

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1983 • \$3.00

**SULTRY
SYBIL
DANNING**
QUEEN OF THE
ACTION FLICKS
HEATS UP
A TEN-PAGE
PICTORIAL

**TV MOGUL
TED TURNER**
RAGES OUT
OF CONTROL
IN A VIOLENT
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW

TIM HUTTON
THE TRIALS OF A
TEENAGE HERO

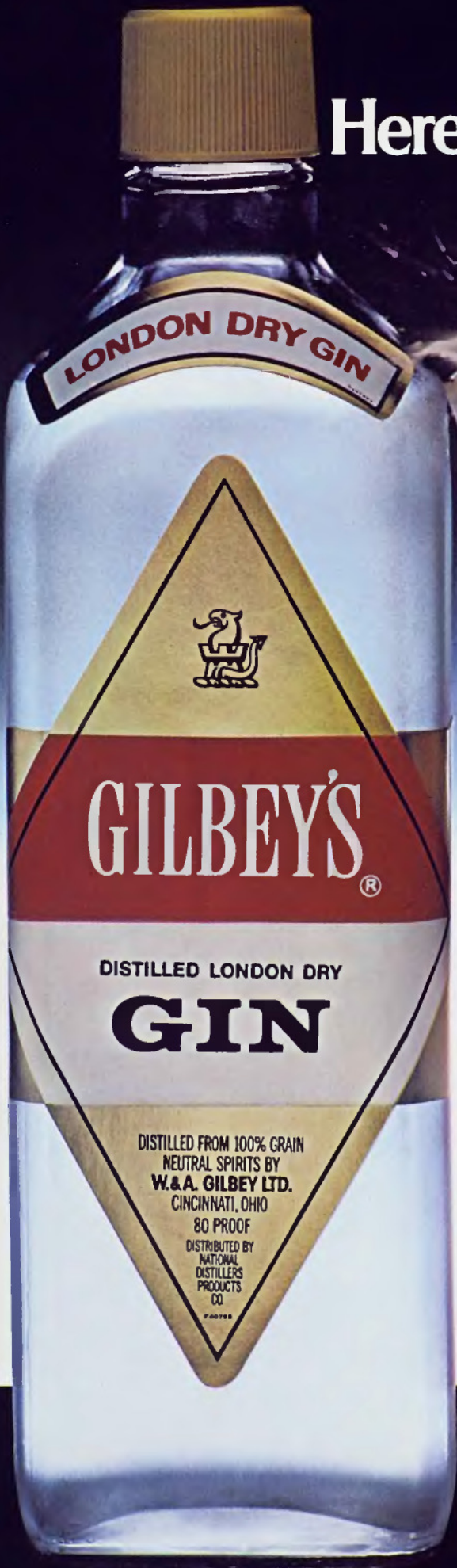
**PRO FOOTBALL
PREVIEW**
"BULL'S-EYE"
ANSON MOUNT
PICKS 'EM AGAIN

**20 QUESTIONS
WITH GOLF'S
UNINHIBITED
JAN STEPHENSON**



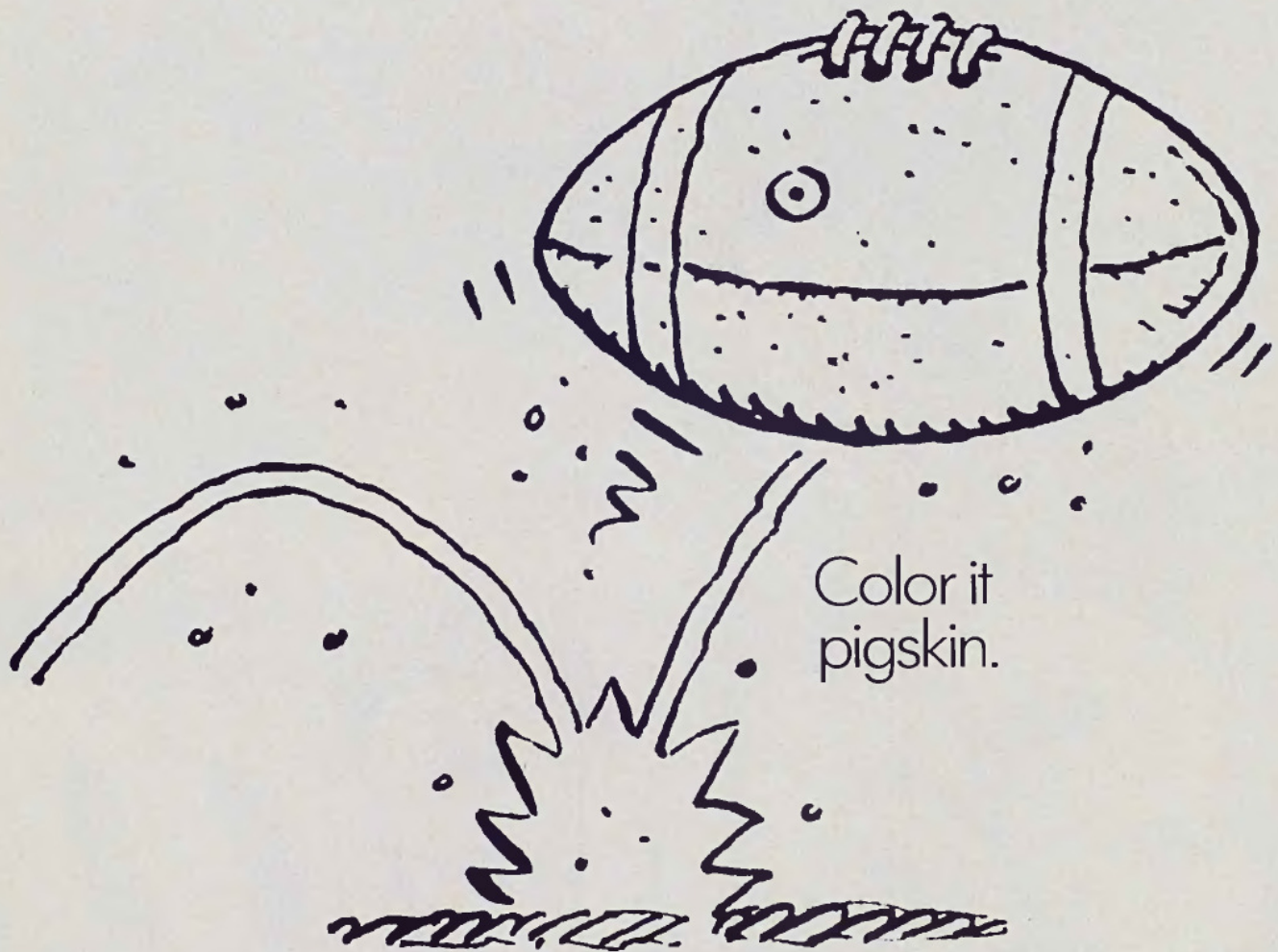
Australia A \$3.50
Austria S. 85
Finland F.Mk. 25.60
France F.F. 20.00
Germany DM 10
Netherlands Fl. 11.00
Norway N.Kr. 35.00 inkl moms.
Spain PTS. 475
Sweden S.Kr. 36.55 inkl moms.
Switzerland S.Fr. 9.00
U.K. £2

Here's to more gin taste.



Here's to a tastier Tom. With Gilbey's.
When you make a Collins, make sure you taste the gin.
Gilbey's. Superb gin taste that's worth a toast.

Sony Tape. The Perfect Blank.

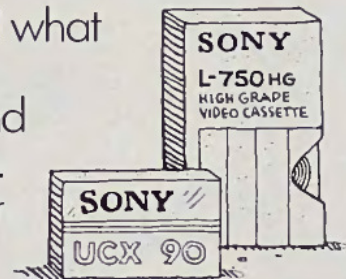


Color it
pigskin.

Bring home a Sony Audio or Video Tape and what do you get? The perfect blank.

Electronically designed to capture more sound than you can hear, more color than you can see.

Look for Sony Tape's summer specials at your dealer now.



KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, 100's: 17 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

© 1988 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

You've got what it takes

Salem Spirit

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

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*



Jill St. John talks about her first time.



ST JOHN: My first time was in Tre Scalini, an adorable sidewalk cafe in Rome.

INTERVIEWER: Oh, really? Right out in the open?

ST JOHN: Sure...you see, I'm basically an outdoorsy type of person.

INTERVIEWER: I see. You must tell me all about it.

ST JOHN: Well, we were just relaxing after a hard day of shooting. Just me and the crew. It happened with the stunt man.

INTERVIEWER: The stunt man?! That sounds a bit risky!

ST JOHN: Oh, it wasn't, really. You

see, he was Italian, and they just seem to know about these things.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

ST JOHN: He was very romantic. He leaned close and whispered, "Gingerly?"

"Well," I said, "I've never been shy about anything before." He gave me a charming grin, then ordered a Gingerly for me...that's Campari, ginger ale and soda. And a Campari and soda for himself.

INTERVIEWER: A little mix of Italian and American...how interesting. Well, how was it?

ST JOHN: Very satisfying after that long, hot day. See, it was deliciously light...and so refreshing. A very special experience.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever have it again?

ST JOHN: Of course...many times. It's not the kind of thing you try once and then forget about. I've gone out with some

outstanding men, and they all knew one or two new ways to enjoy it. I prefer "The Exotic." That's Campari with grapefruit juice.

INTERVIEWER: Well, you seem to have come a long way since your first time.

ST JOHN: What can I say? It's hard to resist something when it just keeps getting better and better.

© 1983—Imported by Campari U.S.A., New York, NY. 48°proof Spirit Aperitif (Liqueur)



Campari was made to be mixed. It's a light, 48°proof, refreshing spirit, imported from Italy, with a combination of natural flavors and aromas unknown to any other spirit. For your first time, mix it with orange juice. Then enjoy it with grapefruit juice, ginger ale, soda, tonic, or white wine. Over ice, of course. **CAMPARI. The smart mixable!**

CAMPARI You'll never forget your first time.

PLAYBILL

THOSE WHO CONSIDER these the dog days are welcome to paddle, but with Independence Day shooting past and Labor Day yet to come, we think this is the time to set sail for unshackled leisure. Christen this issue the H.M.H. Playbill in honor of the ship-builder, and pardon the scent of champagne. We broke a few bottles in launching it to you.

At the helm of this month's *Playboy Interview*, the firm hand of **Peter Ross Range**. He commandeered Atlanta's own Captain Outrageous, multiple magnate **Ted Turner**, for a loose, candid cruise through waters both familiar and uncharted. Then the storm came and Ted turned terrible. If you think Turner has had rough sailing, imagine being 22, confused and a major movie star. The word from **Barbara Grizzuti Harrison** is that *Timothy Hutton Has Growing Pains*. An Oscar winner at 20 (for *Ordinary People*), Hutton has spent a lot of time refining his craft—and, as Harrison shows us, he's working on defining himself. **Thomas Hallman** swept in with a subtly defined illustration.

Maritime metaphors won't do justice to the story of **Paul Terice**. Perhaps nothing will. Terice died in 1981, in the pitiless arms of the U.S.S. Ranger's Correctional Custody Unit. "Ironically," investigative reporter **Bruce Henderson** tells us, "I served aboard the ship on which Terice died. I heard enough stories about 'correctional time' to know I wanted to avoid it." In *Today's Navy—Not a Job, an Adventure*, Henderson waves a semaphore of caution—the brand of justice practiced on board ship may be just as brutal as the sea.

Sex, too, can be brutal, at least in the sort of places Senior Staff Writer **James R. Petersen** visited during *A Walk on the Wild Side*, a night-bird's-eye view of the sexual frontier in New York City. The illustration is by **Olivia De Berardinis**.

This month's fiction is amphibious. *Mundo's Sign*, by **Bob Shacochis**, is the tale of a marine biologist who finds Caribbean superstition drawing him into its nets. We landed the illustration (which was hand-crafted with hammer and chisel from flattened oil drums) from the collection of Haiti's star sculptor **Serge Jolimeau**. **Chet Williamson's Personal Touch** concerns a poor fellow who wants to cancel his magazine subscription. In this case, protagonist minus subscription may equal proscription.

One of this issue's high-water marks is the premiere of a new column, *Women*, by New York-based **Cynthia Heimel**. Not simply a counterbalance to **Asa Baber's Men** column, it is, in her words, "a lighthearted report from the female front in the so-called sexual revolution." Heimel is the author of Simon & Schuster's summer sensation *Sex Tips for Girls*, so she ought to know.

Anson Mount, the Pooh-Bah of prognostication, returns this month with 1983's *Pro Football Preview*, movingly illustrated by **LeRoy Neiman**. Mount says San Diego is soon to Charge to the Super Bowl. There's no charge for that inside information.

The Art of Sex is a tantalizing peek at *The Blue Book*, a sizzling collection of erotic works collected by **Brad Benedict** and distributed by Grove Press.

Jan Stephenson has been the object of a galleryful of carnal dreams; as the subject of this month's *20 Questions*, she takes a different tack. We sent **Robert Crane**, our questing quidnunc, to stride the fairways of her mind. The answers he collected ought to be put in a volume titled *Sex and the Single Golfer*.

You'll revel in the multiple pleasures of *Sybil*, Contributing Photographer **Ken Marcus'** unbuckling of actress **Sybil Danning**. She can swash buckle with barbarians of all ages. Then, unfolding in our center, courtesy of Associate Staff Photographer **Kerry Morris**, there's a very important **Persson** named **Carina**. We've got even more cargo than that this month, including *The Shuttle to Short Wave*, **Danny Goodman's** long-range look at short-wave receivers, and a special *Roving Eye* on Brazil's startling **Sonia Braga**, who's starring with **Marcello Mastroianni** in a steamy new movie called *Gabriela*. You won't be left becalmed.



RANGE



HARRISON



HALLMAN



HENDERSON



PETERSEN



DE BERARDINIS



SHACOCHIS



JOLIMEAU



WILLIAMSON



HEIMEL



MOUNT



NEIMAN



GOODMAN



CRANE



MARCUS



MORRIS

PLAYBOY®

vol. 30, no. 8—august, 1983

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



The Omen P. 70



Heat Wave P. 74



Football Forecast P. 120



Starlet Sybil P. 124



Hot Pix P. 113

PLAYBILL	5
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY	13
DEAR PLAYBOY	15
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	23
<i>Geoffrey at the Bat: There is weird joy in Modville.</i>	
MUSIC	28
A visit with Marshall Crenshaw; timeless jazz performances.	
BOOKS	32
Chuckle warning: Peter De Vries is at it again.	
MOVIES	33
The Jedi return; Gere finds a new leading lady; Aykroyd still hitless.	
TELEVISION	40
True confessions: Our columnist is a <i>People's Court</i> junkie.	
COMING ATTRACTIONS	41
Mel turns Mutinous; Timothy Hutton on ice.	
WOMEN	43
CYNTHIA HEIMEL	
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	45
DEAR PLAYMATES	49
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	53
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TED TURNER—candid conversation	59
He's Atlanta's Captain Outrageous, the man who skippered Courageous to yachting's America's Cup, got kicked out of his own team's dugout by baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn and turned a local TV station into the nation's fourth network. Now our interviewer trades questions and answers with Terrible Ted.	
MUNDO'S SIGN—fiction	70
BOB SHACOCHIS	
A marine biologist sees his ideas about life in the Caribbean turn turtle.	
PERMANENT VACATION—pictorial	74
It wasn't always as sweet as a Florida orange, but there were plenty of navels to contemplate.	
TODAY'S NAVY—	
NOT A JOB, AN ADVENTURE—article	82
BRUCE HENDERSON	
Paul Terrice died aboard the U.S.S. Ranger in 1981 after being "exercised" by members of the ship's own Correctional Custody Unit. His father wants to know why.	
NO-SWEAT SWEATS—attire	84
HOLLIS WAYNE	
Anybody who thinks warm-ups are only for the gym should turn in his Walkman.	
BERNARD AND HUEY—satire	87
JULES FEIFFER	

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1983 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DEPOSEE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: GALE M. ADLER, P. 13; JOEL BEREN, P. 5; ANN CLIFFORD/DMI, P. 13; J. VERSER ENGELHARD, P. 5; RAY



COVER STORY

Cover girl Sybil Danning's the most beautiful barbarienne in business. Caught in one of her infrequent moments of repose by Contributing Photographer Ken Marcus, she stands poised to launch a new golden age in cinema. The chain-mail outfit is not just decorative—metal's the best conductor of heat.

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE—article JAMES R. PETERSEN 88
 Follow our tour guide on an eye-popping trip through the outposts of New York's sexual frontier. Bet you never knew nails were a sex aid.

BEER CHIC—drink MICHAEL JACKSON 91
 In which the British-born author of *The World Guide to Beer* presents a thorough, informed survey of the world's indubitably bitchin' brews.

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR—playboy's playmate of the month 92
 Carina's from Sweden, where sex is rumored to come before 'rithmetic, 'ritin' and readin'. She came to the U.S. to find broader horizons.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor 106

TIMOTHY HUTTON HAS GROWING PAINS—personality BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON 108
 How does it feel to be 22 and on the come, to have young girls and their mothers dreaming of you? Maybe it's not all it's cracked up to be, but it's not all bod, either. Ask Tim.

THE SHUTTLE TO SHORT WAVE—modern living DANNY GOODMAN 110
 Time was, short wave was for studious types who couldn't hold their beer. Now it may be the best way to keep your ear to the world.

THE ART OF SEX—pictorial 113
 This *Blue Book* has nothing to do with high society—and everything to do with eroticism.

20 QUESTIONS: JAN STEPHENSON 116
 Her front nine is as good as her back nine, which is why people keep making sexist golf jokes about her. But she's quick and sharp—and the sex symbol of professional golf.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH—fiction CHET WILLIAMSON 118
 Have you gatten one of those "personalized" pieces of junk mail lately? Was it from a surveillance magazine?

PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW—sports ANSON MOUNT 120
 Our peerless pigskin pundit has been perspicacious far years, picking mare near-perfectly than all the competition. This time, he likes Dan Fauts and San Diego.

SYBIL—pictorial 124
 Most of her films have been B-level thrillers, but Sybil Danning is too fierce (and too beautiful) to stand still for long.

PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor 136

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI 180

LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER 193

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE 197
 Samurai cycles; second-generation personal stereotypes; a *Roving Eye* on Brazil's Sania Braga; *Gropevine*; *Sex News*.



