) find that getting clean is almost as much fun as getting dirty as they hose off following the mud-pit free-style event. Later (right), in an attempt to get a better perspective on things, Kim tried out the latest in inversion therapy. The principle, you see, is that the blood rushes to her head . . . and onlookers feel a whole lot better.









Hanging on to a slippery pole, suspended over a pool with a football in one's mouth (left), one appreciates the encouragement of teammates. When Woolery tries to worm his Filas next to Monique (below), his ardor is cooled.



The Shark Boit event (above) proved little more fun than a root-canal job as girl after girl fell from our thoughtfully greased log. There was no trick to this game; they just had to cross from one end to the other. Maybe it was the simplicity that threw everybody. That's Captain Kym Herrin showing the girls how it's done. Apparently, the wrong way is as instructive as the right. Later, Kym completed the job by sou'téing her onotomy in a synthetic sun bath, epitomizing groce under pressure.







The sauna at Mansion West was a much-appreciated sanctuary for nursing sore muscles back to something approaching normal. And if the dry heat wasn't enough, the hands of a trained masseur came in, well, handy.



During the football-relay event (top), Linda Rhys Vaughn runs right out of her top, McArthur deftly hands off to Herrin, then all celebrate—not the win but the completion of the event. That's the Pink team (above) ordering another victory bottle of champagne, or something very similar.





Victoria Cooke (below) catches most of the pie she has thrown over a pole during the Pie in the Sky event. She invented the full-body catch. The messy event made frequent showers a necessity, fortunately for us. At right, Kelly Tough and Lindo Vaughn clean up their act.



Poor Chuck Woolery (above) calls for a review of his contract. Where does it say humiliation of the host is permissible? Obviously, a sense of humor comes in handy at times like these. It's back to their usual glamor (right) for Kelly, Jeana and Kym Herrin, Playmates forever.







The winners (above left) clutch hard-won trophies while feigning modesty. Captain Cooke, at left, led her team, including Jeana, Denise, Karen and Kym Malin, to the top with clean living, lots of stretching and threats of bodily harm. As for the others (above right), they consoled themselves with new-found friends and memories of good times. That's Charlotte Kemp giving Gig Gangel a hug after the Lavender team captured a solid third place. Later, when the sparts clothes were doffed, the Playmates toasted one another and promised that the next time around, things would be different.







*"Very happy workshop tonight. All have found G spot . . . even Mrs. Yamada."*





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# Lights

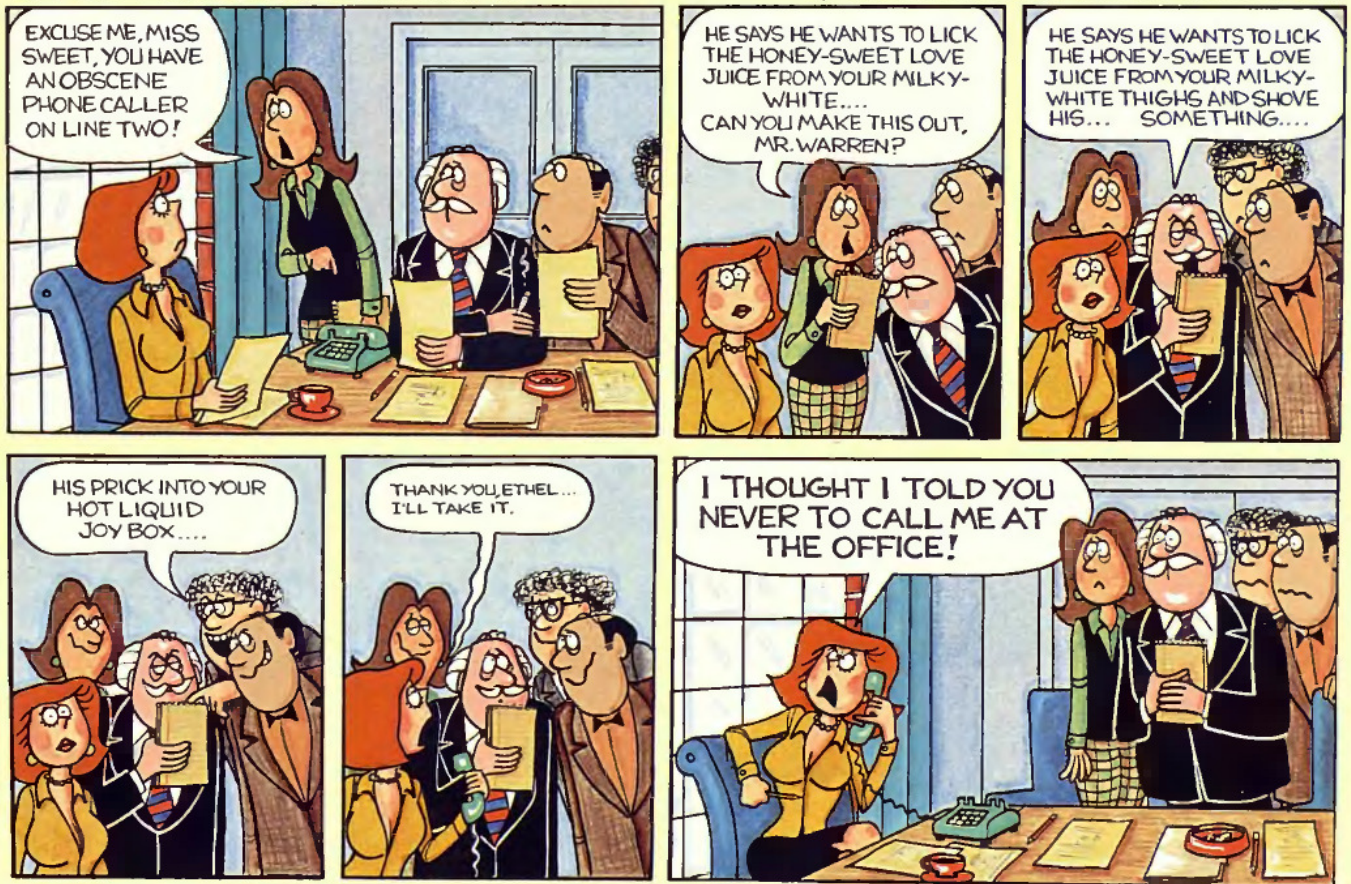






## executive sweet

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



## annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard

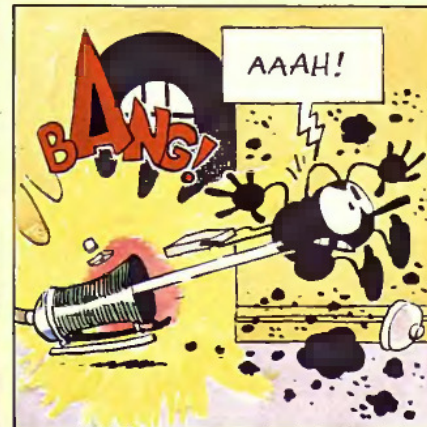
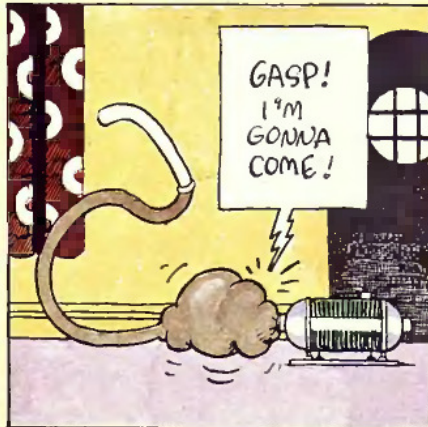
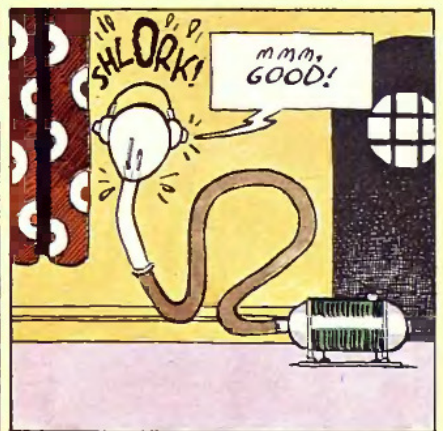
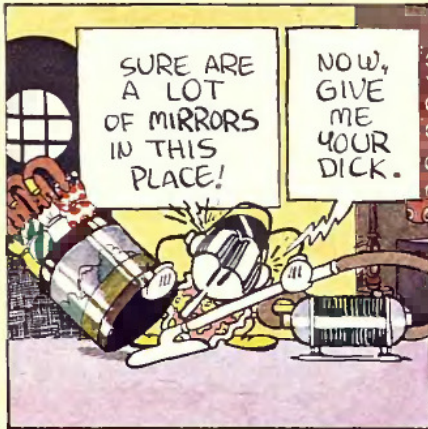
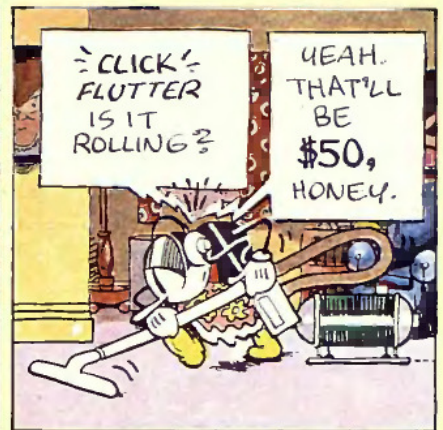
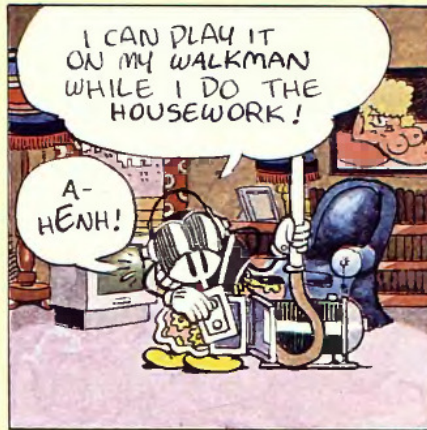




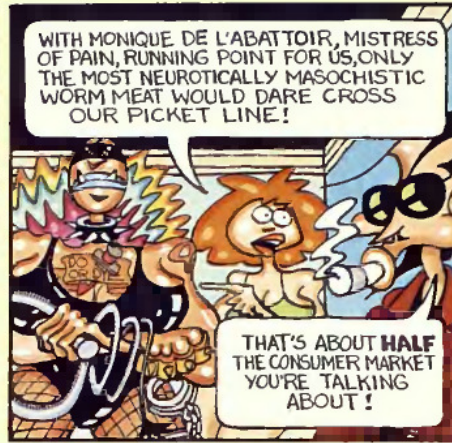




# Dirty Duck by Bobby London







# CRUISER

by Christopher Browne





## LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL (continued from page 88)

*"He had given them only an inkling of the operation, then ordered them to study Yanuka's file."*

handmade silk shirts and flashy ties.

Another glory of the operation—not of anyone's devising but Yanuka's—was that the target car had heavily smoked windows to prevent the common people from seeing what went on inside. This was the first of many instances of the way in which Yanuka became the victim of his own plush lifestyle. To spirit the car west and then southward after this was no headache; they could probably have driven it quite normally without a soul noticing. But for safety's sake, they had hired a lorry purportedly conveying bees to a new home. There is quite a trade in bees in that region, Litvak reasoned sensibly, and even the most inquisitive policeman thinks twice before intruding upon their privacy.

The only really unforeseen element was the dogbite: What if the brute had rabies? Somewhere, they bought some serum and injected him just in case.

With Yanuka temporarily removed from society, the vital thing was to make sure nobody, in Beirut or anywhere else, noticed the gap. They knew already that he was of an independent and carefree nature. They knew he made a cult of doing the illogical thing, that he was celebrated for altering his plans from one second to the next, partly on a whim and partly because he believed, with reason, that that was the best way to confuse his trail. They knew of his recently acquired passion for things Greek and of his proven habit of chasing off in search of antiquities while in transit. On his last run, he had gone as far south as Epidaurus without so much as a by your leave from anyone—a great arc, right off his route, for no known reason. Those random practices had, in the past, rendered him extremely hard to catch. Used against him, as now, he was, in Litvak's cool judgment, unsavable, for his own side could keep no better check on him than his enemies. The team seized him and wafted him from view. The team waited. And in all the places where it was able to listen, not one alarm bell rang; there was not a whisper of unease. If Yanuka's masters had a vision of him at all, Litvak cautiously concluded, then it was of a young man in his prime of mind and body, gone off in search of life and—who knows?—new soldiers for the cause.

"You have six days with Yanuka, maximum," Kurtz had warned his two interrogators. "After six days, your errors will be permanent, and so will his."

It was a job after Kurtz's heart. If he could have been in three places at once rather than merely two, he would have kept

it to himself, but he couldn't, so he chose as his proxies these two heavy-bodied specialists in the soft approach, famous for their muted histrionic talents and a joint air of lugubrious good nature. They were not related, nor, so far as anybody knew, were they lovers, but they had worked in unison for so long that their befriending features gave a sense of duplication.

At first, Kurtz had treated them harshly, because he envied them and was of a mood to regard delegation as defeat. He had given them only an inkling of the operation, then ordered them to study Yanuka's file and not report to him again until they knew it inside out. When they had returned too quickly for his liking, he had grilled them like an interrogator himself, snapping questions at them about Yanuka's childhood, his lifestyle, his behavior patterns—anything to ruffle them. They were word-perfect. So, grudgingly, he had called in his literacy committee, consisting of Miss Bach, the poet Leon and old Schwili, who in the intervening weeks had pooled their eccentricities and turned themselves into a neatly interlocking team. Kurtz's briefing on that occasion was a classic of the art of unclarity.

"Miss Bach here has the supervision, holds all the strings," he had begun. After 35 years of it, his Hebrew was still famously awful. "Miss Bach monitors the raw material as it comes down to her. She supplies Leon here with his guidelines. She checks out his compositions, makes sure they fit the over-all game plan for the correspondence." If the interrogators had known a little before, they knew less now. But they kept their mouths shut.

"Once Miss Bach has approved a composition, she calls a conference with Leon, here, and Mr. Schwili jointly." It had been 100 years since anyone had called Schwili "mister." "At this conference are agreed the stationery, are agreed the inks, the pens, the emotional and physical condition of the writer inside the terms of the fiction. Is he or she high or low? Is he or she angry? With each projected item, the team considers the fiction in all its aspects."

Gradually, despite their new chief's determination to imply his information rather than impart it, the interrogators had begun to discern the outlines of the plan they were now part of. "Maybe Miss Bach will also have on record an original sample of handwriting—letter, postcard, diary—that can serve as a model. Maybe she won't." Kurtz's right forearm batted either possibility across the desk at them. "When all these procedures have been observed, and only then, Mr. Schwili forges. Beautifully. Mr. Schwili is not merely a forger, he

is an artist," he warned—and they had better remember him. "Questions?"

Smiling their meek smile, the interrogators assured him they had none.

"Start at the end," Kurtz barked after them as they trooped out. "You can go back to the beginning later if there's time."

Meetings had been taken up with the tricky issue of how best to persuade Yanuka to fall in with their plans at such short notice. Psychologists were called in, peremptorily listened to and shown the door. A lecture on hallucinatory and disintegrating drugs fared better, and there was a hasty hunt for other interrogators who had used them with success. Their orders agreed, Kurtz had dispatched the interrogators to Munich ahead of time to set up their lighting and sound effects and rehearse the guards in their role. They arrived looking like a two-piece band, with heavy luggage clad in dimpled metal and suits like Satchmo's. Schwili's committee followed a couple of days later and settled themselves discreetly into the lower apartment, giving themselves out as professional stamp dealers here for the big auction in the city. The neighbors found no fault with that story. Jews, they told one another, but who cares these days? Jews had been normalized long ago. And, of course, they *would* be dealers; what else did one expect? For company, apart from Miss Bach's portable memory-storage system, the committee had tape recorders, earphones, crates of tinned food and a thin boy called Samuel the pianist to man the little teleprinter that was linked to Kurtz's own command set. Samuel wore a very large Colt revolver in a special pocket of his quilted kapok waistcoat, and when he transmitted, they heard it knocking against the desk, but he never took it off.

The star they were all poised to receive flew into Munich punctually the same evening by way of Cyprus. No flashing cameras celebrated his arrival, for he was got up as a stretcher case attended by an orderly and a private doctor. The doctor was genuine, if his passport was not; as to Yanuka, he was a British businessman from Nicosia being rushed to Munich for heart surgery. A file of impressive medical papers bore that out, but the German airport authorities paid them not a glance. One uncomfortable sight of the patient's lifeless face told them all they needed to know. An ambulance rushed the party in the direction of the city hospital but, in a side street, turned off and, as if the worst had happened, slipped into the covered courtyard of a friendly undertaker. At the Olympic Village, the two photographers and their friends were seen to manhandle a wicker laundry basket marked GLASS DELICATE from their battered minibus to the service lift; and, no doubt, said the neighbors, they were adding one more extravagance to their already inflated stock of equipment. There was amused speculation about whether or not the stamp dealers down-



stairs would complain about their tastes in music; Jews complained of everything. Upstairs, meanwhile, they unpacked their prize and, with the doctor's help, established that nothing had been broken during the voyage. Minutes later, they had laid him carefully on the floor of the padded priest hole, where he could be expected to come round in about half an hour, though it was always possible that the lightproof hood that they had tied over his head would retard the waking process. Soon after that, the doctor departed. He was a conscientious man and, fearing for Yanuka's future, had sought assurances from Kurtz that he would not be asked to compromise his medical principles.

Sure enough, in less than 40 minutes, they saw Yanuka pull against his chains—first the wrists and then the knees, and then all four together, like a chrysalis trying to burst its skin—till, presumably, he realized that he was trussed face downward on the mattresses, for he paused and seemed to take stock, then let out a tentative groan. After which, with no further warning, all hell broke loose as he gave vent to one anguished, sobbing roar after another, writhed, bucked and generally threw himself about with a vigor that made them doubly grateful for his chains. Having observed this performance for a while, the interrogators withdrew and left the field to the guards until the storm raged itself out. Probably, Yanuka's head had been crammed with hair-raising stories about the brutality of Israeli methods. Probably, in his bewilderment, he actually wanted them to live up to their reputation and make his terrors come true. But the guards declined to oblige him. Their orders were to play the sullen jailers, to keep their distance and inflict no injury, and they obeyed them to the letter, even if to do so cost them dear—Oded, the baby, in particular. From the moment of Yanuka's ignominious arrival in the apartment, Oded's young eyes had darkened with hatred. Each day that passed, he looked more ill and gray, and by the sixth, his shoulders had gone rigid just from the tension of having Yanuka alive under their roof.

At last, Yanuka seemed to drop off to sleep again, and the interrogators decided it was time to make a start, so they played sounds of morning traffic, switched on a lot of white light and together brought him breakfast—though it was not yet midnight—loudly ordering the guards to unbind him and let him eat like a human being, not a dog. Then they themselves solicitously untied his hood, for they wanted his first knowledge of them to be of their kind, un-Jewish faces gazing at him with fatherly concern.

"Don't you ever put these things on him again," one of them said quietly to the guards in English and, with an angry heave, symbolically tossed both hood and chains into a corner.

The guards withdrew—Oded, in particular, with theatrical reluctance—and

Yanuka consented to drink a little coffee while his two new friends looked on. They knew he had a raging thirst, because they had asked the doctor to induce one before he left; so the coffee must have tasted wonderful to him, whatever else was mixed into it. They knew also that his mind was in a state of dreamlike fragmentation and therefore undefended in certain important areas—for instance, when compassion was on offer. After several more visits conducted in this way, some with only minutes between them, the interrogators decided it was time to take the plunge and introduce themselves. In outline, their plan was the oldest in the game, but it contained ingenious variations.

They were Red Cross observers, they said in English. They were Swiss subjects but resident here in the prison. What prison, where, they were not at liberty to reveal, though they gave clear hints it might be in Israel. They produced impressive prison passes in well-thumbed plastic cases, with stamped photographs of themselves and red crosses done in wavy lines, as on bank notes, to prevent easy forgery. They explained that their job was to make sure that the Israelis observed the rules for prisoners of war laid down by the Geneva Convention—though, God knew, they said, that wasn't easy—and to provide Yanuka's link with the outside world insofar as prison regulations allowed this. They were press-

ing to get him out of solitary and into the Arab block, they said, but they understood that "rigorous interrogation" was to start any day and that until then, the Israelis intended, willy-nilly, to keep him in isolation. Sometimes, they explained, the Israelis simply lost themselves in their own obsessions and forgot about their image completely. They pronounced interrogation with distaste, as if they wished they knew a better word. At this point, Oded came back in, as instructed, and pretended to busy himself with sanitation. The interrogators at once stopped speaking until he left.

Next, they produced a big, printed form and helped Yanuka complete it in his own hand: name here, old fellow; address; date of birth; next of kin, that's the way; occupation, well, that would be student, wouldn't it?; qualifications; religion; and—sorry about all this, but it's regulations. Yanuka complied accurately enough, despite an initial reluctance, and this first sign of collaboration was noted downstairs with quiet satisfaction.

Taking their leave, the interrogators handed Yanuka a printed booklet setting out his rights in English and, with a wink and a pat on the shoulder, a couple of bars of Swiss chocolate. And they called him by his first name, Salim. For an hour, from the adjoining room, they watched him by



*"But enough about me, let's talk about you. Do you have herpes?"*



infrared light as he lay in the pitch-darkness, weeping and tossing his head. Then they raised the lighting and barged in cheerfully, calling out, "Look what we've got for you; come on, wake up, Salim, it's morning."

It was a letter, addressed to him by name, postmarked Beirut, sent care of the Red Cross and stamped PRISON CENSOR APPROVED. From his favorite sister, Fatmeh. Schwili had forged it; Miss Bach had compiled it; Leon's chameleon talent had supplied the authentic pulse of Fatmeh's censorious affection. Their models were the letters Yanuka had received from her while he was under surveillance. Fatmeh sent her love and hoped Salim would show courage when his time came. By time, she seemed to mean the dreaded interrogation. She had decided to give up her boyfriend and her office job, she said, and resume her relief work in Sidon, because she could no longer bear to be so far from the border of her beloved Palestine while Yanuka was in such desperate straits. She admired him; she always would; Leon swore it. To the grave and beyond, Fatmeh would love her gallant, heroic brother; Leon had seen to it. Yanuka accepted the letter with pretended indifference, but when they left him alone again, he fell into a pious crouch, with his head turned nobly sideways and upward, like a martyr waiting for the sword, while he clutched Fatmeh's words to his cheek.

"I demand paper," he told the guards, with panache, when they returned to sweep out his cell an hour later.

He might as well not have spoken. Oded even yawned.

"I demand paper! I demand the representatives of the Red Cross! I demand to write a letter under the Geneva Convention to my sister Fatmeh! Yes!"

These words also were favorably greeted downstairs, since they proved that the literacy committee's first offering had gained Yanuka's acceptance. The guards slunk off, ostensibly to take advice, and reappeared bearing a small quire of Red Cross stationery. They also handed Yanuka a printed list of advice to prisoners explaining that only letters in English would be forwarded "and only those containing no hidden message." But no pen. Yanuka demanded a pen, begged for one, screamed at them, wept, all in slow motion; but the boys retorted loudly and distinctly that the Geneva Convention said nothing about pens. Half an hour later, the two interrogators bustled in, full of righteous anger, bringing a pen of their own stamped FOR HUMANITY.

Scene by scene, this charade continued over several more hours while Yanuka, in his weakened state, struggled vainly to reject the offered hand of friendship. His written reply to Fatmeh was a classic—a rambling three-page letter of advice, self-pity and bold postures: "My darling sister, in one week now I face the fateful testing of my life at which your great spirit will accompany me."

This news, too, was the subject of a special bulletin: "Send me everything," Kurtz had told Miss Bach. "No silences. If nothing's happening, then signal to me that nothing is happening." And to Leon, more fiercely: "See she signals me every two hours, at least. Best is every hour."

Yanuka's letter to Fatmeh was the first of several. Sometimes, their letters crossed; sometimes, Fatmeh answered his questions almost as soon as he had put them and asked him her own questions in return.

•

For hour upon hour, the two interrogators chatted with Yanuka with unflinching geniality, fortifying him, as he must have thought, with their stolid Swiss sincerity, building up his resistance against the day when the Israeli henchmen dragged him off to his inquisition. First, they sought his opinions on almost everything he cared to discuss, flattering him with their respectful curiosity and responsiveness. Politics, they shyly confessed, had never really been their field: Their inclination had always been to place man above ideas. One of them quoted from the poetry of Robert Burns, who turned out, quite by chance, to be a favorite of Yanuka's. Sometimes, it almost seemed they were asking him to convert them to his own way of thinking, so receptive were they to his arguments. They asked him for his reactions to the Western world now that he had been there for a year or more. They asked him about his childhood—his parents, his home in Palestine. They listened with unflinching sympathy to his stories of Zionist atrocities and to his reminiscences about his days as goalkeeper of his camp's victorious football team in Sidon.

They built on what they had already established—on fear, on dependence and on the imminence of the fearful Israeli interrogation still to come. So first they brought him an urgent letter from Fatmeh, one of Leon's briefest and best: "I have heard that the hour is very near. I beg you, I pray you, to have courage." They switched on the lights long enough for him to read it, switched them off again and stayed away longer than was customary. In the pitch-darkness, they played to him muffled screams, the clanging of distant cell doors and the sounds of a slumped body being dragged in chains along a stone corridor. Then they played the funeral bagpipes of a Palestinian military band, and perhaps he thought he was dead. Certainly, he lay still enough. They sent him the guards, who stripped him, chained his hands behind his back and put irons on his ankles. And left him again. As if forever. They heard him whispering, "Oh, no," on and on.

They dressed Samuel, the pianist, in a white overall and gave him a stethoscope and had him listen, without interest, to Yanuka's heart rate. All in the dark, still, but perhaps the white coat was just visible to him as it flitted round his body. Again they left him. By the infrared light, they watched him sweating and shuddering; and, at one point, he appeared to contem-

plate killing himself by butting his head against the wall, which in his chained state was about the only uninhibited movement he could make. But the wall was a foot deep in foam rubber, and if he had beaten himself against it all year, he would have had no satisfaction from it. They played more screams to him, then made an absolute silence. They fired one pistol shot in the darkness. It was so sudden and clear that he bucked at the sound of it. Then he began howling, but quietly, as if he couldn't get the volume to rise.

That was when they decided to move.

First, the guards walked into his cell, purposefully, and lifted him to his feet, one arm each. They had dressed themselves very lightly, like people prepared for strenuous activity. By the time they had dragged his shaking body as far as the cell door, Yanuka's two Swiss saviors had appeared and blocked their way, their kindly faces the very picture of concern and outrage. Then a long-delayed, passionate argument broke out between the guards and the Swiss. It was waged in Hebrew and, therefore, was only partly comprehensible to Yanuka, but it had the ring of a last appeal. Yanuka's interrogation had still to be approved by the governor, said the two Swiss: Regulation six, paragraph nine, of the convention laid down emphatically that no intensive duress could be applied without the authority of the governor and the presence of a doctor. But the guards could not give a fig for the convention, and said so. They had had the convention till it was coming out of their noses, they said, indicating where their noses were. There was nearly a scuffle. Only Swiss forbearance prevented it. It was agreed, instead, that they would all four go to the governor *now* for an immediate ruling. So they stormed off together, leaving Yanuka in the dark yet again, and quite soon he was seen to hunch up to the wall and pray, though he could have had no earthly idea, by then, where the East was.

Next time, the two Swiss returned without the guards but looking very grave, indeed, and brought with them Yanuka's diary, as if, small though it might be, it somehow changed things completely. They also had with them his two spare passports—one French, one Cypriot—which they had found hidden under the floorboards, and the Lebanese passport on which he had been traveling at the time of his kidnaping.

Then they explained their problem. Laboriously. But with an ominous manner that was new to them—not threatening but warning. At the request of the Israelis, the West German authorities had made a search of his apartment in central Munich, they said. They had found this diary and these passports and a quantity of other clues to his movements over the past few months, which they were now determined to investigate "with full vigor." In their representations to the governor, the Swiss



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had insisted that such rigor was not legal and not necessary. They had made the governor a proposal: Let the Red Cross place the documents before the prisoner and obtain his explanation for the entries. Let the Red Cross, in decency, invite him, rather than force him, as a first step, to prepare a statement—if the governor wished, a written one in the prisoner's own hand—of his whereabouts during the past six months, with dates, places, whom he had met, where he had stayed and on what papers he had traveled. If military honor dictated reticence, they said, then let the prisoner honestly indicate this at the appropriate points. Where it did not—well, at least it would buy time while their representations continued.

Here they ventured to offer Yanuka—or Salim, as they now called him—some private advice of their own. Above all, be *accurate*, they implored him as they set up a folding table for him, gave him a blanket and unchained his hands. Tell them nothing you wish to keep secret, but make absolutely certain that what you do tell them is the truth. Remember that we have our reputation to maintain. Think of those like yourself who may come after you. For their sakes, if not for ours, do your best. The way they said this suggested somehow that Yanuka was already halfway to martyrdom. Quite why seemed not to matter; the only truth he knew by then was the terror in his own soul.

It was thin, as they had always known it would be. It was farfetched but the best they could think of. And there was a moment, quite a long one, in which they feared they had lost him. It took the form of a straight, unclouded stare at each of them as Yanuka seemed to shake aside the curtains of delusion and look out clearly at his

oppressors. But clarity had never been the basis of their relationship, and it wasn't now. As Yanuka accepted the proffered pen, they read in his eyes the supplication that they should continue to deceive him.

It was on the day following this drama—around lunchtime in the normal scheme of things—that Kurtz arrived.

To Kurtz himself went the task of going back to the beginning. But first, seated comfortably in the downstairs apartment, he called in everyone except the guards and let them brief him, in their own style and at their own pace, on the progress so far. He examined their exhibits and listened appreciatively to tape recordings of crucial moments and watched with admiration as Miss Bach's desk computer printed out one day after another of Yanuka's recent life in green type on its television screen: dates, flight numbers, arrival times, hotels.

When Kurtz had done all this—it was by then evening—he changed into a plain Israeli army uniform with a colonel's badges and a few grimy campaign ribbons above the left pocket and generally reduced his external self until he was the epitome of any military remittance man turned prison officer. Then he went upstairs and tiptoed spryly to the observation window, where, for some time, he watched Yanuka very closely. Then he sent Oded and his companion downstairs with orders that he and Yanuka should be left with their privacy.

Speaking Arabic in a gray, bureaucratic voice, Kurtz began asking Yanuka a few simple, dull questions, tiny things: where a certain fuse came from or an explosive or a car; or the exact spot, say, where Yanuka had planted a certain bomb. Kurtz's detailed knowledge, so casually displayed, was terrifying to Yanuka, whose reaction

was to shout at him and order him to keep quiet for reasons of security. Kurtz was puzzled by this.

"But why should I keep quiet?" he protested with the glazed stupidity that comes over people who have spent too long in prison, whether as guards or as inmates. "If your great brother won't keep quiet, what secrets are there left for me to preserve?"

He asked this question not as a revelation at all but as the logical outcome to a piece of common knowledge. While Yanuka was still staring wildly at him, Kurtz told him a few more things about himself that only his big brother could have known. There was nothing magical about this. After weeks of sifting through the boy's daily life, monitoring his phone calls and his correspondence—not to mention his dossier in Jerusalem from two years back—it was no wonder if Kurtz and his team were as familiar as Yanuka himself was with such minutiae as the safe addresses where his letters went to earth, the ingenious one-way system by which his orders were handed to him and the point at which Yanuka, like themselves, was cut off from his own command structure. What distinguished Kurtz from his predecessors was the evident indifference with which he referred to these items and his indifference, also, to Yanuka's reaction.

"Where is he?" Yanuka began screaming. "What have you done with him? My brother does not talk! He would never talk! How did you capture him?"

The deal was done in moments. Downstairs, as they crowded round the loudspeaker, a kind of awe settled over the entire room as they heard Kurtz, within three hours of his arrival, sweep away Yanuka's last defenses.

"As governor, I am limited to matters of administration," he explained. "Your brother is in a hospital cell downstairs; he is a little tired; naturally, one hopes he will live, but it will be some months before he can walk. When you have answered the following questions, I shall sign an order permitting you to share his accommodation and nurse him to recovery. If you refuse, you stay where you are." Then, to avoid any mistaken notions of chicanery, Kurtz produced for Yanuka the Polaroid color photograph they had rigged showing the barely recognizable face of Yanuka's brother peering out of a bloodstained prison blanket as the two guards carried him away from his interrogation.

But there again, the genius of Kurtz was never static. When Yanuka really started talking, Kurtz immediately grew a heart to match the poor boy's passion; suddenly, the old jailer needed to hear everything that the great fighter had ever said to his apprentice.

Yanuka talked. And by the time Kurtz returned downstairs, the team had obtained pretty well everything from him that was obtainable.



"A personal best for you, maybe."



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so I gave her a big incentive to stick around.”



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*"The theme music is from 'Chariots of Fire,' but Cranston, bald and cadaverous, looks like E.T."*

naked into their locker room. Fritz and Joan were left alone in the receiving line.

It is the second (or third) night of the 1982 Democratic National Party Conference. The nominating convention is two full years off, but Mondale and Kennedy are already running. Others are coming out of the blocks this weekend. None of them knows—God may not even know!—that Kennedy will quit in six months. Fritz is trying to stay ahead of the pack and narrow the gap between himself and Teddy.

His speech, in fact, is a Kennedy speech—traditional party values: full employment, compassion—delivered with vigor, except that Fritz tends to whine the lyrical passages. A return to the faith, in short, after semiapostasy as Jimmy Carter's V.P. Fritz has cash and an organization, but while Carter, thank God, isn't physically in Philadelphia, his ghost is still palpably monkeyed on Mondale's back. Come December, Fritz will be front runner by default; but being out front means being exposed and, thus, vulnerable, a lesson the next six months are going to teach Ted. Mondale may well be the party's best bet in a general election, since he doesn't polarize people strongly against him. But it's hard to give Kennedy speeches better than Kennedy does.

Stately, plump Ted Kennedy struts in behind a straw-hatted banjo jazz band, trailing a *cuadrilla* of groupies and aides—a pudgy El Cordobés on his way to the

plaza, where he clearly expects to cut two ears and the tail. Those few pols who still pretend to some dignity manage neither to gape nor to press toward him, but most of the room is at once in multiple orgasm. Kennedy swathes through, waving, baaing greetings, stopping to pump the paws and capture the platitudes. At these last, his face assumes a mask of joy; his gray mane shakes; his lion head nods proudly.

At length, he struts out to dispense charm in the other ballroom, taking about a third of those here with him, making the room momentarily spacious, permitting a view of the bar and the ravaged buffet.

Like the other more or less announced candidates, Alan Cranston has a trailer in the basement of the civic center. All weekend long, his small but excellent staff has been passing conference participants through it like sheep through a dip. You go into a room on the right and watch a movie. You go into a room in the middle and wait for a while. You go into a room on the left and chat with the Senator.

The movie shows Cranston in a track suit, loping around some park; Cranston taking a break and a dozen canned questions; Cranston loping again, building up speed. The theme music is from *Chariots of Fire*, but Cranston, bald and cadaverous, looks like E.T. Offscreen, though, in a business suit, he looks plainly terrestrial. He tells you a bit about his background.

He talks cogently about nuclear freeze (an idea that Kennedy has adroitly swiped from him and Senator Gary Hart). He takes uncanned questions.

Now he is taking a long one, embroidered with comment, from someone's precociously bright, self-important 11-year-old. He heeds with all appearance of attention. I don't mean to say he's enjoying the kid or the question; he's showing patience. And I think a patient President might not be bad; a long-distance President, not another sprinter, one who doesn't grin a hell of a lot.

John Glenn grins, but only in great moderation. When he does, he reminds one of Eisenhower, though the memory may also be conjured by his syntax. He is receiving a group of state party officials in his suite at the Plaza. We sit in a narrow horseshoe with Glenn at the prongs. He grinned once or twice shaking hands when we entered, but since then, he hasn't. He asks our views and answers our questions.

Exactly what he says isn't important. Just as, before, he reminded us of Ike, now, between the lines, he is reminding us that, dull as he is, he is touched with the glamor of space flight; that, as a former Marine colonel, he's well protected against attack from the right; that Ohio is a key state—in short, that he's electable. The others will have to watch out for Glenn if he ever gets himself a heavyweight staff.

A room at the Bellevue. Eight people sitting at a square table, two observers. The rules committee of the Democratic National Committee is getting through some dull but necessary business before proceeding to a reception outside town. Three months ago, the party reformed its reform. A commission chaired by Governor Jim Hunt of North Carolina excised absurdities enacted over years and somewhat ransomed the party's nomination from the media and restored it to the party in convention. The hope is for a more rational choice of nominee, one more likely to honor the party and have its support; hence, better equipped for both running and serving. At peace with itself at last, the party, through its national committee, adopted Hunt's rules without disturbing a comma and with no more show of resistance than a hangover victim puts up when offered a headache pill and a bloody mary. Now the rules committee is tying up a few loose ends.

The spectators are John Perkins, A.F.L.-C.I.O. political director, and his assistant. Their silent presence signifies more than what we at the table say. Organized labor has come home to the Democratic Party.

After ten years of estrangement, unseemly bickering, rows and the tossing of plates, infidelities on both sides and a few unsatisfying, brief reunions, the ardor is gone, but the couple can live together. Labor is coming through with the household money. The party has promised to be good. Perkins,



*"I like your place, Herb. It has ambience."*



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at an unspeakable personal sacrifice in boredom, is keeping an eye on it.

Civic center on Saturday, foreign-policy workshop. Eighty-odd participants and more than half as many spectators in a room ablaze with TV lights and evidently air conditioned by the same people who do the Bellevue Stratford's elevators. Shirt-sleeved, bright Senator Paul Tsongas is ticking us through amendments to the draft statement of the party's foreign posture like a Harvard prof holding an oral exam.

The amendment we're on concerns the Middle East, of more than usual concern this morning: The Israeli war machine is besieging Beirut. The amendment's author is Jewish—by profession as well as persuasion, as his text reflects. The speaker is Congressman Toby Moffett, of Lebanese

descent, with family in Lebanon. He is speaking *in support* and speaking forcefully.

How's that for a headline? "ARAB AND JEW AGREE ON MID-EAST STANCE!" Beats "MAN BITES DOG." Is this a *Democratic* conference?

Yes, indeed! The Democrats are united, for a change. Why may be expressed in the following equation: Party unity equals hunger for power times prospect of slaking same.

Essentially, the party has been on short rations for 15 years. What's left of it is very, very hungry. Its prospects of chowing down are looking up. Hence, it's united.

Moffett sits down. Tsongas calls the question. The amendment carries by voice vote, overwhelmingly.

One way to gauge the health of a collec-  
tion is to ask it to meet in Philadelphia, then

see if it shows up and can survive. That's what the Democratic Party did last summer.

Results were surprising. Nine hundred Democratic mullahs, muftis and Janizaries—most of us veterans on one side or the other of the jihads over Vietnam and party reform—gathered in an atmosphere of union and civility and discussed matters of faith for three days without anyone's so much as gripping the hilt of his scimitar, let alone spilling blood. For the rest, we watched the candidates, like belly dancers, undulate for our affections.

And celebrated. Candidates threw bashes. So did state delegations and lobbying groups. All over Philadelphia, fatted calves were butchered, for this our party was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found.

The group grope called politics gratifies



"Little people need to sow their oats, too, you know!"



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two urges: the urge to help the collective to ideal goals and the urge to help oneself to extra helpings. When humans yearn to establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare, acquire social or economic advantage, succor friends, injure enemies, be deferred to or feel important, they often seek political influence—commonly called power.

Parties are teams whose aim is winning power, but that doesn't mean they serve no useful purpose. Parties function as go-betweens in the messing around of governed and governing—less than marriage brokers but more than pimps. The public wants its troubles listened to, its doubts soothed, its ego fondled, its frustrations relieved, its needs and cravings ministered to. It will pay, in votes and otherwise, for those attentions. Politicians can provide them and want the fee. Parties help the two nuzzle up to each other and try to ensure that each gets what it's after.

Back in the palmy days before TV, when they were a pol's sole hope and refuge, parties enjoyed the institutional character of established hookshops, party bosses the respect due dependable bawds. The pols stayed in line, John Q. Public got serviced, parties prospered. Bosses took fair compensation in deference and graft. Only prudes refused to acknowledge that politics was a basic human appetite and activity. Only visionaries believed that politics might be pure. All the normal person hoped for was that politics might be performed in an orderly fashion, without offending decent folk too much, and it usually was. It's a current delusion that the withering of parties and the bosses' demise have somehow elevated American politics. The most obvious result, however, is that voters now get turkeys on Election Day instead of at Thanksgiving.

Parties also facilitate intercourse between the active and the contemplative dispositions, procuring ideas for politicians by encouraging thinkers to flash in their vicinity. Policy is fashioned from ideas, but politicians have none of their own. As Proust pointed out, "To repeat what everyone else is thinking is, in politics, the mark not of an inferior but of a superior mind."

From 1933 till the mid-Sixties, the Democratic Party functioned well. Its stable of pols heard the public's sad stories with sympathy and responded with vigorous motion to its desires for economic protection and social justice by seizing good ideas and turning them into policy. Its managers shilled up a majority of the American people and melded them into a flock of more or less steady and satisfied customers. American society was changed utterly, in the perception of most Americans for the better. Then the party of change fell out of step with the changes. During a decade and a half, the Democratic Party self-destructed. Success had made it overconfident.

I joined the Democratic National Committee in March 1967, before war poisoned the reign of Lyndon the Bounteous. John Bailey was chairman. Meetings produced a choral harmony that recalled Toscanini conducting Beethoven's *Ninth*. Not only was Bailey a consummate maestro; we members were disposed to follow his baton and sing the tune composed for us in the White House. There were private misgivings but no discordant notes in public. We sang, and then we went to supper.

I recall a supper at the Washington Hilton. The Cabinet supped with us; the President spoke. Journalists and other serfs were excluded. After reviewing in great good humor the domestic scene, the President turned his thoughts to Southeast Asia. And got exercised, as I think they say in Texas. And, at one point, bellowed, "If Mr. Ho Chi Minh thinks he can push me around, *he's crayzee!*"

Terrific, I said to myself. You got something personal with Ho, ask him to meet you outside the saloon at high noon; but leave the other 200,000,000 of us out of it.

That's when and why I stopped loving the war. The President converted me in person. Other Democrats, cleverer than I, were already converted. Many weren't. At its 1968 convention and for years thereafter, the Democratic Party tore itself apart. Not just over the war, though that would have been enough, but over the matter of minority representation, too. The great national struggles over the Vietnam war and racial equality were fought in the Democratic Party.

Once the lists were drawn between regulars and liberals, the two opposed each other no matter what. I remember a meeting before the 1974 conference in Kansas City at which delegate Joe Crangle of New York proposed including God in the party's charter. God won—but by only a close margin—after heated debate.

To serve on the national committee was to find oneself in a wilderness of monkeys, all howling inarticulately, some flinging excrement. After one vituperative session in Washington, I came upon Bailey (no longer chairman but a member for Connecticut) taking refreshment at the Mayflower.

"I don't know what's wrong with Larry O'Brien," he lamented in reference to the chairman at the time. "I ran this committee eight years without one roll-call vote."

But there was nothing wrong with O'Brien. As the N.B.A. knows, he, too, is a gifted maestro. The party had simply broken to smatters, and the committee that represented it had become unrunnable. Saint Francis of Assisi couldn't have gentled it.

The party turned inward. Having made society over, it remade itself. Thus distracted—and discomfited by mental obesity born of success—party managers ignored innovations in fund raising and

information handling, so that the party became dependent on a few fat cats and was late to enter the computer age. Party politicians stopped listening to the public, ceased eying new ideas and kept turning the old trick of programmatic legislation in increasingly kinky ways—programs for left-handed midgets, for monoglot Kurds—that satisfied few voters and disgusted many. The Democratic Party stopped providing satisfaction and proclaimed its virtue instead—very annoying conduct in a go-between.

Meanwhile, the nature of politics had altered, and the influence of parties had declined, with the advent to the scene of other go-betweens. Single-interest lobbies set up assignments with the state for political fetishists. Pollsters and direct-mail specialists arranged antiseptic contacts between pols and constituents that helped the pols get elected but were so technologically prophylactic that little feeling got through in either direction. Television enabled candidates to peddle themselves to the public without much help from their parties; hence, without kicking back much power to them or being restrained by them once in office. The effect resembled that of a stringent vice code that all but closes down the established houses but does not stop vice—merely makes it disorderly, brings a proliferation of callgirls and streetwalkers, higher prices and lower levels of hygiene.

In this altered, dehumanized state of American politics, the party boss gave way to the media advisor, or political pimp. Democratic Party reform, favoring primaries over caucuses, unknowns over established figures, enhanced that character's effectiveness. The result was Jimmy Carter. In an ecstasy of irresponsibility, we Democrats reformed our party to the point where its nomination might be swiped by a man with small experience of and less talent for government, with no ties to or any love for the party, whose only attributes (one can't call them qualifications) were the lack of a record to criticize, a soothing tube presence and a single-minded drive to be President. The other party's troubles allowed him to win.

As Carter abundantly proved (and Reagan is proving), the cathode tube can elect, but it cannot govern. One needs a strong party for that in a democracy—one of the numerous facts of political life that no one ever told Carter. He distrusted his party and contrived to weaken it further. In his hypocritical yen to seem above politics, he made party activism a reason to disqualify competent people for public appointments, thus punishing instead of rewarding party allegiance. He gave party leaders (who, as experienced professionals, might have helped him correct his bungling and bumbling) no more access to the White House than they might have





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enjoyed had Gerald Ford been returned. And he named to his staff, and to that of the national committee, a rabble of mean and insolent little men who poisoned his relations with the party's majority in the Congress and treated party stalwarts with scorn and contempt and, far from repairing the party's rusty machinery, suffered it to crumble entirely. Then, after all that and despite his lack of favor with the electorate, the party let Carter have its nomination again.

That was the last straw. Reality caught up with the Democratic Party. In 1980, it took a fearful thrashing. None could say, in conscience, that it was undeserved.

But sometimes a defeated party's hopes are improved (and its unity thus supplied) by an outstanding figure who comforts it in the long Egyptian night and sustains it in the Negeb and points the way to the land of milk and honey. Such a Moses has come forth to succor the Democrats. His name is Ronald Reagan.

One of the main reasons the Democratic Party fell from grace with the public was its success in achieving its agenda. The public came to feel adequately protected against economic depression and unemployment, came to think social justice had gone far enough. It traded those old needs in on new ones—protection against inflation, relief from high taxes—and turned to the Republicans for satisfaction. But Reagan's stewardship of the economy has brought depression and rising unemployment, rekindling the public's craving for protection against them. His callous readiness to pile the economic burden on those least able to bear it or make their squeals heard, his blatant trucking to the rich and powerful reawaken the public's desire for fairness. Reagan is making the Democratic Party's old tricks attractive again.

The party came to look irresponsible on national defense. Reagan is repairing that damage, too. The public, world-wide, has a bad case of nuclear jitters, yet Reagan has neglected arms control and seems eager (thank you, Mark Shields of *The Washington Post*) "to put MX missiles in unmarked cars on the New Jersey Turnpike and give every second lieutenant his or her own nuclear device." He makes the Democrats look more competent as defense stewards.

The Democrats seemed too permissive on social issues. Reagan's Moral Majority backers make them appear mature and sane, instead. If the Moral Majority were to have its way, courts would provide death by stoning not just for sinners taken in adultery but for married folks who depart from the missionary position. The public at large, however, is somewhat less strict. Where sex is concerned, it seems to favor being stoned during. The Moral Majority isn't a popular movement but a hypocrites' lobby. It mouths about God but actually worships mammon, whence cometh its clout, collecting vast sums and dumping them into the campaign cup.

And then the organ-grinder must feed his monkey. The more attention Reagan gives the Moral Majority, the more aid and comfort he gives the Democratic Party.

Reagan is the restorer of the party's hopes, the architect of its unity. He is to it what rape is to the *National Enquirer*: disapproved of but indispensable.

In the altered, largely dehumanized state of our politics, the public grows increasingly volatile, flinging parties in and out of office, for both it and the parties have changed. TV and other agents have blurred the regional, ethnic, class and religious distinctions that once divided the American public into blocs that voted more or less consistently. Meanwhile (thank you, Alan Baron, editor of *The Baron Report*), "the parties realigned themselves into ideological consistency and realigned the public out of the process."

The Republican Party gathers off on the right. The Democratic Party collects on the left. The public, somewhere in the middle, has no loyalty to either. The country, meanwhile, declines, is less and less industrially competitive, diplomatically influential, financially stable and militarily potent. The decline is, at least in part, a natural down from an unnatural high; but whatever the cause, the public doesn't like it. Each party, in turn, makes it a little worse. Like the ball in a tennis game, the public is swatted from one to the other, not so much drawn by any hope of satisfaction as repelled by disgust with whoever's in power. So, now, the Democratic Party waits with growing confidence for Reagan to drive the public back into its court.

A pink *discothèque* with Marlon Brando posters at the bottom of a Philadelphia hotel, but this isn't a bash; it's a seminar. Gary Hart, who looks like a good-looking Abe Lincoln, has picked some experts as sidemen and is tooting at issues with proper Presidential gravity.

I've heard Hart before. Some of his phrases seem designed to charm the disco's regular patrons. "Nonprogrammatic methods of achieving social justice," for example—about as likely of discovery as nonfattening methods of eating Nesselrode pie. On the other hand, I've read the position papers Hart sent each of us participants before the conference. He's culled some excellent ideas on military reform, a key item on any agenda that would arrest the national decline.

Of all the candidates, Hart is running hardest. Reubin Askew, for instance, who will not speak at the conference but leaves no room unworked, is running for Vice-President, seeking to be a force at the 1984 convention. Ernest Hollings of South Carolina is as competent a man to be President as there is in the country, but Jimmy Carter has made things tough for Southerners and Hollings knows it. Hart, however, has the fire in the belly. That's enough to make him hard to count out.

His act is new ideas. Partly, I guess,

because he believes in them and partly because it's the only act now open to him. And partly, I think, Hart is right. The tactical advantage of being out is that you don't need a program tying you down. You need only attack the program of whoever's in. But if Reagan does put us back in power, only good, fresh ideas will keep us there or justify having sought people's votes. The younger Democratic officeholders are lusting after fresh ideas with a mental horniness not witnessed since the early Thirties or the late Fifties—a hopeful sign.

The hall on Sunday, Kennedy is speaking. His first big speech of the 1984 campaign and, though none of us knows it, not even he, his last. Showing another talent, he delivers it like Pavarotti singing Verdi.

*Robusto*, asserting old values (and swiping at Hart): "Rethinking our ideas must never be an excuse for retreating from our ideals."

*Buffo*, roasting Reagan: "If Ronald Reagan doesn't know the facts about how this recession began, then Ed Meese ought to wake him up and tell him."

*Livico*: "Our hearts are bright, our cause is right and our day is coming again."

We participants love it. It's restful and exciting at the same time. The hall is tiny to begin with. Kennedy's people have packed it with an unnecessary claque 400 strong. Breakers of cheers and applause foam up to the podium, laying the candidate momentarily pure of all defect. His speech is doing the same for us as a party.

Leaving the hall. Still flush with faith but reason returning. One hopes that if Reagan makes the party's old values attractive enough to put it back in power, its current lust for fresh ideas will provide the matrix for sensible policy. Which will have to be innovative, for the country, too, has fallen out of pace with change. Looking backward won't work, and there's the Democratic Party's justification. If the country is to be led into step with reality—something by no means certain—Democrats will do it.

One hopes, besides—almost beyond hope—that both parties will recover true vigor, become less ideological, more attuned to the public, thus able to gather it into broad, enduring flocks. In the past two decades, we have had one President shot, two hounded from office, one named by his predecessor and dismissed by the voters, another flung out by landslide at the first chance, and an incumbent who seems destined to go likewise: the sort of politics that would shame a banana republic. Healthy political parties cannot be virginal. The business they're in scarcely permits the semblance of respectability. At best, they're no better than worldly old go-betweens with both eyes on the main chance but tempered by a yen to give satisfaction. They make for stable politics, however. One wishes them well.







*"Before you go, honey—a souvenir for my patchwork."*



*"It is remarkable how many people who certainly know basic financial terms fail fully to understand them."*

tired waiting, but if you can establish that you are one of that misanthrope's 4000-odd legitimate heirs, you may now have some money coming to you. Since 1873, Corrêa's estate has grown to an estimated 12 billion dollars.

Benjamin Franklin had much the same idea, only with higher purpose. Inventive to the end, he left £1000 each to Boston and Philadelphia. The cities were to lend the money, at interest, to worthy apprentices. Then, after a century, they were to employ part of the fortune Franklin envisioned to construct some public work, while continuing to invest the rest.

One hundred ninety-two years later, when last I checked, Boston's fund exceeded \$3,000,000, even after having been drained to build Franklin Union, and was being lent at interest to medical school students. Philadelphia's fund was smaller, but it, too, had been put to good use. All this from an initial stake of £2000!

And then there was the king who held a chess tournament among the peasants—I may have this story a little wrong, but the point holds—and asked the winner what he wanted as his prize. The peasant, in apparent humility, asked only that a single kernel of wheat be placed for him on the first

square of his chessboard, two kernels on the second, four on the third—and so forth. The king fell for it and had to import grain from Argentina for the next 700 years. Eighteen and a half million trillion kernels, or enough, if each kernel is a quarter inch long (which it may not be; I've never seen wheat in its pre-English-muffin form), to stretch to the sun and back 391,320 times.

That was nothing more than one kernel's compounding at 100 percent per square for 64 squares. It is vaguely akin to the situation with our national debt.

Just as the peasant could fool the king, so are we peasants now and again fooled. For decades, for example, one of the most basic deceptions in the sale of life insurance has been what is called the net-cost comparison.

Without sitting you down at the kitchen table and walking you through the whole thing (it being difficult to sit and walk simultaneously), suffice it to say that whole-life insurance, seemingly expensive, could be shown by the insurance professional to cost *nothing*. For after 20 or 30 years, your accumulated cash value and dividends could exceed all the premiums you had paid in!

The only thing this comparison ignores is the time value of money—the fact that all those premiums, had they been accruing interest on *your* behalf, might have been worth far more than the amount with which the life-insurance company was willing to credit you.

"Do you realize," I have been asked angrily by life-insurance salesmen, "that we have policies now that can be paid up after just eight or nine years?" They ask it as if the companies were doing an incredible, unappreciated, magnanimous thing, when, of course, the *reason* no additional premiums are due after the first eight or nine years is simply that the excess charged in those years is enough, when compounded at today's extraordinary interest rates, to fund the policy forever after. There is no magic here, no magnanimity, merely the workings of compound interest.

It is remarkable how many people, while they certainly know such terms as interest and return on investment, fail fully to understand them.

Say you borrowed \$1000 from a friend and paid it back at the rate of \$100 a month for a year. What rate of interest would that be?

A lot of bright people will answer 20 percent. After all, you borrowed \$1000 and paid back \$1200, so what else could it be? *Forty percent?*

No. More.

If you'd had use of the full \$1000 for a year, then \$200 would, indeed, have constituted 20 percent interest. But you had full use of it for only the first month, at the end of which you began paying it back. By the end of the tenth month, far from having use of \$1000, you no longer had use of *any* of the money. So you were paying \$200 in the



*"My left hemisphere couldn't agree more with what you're saying, but my right hemisphere intuits that it's all a load of rubbish."*



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last two months of the year for the right to have used an average of \$550 for each of the first ten. That comes to a bit more than a 41.25 percent effective rate of interest. (Trust me.)

Because this sort of thing is complicated, there are truth-in-lending laws requiring creditors to show, in bold type, what they're really charging for money. (Well, they show nominal rates, not effective rates, but it's close enough.) Unfortunately, no similar disclosure law applies to life insurance.

Or tuna fish.

There's this national magazine, you see, which shall remain nameless, that is published by Time, Inc., and that specializes in matters of personal finance. It ran a story not long ago, "Bargainmania," about some very strange people—among them, a man who bought 25 years' worth of laundry detergent because it was on sale and a woman who spent the better part of a day and drove 25 miles to buy 18 frozen chickens at 56 cents a pound. The next day, they went on sale at her local market for 53 cents.

One of the people ridiculed in that story was a young and handsome financial writer who shall, in fairness, also remain nameless, but who had bought a case of tuna fish years earlier at his neighborhood supermarket for 59 cents a can. "Yet for all his trouble," the story scoffed (*what trouble?*), the annual tax-free return on his "investment" will turn out to be only "about eight percent once the tuna is all consumed nearly two years hence."

A letter to the editor, shrill but not hysterical, was dispatched to point out that the

magazine had miscalculated. Even granting its assumption that the world would be seized by a tuna glut, severely depressing prices, the tax-free rate of return worked out to about 16 percent a year, compounded, not eight percent.

The point was not so much that the case of tuna fish had turned out to be a reasonable thing to buy—which, in its own entirely trivial way, it had—but that compound-interest and rate-of-return calculations were the sort of thing that a national monthly magazine specializing in personal finance should be able to perform.

In response to the letter came a note from a very high-ranking editor at the magazine, saying he wasn't sure they "should be eating crow" just yet and enclosing a "documented analysis" explaining how the eight percent figure had been arrived at (it had been arrived at wrong)—as though all this were open to opinion rather than a simple matter of lower mathematics or, simpler still, of punching the appropriate buttons on a pocket calculator. (Those who have calculators and care, see the box on this page.)