Black Mail P. 118



Dry Duds P. 84



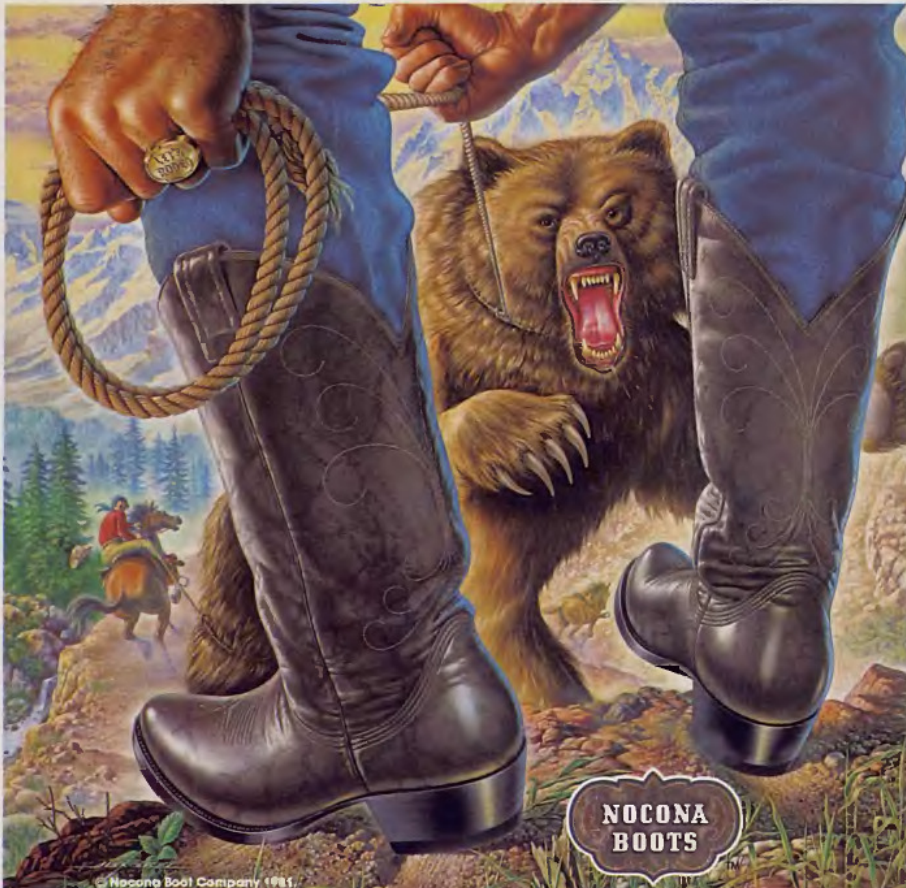
Timothy, Leery P. 108



Great Personality P. 92



Wild Walk P. 88



**NOCONA
BOOTS**

Ask for NOCONA BOOTS where quality western boots are sold. Style shown #3003 handcrafted with Antique Gray Crushed Goat. NOCONA BOOT COMPANY / BOX 599 / NOCONA, TEXAS 76255 / 817-825-3321.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

NAT LEHRMAN associate publisher

ARTHUR KRETCHMER editorial director

TOM STAEBLER art director

DON GOLD managing editor

GARY COLE photography director

G. BARRY GOLSON executive editor

EDITORIAL

ARTICLES: JAMES MORGAN editor; ROB FLEDER associate editor; **FICTION:** ALICE K. TURNER editor; TERESA GROSCH associate editor; **WEST COAST:** STEPHEN RANDALL editor; **STAFF:** WILLIAM J. HELMER, GRETCHEN MC NEESE, PATRICIA PAPANGELIS (administration), DAVID STEVENS senior editors; ROBERT E. CARR, WALTER LOWE, JR., JAMES R. PETERSEN senior staff writers; KEVIN COOK, BARBARA NELLIS, KATE NOLAN, J. F. O'CONNOR, JOHN REZEK associate editors; SUSAN MARGOLIS-WINTER associate new york editor; DAVID NIMMONS assistant editor; **MODERN LIVING:** ED WALKER associate editor; JIM BARKER assistant editor; **FASHION:** HOLLIS WAYNE contributing editor; HOLLY BINDERUP assistant editor; **CARTOONS:** MICHELLE URRY editor; **COPY:** ARLENE BOURAS editor; JOYCE RUBIN assistant editor; NANCY BANKS, CAROLYN BROWNE, JACKIE JOHNSON, MARCY MARCHI, BARI LYNN NASH, DAVID TARDY, MARY ZION researchers; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** ASA BABER, JOHN BLUMENTHAL, LAURENCE GONZALES, LAWRENCE GROBEL, ANSON MOUNT, PETER ROSS RANGE, DAVID RENSIN, RICHARD RHODES, JOHN SACK, TONY SCHWARTZ (television), DAVID STANDISH, BRUCE WILLIAMSON (movies), GARY WITZENBURG

ART

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

PHOTOGRAPHY

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

PRODUCTION

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

READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH manager

CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH director; ALVIN WIEMOLD subscription manager

ADVERTISING

HENRY W. MARKS director

ADMINISTRATIVE

PAULETTE GALDET rights & permissions manager; MILDRED ZIMMERMAN administrative assistant

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER president; MARVIN L. HUSTON executive vice-president



Order your Monte Alban Mezcal Merchandise Today!

Monte Alban Jersey, only \$7.95! (above)

Authentic Monte Alban baseball jersey. 3/4 length sleeves, button-down neckline. 50% cotton, 50% polyester. White with yellow trim. Perfect for any game you want to play.

Monte Alban Worm Hat, only \$6.95! (above)

One-size-fits-all adjustable head size. Black with yellow. The mighty Monte Alban Worm is perched on top to show you're a winner.

Monte Alban Bat & Ball, only \$3.95! (above)

Lightweight but ultra-durable bat and ball set of tough polystyrene. Bat is black with heavy-duty white tape on handle for better gripping. Ball is Monte Alban yellow for good visibility.

Monte Alban Cooler, only \$15.95!

19 1/4" x 12 3/4" x 14" sturdy polystyrene cooler. Fire engine red with white top. Heat up your get-togethers with this cool deal.



Eat the Worm!
©1983, Monte Alban Mezcal. 80 Proof. Imported exclusively by Stuart Rhodes Ltd., New York, NY.

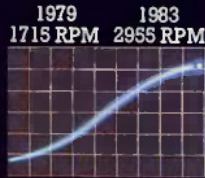
Score with these values!

- Please send _____ coolers at \$15.95 each.
- Please send _____ jerseys at \$7.95 each.
- Jersey Size: Small Medium Large Extra Large
- Please send _____ hats at \$6.95 each.
- (One size fits all)
- Please send _____ bat and ball sets at \$3.95 each.

Name _____
(please print)
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Allow 6 weeks for delivery. Send check or money order only. No cash or stamps.
To: **Monte Alban Mezcal Baseball Offer**
P.O. Box 2418, Dept. FB 3
Chicago, IL 60690.

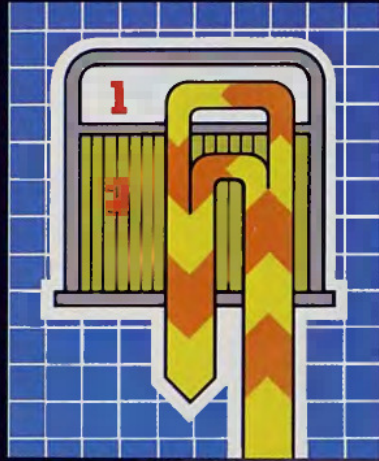
TODAY, YOUR ENGINE'S GOT IT TWICE AS TOUGH.

Today's engines are smaller. They run at a higher tach. And can hit twice the RPMs of those in the past.



That's why today's high technology engines demand a high technology filter. The Lee Two-Stage Maxifilter.

The Lee Two-Stage Maxifilter is built with two stages. Two. A second



filter on top of the first for the kind of protection today's engines demand down the road.

LEE TWO-STAGE MAXIFILTER

BECAUSE YOUR
ENGINE CAN WORK
TWICE AS HARD.



FOR U.S.
AND
IMPORT CARS.

KING: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, 100's: 16 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Winston. America's



s Best.



Join the first team.
Reach for Winston.



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

THE CLUB® COOK W/COOL® 42 Proof • Prepared by The Club Distilling Co., Hartford, CT

**DON'T JUST BRING A BEER.
BRING A BAR.**

**THE
Club**

MIXED DRINKS. ANYTIME, ANYPLACE.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



THE DOCTOR CALLS MARILYN

When impressionist Marilyn Michaels posed for her August 1982 feature (below), we expected some career spin-offs. One windfall was her new husband, Dr. Peter Wilk, who introduced himself after Marilyn guested on a radio show promoting her pictorial. Left: the newlyweds.



YOU'RE RIGHT; WE'RE PROUD

PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and Lawrence Hilford, CBS/Fox Video prexy, unite over the Gold Video Award earned by *Playboy Video, Volume 1* for sales of more than \$1,000,000. CBS/Fox distributes *Playboy Video*.

THERE'S NO WAY TO TOP THIS, KYM

Below left: May 1982 Playmate Kym Malin, Joe Don Baker and Kim G. Michel in a demanding scene from their cinematic triumph *Joysticks*. Kym has played topless parts before; the true acting test here was trying to keep a straight face.



JAMES WATT: GO AHEAD, EAT YOUR HEART OUT

Above, Playmates Lynda Wiesmeier and Vicki Lasseiter join Beach Boy Mike Love and Dean (Jan and Dean) Torrence onstage in Fort Lauderdale just after the Secretary of the Interior tried to nix The Beach Boys' July fourth appearance in Washington, D.C. Left and right: Lynda and Vicki offstage.





Transportation for people who are already there.

If you've been succeeding at everything but having fun, here's a way to turn your off hours on:

The new Riva from Yamaha.

Which is another way of saying European styling married to Yamaha reliability.

With a quiet high tech powerplant you don't even have to see, let alone worry about.

With pushbutton starting and an auto-

matic transmission that make it a simple pleasure to drive.

With a step-through design that protects your clothes from splashes and other low-flying surprises.

And with a 12-month limited warranty to protect you from surprises, period.

Riva is a most civilized way for reasonable people to get carried away. Yet the Riva 180 depicted here is powerful enough to carry

two people comfortably down the freeway.

Of course, like all things desirable, Riva isn't available just anywhere. So call 800-447-4700 and we'll tell you where it is.

You'll find three sizes of Riva available in five delectable colors.

Choose the model that suits you best.

And you know you've already arrived.





DEAR PLAYBOY

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

BALANCING TERROR

Laurence Gonzales' *The Targeting of America* (PLAYBOY, May) fails to make available a reasonable solution to terrorism. Police-state tactics will not work, because they only build up support for terrorists. Extra-tight security will not work, because there will always be alternative targets. My proposed solution is: Instead of having only the "experts" handle terrorism, let the American public handle it. Granted, we shouldn't form vigilante SWAT teams. But terrorists must become the enemies of all Americans. We need to expose them, not just discuss them.

Jerome D. Reeves
St. Louis, Missouri

I suggest that the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee and the Olympic Law Enforcement Coordinating Council consider utilizing the expertise and the advice that the Guardian Angels could offer concerning any gang-related incidents that may arise at the 1984 Olympics. The Guardian Angels have had a significant and positive impact on many American cities. The L.A.P.D. will have its hands full without having to exert its efforts toward keeping an eye on all of L.A.'s gangs.

I am very proud that the Olympics will be held in California. Thanks for *The Targeting of America*.

Robert S. Leon
Fremont, California

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORIES

Congratulations on May's dynamic *Playboy Interview* with Ansel Adams. A master, Adams has inspired many photographers in terms of technique as well as of composition. His views on nature are as powerful as his photography.

Stephen L. Bosak
Yonkers, New York

I can't help agreeing with Adams' views on most subjects, particularly his low

opinion of Helmut Newton's work. Just look at what Newton did to your May cover!

R. G. Korth
Milford, Utah

NASTASSIA'S SKINSKI

"In life beauty perishes but not in art"—Leonardo da Vinci. You have immortalized the subject of *Nastassia Kinski Exposed* (PLAYBOY, May). Thanks.

Scott Hamlin
Redwood City, California

That is the ugliest picture you've ever used for a cover!

Phil Gabler
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I am astounded, perturbed and awed by the Nastassia Kinski cover photo on your May issue. It's the most pleasurable image I've seen in months.

Germán A. Sánchez
San Juan, Puerto Rico

The pictures of Nastassia Kinski you printed are a discredit to a very attractive woman.

Cam Wingrove
Port Coquitlam, British Columbia

Miss Kinski is a very beautiful, sexy and talented girl, but none of that comes through in your pictorial.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

The photos of Nastassia Kinski are *awful*. That kind of mindless, avant-garde, "Gee, look how clever I am" photography is about as erotic as oatmeal.

Terence Hines
Pleasantville, New York

PLAYBOY's Kinski cover proves that the greatest part of passion is imagination. Miss Kinski can summon more passion in her stare than most women can conjure up

LYNCHBURG HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE

23 Main St., Lynchburg, TN 37352



JACK DANIEL BLACK LABEL T-SHIRT

I finally did it! I persuaded the Jack Daniel's folks to let me use their famous Black Label on a T-shirt. High quality black fabric (50%/50%) with white lettering. You know it's real, because it has Mr. Jack's signature on the back. A must for collectors and the ONLY T-shirt authorized by the Jack Daniel Distillery. Order S, M, L or XL. \$8.00 delivered.

Send check, money order or use American Express, Diners Club, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6% sales tax for TN delivery.) For a free catalog, write to Eddie Swing at the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184.

JOCKS FEEL COMFORTABLE IN COLORFUL LE JACQUES.



Super support.
In DuPont ANTRON®
Nylon/LYCRA®
Spandex. And five colors.
The most comfortable
jock you'll ever wear.

Send me _____
LE JACQUES SPORTSTRAPS
— Small 26-32 inches
— Medium 32-38 inches
— Large 38-44 inches
— Red — Blue — Black
— Beige — White
\$9.50 each, including postage.
Make check or money order
payable to:
LE JACQUES, USA
Dept. P, 73 Martine St.
P.O. Box 165
Fall River, MA 02723

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

At Top
Sporting Goods
Stores, too.

Le JACQUES 
sport STRAP
Formerly LE JOCK

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), AUGUST, 1983, VOLUME 30, NUMBER 8. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BLDG., 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$54 FOR 36 ISSUES, \$30 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$22 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, \$27 FOR 12 ISSUES. ELSEWHERE, \$35 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR/DIRECT MARKETING; MICHAEL J. MURPHY, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR. ADVERTISING: HENRY W. MARKS, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; HAROLD DUCHIN, NATIONAL SALES MANAGER; MICHAEL DRUCKMAN, NEW YORK SALES MANAGER; MILT KAPLAN, FASHION ADVERTISING MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; CHICAGO 80611, RUSS WELLER, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE; TROY, MICHIGAN 48064, JESS BALLEW, MANAGER, 3001 W. BIG BEAVER ROAD; LOS ANGELES 90010, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO 94104, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET.



A Note Of Interest To PLAYBOY Subscribers

Periodically, PLAYBOY supplies carefully screened organizations (whose products and services we feel could be of interest to you) with the names and addresses of our subscribers. Most subscribers enjoy receiving mail of this nature. However, others sometimes object to having their names released for this purpose. If you wish to have your name deleted from lists furnished to outside companies, please mail your written request (and include your mailing label, if available) to:

Cynthia Whitner
PLAYBOY Magazine
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, IL 60611



in their entire bodies. It would be pointless to inventory her other physical attributes—they are obvious. It is her face that contains more raw sexual energy than a horde of disrobed beauties. I am certain that if she had lived in 16th Century Italy, Leonardo would have devoted all of his time to portraiture.

Todd Devereaux
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE

The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey, Part Three (PLAYBOY, May) is well written and informative. I have several thoughts on your conclusions. At one point, you speculate as to why a lesbian would buy PLAYBOY. The reasons are probably the same as for gay men. Quite aside from its well-known pictorials, your magazine is perhaps the best on the market. Not only are your fiction and humor outstanding, your attitude toward fluidity in sexual behavior has always been progressive. My first PLAYBOY subscription was given to me by a straight college roommate as a joke. I have subscribed ever since. My only disagreement with Kevin Cook concerns his restatement of Masters and Johnson's conclusion that intragender empathy is not important in fellatio. In my experience, there *have* been bad blow jobs. Interestingly enough, the *worst* was from a man. So were the best. Keep up the good work.

Jim Connolly
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Your May issue carries a purportedly serious and, God knows, exhaustive and exhausting examination of sexual identity—"normal," homo and swinging both ways. Four pages earlier, the *Party Jokes* page reports that PLAYBOY'S Unabashed Dictionary defines *fired fairy* as a canned fruit. Funny, funny. Ha, ha, ha. Your *mucho macho* staff really is too much, and your editorial stance about open-mindedness is even fuller of baloney than Safeway's warehouse. Having read that juxtaposition on April Fools' Day moves me to muse that there must be some fools loose in your offices.

Raymond M. Glasscote
Washington, D.C.

Thanks for the great analysis of your survey results in the May PLAYBOY. Being a bi female, I was delighted to learn that my sisters are as highly charged and as sexually satisfied as I am. I agree with your findings 100 percent. Bisexual women are in extremely high demand. You can be certain that it's easier for women who go both ways to get a date on Saturday night. The number of couples who come on to me—who are interested in *ménages*—well, I couldn't begin to count them. I was married, but two years ago, at the age of 27, I got a divorce. My urge for women had become too strong. Now I can move freely back and forth between male and female

partners. I seldom have to spend a weekend alone. As for where my "quality" sex comes from, I have to admit that at this time in my life, women provide me with greater stimulation. So many young women are so in touch with their bodies that being with them is like being in a sexual laboratory—there's so much to experiment with. My female lovers are exceptional cunnilinguists and great fantasizers. They make up for the lack (?) of a penis with fingers, devices and oral sex. How about a story on the predominance of bisexuality in such cities as New York? It might open a lot of eyes.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

THE RIGHT STUFF

Thank you, Tom Boswell, for a fascinating view of one of baseball's finest in *Palmer vs. Palmer* (PLAYBOY, May). It seems that every baseball fan in America knows the worth of a pitcher of Jim Palmer's caliber, with the exception of the people of Baltimore. If the Oriole organization is ready to deal, there's bound to be a market for a 37-year-old with 263 career victories, even if he is a hypochondriac.

Michael Dungey
Chester, Illinois

Kudos to Boswell for his superb article on Jim Palmer. He has succinctly revealed the essence of what Palmer is about and what loyal Oriole followers have known for a long time: that Jim is the premier pitcher in all of baseball. Although he may be an enigma, he has surely earned the right to be accepted for what he is. Oriole fans who have followed his career understand and appreciate that.

Robert P. Lloyd
Ellicott City, Maryland

Earl Weaver is a Cro-Magnon (I wouldn't want to insult any other primitive men) who did for a living probably the only thing he could have done. I don't care how great his garden is. Jim Palmer, on the other hand, would probably be successful at anything he did. He's handsome, looks great in shorts and is a great athlete. God knows there are too few of us around.

Howard M. Elson
McKeesport, Pennsylvania

DIDN'T LIKE IT, HUH?

Regarding Norman Mailer's *Ancient Evenings* (PLAYBOY, April and May): What drivel. What an extraordinarily flaccid piece of swordsmanship, so to speak. Disappointment compels me to point out that the emperor wears no clothes.

Sandy Mack
Baltimore, Maryland

SPOUSE + SPOUSE = SPICE

The ladies you introduce to us in *Meet the Mrs.* (PLAYBOY, May) are nothing short of fantastic. Their physical beauty is equal

to that of any 19-year-old you have featured. But far beyond the physical attributes are the characters, attitudes and personalities of those women, which prove that beauty truly is not only skin-deep. As a husband of 15 years, I know other husbands will understand what I mean when I say that it is wives such as those that make it all worth while. To both of them, I say thank you. To Mr. Griffin and Mr. Parver, I say congratulations!

Frank Puleo, Jr.
Chicago, Illinois

I suddenly realized that I have picked up the May issue at least half a dozen times to gaze at the body of Mrs. Oklahoma, Marilyn Griffin. It's evident by her smile and the look in her eyes that she is very happy. It's just as easy to see why she won that Tight-Fitting Jeans contest.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

What are those two Mrs. America finalists doing in a feature pictorial? Why isn't one or the other—or both—Playmate of the Month?

Steve Dolmer
Gardena, California

Because if they'd been Playmates of the Month, we'd have had all this white space in the "Meet the Mrs." pictorial. In any case,



both wedded Marylins are blissful over the reception you've given them. That's Marilyn G. getting the good news (above) as she recovers from the tight-jeans contest.