It was one thing for an error to slip into the story—these things can happen to anyone. But once the error had been flagged?

If compound-interest-rate calculations knit your brow, therefore, fret not. You're in distinguished company.

All you really need to know—or a good start, anyway—is the rule of 72. It says: To determine approximately how fast an investment will double, divide the interest rate into 72.

Seventy-two divided by three is 24; money invested at three percent, compounded, doubles in just under 24 years.

Seventy-two divided by 12 is six; money invested at 12 percent, compounded, doubles in six years. Why does this work? *No one knows.* It works because it's a rule.

Because money invested at 12 percent, compounded, does, indeed, double every six years, in 31 and a half years (the time remaining on my 200 New Hampshire zero-coupon bonds), each of my little \$26.25 investments will double five times and then grow for another year and a half. At that point, I will be 66 (not a pretty thought); the New Hampshire State Housing Authority may or may not be solvent; and a box of Jujufruits may cost \$48.

Wherein lie the two principal risks of these, or any other, long-term bonds: insolvency (what good is a \$1000 promise if it's broken?) and inflation (Jujufruits have already moved up from a dime a box to a half dollar).

There is always the possibility that the killer bees, already laying waste to Houston, will by 2014 reach New Hampshire and render it all but uninhabitable. Or that the backing on which these bonds rest—namely, the full faith and credit of 1800 illegal aliens in a low-income housing project—will somehow be impaired.

And, as I say, there's the Jujufruit risk: If inflation should compound as fast as my bonds, then \$200,000 in 2014 will buy precisely what \$5300 buys today.

But the killer bees may veer off toward Missouri, and Jujufruits may begin to level off. Should inflation and interest rates return to "normal" levels any time soon—four percent having been a perfectly respectable return on municipal bonds throughout much of this century, and six percent having been the rate as recently as 1978—then I will, indeed, be sitting pretty watching my bonds compound tax-free at 12 percent. (There is one teentsy-weentsy catch here, to which I will return.)

Others will have locked in high yields on interest-bearing 30-year bonds, but they will not be sitting so pretty. Most long-term bonds issued today include "call" provisions. Today's municipals are typically callable after ten years. At that point, they can be paid off. You may be locked into the Reno Desalination Project for 40 years, but the Reno Desalination Project is locked into you for only ten. Thus, just as you may be planning to refinance your high-interest mortgage when interest rates drop, so are most states and cities hoping to refinance *their* high-interest debt.

Most zero-coupon bonds can't be called. What good would it do? Calling a bond ordinarily means buying it back at par or a little above. So—go ahead! Buy back my little \$26.25 investments at \$1000 each! That is something even the feeblest of state controllers is not likely to propose.

In the event that interest rates do fall, there is a second enormous advantage to

**T**ime, Inc.'s magazine of personal finance assumed that 144 cans of tuna fish had been purchased at 59 cents each (the "investment") and that they were consumed ("sold") at the rate of 25 a year for 5.75 years—at 79 cents the first year, 89 cents the second, 99 cents the third, \$1.09 the fourth and (because of the tuna glut) just 89 cents thereafter.

Some calculators allow you to plug in these numbers, press a button and obtain your result. Or you can look at it this way: The first 25 cans of tuna, eaten over the course of the first year, were "sold" for 79 cents each. If they had all been eaten the last day of the year, that would have been a 20-cent profit on each 59-cent purchase, or about 34 percent for the year. But because they were consumed steadily over the course of the year, one every two weeks or so, the *average* can in

that first year's batch was held just half a year. The rate of return was, thus, twice as good—about 68 percent. On the next batch of 25 cans, bought for 59 cents and sold over the course of the second year for 89 cents, the profit per can was 30 cents, and the average holding time of the cans was a year and a half. To earn 30 cents on 59 cents in a year and a half is to earn 31.5 percent compounded annually. The third batch, held for an average of two and a half years and sold for 99 cents, represented a 23 percent compounded annual return; the fourth, 19 percent; the fifth (assuming the tuna glut), 9.5 percent. Only on the last few cans would the compounded annual rate of return have been eight percent.

Using the going rate for tuna fish—two cans were enclosed with the letter to the editor (making it a package to the editor)—the return on even those last few cans would have exceeded 17 percent.



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



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.



zero-coupon bonds. Not only am I guaranteed my 12 percent until 2014—it is 12 percent, *compounded*. Purchasers of ordinary long-term bonds may continue to get high interest—but what will they earn in interest *on that*? A bond that pays 12 percent but from which the interest can be reinvested at only, say, six percent, will grow not to \$1000 from \$26.25 by the year 2014 but to a paltry \$305.

So much for the advantages of zero-coupon bonds. Bear in mind the following:

1. As with any long-term bonds, the issuer could go broke.

2. Likewise, if interest rates rise, the value of the zero-coupon bond will fall. Eventually, it will rise to its full \$1000 face value, but eventually is a long way off.

3. The Internal Revenue Service was not born yesterday. Even though zero-coupon bonds pay no interest, you are taxed as if they did. If the bond is geared to grow by 12 percent a year to maturity, then you pay tax each year as if you'd received 12 percent interest. (The exception: municipal zeros, which, like any other municipal bonds, are Federal-income-tax-free.)

Obviously, this makes taxable zero-coupon bonds a crummy investment, except for tax-sheltered funds, such as IRAs and Keogh plans. (There they are excellent. Call your broker for details.)

4. Although you can sell zero-coupon bonds, like any other long-term bond, any time you want, the market in most of these issues will be thin. Thin, inactive markets mean big spreads for the market makers.

5. The advantages of zero-coupon bonds and their handiness with respect to IRAs and Keoghs will be reflected in their price. The more popular they become, the less attractive they will be. My New Hampshire State Housing Authority zeros, purchased at \$26.25, will yield 12 percent, compounded, to maturity. By January 1983, other things being equal, they should have risen to about \$30 on their long 12 percent, compounded, climb to \$1000. Should they have been bid up to, say, \$45, instead, there would be substantially less incentive to buy them, for at that price they would be yielding only 10.52 percent to maturity.\*

6. In the case of this particular New

*\*How do I know this so fast? I press 45 on my Texas Instruments MBA calculator and then the button marked PV (present value—what I'm paying today). Then I press 1000 and the FV button (future value—what I'll get, God willing, tomorrow). Then I press 31 and the N button (the number of years until tomorrow). Then I press CPT (compute) %I (interest rate). I wait exactly two seconds. During this time (as I understand it), a message is bounced off a satellite and down to Texas Instruments, where a fellow in a green eyeshade with a cactus on his desk whips out paper and pencil, does the calculation and shoots it back up to New York before the Japanese even know that there has been a little bit of business to bid on. This is the same fellow who used to do the customized research reports for owners of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" that always used to arrive a week or two after your term paper was due. He's gotten much faster.*

Hampshire State Housing Authority bond issue (rated AA, no less—apparently, there's more behind them than 1800 indigent aliens, after all), there is the aforementioned teentsy-weentsy little catch. *Most* zero-coupon bonds can't be called. As I've said, what good would it do? But these and some other zero-coupon municipals are callable at the issuer's discretion—not at their ultimate \$1000 face value but in accordance with an "accretion schedule" that starts at a pittance, like your bond, and rises each year at 12 percent.

So if long-term interest rates drop dramatically, say goodbye to your New Hampshire zeros. They will be called back in by the Housing Authority. Just one more example of the First Law of Finance: IF IT LOOKS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE, YOU HAVEN'T READ THE PROSPECTUS.

I could tell you about *subzero* coupon bonds, where you pay *them* interest; but these are not yet off the drawing board (or on it, so far as I know). I could tell you about tontines, in which not only your money but the money of all your grade school classmates compounds magnificently on your behalf, should you be the last one left alive to claim it; but these have fallen out of fashion.

Available and in fashion are the aforementioned IRAs and Keogh plans. Some 14,000,000 new IRAs were established in the first 90 days of 1982 alone. IRAs provide a discipline to save (the discipline comes in the extra taxes you pay if you don't save), and they also allow money, once under the IRA umbrella, to compound free of taxes.

But is there really any reason for a guy in his 20s, say, and maybe not even in so high a tax bracket, to bother with one of these things?

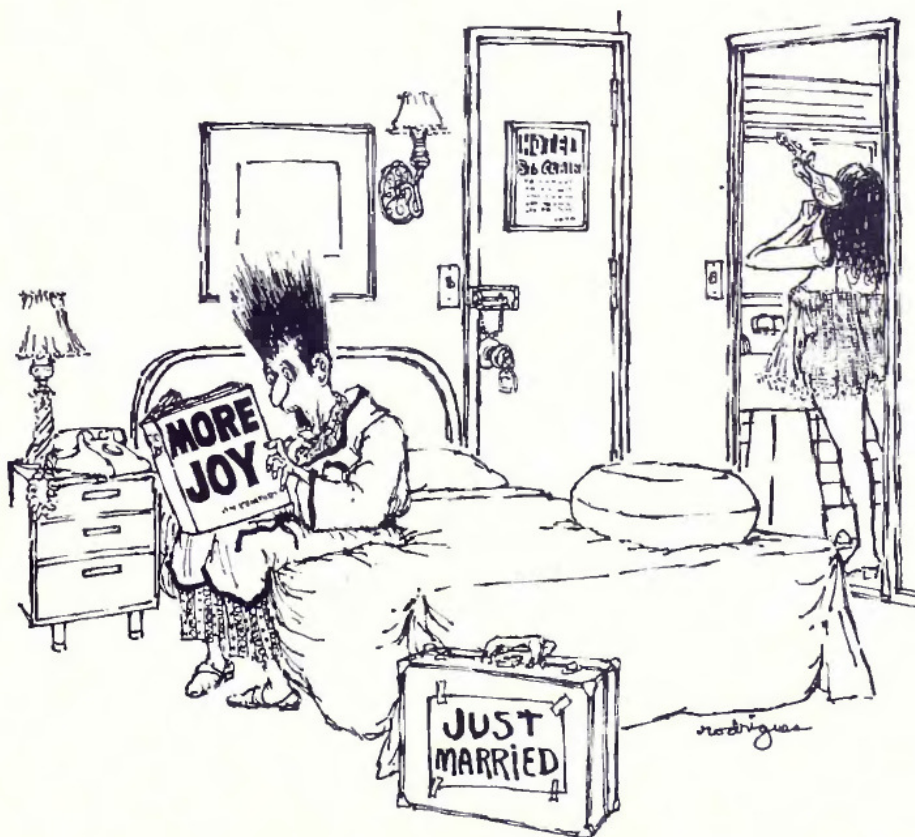
Far be it from me to counsel anything so dull. I have most of my own fortune tied up in Japanese antiques (four-year-old videotape recorders). But did you know that \$2000 compounded at eight percent (after taxes) grows to \$43,449 in 40 years—but to \$377,767 at 14 percent sheltered from taxes in an IRA? Or that putting away \$2000 a year at 12 percent, beginning at the age of 35, builds to \$482,665 by 65—but to \$1,534,183 if you start ten years earlier?

However little \$377,767 will buy in 40 years, it will buy more than \$43,449. However paltry \$1,534,183, it will be less paltry than \$482,665.

Two final notes:

1. The national magazine eventually saw the light and called to apologize.

2. The IRS has been doing some thinking about compound interest, too. Taxpayers have always been liable for interest on overdue taxes; as of January 1, 1983, however, that interest is being compounded. Daily.





# Dexter, USA

Even at night, you can feel the rhythm of the city.

New York.

It hums with the energy of the best and the brightest.

It excites with the sounds and smells of a hundred different countries.

New York. The beginning of life in America for millions of us and our families.

New York. An American phenomenon. Like Dexter shoes.

You see, every pair of Dexter shoes is made right here in America. Always have been. Always will be. Maybe that's why we're the country's largest independent shoemaker.

New York and Dexter shoes. Both alive with the spirit of America.



**Dexter**  
Shoemakers to America

America is at your feet.



*"A punk rocker ordered a Dead Rat. Without missing a beat, Caldwell shook up Scotch and Chartreuse."*

employed adult picks up the tab. You won't find any mustache burners at Mory's, the adopted home of the Yale underclasses for more than a century. If nothing else, Mory's knows decorum. The name, incidentally, honors the original proprietors, Frank and Jane Moriarty—English publicans who provided hospitality with "none of the sad trappings and miserable pomp of the saloon," according to a local historian.

Today, Mory's Association is a private club with more than 18,000 members; only Yale undergraduates, alumni and some university staff need apply. Mory's is housed in a Colonial-style building, erected sometime before 1817, in what is now downtown New Haven. The Whiffenpoofs, an all-male student chorus, sing at Mory's every Monday evening. A distaff counterpart, the New Blue, supplies close harmony on Thursdays. Mory's Association did not relinquish its males-only regulation easily. It took a lawsuit and revocation of the club's liquor license before the board of governors agreed to open the doors to women.

Due to such irritations, perhaps, Mory's does not welcome publicity of any kind. Nevertheless, there's no doubt as to the membership's favorite libations—the house specials called Cups. These are served in deep, two-handled silver pots, something like loving cups; hence the name. The Cups are mostly identified by

color—Red, Green and Gold—plus one called Velvet. In keeping with Mory's close-to-the-vest policy, recipes are not divulged. However, an undercover spy reveals that all but the Red Cup have a champagne base. The Velvet Cup is a mixture of beer and champagne. The Gold Cup contains orange juice and, possibly, a little triple sec. Grenadine is responsible for the bright hue of the Red Cup. When it comes to the popular Green Cup, your guess is as good as ours.

Another multiple mouthful, the Scorpion Bowl, is a favorite drink at the Hong Kong Restaurant in Harvard Square—virtually on the Harvard campus. Manager Bill Lee introduced it to Harvard, where students promptly renamed it Perverted Punch. It's a shared drink that takes ten shots of liquor ("the basic bar stock," says Lee), plus syrups, ice and pineapple, grapefruit, lemon and lime juices.

Princeton University is awash in historic drinking spots. The American Whig Cliosophic Society's Whig Hall may be the most venerable. James Madison, Aaron Burr and Woodrow Wilson were among the members of this political and debating society. The current Whig Clio rage is the Zionist Preppie—equal parts of Kahlúa and cola over ice. Mixed in pitchers and quaffed from plastic cups during Friday-afternoon croquet matches on Cannon Green, the drink is deceptively potent.

Matches break up after the second round, "because no one's making it through a wicket." A restaurant and bar, The Annex, located below a barbershop on Nassau Street, may be the liveliest Tiger watering hole. Bill Caldwell, a dropout chemistry major, presides at the bar. Caldwell thinks that his lab experience helps his mixmanship, and he may be right. The bar is packed six or seven deep with parched Princetonians on a busy night. The Toasted Almond—Kahlúa, amaretto and cream—and the Slow Screw—Southern Comfort, sloe gin and orange juice—are well received. Not long ago, a punk rocker swaggered up to the bar and ordered a Dead Rat. Without missing a beat, Caldwell shook up Scotch and yellow Chartreuse with ice and strained the mixture into a cocktail glass. The rocker downed the drink without a word and left.

The bar at Gallagher's Steak House in Manhattan is a hangout for jocks, sports buffs and students from the city's many colleges. The jocks drink anything from straight orange juice to straight 100-proof vodka. The students lean to Leroux'n Brew—Leroux Peppermint Schnapps and ice-cold beer.

"The hottest spot in the vicinity of Syracuse University is Sutter's Mill & Mining Company," according to co-owner Joe Rinaldo, who's not exactly objective. The spacious oak dance floor sees a lot of action, and so does the 80-foot, horseshoe-shaped mahogany bar with its old-fashioned brass foot rail. The bar seats 40 people, who lean to domestic and imported bottled beer and Genesec, a local brew, on tap. Popular mixed drinks include all kinds of fruit coladas, banana and strawberry daiquiris, the Frozen Sombrero—Kahlúa and cream blended with crushed ice—and the Alabama Slammer. This last is a lusty drink: 1½ ounces each of vodka, tequila, sloe gin and triple sec, topped with orange juice and grenadine, served in a tall glass.

At Scooter's in Atlanta, a Slammer of a different ilk is favored by the ramblin' wrecks from Georgia Tech. Scooter's Slammer calls for a splash of José Cuervo Gold in a shot glass, with a light nip of Sprite or ginger ale. You cover the glass with your fingers, slam it down on the bar and knock it back immediately, all in one quick motion. On Schnapps Night, a guy costumed as a peppermint candy runs around pouring schnapps at all the tables. But the favorite indoor sport of Yellow Jacket underclassmen is the Slammer contest. At Scooter's, entries are measured on a Slammer machine. A timer starts when the shot glass is slammed down and stops when the drained glass is put back on the pad. Shortest elapsed time wins, of course.

Antic drinking habits seem indigenous to Southern citadels of learning. Hogwash, made with 100-proof Yukon Jack, orange juice and grenadine, is relished by the Razorbacks of the University of Arkansas,



*"Can't you see what I'm trying to say, Nancy? I want you to be part of my mid-life crisis."*



# MICHELOB



*Some things speak for themselves*



and the Shoot and Holler is very big during the school's South of the Border spring event. This is really a Slammer with sound effects, requiring a raucous "Who, pig!" as the empty glass hits the bar, followed by a soulful "Sooooie!" from anyone within earshot. Arkansas State University is located in Jonesboro, in a dry county. Natives opine that the ten-mile stretch of road leading south to west Poinsett County may be the state's most heavily traveled highway on weekends. The Sweater—white tequila and a *jalapeño* pepper—is the latest kick.

South Georgia College is known for Flaming Blue Steel—a drink that leaves you glowing. As served at the Fern Bank in Douglas, Georgia, it calls for Steel peppermint schnapps and blue curaçao, with a float of 151-proof rum. Ignite and imbibe—and good luck!

An inclination toward pyromania is not limited to the students of South Georgia. The Phi Kappa Psi at Colorado University are partial to the Flaming 151 Shot—the mustache torcher previously alluded to. For a change of pace, they amble over to Zeke's bar, where proprietor Chuck Barondess plies them with Sierra coffee, created in honor of the topflight Buffalo ski team. The drink starts with hot coffee in a mug, to which Frangelico liqueur, Tia Maria, California brandy and sugar are added, with a dollop of whipped cream.

Residents of the Delta Upsilon house at the University of Houston are true scholars and display a manifest thirst for learning, as exemplified by the Flaming Depth Charge. First, place a beer-filled mug on the bar. Set a shot glass of some high-proof spirit beside it. Drizzle more of the spirit around the base of the mug and ignite. When the bar starts to smolder, light the liquor in the shot glass. Now, don't yank the fire bell; simply kerplunk the flaming shot glass into the mug from on high and down the drink. Properly performed, the splash will extinguish both blazes and rescue the bar in the nick of time.

New Orleans is the mecca of Southwest collegiate bibbers, and Pat O'Brien's, in the heart of the Vieux Carré, is their major temple of worship. O'Brien's, billed as the McDonald's of liquor, claims the title for volume of spirits sold at a single location, and students have played a major role in setting that figure. Fun lovers from LSU, Tulane, Mississippi State, Alabama and Florida State beat a path to P.O.'s all year long, and during the N.C.A.A. tourney and Sugar Bowl week, they pile in from all over the United States. The big drink here, in all ways, is the Hurricane Punch: a monster consisting largely of rum, tropical-fruit punch and ice in a 29-ounce Hurricane glass. The Rainbow, which barmaid Cheryl Markward describes as a "college kids' dream, because it's cheap, good-tasting and gives you a quick buzz," is right up there with the Hurricane. It's a

patriotic drink made with red grenadine, white 190-proof grain spirits and blue curaçao, plus collins mix.

The Tombs, in Washington, D.C., has also been known to pour a Hurricane Punch, news of which was brought by University of Georgetown pilgrims returning from a hadj to O'Brien's. The Tombs has its house specialties: Jamaican Dusk shooters—rum, Tia Maria and pineapple juice; Melon Balls—vodka, Midori melon liqueur and orange juice; and Autumn in New York—dark crème de cacao, crème de menthe and vanilla ice cream.

Indiana groves of academe seem to be spawning grounds for drinks with racy titles. "First we think of a name," confided a scholar from Indiana University, "then we work up a drink to match." He didn't say who thought up the Flying Fuck—151-proof rum, white crème de menthe and schnapps belted from a shot glass. Sane people don't drink more than one. They sell Flying Fucks at The Hopp, a student bar in Bloomington, and give you one free on your 21st birthday. Other Hoosier fancies are Hairy Buffaloes—Hawaiian Punch and anything alcoholic—and Wild Turkey 101, which some people like to shoot from juice glasses.

Not to be outdone by IU, Purdue University has its own salty concoction, the Colorado Motherfucker—this despite the fact that Purdue is located in Indiana. The drink calls for vodka, tequila, Kahlúa, plus splashes of half-and-half and cola. Along with imported and domestic beers and Myers's dark rum and cola, it's a popular sip at The Stabilizer bar, which is two blocks from the Boilermaker campus.

Since Evanston, Illinois, is the home of the W.C.T.U., liquor permits are doled out like emeralds. This has been a source of friction over the years between townies and students of Northwestern University. Consequently, most of the social action is handled by the fraternity and sorority houses. Northwestern's major frolic is the year-end wingding sponsored jointly by the Psi Upsilon and the Alpha Tau Omegas. From two P.M. to two A.M., a live rock-'n'-roll band gives forth on a platform set between the houses. As many as 4000 students stroll about amiably or populate the roofs and balconies of the two frat houses, sucking up beer or sipping punch ladled from garbage cans. The punch is a mixture of fruit juice and whatever hard liquor comes to hand. Psi Upsilon president Sandy Kolkey thinks it tastes *something* like a Planter's Punch. Student bartender Craig Haft also whips up batches of Long Island Iced Tea during rush week—"when there's a party every night"—and at the Colorado Company restaurant, a Wildcat oasis in Evanston. Mixed in a five-gallon pot, Iced Tea calls for a lot of lemonade, plus vodka, gin, rum, tequila, triple sec and enough cola to tint the libation the color of tea.

Campus frolics at Arizona State are centered on Rocket Fuel, and students have been known to go into orbit on the stuff. Not surprising, since the potion calls for 190-proof Everclear grain spirits, 151-proof Puerto Rican rum and 114 barrel proof Old Grand-Dad, tamed with an infusion of fruit juices. Things aren't too different at the Lunt Avenue Marble Club, a cozy offcampus Sun Devil retreat. The drink is the Bomb. It takes Scotch, bourbon, 151-proof Puerto Rican rum, Jamaican rum, grenadine, orange juice and pineapple juice in a 20-ounce glass. *Aficionados* of the aptly named drink are known as Bombers. Students with a hankering for Mom's Strawberry Shortcake can have it at Oscar's, another local pub. It's made with amaretto, crème de cacao, California brandy, ice cream and fresh strawberries. Not quite Mom's recipe but guaranteed to assuage the pangs of nostalgia.

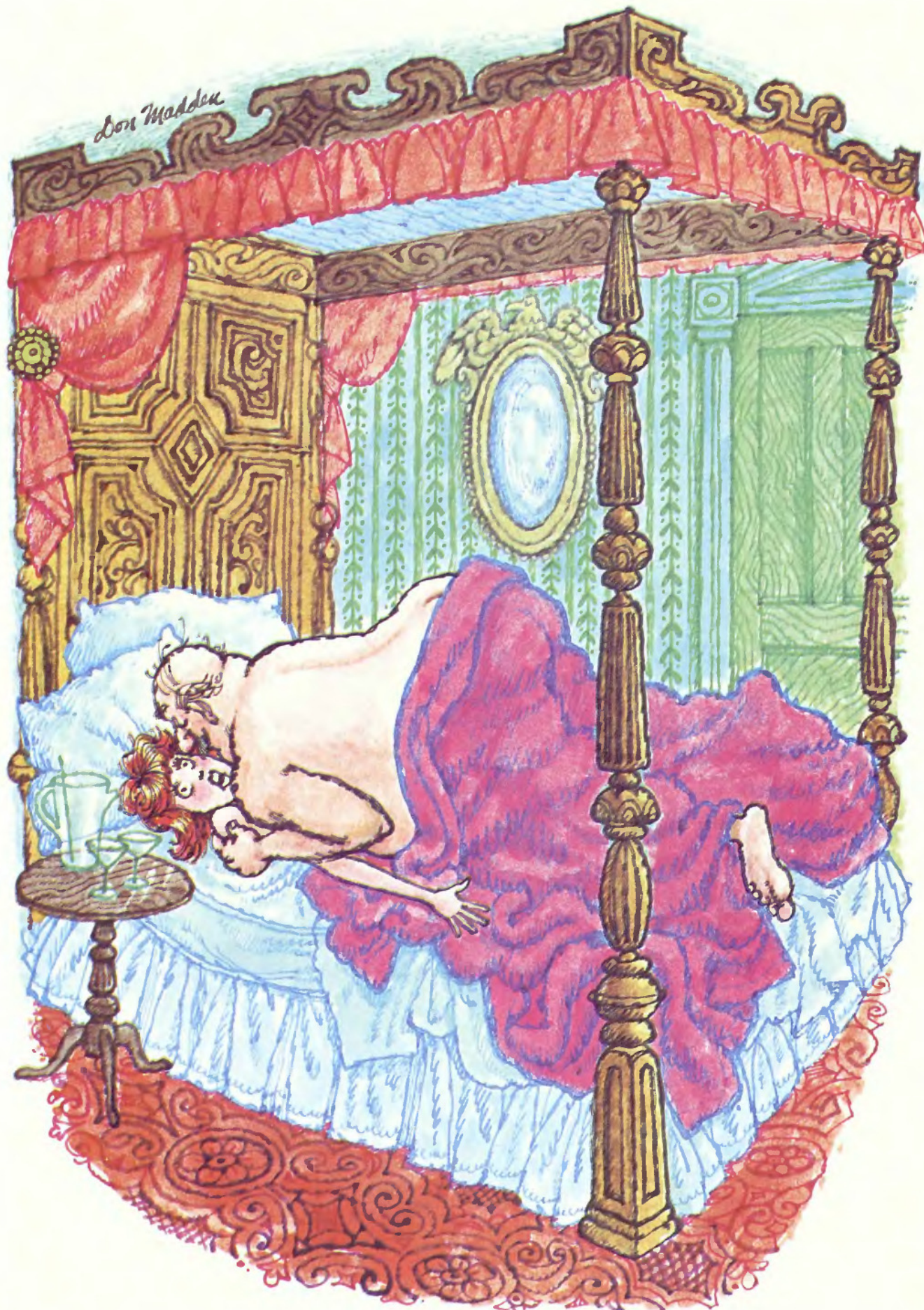
The University of California branch in the little college town of Davis is the training ground for America's wine makers, but our future oenologists appreciate other happy waters, too. The Graduate bar is a choice pit stop. Patrons shoot lime juice and Stolichnaya and Golden Bullets—golden tequila and schnapps—from shot glasses. The Dirty Mother—tequila, Kahlúa and half-and-half over ice in a tumbler—is a more leisurely experience. Mr. B's Sport Page, a jock's haunt, offers the Aggie Heater—vodka, amaretto, California brandy and pineapple juice—and The Brewster House serves Ice Cream Almondine in its tree-shaded outdoor patio. It's virtually a milk shake containing amaretto, Kahlúa and two hefty scoops of ice cream.

You may not know the U of Dub, at least not by that name, but it's what students at the University of Washington call their alma mater. Dub, you see, is the first syllable of the letter W, as in Washington. Husky crews are among the best; so is the annual Skip and Go Naked dance thrown by the talented rowers. A Skip and Go Naked Punch—beer, vodka and lemonade—is quaffed at these affairs. Separators are popular with the college crowd, and Goldie's on the Avenue, in Seattle, is known for this drink. Kahlúa, brandy and half-and-half are poured carefully into a collins glass—in the order given. If it's done right, the ingredients will remain in layers. Another of Goldie's easy-drinking Separators is made with coffee liqueur, Bailey's and tequila.

The advantages of the college experience, both in and out of the classroom, are apparent in this compendium of campus libations. The drinks reflect individuality, diligence, discriminating taste and a willingness to flout convention: all admirable traits! So here's a toast to the current college generation for carrying on a worthy American tradition. Cheers!







*"You certainly are making an impression on me, Senator!"*



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easy to own.

The new 550 Nighthawk.

Ride one and find out how  
far motorcycling has come in  
12.4 seconds.

**HONDA**  
FOLLOW THE LEADER



MR. MIKE (continued from page 114)

*"It's always thrilled me that I have actually made my money out of essentially being a wiseass."*

and silverware and other incidentals that O'Donoghue is taking West with him, are two paintings wrapped in newspaper. They were bought from a Southern art dealer, and they are the work of Chicago nurse killer Richard Speck.

"Compared to a Monet or a Manet, these were relatively cheap—\$200 apiece," he says, very pleased with his purchase. With his left hand on the wheel, he reaches his right hand over the back of his seat for the car-cassette case. He picks out a Flatt and Scruggs tape and a Blondie tape and puts them on the dashboard. "I read an article about Speck that mentioned that he paints. I figured, If Van Gogh could cut off an ear, let's see what this guy can do."

O'Donoghue reaches behind his seat again, this time for the Right Guard can. "I had a dream about stabbing someone to death once," he says, "and in it, I understood perfectly why people wind up with 76 stab wounds in them when they die. You know, everyone always says, 'Boy, this guy must have been *some psycho*.' The truth of it is, the first ten just slow them down a little bit, and the next ten slow them down a little bit more. People don't die that quickly, so you have to stick them 60 or 70 times to really put them on the floor. It's a lot of stickiness and grotesque emotions," he says with a slight shudder, "a bad way to

kill and a bad way to die." I can imagine O'Donoghue telling this story on *Meru*.

He lights a joint. "I truly feel that mass murders are native-American folk art," he says, as if he couldn't conceive of anyone's arguing the point. "Many of these people—particularly someone like Ted Bundy, a social worker, very loving, always reaching out for others—could have film careers like Redford's."

"Tobe Hooper and I were talking about casting the quintessential American psychopath in this movie we're writing, and one of us mentioned Liberace. That fantasy somehow turned up in some film magazine as a fact, and then, suddenly, it was in Liz Smith's column. Liberace responded, and for some crazy reason, he was not happy about this totally false story that he was going to be playing a sexual psychopath. But he'd be great.

"Liberace's very interesting," O'Donoghue continues. "At a time in the Fifties when you could practically get the electric chair for even being considered a faggot, he was prospering and living an *outrageous* life—you know, piano-shaped swimming pools and jeweled 18th Century clothing—a wacko lifestyle, and he still lives it. He's a real rebel in a funny way. I quite admire him."

But even Liberace can't compete with

what appears, there, up ahead on the left—the fabulous Sunsphere. "Boy, that is *impressive*, isn't it?" O'Donoghue says with more than his usual measure of sarcasm. "It looks like a fuckin' water tower. Well worth traveling thousands of miles to see, the crown jewel of any vacation. As the barkers used to say outside freak shows, 'Seconds to see, a lifetime to forget.'"

We don't have time to stop for a visit, but we both resolve to buy Sunsphere belt buckles at our next stop. Now, about half an hour down the road, on our right, a sinister-looking white factory complex is spewing pollution over the farmland.

"Maybe I'm a little old-fashioned, but I still send cards on Earth Day," says O'Donoghue. "The family gets together and we make hand puppets and, you know, protest nuclear energy. It's great.

"But it doesn't matter how much you protest the bomb," he goes on. "Clearly, it's gonna be used. What has ever been invented and not used? Actually, there was something—the steam engine was invented way back in 100 or 200 B.C., and they just used it as a toy. They never realized its potential. I mean, that's mankind *really* bobbling it."

Just west of Nashville, we stop for lunch at the Waffle House, where waffles come with some oleo substance called Shields Cup-O-Gold. "Is this butter?" I ask. "It doesn't say butter on it."

"If it doesn't say butter, there's a legal reason for it," says O'Donoghue, whose attention has been drawn to a front-page story in today's *Tennessean* about two young men who shot three people to death for no reason. "We were taking speed and drinking cold drinks," O'Donoghue says, reading the explanation of one of the killers. "We picked up our rifles and started shooting. I don't know why we did it." He is silent for a moment, then says, "They were drinking cold drinks."

He turns the page and finds a story about a nearby town's banning video games. "Any time a whole bunch of kids like something, they find a reason to ban it," he says, wadding up his napkin. "If kids suddenly started stuffing napkins into their pockets and really liked doing *that*, they'd find a reason to forbid it."

"What were you like as a kid?" I ask.

"I was a wiseass," O'Donoghue says. "Not surprising, really; you could almost have guessed that. In fact, it's always thrilled me that I have actually made my money out of essentially being a wiseass. All the time I was mouthing off, wising off about God knows what sobersided subject, I was actually preparing for my future. A professional wiseass; that's just a lovely thing to be."

He goes off to phone his girlfriend, screenwriter Carol Caldwell, who is waiting for him at their Hollywood address. When he comes back to the table, he lights up a cigarette and obliges my request for a briefing on his background: Born in Sauquoit, New York, a small town outside



*"I love the sea, but I'm getting sick of junk food."*



Utica. Irish white-collar father, Welsh-German housewife mother, sister five years younger. Had rheumatic fever when he was five and spent a year indoors. Not especially popular in high school. Majored in English at the University of Rochester, from which he was thrown out during his junior year because of an "attitude problem." Went out to San Francisco just a little bit too late to find the beatniks and got fired from a job as a reporter trainee at the *San Francisco Examiner* after getting into a fight in the city room. Returned to Rochester, got married, got divorced. Started a theater group and worked as a door-to-door salesman (costume jewelry) and a credit manager for Sherwin Williams, the paint people. "Real nice job," he says, stubbing out his barely smoked cigarette. "They told me that if I did good work, I could have my own paint store in Youngstown, Ohio."

Instead, he moved to Manhattan, where he started writing the *Phoebe Zeit-Geist* comic strip for *Evergreen Review*. Wrote a 48-page book called *The Incredible Thrilling Adventures of the Rock*, which began, "As you'll recall, when we last left the Rock, he'd been sitting in the same spot, in the same forest, for about a hundred million years." Helped found the *National Lampoon*, where he wrote such comic gems as "How to Write Good!" in which he advised would-be wordsmiths that any story could be satisfactorily concluded with the sentence "Suddenly, everyone was run over by a truck." Coproduced the first *Lampoon* record album, *Radio Dinner*. Edited the *Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor*. Ran the *Lampoon Radio Hour*.

Then—along with John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Gilda Radner and several others associated with the radio show—O'Donoghue moved into TV via *Saturday Night Live*. Spent three years with the show accumulating drawersful of censored material, such as the song *Cancer for Christmas* ("Santa's bringing sacks of morphine / And some cigarettes. Time to call the Bide-a-Wee / And give away your pets"). Did a late-night special for NBC called *Mr. Mike's Mondo Video*, which wound up in movie theaters when the network decided it could not broadcast a program featuring such segments as "Celebrity Deformities" (Dan Aykroyd probing at his webbed toes with a screwdriver) and "American Gals Love Creeps" (Debbie Harry, Laraine Newman and a dozen other sexy women purring lines like, "I love a man who smells his fingers" and "When I feel a firm colostomy bag, I know I'm with a *real* man"). Wrote several screenplays and published a \$60 collection of his poems, *Bears*. (Sample verse: "Doin' time for stealin' watches, / In a room without a view. / There's a hotel up the river / Where the towels steal you.") Sold very few copies of the book.

O'Donoghue returned to *Saturday Night Live* in 1981 to help resurrect the corpse left by short-lived producer Jean Doumanian. Told everyone that the only hope for the



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# MR. MIKE'S PHOTO ALBUM



Counterclockwise from top left: Mr. Mike in the driver's seat, though not necessarily in control; among the back-seat baggage, this painting by Chicago nurse killer Richard Speck; on the horizon, the fabulous Sunsphere, "the crown jewel of any vacation"; O'Donoghue outside your basic American ordnance emporium; a hooker makes her sales pitch on the motel balcony where Martin Luther King, Jr., was shot; Mr. Mike mans the bug juice; just another roadside attraction.



show was to reinject the element of danger into its content and execution, and that didn't mean more blow-job jokes. Wrote his most famous censored piece ever, "The Last Ten Days in Silverman's Bunker," in which the increasingly desperate NBC president tried to save his job with such shows as *Tom Edison, the Woman* ("Loni Anderson in a sort of offbeat docufantasy that asks the question 'What if Tom Edison was a remarkable woman with an extraordinary pair of twin zeppelins?'" ). Got fired.

"I really think that comedy operates out of a center of integrity, or at least it *should*," O'Donoghue says, lighting yet another cigarette. "But NBC is a pretty big, fat, corrupt spider itself. If you're not free to attack that, then the corporate corruption just spreads right through you, and then you start running scared. Soon you start saying, 'Well, they'll never let this on,' and then you're censoring yourself. Then it's like you're going out every night and repairing the barbed wire around the concentration camp. 'Whoa, they might have been able to slip through here, but those Nazis would have caught 'em for sure.'" He pauses, then adds, loudly enough to be overheard, "I *hate* that philosophy!"

"I knew the life expectancy of the *Lampoon* was five years," O'Donoghue says, "and then they should have kicked *everyone* upstairs and gotten an entirely new staff who just hated our guts and who thought we were old farts and who didn't know how to run a magazine. And that should have been a *process*, like a Stalinist sort of purge, because you don't *want* a well-run magazine."

"Same deal with *Saturday Night Live*. The first three times we did that show, we really didn't know if we could get 90 minutes or if it would just break down and be dead air. Well, *there's* an exciting show for you. You can cut that tension with a knife, and the people at home can feel that, too. They should get somebody who has *no idea* how to put that show on. The way it is now, it's just a blemish on the face of the earth."

In the parking lot, O'Donoghue pours a cup of coffee from the Thermos, takes a sip, puts it on the dashboard, turns on the ignition and makes a sharp left out onto the main road, causing everything on the dashboard—cigarettes, lighters, maps, note pads, cassettes, snapshots, headphones and, of course, coffee—to cascade onto the floor.

"This is a major fuckin' disaster," he moans, pulling off the road. Several handfuls of tissues later, order is restored.

"Actually, it's not such a bad disaster, is it?" he says with relief. "A little coffee on the rug; the rug is brown. I've seen worse."

"Memphis has a weird history," O'Donoghue says as we approach the city limits. "Around 1870, maybe a bit earlier, they had a yellow-fever epidemic that *wiped* the town *out*. It was just like the plague had come. Then it happened again ten years later; same deal. So it's really checked the



growth of the town. Memphis is a great city, one of my favorite American cities." He passes me a joint and adds, "There's someplace in Memphis where you can stand and see three states."

"Mississippi, Arkansas and what else?" I ask.

"Tennessee."

After dinner at a former ice-skating rink called the Palm Court, we stop for a look at the Lorraine Motel, where Martin Luther King, Jr., was killed. There is a large plaque above the spot on the balcony where he fell. The manager offers to let us inside King's room if we give him money. A prostitute offers us sex if we give her money. We ask for directions to Graceland.

Unfortunately, the directions are wrong, as are the ones we receive from eight other local citizens over the next 45 minutes.

"We've been here before," O'Donoghue says when he drives past the Admiral Benbow Inn for the third time. "I think we're fucked now. Perfectly 1000 percent fucked."

"I say, 'Fuck Graceland.' I just say, 'Fuck it.'"

"I agree, but I have no fuckin' idea how to leave this town," O'Donoghue says. "We're gonna have to fight our way out of here, ask 20 more people for directions."

"Where the fuck are the signs for Graceland?"

"Are we close now?" he asks moments later.

"We're not getting any closer. We're heading for Mississippi."

"Oh, we missed our turn. *Shit!* I'm utterly, utterly fuckin' lost."

At 10:30 P.M., some 22 hours after entering Tennessee, we leave it. LAND OF OPPORTUNITY, an Arkansas billboard welcomes us. HOME OF MISS AMERICA AND MISS U.S.A.

We decide to spend the night in Little Rock, about two hours away. To cheer ourselves up after having missed Graceland, we tell each other jokes. Mine is about a guy whose doctor tells him, "I've got some good news and some bad news." The guy says, "Give me the bad news first." The doctor says, "You've got a week to live." The guy says, "If that's the bad news, what can the good news possibly be?" The doctor says, "Did you see that receptionist out front? The one with the big tits? Well, I'm fucking her."

O'Donoghue counters with one that Belushi used to tell about Adam and Eve. He doesn't remember the setup, but the punch line has Eve washing her private parts in the river and God shouting down, "You asshole! Now all the fish are gonna smell like that!"

"American humor is a really angry rube humor," O'Donoghue says. "Very mean and aggressive. I've always liked American jokes."

We discuss comedy for a while. O'Donoghue likes Andy Kaufman ("He's not so insane that every six months everybody in America isn't talking about him for some stupid reason") and is leery of David Letterman ("I fear that benign wacky; I see

more and more of them around"). He thinks that Johnny Carson is "the best interviewer alive" and that Ed McMahon is a "great saver." He doesn't seem to really hate anyone.

"Even in people you don't like, you have to admire professional aspects of them, just knowing how tricky certain things are," he says. "I was watching some TV movie and I said to myself, 'Sonny Bono isn't a pathetic actor. Sonny Bono is a competent actor.' It's very easy to make fun of him, him being Sonny Bono and all, but he's hitting his mark and saying a line and registering a moderately interesting expression. That's a real tricky skill. I can't do it; I'm not a particularly good actor at all." He takes a drag of a cigarette and adds, "This is not to say I would have dinner with any of these people."

OK, but isn't there any comic that he absolutely *can't stand*? "I have to dig really deep in Marty Allen to find that little spark of genius that I'm sure Marty has under all that hair," O'Donoghue says. "God, what a grotesque creature he is."

We leave the Little Rock Sheraton at ten o'clock Friday morning. The temperature is already in the 90s and the BMW is not air-conditioned. Out on the flat highway, I have to swerve around several squashed animals baking in the sun. "Motor meat," O'Donoghue says.

Our first stop of the day is Coon Hollow Fireworks, a huge emporium where a man leaving with a giant shopping bag full of weaponry says to the cashier, "Well, have a bang-up Fourth! Haw, haw, haw."

"I just go berserk when I live away from America for too long," O'Donoghue says when we're in the car again. "There's a certain let's-get-drunk-and-drive-on-the-wrong-side-of-the-road-with-the-lights-off philosophy out here that I really need."

Back on the highway, he stands up through the sun roof and, at 70 miles per hour, fires off a Polaroid of a truck with the legend COOPER TIRES, THE TIRES WITH TWO NAMES.

"What are those?" he says, watching the picture develop in seconds. "Cooper and Tires?"

As I approach the Oklahoma border, a Datsun roars by with three beautiful women, two of whom have their bare feet sticking out the window. "Have you ever heard the expression—I think it's Southern—'That girl is so beautiful, I'd crawl 15 miles through broken glass just to let her pee on my toothbrush'?" O'Donoghue says. "Now, *that's* a beautiful gal."

Lunch is biscuits and gravy at the Biscuit Hill restaurant, where a sign over the cash register reads, WE DO NOT CARE FOR YOUR PROFANITY. TAKE IT ELSEWHERE. When the cherry pie comes, it looks like part of a clown's face, which reminds me of something I recently read about Richard Nixon. It seems he went to the circus with his grandchildren and, afterward, he went backstage to congratulate the clowns. Then the reporters

covering that major event asked Nixon what he liked most about the circus, and he said, "I really like those clowns."

"He's probably the kind of guy who would laugh at Topo Gigio," O'Donoghue says. "No one ever liked Topo, and I always wondered who his audience was."

He decides against eating the clown pie. "As far as stars and celebrities go," he continues, "Americans are as fascinated by failure as they are by success. So it really doesn't matter which way you're going, as long as you're going in one direction or the other. They'll fuckin' eat you up either way."

Back on the road, O'Donoghue selects a tape of English songbirds that he thinks would be just the thing to complement the oil derricks we're passing. I spend almost a minute trying to peel the shrink wrap off the cassette. "Who invented this stuff?" I ask, expecting no answer.

"Cellophane was invented in 1908 by J. D. Brandenberger," O'Donoghue says instantly. "I dedicated *Phoebe Zeit-Geist* to him for his incredible contribution to mankind. I thought it was a great invention myself."

"OK, Mr. Wizard, what else do you know?"

"I know that polar bears kill only with their left hands," he says, crushing his half-smoked More into the ashtray, which, with dozens of such long brown butts jutting out of it, looks like a huge, menacing insect. "I know that the average human skin weighs six pounds. I know that the Klamath Indians in Oregon used to use woodpecker scalps in place of money. I know so many facts."

The sound of songbirds mingles with the rush of the wind as we speed through a particularly desolate stretch of Oklahoma. Except for the rebellious ashtray, the inside of the car reflects our combined compulsiveness. All our belongings are neatly and safely arranged; no garbage is allowed to accumulate around our feet. We are moving through America maintaining the illusion of control. "Look at that," O'Donoghue says with considerable awe in his voice, pointing to a highway sign that warns, HITCHHIKERS MAY BE ESCAPING INMATES.

Another fact.

"Are you a registered voter?" I ask, apropos of nothing, as we come to the outskirts of Amarillo. It's half an hour past sunset, and all the road signs are black silhouettes against a dark-purple sky.

"The only vote I've ever cast was for Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.," O'Donoghue says. "He said, 'I'm a crook; elect me,' which was the only honest thing I'd ever heard from one of those guys."

"When did you first perceive that you were being lied to?"

"When I was fairly young, they had migrant camps in Upstate New York," he says, leaning back in the passenger seat and propping a brown shoe on the dashboard. "My mother would always shudder as she



went by the migrant camps. And they weren't in my books about the policeman stopping traffic so the little baby ducks could cross the street; I knew that. And no one was explaining that if they paid those people a decent wage, you'd have to pay a dollar and a half for a can of beans. So everyone looked the other way, and that's when I began to see that those books about our society were lying to me. Once you know that, you find confirmation everywhere.

"It's very interesting to teach children what you hoped your society would be like," he continues. "But you should teach them as truth that it did, indeed, turn out *this* way. In the script for this movie I wrote, *Planet of the Cheap Special Effects*, I had a scene in which they're living underneath this planet and an explorer asks, 'What's your planet like? What are your cities like?' And the queen puts up this triangular view screen, hopefully, this Bruce McCall drawing with gyroplanes and all these ramps leading from one building to another. And he says, 'That's a beautiful planet,' and she says, 'That's not actually our planet. That's the way we'd like it to look if we ever got some money to fix it up. It's just rubble now, just garbage.'"

He flips over the Sons of the Pioneers tape that's been playing. "The lie on television is that everything is solvable. Sure, we've got problems, but if we just *love* one another enough, we can solve these problems. Reach out and you'll just put a smile on people's faces.

"The fact is, a lot of people have money; you don't; you're getting fucked. And they've had it and kept it for hundreds and hundreds of years and just told you these silly lies. They always have really irked me, those lies. More than anything else, the lie of our society and how it works has made my writing go in a particular direction.

"Coming out of the Fifties, we were really betrayed by all the promises they had made and didn't keep about what life was gonna be like. The TV screens got a little bit better, but we didn't get Picturephones. No Picturephones—a *big* disappointment. Or car phones. The car's the ideal place to phone people." He lights a cigarette and says, in conclusion, "I've always thought that the point where America blew it was in not having landed on the moon in the Fifties."

We have dinner at the Big Texan steakhouse, where a very tall young man shakes our hands *hard* before he seats us. A 72-ounce steak is free if you can finish it in an hour. If you can't, or if you throw up along the way, you have to pay \$26.20. According to the restaurant's tally, 3047 people have eaten free so far.

Our order—steaks, oddly enough—is taken by a waitress wearing a cowboy hat, a miniskirt, a fringed vest, boots and red garters. "The key to a successful restaurant," O'Donoghue says, "is dressing girls in degrading clothes."

We stop for gas not long after passing a sign that reads, LOS ANGELES 1007 MI. I pump the gas and O'Donoghue wipes the dead bugs off the windshield; this routine hasn't varied since we left New York.

"I would really hate to be forced at gun point to drink the bug juice," he says, noticing the color of the water after a day's worth of windows have been cleaned with it. "They get the tourists they don't like and say, 'So, you're from New York, eh? Well, maybe you'd like to *drink the bug juice.*'" He stares at the bucket for a moment. "It probably goes good with motor meat," he says.

At 12:22 Saturday morning, we cross the Texas–New Mexico border into a new time zone and, suddenly, it's Friday again. "Traditionally, there's a party when this happens, and all the cars pull over to the side and celebrate," O'Donoghue says. "I don't understand why that's not happening tonight."

There are few vehicles on the road as we press on toward our third-day goal, Albuquerque. "We haven't seen a police car in hours," I say, keeping us moving at a steady 70.

O'Donoghue looks out at the pitch-black desert. "There really isn't much for a cop to do out here," he says.

"This is your classic Fourth-of-July-weekend traffic," O'Donoghue says, switching lanes as we ride through New Mexico early Saturday afternoon. "Jerk-offs like these doing 14 miles an hour in the passing lane."

His ire fades quickly, though. We are well rested—Howard Johnson's Motor Lodges are still the greatest—and there is no longer any doubt about our Sunday arrival. Today's drive across the desert can be a leisurely one. We take advantage of this by getting off the interstate and driving through the heart of Gallup on the once-legendary Route 66.

"Wonderful street," O'Donoghue says as we pass block after block of buildings whose architecture is either classic Southwestern or fast-food modern. We stop for chocolate shakes at the Avalon Restaurant, where we discuss the disappearance from the landscape of certain great American things.

"There are so *many* things they've taken away from us," O'Donoghue says.

"Such as what?"

"Hood ornaments," he says. "They were just lovely, and they gave a sense of respect. And they took 'em away because if you can save one human life—that's always the argument—it's worth it, if you can save one human life. Actually, I'd be willing to trade maybe a dozen human lives for a nice hood ornament. I imagine those things really did tend to stick in bicyclists."

The shakes are delicious, and on the back of the check, just under where it says OUR HEARTY THANKS, the waitress has written, JESUS LOVES YOU.

At the entrance to the highway, an aging hippie is hitching to S.F. O'Donoghue lights a joint. "San Francisco rock, San Francisco writing, it's always real lightweight, ephemeral stuff," he says. "Nothing *important* has ever come out of San Francisco, Rice-A-Roni aside."

The fruit-inspection station is closed as we enter Arizona at 1:50 P.M. We are both wearing headphones plugged into a Sony Walkman that lies between our seats. The machine is playing Kitaro's *Silk Road*, trance music that provides the perfect sound track for contemplating signs urging US TO BUY CRAFTS DIRECT FROM INDIANS AT INDIAN CITY, during the INDIAN CITY FIRE SALE.

Outside Flagstaff, we see a sign that says, LOS ANGELES 454 MI. "Four-fifty-four," O'Donoghue says with a smile. "We're set. They'll come get us if something happens now."

O'Donoghue, with his note pad in his lap, is working on the lyrics to *Don't Tread on Me*. One line he's pleased with is "I put up with a lot, but there's a lot that I don't like." He sings it over and over. He is very happy to be making a biker movie.

"I saw *The Road Warrior*, liked that a lot," he says. "*Megaforce* made me angry. People keep telling me Barry Bostwick is a good actor, but having seen him in only this film, I can't buy it. His eyes are so close together, he looks like he could look through a monocle on the center of his nose. They're *really* close. It's hard for anyone playing a flat-out hero to have those eyes." Never having seen a Barry Bostwick film, I say nothing.

"When I see movies like *Kramer vs. Kramer*, *On Golden Pond* or *The Four Seasons*," he continues, "I really have fantasies of the film going on for about two thirds of the way like that and *then* the vicious bike gang being introduced into it, which is a totally random element.

"But I've gotta make mine a real biker movie, too," he goes on. "You know, whatever that scene is where the nork in the Volkswagen honks at one of the bikers and everybody goes, 'Ooo, he shouldn't have done that; oh, wow'—that's gotta be in there.

"I've always liked that John Huston technique of getting all these high-strung actor types out in the middle of fuckin' nowhere and locking them up and making a movie and just watching them go clinically berserk and filming the results. The producer, Bert Schneider, is really assembling a lot of lunatics—including myself—to work on this film, a lot of unstable types. I'm looking forward to this movie being a media circus. I love media circuses."

"Who do you think is the audience for this film?"

"American people, I would think," he answers. "It's not very elitist, you know, a biker movie." He laughs. "Anyone who gets annoyed when a Volkswagen touches his bike. People who think, like, You



touched my car, you'll have to die—that mentality.

"We're on a fast schedule. I'm gonna write it this summer, I hope with Terry Southern and Nelson Lyon. We're thinking of shooting in the early winter and then gettin' it to the kids by Christmas. Reap teen coin. Reap massive amounts of teen coin. That's the plan. Write it, film it, cut it, reap teen coin."

"Why do so many people think you're an elitist pig?" I ask him. "You seem to revel in pop culture as much as anyone does."

"It's interest versus lifestyle," he says. "I revel in it, but I don't actually live in the pop culture. I live in almost another time."

"Which time is that?"

"I don't know, but things were more gracious back then. And everything wasn't covered with corkboard and wall-to-wall carpeting. It was a lot different back then. For instance, restaurants wouldn't have considered giving you unbuttered toast with little squares of ice-cold butter. They wouldn't have considered it."

O'Donoghue reaches into the back seat for the camera to get a shot of the exit sign for Andy Devine Avenue in Kingman, Arizona. "You know," he says with a laugh, "I'm beginning to like this concept of everything you need in life being behind your chair."

The first town across the California border is Needles, and O'Donoghue—of all people—is not about to pass by without stopping for a peek. It's dark when we pull into the parking lot of Hobo Joe's, but the temperature is still in the high 90s. The restaurant has *Peanuts* cartoons all over its walls, because Snoopy has a cousin who lives in Needles.

Someone has a radio on in the next booth, and we hear a news item about Cathy Evelyn Smith, who, after returning to Canada, was quoted by the *National Enquirer* as having said that she'd given John Belushi his last shot. "She must have been in some kind of a stupor if she admitted second-degree murder in a country that we have an extradition treaty with," O'Donoghue says. "What did she think, she was up there with the walruses and the fuckin' elk and they'd suddenly say, 'Well, she's out of our hands now. She's slipped across the border to Canada?'"

O'Donoghue—whose friend Doug Kenney, a *Lampoon* colleague, was killed in a fall from a Hawaiian mountain in August 1980—learned of Belushi's death by overhearing the excited conversation of strangers one sunny afternoon on Rodeo Drive. "Everybody felt they knew Belushi," he says. "Everyone here would have felt they knew Belushi, and Belushi would have made them feel that way. He would have stopped and said hello to them. He had that look, Belushi; he looked real regular. He looked like one of those things off Northern California that ecologists are always trying to save from oil spills.

"You know, it shocked me the first two or

three hundred times I saw the footage on TV of poor old bloated John being carried out of the Château Marmont in a body bag," he says, laughing a nasty little laugh. "But now I know it just means it's time for the news."

"What does it feel like," I ask him, "when a good friend dies?"

"It means you keep crossing out addresses in your address book," he says. "George Burns's address book must really be amazing to see." Then, realizing that he hasn't answered the question, he adds, "It's real strange."

When we stop for gas, he calls his girlfriend to tell her our arrival plans. "She says we're in luck," he tells me, getting back into the car. "July is Chevy Chase month on the Z Channel."

O'Donoghue runs through the list of titles that make up Chevy's oeuvre: *Foul Play*, *Caddyshack*, *Seems Like Old Times*, *Modern Problems*, *Under the Rainbow*, *Oh Heavenly Dog*. "Marilyn Miller and I are writing this women's-prison movie, *Kittens in a Can*,"



*Mal*

"Have you noticed that Stuart has been flying higher since he started smoking pot?"

he says, "and I came up with this idea that when the prisoners were naughty, the Chevy Chase Film Festival would be held over for another week." He laughs. "Cruel and unusual punishment."

"I feel like I'm driving through a Carson monolog," O'Donoghue says the next morning, passing America's most famous cemetery, Forest Lawn. Several signs warn that the left lane is reserved for car pools during rush hours. "The car pool is a concept that's really sweeping the nation," he says. "There's nothing Americans like more than sharing their cars with total strangers. You could probably have a picnic on that lane and nobody'd disturb you for hours."

KROQ is playing Bow Wow Wow's *I Want Candy* as we pull onto the Hollywood Freeway, our final stretch of highway. "This song has everything people fear about rock 'n' roll," O'Donoghue observes. "African-jungle rhythms and white women singing about fucking, about wanting to fuck all the time."

He lights the last joint of the trip. "I have a theory about L.A. architecture," he says as his Spanish-style rental comes into view high above Fairfax Avenue. "I think all the houses had a costume party and they all came as other countries."

An hour later, Carol Caldwell and I are lounging on the living-room couch, watching TV. O'Donoghue walks in wearing a silk dressing gown, having taken a leisurely bubble bath. With her short haircut and skeleton earrings, Caldwell is the essence of punk chic. "Did you play any miniature golf?" she asks. "You know, any Goofy Golf?"

"They don't have Goofy Golf courses off the expressways, little lady," O'Donoghue says. "If a truck driver wants to pop some reds and play 18 holes, he's out of luck. All you see are Arco signs and sagging power lines.

"If anyone doubts that the corporations have taken over America, they should get out on the road," he says. "It's not 'Come on board the Delta Queen!' you know, or 'Snakes as Big as Your Arm!' No, all that fuckin' stuff died years ago. Arco's taken over the snake farm now."

"Well, did you have Magic Fingers in any of the places you stopped?" Caldwell asks.

"No, you hardly ever find Magic Fingers anymore," O'Donoghue says. "But we experienced the Knoxville World's Fair, the fabulous Sunsphere, the way it was meant to be experienced. Why, some people say that on a clear day, you can see that towering Sunsphere from 400 yards away."