A CLASSICAL GAS

I must admit I was impressed when PLAYBOY called me for information about my Classical Music Lovers' Exchange, which was to be mentioned in the Music section of your April issue. However, I was a little disappointed that the item, when it appeared in "Fast Tracks," gave a somewhat erroneous impression. While C.M.L.E., a nationwide organization with

GRREAT LOOKS.

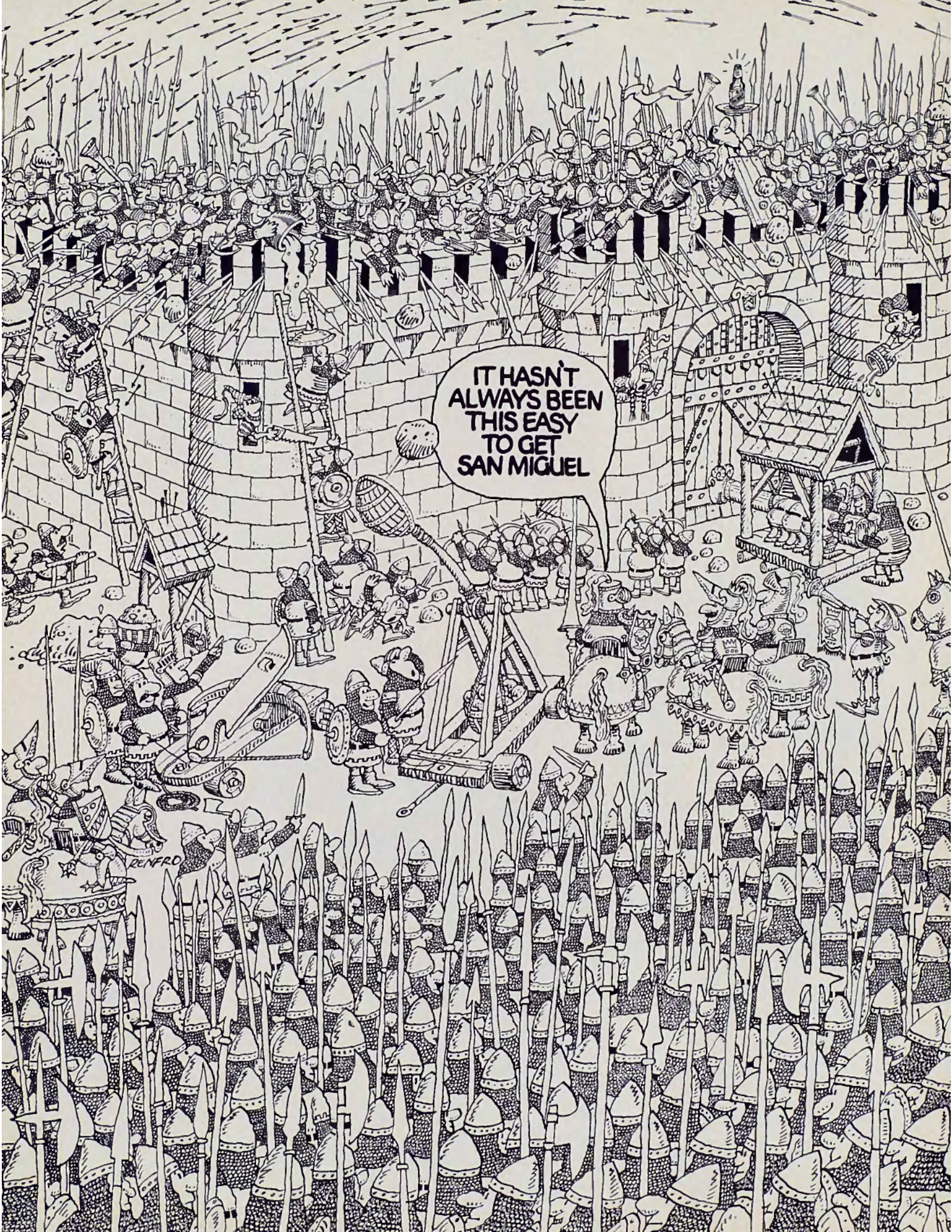


IT'S GREAT LOOKS® MEN'S FASHION UNDERWEAR.



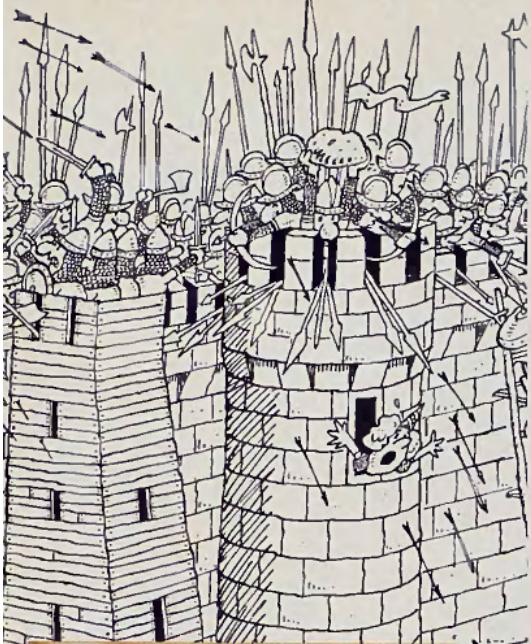
Grreat style. Grreat fit.
Now, in an even greater assortment of colors, cuts, fabrics. Including super-sleek striped bikinis, super-soft hip-hugging terry briefs. And lots more. All with that famous Fruit of the Loom® quality. And that makes Great Looks underwear a grreat value.





IT HASN'T
ALWAYS BEEN
THIS EASY
TO GET
SAN MIGUEL

RENRO



2000 members, does help unattached classical-music lovers find others who share their addiction, it does not "get them a compatible date." That is entirely up to them. I provide only information and memberships to music lovers who write to C.M.L.E., Box 31, Pelham, New York 10803. Many articles have appeared about me and C.M.L.E., but it was especially fun to see my name in *PLAYBOY*.

Tamara Monique Conroy, Founder and President
Classical Music Lovers' Exchange
Pelham, New York

SO CALL OFF THE LOCUSTS

A bolt of lightning hit Contributing Editor David Rensin's door the other day, leaving the following message.

Dear Mr. Rensin:

When we finished it, I told you how much I enjoyed the Q.-and-A. session we did for *PLAYBOY* (20 Questions, May). Now I want to congratulate you on the result. I imagined that some of my views would be out of fashion, with your editors if not with you. In either case, I could have come out sounding like a jerk. Instead, I think it's one of the best pieces on me in a long time. I thank you for that.

A small point: Your comment, as well as the photograph used, implies that I have some kind of addiction to peanut butter. I want you to know that my daily habit is very small; I am *not* dependent; I can quit any time I want to. Also, although Skippy is OK, the pure stuff is Red Wing. Ask Bill Buckley.

Charlton Heston
Beverly Hills, California

Rensin replies:

It was good for me, too. Seriously. Let's have lunch. You bring the Red Wing.

OH, OH, OH WHAT A GIRL

We of the cold North have given a warm reception to the beauty of May Playmate Susie Scott. Her tantalizing eyes, gorgeous body and vitality for life have fired up our souls and rekindled our collegiate bodies. Please, just one more photo.

Rob Strahl
Houghton, Michigan

I met Susie Scott in Atlanta several weeks ago, and I must say it was a real pleasure. She is undoubtedly one of the most gorgeous women I have ever seen. There is no question in my mind as to who is deserving of the coveted 1984 Playmate of the Year selection; perhaps another glimpse will persuade any doubters.

Glenn Williams
Atlanta, Georgia

I could go on for pages trying to describe Susie Scott. She is by far the finest Playmate I have ever seen, and my collection goes back over 200 issues. Our Security Police squadron's Charlie flight has unanimously elected Susie as its official Fantasy Girl. The midnight shift will be a

lot more bearable now that we have her pictorial to keep us awake at night. (Believe me, it does.) What do we Service guys have to do for an encore from Susie—invade Cuba?

C. R. Furr
Washington, D.C.

Forget about invading Cuba—we're not



going to be party to something like that again. Here's your encore picture, though.

I have just finished reading the May issue of *PLAYBOY* for the tenth time. I was a boxer for a few years while in the Air Force, but I have never had the wind knocked out of me as much as when I saw Susie Scott for the first time.

David L. Cox
Sepulveda, California

I'm a very loyal guy to a very special girl. She lives on campus at the school she attends. If I'm lucky, I see her on weekends. Our relationship is supported by much love between us and many cold showers for yours truly. However, if there's an ounce of infidelity in my drenched soul, it belongs to Susie Scott. Great Scott, indeed!

David A. Chance
Dunwoody, Georgia

LOUNGING LIZARD

Who took that *mah*velous shot of Paul Shaffer reclining on his piano for the May *Music* section? And by the way, is he really Doc Severinsen's son?

Jason Rampian
San Jose, California

New York-based photographer Cori Wells Braun took the picture. While Shaffer is, in Braun's words, "wonderfully pleasant and cooperative," he's no relation to the Sultan of the Spitvalve. Rumor has it he's Billy Preston's legendary lost brother, the one who was hiding when God passed out the funk.



**THE
LEGENDARY
IMPORTED BEER.**

Send for a poster of this San Miguel® ad. \$1.25 for postage and handling to: San Miguel Poster Offer P.O. Box 35601 Charlotte, NC 28235

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Offer expires Dec. 31, 1983. Void where restricted or prohibited by law.

The ultimate import. Expertly brewed by San Miguel.

©1983. Carlton Importing Company, N.Y., N.Y.

SPARKOMATIC CAR SOUND PRESENTS

EUROPE	UNITED STATES	CANADA
Amsterdam	Atlanta 8-13	Montreal 8-18, 19, 20
Basel	Austin 9-18	Ottawa 8-22
Brussels	Baltimore 8-15	Toronto 8-24, 25
Cologne	Buffalo 8-11	Vancouver 9-3
Copenhagen	Chicago 9-9	Edmonton 9-6
Dortmund	Cleveland 9-11	
Florence	Detroit 9-10	
Frankfurt	Hampton, VA 8-6	
Hamburg	Houston 9-17	
Karlsruhe	Indianapolis 9-13	
London	Los Angeles 9-23, 24	
Lyon	Milwaukee 8-27	
Madrid	Minneapolis 8-28	
Munich	New York 8-9	
Nantes	Philadelphia 8-5	
Nice	St. Louis 9-14	
Paris	San Diego 9-21	
Stockholm	Seattle 9-1	
Torino	Worcester, MA 8-17	
Vienna		

Tour cities and dates subject to change based on final routing.



Wherever you're going, Sparkomatic Car Sound will make getting there a lot more fun—especially if you're headed for one of the SPARKOMATIC CAR SOUND PRESENTS SUPERTRAMP WORLD TOUR '83 concerts. Because Sparkomatic car stereo, amplifiers, and speakers deliver *the most music for your money*. Just listen to ears of experience—the major consumer testing experts who voted Sparkomatic the #1

value in car sound. Better still, trust your ears and make your own good judgment.

Come into a Sparkomatic Car Sound Dealer for a live demonstration. There's a complete range of high performance equipment to choose from—infinite combinations to assemble a spectacular sounding car stereo system.

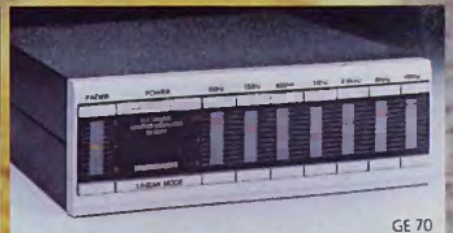
Sparkomatic Car Sound. It's the way T'Go.



SR 308



SR 307



GE 70

For our free catalog on Car Sound Equipment write: "In concert" Dept. PB Sparkomatic Corp. Milford, PA 18337.

SUPERTRAMP WORLD TOUR '83.



WIN SPARKOMATIC CAR SOUND PRESENTS SUPERTRAMP WORLD TOUR '83 SWEEPSTAKES PRIZES.

Details and entry blanks available at your nearest Sparkomatic Car Sound dealer.

Grand prize: All expenses paid weekend for two in Los Angeles in September. VIP tickets to Supertramp concert—meet Supertramp in person at exciting backstage party. Hundreds of other prizes.

SPARKOMATIC®

In concert performance in car sound

Sweepstakes valid only in the continental U.S. and void where prohibited by law.



SR 314



SS 31



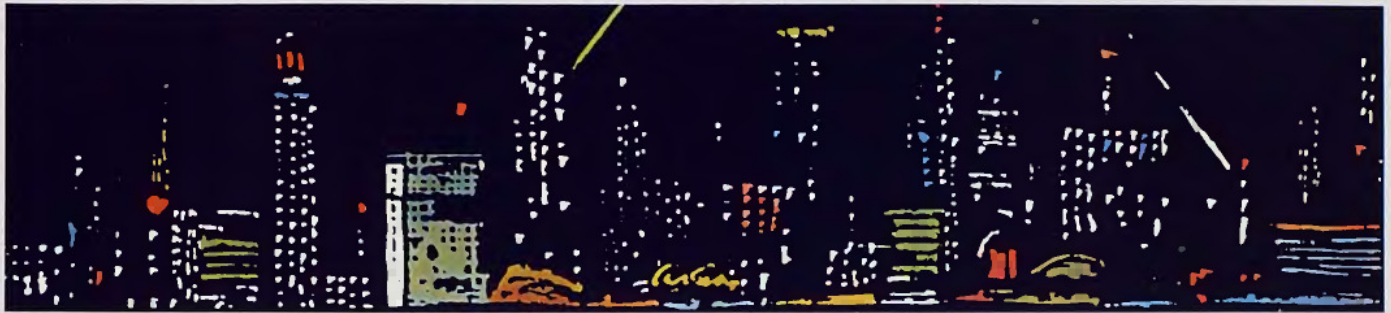
SK 6950



100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

Gordon's® and Tonic.
The pleasure is crystal clear.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HAWAIIAN PUNCH LINE

The *Chicago Tribune* ran a story describing the advice Hawaiians had received to avoid volcanic eruptions. The paper had the good sense to head the piece: "HAWAIIANS TOLD 50 WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR LAVA."

TOURIST ATTRACTION

Jerry Frockt used to be a tourism director for Broward County, Florida. He made more than \$42,000 a year. One day, he was invited on a group promotional tour of Italy, Spain and West Germany. When the group got to the Vatican, he slipped on his yellow-and-green alligator suit—Al E. Gator is the state's official mascot—to pose for snapshots; Vatican guards asked to see his passport and then asked him and the rest of the group to leave the square. "See you later, alligator," was the greeting Frockt got back home. County commissioner Nicki Grossman said, "I am embarrassed on behalf of Broward County, the state of Florida and the United States of America."

An article appeared in the *Los Angeles Times* about the Oakland Feminist Women's Health Center Sperm Bank, run by women who believe that they should be in control of their reproductive process. What caught our eye was the quote from one of the facility's personnel: "What you are seeing is that women are taking the technology into their own hands."

A correspondent sent us a restaurant card advertising a Golden Shower Cocktail, which costs \$3.95 by the pitcher. Those who wish to enjoy one should rush to Smith Brothers' Los Angeles Fish Shanty and ask for it by name.

Tennessee's *Cookeville Herald-Citizen* printed a classified ad for a "1978 Triumph Shitfire convertible. Green, 1300-

c.c. engine, 4-speed. Must sell!" The owner didn't say anything about driver comfort.

A passenger on the cruise ship T.S.S. Fairwind of the Sitmar Line sent us a copy of the shipboard paper that included this item: "Land ahoy! For a clear view of your anal passage tomorrow, Steve suggests a pair of our superb Japanese 8x30 binoculars." Actually, we think we'll be too busy at shuffleboard to be interested.

BRAIN WAIVE

You don't qualify for Mensa? You can say "Pooh-pooh on I.Q." and join DENSA: Diversly Educated but Not Seriously Affected (if you can pick out the misspelled word, you don't qualify). All you have to do is take a simple test. Consider: "The oars test (oar, oar): Take two full-size oars and place them in a shot glass full of water (Perrier optional). If you find that you have both oars in the water, you



aren't dense enough." Presumably, if you send the DENSA Society (P.O. Box 214338, Dallas, Texas 75221) five bucks, that's proof enough that you belong.

Russian scientists have solved the mystery of a computer that worked fine when men were around but began spewing out nonsense when women walked into the room. It turned out that synthetic fibers in the women's underwear irritated the electronic brain. The women have been ordered to wear woolen undies.

Once again, there is mixed news coming out of Poland. The good news is that despite critical shortages of consumer goods, a store in Lublin offers a wide selection of clothing. The bad news is that the shop sells only to bereaved relatives who want to make their departed loved ones look smart for burial.

The Fidelity Savings and Loan Association of Glendale, California, makes a reasonable point in a letter it sent out recently to customers. "What if you were to die before completing your IRA program?" the letter asks. "Untimely death could have a serious effect on the retirement you've planned."

A sign in a Tokyo hotel that caters to American businessmen reads: YOU ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CHAMBERMAIDS.

C FOR CONNUBIAL BLISS

Last year, Murdoch High School in Winchendon, Massachusetts, offered a course in Marriage and Family that gave students some real-life training. Of the 35 kids enrolled in the class, two were picked to get married. For six weeks, the bride planned and priced her wedding, while the groom took a look at the job market and made a budget. When the big day arrived,

A renowned sailing ship artist creates his first work in porcelain . . .

THE GREAT CLIPPER SHIPS

by L.J. Pearce

*A powerful series of twelve collector plates,
each a magnificent example of the long-established tradition
of marine art on fine porcelain.*

© 1983 FP



Issued in limited edition
and available by subscription only.

Advance subscription deadline:
August 31, 1983

The majestic clipper ships ... the speediest, most graceful sailing ships ever to sail the seven seas. They set speed records which stand to this day, and they inspired a tradition of seafaring art that continues to attract a wide following. In our own time, perhaps no other artist has better captured the drama and power of these magnificent ships or the excitement of the clipper ship era than Britain's L.J. Pearce.

Stirring art by an internationally acclaimed marine artist

During a distinguished career devoted to re-creating on canvas the force and intensity of the sea, Pearce has won the acclaim of critics and collectors throughout the world. His recent exhibits include important showings at the Kennedy Galleries in New York, the Royal Society of Marine Artists, Guild-



Loaded with gold dust valued at over 200,000 pounds sterling, the American *Red Jacket* cautiously picks her course through treacherous ice off Cape Horn.

hall, London; and the Mystic Seaport Museum in Connecticut, where his works are included in the permanent collection. In addition, he was commissioned to create a series of original works portraying the tall ships of "Oper-



The famous British Clipper *Cutty Sark* is shown in a spar-cracking "tea race" from Shanghai to London, leading her arch rival *Thermopylae*.

ation Sail"—considered by many to be the most memorable event of America's Bicentennial celebration.

Now, at the height of his career, L.J. Pearce has created his *first* work of art in fine porcelain—"The Great Clipper Ships." A series of twelve collector's plates portraying the majesty and strength of the fastest and most beautiful ships the world has ever seen.

Each of these plates is, in itself, a masterful work of art. Together, they form an incomparable collection that will be a proud acquisition for every subscriber ... a focus for conversation and admiration wherever they are displayed in the home.

The splendor of sea and sail ... captured with vigor and intensity

The plates themselves will be large in size—9 inches in diameter—allowing full scope for Pearce's finely detailed portraits of the lean-hulled, tall-sparred clippers. And to capture the essence of these beautiful ships, Mr. Pearce has used a full palette of colors—as many as 15 on each plate. These will be fired on at a temperature of 800° C to ensure a beautiful glaze and a richness of color that will keep its freshness forever.

To provide a distinctive finishing touch, each plate will be bordered with a band of pure 24 karat gold, hand-applied to its rim.