"Well," she says, "did y'all at least see the Grand Canyon?"

"No," O'Donoghue says, "but we saw a sign that said, THIS WAY TO THE GRAND CANYON, which is so close, really. I'm at the point where I could say, 'If I saw the sign, I saw the thing.'"





# SEX SURVEY (continued from page 92)

*"The vast majority seem to be able to make sex work. A wedding ring is not a sexual aid."*

Kinsey, Hunt, *Redbook* and a host of other studies have suggested that women become more orgasmic with a partner they trust, that marriage improves a woman's sexual response. If two people know each other, they can coordinate their moves, read each other's signals, bring each other to mutual satisfaction. In contrast, strangers are the proverbial ships that pass in the night—it's a matter of luck if his moves fit her fantasies, and vice versa. When it works, it comes as such a surprise that first-time lovers are inclined to view it as true love. Most of the literature from the feminist movement has suggested that the single woman is a victim of the sexual revolution—she takes chances against stacked odds. The man is always satisfied, leaving her high and dry. If you believe Shere Hite, women never reach orgasm until they've sent their lovers to sexual obedience school.

Our findings are much more upbeat. Forty percent of the women responding to our questionnaire (*regardless of marital status*) said that they have orgasm every or almost every time they have intercourse. An additional 38 percent say they have orgasm sometimes during intercourse. That is good news. It suggests that sex doesn't get better after the wedding, and it doesn't get worse after the divorce, and it's pretty terrific if you're just living together or between relationships. The vast majority, regardless of social situation, seem to be able to make sex work. A wedding ring is not a sexual aid.

If the women in each social category are essentially orgasmic during intercourse, are there any other differences? When we asked how long it took to reach orgasm, we obtained some interesting figures. First-time husbands and wives take an average of nine and 11 minutes, respectively, to reach orgasm; single men and women take an average of 11 minutes; and divorced men and women average 12 and 13 minutes. Male cohabitants say that it takes them ten minutes to reach climax; female cohabitants take an average of 13 minutes. What do we make of those figures? Beyond the fact that they show basic differences among groups, they show the progress of the sexual revolution/evolution. Kinsey estimated that three fourths of all men ejaculated within two minutes. Today, no matter what your marital status, you take longer. Our findings verify something Morton Hunt discovered in 1972: "Nowadays the goal is as much to maximize the enjoyment of the whole act as to reach its peak moment. Prolonging the act is no longer an act of altruism, done only for the female's sake,

but something done for the sake of both partners."

Before we assess differences among groups, we have to assess over-all progress. The point of the sexual revolution was to improve the quality of sex for all groups. Sex in marriage has improved noticeably. Sex among other groups suggests that the unmarried prolong the performance to "maximize the enjoyment of the whole act." We are doing much better than our forefathers.

## ORAL SEX

In part one of our report on *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey*, we said that oral sex has become an accepted, if not an essential part of our readers' way of sex. When we asked our readers how they would change their sex lives, almost two thirds of the men said they could always go for more oral sex. The figures for women are significantly lower—only slightly more than a third say they desire more oral sex.

Intercourse is the meat and potatoes of romance: Without it, you don't have a relationship. And oral sex is the spice. Perhaps no other sexual activity invokes such expectations. It is naughty; it is nice. Some people feel that it is the most intimate sex act. In our first report, we noted that almost everyone has tried it. About a third of our readers say that oral sex provides their most intense orgasm. It allows

MARITAL STATUS AND FREQUENT ORAL SEX			
	Male		
	Percent who perform	Percent who receive	
Single	64%	49%	
Married	47%	34%	
Divorced	70%	53%	
Remarried	54%	40%	
Cohabitant	59%	50%	
	Female		
	Percent who perform	Percent who receive	
Single	65%	55%	
Married	49%	42%	
Divorced	67%	52%	
Remarried	55%	42%	
Cohabitant	61%	46%	

the most direct stimulation, and many people find the simpler roles during oral sex to be liberating—each partner gets to be giver or receiver or, when the mood strikes, both. Is it better to give than to receive? Consider the chart above, measuring the people who perform or receive oral sex *every time or almost every time*

they have sex.

The sexual revolution changed marital sex significantly. The married people we heard from do more of everything than the married people in the Kinsey, Hunt or *Redbook* survey. Kinsey reported that approximately half of the married people he surveyed had *tried* oral sex at least once in their lives. Today, almost everyone has tried it and about half do it almost every time. More than 90 percent of all the husbands say they enjoy *giving* oral sex and between 72 and 81 percent of all the wives say they do. That is important news: Some people have been reluctant to experience fellatio or cunnilingus out of the mistaken notion that their partners find it distasteful. Others limit the activity, sensing that their partners perform out of duty. Our findings suggest that, to the contrary, the majority of lovers do it for the joy of it. Our unattached lovers go down on each other with reckless abandon, but the marrieds are not far behind.

## MASTURBATION

In part one of this report, we found that an overwhelming majority of our respondents engage in masturbation, and they do so with a greater frequency than the people Kinsey and Hunt studied. The majority no longer feel guilty about pleasuring themselves. In no other area has the change been so great. In three decades, we've gone from viewing masturbation as neurotic to viewing it as natural. When we studied this behavior in terms of marital status, we came up with some interesting figures.

MARITAL STATUS AND MASTURBATION		
	Percent/more than once a week	
	Male	Female
Single	61%	37%
Married	43%	22%
Divorced	56%	34%
Remarried	38%	25%
Cohabitant	41%	27%
	Average frequency per month	
	Male	Female
Single	13	10
Married	9	5
Divorced	12	7
Remarried	7	6
Cohabitant	10	7

People who are single (and who have never been married) masturbate more than people who have a permanent companion. One could conclude that the proximity of a partner inhibits one from masturbating. More to the point, if you are having intercourse on a regular basis, you are less likely to masturbate.

When we compare figures for frequency of masturbation with figures for frequency of intercourse, we discover a predictable relationship. Given a choice, the people



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who have regular sex partners will opt for intercourse. (For example, the cohabitants, the group with the highest frequency of intercourse, have one of the lower frequencies of masturbation.) The unattached male respondents (singles and divorced) masturbate as much as or more than they make love. The more people say they masturbate, the less likely they are to say they're satisfied with their sex lives.

Although the questionnaire did not ask about it, it is our experience that both men and women tend to view male sexual desire as a limited resource. Women who discover that their husbands masturbate in private view it as a form of cheating. They ask themselves, Why does he do this? Haven't I satisfied him? Perhaps they feel that masturbation somehow steals sexual energy that should be reserved for sex with them. The amount of masturbatory activity—even among married people—suggests that it occupies a new place in the erotic equation. We have a sexual life that we exercise with another person and we have one that we exercise in private. It is a separate activity or a possible turn-on when done in the presence of a partner.

#### WHO GETS MARRIED?

In *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*, Morton Hunt tried to put into perspective the massive changes of the sexual revolution. He did not predict a society based on casual sex. He tried to reassure America that although the statistics showed that everyone was doing more of everything, most people still wanted to get married.

When we released the first findings of *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey*, we were asked repeatedly, What did the statistics bode for the future of marriage? It's a good question. Given the divorce statistics (half of recently contracted marriages will end in divorce) and the statistics for extramarital sex (young married women are fooling around at a mind-boggling rate), one has to ask, Why would anyone get married? We looked at the statistics and tried to figure out who is getting married.

Our findings suggest that the people who marry for the first time are somewhat more conservative than those who adopt other lifestyles. They are the last to lose their virginity. They are more likely to have lost it in a serious relationship. They have had the least sexual experience. Nearly half of the married men and women say they've had five or fewer partners. For them, their activity as singles has been premarital.

Can those figures be explained by the effect age may have on sexual experience? Not readily. Our first-time-married respondents have higher average ages than the single ones but fewer sexual partners.

First-time-married women are the least likely to have asked a stranger to have sex; people in first marriages are the least likely to have experienced anal stimulation (manual or oral) other than intercourse, the least likely to have used drugs to enhance sex and to have played a passive role in their partner's fantasies.

#### IS SEX BETTER THE SECOND TIME AROUND?

As we study the computer print-outs, an interesting pattern emerges. In some categories, single and married readers form one group, divorced and remarried readers a second. Leaving the cohabitants aside for the moment, we began to call the two other groups the first-timers and the veterans. On question after question, the readers who have never been married, or who are married for the first time, say they do less than readers who have concluded a first marriage or are presently in a second one. Our findings suggest that people who remarry are more adventurous the second time around. For example:

- Fewer than half of the single and married males who answered our questionnaire have ever engaged in anal intercourse. More than 60 percent of the divorced and remarried males have done so. The same pattern holds for women: Sixty percent of the single and married females have engaged in anal intercourse, compared with 70 percent of the divorced and remarried females.

- Approximately one third of the single and married men have had sex in public, compared with almost half of the divorced and remarried men. (The same pattern holds for women.)

- First-timers are less likely to have engaged in group sex. They are also slightly less likely to use sex devices.

How do we explain those differences? Perhaps people who are dating and people who are married for the first time hang on to idealized pictures of their partner or idealized pictures of what a relationship should be. Men may have inhibited notions of what a wife can be asked to do—it's why the French have mistresses. Women can carry their own inhibiting notions as well. People who have had a relationship dissolve are less likely to fall prey to the same illusions. They are more apt to consider what went wrong the first time and how it could be better. We should note that the cohabitants—the couples who have refused for one reason or another to seal their relationships with a marriage license—are also more active than the remarrieds or the first-timers on most measures. They keep each other on their toes.

Finally, when we asked our respondents to rank the elements most important to their personal happiness, love and family life are still at the top of the list for every-

one except divorced men, who rank sex as more important than family life. (Sex comes up as a middle choice for everyone else.) Women continue to rank love higher than men, even though we have ample proof that they have learned about all the pleasures of recreational sex. Friendship came up strong as a requirement for personal happiness with singles, divorced and cohabitants of both sexes. Why? Because friends replace family for those without legal ties, and fluid relationships help the legally unattached not to overinvest in any one relationship. So, while healthy sexuality thrives, the traditional values—love, family life and friendship—are reaffirmed by our respondents.

#### EXTRAMARITAL SEX

Coping with infidelity is the unfinished business of the sexual revolution. While most people are willing to accept the idea that there is no difference between single sex and marital sex, that there is no blame attached to what you do before you are married, they balk at granting the same status (sex is sex) to extramarital sex. Many observers have begrudgingly gone along with the first part of the sexual revolution but have predicted the unraveling of the moral fabric, a world in which every marriage ends because of an affair.

Actually, the figures suggest something else. Kinsey predicted that half of the married men and a quarter of the married women he studied would eventually fool around. Our figures suggest that by the age of 50, almost 70 percent of the men and 65 percent of the women have had an affair. Overall, our figures are in keeping with the Hunt report. Almost 45 percent of the currently married men who answered our questionnaire have had an affair; 34 percent of the married women have.

However, like Hunt, we found that in young marriages, wives are fooling around more than husbands. Apparently, society's message to young women is changing. Mothers used to tell daughters that if there was trouble in the marriage, have a child. Now that same daughter may choose to have an affair. Some people will try to work things out within a marriage; others won't. About two thirds of the divorced men and women who answered our questionnaire have had an extramarital affair. Seventy-three percent of the remarried men and 64 percent of the remarried females have. Unfortunately, the responses do not reveal when those affairs have occurred. We suspect that the higher percentage for divorced and remarrieds reflects an attempt to salvage a first marriage through outside experience or to end the marriage by burning one's bridges. Question 70 asked if the reader has had sex with more than one person in the same 24-hour period. Roughly half of the single and married men and women have done so. In contrast, almost three quarters of

#### AVERAGE NUMBER OF SEXUAL PARTNERS

	Male	Female
Single	19	19
Married	16	11
Divorced	30	22
Remarried	25	20
Cohabitant	23	20



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the divorced and remarried men and women have had more than one partner on the same day. We assumed that the answer would provide a good indication of the frequency of affairs—seeing someone for lunch, for example, then returning to a steady partner. The divorced and remarried readers scored highest on this question, suggesting that they had gone through a period when, as one relationship disintegrated, they saw other people.

How serious is an affair? More than half of the men and three quarters of the women who answered our questionnaire say that an affair indicates a problem in the marriage. On the other hand, almost half of our respondents are willing to forgive their partners for having had sex outside marriage. Interestingly, men are more forgiving than women. Only 20 percent of the divorced and remarried think an affair broke up their marriages. For many people who discover that their partners are having an affair, extramarital sex is not just a statistic, it is a devastating emotional experience. But our readers seem to be telling us that some extramarital episodes are more serious than others. Sex can be casual just as it can be momentous, and its effect on a marriage depends on conditions beyond the sex itself. We do not present our figures casually. We do not endorse nor condemn extramarital sex, we merely try to understand the behavior.

Why do people fool around? We asked our readers to enumerate from a list the sexual reasons for engaging in extramarital sex. Our male readers say that an affair offers (1) sexual variety, (2) reassurance of their desirability, (3) change of routine, (4) better sex and (5) sex without commitment. Female readers say that an affair offers (1) reassurance of their desirability, (2) better sex, (3) change of routine, (4) sexual variety and (5) sex without commitment. The lists are strikingly similar.

When we asked readers to list the nonsexual reasons for having an affair, we discovered the same pattern. Both men and women cited, in descending order, (1) excitement, (2) reassurance of desirability (in a nonsexual context), (3) friendship and (4) spontaneity.

What do those findings mean? For one thing, they indicate the death of the double standard. For years, it was assumed that men could engage in an affair in pursuit of cheap thrills—that boys would be boys, and there was a difference between extramarital sex and true love. If a woman strayed, it was a more serious offense, since we assumed that women had sex only in the context of a meaningful relationship. Our findings suggest that there is no single reason for fooling around and that the men and women who indulge in extramarital sex may do so for the same reasons.

The common wisdom holds that a man will seek outside marriage what he isn't getting at home. If his wife doesn't perform oral

sex, he'll seek it elsewhere—either in an affair or with a prostitute. But given the freer behavior of married partners, we suspected that the old reasons no longer held.

The figures indicate that men who say they receive oral sex occasionally are more likely to stray than men who say they receive it almost every time they have sex. However, men who say they *never* receive oral sex are the least likely to stray. If you aren't getting any, you don't know what you're missing; and if you are getting it all the time, you don't look elsewhere. The figures for intercourse are similar.

People who have engaged in public sex are also more likely to have had sex outside marriage. We cannot say if they performed those acts with their lovers or with their spouses. It would seem, however, that extramarital sex appeals to the adventurous, who view an affair as another form of sex, an additional experience.

When we examine the promiscuity index—the number of sexual partners a person has had—we come up with a significant finding. Sixty-nine percent of the men who have had more than ten partners have fooled around within a permanent relationship. Fifty-four percent of the women who have had more than ten lovers have also had affairs. We don't know if those lovers have been premarital or extramarital. It seems, however, that those who develop a taste for variety retain it after marriage.

Women who say they are sexually satisfied are less likely to cheat; for men, it doesn't matter. No matter what they think of their sex lives, men fool around. So the spouses who blame themselves for their partner's affairs are wrong.

Infidelity occurs for a subtle blend of reasons. We wondered if money played a role and looked for a possible connection between income and extramarital sex. For the most part, money does not influence sexual behavior. However, when it comes to having affairs, the more money a man makes, the more likely he is to have an affair. To some extent, the same is true for women.

Yearly income	DOES INCOME AFFECT FIDELITY?	
	Have had an extramarital affair	
	Male	Female
Less than \$5000	16%	29%
\$5000-\$9999	23%	35%
\$10,000-\$19,999	31%	44%
\$20,000-\$29,999	47%	45%
\$30,000-\$39,999	54%	49%
\$40,000-\$49,999	64%	33%
\$50,000-\$59,999	68%	47%
\$60,000 plus	70%	41%

Perhaps the stress of a career leads us into extramarital sex. Perhaps a career brings us into contact with people who share our basic situation. Perhaps the rich are different from you and me. They have money;

they can afford hotel rooms. Perhaps it goes back to the most primeval of drives: the hierarchy of the successful, in which the dominant males and females mate with whom they choose. Power, ambition, success are sexually attractive. The board room is not so different from the bedroom.

We did find that people who lose their virginity before the age of 16 are more likely to be unfaithful than those who lose it later. People who start early are more likely to have experienced anal intercourse and group sex and to have had more sexual partners.

#### THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

Here is an anecdote: A father sat down with his daughter to explain why sex is not important when it comes to choosing a marriage partner. "See this jar? If you put a nickel in it every time you and your husband make love, you will fill one jar in a year. But the second jar will take a lot longer to fill."

The daughter looked at him and asked, "Can I put a quarter in for every affair?"

Time is the enemy of fidelity. When we compared relationships that had lasted more than four years with those of shorter duration, we discovered a dramatic shift in behavior. People who have been together for more than four years are less likely to describe themselves as faithful. And their behavior matches their self-assessment.

	IS FIDELITY AFFECTED BY LENGTH OF RELATIONSHIP?	
	Males who say they are faithful	
	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	44%	39%
Married	71%	64%
Divorced	35%	28%
Remarried	73%	61%
Cohabitant	70%	46%
Females who say they are faithful		
	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	55%	49%
Married	77%	70%
Divorced	46%	49%
Remarried	81%	70%
Cohabitant	76%	66%

There is a significant drop in fidelity after four years. When we examine figures for sexual activity, we discover the roots of that restlessness. At the beginning of this article, we pointed out that sexual satisfaction was directly related to the frequency of intercourse. When we compare those who have been married longer than four years with those who have been together for four years or less, we discover a dramatic drop in sexual activity. (We cannot say that the short-term marrieds will suddenly cease their activity. We are studying not



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the same people before and after but two separate groups of people.)

### IS FREQUENCY OF INTERCOURSE AFFECTED BY LENGTH OF RELATIONSHIP? PART ONE

Respondents who have intercourse 4 or more times per week

	Male	
	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	30%	20%
Married	32%	16%
Divorced	39%	25%
Remarried	37%	23%
Cohabitant	53%	28%

	Female	
	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	38%	14%
Married	34%	23%
Divorced	40%	21%
Remarried	40%	23%
Cohabitant	51%	14%

Look at those figures. Only half as many married and cohabiting males make love four or more times a week after four years as before. Married men lose interest in greater measure than married women. Note the dramatic decline in activity reported by female cohabitants: from 51 percent to only 14 percent. Our guess is that after four years, the cohabitants begin to re-examine their relationship. Either it is building toward a permanent one or it's a lost cause. Single women seem to come to the same conclusion.

There is a similar dramatic decline in figures for frequency of intercourse per night. (See the following chart.) Thirty-seven percent of the men who have been married for four years or less do it twice a night or more. After four years, only 22 percent of the married men are that active. The same pattern holds for women and for all other groups.

The frequency of intercourse may decline dramatically; the frequency of oral sex remains relatively steady. When we examine the figures for people who say they perform oral sex every time they make love, or almost every time, we do not find so great a decline.

Outside sex, however, people who have been together for more than four years are less likely to report that they communicate satisfactorily with their partner. Contrary to the stereotype, men are more likely than women to say that they're dissatisfied with the level of communication. When asked to list their requirements for personal happiness, married men place friendship at the bottom of their list. (Married women rate it higher.) It seems that men are more dependent on their mates for intimacy. If the mates don't de-

liver, they have no one else to turn to.

At the same time, we should point out the importance of friendship in the list of reasons for extramarital affairs: Friendships often turn into sexual relationships.

### IS FREQUENCY OF INTERCOURSE AFFECTED BY LENGTH OF RELATIONSHIP? PART TWO

	Males/once a night	
	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	28%	46%
Married	64%	78%
Divorced	34%	54%
Remarried	63%	73%
Cohabitant	54%	60%

	Males/more than once a night	
	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	72%	54%
Married	37%	22%
Divorced	66%	46%
Remarried	37%	27%
Cohabitant	46%	41%

	Females/once a night	
	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	37%	42%
Married	65%	79%
Divorced	33%	44%
Remarried	65%	72%
Cohabitant	58%	73%

	Females/more than once a night	
	Years together	
	4 or fewer	More than 4
Single	63%	58%
Married	35%	21%
Divorced	67%	56%
Remarried	35%	28%
Cohabitant	42%	27%

By any set of measurements, the cohabitants in our survey are in the best sexual shape of all. During the first four years of their relationships, cohabitants get more of everything—from frequency of intercourse to spontaneity and variety in their sexual activities. Cohabitants are more sexually satisfied than marrieds are during the same first four years. We think there are a few logical reasons why the cohabitants score so high: (1) They are still performing for each other, (2) they are in a voluntary relationship, (3) they constantly reaffirm their commitment to each other by not walking out, even though they have the freedom to do so, and (4) both partners have the reasonable expectation that their relationship will grow into something more traditional (33 percent of the cohabitant men and 39 percent of the women

rank family life as the first or second most important element of their personal happiness). After they pass the four-year mark in their relationships, sexual activity drops off drastically, reflecting the dissatisfaction that a number of our respondents report with long-term relationships.

Given this picture of declining sexual activity for married couples, we wondered what our readers would do if they had it all to do again. The majority of our married and remarried readers would do the same things, including having children. Divorced men and women and cohabitants are slightly less enthusiastic about marriage: Many with children say that they want to cohabit or marry without kids. Perhaps the most significant of those figures is that more than half of the singles without children want marriage with children.

When we look at the figures for married people who have children, we discover that their sex lives are not affected by those children: Having children does not diminish the frequency of intercourse or oral sex. But actual behavior is different from the perceived reality. Although married fathers are getting as much sex as husbands without kids, they are less likely to say they are satisfied with the frequency of intercourse.

### ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR PRESENT SEX LIFE?

	Percent satisfied	
	Male	Female
Single	52%	71%
Married	67%	79%
Divorced	57%	68%
Remarried	73%	78%
Cohabitant	81%	87%

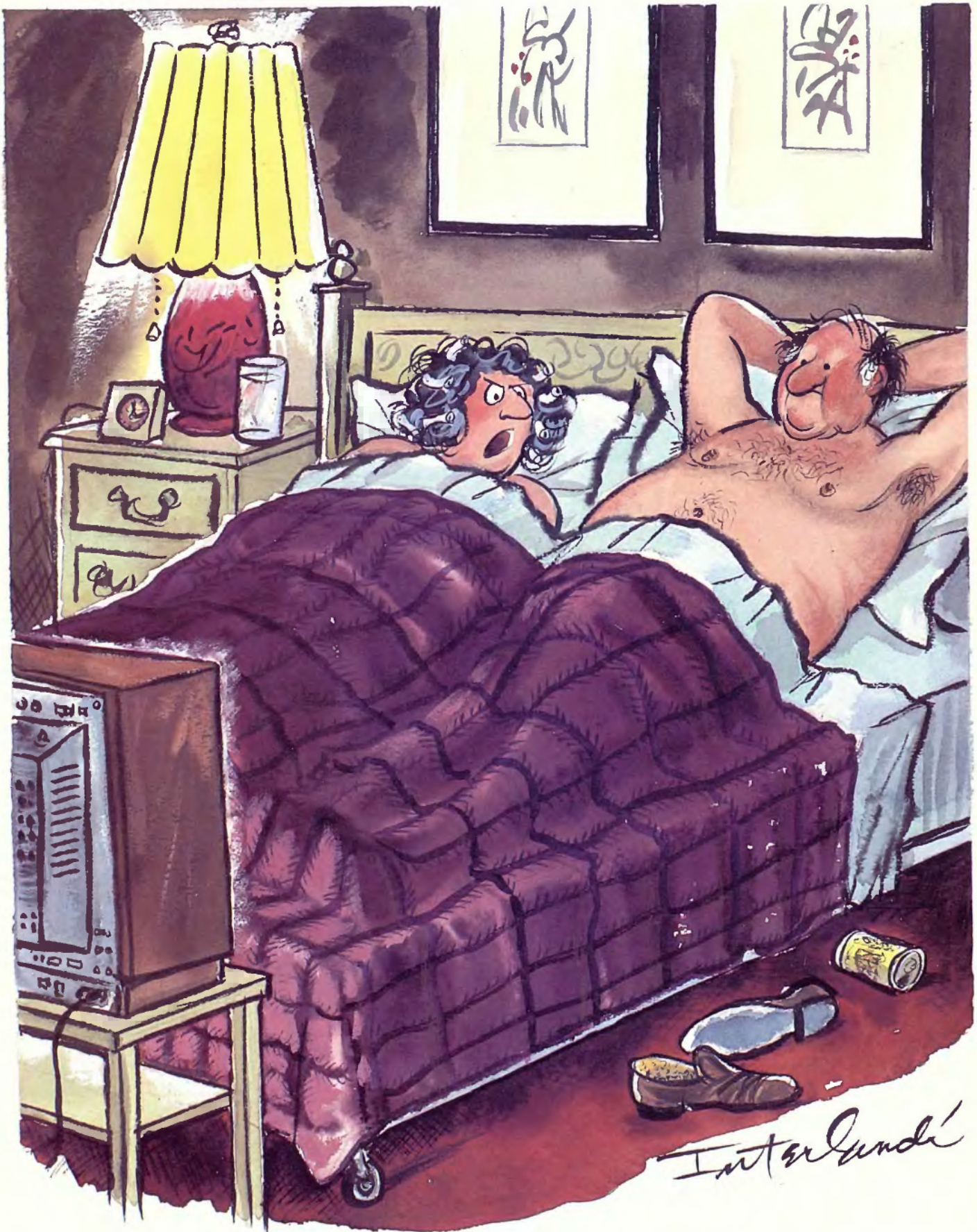
In the first report on *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey*, we suggested that women are the primary beneficiaries of the sexual revolution. They've made incredible gains in terms of sexual behavior and, in doing so, have improved the quality of life for men. They don't have to have a permanent relationship to be happy. The unattached man, once again, turns up as low man on the totem pole—supporting the finding by many sociologists that men without partners are more vulnerable to social and psychological stress than men in steady relationships. All things considered, however, everyone is doing quite well, thank you.

Tune in to our May issue, when this report will turn its attention to the effect that sexual identity has on one's sex life. We'll answer Woody Allen's famous question, Does being bisexual make it twice as easy to get a date on Saturday night?

By James R. Petersen in collaboration with Arthur Kretchmer, Barbara Nellis, Janet Lever and Rosanna Hertz.







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While most tours of Greece take the easy road that leads to the Acropolis, Hanns Ebensten Travel, 705 Washington Street, New York 10014, is offering a one-week, men-only walking tour of the monasteries of Mount Athos as part of its two-week package Greece and the Holy Mountain, scheduled for this June and September. Ladies and any gentlemen who don't wish to break bread with the monks and view their marvelous frescoes, paintings, icons and ancient books can spend the first week at a luxurious villa on the island of Syros; the second week will take travelers of both sexes to Mykonos, Athens and Delphi. The cost of the trip is a soul-cleansing \$3250 per person, not including air fare. Pack your hair shirts, brothers.



### CLASH OF SYMBOLS

Now that the international symbol with its familiar red slash has become recognized from Terre Haute to Timbuktu, it figures that somebody would take the idea *way* out the window with NO FOOLING AROUND ON COMPANY TIME (below), NO PAC-MAN, NO FLASHERS and NO FAT CHICKS, among other rib diggers. Just send a note to The Counting House, P.O. Box 1777, La Mesa, California 92041, for a list of the 12 signs available, or send \$4 for one of those listed here. All are sure to piss *somebody* off.



### HOME IS THE SOLDIER

Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert, one of America's most decorated warriors, author of the best seller *Soldier* and the subject of a probing *Playboy Interview*, has set his sights on urban survival and has written the *Complete Security Handbook* (Macmillan)—a defense course that tells you everything you want to know about how to play it safe everywhere. At \$14.95 in hardcover or \$6.95 in paperback, it's cheaper than a Doberman.



### CARNIVAL ATMOSPHERE

The joyous song of the South that is Mardi Gras ends soon, but the memories of this year's madcap carnival of mayhem will linger on in the form of a colorful 20" x 30" limited-edition poster that ProCreations Publishing, 225 North Peters, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130, is offering unsigned but numbered for \$29 or signed (by artist Stephen St. Germain) and numbered for \$59. The poster, incidentally, is a six-color serigraph on rag paper; previous prints in ProCreations' Mardi Gras series now sell for as much as five times their original price. Three dollars sent to ProCreations gets you a catalog.



### PULLING POWER

Instead of beaching your sail board on days when there isn't a breeze, simply convert it to an ersatz racing scull with no alterations to the hull (provided the sail board has a centerboard trunk) and row, row, row your craft gently down the stream or even out to sea. A company called Sailboard Oarmaster, P.O. Box 101, Hamilton, Massachusetts 01936, sells the unique metal sliding seat pictured here for only \$335, postpaid. If you need a pair of oars, pull an additional \$250 from your wallet. And since rowing is such a good exercise, a few days of stroking on the briny or around the bay may just stroke your ego, too.

### VARGAS IN THE CARDS

Everyone's familiar with PLAYBOY'S Alberto Vargas and the leggy, luscious ladies he's been painting for generations. But few remember that Vargas also did drawings other than pinups—covers for *The Follies* and for *Theatre Magazine*, for example, and an occasional illustration for sheet music. Tale of Two Cities Fine Art & Antiques at 300 North State, Chicago 60610, is selling an assorted baker's dozen Vargas greeting cards for only \$9.95, postpaid. Some are Thirties pinups; others recapture the romance of the Ziegfeld era; all are pure Vargas—and that's the best reason we know to buy.





# STOCKBROKER

(continued from page 86)

*"This business is still a little stodgy, but Wall Street is finally becoming more accommodating to women."*

and got my license."

She speaks quickly and precisely, like someone who doesn't have a lot of time. Married to another Hutton broker, mother of seven-year-old Michael and nine-year-old Natasha, she has more to mind than money. She hustles the kids to school at eight every morning, then by 8:30 is in the office, where she'll spend an hour and a half preparing for the market's bell at ten. During the day, she'll review the prior day's trading, check her clients' positions, read recommendations on various prospective concerns and decide whether or not to suggest them to clients.

"I don't watch the ticker," she explains. "I have my own machine here at the desk. There are about 36 stocks and options I watch on the monitor. They stay right up to the minute. From here, I can punch up any stock at all—let's say Playboy." She types the call-up and the numbers appear on her screen. "On Friday, for instance, Playboy closed seven to seven and an eighth. The last trade was seven—the volume was 11,200. Opened at seven, closed at seven. The high for the day was seven and an eighth; the low was six and seven eighths. The last trade was at 3:50, ten minutes before close."

When she's not watching stocks, she'll spend an hour or two updating "Marina's

Market Letter," which goes out to investors all over the country. Some days, she may attend an investment seminar or conduct one, check out a slide presentation on a new product or meet with a client to review his or her portfolio.

"Quite often, a male prospect—usually older—will walk into the office and say, 'Honey, get me a broker I can talk to.' When I reply that I'm a broker, he'll either look stunned and blush or say he'll come back later. A younger executive, on the other hand, is more likely to be *relieved*—he feels I won't go for his throat. There are advantages and disadvantages. One other good thing is that when I attend out-of-town seminars, I'm guaranteed not to get double occupancy.

She can't easily imagine a woman's being able to do her job 20 years ago. "I don't think women wanted to be very involved in finance 20 or 30 years ago," she says. "They were more involved in raising families. This business is *still* a little stodgy, but Wall Street is finally becoming more accommodating to women. In order to succeed in business, you have to be ambitious, intelligent and energetic, and you have to exude self-confidence. Those traits are more important than gender. I believe that women should worry less about being women and more about

achieving what they want."

Having achieved most of what she wanted, Marina examined all the angles and decided to make a personal investment in PLAYBOY (the magazine, not the stock). About a year ago, she sent us a pleasantly suggestive photo. Says Marina, "It was a sexy picture of me, but it didn't show too much. I said to my husband, 'Do you have any idea how much mail they get?' and went back to work. Then, three days later, I got a call."

The call turned into this pictorial, after almost a year's preparation—and indecision. The money game is, after all, a little hidebound and a lot regulated—unused to having members of its circle spotlighted outside their business suits.

"The exchange wants to put across the proper image, and I can see that," she says, leaning back. "But this is my spare time. Next year, I'm going to be 30, and PLAYBOY probably won't be coming around after me five or ten years from now. I decided to go ahead and do something that's national, something that's different. Now Natasha says she can't wait till she's as pretty as I am so that she can be in PLAYBOY, too."

Russian was the first language of Marina's childhood. She speaks it fluently enough to have been mistaken for a native during a recent tour of Moscow and the Crimea. While she's been assimilated into our free-enterprise system about as well as a woman can be, the old country did offer something she'll never achieve here—a title. Some of us drink White Russians; Marina's father *was* one in the last days of the czars—a bona fide prince under Nicholas and Alexandra, though no relation. You could look it up. Had history been different, we might be calling her Princess.

She doesn't miss the perks and responsibilities of royalty, though. Marina cares more about investments and keeping her options open. When ten- and 12-hour workdays threaten to turn her into little more than a figurehead, she travels or simply tries to put all the numbers out of her head.

"The mind needs a break," says our heartbreaking stockbroker. "Saturday and Sunday, the market's closed, so I really try to turn off. Maybe we'll go to a movie or to a friend's house—never clients, just friends—to relax and have a little wine. Because Monday morning, I want to be fresh. Monday morning, I want to think about it all over again."

Still, whenever opportunities knock, she's sure to be listening:

"If a more challenging or stimulating opportunity came along, I'd consider it seriously. Maybe I could work it around what I'm doing now. I'm not one to let the door go unanswered."



*"You want to know why we can't communicate?  
Because you have absolutely nothing to say. That's  
why we can't communicate."*



# PLAYMATE PLAY-OFFS

(continued from page 130)

be summed up in the oft-shouted battle cry of Captain Monique: "Where's my team? Has anybody seen my team?"

The Pink team lucked out by having Miss March 1981, Kymberly Herrin, as captain. Kym is a writer, a fitness instructor and a health-magazine cover girl. Her team included Miss August 1981, Debbie Boostrom; Miss April 1979, Missy Cleveland; Miss January 1982, Kimberly McArthur; and Miss March 1974, Pam Zinszer. Despite valiant efforts, injuries forced this team into the division cellar.

The Jade team, headed by professional cheerleader and human grenade Lorraine Michaels, Miss April 1981, fought its way to the finals in spite of team members Linda Rhys Vaughn, Miss April 1982; Marcy Hanson, Miss October 1978; Lisa Sohm, Miss April 1977; and Crystal Smith, Miss September 1971. Their success was largely due to innovative training methods that we'll tell you about shortly.

The winning team, which surprised no one, was the Turquoise team, captained by Miss August 1980, Victoria Cooke. Cooke holds a black belt in fitness from the School of the Amazons. She led her team with the skill of Tom Landry and the firmness of Mr. T. Under her whip—er, guidance—were Miss November 1980, Jeana Tomasino; Miss May 1982, Kym Malin; Miss March 1982, Karen Witter; and Miss March 1979, Denise McConnell.

The events were designed by Rube Goldberg, with an assist from the Marquis de Sade. For instance, the Greased Pigskin was a slalom race with a very slippery football, Pie in the Sky was a relay race with cream-filled pie tins and Shark Bait asked the girls to cross a greased log placed over the swimming pool while the other team tried to knock them off with a punching bag.

The Hump Relay, also known as the Dreaded Humps, required the ladies to run at full speed over several widely spaced, waist-high, padded and very slippery humps in a course on the Mansion lawn.

The Staple Chase was an obstacle course the main feature of which was a large and, ultimately, inviting mud pit. The finale was a Tug of War, straightforward and grueling.

Sharing the hosting chores for the television audience was a trio of cutups: Chuck McCann, actor, comic and full-grown Teddy bear; Chuck Woolery, he of the game shows, a man used to maintaining his composure in the midst of chaos and a man who failed miserably in this case; and Vicki McCarty, lawyer, television personality and Miss September 1979. Vicki provided insight into the competitive psyche of the modern Playmate, analyzed strategy and stayed as far away from the actual events as she could. Vicki's mother didn't raise a foolhardy daughter. Her

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Photo by Tony Smith

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prudence was justified: The competition was no holds barred.

Victoria Cooke explained it this way: "A lot of people had the feeling that we were just going to be out there having a good time. I don't think they suspected how competitive these girls would get!"

Granted, there were incentives—cash, prizes and trophies to the winners—but the real push came from the team spirit. Once the teams were organized, friendships were put on the back burner.

Said Victoria, "Our first opponents were the team captained by Kym Herrin, who is a close friend of mine, and we all were wondering if our friendships were going to get in the way. But when the stakes are high, you're talking about women who come on like lionesses. We get out there and defend what's ours, and we put everything we've got into it. As it turned out, we actually found out more about one another through the competition than we ever thought we could know.

"I, and most of these girls, have been into modeling and commercials and being a Playmate for a couple of years now. And when you're doing those things, you're always looking at yourself, making sure your make-up is perfect, that your hair is in place, checking your body language and the way you carry yourself. Well, one of the things I like about sports is you can be yourself. I don't care if my hair is stringy or if my mascara is smudged. That's the fun of it. It really took a few days, I suppose, for the girls to get used to not going back and forth to the mirror!"

Truth was, there wasn't much time for mirror gazing, because the action was so heavy. The girls were really pumped up, and it was no surprise when Jeana Tomasino collided head on with Missy Cleveland during the Hump Relay. "I don't know what happened," said a witness. "I saw Missy on the ground, and Jeana was over her, saying, 'I hit her. She's knocked

out. I knocked her cold!"

Jeana had little more of an explanation: "Victoria was screaming that we absolutely had to win this race. I figured facing the Humps was better than having to face Victoria, so I took off at top speed and ran headlong into Missy Cleveland coming the other way. I thought I'd killed her!"

Missy, as they say, had her bell rung but survived to compete again. Jeana received her comeuppance a little later, when, during the Staple Chase, an impromptu mud-wrestling match broke out. It was hard to tell just which culprits had started it, since they were soon covered head to toe in the slimy goo. Onlookers were shocked when the first bikini top flew out of the mud pit, but when other clothing followed, the scene held their rapt attention. Chuck Woolery was at pitside with his microphone, doing the play-by-play, when a muddy hand reached up and pulled him into the melee. Quick-thinking Jeana, seeing a chance to break into sportscasting, grabbed the mike from Woolery and began to do color commentary.

"Then," she recalled, "I made the mistake of saying, 'How's the mud feel, Chuck?'" The next thing she knew, she was flying head over heels, still holding the mike, right into the center of the fray. In retrospect, Jeana found the experience fun but costly. "It cost me my fingernails. I broke every one of them."

Of course, you have to expect that kind of thing when you're on Victoria Cooke's team: She plays to win. Lorraine Michaels' team wins to play.

Team member Marcy Hanson did her best to explain the unique training philosophy of the Jade team: "All the other teams took it very seriously. They did their stretching exercises and took their vitamins and special diets and were in bed by ten o'clock. We did things a little differently. We did so well the first day that we treated ourselves to a party. All the girls

piled into my 'Vette and we went out on the town. Luckily, one of the girls was small enough to sit in the boot if she let her Nikes hang out the window. Well, we partied all night. The problem was, we had a nine-o'clock call and we really didn't get to bed until eight. But we won that day. I don't know how.

"You have to understand that, first off, I don't believe in physical exercise. I don't think you're supposed to do those things with your body. It's not natural to sweat like that. If God had wanted us to sweat, we'd all have been born in Arizona. So, naturally, when the whipped-cream fight started, I ran; when the mud was thrown around, I wasn't there. I'm glad that there are some girls who like to play in the mud, but I'm not one of them."

As it turned out, the advocates of hard work met the advocates of good times in the concluding event, the Tug of War, for the championship. Casualties now numbered three. Besides Missy's collision, Debbie Boostrom had pulled a quadriceps traversing the Humps and Lisa Sohm had dislocated her knee going through the pillow cage in the Staple Chase. The loss of Lisa put the Jade team at a disadvantage in the Tug of War, so one of the Turquoise-team members had to be dropped. Although there were complaints that the member dropped was some 30 pounds lighter than Lisa, the event proceeded. Both sides gave it all they had left. Lorraine even injured her arm, becoming the fourth casualty. They were so evenly matched that it seemed a winner would never emerge.

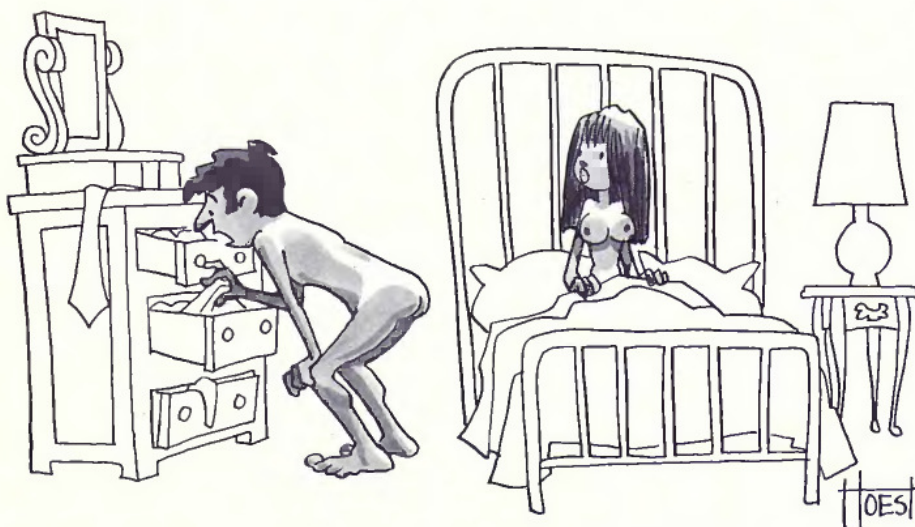
"It was terrible," Victoria recalled, "going against a team as strong and competitive as they were. They wanted to win. You could see it in their eyes. I never want to go through something like that again. I mean, you really have to like pain. That rope just wasn't moving at all."

The Jade team was motivated by its depleted party coffers. "By then," Marcy said, "we were in it for the money. We wanted the winners' share. The others wanted the fun and the competition, but our attitude was: If you can't bank it, we don't want to deal with it."

Alas, in the end, Victoria and her clean-livers pulled it off. They walked away with the big trophy. But, since the competition really did go down to the wire, the Jade-team members were not swayed in their belief that a little tomfoolery is useful in dispelling the tension of heavy competition. "So our trophies are just a little bit smaller," Marcy said. "It was worth it. We had a great time."

Would she consider changing her training methods?

"I think the next time, we may exercise a bit more," Marcy concedes. "We'll ease up on the champagne and try to get in by at least two or three. It's the L.A. air; what can I say?"



"I can't find my lucky rubber!"





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# ARTHUR JONES

(continued from page 126)

*"We own the largest television-production facility in the world. It makes NBC's look like a shithouse."*

much better when you work out—and that doesn't mean six years: If you haven't made meaningful improvement in two weeks, you're doing it wrong.

15.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything Nautilus machines can't do?

JONES: They cannot develop the female bust. They can develop the muscles underneath it. They can strengthen those muscles, and it will have an effect upon the bustline. But as far as the breast itself is concerned, they can do nothing for that.

16.

PLAYBOY: What attracted you to films and video? Did you feel that only Arthur Jones could do justice to the Arthur Jones story?

JONES: In the Forties, I was doing something that had never been done, something that no one believed was even possible at the time: capturing adult crocodiles. I made a trip to Africa and captured 189 of them in excess of 11 feet and thousands smaller than that, and I brought them back to this country. I made a film of that for my own amusement, with no idea that I would ever sell it. But I did sell it to ABC, and it was used and rerun many times and it became something of a classic. They asked me if I had any more, so I went back to Africa and captured gorillas and chimpanzees and made a film of that. One thing led to another and, eventually, I found myself making films full time. I did everything just short of manufacturing and processing the film stock. I designed special photographic vehicles and camera mounts and lenses and edited the films.

Altogether, I made more than 300 films, mostly for television. I had my own national series, called *Wild Cargo*. When we started Nautilus, we began making films for advertising and promotional purposes; and then, as more sophisticated electronic video equipment became available, we switched over to video tape.

17.

PLAYBOY: Your inventory of TV-production equipment appears rather large. Do you intend to penetrate the nation's living rooms with programming the way you've penetrated its gymnasiums with Nautilus equipment?

JONES: I'm going to try. I'm not greedy. I just want it all. We own the largest television-production facility in the world. It makes NBC's look like a shithouse. That's not my opinion, it's theirs. They've been here and left in a state of shock. I'm sure we own more video equipment, more elec-

tronics than anyone else in the world. Television is proliferating—new networks, direct-to-home satellite broadcasting, video discs and video tapes. The first thing all those developments will require is programming—massive amounts of it. So you've got to have production facilities. There's no surplus of them in the world. Today, you may have to book a facility six months ahead. You just don't buy that kind of equipment off the shelf. Some of it you have to order years ahead and it takes a long time to wire it up and get your people trained. By the time things really begin to happen, we'll be just about the only game in town.

18.

PLAYBOY: Can you prosper in a field that has tripped up the likes of Freddie Silverman? Will we be tuning in Nautilus sitcoms before long?

JONES: Highly unlikely. I'm not uninterested in entertainment. Gordon Liddy and I have made a deal for a talk show; we're working on a pilot. We don't yet have anything we feel is ready to be released, but if and when we do, we'll release it. I hope I can bring people something of value that will be interesting, but it must have an entertainment component. Labeling a presentation educational is generally the kiss of death.

As far as competing with the networks is concerned, I wouldn't touch their type of programming with a ten-foot pole. Most of it is abysmal. But you don't succeed by attacking the establishment. You succeed by starting a whole new industry in a new direction; and, eventually, people follow you. But by then, it's too late: You're so far ahead, they don't even know what the hell

they're trying to copy. Eventually, the networks will attempt to compete with me.

Intelligent people don't watch television very much, for the simple reason that there's nothing on there fit to watch and they have the brains to realize it. Wait till they have something to watch!

19.

PLAYBOY: So there is life for Arthur Jones after Nautilus and crocodiles.

JONES: My balls are not crystal. As far as I'm concerned, when I'm dead, it's over. There is no longer a universe; it doesn't exist and it never did. So I would like to live as long as possible and mind my own business and do things that matter— younger women, faster airplanes and bigger crocodiles. That's the bottom line.

20.

PLAYBOY: "Younger women" places first among that trinity. Would that be a reference to your 20-year-old wife?

JONES: Yup. Certainly is. I'm living one of my fantasies. Terri has obvious attributes. She would certainly be on anyone's list of the most beautiful women on the planet. People notice her. About three years ago, we walked into a restaurant in Las Vegas, and Terri was all spiffed up, of course—and you know how people glance around a restaurant when other people walk in—well, about 100 men stood up and gave her a spontaneous ovation. I don't think they even noticed me. Later that night, we went to one of the big shows, and there were 50 stark-naked women—no dogs—prancing around up on the stage, and half the male members of the audience were turned clear around in their seats looking at Terri: turning their backs on the 50 women on the stage! I take great pride in my wife's appearance. But I don't have her as something to show off. She's got a fine brain. She drives me, she encourages me, she gives me the motivation to keep doing things that perhaps otherwise I wouldn't.



George Dole

*"I think it has something to do with his dad owning Dolan's candy store."*



*"I'm not saying that everybody snorts cocaine in Hollywood; it just seems like everybody."*

Sometimes they had traces of white powder on them. And a guy explained it to me: The mirrors were there so people could toot wherever they needed to. 'Oh, I get it,' I said. A little light went on in my head. There was a way out of everything. I could send my sister to college and pay my mother's bills and get some money for myself. And, sure enough, not much later, I got a call from a buddy of mine I hadn't seen in years. He wanted me to go over to his place. He said he had something to show me. I said I'd see him in a day or two. He said, 'You better get over here right now if you want a cut of some good shit.' So I went, and I'll never forget it: He was sitting in his room with six kilos of coke. He wanted me to do business for him on the studio lot."

Until he got busted, Mike spent more than two years as a dealer. "Toward the end, I was unloading a kilo a month on the lot. I was making an easy \$2000 a day. I'm not saying that everybody snorts cocaine in Hollywood; it just seems like everybody. People on the lot know who's doing it and who isn't. Certain actors, certain film crews, some of the executives; you just get to know who does and who doesn't. And I was busy as hell. For example, if the word got out that I was going away for the weekend, it would take me eight hours to get out of my house. I'm not kidding. The limos and sports cars lined up around the block. My roommate and I couldn't believe it."

The business accelerated and the money flowed. Mike was extremely popular. Big-wigs came to know him and cultivate him. It was life in L.A.'s fast lane. Then envy raised its greedy head, envy in the form of Mike's boss, who wasn't pleased that this young punk was being wooed and pursued by important people.

"I'd told him straight out what I was doing," Mike says, "and for a while, it was OK. But as time went on, I became a threat to him. I was obviously making more money than he ever would. People—powerful people—were calling me up to their offices or asking for me to be home projectionist when they were throwing a party or previewing a film. It got to be too much; that's all. I didn't know it, but my boss alerted studio security. And security hired a private-detective agency. Now, studio security is a joke, but the private eyes were very professional. They infiltrated the lot. I never knew they were there. They came in as plumbers, drivers, outside-equipment leasers—whatever could get them into the flow of the place."

Cut to the bust. Mike left the lot for lunch that day with a friend. "Usually, whenever I went somewhere, I'd hide my stash

behind a tile in the wall. But for some reason, I didn't do it that day. I came back from lunch and found my boss and two private detectives and the chief of security in my office."

"Open that drawer," the chief said, pointing at the desk.

"What drawer?" Mike asked. He was wary but not frightened.

"That desk is studio property," the chief said, "and you're keeping cocaine in it."

"If it's studio property," Mike said, "then it's yours." He saw that the lock on the drawer had been jimmied. "Looks like you've already opened it."

There followed two hours of arguments and questioning. The chief insisted that Mike wasn't being officially held or charged. Mike asked for an attorney to represent him. He continued to deny that the cocaine in the drawer was his.

"The studio bosses were in the next office," Mike says. "I could hear them. The chief would go in and talk it over with them, then come out and talk to me. They didn't want to call in the police, and they were trying to figure out how to get me out of there. You want to know how dumb they were? It got to the point where they were seriously considering letting me resign and take my stash with me if I agreed to go quietly. You know what stopped them? They decided I might get busted on my way home and the stuff would be traced back to them."

After much discussion, the studio finally decided the police had to be called in. Mike was arrested, booked, jailed, charged with possession of an illegal substance with intent to sell it. He got a good lawyer and beat the rap.

And how was he treated after that by those who had known him? "The big names stayed away like I had the plague. There was only one stand-up guy, one major star, who would talk to me. He was great. He was a true friend, offered me a job, wanted to know what he could do to help me. The rest of the big shots disappeared. But it didn't hurt my business much. I just started dealing out of my house exclusively." Mike laughs. "The night I got out of jail, a bunch of film editors came by. They wanted to know if they could have my desk drawer. I'm serious. They wanted to salvage the dust in the drawer."

Mike still works in Hollywood. He's a projectionist at a large studio. He's in his mid-20s, and he has a young, kind face, a contempt for his own trade and a need to talk about the business. He does use his own product. "I've tooted every day for the past five years," he says. As we talk, he toots. "I guess I could quit. I guess. What I

do know is that coke gets something started in my brain that doesn't normally work." He looks off into the middle distance. We are standing by a projector that is running. It is noisy in the projection room.

"People don't know cocaine. They fall in love with anything they can get. They'd snort baby powder if you gave it to them. It's bullshit. They get off on cosmetics: Is it rocks or flakes? Does it shine? Stupid stuff like that."

Behind Mike, as he watches my face for a reaction, I see the daily rushes of a film being run. Two small figures in space suits walk across a bridge that seems to lead nowhere. The horizon is strangely purple and the bridge spans a landscape that looks as artificial as a Rubik's Cube. On a signal from the dubbing room, the projector stops, reverses itself. The figures move backward in a jerky motion, then forward as the sound editors replay it. This happens over and over again. It is boring work.

"Hoo-ray for Hollywood," the song says, and to the rest of the country, Hollywood does seem like a special place, a town filled with money and glamor, a trendsetter and a taste molder. America is as Hollywood does. Which came first, the disco craze or *Saturday Night Fever*? Video games or *Star Wars*? Our culture is inextricably linked with Hollywood, for better or for worse.

The Hollywood theory of relativity, now spreading across the country, goes like this:  $E = MC^2$ . Euphoria = MegaCash<sup>2</sup>. Euphoria can be purchased if you've got the cash. It comes in the form of a white powder or crystal and is found in many places, from the street corner to the executive suite. The pursuit of euphoria covers Hollywood like a fog and seeps into unlikely corners. Even the guardians of the community are involved.

L.A. police chief Daryl F. Gates on recent scandals involving policemen in Hollywood: "It's like everything is for sale out there. Day in and day out, the officers don't get relief from it... They see this happening—and all the people participating—and they forget the restraints we put on them... If there's a crack in their character, they succumb." Gates goes on to recommend a time limit to duty in Hollywood so policemen don't come down with what he calls The Hollywood Syndrome.

In Hollywood, you can cruise Sunset Boulevard after dark. The hookers are out by the hundreds then. The cops usually don't hassle them. The hookers stand on the corners, at the bus stops, near The Comedy Store, under the huge billboards advertising the latest movies, close to the Chateau Marmont. Any one of those hookers can put you in touch with whatever you want to ingest or molest. Euphoria is there for the buying and is being bought. It is badly needed.

The fact is that right now, there aren't too many hoo-rays in Hollywood. Our national dream industry is running scared in a recession that some people call a



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depression. Fear fuels the search for euphoria. Moviemaking is in flux, cutting down and cutting back, challenged by cable TV and home video recorders and electronic games and hard economic times across the country. There's not much development money, few films in production, layoffs in all departments, budgets shredded and deals canceled. Public taste is fickle, difficult to chart. Movie stars flicker and die. The land of illusion has collided with a tough reality, and that collision has frightened many people. The fear crops up in random places—in the words of a producer, for example.

He is tanned, smooth, corporate, bloodless in his talk, with accountant's eyes, a white-silk shirt, the smell of lilacs in his shaded office. He invites you to sit opposite his desk, brings you a cup of coffee he has mixed himself, places it on an end table and, for a moment, remarks on your profile, turns your face with his fingers as if he were contemplating your features for a starring role.

"Tell me," he says rather grandly as he returns to his seat, "what kinds of movies do you like?" The discussion is broad, too general; a waste of your time, because you are there to pitch a story, to sell a plot. He knows that. He is toying with you, being slightly bitchy. He has the power to buy or reject, and he wants to lead up to the moment. When he finally asks what you have in mind for a screenwriting project for yourself, you begin with an idea: You want to do a movie that portrays the life of a cocaine dealer who works in a studio. You want to do the story from the inside, *The Hollywood Connection*, let us say—a realistic portrait of how the white lady has taken over the film industry.

The fear is there instantly. It comes out as defensiveness, disapproval. "I'll tell you this: No one can hold my kind of job and do cocaine," he says. "I don't know anyone who does it. I've never seen it done. This whole Hollywood-cocaine crap is overplayed." He stands up, moves to the drapes, pulls them more tightly shut against the sun.

"Besides, what right has society to legislate against something that makes a person feel good? What harm does cocaine do? It's a sociable drug, as I understand it. You want to do a movie that makes us look bad? You know who the big dealers are? The police. The narcs. You read in the paper, '300 KILOS OF COCAINE SEIZED.' How do you know it was 300? It was probably 600. The cops took half and then announced the bust." It is a diatribe, not an argument, and there is nothing you can say. You have touched a nerve.

There are false smiles as you are ushered out of his office, handshakes, the suggestion that he definitely wants to keep in touch, hear your ideas, cook up a movie deal. It is pure hype, and you know it. You will never be able to get through to him on the phone again. You have stepped into forbidden territory. No big studio is going to tell on itself.

The bottom line? Today's Hollywood is a place where opportunity rarely knocks. You develop this feeling that you'd better be bright and beautiful every moment. The pressure to be alert, on top, in control, perfect, a creature of brilliance prepared to project that brilliance on a moment's notice, is always there. Cocaine has a way of helping you feel brilliant. At least for a while. Cocaine promotes the grandest illusion of all: that euphoria can be bought. Euphoria = MegaCash.

Babe has this routine he does with his friend's cat. He takes a vial of the cocaine he has been mixing and taps it on the cap. "Here, Archie; here, Archie," Babe calls. Archie, the cat, perks up. He meows and whines. He stands at Babe's feet. Babe wets his thumb and takes a small chunk of cocaine from the vial, smears it on Archie's nose. "Watch," Babe says, smiling. Archie licks his nose. "One blink, two blinks, three blinks!" Babe yells. "Hey, this must be good shit. Not the best, but good. The record is seven blinks," he says. Archie, who has remained paralyzed but blinking, stops licking his nose and wanders off to enjoy the buzz. On a strict ratio of cocaine to body weight, Archie has to be one of the most coked-up creatures in Hollywood.

"Doesn't hurt him at all," Babe claims. "I took him to a vet. The guy couldn't believe the shape he was in for an old cat. See, cocaine is good for you. It cleans out your system, gets the uric acid out of your blood."

Babe, something of an old cat himself, a dealer in his late 40s, makes many romantic claims for the elixir of cocaine, the food of the gods, nirvana in white. Babe worships cocaine. He also toots it most of the time. That does not disqualify him as a dealer. His clients are some of the biggest and the best: producers, directors, actors, business people. He's a popular man who moves several kilos of cocaine per month. When you talk with him for a long time, you sense












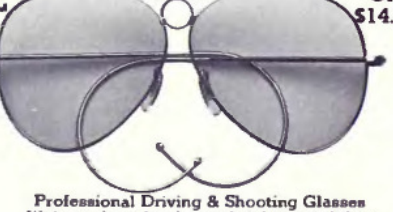


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that he is warm and kind, almost doting. He is a man involved in puppy love, a mid-life infatuation not with a person but with a substance.