These plates will be created under the careful supervision of Franklin Porcelain in Japan, home of some of the world's most talented porcelain craftsmen. Throughout every step, the plates will reflect the standards of excellence that distinguish the finest works of art in porcelain.

Pearce's very beautiful and marvelously romantic works of art have been commissioned by Franklin Porcelain especially for this issue and are available *only* on these fine porcelain plates. This is a collection that will be enjoyed and prized by all who love the legend and lore of the sea, the splendor and grace of sailing ships, and the rich beauty of art in fine porcelain.

A limited edition of lasting importance

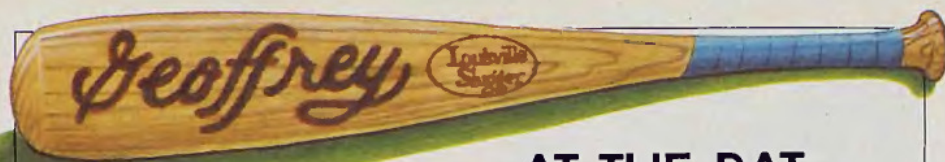
"The Great Clipper Ships" will be issued in limited edition, permanently restricted to the exact number of subscriptions entered by the end of 1983. The accompanying advance application is valid only until August 31, 1983.



The finest in maritime art for display in your home.

As a subscriber, you will receive your collection at the rate of one plate every other month. The original issue price of \$55 for each plate will be billed in two equal monthly installments of \$27.50 each. This favorable issue price is guaranteed to you for the duration of your subscription. Each plate will be accompanied by a specially written ship's history. And a Certificate of Authenticity will be sent with the collection.

As the *first* works in porcelain by one of today's leading marine artists, this collection is clearly destined to have lasting importance. To enter your subscription for this magnificent collection, please complete and mail your application to Franklin Porcelain, Franklin Center, PA 19091—by August 31, 1983.



AT THE BAT

Mighty Casey let Mudville down 95 years ago, and there hasn't been a good baseball poem since. So our own mighty K.C. (Associate Editor Kevin Cook) struck out to find a modern Mudville, to see whether or not the national game could take one more turn for the verse. This is his report.

It looked extremely grody for the Glendale nine that day:
The score stood six to four, two out, an inning left to play.
All day our California kids held Taiwan's team at bay,
But their team was Toyota; ours was only Chevrolet.

A faithless few got up to go, to dress for some premiere;
The rest sat tight, their capped teeth bright. They tried to look sincere.
They thought, We're lost if Geoffrey ever gets a chance to bat—
A mellow child is he, who makes arcades his habitat.

But little Ruth McKenzie stood in first, Todd Smith on deck.
The latter hit like yogurt and the former was a wreck.
She'd smoked some dope the night before with Todd, "that little sickie."
Last night she'd had one; now she saw a ball for every hickey.

She took a strike, then took a ball, a fast one, on the knee.
She cried; they sent a runner in and went on Ruthlessly.
Then Todd, aspiring superstud, ignored his female's trouble—
Ignored his glands for lotus land and calmly lined a double.

Now from that jaded multitude went up a joyless paean.
It trudged atop the burning hills, a song Chavez Ravian.
It struck upon the Valley, making Perrier go flat:
"It's up to Mellow Geoffrey—not with joy stick but with bat."

He played right field, because his father's agent owned the team.
His eyes were lined by vector graphics. Pixels sparked his dreams.
And when, dismayed by all the hype, he wiped away a tear,
The players, fans and parents all felt football season near.

Ten million eyes were on the boy, though mostly through TV;
The little league had signed a little pact with NBC.
And while the Taiwan hurler, Taiwan On, got set to fire,
Geoff's eyes sought out his only friend—the shortstop, Bill "Blow" Dreier.

But Bill was making Ruth his babe, as trainers stood aghast,
And Geoff was all alone, just three feet nine and shrinking fast.
Close by the semi-laid-back batsman's nose, a slider broke.
"He must have tilted it," said Geoff. "Strike one!" the umpire spoke.

A smile of Krishna consciousness on Geoff's white visage shone.
He missed Blow Dreier, sure, but still a boy could hold his own.
He winked once to the pitcher—seven feet of thick bamboo—
Then took some smoke he never saw. The umpire said, "Strike two!"

"Stop!" yelled child psychiatrists, "before he's traumatized!"
"It's bad enough," cried medicos, "that he was circumcised!"
But Geoffrey's nimble fingers twitched. A furrow etched his brow.
A *videot savant* was he—he'd give no quarter now.

No sneer appears on Geoffrey's lips; his eyes are Pac-Man blank.
The Taiwanese grin scrutably, like money in the bank.
And now the giant pitcher holds the ball and lobs a change,
And now Geoff's ears blink energy, a sparkle plenty strange.

Oh! Somewhere in this troubled land, the neon lights are bright,
Bisexuals are cruising gays, and money's dust is white.
The President thinks right makes might, the villains all get cheered;
It's weirder still in Glendale—Mellow Geoffrey disappeared!

local shop owners donated flowers, gowns, tuxedos and refreshments, and the couple marched from the home-economics room to the school auditorium, where a science teacher performed the ceremony. Without benefit of a honeymoon, the couple returned to class, and teacher Evelyn Honkala presented all the students with raw eggs. "Just like real babies," Honkala said, "eggs enter the world nameless, unclothed and defenseless." The kids named their eggs, made tiny covers and bonnets for them and painted faces and hair on them. For the remainder of the semester, the students carried egg bassinets to all their classes to learn, according to Honkala, that "a baby is a 24-hour responsibility every day." Broken eggs, presumably, were laid to rest, with bacon for a headstone, near a plot of toast.

How about a sequel this fall: Divorce Court and Child Custody?

Pennsylvania's Merion Square Historical Society knows about class. When Jackie O.'s limousine stopped on the way to her nephew's wedding, the society chose to commemorate the event with a 3"x5" plaque. It reads: THIS ROOM WAS HONORED BY THE PRESENCE OF JACQUELINE BOUVIER KENNEDY ONASSIS ON THE OCCASION OF THE WEDDING OF JOSEPH P. KENNEDY II AND SHEILA B. RAUCH, FEBRUARY THIRD. The sign hangs in the women's rest room at Ray Utz's gasoline station.

South Carolina officials received complaints about a blue-eyed doll called Baby Darling that says "Kill Mommy" when its pacifier is pulled out of its mouth. The doll, manufactured by a Hong Kong company, is supposed to just laugh and cry, but the officials think that it was tampered with before it was imported.

The Idaho Humane Society is looking for homes and donations for several hundred semiaquatic rodents that the state will otherwise put to death. The *Chicago Tribune* announced it this way: "GROUP SEEKS PHILANTHROPIST WHO WILL LEAVE IT TO BEAVERS."

LOSER TAKES ALL

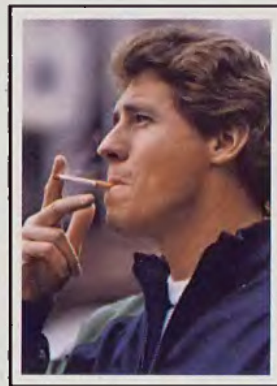
Promoters for Muscatine, Iowa's, radio station KFMH, tired of all the Toughman competitions in local bars, recently sponsored the first Quad Cities Stupid Contest. Arm wrestling, punching bags, darts—who needs those when you can have a man who attaches two strings to his nose for a memorable rendition of *Dueling Nostrils*; a group called The Doctors of Impending Doom singing *Silvis, Silvis* to the tune of *New York, New York*; and Drake University quarterback Andy Crawford, who was first-place loser and \$2000 richer for it? Dressed in pink tutu, red long johns and red-and-white high-tops, he scaled a carp accompanied by Tchaikovsky.

Packed With Flavor.

A good measure of tobacco flavor. You taste it the moment you light up.

You taste it with every puff you take.
That's what you get with MERIT.

Taste way out of proportion to tar.
If you smoke for flavor, you'll know.



Nothing halfway about it.

MERIT

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec'81

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

MUSIC



SECOND TIME AROUND: His tart, sassy first album last year may not have generated the same kind of windfall profits as the efforts of those other popular new tourist attractions Asia and Men at Work, but **Marshall Crenshaw** did manage to top several important critics' polls as the most promising new kid on the rock-'n'-roll block.

Naturally, his second LP has been hotly anticipated with the kind of great expectations that usually spell big pressure. But over lunch recently, Crenshaw dryly admitted, "I wrote most of these new tunes two weeks before we had to go into the studio, because I really had no desire to write before then. I'd finally realized that the real reason I write at all is to meet deadlines, so that then we can go out to perform. A main function of my songwriting is just to supply the performer in me."

Crenshaw's laissez-faire attitude obviously works for him, because the new album, *Field Day*, serves up meaty portions of economically constructed songs with bittersweet lyrics. The album is rife with priceless throwaway lines: "For one day with you, I would gladly ruin my reputation. . . ." But this time out, he's also featuring truly big-beat drumming, more pungent guitar, even a glimmer of vintage rhythm-and-blues, via a velvety cover of the Jive Five's *What Time Is It*.

Crenshaw described his style: "I'm a fanatic for rock-a-billy, soul music, Phil Spector's girl-group sound, the Beatles—but I always keep the influences somewhat in check when I write. What guides me more are things like getting a really good rhythmic heartbeat on the bottom of a song. I've always liked slightly melancholy pop songs that stir your emotions, songs that have a depth or a meaning to somebody, even if it's just me. For instance, I wrote a song for this album with David Weiss of the group Was/Not Was called *Monday Morning Rock*; it's about how strenuous, physically demanding and un-

enjoyable most parties are these days; the weekend often ends up being more taxing than the work week.

"It's important to me that one of the messages in my albums is 'Go wild.' I don't like formal, realistic approaches. Iggy Pop wrote in his autobiography recently that good music should be like a hallucination, and I agree. If there's not something in a song that stirs your imagination or arouses your curiosity, then I just don't want to know about it."

—CRISPIN CIOE

REVIEWS

With a title as near perfect as *I Hate to Wake Up Sober in Nebraska*, who really needs to hear the song? That and such other distinctive titles as *Trees in Love* and *My Wife and My Best Friend's Girl* lured us into *Wa-Ha Music* (Mountain Railroad), by a self-described "tequila-powered trio" from Madison, Wisconsin, called Free Hot Lunch. It's a treat: three-part harmonies, lilting guitar, mandolin, banjo, sambas and mambos. The jacket explains that "musicologists identified Wa-Ha as the 'Big Wave' that spawned such diverse musical forms as 'Wis-Mex,' 'Rockanorski'

and 'Punk Polka.' This collection of rare Wa-Ha recordings has been traced to the legendary 'Cuervo Sessions.'" Need we say more?

Party Weekend (MCA), by Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns, is so good that we were going to put it in the *Trust Us* section and be done with it, but the thought occurred that the King might need some explaining. Joe and the Crowns are basically Tex-Mex pub crawlers who have been wading in the New Wave surf for several albums. The comeback of the farfisa organ has helped them win a few bookings in smart rock clubs around the country, but you just can't disguise this stuff as anything but what it is—polka rock. *Muy, muy bueno* polka rock but polka rock nevertheless. But by now, you should be ready for it. If you buy only one record this month, buy this one. Aside from its crazy, punked-up party cuts, there's a little breakup song with an infectious muted calypso rhythm that will stay with you for days.

It was bound to happen: the video 45—a video tape that includes two to four songs, rather like a 45-rpm record. Sony is now marketing a series of such delights called Sony Video 45s, and two of the first releases are classics for anyone's rock-vid collection: Michael Nesmith's *Rio and Cruisin'* and Jesse Rae's *Rusha*. Both performers are video pioneers, and these are the tapes that established their reputations for producing hot video products. The Nesmith material originally appeared in his Grammy-winning feature *Elephant Parts*. We like this idea. Each tape is sold for less than \$20, and the price will probably go down as time goes on. Also available are tapes by Duran Duran, Utopia, Todd Rundgren and Bill Wyman.

We're sorry we didn't tell you about **Bobby McFerrin** (Elektra/Musician) sooner. The 1982 debut album somehow got past

TRUST US



HOT

1. **Carlos Santana / Havana Moon**
2. **Katia and Marielle Labeque / Gladrag**
3. **Jim Capaldi / Fierce Heart**
4. **NRBQ / Red Rooster**
5. **The Waitresses / Bruiseology**

We're sure that everybody on these two lists was trying to follow The Kinks' line of advice "Give the People What They Want." But, as usual, some were a lot closer to the mark than others.



NOT

1. **The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra / Hooked on Classics III**
2. **Kix / Cool Kids**
3. **Spandau Ballet / True**
4. **Laura Branigan / Branigan 2**
5. **José Feliciano / Romance in the Night**

HIGH FASHION COMES TO HIGH TECHNOLOGY.

The Alpine 7347 System.
A vision of uncompromising, rare
beauty. Her sleek design
draws your touch. Her sound
enchants you. The 7347 System is
Alpine's reference standard,
combining graceful lines
with technological innovations
such as integrated dbx noise
elimination circuitry and the T-10
Tuner that distinctly define
her classic Alpine breeding.
The 7347. She'll turn
your appreciation of music
into a passion.



ALPINE
car audio systems

THE PLEASURE WORTH SEEKING.

For your nearest Alpine Dealer, call
toll free: 1-800-421-1395
In California call: 1-800-262-4160

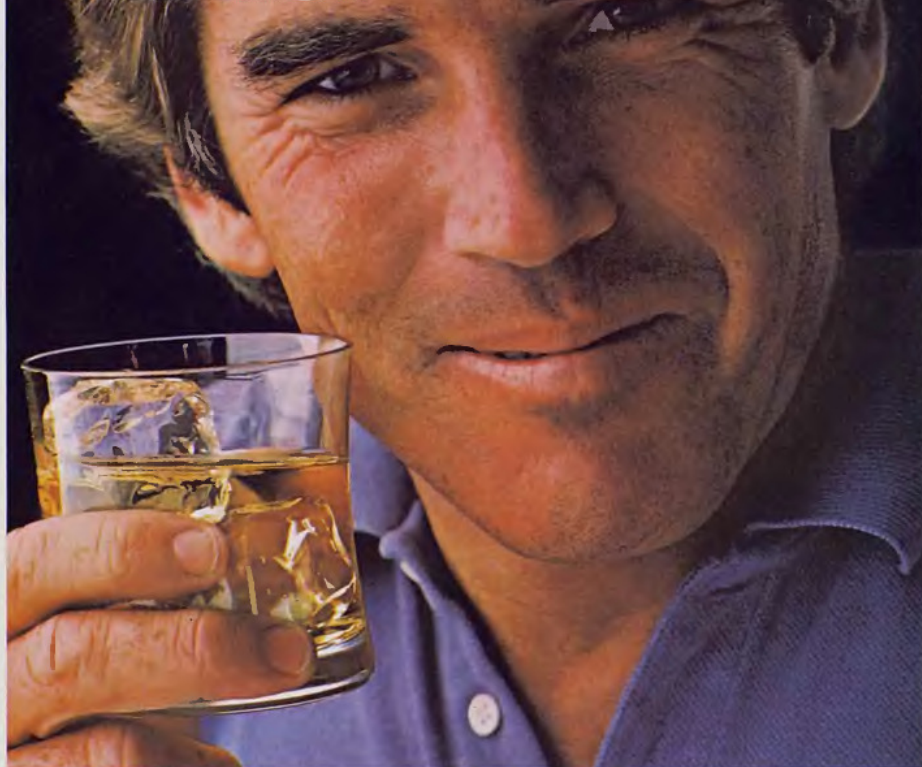


Body by Lamborghini.
Higher Fidelity by Alpine.

Alpine/Luxman Electronics of America
19145 Gramercy Place,
Torrance, California 90501

© dbx is a registered trademark of dbx, Inc.
© T-10 Tuner is a registered trademark
of Alpine Electronics of America, Inc.

"I never knew
gold rum
tasted like
this."



If you're still
drinking
whiskey
on the rocks...

it's because you
haven't tasted
gold rum
on the rocks.



Try gold rum—the smooth alternative to bourbons, blends, Canadians, even Scotch. The first sip will amaze you. The second will convert you.

Make sure the rum is from Puerto Rico.

Rum has been made in Puerto Rico for almost five centuries. Our specialized

skills and dedication have produced rums of exceptional dryness and purity. No wonder 86% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Aged for smoothness and taste.



For free "Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. P-4, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10102 © 1982 Government of Puerto Rico

us and we lost a lot of good listening time. We've made up for it lately by playing and playing his low-key cover of Van Morrison's *Moondance* and his sensational duet with Phoebe Snow on Smokey Robinson's *You've Really Got a Hold on Me*. McFerrin's a unique musical adventurer whose voice does more than any synthesizer yet retains all its human warmth and resonance. Bobby sings the best guitar/wa-wa-pedal intro we've heard since Eric Clapton left Cream, yet on his own *Feline*, he segues into a Bill Withers/Lou Rawls smooth lyric. The album's tour de force is a McFerrin original called *Sightless Bird*. We promise no delay in telling you about his next album, due out this fall.

In 16th Century England, people referred to sexual intercourse as the little death, the theory being that every time you played hide the salami, you expended—literally—some of your life force. Until recently, jazz fans and collectors felt the same way about their prized older albums: Every spin of that classic mid-Fifties Miles or Monk LP took it one step closer to the vinyl day of reckoning. Steely self-discipline was indicated.

The first hidebound belief was demolished, of course, by Hef. The second condition, *jazz interruptus*, was finally cured by Fantasy Records. A decade ago, it began reissuing classic jazz releases as "two-fers"—two albums for the price of one—sparking an explosion of reissues by other labels that brought relief to many a beleaguered jazzbo.

Now Fantasy has done it again. Its newly launched *Original Jazz Classics* series consists of 70 LPs from the Riverside and Prestige catalogs bearing a \$5.98 price tag. Packaged with the original-album art and liner notes, carefully remastered, the series is studded with timeless performances. Three early Miles LPs (one with Sonny Rollins and one with Coltrane), early gems from Eric Dolphy and Bill Evans, "Trane with Monk, Rollins with the Modern Jazz Quartet, Monk playing Duke Ellington—the superlatives pile up as the list goes on. Get down to the store and see for yourself.

SHORT CUTS

Rick Springfield / *Living in Oz* (RCA): Star of AM and TV, Rick finally sprouted whiskers—and it shows nicely in his music.

Martha and the Muffins / *Danseparc* (RCA): Here's proof that there's more to Canadian rock than Anne Murray and Rush.

Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young / *Classic Tenors* (Doctor Jazz): Re-release of a rare conspiracy by the fathers of the tenor saxophone. True class.

Jon Butcher Axis (Polydor): Butcher is the most liquid, exciting new guitarist we've heard this year. You'll be hearing lots about this black Alaskan and his dynamite debut album.

Inventory Adjustment Special.

DIRECT FROM U.S. OPTICS™ QUALITY SUNGLASSES AT FACTORY PRICES

Metal Frame Sunglasses Feature • Impact resistant lenses • Handcrafted • Polished glass lenses • Hardened metal frames •

<p>A Sale \$12.95 Only \$14.95</p>  <p>The Classic Black metal frames, gray lenses. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95 2 pairs for \$28.00 \$12.95 \$25.00</p>	<p>E Sale \$12.95 Only \$14.95</p>  <p>Black Metal Frames Thin and durable black metal frames. Aviator teardrop style lenses. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95 2 pairs for \$28.00 \$12.95 \$25.00</p>	<p>I Sale \$6.95 Only \$7.95</p>  <p>World Famous Pilot's Glasses These precision flight glasses are now available to the public for only \$7.95. If you could buy them elsewhere, they'd probably cost you over \$20.00. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$20.00 value only \$7.95 2 pairs for \$14.00 \$6.95 \$12.00</p>
<p>B Sale \$8.50 Only \$9.95</p>  <p>Rich Tortoise Shell Style Classic style, large gradient lens. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95 2 pairs for \$18.00 \$8.50 \$16.00</p>	<p>F Sale \$12.95 Only \$14.95</p>  <p>Change-A-Matic Flight Glasses Features lenses that darken outdoors and change back to lighter tints indoors. Specify gold or silver frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95 2 pairs for \$28.00 \$12.95 \$25.00</p>	<p>J Sale \$8.50 Only \$9.95</p>  <p>Aviator Teardrop Flight Glasses Flexible cable temples, gold frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95 2 pairs for \$18.00 \$8.50 \$16.00</p>
<p>C Sale \$9.95 Only \$10.95</p>  <p>Mirrored Lens Flight Glasses Unexcelled glare protection, gold or silver frames. A \$25.00 value only \$10.95 2 pairs for \$20.00 \$9.95 \$18.00</p>	<p>G Sale \$12.95 Only \$14.95</p>  <p>Change-A-Matic Aviator Glasses Gold frame, flexible cable temples. Lenses darken outdoors, change back to lighter tints indoors. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95 2 pairs for \$28.00 \$12.95 \$25.00</p>	<p>K Sale \$8.50 Only \$9.95</p>  <p>Standard Aviator Glasses Traditional stems, gold frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95 2 pairs for \$18.00 \$8.50 \$16.00</p>
<p>D Sale \$8.50 Only \$9.95</p>  <p>Girl Watcher Gray mirrored lenses, black frames. A \$20.00 value only \$9.95 2 pairs for \$18.00 \$8.50 \$16.00</p>	<p>H Sale \$12.95 Only \$14.95</p>  <p>The Sportsman Sports-graphic on black metal frame. A \$25.00 value only \$14.95 2 pairs for \$28.00 \$12.95 \$25.00</p>	<p>L Sale \$12.95 Only \$14.95</p>  <p>Professional Driving & Shooting Glasses Wide angle amber lenses brighten visibility. Gold frames. A \$30.00 value only \$14.95 2 pairs for \$28.00 \$12.95 \$25.00</p>

Style #	Quantity	Frame Color	Price
A		Black	
B		Brown	
C			
D		Black	
E		Black	
F			
G		Gold	
H		Black	
I			
J		Gold	
K		Gold	
L		Gold	

To order your U.S. Optics™ sunglasses, send check or money order to U.S. Optics,™ Dept. 221, P.O. Box 14206, Atlanta, Georgia 30324. Credit card customers please fill in Card # and Exp. Date. **FREE** — limited time only — deluxe velour-lined case with each pair of glasses ordered (a \$3.00 value). Dealer inquiries invited. **Credit card orders may call 1-404-252-0703.** Sale prices effective to Sept. 30, 1983.

_____ Visa or Master Charge # _____ Exp. Date _____

_____ Name _____

_____ Address _____

_____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Add Postage, Handling and Insurance \$1.00 per pair \$ _____

Total \$ _____

Free case with each pair. **NOTICE: Don't be fooled by cheap imitations. These glasses are made exclusively for U.S. Optics.™ To make sure you get the best, order now and if not completely satisfied return for refund within 30 days. No Non-sense 30 day guarantee.** © Copyright 1982 U.S. Optics™

If Evelyn Waugh had been bitten on one leg by Groucho Marx and on the other by S. J. Perelman and then locked away with a typewriter and no vaccine, he might well have produced the complete works of Peter De Vries. As it's turned out, we have De Vries himself for that, and in his latest, *Slouching Towards Kalamazoo* (Little, Brown), he sets his wacky, witty voice to a rough retelling of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. Except that De Vries sets it in the Midwest in the Fifties instead of in Puritan Boston. And the Hester Prynne character is named Maggie Doubloon, and when she first appears wearing her big red A, it is not in public stocks in the village square but on the balcony of a cheap motel—a moment that inspires her to launch a very successful T-shirt company. There's more, of course, than that. *Slouching Towards Kalamazoo* is a beauty. Pour a cup of coffee and enjoy it.



The Scarlet Letter retold.

A young ballplayer's hitting streak threatens to break Babe Ruth's home-run record, and someone wants to stop him. Meet America's newest detective, Mark Renzler, a former player side-lined by an eye injury. *Dead in Center Field* (Ballantine) has its share of characters: a corrupt commissioner, a greedy owner, assorted politicians and hoodlums. And, oh, yeah, beautiful dames. The plot is the proper mix of minutiae, improbabilities and sarcasm. It's a delight. And we're not saying that because one of PLAYBOY's own PR men—Paul Engleman—wrote it. If we were to let him know just how much we liked this first novel, he'd be impossible to work with.

Robert A. Nowlan's *The College of Trivial Knowledge* (William Morrow) is (A) the best, toughest and most intelligent general-trivia book in five years; (B) the most infuriating curriculum in the country, since all categories are divided into B.A., M.S. and Ph.D. levels, but Nowlan refuses to tell you how many correct answers it takes to *earn* each degree; (C) the only place you're likely to run into Alley Oop, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Nebuchadnezzar and decidophobia (the fear of making decisions); or (D) all of the above. Decidophiles will love it.

Two small things changed Robert C. Mason's view of the supposedly evil and primitive Vietnamese he was fighting. One was a water wheel in the Kim Son valley, a wheel 25 feet in diameter and beautifully constructed, made of only bamboo and palm fronds—no glue, no caulking, just efficient fitting and weaving. The other was the tool chest of a master carpenter that Mason found in a hurriedly abandoned hooch, a tool chest neatly filled with planing blades and carving implements.

New fiction by Peter De Vries and Thomas Berger; Vietnam from the chopper seat.



Memories of 'Nam from the air.

"I had never heard of a gook . . . who did anything but eat rice and shit and fight unending wars," Mason writes in *Chickenhawk* (Viking), his memoir of his year as a helicopter pilot in Vietnam. "These tools and the water wheel convinced me that there was a successful way of life going on around us, but all we saw were savages." A veteran with more than 1000 combat missions under his belt, Mason shows us what it was like to fly choppers

on a constant basis in a war that was crazy and deadly. He takes us from his first days of training through the rough year of action to a sad epilog set in the present. Simply told, honest, detailed, dramatic, outstanding!

Had Thomas Berger's latest novel, *The Feud* (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence), appeared on *The Tonight Show*, it would have been as one of those guys who spends a week setting up 10,000 dominoes in complex patterns, the whole thing going off like fireworks when the first one is flicked. The first domino to kick off *The Feud* is a seemingly innocent Dagwood act: Dolf Beeler walks into a hardware store in a neighboring small town to buy some paint stripper. He gets into an argument with the owner's son; the owner's ratlike cousin pulls a gun on him; and we're off, one unhappy turn booting the next in the butt until the feud has spread through two communities, ruined lives and careers and left a few people dead or wounded—a black-comic lesson in bad karma if ever there were one. Berger writes with fondness and understanding of the Ohio Valley not-quite-white trash who people his novel and even manages to pull off a Romeo and Juliet subplot amid all the feudin', fightin' and a-fussin'. *The Feud* is good fun.

If you're weary of stories about unreal people who jog faithfully, dine wholesomely and live superbly, pick up Andre Dubus' collection of short fiction *The Times Are Never So Bad* (Godine). His characters are an ordinary lot of smokers and beer drinkers, of waitresses and laborers. The odds are good that his working-class characters will remind you of people you know; they are even better that his intense and elegantly told stories will touch you.

BOOK BAG

Sometimes They Bite (Arbor House), by Lawrence Sanders: The author of the very successful Matthew Scudder mystery novels and the Bernie Rhodenbarr burglar books presents a collection of early short fiction, including the debut appearances of Scudder and Rhodenbarr, two of our favorite heroes.

Writers' Fighters and Other Sweet Scientists (Andrews & McMeel) is a collection of boxing pieces by one of the nation's best sports columnists, John Schulian. Although written on deadline with one eye on the clock, these stories are as elegant as anything that's come along since A. J. Liebling raised ring writing to an art.

El Vago (Atheneum), by PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Laurence Gonzales: A bloody fiction about the Mexican revolution, inspired by tales the author heard from his grandfather.

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

COMPARED WITH the mediocre competition (see *Spacehunter*, reviewed below), *Return of the Jedi* (Fox) is another rousing entertainment in George Lucas' nine-part epic derived from *Star Wars*. After this, the third film of the middle trilogy, he'll go back to the very beginning of the *Star Wars* legend, which has already made movie history. In its script, *Return of the Jedi* falls a bit short of its predecessors, and director Richard Marquand hasn't quite got Lucas' magic touch. But it's pretty breathtaking as outer-space adventures go. Who doesn't want to know the ultimate fate of Darth Vader or witness the efforts of Luke Skywalker, Han Solo and Princess Leia (played by Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford and Carrie Fisher, in case you've been in a cultural coma for the past six years) to avert a galactic catastrophe? Joining Yoda, Chewbacca, R2-D2 and C-3PO in Jedi's catalog of creatures are a fat, froglike bad guy named Jabba the Hutt and some squat, fuzzy-wuzzy warriors known as Ewoks, whose cuddlesome charms may eclipse E.T.'s. Like his friend Steven Spielberg, Lucas continues to make moviegoing the kind of innocent, awe-struck pleasure it used to be when we were all light-years younger. ★★★

Computer-age cinema brightens up considerably with John Badham's exhilarating and timely *WarGames* (MGM/UA). This, plus the current *Blue Thunder*, should add luster to Badham's reputation as a savvy commercial director. An ingenious screenplay by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes takes us shivering toward apocalypse when a precocious high school boy (young Matthew Broderick, scoring again after his debut in *Max Dugan Returns*) inadvertently orders World War Three. The lad's deadly weapon, of course, is the home computer he generally uses for all sorts of domestic mischief. But once he plugs into our NORAD missile codes, hell breaks loose, and *WarGames* makes the most of it. It's moralistic and stretches logic a bit, but it's consistently gripping. There's fine support by Ally Sheedy as a plucky teenaged confidante and by John Wood and Dabney Coleman as a couple of the grownups responsible for creating the Frankenstein-monster computer that won't be called off. Terrific. ★★★½

Richard Pryor plays another electronic genius manning computers in the jumbled plot of *Superman III* (Warner). Despite Pryor's help and director Richard Lester's famous flair for sight gags, this series has begun to show signs of strain. Still gloriously square as a Superman on the skids—drunken, horny, unshaved, undone by his depraved alter ego—Christopher



Jedi jazzman in Jabba's lair.

Summer fun with *Jedi*,
Superman; thrilling
WarGames, sexy *Breathless*.



Kaprisky, Gere strike sparks in *Breathless*.

Reeve courts Annette O'Toole and beds a sexy villainess (Pamela Stephenson) who's in league with an evil computer tycoon (Robert Vaughn). All familiar, flyaway fun but seldom truly airborne. ★★★½

No remake of *Breathless*, however fine or cleverly finagled, can avoid comparison with Jean-Luc Godard's original. Made in 1959, Godard's first feature was a seminal existential film of the French New Wave—with Jean-Paul Belmondo blazing to international stardom as a petty crook, a murderous but amiable mugger who has a kind of crush on Humphrey Bogart. Play-

ing his amoral companion, an American student who casually betrays him, Jean Seberg had the best role of her career.

Reset in modern Los Angeles and its environs as a superstar turn for Richard Gere, the new *Breathless* (Orion) has lost its aesthetic and intellectual cool. Even so, Gere delivers another tour de force, looking doomed and dangerous as a cop killer on the lam, with winsome French discovery Valerie Kaprisky as an exchange student who's majoring in architecture. Their love scenes are hotter and barer than those in Godard's film, if not quite so incendiary as the advance publicity led one to expect. By way of updating, director Jim McBride (an alumnus of the Sixties underground-movie movement) has made the Gere character a jittery psychopath whose idols are the singer Jerry Lee Lewis and a comic-strip hero called the Silver Surfer. He's also got Gere and Kaprisky making it behind the screen of a trashy B-movie house showing *Gun Crazy*. That's reaching for it. McBride's *Breathless* does a lot of reaching. The good news is that the hunky, revved-up world of L.A. 1983 depicted here has a bristling life of its own—hip, kinetic and exciting enough to hold audiences whose memories don't stretch back two dozen years. ★★★

Something exciting has to happen when one of the screen's hottest sex symbols entices a truly great movie actor in a modern classic fairly seething with lust, human comedy and primitive passion. The performers, of course, are Brazil's steamy Sonia Braga and the matchless Marcello Mastroianni. The vehicle is *Gabriela* (UA Classics), adapted from a Jorge Amado novel that made Braga a superstar in an earlier incarnation as a TV series for home consumption in Brazil. Director Bruno Barreto (whose *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* brought world-class celebrity to Sonia) has considerably more plot here than one small, sun-baked movie romance can actually hold. What you need to note and remember is the relationship between a local bar owner known as Nacib the Arab (Marcello) and the muddy, unscrubbed native beauty (Sonia) he hires as his cook, little dreaming how she will churn up his settled existence. Doin' what comes naturally is Gabriela's personal code, and that kind of spontaneous sensuousness is Braga's stock in trade. She's irresistible (see *Roving Eye*, page 201, for proof) and makes *Gabriela* her own against formidable odds, since the director, the screenplay itself and the camerawork seem conscientiously orchestrated as a star turn for Mastroianni. Shambling and scintillating at the same time, he takes over but never quite lets the chemistry with his co-star slip away—that would be madness. *Gabriela* is slight,

DO YOU SEE A PRACTICAL CAR OR A PERFORMANCE CAR?

Take a close look at this inkblot.

We'd like to ask you a few questions about what you see.

Do you see power or economy?

A powerful engine and an economical engine are mutually exclusive concepts, right? In the case of Saab, the answer is a definitive "not necessarily."

Consider Saab's APC Turbo. On the one hand, its 0-60 acceleration will leave dust on the windshields of BMWs and many other "performance" cars. Or as the usually reserved *New York Times* put it: "When the [A.P.C.] turbo cuts in, there is a sensation of soaring, of gathering yourself up and flying faster with such a rush of adrenaline and no end in sight."

Yet all this power and exhilaration are achieved with better gas economy* than the old fuel-frugal Volkswagen Super Beetle.

Do you see a suspension system designed for racing or for safety?

Over the years, Saab

has built up quite an impressive record on the international rally circuit. Their drivers give much of the credit to Saab's double-wishbone suspension and front-wheel drive system, which allow Saab to maneuver and take corners as well as a sports car. (We would say better than a sports car, since Saab regularly beats sports cars in such events.)

If you don't happen to have racing in your blood, you might notice the more practical applications of front-wheel drive and taut suspension. Like helping you safely through the first snowfall. Or the last rainfall.

Do you see a car designed for holding the road or for holding luggage?

Before Saab engineers designed cars, they were designing airplanes. So it's not surprising that Saab was one of the first cars to utilize the aerodynamic hatchback design.

To some Saab owners, it's another contributing factor to their cars' superb

handling characteristics.

To others, it's been a legitimate excuse to postpone indefinitely the purchase of that unrelentingly utilitarian device—the station wagon. (Saab's hatchback design affords its owners the carrying capacity of a station wagon—56.5 cubic feet of luggage space in the 3-door model.)

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.	

Back to square one.

If you're still undecided as to whether you see a practical car or a performance car, don't worry.

Saab's version of the Rorschach test is much like the real one. Any answer is correct.

While our version may not reveal your personality traits, instinctual drives, or hidden neuroses, it should reduce any anxieties you might have about buying a Saab.

SAAB

The most intelligent car ever built.

*Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: (2)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. There are a limited number of turbo models available with Saab's Exclusive Appointments Group, which includes: leather upholstery, fog lights, front console and electric sunroof, at additional cost.



charming and spirited, even though it falls short in comparison with those virtuoso comic duets that Marcello and Sophia Loren used to play to the hilt. ♫½

A timid college professor who lectures on chivalry stumbles into Chicago's underworld and soon finds himself moonlighting as a bogus master mobster called *Doctor Detroit* (Universal). He also enlists a fetching quartet of party girls (Donna Dixon, Fran Drescher, Lydia Lei and Lynn Whitfield) to help him fight a big, bad gangster lady known as Mom (Kate Murtagh). Based on a brain storm by Bruce Jay Friedman, who helped write the screenplay directed by Michael Pressman, *Detroit* is a runaway comic vehicle for Dan Aykroyd, among the funnier alumni of *Saturday Night Live*. Howard Hesseman (Johnny Fever of TV's *WKRP in Cincinnati*) lends support, too; yet all their hip city slickery never quite gels. The curse of television scene stealers when they hit the big screen is a kind of self-congratulatory air—as if an audience ought to roll in the aisles on faith, having learned during prime time how hilarious these comics can be. Director Pressman compounds the problem by assuming that loudness and speed are adequate substitutes for style, and Aykroyd has to work hard—often *too* hard—to sustain the frenetic pace. Considering the fact that his stairway to movie stardom thus far includes such rickety missteps as *1941*, *The Blues Brothers* and *Neighbors*, I'd call *Doctor Detroit* a mild upswing for Aykroyd. ♫

Moviedom's technical wizards are still a long way from perfecting 3-D, according to the evidence afforded in *Spacehunter* (Columbia), subtitled "Adventures in the Forbidden Zone." This tongue-in-cheek melodrama, at the screening I attended (dutifully donning my throwaway glasses to get zapped by the special effects bounced off the screen at regular intervals), looked more like a mud-in-your-eye imitation of *Star Wars*—but, of course, with a comic slant borrowed from *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. The damned glasses were only a shade less annoying than the picture as a whole, in which Peter Strauss plays a futuristic trouble shooter trying to rescue three female astronauts who have crashed on a hostile miniplanet. There he encounters another comely Earther (Molly Ringwald), his side-kick for an onslaught of slam-bam-pow skirmishes directed by the usually capable Lamont Johnson. *Spacehunter's* humor is finally crushed by the weight of high-tech tricks and hardware. ♫

Watching *Valley Girl* (Atlantic) is something like paying a brief, frenzied visit to another planet. The Valley, of course, is the San Fernando, where the Reagan era appears to have encouraged a new, nitwit breed of conservative teenagers—looking preppie and going to proms within a stone's throw of downtown L.A. or deca-



Lydia Lei, Lynn Whitfield, Dan Aykroyd splash it up in *Doctor Detroit*.

Aykroyd and 3-D still looking for the big hit, but a train robber scores.



Spacehunter: Gadgetry's not enough.



Grey Fox doing what he does best.

dent West Hollywood. In this tolerant, good-natured satire directed by Martha Coolidge (screenplay by Wayne Crawford and Andrew Lane, who also coproduced), a Hollywood punk with a touch of purple in his hair is so far out—like, totally alien—to a Valley girl, he's, like, *tragic*.