"I've been stoned for eight years," Babe says, smiling. He is seated at a table with several ounces of cocaine piled on a transparent-plastic blotter. As he talks, he mixes the coke, never taking his eyes off it. "I'm watching the flow," he says. He takes one small speck out of the mixture. He works with the care of a surgeon. "That'll change the whole flow now. You take a little bit out, everything changes. Isn't it beautiful?" All I can see is a white powder being stirred. Babe sees the universe.

There is a ritual for everything. The tool Babe uses to mix his cocaine is a wax carver he bought in a lapidary shop. It's a Peer Stainless Steel Number 13, made in Germany. Nothing else touches the coke until Babe's ready to test it. The carver looks like a small spatula. Babe whips it through the coke like a Chinese cook mixing a wok dinner. Every few minutes, he stops, plucks a pinch from one of the small mounds, puts the carver to his nose and snorts. He speaks of his reactions the way some people describe fine wines: "mellow," "distinguished," "euphoric."

"I'm taking the negativity out," Babe says as he mixes. "It's unbalanced right now. I want to smooth it, make it more mellow. Most coke jangles the nerves. There, you see the way that's flowing? It's getting better.

"I've had some great mixes," he says. "I learned coke at a good time, before it turned to shit. The coke today is from immature plants that don't have the alkaloids you need. The demand is too great. Nobody wants to wait and let the plants grow.

"Seven years ago, I had a mix," he says. "I called it Super One. It was beautiful, soft on the nose, left you with a clean head—no big jag, no false euphoria. I've got some pictures of it around here somewhere. I kept some of it in a bank vault for years."

Babe goes back to mixing. He is coming off a flurry of activity. He has been up for several days, mixing for the past 26 hours straight, testing and weighing and sorting. When he fills a vial with what he thinks is the proper mix, he shakes the vial over and over again, flicking his wrist and watching the powder fall into various formations.

He talks about his time "inside": two stints as a Marine in the brig, including 52 days in solitary; three years in prison for safecracking; two busts for marijuana dealing (a few hundred *pounds* of grass); several years on Federal probation.

"If they want to lock me up again, they'll have a hard time finding me. Nobody knows where I am. I've got no property in my own name, no bank accounts. I never stay in one place for very long. As far as this society is concerned, I don't exist. Sure, I make a lot of money. Thousands of dollars a week. But I never know where to put it, you know? I keep it around. I carry some of it with me. Mostly, it's in attics and base-

ments. With friends. The only thing I worry about is fire. A couple of fires and I'd be wiped out."

The next afternoon, when we talk, Babe has had some sleep. A strange kind of sleep, granted. He has just scored 2000 bootleg Quaaludes at two dollars each. Street value, five dollars each. He tried one, just to test it. Cocaine gets him up; he needs 'Ludes to bring him down.

We have planned to go out to dinner at a *sushi* bar. Babe stumbles around trying to get dressed. The tranquilizer is still in effect, and it takes him a long time to put on his pants. "This is shit," he mumbles. "This is no way to live." He toots some coke and brightens up.

"Straight is the best," he says. "I know that. I'm going to get balanced one day. This life ain't worth it. If anybody asked my advice, I'd say don't toot. It costs too much and the shit is no good. Maybe if you could get to Peru and chew the leaf, it would be OK. But what we got here is lousy." He stands up, moves in slow motion, struggles to pull up his pants. "I lost \$500,000 on the horses in the past five years. Can you believe that? I lost \$27,000 last week on them. I should have so much money now. Millions. But I don't. I got maybe \$200,000 total in cash spread around. I gamble it or I toot it. That's where my money goes." He makes it into his trousers.

The scene at the *sushi* bar is both funny and sad. Babe tries to talk about his career. He talks money: He pays about \$68,000 for a kilo of coke today; he sells it for about \$85,000. He's had as many as six kilos at a time, but that's rare. He sells some coke to other, smaller, dealers at about \$2200 per ounce, and they pass it on for \$300–\$500 more; or they can give it another cut and add to their profit. There's one thing Babe doesn't do: He doesn't cut his cocaine with the crap you usually find on the street these days—coke mixed with quinine or procaine or ephedrine. "May God strike me dead if I ever do that," he says.

The problem is that as Babe talks, his eyes water and his nose starts to run. He wipes his face with a napkin, goes to the rest room and comes back with a huge wad of toilet paper. "I forgot to bring a toot," he whispers. He presses his sinuses, rubs his face again. He is clearly in pain. We rush the meal, drive carefully but rapidly back to his place, and he quickly snorts several lines of cocaine, one thin white line after another. Within minutes, he is better.

Babe and I talk openly, no pretension or self-protection on either side. I have seen him at his worst, and to even the trade, I tell him about my worst: my struggles with alcohol, an early history of South Chicago drugs, a fondness for opium, a later cleaning up. We are, for the moment, not reporter and subject. We're two guys talking, period.

Babe continues to toot as he talks about the hazards of his trade. His brother chisels him, steals the names of some of his clients

from his address book and tries to take them over for his own. His son is on coke. The big dealers, the ones who fly in thousands of kilos unmolested from South America, can become dangerous to work with. They tend to go paranoid and crack up, to see the DEA under the soles of their shoes.

There are other problems: Babe's bookie expects special treatment. So do other Hollywood hot-shots. Babe sells on credit to the most powerful people and they end up owing him thousands of dollars. If they don't pay him, there's little he can do except not supply them with any more coke.

And in the room where he mixes and packages, there is a nylon rope coiled in the corner, tied to the foot of the bed. That's for the day when the guys with the sawed-off shotguns appear at the door and shoot their way into the house in an attempt to blow Babe away. He will, he assumes, have time to do a Tarzan, to swing out the window and down the canyon, free as ever, alive to deal another day.

As we talk, I see a ghostly image floating around the room. I see Babe dying. Literally. Slowly. He is pale, slightly soggy in the brain, married to the white lady and no one else.

This thought is interrupted by a phone call. Babe talks in primitive code to the client at the other end. "Ahhh," he says, "you picked up your darling, did you? Was she nice to you? Great. I thought she was nice, too. Wonderful lady. Listen, I'll come by and see you tomorrow, OK? OK. *Ciao*." He hangs up and smiles. "He got his lady," he says fondly, holding up a vial of the cocaine he had mixed the night before. "She was good to him."

The party is up in the Hollywood Hills. The house itself belongs in Hawaii, in Kahala, near Black Point, not here above the California smog. It is huge, modern, tropical, with plants inside and out. There are tiki torches, a trim lawn with a large pool, tables set under a huge tent, a combo playing music of no identity save smooth. Waiters serve drinks: champagne, whiskey, rum, all on trays. Dress is neither formal nor informal. Since this party begins at dusk, some people wear evening clothes; they will be moving on to more formal things. On the other hand, there are people in denim and clogs, sport shirts, *puka* shells, planter hats.

The producer throwing this dinner is magnanimous, understated, a wonderful host and an unassuming man. He makes introductions that aren't introductions; call them charcoal sketches; brief lines, drawn with words, that sum up a person's best profile, a little Daumier of language, so the lowly writer can meet an Academy Award winner or a German director or a high-powered agent on somewhat equal terms. If there is a class system functioning here, it



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certainly isn't obvious. People seem interested in other people. Period.

And the talk? It's magnificent, not in a witty, superficial way but in a direct, professional way. You can learn from the conversations around you. This is a working party, a business party. Want a Hollywood orgy with hot tubs and naked starlets? Forget it. Not here. These people have produced and worked with the best, and their lives, they convey, are not wasted. In a very real sense, you sit at their feet. Their credits include many films you've loved in the past ten years. They tell stories about making those pictures. They critique current work, trade notes of who's in and who's out, listen to you when you speak your opinions.

The food isn't pretentious: roast beef, salad, sourdough bread, coffee and wine and liqueurs. The seating is casual: talk to whom you want, move around, joke and learn and laugh. It is a cool night, and as the evening wears on, the party moves inside. There is a huge fireplace in the living room and a smaller one in the library. The lights are low and the fire is warm and Hollywood lies stretched out below you like an electronic map.

If drugs are consumed, it is done very privately, behind bathroom doors, upstairs in the bedrooms, no outward sign that people are getting loaded on anything. The pleasant atmosphere gives the lie to the idea that all Hollywood socialization is corrupt and meaningless.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, who spent his own years working in Hollywood and died there at the age of 44, wrote of the eternal sense of irony of one of his characters: "The old interior laughter had begun inside him." He was writing of Dick Diver, a man consumed and amused by his own charm, a man not unlike Fitzgerald himself. But he could have been writing about you that evening. Your sense of irony is strong while you talk with these bright people. Because while you talk, there is the tinkle of laughter consistently in your inner ear. You know too much about these people. And they do not know that you know.

The producer giving the party owes Babe \$17,000. He hasn't seen Babe or called him for months. There are indications that he is going to stiff Babe, politely at first, then toughly.

Other people at the party owe Babe, too. Some of them are nice to him, setting up time payments, giving him clothing and jewelry for barter if they don't have the cash, keeping him posted about their finances. But others avoid him like the plague, cross the street when they see him coming, change their phone number, tell their secretaries to freeze him out.

Without knowing you know, the producer has invited you to a party that is populated, in part, by Babe's clients. It is difficult to keep a straight face when a person who hides from his own dealer carries on a high-flown conversation about life and

truth and drama. And it is even funnier when he launches into a discussion of dramatic irony as defined by Aristotle.

"Right," you nod, "the audience knows what the characters don't."

"The basis for all suspense," the person says.

"Riiiiight," you say.

Mel moves several million dollars' worth of cocaine into Hollywood every year. Moves is the word he prefers. "I'm a mover, not a dealer," he says. "I have only a few clients. I get it to them and they go out and do the dealing. It's a skeletal system. It's in place and it activates at the right time. I get a call. I go pick up some kilos and pass them around. The whole thing is dormant until it's called for. I move stuff maybe once a week on the average." Mel speaks mildly, objectively. We are sitting in his modest apartment in West Hollywood. He seems continually amused at the situation in which he finds himself, and he has some interesting thoughts on the quality of life in the L.A. cocaine world.

"I've been dealing for eight years. I came out here looking for work, something in the music or movie business, but it was obvious that what people really wanted was cocaine.

"Cocaine is the oil in the machinery of Hollywood. But it's fucking up the creative process. Especially free-basing—cooking down the coke to get out the impurities, and then smoking it. Free-basing caught me by surprise. It started in a big way here in Hollywood about three years ago. It's very expensive to do, but I think it's the next big drug habit in the country. It's ruining people here. Did you see *1941*? Those people were basing all the time on that set. Did you think that movie was funny? It was chaotic—that's all. They did more than \$1,000,000 of base on that film. They made a movie that basically said, 'Look at me, Ma, I'm high.' Basing is a junkie drug, and it's going to kill the cocaine business. And the movie business. And the *people* in the movie business.

"John Belushi, of course, was doing a lot of basing. You can bet Belushi didn't stick himself. He was afraid of needles." Mel has a slight stutter sometimes. When it occurs, he stays silent for a second. "There were more people with Belushi that night than you ever read about. See, Hollywood PR people have a different job now than they used to have. They used to dream up stunts to get their clients' names into the papers. Now they work at keeping names out.

"I think what we had for a long time was a situation unique to L.A. There was a lot of loose money hanging around. Cocaine was inevitable here. The nature of this town is stimulative. Coke's the focal point. You can tell when you see movies these days, can't you? Where do you get to see movies like John Huston used to make? Basing inter-

feres with production. It screws up the writers, who can't come up with a logical script, and the cinematographers, who make a mess of the visuals, and the sound men, who lose their ears. The crew chases a high and the film falls apart. It happens all the time."

Mel is the only dealer I talk with who makes it through the interview without having to snort some coke. I ask him about that. "Everybody gets high in my business," he laughs. "It's not like other drugs, where the dealers stay away from it. I toot. I just don't like to be under the influence all the time. There's a negative side to cocaine. It's a very powerful drug. It can become your companion. When it does, you're in big trouble. You just can't fuck with it."

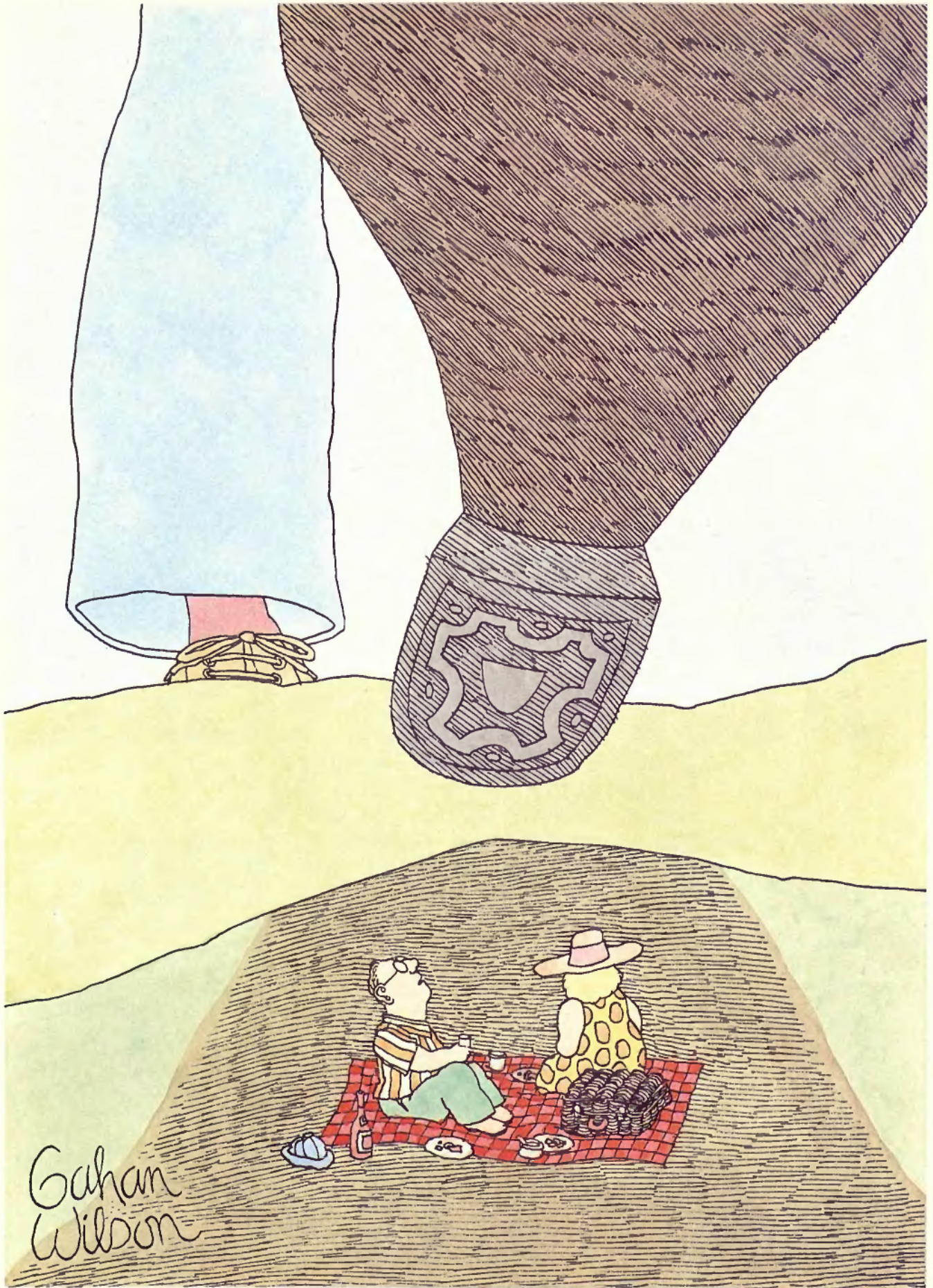
Mel speaks like a businessman, thinks like one, runs his life accordingly. "Cocaine is a commodity, that's all," he says. "I have to remind myself sometimes that it's illegal, that I could get 20 years for dealing it without a Federal license. But let me tell you, nobody's going to fuck up this game. No way. Everybody's getting fat off it. Fatted lambs. The underground economy keeps America afloat these days. Some people say 60 percent of the gross national product is underground. A lot of that is coke money, my man. The state of California makes money off us. And if I get busted? The state loses all that cash I'm turning over—and it has to pay to keep me locked up." He laughs. "Besides, what do you think happens when a B ATF [Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms] guy or a narc busts me? He walks into my living room and I've got \$3,000,000 worth of coke in my closet and I offer him half of it if he'll go away. What do you think happens?"

When Mel laughs, he sounds mostly bitter. "Coke has gone sour for me. It's no fun anymore. See, I've got a basic problem when I try to sell cocaine. I'm trying to talk people into shoving a powder up their nose. It is not necessarily a natural act. So I hype the mystique of it, the romance, 'the leaf of the gods.' But it's all bullshit; it really is."

We talk for several hours. Mel refuses to be paranoid. Cynical, yes; fearful, no. We leave his apartment together at midnight. When we shake hands goodbye, he shows me a roll of money. "I've got \$30,000 on me tonight," he says. "I've got to deliver it downtown. Out here on the street, they'll kill you for nickels and dimes, and I'm walking around with \$30,000. So secrecy is my only security. To be successful at this game, you have to be isolated. I don't have any friends, really. I'm not ostentatious. I just do my job as quietly as I can. And as soon as I can, I'm going to stop this shit and get out of town." Mel walks off into the night, briefcase in hand, money stashed in pockets and money belt, a reasonable man in a wild world.

On the Strip. Night-life contrasts: You go to a sleazy strip show, naked dancers and





*"Well, Millie, I guess this is it for us!"*





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\*Warranty applies to motorcycles purchased from authorized U.S. dealers and BMW European Delivery only and is transferable within the period specified. See your BMW dealer for details. \*\*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price will depend upon dealer. Price excludes applicable state and local taxes, shipping and destination charges. © 1982 BMW of North America, Inc. The BMW trademark and logo are registered.

**THE LEGENDARY  
MOTORCYCLES OF  
GERMANY.**





naked waitresses, dollar bills left by the audience on the raised platform, said bills picked up in variable fashion by the dancers. After asking around, you find that coke is sold in the alley behind the club—\$150 per gram, according to the Filipino with the tattoos and numerous friends who stand laughing at you as you check prices and systems. A police car cruises by the mouth of the alley and nothing changes. You continue to bargain, the Filipino continues to stall, the cops couldn't care less. A dog trots by. He doesn't care, either. As you start to walk away, the price comes down to \$125, then \$100. Your lack of interest is taken as snobbishness, and an empty beer can whizzes by your ear, the sound of laughter and swearing, the beat of drums from the record playing loudly inside the club. For a moment, you think you are in a Botero painting. There, at midnight, behind a short picket fence, sits a very young Latino boy in a small lawn chair, his eyes black and nonblinking, taking in the action and the shadows.

Light-years away in terms of economic class but only a few miles away geographically, there's a singles bar you go to that same evening. The word is that Jason, the bar's supposedly cool and connected manager, is doing celebrity coke, dealing to all the Beautiful People with a client list that will knock your eyes out. It's the kind of tip that sounds good at first, and when you get there, you think it's pay dirt: The parking lot is filled with BMWs, Mercedes and Corvettes, and the clientele appears moneyed, neither young nor old, ageless in the dim light of the bar. It is a place filled with hanging plants, posh furniture, low ceilings, the sound of soft rock played by a trio of musicians who wear formal attire. The clientele is gorgeous; the women look like models, the men like ads for hair spray and body building.

What you expect as you are ushered up some stairs and into Jason's office is something subdued, controlled, understated. What you get is melodrama and paranoia rolled into one human package of fear and complexity. A play is being staged for you; Jason stars. He is seated at his desk, a very messy desk, and he is speaking into the phone in a man-of-destiny voice: "I don't care what he says; the inventory's short and he goes. Now. Out. He's a goddamn crook, and I won't have crooks working for me." He slams the phone down. He still hasn't offered to shake hands. You stand there. "One of my bartenders is stealing from me. I ought to kill the son of a bitch." He opens his top desk drawer and pats a pistol. "I have a .357 Magnum within reach at all times. Let me see your press card." He makes a show of checking your features with your picture on the press card. Idly, he toys with the Magnum. It is not a relaxing moment. "I want you to know," Jason says in that same resonant voice, "that I have

never dealt cocaine, nor do I know anyone who has dealt cocaine, and I have never used the substance myself. I do not intend to go to jail, understand? I'd kill someone before I let that happen."

The problem is that the man making these pronouncements is strung out. His hair is messed and his eyes are nervous and his face is fatigued. He looks more like a janitor than like the manager of a fancy bar in Hollywood. When he finally hands back your press card and gestures for you to sit down, you wonder if you should simply leave while you can. You suggest that this is probably the wrong time, that he obviously doesn't want to talk with a reporter about anything. Strangely, this tack makes Jason wild. He is insulted that you do not want to interview him that badly. He has stories, he insists. He has the scoop. You should listen. You might learn something.

"You don't mind if I toot, do you?" he laughs suddenly. The coke comes out and the stories begin. There has been an enormous shift in the emotional spectrum of the moment; Jason wants to feel important, and talking with you will help that. He is putting on an entertainment.

Jason talks of busts and taps, of hiding places and hauls. He watches you carefully. He cannot stand neutrality, and he ups the ante continuously, telling taller and taller tales, waiting for you to be awed. If you are to believe him, his clients include all of Hollywood. He names the head of a national TV network, your favorite actor, your favorite talk-show host, your favorite comedian. He rambles, tooting all the time, losing track of his own conversation, then apologizing. "Cocaine can make me irrational," he says.

After three hours, you have exactly two pages of scanty notes. Nothing, by your standards. Jason has been full of lectures and dramas and specious advice, but as a source, he is not worth a damn. The wilder his stories, the less you trust him, and he senses this. It makes him frantic. He has latched on to you, he likes you, and he is afraid because the bar has closed and the Beautiful People have gone from downstairs and he does not want to be alone. You make motions to go and he is immediately at your side. A very big movie star is free-basing at his house right now. Who? Marlon Brando, that's who.

You try not to laugh. Brando is not even in town, and you know it. Jason has never met Brando in his life. You talk gently to him as you move slowly toward the front door. No, you do not want to rent a limo and drive around town. No, you do not want to go to his house or go over for breakfast or meet him tomorrow night.

Dawn is not Hollywood's finest hour. The sky is gray with morning clouds, and the last remaining hookers look like qualified knife fighters. Trash from the night before lies in the gutters.

You split from Jason, conscious that he

still carries his pistol. He is now promising great parties during the week ahead. Across the street, he shouts that he may have to fly to Europe in the afternoon; a famous Las Vegas entertainer has run into trouble with French customs and has called Jason for help. The fool was trying to smuggle a vial of cocaine in his shaving kit. Jason had warned him.

Later that week, you learn that Jason is looking for you. He went out and rented limousines for several nights running, thinking that you might come back and play with him. It is his opinion that you owe him \$450. He has bills to present, recriminations to make.

"I'm not in the drug business, I'm in the *people* business," Marty says. "Cocaine is the vehicle. Money is the tool. But it's a people business, very intimate and very close. If we ever forget that, we might as well pack up and go away."

Marty's house is in the desert beyond Los Angeles. Somehow, that is appropriate. Marty's business circles spread up and down the West Coast; they are wider than the city itself.

Other dealers have confirmed that Marty is Mr. Big. "Marty?" one of them laughs. "He's something else. He brings in 2000 keys at a time." To understand the awe in his voice, you should understand that 2000 kilos of cocaine have a street value of about \$140,000,000.

The word is that Marty has run into some problems, however. "Internal and external," he nods when asked. The problems almost put him out of commission. Right now, he's making his move back into big-league dealing. His presence will, by definition, cut some other people out. The question of who will survive and who will not hangs like a cloud over his desert hide-away.

The house has high adobe walls, TV surveillance, a master control on the TV set in the living room, a set that is always on and that carries the picture of any outside camera chosen. Jack, Marty's friend, switches from site to site, moving from front door to back door to yard to pool to garage to roadway to roof. This switching goes on all evening.

Marty and Jack are both in their late 30s. They dress casually: T-shirts and wash pants and shower slippers. Their studied ease is sometimes broken as we talk. Once, when a shadow flits across the picture of the driveway, Jack bolts out of the room, comes back a few minutes later and laughs at my concern. "It's not cops we're looking for, man," he says. "It's in-laws."

Marty is known in "Family" circles as a mediator, a good negotiator, the man they call if there are two factions that want to settle a dispute without blowing up people. He is also known as an extremely tough cookie, no one to mess with. I ask him about these things. He answers in a low, calm



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voice. As he talks, he toots some cocaine.

"I learned to be a mediator in my own home, I think. I had brothers and sisters and grandparents and parents, and I recognized the problems of the old and the young. I learned to get people together. So if the Family needs me to help, I'm happy to do it. Listen, before I came out here, I lived in Las Vegas, and I was introduced around there by one of Meyer Lansky's people. That was a tremendous help to me.

"As for free-basing: I do it. I think it's physically addictive. But you have to understand something. I've been dealing for 11 years. And I've been doing coke all that time. Basing is the only thing that can give me some kind of lift. I have a tremendous tolerance for drugs. It scares me. I can't get off on drugs anymore. Basing is not for most people. I'm very concerned about the direction coke is going."

"People are fucking the drug up," Jack says. "They push it beyond its limits. If they'd just use it naturally, carefully. . . ." His words drift off as he watches the surveillance monitor.

Marty describes a day in his life. His day is longer than our day—by about five or six days. That's his time between naps. "I don't sleep much," he laughs. "And when I go out of town to set something up, it gets even worse. I operate on a 25-day cycle then. I might get 50 hours' sleep over that time. I set people up, the drug goes out, then the dollars start to come back in. You'd be surprised; it takes 25 days, no matter where you are, to see the money start to roll in. I'm a very finicky person. I keep close tabs on my people. You can't keep track of your people if you're asleep. So I do base to stay awake. If you sleep too much, things can get out of control. You might get surprised. And I hate surprises. 'No surprises,' I tell my people. I never want to be surprised.

"If you and I were doing business, you'd never come to me. You wouldn't know where I live, what my home is like—nothing. And I wouldn't do business with you unless you were ready to take a minimum of 30-40 keys. Right now, I'd sell you 40 keys at \$61,000 per key. That's about \$2,500,000. If you can't handle that much, I don't talk to you.

"I deliver to you. That's part of the service. I know where you live. If you screw me, the first thing I want to do is get my money back. That's the goal. If I can't do that," Marty laughs, "then, unless you're my cousin and your mother's still alive, I'll waste you if I have to." He pauses. "But that's bad business."

Throughout the evening, Marty leaves the room at various intervals. He carries a battered leather address book and goes into another room to make calls, to talk to his woman, to free-base. Jack doesn't often leave the living room, but he is restless. He drinks beer. He has more surface energy than Marty and a humor that cuts strange ways. For example, when I explain to him

that nothing I write will allow people to locate or label either Marty or him, Jack smiles and says, "You like living?"

When Marty comes back, he tells Jack to put on a tape: *Just Another Day in Paradise*, by Bertie Higgins, the man who sings of cocaine and smuggling and tropical love. The songs fit Marty's history.

He started in the cocaine business down in the Florida Keys, running boats filled with coke past the Coast Guard's nose, using his years as a Navy man to good advantage.

Various Government agencies tried to recruit him, but he left the Navy when he flunked his Underwater Demolitions Team physical; his lungs weren't good, and without the excitement of UDT training, Marty wanted out of Government service altogether. Because of his contacts, he started high on the coke chain, with access to thousands of pounds of the stuff. Those were the good old days, racing a \$100,000 speedboat from Bimini to Miami, unloading the coke and heading back for the Blue Moon Hotel, living a tan and fast and salty life. That's what Marty and Jack remember, the life Bertie Higgins sings about:

*"Been working down South,  
The old Caribbean boy.  
Been burning the Coast Guard  
From St. Pete to St. Croix.  
Freedom is my wager,  
Smuggling is my game.  
Cocaine is my pleasure,  
'Bout to drive me insane. . . ."*

Their life then, in retrospect, makes them smile. But not their life now, not when the DEA and IRS are sniffing around waiting to bust you, not when one of your brothers has been killed recently in an automobile accident on his way to a methadone clinic, when all your role models are dead and the cocaine you used to love can't do a thing for you anymore, when you're stuck inside a desert house that is wired like a spaceship and is as much of a deathtrap as it is a home, when you've got \$500,000 worth of coke out on the street in the hands of a dealer who thinks he can screw you, who thinks he is invulnerable, immortal and invisible and has dared you to come out and get him, and you have to do it to prove you can't be fucked with. "I was such a *macho* kid," Marty chuckles. "I'd take any dare, no matter what. I used to go to school praying, 'Please, God, don't let anyone dare me today.' Because if I got dared, I took up on it."

Indeed, irony of ironies, it is not a good life when you have become basically anti-drug, fed up with the crap they put in the white lady, frightened at your own humongous tolerance for free-base, spending your life by a little blue flame in a shiny lamp that cooks your powder for you, frightened even more by the fact that a few months ago you were clinically dead—that's right, *dead*—all vital signs gone. The doctor



brought you back, but he couldn't believe the lab tests. The toxins in your body broke all records for living things.

We talk for a long time. Marty has been up for five days. "This is my best time," he says. "It takes me a couple of days to get started, but about the fourth or fifth day, I feel great. I feel like I'm in control of everything. I'm smarter than everybody else and I've got it made." He toots again. "I tell my dealers, 'It's not what it is—it's what it ain't.' And I mean that. Cocaine isn't cocaine anymore. It's all synthetics. It's crap. So you test it to make sure there are certain things that are *not* in it."

As I get ready to leave, and after Jack has made one more sweep of the surveillance cameras, Marty and I stand outside in the night air of the California desert. The sky over Los Angeles glows in the distance. Marty is pale, a fatigue beyond tired.

Behind us, the front door is open. Jack stands there. He still isn't sure about me. He says, apropos of nothing, "You know, Marty, the friendlier they are, the deadlier." Jack doesn't trust my smile. There is a silence. Marty and I are cool. We like each other. He understands my job, I understand his weariness and loneliness. Bertie Higgins punches through the desert space. I lean against the railing and listen. It's a good song:

*"Gonna get me a room  
Down at the Blue Moon,  
Gonna get paid, gonna get laid,  
Gonna get real, real high.  
Won't you send me a tune  
Down at the Blue Moon?  
So belly up, boys,  
Let's make some noise.  
Tomorrow we may die."*

Mantegazza, one of the earliest writers on the subject of cocaine, made the inflated claim that he saw 77,438 worlds during one especially wonderful trip on the stuff. Chances are, he had entered a time warp and was flying over modern Hollywood.

There are arguments about the status of the drug. Some people think it's just now peaking in popularity, others that it's as passé as disco and mechanical bulls. But most observers admit that cocaine is around in a big way and that it's causing problems.

Probably the best conversation I had about it was a brief one held in the Hollywood office of a powerful producer, a man with millions of dollars to sock into film projects that please him, a gentle man who speaks in a whisper and who looks older than he really is. His office is in great disorder—newspaper clippings and cans of film and letters and bills piled at random—and he greets his visitor without getting up from his sofa, slippers on his feet, loose cotton clothing, a Turkish Kayseri carpet

hanging on his wall, a small palm in the corner, saddlebags as pillows. You might think you were in Egypt or Morocco.

"I had a friend who wanted me to try free-basing," the producer says softly. His face is heavy, pale, deceptively calm, a quick mind under a turtle's features. "He wanted me to try it because he was doing it and he loved it. He said it was the best experience of his life, better than any other drug, better than sex. I told him I wanted to ask a question first. 'What's the down?' I asked.

"What do you mean?" he asked me back.

"What's the down?" I asked again. "Every drug has a down."

"I've never had one with free-basing," he argued.

"How long have you been basing?" I asked him.

"Six months," he said, "and I swear to you, I've never been down."

The producer sits on his sofa, gazing sadly out the window, like a pasha at a funeral.

"He was telling me the truth, of course. He'd been basing steadily for half a year without stopping. No breaks, no coming up for air. With basing, even if you do it only for a day, there's a terrible down afterward. But he couldn't face that, so he just kept on basing. He looked like death warmed over. Which is what he was."

Up in the hills, near a firebreak on the ridge line, a house is burning. You can see it from the office. You have a straight shot at it across the valley, line of sight for half a mile. You and the producer watch silently as the flames leap from the roof and catch in the trees. As far as you can tell, there are no fire trucks in the street, no neighbors showing concern, no family straggling out with belongings and pets and valuables. It is as if the fire has been placed there for your visual entertainment, as if everything's a movie and nothing really matters.

"Death warmed over," the producer says quietly, with only a touch of irony.



*"Music has always been an important part of my life... ever since I got laid underneath that grand piano back in aught-seven."*



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# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### HABITAT

## VIDEO ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT

The video revolution has its drawbacks. Along with the excitement of owning a tape and/or disc machine, escaping from dungeons and dragons while crouched behind a game console or watching Playboy Video comes a Medusalike clutter of wires and, all too often, mediocre picture reception because a high-tech signal can't be picked up

through low-tech equipment. But fear not, video junkie; the industry has responded. Component TVs that separate the unit into a monitor and receiver are now available, and they improve reception significantly. In addition, there are a variety of switchers to choose from that consolidate your wires into one unit. Remember, neatness counts—and the products here will help.

The small silver box pictured below is the AVS-1500 Audio + Video Receiver, which is coupled with a 19-inch AVS-3190 monitor; together they bring you terrific audio/video reception, as the receiver is really four units in one: AM/FM tuner, amplifier, video tuner and input/output switcher, by Jensen Sound Laboratories, \$990 for the receiver, including a wireless remote-control unit (not shown); \$800 for the monitor, not including a pair of matching speakers, about \$280.



Above: The Select-A-View solid-state switcher (no moving parts) allows you to consolidate the wiring for four video components and up to three machines in one unit, by Cable Works, \$179.95.



Above: For less-grainy pictures on your boob tube, consider investing in a Satellite TV Receiver, which features remote volume and channel selection, plus dual tuning meters, by Earth Terminals, \$1425.



Above: The VE 581 UQ Switcher, by Quasar, measures a compact 10" x 8" and features five inputs, plus push-button controls; a built-in amplifier gives incoming signals a hefty boost, about \$120.



Left: This SW 5 x 4 Switcher has five inputs and four outputs; thus, you can use it to watch pay TV and record cable, and much more, by Rhoades National Corporation, \$199. Right: Kenwood's KVA-502 Audio/Video Amplifier is a 55-watt-per-channel unit that links audio and video components, \$399.





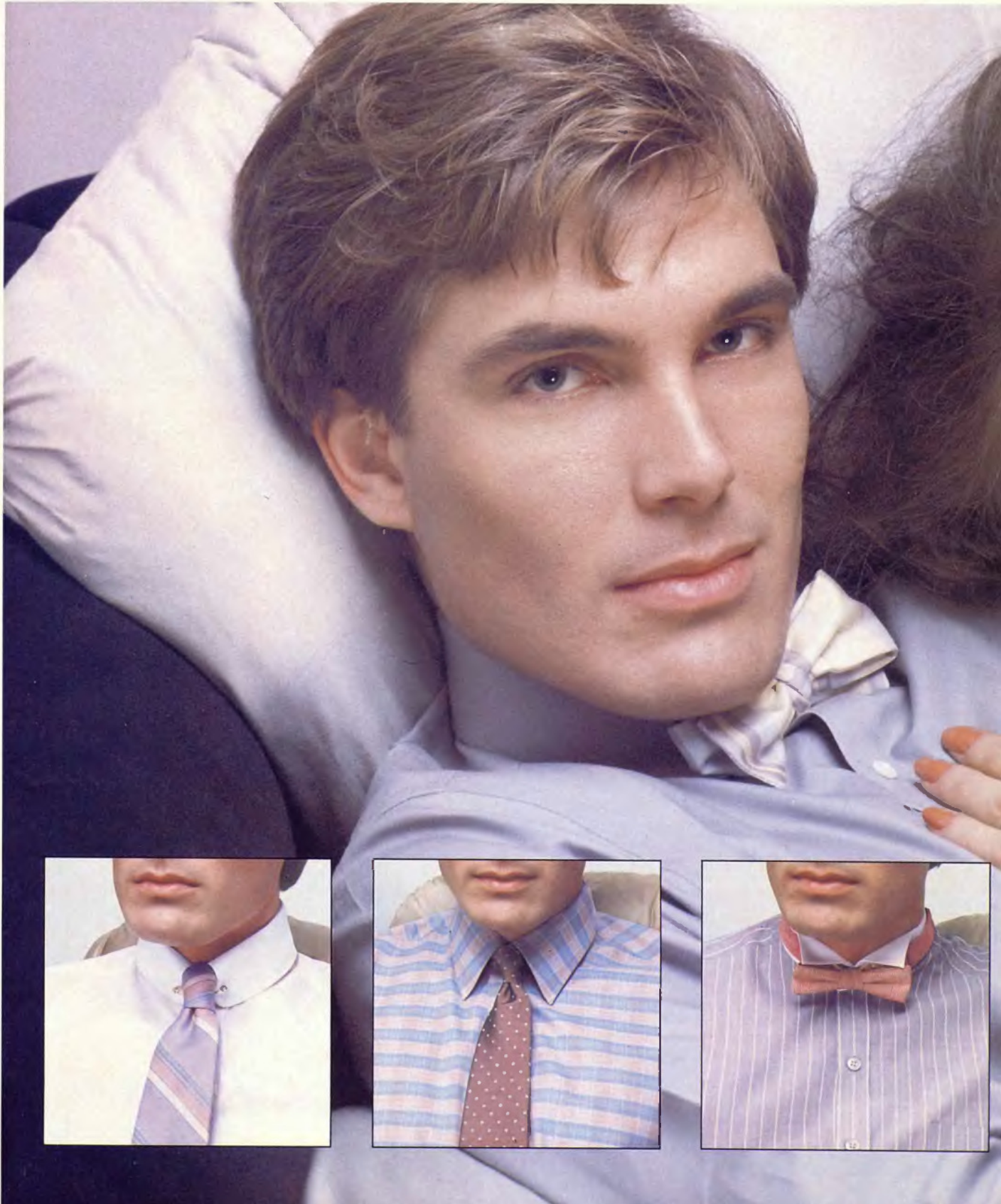
# FASHION

## GREAT NECKING

The good news from shirt manufacturers this spring is that collar styles have loosened up and there's a tremendous spectrum of looks from which to choose. The bad news, of course, is that you'll have to be as rich as Niarchos to stock up the way you'd like. Happily, ancient dictums, such as never wear a buttondown shirt with a bow tie, no longer apply.

Credit the change to the youth of America (as Casey Stengel used to say), who taught us to play with clothes (a skinny leather tie worn with a knit short-sleeved polo shirt and a pair of jeans, for example), and relaxed business executives who have eased dated and deadly office dress codes. Who says you can't have fun in a shirt and tie?

—DAVID PLATT





Below: Our admiring miss with plenty to admire has tied one on with her favorite beau, who's wearing a cotton buttondown shirt, \$34, that's combined with a multicolor silk-taffeta bow tie, \$13.50, both by Ron Chereskin. Bottom row, left to right: The classic pin collar, \$23.50, coupled with a multicolor silk/cotton-faille striped tie, \$16.50, both by Henry Grethel. Next to it is another tasteful combination—a multicolor cotton plaid shirt with a slightly spread long-pointed collar, by Hathaway Private Stock, \$43; and a dot-patterned silk tie, by Hathaway Neckwear, \$16.50. If you really want to wing it, check out the third

picture—a striped polyester/cotton shirt with a contrasting wing collar, by Sasson, \$24; and a houndstooth-patterned bow tie, by Vicky Davis, \$10. In fourth place is another winning look—a multicolor cotton/polyester plaid shirt with a long-pointed collar, by Pierre Cardin, \$25; and a muted-stripe silk tie, by Ron Chereskin, \$20. Next to it is a cotton striped shirt with a contrasting rounded pin collar, \$80, and a golf-club-patterned silk tie, \$30, both by Alan Flusser. Last, a cotton shirt with an angled spread collar, from Colours by Alexander Julian, \$37.50; and a silk/cotton-faille striped tie, by Henry Grethel, \$16.50.



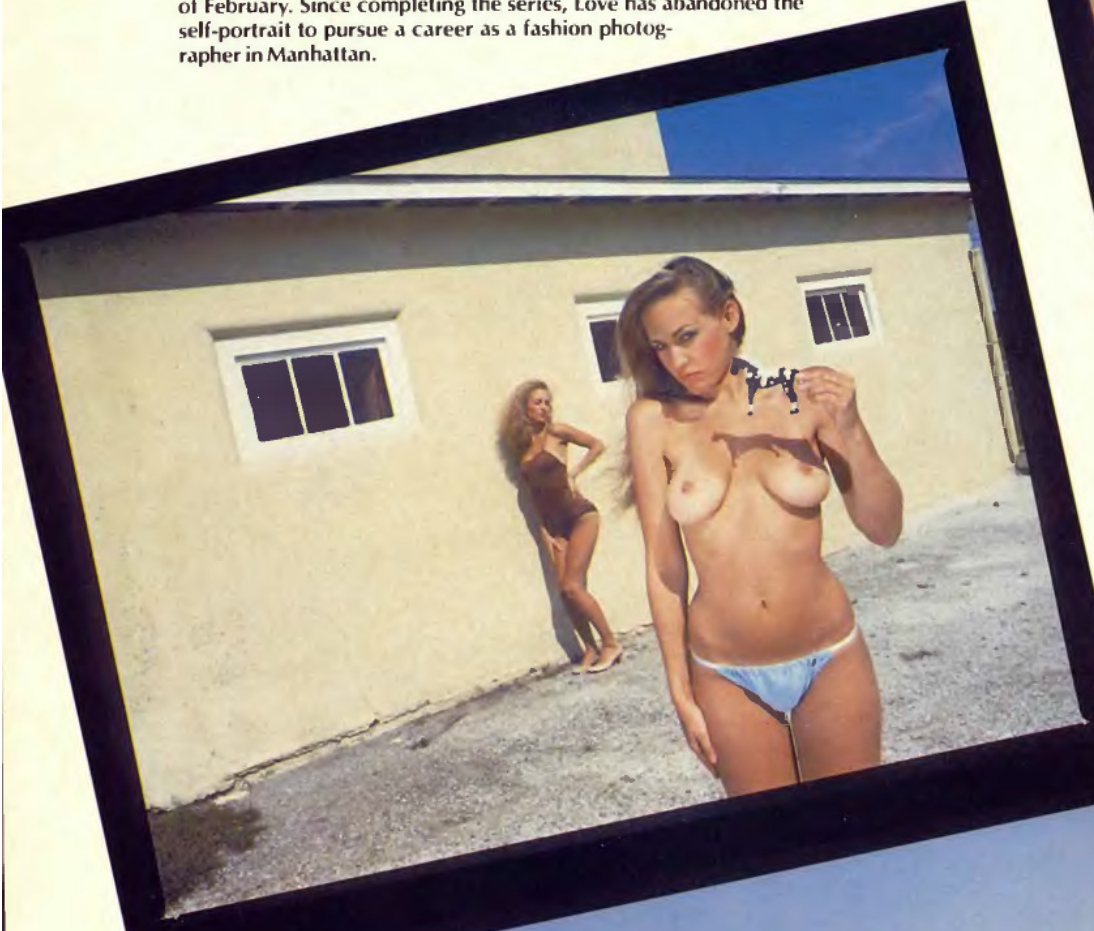
JOHN HOLT



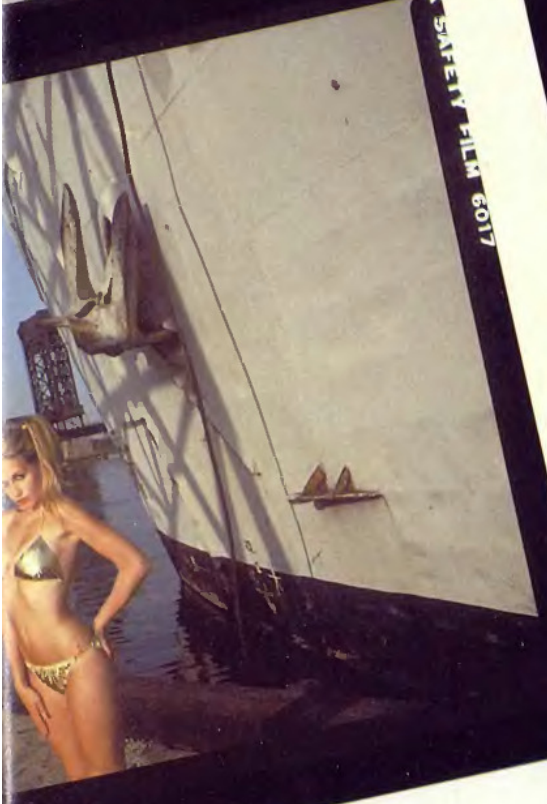


## Portrait of the Artist as a Young Pinup

A FEW YEARS AGO, Assistant Photo Editor Patty Beudet came across the work of a photographer from New Jersey named Robin Love. Love had a body of work that was awe-inspiring as well as a major chuckle. She had started a series of self-portraits in the hot spots of New Jersey—shipyards, waterfronts, train depots, industrial sites. The photos were a satirical poke at the traditional pinup, cheesecake photograph—the kind you still find on hardware-store calendars. Beudet and Love began a correspondence. Love would notify us, “I have some ideas for Hoboken...” and a few weeks later, we would receive transparencies. The photos shown here feature Love and an occasional innocent bystander or collaborator. They are the culmination of her series of self-portraits, part of a one-person exhibit at the Visual Arts Gallery on Wooster Street, in New York City’s Soho district, through the middle of February. Since completing the series, Love has abandoned the self-portrait to pursue a career as a fashion photographer in Manhattan.







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## Has Anyone Told Big Bird?

Lately, SUZANNE SOMERS has been spending most of her time entertaining American troops around the world with her one-woman show. When we caught up with her in New York, she'd taken her act, chicken routine and all, to a fancy party at The Waldorf-Astoria—where no one cried fowl.



© 1981 RICH GAZETTA

## Hurts So Good

Actress MARY BETH HURT was nearly perfect as Robin Williams' wife in *The World According to Garp*. If you're going to be in New York any time soon, you can catch her live in *The Misanthrope*, co-starring Brian Bedford. There's a lot of bounce in Hurt's career now that she has her eye firmly on the ball.

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## Funny, You Don't Look Australian

COLIN HAY (left) and GREG HAM are *not* Holmes and Watson; they're two of five Men at Work. And unless you've been in hiding somewhere, you know that Men at Work is the hot Aussie band, whose first single and album hit the top of the American charts late last fall. First we were invaded by moviemakers from down under; now it's rock groups. A case of kangaroo chic?



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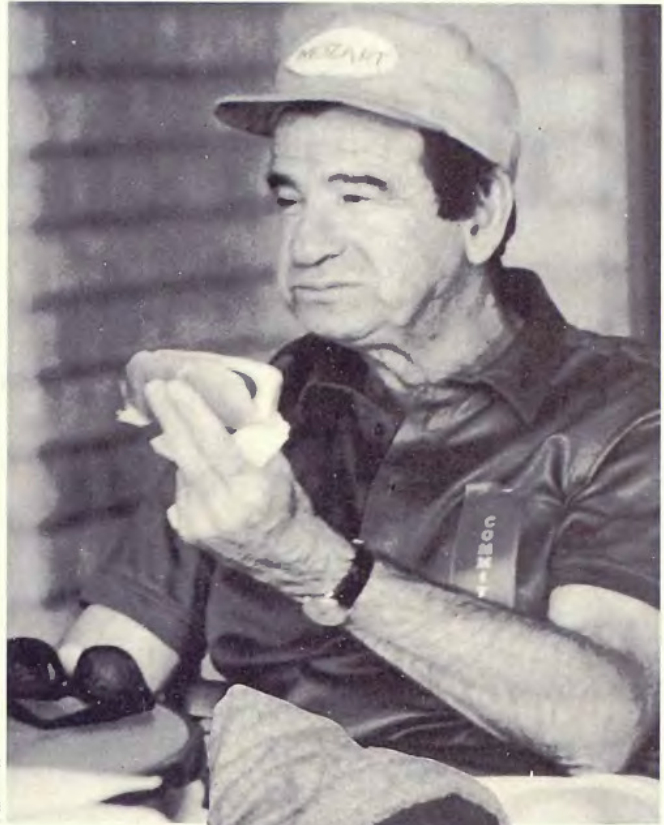


### This Blonde Is Having More

If actress ANN JILLIAN is looking a little smug, she has her reasons. Her role as a young Barbara Walters type in the ABC-TV miniseries *Malibu* put her in an exalted company of actors, and she has completed a pilot called *817 Hollywood Boulevard* for NBC-TV's second season. Given all that, we don't think you'll mind making do with this photo of our celebrity breast—area—of the month.

### Hold the Mustard

Here's a photo of a man doing a good job of impersonating Oscar Madison, though we doubt that Oscar would be caught dead wearing a cap with Mozart's name on it. No matter. WALTER MATTHAU, one of our best actors, can make even eating a hot dog look amusing.



### No Strings Attached

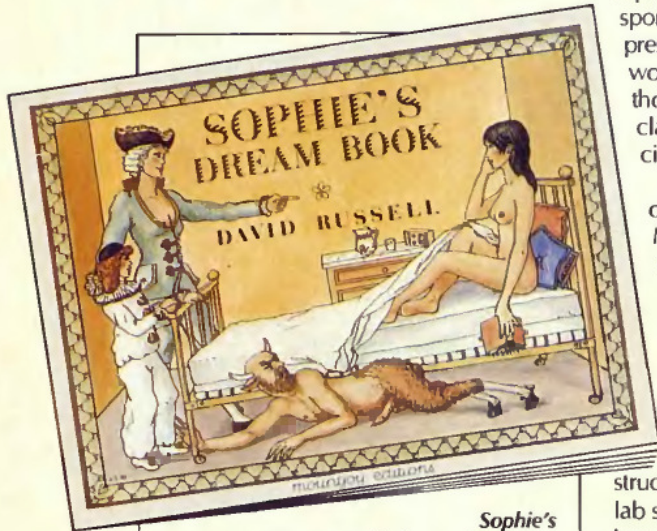
He's the dean of rock's electric-flute players, and he's also a successful sheep farmer in Scotland. And now we can get a good look at what was hiding all along under his own trademark locks. In spite of this new appendage, Jethro Tull's main man, IAN ANDERSON, is having a good year. The band has just completed a world tour and produced a full-length video album, *Slipstream*, with all your favorite golden oldies on it. The puppet's optional.





## THE LOVE MUSCLE

Sexologists have long believed that a woman can heighten her sexual arousal and her ability to reach orgasm by exercising the muscles of the pelvis that lie, slab-like, just above the primary recreational



*Sophie's Dream Book*, by artist David Russell, is supposed to depict the sexual fantasies of a 19-year-old girl. (Sorry, David, you can't fool us.) For information, write to Erotics Gallery, 316 Fifth Avenue, Suite 603, New York, New York 10001.

area. That muscle group, known as the pubococcygeus, or PC muscles, more or less supports the penis while it makes its fantastic voyage into the female anatomy. Tiny fibers from the muscle system actually adhere to the vaginal walls, and the few nerve endings in the vagina, theorists assert, are brought into closer contact with the penis when healthy PC muscles exert pressure. The nerve endings enjoy that and telegraph their pleasure to the area of the brain that keeps track of such things. The brain then ponders the level of arousal and decides whether or not orgasm is called for.

That theory seems to prove itself in practice, so you may want to know more about

exercising the PC muscles. In the Forties, an American gynecologist named Arnold Kegel designed a series of exercises to tense and untense the PC muscles of women with urinary stress incontinence. Many of the women who did the exercises reported improvement in their sexual response. Sexologists took note and started prescribing the Kegel system to help women attain orgasm. Last year, the authors of the best seller *The G Spot*, too, claimed that women who did Kegel exercises could heighten their pleasure.

But no one had subjected those observations to clinical testing until Madelyn Renée Messé, a doctoral candidate at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, did so. Now Messé's results are in and she has found support that the Kegel system heightens sexual arousal.

She divided 30 female volunteers into three groups. One group was told about the exercises and instructed to practice them at the first lab session and twice daily for one week at home. A second group and a third, control, group received no information on the exercises during the first lab session. At that initial lab session, Messé tested all of her subjects with a photoplethysmograph, which is not a dinosaur but, rather, an instrument that measures vaginal vasocongestion, a sign of arousal. The women were also asked to assess subjectively their own state of arousal and to sexually fantasize during one part of the session. It was found at that time that all three groups had nearly comparable levels of arousal during fantasy periods.

One week later, Messé recorded them again. The group that had practiced the gynogymnastics was observed during tensing alone, fantasy alone and fantasy combined with tensing. At that time, Messé described the Kegel exercises and related their history to the second group. The control group was given no new information.

It turned out that the group that had practiced showed increased levels of arousal during tensing. During fantasy combined with tensing, it showed even higher levels of arousal than during either fantasy or tensing alone. With the second group, Messé was testing the commonly held belief that merely telling patients about Kegel exercises will increase their arousal. In fact, only their actual practice succeeded in enhancing arousal.

Messé is now investigating whether or not prolonged practice (for two or three months) and muscle conditioning will further enhance arousal. We think she should get in touch with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

## ROLL CALL DOWN YONDER

We once knew a guy who called his uncircumcised penis Mort, after the character in Bazooka bubble-gum comics who always wore a turtle-neck sweater. Of course, he wasn't the only one who thought of naming his genitalia. Martha Cornog, a Philadelphia sex researcher, has been studying this practice and has sent us a list of names that she's assembled from her research. She speculates that some people name their



Last month, we introduced two; here's the complete set of TV announcers collectively described by their employers as *The Bedtime Movie Girls*. They do lead-ins to adult films on California cable channels. They all have very good speaking voices and fine elocution.

sexual parts because they so often have a will of their own. We think people give them names so that they'll come when they call them. Here are some of the highlights from Cornog's list, which actually includes more than 100 examples.

Names for the penis: Little Willy (the owner's name was Bill), the Wilder Williams (the owner's surname was Williams), Mexican Hairless (the man had little pubic hair), Owl (its owner claimed it stayed up all night), Alice (as in *Wonderland*) and Lazarus (it rises from the dead). Note how, in this instance, form follows function.

Names for the vulva or vagina: Little Joanie (the owner's name was Joan), Miss Polly (a name that had been passed down from mother to daughter for several generations), Virginia (taken from the travel-ad slogan "Virginia is for lovers") and Possible (you wash down as far as possible, you wash up as far as possible, and then you wash possible).

We thank Cornog for making all this possible.

For those who are of the opinion that beer and peanuts customarily overdress, a West Coast entrepreneur has invented *Nude Beer* and *Nude Beer Nuts*. The teasing labels have very little to do with the contents, but we'd sure like to check out the head on this beer.





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**NEXT MONTH:**

EIGHTIES WPA



MUSIC'S YEAR



SPANISH EYES



NATIVE PAMELA

**"ANCIENT EVENINGS"**—ONE OF AMERICA'S PREMIER CONTEMPORARY WRITERS TAKES AN UNACCUSTOMED STEP INTO THE DISTANT PAST FOR HIS NEWEST NOVEL. HERE, THE FIRST OF TWO SEGMENTS ABOUT ONE OF PHARAOH'S GENERALS PLACED IN CHARGE OF A HAREM OF 100 QUEENS—BY **NORMAN MAILER**

**"LADIES OF SPAIN"**—SO YOU THOUGHT THEY WERE STILL LOCKED UP IN COURTYARDS UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYES OF THEIR DUENAS? YOU WERE WRONG, FELLA, AND WE HAVE TEN PAGES OF GREAT PICTURES TO PROVE IT

**PAUL NEWMAN**, IN THE FRANKEST CONVERSATION OF HIS CAREER, DISCUSSES HIS FILMS, HIS PALS, HIS FEARS AND, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HIS SON'S DEATH IN A MOVING **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

**"PLAYBOY MUSIC '83"**—IT'S TIME TO SPIN THE PLATTER, FOLKS, FOR OUR ANNUAL UPDATE ON THE STATE OF THE ART. DON'T MISS THE STRAIGHT SCOOP ON THE WHO'S LAST TOUR, NOT TO MENTION THE RESULTS OF **PLAYBOY'S** MUSIC POLL

**"PAMELA GOES NATIVE"**—AFTER *DYNASTY'S* **CLAUDIA BLAISDEL** SEEMINGLY DROPPED A BABY FROM A ROOFTOP, SHE WAS SENT TO A MENTAL HOSPITAL. WHAT HAS **PAMELA BELLWOOD**, WHO PLAYS **CLAUDIA**, BEEN DOING IN THE INTERIM? SEE IT HERE FIRST

**"A WPA FOR THE EIGHTIES"**—WE DON'T HAVE TO BE NOSTALGIC FOR THE GREAT DEPRESSION: UNHAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN. LET'S GET AMERICA BACK TO WORK RAKING LEAVES FROM THE FOREST FLOOR AND BUILDING THE GREAT WALL OF DULUTH—BY **JOHN TIERNEY**

**"THE FUTURE OF FEMINISM: WELCOME TO YESTERDAY"**—TODAY'S RADICAL LIBBERS SAY THEY'RE FIGHTING SEXISM, BUT COULD IT BE THEY'RE SENDING US ALL BACK TO THOSE UNLIBERATED DAYS WHEN WOMEN HELD OUT, MEN MADE PASSES AND EVERYBODY LIED? A PLEA FOR SEXUAL SANITY FROM **JOHN GORDON**





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