Not like the bitchin' local boys who can borrow Dad's Mercedes. And there, buried in jargon, lies the entire plot, with winsome Deborah Foreman as *the* girl, a latter-day suburban Juliet whose hangdog Hollywood Romeo is engagingly played by Nicolas Cage (an appealing newcomer who prefers not to mention that he's Francis Ford Coppola's nephew). Music by such groups as The Clash and Men at Work provides lively accompaniment for these updated social studies—a little too mild at times for my taste but a pleasant exercise in culture shock even so. There's more snap when Frederic Forrest and Colleen Camp upstage the kids as Deborah's aggressively indulgent parents—a couple of pot-smoking late-Sixties leftovers who cannot quite fathom that their charming daughter is a square or, God help us, a chilling reincarnation of Gidget. ♫½

Winning is the word for *The Grey Fox* (UA Classics), showered with Canadian Genie awards—north of the border, they're akin to Oscars—in virtually every major category. Richard Farnsworth, cited for best performance by a foreign actor, is a grizzled American veteran of hundreds of movies, here playing his first leading role as Bill Miner, gentleman thief. A Canadian folk hero of some renown, Miner held up stagecoaches in the U.S. during the late 19th Century, served 33 years in San Quentin and was sprung into a brand-new century in 1901. In this film, by screenwriter John Hunter and director Phillip Borsos (both of whom won bests in their categories), Miner begins to adapt to modern times after he sees that 1903 silent classic, *The Great Train Robbery*, bungles one attempt to emulate it, escapes to British Columbia, then scores a big first with a \$7000 haul from the Canadian Pacific Railway. The law gets on him just as he seems ready to settle down with a feisty small-town lady photographer (Jackie Burroughs). There are lots of nice wry touches in *Grey Fox*, all beautifully understated by Farnsworth and given a distinctive period style by Borsos. Don't expect pell-mell excitement reel by reel. Few movies about high adventure are so reflective, personal and low-key. ♫

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- Angelo, My Love** Gypsies do their thing, directed by Robert Duvall. **YY**
- The Black Stallion Returns** Plucky boy loses horse to Arab nagnapers. **YY**
- Blue Thunder** Scheider in the sky with chopper, hell-bent. **YYY**
- Breathless** (Reviewed this month) OK if you missed Seberg, Belmondo. **YY**
- Doctor Detroit** (Reviewed this month) Another warm-up for Dan Aykroyd. **YY**
- Exposed** The real excitement is watching Nastassia Kinski. **YY½**
- Fanny & Alexander** Ingmar Bergman mellowing very well. **YYYY**
- Flashdance** Box-office fireworks; trendy but empty. **YY**
- The Flight of the Eagle** Chilling arctic adventure, with Max von Sydow. **YYY**
- Gabriela** (Reviewed this month) Torrid Braga and Mastroianni. **YY½**
- Gandhi** A must even before they gave it a great bundle of Oscars. **YYYY**
- The Grey Fox** (Reviewed this month) The Canadian prizes went to this bio of a legendary jailbird. **YY**
- Heads or Tails** Noiret and Serrault as a flaky, very French odd couple. **YY½**
- The Hunger** Deneuve, Sarandon and Bowie as a *très* chic trio of vampires. **YY**
- Local Hero** Burt Lancaster as an oil tycoon buying a village in Scotland. **YYY**
- Monty Python's The Meaning of Life** Gross, grand, damnably funny. **YYY½**
- Out of the Blue** Pure punk melodrama by Dennis Hopper, with Linda Manz a memorable teenaged troll. **YY½**
- The Personals** Love on wheels in Minneapolis. **YY**
- Querelle** Genet done a bad turn in Fassbinder's swan song. **Y**
- Return of the Jedi** (Reviewed this month) The saga continues apace. **YYY**
- The Return of Martin Guerre** France's ace Gerard Depardieu in odd, engrossing historical drama. **YY**
- Say Amen, Somebody** Top soul singers belting out Gospel truth. **YYY½**
- Spacehunter** (Reviewed this month) Spoofing astropics in murky 3-D. **YY**
- Superman III** (Reviewed this month) Is it a bird, a plane—or Pryor? **YY½**
- Tender Mercies** Duvall in fine form as a faded country-and-western star. **YYY**
- To Begin Again** Oscar's benign but boring choice as best foreign film. **YY**
- La Traviata** Zeffirelli's filmed opera is so opulent, you may not miss the Garbo version known as *Camille*. **YYY**
- Twice upon a Time** An adult cartoon feature. **YY**
- Valley Girl** (Reviewed this month) The return of saddle shoes and proms. **YY½**
- WarGames** (Reviewed this month) Computer whiz kid unleashes the Nukes. **YYY**

YYYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look
YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

LIQUORE ITALIANO

Tuaca. Among its exquisite tastes one can perceive a whisper of vanilla and a kiss of orange. Very Italian and completely delicious. A golden amber liqueur with a rich aroma and bouquet that pleases the senses. Tuaca. About \$15 the bottle.



70 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C., N.Y.



THE SOLID GOLD SOUND

Quality Receivers, Cassette Decks, Turntables, Loudspeakers, Car Stereo,
Stereo Video Recorders, Digital Audio Disc.

© 1983 MARANTZ CO., INC.

If any programmed camera beats the Pentax Super Program, we'll buy it for you.



Frankly, the chances of finding a programmed camera that beats the new Pentax Super Program in the features test at the right are downright nil. We scrutinized and analyzed every programmed camera sold in

the U.S.A. today. Not one measures up to all these advantages of the Super Program and the state of the art now.

No other brand of programmed camera gives you these six ways to shoot: Programmed, aperture priority, shutter priority, metered manual, programmed auto flash and TTL auto flash. With

the Pentax Super Program, you can select the mode that best suits your shot. You can change modes at will. Take the easiest approach to the perfect picture. Or, the most creative.

No programmed camera in the world delivers more information to the viewfinder. Your eye stays on the shot while the exclusive LCD digital display in the Super Program viewfinder keeps you informed and in control.

The Pentax Super Program's 1/2000th shutter speed is twice as fast as any other programmed camera's.

The flash sync is faster, at 1/125th. The hand-held programmed exposure range is wider. The advantages of this state of the art programmed camera go on. And beyond any other brand of programmed camera on the market.

But if you can find a camera that

meets all and exceeds one or more features of the Pentax Super Program listed below, don't be shy. Let us know. We'll send you the retail price of that camera.

Which you may well spend on a new Pentax Super Program after all.

Compare other programmed cameras with the new Pentax Super Program here.

	Pentax Super Program	Programmed Camera Brand: Model:	Programmed Camera Brand: Model:	Programmed Camera Brand: Model:	Programmed Camera Brand: Model:
Exposure Modes: Programmed	✓				
Aperture Priority	✓				
Shutter Priority	✓				
Metered Manual	✓				
Programmed Auto Flash	✓				
TTL Auto Flash	✓				
Coupled Metering, Manual Mode	✓				
Viewfinder Data (All modes combined)	23 Items				
Battery-Saving LCD Viewfinder Readout	✓				
Aperture & Shutter Display, Programmed Mode	✓				
4X, 2X, 1/2X, 1/4X Exposure Compensation	✓				
Exposure Compensation in Viewfinder	✓				
Light for Viewfinder Display	✓				
LCD External Readout	✓				
Depth of Field Preview	✓				
Metal Shutter	✓				
1/2000th Second Shutter Speed	✓				
Pushbutton Shutter Control	✓				
Shutter Cocked Indicator	✓				
Magic Needle Film Loading	✓				
Automatic Fast Shutter when Loading	✓				
Film Motion Indicator	✓				
1/125th Second Flash Sync Speed	✓				
Flash Distance, Program Mode (ASA/100 Film)	23.3 ft.				
Aperture Display in Viewfinder, Pgm. Flash Mode	✓				
Audible and Visual Flash Confirmation	✓				

Complete this chart with the features of any other brand of programmed camera sold at retail in the U.S.A. as of May 1, 1983. If you can find a camera that meets all and exceeds one or more features of the Pentax Super Program listed here, we'll buy it for you. (One camera per customer.) Offer expires October 31, 1983.

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

An exclusive U.S.A. two-year limited warranty/product registration covers the Pentax Super Program Body. Warranties apply only to products originally distributed in the United States by Pentax Corporation, 35 Inverness Drive East, Englewood, CO.

PENTAX[®]
SUPER PROGRAM

TELEVISION

By TONY SCHWARTZ

BEAR WITH ME for a moment.

On one side, we've got our plaintiff, Dennis Frazier, a huge man with a Fu Manchu mustache. On the other side is our defendant, Conrad Bergesson, a craggy-faced, emaciated-looking fellow.

Bergesson, we learn, is the owner of K-9 Behavioral Consultants. That is a fancy title for dog trainer. Frazier, it seems, hired K-9 to teach obedience to Rusty, the sloe-eyed Doberman at his side. His complaint, he tells Judge Joseph A. Wapner, is that while he paid K-9 \$250, his dog "has never come, never to this day, except when you bribe him with food."

Bergesson's turn follows. "May I please the court to have a minute?" he asks, and then proceeds to demonstrate that trusty Rusty responds just fine to his commands. The real problem, he tells the judge, is that Frazier has spent no time practicing with Rusty on his own. And for that sort of behavior, Bergesson's contempt is undisguised. "A man has no time for his dog," he says, "then I have no time for him."

It was midwinter, and I had just flipped on the television set in my Midwest hotel room when I was plunged unexpectedly into this gripping courtroom drama. Television doesn't surprise me often, but this was an exception. My first thought was, These guys *can't* be serious. My next thought was, Who could make up this sort of stuff? And then, Why would anyone *want* to make this stuff up? And, finally, If this is so preposterous, how come I can't take my eyes off the tube?

Apparently, I'm not the only one who was put off—and then drawn in. *The People's Court*, now carried on 151 stations across the country, has, in just two years, become one of the most popular shows in syndication. But for seven years before that, its producers sought unsuccessfully to sell their deceptively simple concept: a show based on real-life cases from small-claims court.

Brandon Tartikoff, president of NBC's entertainment division, was one of the early nonbelievers. "The whole thing seemed," he remembers ruefully, "like such schlock."

But exactly, Brandon!

For better or for worse, *The People's Court* is the realest show on television. More real than *Real People*. More incredible than *That's Incredible*. As grim and gritty, as tawdry and trivial, as proud and prickly as your average, everyday American.

There's the outraged mother of the bride who refuses to pay \$520 to a band that showed up an hour late for her daughter's wedding—minus a keyboard player. (Judgment to the band of \$225.) Or the owner of a telegram stripper service suing to get her \$100 fee from the woman who bought a telegram as a present for her boyfriend and



Courtroom drama,
the perfect show
for daytime TV.

then refused to pay because the stripper peeled down only to bikini underwear rather than to a G string. (Judgment for the owner.)

To ferret out these bizarre tales, the producers sift through the small-claims cases filed in some 20 courts around Los Angeles. Then they phone the most interesting-sounding people. In exchange for dropping their court actions and agreeing to have them settled on television, the plaintiff and the defendant are offered a minimum payment and a chance to plead their cases before a national audience. As in California small-claims court, a winning plaintiff on *The People's Court* stands to get whatever he sued for up to \$1500. Unlike small-claims court, if the finding is for the defendant, each party receives \$250 just for appearing.

The People's Court represents daytime television distilled to its essence. Prime time traffics mostly in glamorous escapism. Daytime, filled with game shows, soap operas and talk shows, has always featured people more preoccupied by everyday hopes and fears. The folks on *The People's Court* certainly fill that bill. To watch the show is to feel relieved that however bad your troubles may be, they're not as bad as the ones you're watching. At the same time, you can't help choosing sides, to cheer for your favorite and to wish the worst for the other side.

It's precisely that dual appeal—the chance to feel superior and to identify at the same time—that has fueled a whole genre of successful daytime shows. The examples abound: *Queen for a Day*, *Strike It*

Rich, *The Big Payoff*, *This Is Your Life* and the granddaddy of them all, *Truth or Consequences*, which ran for an unmatched 34 years.

Thus, it's no surprise that the man responsible for half of those shows—including *Truth or Consequences*—is now an executive producer of *The People's Court*. "The beautiful thing about this show," says Ralph Edwards, who at the age of 70 retains the enthusiasm of a true believer, "is that the people forget they're on television. They really do."

Credit for the no-nonsense atmosphere on *The People's Court* is due in large part to its star: Judge Wapner. At first glance, Wapner seems so much like one's fantasy of a judge—silvery hair, stentorian voice, stern manner—that it's hard to believe he's the real thing. But then, what actor playing a judge would berate gumchewers in his television courtroom, bristle at their bad grammar and wander off occasionally on esoteric points of the law?

As it happens, Joe Wapner did attend Hollywood High, but he is also every bit a judge—a past president of the California Judges Association who retired three years ago, at the age of 60, after two decades on municipal- and superior-court benches. Yet somehow, he manages to treat his new role as seriously as he did his old one. "There was one show," he remembers, "where I continued a case for 30 days. It was a paternity suit over a horse, and I ordered a blood test. The producers were a little bit annoyed, but I said to them, 'Just let me do my job and you try to figure out how to fit it into a program.'"

Indeed, Wapner barely seems to notice that he's in show business. Sure, he's recognized now in airports, is asked to speak to law students at Yale and earns more money than he ever did before. But he has turned down a guest shot on *The Love Boat* and has declined innumerable offers to sign autographs at shopping centers—even though he's been offered what he describes as "sums you wouldn't believe."

"I'm a judge," says the judge, "not an actor."

It's because Wapner believes that so fervently that he makes us overlook the preposterousness of the cases he considers. Five times a week, Wapner rewards real-life good guys and punishes real-life bad guys. He's in the business of distinguishing between right and wrong, and he's genuinely good at it. That's an irresistible lure.

I realized how strong a lure at the end of the first show I watched, after he returned from his chambers and a commercial break to render his decision in the case of "The Undisciplined Doberman."

When Wapner found for my guy—Bergesson, the craggy-faced dog trainer—I burst into applause.

"Your kind of taste."



DOS EQUIS
THE UNCOMMON IMPORT.



THEY'RE NOT SUNGLASSES. THEY'RE GARGOYLES.®

In fact, Gargoyles put sunglasses to shame...in looks, comfort and performance. Fashionably designed for both men and women, Gargoyles are the beginning of a new era in classic eyewear.

Impact Resistant

Gargoyles' incredible strength was matched against the blast from a 12-gauge shotgun. The unique one-piece polycarbonate Lensframe™ survived with only a few small dents, proving that Gargoyles greatly exceed the performance standard of average safety glasses.



SHOTGUN TEST

Scratch Resistant

Another advantage is that Gargoyles, unlike sunglasses with plastic lenses, are highly scratch resistant. Lens abrasion is virtually a thing of the past, as demonstrated by the steel wool test.



SUNGLASSES

Aerodynamic Wrap Design

Gargoyles' aerodynamic wrap design protects eyes from wind, rain, snow and dust. At the same time, they filter out 83% more incidental light and more harmful ultra-violet rays than ordinary sunglasses.

Gargoyles are available in five fashionable lens tints for various sports and sun conditions. Perfect for today's active lifestyle.

See for yourself. There's more to Gargoyles than meets the eye.



GARGOYLES®

The New Generation in Classic Eyewear.

By **Pro-tec inc.**

P.O. Box 4189, Bellevue, Washington 98009

★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Dino De Laurentiis' long-delayed remake of *Mutiny on the Bounty* is finally under way, with Australian star **Mel Gibson** as Fletcher Christian and **Anthony Hopkins** as Captain Bligh. Based on a script by **Robert Bolt**, the film (called simply *Bounty*) is currently shooting in New Zealand and Tahiti and at Cape Horn. . . . Bound to set off a flurry of controversy this fall is **Costa-Gavras'** new venture, *Hanna*, starring **Jill Clayburgh**. In a nutshell, the film's about an American lawyer (Clayburgh) resettled in Israel who becomes involved both professionally and emotionally with a Palestinian desirous of returning to his homeland, now Israeli territory. Insiders claim the film dramatizes the Palestinian position quite poignantly. In the meantime, Universal is keeping a tight lid on the project. . . . **Craig T. Nelson**, **Tom Cruise** and newcomer **Lea Thompson** star in *All the*



Gibson



Clayburgh

Right Moves, the tale of a high school athlete (Cruise) trying to get a football scholarship. Thompson plays his girlfriend; Nelson is his coach. . . . Word has it that **Jon Voight** will star in the film adaptation of **William Wharton's** best-selling novel *Dad*. . . . **Norman Cousins'** autobiographical *Anatomy of an Illness* will be a made-for-TV movie starring **Ed Asner**, **Eli Wallach** and **M*A*S*H's** **David Ogden Stiers**. . . . Also set for TV biopic treatment is the life of **Anwar Sadat**, with **Louis Gossett, Jr.**, in the lead. . . . Set for a September start date is *Callas* (Maria, not Charlie), with **Sophia Loren** portraying the late opera star. **Ken Russell** will direct from his own script. . . . *Conan the Barbarian* will undergo the sequel treatment with **Conan, King of Thieves**. **Arnold Schwarzenegger** will return, though I'm told that the follow-up will be lighter than the original. . . . And Universal recently announced that **Steven Spielberg** will have some "association" with its production of *Schindler's List*. Nobody's quite sure what that means, but rumor has it he'll be either the gaffer or the grip.

COLD CUTS: If I were a producer, I'd probably describe Universal's *Iceman* as "a cross between *Altered States* and *Woody Allen's Sleeper*." But I'm not, so I won't.

Starring **Timothy Hutton**, **Lindsay Crouse** and **Obie** winner **John Lone**, the film is an adventure that begins when the body of a Neanderthal man (Lone) is found frozen



Hutton



Crouse

solid in a glacial ice block measuring 8' x 6' x 4'. Seems he's been freeze-dried in there for 20,000 years but, natch, is still alive. Hutton plays **Dr. Stanley Shepard**, an anthropologist who bridges history by befriendng the chilled cave man. Crouse is **Dr. Brady**, a cryobiologist searching for a "cryoprotectant, a sort of antifreeze for the living cell structure," a breakthrough that would allow man to live forever as an ice cube. Or something.

CALL ME IRRESISTIBLE: The title role in **Blake Edwards'** *The Man Who Loved Women* may very well be the one **Burt Reynolds** was born to play. Based on **François Truffaut's** 1977 classic *L'Homme Qui Aimait les Femmes* (Edwards is calling his version an "Americanization" rather than a remake), the film focuses on a sculptor named **David**, a paramour *extraordinaire* who loves all women and whose life revolves around pursuing them. Seems he's got a certain quality of vulnerability that makes him irresistible to the opposite sex. To make a long story short, within the film's 90-



Reynolds



Andrews

minute time span he has about ten affairs, two of which involve costars **Kim Basinger** (who plays a kinky Houston housewife) and **Marilyn (Taxi) Henner**. Trouble starts when **David** suddenly realizes that his obsession with women is causing the rest of his life to fall into disarray, so, for help, he consults a psychiatrist, played by **Julie Andrews**. I won't give away the ending, but he might have been better off seeing a *male* shrink. According to insiders, Edwards' version will be more comedic than Truf-

faut's—he sees **David** as almost an extension of the **Dudley Moore** character in "10".

SNOWDRIFTS: For a nonskier, producer **Edward S. Feldman** certainly has made his share of ski movies—*The Other Side of the Mountain* was the first, and now comes *Hot Dog*, a story set against the background of world freestyle-championship skiing. Starring **David** (*An American Werewolf in London*) **Naughton**, **Patrick** (*Endangered Species*) **Houser**, newcomer **Tracy N. Smith** and our very own **Shannon Tweed**, the flick involves the rite of passage of a 20-year-old Idaho kid (Houser) who heads to Squaw Valley to test his skiing skills against those of the veterans. Naughton plays the experienced but slightly over-the-hill champion skier, Smith is cast as an independent-minded young drifter and Shannon appears as the seductive snow queen, a kind of sophisticated ski groupie. *Hot Dog* is directed by **Peter** (*The Personals*) **Markle**, who happens to be a first-class



Tweed



Naughton

skier, not to mention a world-class hockey player. A late October or early November release date is set.

INFIDELITY OPUS NUMBER TWO: Speaking of remakes and **Dudley Moore**, the diminutive English actor is currently involved in director **Howard Zieff's** redo of **Preston Sturges'** 1948 classic *Unfaithfully Yours*. **Dudley** plays **Claude Eastman**, a symphony conductor who becomes obsessed and a bit demented over the notion that his young wife (**Nastassia Kinski**) is cheating on him with a visiting concert violinist and reputed womanizer named **Max Stein** (**Armand Assante**). As it turns out, Stein is having an affair but not with **Dudley's** wife—he's actually seeing **Dudley's** business manager's spouse. (**Albert Brooks** is the business manager; **Cassie Yates** is his unfaithful wife.) In the meantime, however, **Dudley** is seriously infected with jealousy and fantasizes about murdering his wife—one such hallucination takes place while he's conducting the New York Philharmonic. What appealed to director **Zieff** about the project was, in his words, that "it's a comedy of jealousy and passion with the flavor of an Italian movie. It's very European in attitude."



“Is 2 months’ salary too much to spend for something that lasts forever?”



The way I figure it, nothing’s too good for Beth. And when it came to buying her an engagement ring, I wanted the biggest, most beautiful diamond I could afford.

And a good rule of thumb today is that for about 2 months’ salary you can get a really nice diamond engagement ring without breaking your budget.

It comes down to a question of priorities. And what’s more important than the woman you love?

	1/3 carat	1/2 carat	3/4 carat	1 carat
actual size				
	\$600- \$1700	\$1200- \$3500	\$2000- \$6000	\$3000- \$11,000*

*Prices shown cover diamonds of medium color and clarity ranges based on retail quotations which may vary. Send for the booklet, “Everything You’d Love to Know...About Diamonds.” Just mail \$1 to Diamond Information Center, Dept. PL, Box 1344, N.Y., N.Y. 10101-1344.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

THE MOVIE-STUDIO executive was irritated. His eyes had gone opaque behind his mauve-tinted glasses.

"No, honey," he said to me, "your story idea is just fine except for one thing: Audiences don't want to see a story about a 30-year-old woman. This country is turned off by women in their 30s—they're all too angry, bitter, hostile and mean. What you need is a 23-year-old heroine. That'll sell. Check, please, waitress."

The waitress, 34 if she was a day, grinned blindingly at him.

I went home all in a tizzy. Here I was, approaching the dread age of bitterness. Would I soon begin snarling and stabbing random men with knitting needles? Was I angry? Was I hostile? What was this god-damned movie exec talking about?

It was time for some serious soul-searching. I decided to call my best friend, Harry, a man with a head on his shoulders, a man who, I knew for a fact, really liked women.

"Is this the latest male attitude toward women, Harry?" I wailed. "If it is, I can't be responsible for the consequences. Women may well take to the streets with grenades."

"If women *did* take to the streets with grenades," said Harry, "that would constitute a relaxation of hostilities. Women over 24 *are*, by and large, absolutely furious. Also wrathful, irate, piqued, indignant and sore, not to mention foul-tempered."

Harry was on a roll.

"They snap at you when you open doors for them," he continued. "And then they have a fit if you *don't* open doors for them. They demand a commitment before you're through with the salad course on your first date. They pour pitchers of cold water over you when you're asleep, just for a joke. If you say 'Looks like rain' to a woman, she'll have a seizure and insist you're trying to patronize her. Women are nightmares, all of them. Even 12-year-olds. Even ten-year-olds. But mainly those in the 25-to-35-year-old age group. What is it with you broads?"

That unexpected vitriol called for some more serious telephoning. I tried Hannah, the sweetest girl I know—cheerful, goodhearted and generous, dear Hannah.

"It's simple," she said. "Men are pond scum. That's why we're mad all the time. In the past year, I had one man pledge undying love to me and then take off with a pizza waitress a week later. Then I met a man who proposed marriage one day and told me I was more ready for a commitment than he was the next. Then there was the guy who informed me of his homosexuality *after* we got into bed and the one who kept an assortment of garter belts in a brown-paper bag under his bed—stop me



WHY ARE WOMEN SO ANGRY ALL THE TIME?

"Would I soon begin snarling and stabbing random men with knitting needles? Was I angry? Was I hostile?"

before I burst into tears."

What's going on here? How did things come to such a pretty pass?

It probably started in the late Sixties, when women were becoming feminists. Too exciting. We were on a wonderful, supportive, far-reaching mission to be treated as actual *people*. First-class citizens who were good for more than washing up and opening our legs. It was heady stuff, thinking ourselves as good as men. It bucked up our spirits no end.

We told men all about our new-found selves, and they were terrific.

"Sure, honey," they said in unison, "you go out and find yourself. We'll just put on the pork chops and diaper the baby until you get back. And how did you say you wanted your oral sex?"

It seemed too good to be true and, in fact, was.

Somehow, somehow, at some point, men just seemed to decide they'd had enough.

"Never mind!" they shouted, again in unison. "Enough with the pork chops and the diapering! Enough with trying to find the clitoris! We want the old days back!"

Men had discovered that women's

liberation did not mean isolated acts of basting chickens and hiring the odd woman or two but, instead, meant that actual power would be changing hands. Power is more important than sex, more compelling than altruism. Nobody gives up power without a grim struggle.

Guys turned mean—admit it. They stopped trying to understand and started playing Lothario. Some of them went as far as to festoon their necks with chains and cavort in swingers' clubs; others settled for imitating a frightened jack rabbit whenever a woman walked into a room.

Women became despondent. At first, they merely put their pillows over their heads and refused to get out of bed in the morning. Then they escalated to open sobbing on the streets. Then they went whole hog and started pouring drinks over every male head in sight.

And now here we are in 1983, and very few of us are having a good time. The sexes are at an impasse. Neither side wants to give a millimeter, let alone an inch.

This will never do. If we want to start having a good time with one another again (and why else bother to be alive?), then we will just have to forfeit inches, feet, yards.

In fact, why don't we pretend that we've been engaged in one monster football game, with each side ripping the other's eyes out and rending limbs from our opponents' bodies?

Then we could take the metaphor one step further and pretend that the game ended in a tie and start slapping one another on the ass and calling one another old buddy and saying we didn't really mean what we said about one another's mothers.

Then the band could come out onto the field and we could slip quietly away to the locker room and drink champagne.

I mean, what the hell.





Own a bottle.

It's worth the price
to have at least one thing in your life
that's absolutely perfect.
Tanqueray Gin, a singular experience.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Recently, I have experienced a sexual problem that I haven't seen discussed before. I am 24 and very active in sports and consider myself in good physical shape. The problem occurs after I have my first orgasm. After the normal waiting period, I can attain another erection without any problem. However, my sensitivity diminishes greatly. It usually takes 25 to 35 minutes before I reach another orgasm. But because I am not as sensitive, I sometimes have difficulty keeping the erection. I satisfy my partner, because she usually has two or three orgasms during the second round, but I just don't feel very much in my penis and start losing interest because of that lack of feeling. Any advice?—J. H., Columbia, South Carolina.

Relax. We've always wondered at the clichéd sex scenes in novels in which two lovers engage in passionate, roughneck sex and then do it a second time with great gentleness. Right. Many men lose sensitivity with each erection. Masters and Johnson found that "when female study subjects were interrogated in the laboratory after multi-orgasmic experiences, the second or third orgasmic episode was usually identified subjectively as more satisfying and more sensually pleasurable than the first orgasmic episode. When male study subjects were multi-ejaculatory in the laboratory, inevitably the first ejaculatory episode was reported as the most satisfying experience." You may require more stimulation the second time around, that's all. Don't get caught in the trap that says you have to have an orgasm for every erection. As long as you and your partner are satisfied, all's well.

I ride a high-performance motorcycle. As winter approaches, I've started to think about buying a fairing—one of those streamlined windscreens that you hang on the front of your bike. I've looked at all the models and I'm baffled. How do you choose one?—B. J., Chicago, Illinois.

All fairings offer protection from the wind, but a good European style, also known as a sports fairing, can give you a boost in performance as well. The aerodynamics streamline the bike, adding five to 15 miles to your top speed and decreasing fuel consumption by as much as 20 percent. The Hannigan Fairing Company (Scarborough, Ontario) took its sports fairing into the wind tunnel and came up with some interesting figures: To propel a bike without a fairing to 100 mph took 46.8 horsepower; with a fairing, only 43.3 hp. A sports fairing also contributes to better handling by providing significant down force on the front wheel at speed. The result is greater stability. Some people prefer the American style, or touring fairing: It tends to have a more upright riding position and a higher



windshield and it uses existing handle bars. The European style uses café bars and your riding position is crouched over. The position may look strange, but aficionados say that it is actually more comfortable over the long haul (taking strain off the back) and promotes better handling. A quality sports fairing can cost \$300 to \$500, but the increase in handling may be worth it.

I have just had the good fortune of becoming a born-again divorcé who is enjoying life, liberty and the pursuit of the perfect ten—maybe eight and a half—after ten years' abstinence. I have recently hit upon some singles bars, a few of which were retakes from *Star Wars*, where I have had some encounters of the worst kind. I guess I am not used to the new aggressiveness in women, especially the women who can't take "Thanks but no thanks" for an answer. My question is, What's the best way to put a woman down without coming off as an insensitive snot? I have always enjoyed being the hunter and am not quite used to the game rules today.—C. M., Hartford, Connecticut.

We believe in one simple rule: Treat women the way you yourself enjoy being treated. If you're not interested, be polite and honest while tactfully expressing your feelings. You'll save the lady and yourself a lot of time. And regarding your other comments, we feel that you can still be the "hunter" if you want—but, frankly, we find that attitude passé. Leave your bow and arrow at home and just concentrate on having a good time meeting people.

Why is it there are no ingredients listed on the labels of alcoholic products? Are the

distillers given a special dispensation to keep their secrets? How do you know whether or not there is anything harmful in them?—O. D., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

One of the last things we want when we relax with our favorite drink is a long list of unpronounceable scientific terms on the label to break the mood. But that may soon come to an end. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms has given the liquor industry until next February to provide a list of ingredients on the label or to provide an address to which one can write to find out the ingredients. The reason is that a small number of people are affected adversely by some of the additives and the gases that are used to make wines and liquors and beers. Most of the ill effects, by the way, are traceable to heavy imbibing; but the danger is there, nevertheless. The fact is, the list of ingredients would tell you little about the beverage, since the proportions and the time of fermentation and other factors would not be included. Those are secrets retained by the bottler. For the majority of the population, however, the only harm that comes from the bottle is a result of abuse of the contents, not the contents themselves.

I have been living with my boyfriend for a little more than a year and am becoming concerned about his sexual appetite. It seems he gets easily aroused, and once he becomes aroused, a high degree of anxiety sets in that must immediately be relieved by ejaculation. He can become aroused merely by seeing a provocative female on television or in a magazine. When we are together, I do not mind relieving him, by either masturbation or fellatio, because I love him very much and enjoy giving him pleasure. In lovemaking, he can keep an aroused posture and reach orgasm two or three times in a session. I certainly don't mind that at all.

When I was discussing sexual appetites with the girls at work one day, they all seemed to come to the conclusion that my boyfriend is oversexed and should seek professional help. It never bothered me prior to that discussion, but now I wonder how he gets his sexual relief when I am not around. He promises faithfulness to me and frowns at my suggestion that he masturbate. When I bring up the issue of his being oversexed, he thinks the idea is absurd. He claims that the more he uses his sexual manhood, the longer he will be able to use it. My questions are: Do you think he is oversexed? Can this be tempered?—Miss T. L., New York, New York.

Don't let something your friends say or think affect what seems to be a good relationship. We don't think your male friend is oversexed. In fact, he sounds healthy and normal to us. If you're satisfied with your

lovemaking sessions, there is no problem. As for seeing a professional, well—he could turn professional.

While I realize that you should carry traveler's checks when you're away from home, there are times when you have to have cash. I'll be spending a good deal of time in Europe this fall. Can you give me any tips on how not to get ripped off?—S. T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

The best way we know to not have anything taken is to not have anything. That means stripping down to the bare essentials. Before you take off, empty your wallet of all local credit cards, membership cards and unnecessary papers, especially originals (such as your birth certificate or photographs). Carry only the credentials you intend to use. The same holds true for your briefcase, in which things tend to accumulate. You're better off leaving expensive jewelry at home: rings (except for wedding bands); gold chains (try a gold electroplate, if you must); watches (put away the Rolex, take a Timex); cuff links and tie clasps (especially those of sentimental value). If you have a lot of traveler's checks, put them in the hotel safe until you need to cash one, then carry only the amount of cash you need for the day. Put nothing in your hip pockets; carry all valuables in an inside coat pocket or front pants pocket or under your shirt. Before entering a crowd, be aware of what you have and where you are carrying it. Before you leave your room, take a last look around to see whether or not anything has been left out that should go into your locked suitcase or the hotel safe. The trick is to think like a crook. Say to yourself, "What is here that a crook would want?" Don't overlook anything. Alarm clocks, American jeans, electric shavers and hair driers, while not expensive, can be a real nuisance to replace. By the way, enjoy your trip.

I've had this problem since I became interested in the male sex (I'm 20), and while looking through a friend's PLAYBOY, I thought I'd write to you and ask for advice. How does a woman ask a man she barely knows, or doesn't even know, out for a date? Let me explain my predicament. I'm a college student and I have become extremely interested in one of my teachers. He is not much older than I, and I've taken several of his classes. I've liked him all along, yet I don't know how to, or even if I should, ask him out. I'm not certain whether or not he is interested in me, so what should I do? Is it all right to ask one's teacher for a date? How do I go about doing so? If he says no, what can I say? I've still got to finish his class.—Miss K. K., Richmond, Virginia.

We don't encourage sex in any power relationship. There is too much baggage attached to the affair to make it work. If you insist, wait until the end of the semester—or, better yet, graduation. If there's still a spark when you're equals, then go for it.

Tenniswear has gone through a lot of changes lately, and I'm not sure I agree with all of them. I've seen players dressed in T-shirts and purple shorts. Whatever happened to the concept of tennis whites? I thought they added a certain dignity to the game. Now the courts look like the circus is in town. Aren't there any rules anymore?—B. T., San Diego, California.

Some of the rules in tennis are the same. No matter what you wear, you've still got to get the ball over the net. But the popularity of tennis has reached the point at which there are a lot of players—some of them strong individualists—who want to express their individuality in the clothes they wear. As a result, the dress code has been relaxed. You'll find that casual games on, say, municipal courts bring out the most outlandish costumes, whereas tournament players and those on private courts seem more restrained. At upper levels of play, you usually have two choices: a white outfit or a predominantly white outfit. Some hotels and resorts have their own dress rules, and you should check with them when you make your reservations. Usually, there is enough leeway to let you express yourself. You will usually be sartorially safe if you stick with clothing specifically designed for tennis rather than for jogging or sculling or weight lifting. And, of course, for your own safety and to protect the courts, always wear proper shoes for the surface on which you're playing. A final note: Anyone who shows up in a bright-orange outfit had better have a mean backhand to go with it.

I was just sitting here thinking of my relationship with my girlfriend. We have been dating for more than a year. I really love her a lot; in fact, I just bought her a string of pearls for our first anniversary. My problem is this: Every time I date one woman for a year or a year and a half, I find myself looking for someone new. I want my girlfriend for myself yet want to meet other women when she's not around. I am 26 and she is 25. Our sex life is above normal. Why do all of my relationships last only this long? It's so easy to shop around, because she works during the weekend, while I'm free.—B. K., Elk River, Minnesota.

It seems to us that either you're afraid of serious commitments or you haven't met the right woman. Perhaps you need to analyze yourself and your relationship a bit more deeply, and then you'll be in a better position to understand why you tire of certain situations after a year or so. You'll also have to decide what your current affair means to you and handle it accordingly. You're doing your girlfriend and yourself no favors by shopping around while you're still seeing her. Sort out your feelings and be honest about them.

When I bought a new car, I transferred my old stereo system, which is extraordi-

nary, into the new auto. It had worked great in the old car, but in the new one, the sound is a little muffled. The system was installed properly and the bass is as good as ever, but I'm losing the highs. My new car is bigger than the old one. Could that be the problem?—R. S., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Unless you've switched to a limo, the car's size shouldn't be a problem. More likely, the glitch is in the speaker placement or the seat covers. Here's why: High-frequency sound is very directional. Bass is never a problem in a closed environment, such as a car; sound will just splash into it any way it can. But the highs go directly from your speaker into your ear. Moving the speaker to where the highs have a direct route—to the front-door panels, for instance—will improve the sound. As for your seat covers, remember that the stereo will react in a car the same way it does at home. Plush seat covers and heavy carpeting will dampen highs in a living room. So if you went from vinyl or leather seats to a velour fabric, that's where the sound went.

If you could offer some constructive advice in the following matter, both my mate and I would be most pleased. It seems that my lady of two years has an aversion to oral sex. She is occasionally inclined to kiss my penis but is unable to consider more than a few seconds of stimulation. Her aversion stems from an incident in her adolescence, when she was coerced into a vehicle and forced to suck off a warped individual. The repulsive memory lingers to this day, and, in fact, she finds that a person's simply placing his hand on the back of her head is sufficient to trigger a replay. I love this woman beyond description. She is extremely intelligent, sincere, honest and spontaneous. Our sexual sharing is otherwise open and wonderful, and I am loath to press her very hard toward something that is a rewarding sexual embellishment but hardly a necessary one. Do I cross my legs and hope her fears will go away, or is there a way to banish them once and for all?—C. B., Detroit, Michigan.

It seems to us you have two choices: You can urge your ladyfriend to seek counseling to deal with the memories she has of that incident in her past, or you can accept her as she is and learn to live without oral gratification. The first choice may be better for both of you—but you can't force her to seek help if she doesn't want it or doesn't think she needs it. We wish you both luck.

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.



**NEW!
IT'S FILTERED!**



Also
in
soft
pack

LUCKY STRIKES AGAIN

THE MOMENT IS RIGHT FOR IT.

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

Filters Box and Soft Pack: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Michelob Light for the Winners.

A rich, smooth taste you can compare to any beer you like.



DEAR PLAYMATES

As the battle of the sexes rages on, we turn to the question of stamina and energy. In the bedroom, that is, not in the gym. Who has more, men or women? It will come as no surprise to you that our Playmates have some thoughts on this subject.

The question for the month:

Who has more sexual stamina, men or women?

I think it's 50-50. A lot of women, myself included, love sex and have a strong sex drive. But, then, so do a lot of men. For a long time, women were not able to express their sex drive.

Now our feelings are more out in the open, and we can say we need it just as much as they do. It is a sign of maturity when a woman understands her own sexuality and knows how to express it. Then her sexual energy can express itself fully in her sex drive.



Missy Cleveland

MISSY CLEVELAND
APRIL 1979

I think it depends more on age and sexual awareness than on being male or female. But truthfully, I think women have the edge, because they are harder to satisfy. To women, sex is more than sex.

Sex is hugging and kissing. It's romance. Women find a greater range of activity sexual than men do. I had a boyfriend once who was really into erotic literature, especially Oriental literature. He had a lot of stamina. I guess it depends on the person.



Linda Rhys Vaughn

LINDA RHYNS VAUGHN
APRIL 1982

Men have more stamina. I always conk out first. What can I say? I'm not Masters and Johnson and I haven't done any major studies, but I reach a point when I'm willing to curl up and go to sleep, no matter how long or how short a time I've been having sex. Occasionally, I'm up for an all-nighter, but I can't live like that. The male sex drive is just stronger. I do think women are often stimulated more quickly. A woman can see candlelight and become aroused. A man may need something else, say a garter belt. The most important thing is to have the same sexual clock, so your desires are compatible.



Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

Many times, you'll hear that women have more stamina, but I think it varies with age. Women have more as they get older, whereas men have it when they're younger. It takes women longer to feel competent sexually and to enjoy their sexual feelings. As they grow sexually mature, they get more stamina. They can go longer than men. But I don't think it's a question of who can go longer. Two people have to enjoy being together. You can have sex for three hours, but you can't have the exact same kind—and intensity—for three hours.



Cathy St. George

CATHY ST. GEORGE
AUGUST 1982

Women definitely have more energy. I think that the multiple orgasm proves that. Men are more specific about sex, more direct. Women are much more general. I think the fact that women are finding that their capacity and energy for sex is greater than they knew makes men feel terrific. It means that a man doesn't have to feel responsible for a woman's sexual happiness. Because, ideally, she's doing her own thing.



Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

I don't talk to that many girls about sex, but if I had to judge by my own personal life, I'd have to say men. Women have a harder time reaching orgasm than men do. Men think about sex a lot more than women do. I really believe that. It's the way they're built or the way they were brought up or something. They just seem to need it more. As I said before, I really feel that men have more energy for sex than women do.



Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 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.



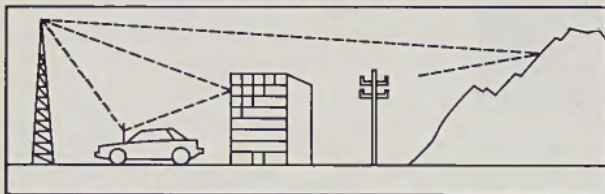
THIS IS THE CAR STEREO TECHNOLOGY EVERYONE ELSE WILL HAVE FIVE YEARS DOWN THE ROAD. SUPERTUNER® III.

In 1976, Pioneer introduced the first Supertuner® technology.

It elevated the car stereo tuner's ability to produce music.

And sent every other car tuner maker scrambling back to the drawing boards.

Now, just when they've



A lot of things stand in the way of clear reception. Like buildings, mountains, even telephone poles. Radio signals bounce off them like balls on a handball court. Creating static, signals cutting in and out. Unless you have a Supertuner® III.

finally caught up to the advanced technology of the original

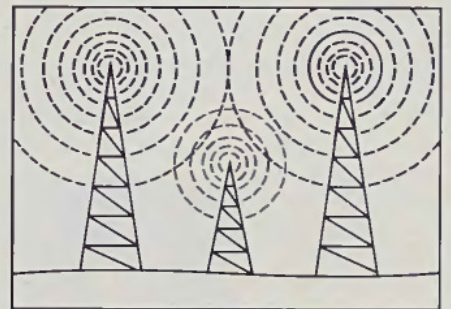
Supertuner®, Pioneer introduces Supertuner® III.

So long, fellas. See you down the road in another five years or so.

FM CAR STEREO RECEPTION
SO CLEAR YOU'LL THINK
YOU'RE LISTENING
TO A CASSETTE.

Because music and only music is important to the engineers at Pioneer, anything that gets in the way of the music is as

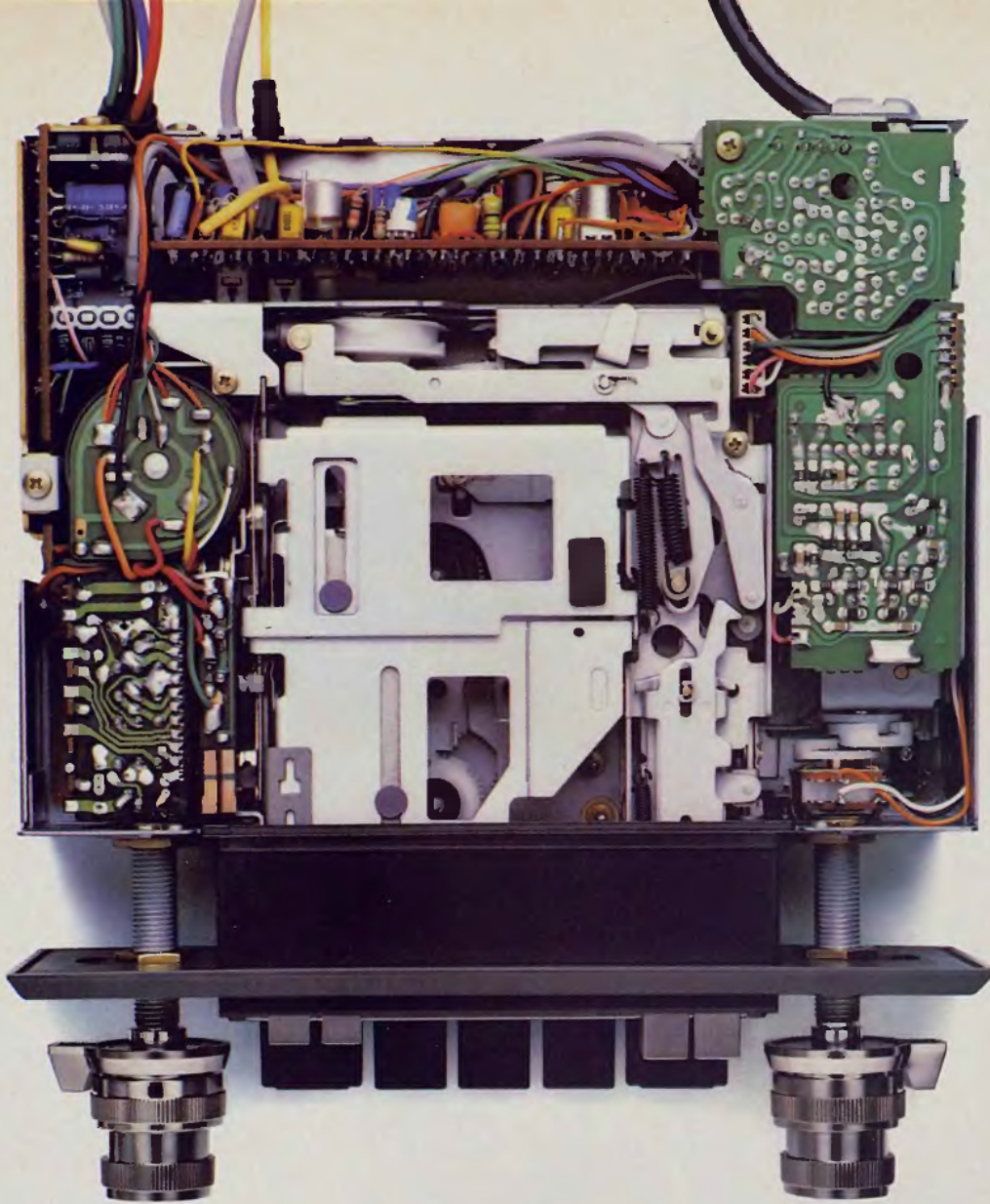
annoying to them as it is to you. So they've worked



Three-signal intermodulation is techno jargon for a weak signal that's surrounded by two stronger ones. This is what causes stations to cut into or bleed over others. Except in a new Supertuner® III.

continually to develop technology so sophisticated and advanced it virtually eliminates the maddening interference common to all car tuners.

Like static. FM noise. Strong signals cutting in or bleeding



in Chicago, Illinois, perhaps the worst FM reception area in the country.

If Supertuner® III outperformed the competition here, it would do it anywhere.

Using the same car, with the same antenna, and driving continuously around the same block on the Near North Side (where the world's tallest and third-tallest buildings create FM listening havoc), Pioneer put one tuner after another to the test.

And the clear winner, time after time, was Pioneer's Supertuner® III. Downtown, only Supertuner® III received stations that came across other tuners sounding like bacon sizzling on a hot griddle. And in the suburbs, only Supertuner® III consistently was able to pick up weak stations located downtown, and hold on to them.

Of course, reading this now may impress you. But most likely you'd rather hear the real thing with your own two ears.

So, at your earliest convenience,

on top of weaker ones.

In addition, Supertuner® III can capture weak signals from a great distance and lock them in.

So, while Supertuner® III offers a great many convenience gadgets like other tuners, it offers something that none of the others can.

The clean, clear, FM stereo reception you should be getting in this day and age.

WHICH CAR TUNER GETS THE BEST RECEPTION IS NOW PERFECTLY CLEAR.

Of course, it's one thing to boast that no other FM stereo

tuner eliminates the irritants to your listening pleasure like Supertuner® III.

It's another to prove it. Which is just what Pioneer did.

By road testing Supertuner® III against the highest quality stereo tuners currently on the market.

The test was conducted



Cars move and radio stations don't. So the further you drive from the transmitter of your favorite station, the harder it is to capture its signal. Unless you have a Supertuner® III. Which is just another reason we should have the market all locked up.

nience, visit your nearest Pioneer car stereo dealer and ask for a demonstration of Supertuner® III.

And if, on the drive there, you get static and stations cutting in and out on your car stereo, don't just change stations.

Change car stereos.



PIONEER®
Because the music matters.



Love at first sip.

Delicious Bacardi rum and icy cold Coke. They've been winning smiles since the turn of the century. And today this refreshing pair is America's favorite. Ahhh Bacardi and Coke, a taste you'll love sip, after sip, after sip.

BACARDI rum. The mixable one. Made in Puerto Rico.

FOR A FREE 16-PAGE COLOR CATALOG OF OUR BOUTIQUE & GIFT COLLECTION, WRITE TO BACARDI RUM BOUTIQUE, 7475 NW 7TH ST., MIAMI, FL 33126. BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. © 1982 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM 80 PROOF. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY THE SAME PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

THE 23 ENIGMA

Synchrony is the law that explains why the impossible becomes the plausible, to the disconcertion of the so-called scientific mind. A portion of that law, the 23 Enigma, was brought to my attention by a baseball-enthusiast friend, who delves into the complexities of major-league competition—the Cleveland Indians in particular.

In Robert Anton Wilson's book *Cosmic Trigger*, he explains what he calls the 23 Enigma. When Wilson [a former PLAYBOY Associate Editor] was keeping records, to his astonishment, the theretofore undistinguished number 23 appeared in a lot of them. The frequency exceeded that of any other number. He states, "Readers of Koestler's *Challenge of Chance* will find that there are a great many 23s in that encyclopedia of odd coincidences also." Wilson cites that 23 axioms open Euclid's geometry; the mad bomber in the film *Airport* has seat 23; a mother and a father each contribute 23 chromosomes to a fertilized egg; and Sydney Carton is the 23rd man to be guillotined in *A Tale of Two Cities*. (Some believe that's the origin of the infamous slang expression 23 skiddoo!)

Now, how does that affect the illustrious Cleveland Tribe? It just so happens that my sports-fan friend noted that the Indians reached a ten-game winning streak on May 23, 1982. How many runs had they given up? Well, 23. The last victory lifted the Indians to the .500 mark. They had last been at .500 on April 23, 1982.

Marking my calendar for the 23rd of subsequent months, I proved that that theory held strength. On June 23, July 23 and August 23, the Tribe again hit the .500 mark.

The Tribe has not been a winning team for some time now, but let's see how long it's been since it won a pennant. Ten years? Fourteen years? No! Twenty-three years, of course. Coincidence? Maybe.

Marty Harbin
Akron, Ohio

Our record books indicate that the Indians last won the pennant in 1954—29 years ago. But three goes into nine three times, we suppose. Or something like that. . . .

PITIFUL POOCH

Regarding the Navy's dope-sniffing dogs discussed in the October *Forum Newsfront*, I can give you a little firsthand information. I spent four years in the Navy, the last aboard the carrier U.S.S. John F. Kennedy at the time it was visited by the Secretary of the Navy and one of the cele-

brated dogs, and I can tell you that the Secretary's description of panic-stricken sailors rushing to the rail to throw their contraband overboard was pure bullshit. There was a dog, all right. The creature was loaded into a helicopter and was flown to various smaller ships in our group. When it was brought up onto our deck, it was so frightened of the noise of the rotor blades and the jet whine that it had to be dragged everywhere. Inside the chopper, it was so shook that it shit. By the time it was

"Some have even turned in their best friends."

again landed, it was in no condition to smell anything.

I know the story because I was a member of that helicopter squadron, working as a flight-deck trouble shooter.

(Name withheld by request)
Cowen, West Virginia

ALTRUISM PAYS

The state of Texas, characteristically in the forefront of reactionary absurdities, has pulled off another coup. This time, it's school-sanctioned betrayal.

High school students in Lewisville are getting paid \$100 each time they provide information leading to the conviction of a fellow student for using or selling drugs. School administrators in that north Dallas suburb say the program is working better than they had hoped. Small wonder. Yel-

low posters, featuring a cross on top of a grave and offering the reward from the parent-teacher-student association, have festooned walls.

"You'd be astonished at how well the students are cooperating," says assistant principal Malcolm Dennis. "Some have even turned in their best friends."

No thinking person condones the sale of often dangerously impure drugs in a school or anywhere else. Sane preventive measures are one thing; however, arbitrary and conflict-laden programs such as this are quite another.

Since the Lewisville program began last September at the 2200-student school, 20 names have been turned over to school officials and 17 of those were reported to police, Dennis says. The names of the students are given to police only if drugs are found on the student. No drugs were found on three of the 20.

Principal Douglas Killough operated a similar program in Alabama (another bastion of "right-thinking" citizenry), where the association persuaded local businessmen to put up the cash.

"It's definitely not a snitch program," says Killough. "The program is a good way to get students involved in helping each other."

How naïve to expect such commonality of motive. To reward those students whose goals are aligned more with revenge and deceit than with any altruistic desire to "awaken" their troubled contemporaries is unconscionable. More, it is hardly something to brag about. The ends don't justify such means.

Bill Thompson
Charleston, South Carolina

DEATH PENALTY

Your editorial "The Punishment of Death" in the March *Playboy Forum* is a good, concise statement of the bleeding-heart-liberal view on this important topic but rather misses the point.

When murderers are executed, they stop killing people; if they are not executed, they continue. The present system does put innocent persons in jail with the perpetrators of victimless crimes and keeps your foundation busy trying to get them out. Too often, violent criminals are left free to attack another victim. If I get a speeding ticket, the radar must be right and I must pay. If I get caught smoking loco weed, write to me in care of the nearest jail. But one of my friends was murdered a couple of years ago, and the



people who did it are out walking around.

Perhaps some of us are adopting a reactionary attitude here, but most Americans live by law and order and would appreciate having the standard subculture of violent criminals put under control. Our system of law and/or justice doesn't seem to even try to do that; here in New Mexico, people get murdered, not rehabilitated, inside the state pen. Consider what a person has to do to get the death penalty; and why does the victim get so little sympathy while the criminal becomes the darling of Truman Capote, Norman Mailer or even PLAYBOY? Why does a killer with a motive stand to get life while your basic mad dog can plead temporary insanity and walk away? How come we let half of the hit men fink on the other half and turn them loose with a new name and some taxpayers' cash? A few months ago, a writer suggested that executing killers was a reasonable way to get rid of problems, and you replied that that called into question the entire system of criminal justice in this country. Right on! Question it! Meanwhile, violent crime should be discouraged. I really don't give a damn about humanitarian principles as applied to sub-humans, nor do I see any reason for your knee-jerk-liberal revulsion at the death penalty. Who cares if "it may deter a few; does it deter the many?" It makes them stop hurting other people, so it may be the only thing in the legal business that actually works.

(Name withheld by request)
Albuquerque, New Mexico

We plead guilty to a streak of liberalism, but our editorial raised not a single "liberal" argument. The not-so-simple fact is that the great weight of evidence suggests that only an unknowably small percentage of killers might be rationally deterred even by swift and sure execution, and a much larger percentage—including the mentally deranged, the enraged and the self-destructive—might well be encouraged to violence by the state's example of retribution or by unconscious self-destructive impulses that have always accounted for much criminal behavior. As for the abuses of the insanity defense (rare as it is) and the threadbare truism that dead killers don't make parole, those issues reflect weaknesses in the criminal-justice system, not the merits of the death penalty. We don't want murderers released to kill again, either, or did you think otherwise? Check out the next, also anonymous letter, from a California prison. It supports your position only if we develop a new legal doctrine of pre-emptive execution.

I have never committed an assault, much less a capital crime, but were I so inclined, even a guaranteed death penalty would not deter me. You cannot deter someone who has nothing to lose.

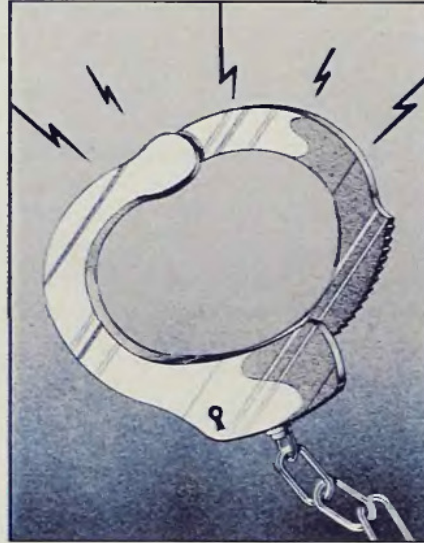
I have known of a rapist who says he intends to rape again when he gets out. Maybe even kill. I sort of feel the same way myself. I won't be different when I'm free. More bitter, perhaps. My next crimes

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HOUSE ARREST

ALBUQUERQUE—Under an experimental program due to begin soon in Bernalillo County, 90 persons convicted of certain offenses will serve their sentences in their own homes and at their jobs while wearing signaling bracelets to guarantee compliance. The electronic devices emit digital codes that alert a probation officer if the



subject strays more than 150 feet from a telephone or removes the bracelet. The object of the experiment is to see if the signaling system will eliminate the need for jail time that costs taxpayers about \$55 per person per day, and the subjects will pay for it themselves at a cost of \$70 a month.

HYPNOSIS RULING

BOSTON—In what legal observers consider a landmark decision, the Massachusetts Supreme Court has ordered a new trial for a convicted murderer because prosecution witnesses had undergone hypnosis to aid their recall of events. In setting new guidelines, the court held that "hypnosis simply lacks general acceptability by experts in the field as a reliable method of enhancing the memory."

In California, Kern County authorities had to dismiss murder charges against a defendant because the victim's brain had been lost after an autopsy.

COSTLY CONCEPTIONS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A study commissioned by the Department of Health and Human Services advises that billions of tax dollars could be saved by persuading teenaged girls to stop having babies. If the number of

children born to women under 20 could be reduced even by half, the report states, payments through Medicaid, food stamps and Aid to Mothers with Dependent Children could be cut 19 percent, to \$8.3 billion dollars, in the next ten years. And if no unmarried woman under the age of 18 gave birth, payments through the three welfare programs could be reduced by 17 percent. The study also found that each dollar invested in family-planning services for teenagers leads to a threefold Government savings the next year in welfare expenditures.

FAMILY LIFE

ZURICH—Swiss hookers have asked the government's permission to start work at five P.M. instead of eight P.M., claiming that beginning earlier in the day would leave them more time in the evening "for family life." Current law prohibits prostitution between the hours of three P.M. and eight P.M.

In Sweden, where prostitution is also legal, a court has handed down a decision that may require hookers to start keeping books for tax purposes. The ruling by the country's highest fiscal court held that the commercial offering is a professional enterprise liable to taxation.

LETTER OF THE LAW

FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY—Following similar decisions in 19 other states, the Supreme Court of Kentucky has ruled that a man cannot be charged with homicide for killing his wife's fetus. The majority opinion did not take up the issue of when life begins but instead noted the other decisions, the common-law definition of murder and the definition of "person" as used in Kentucky statutory law. The court added that the defendant could still be charged with performing an illegal abortion or with first-degree assault.

Meanwhile, in San Francisco, a woman left on life-support systems after having been declared legally dead gave birth nine weeks later to a 31-week-old baby by Caesarean section.

BACKFIRE

STONY BROOK, NEW YORK—A 22-year-old college student who wanted to "look like a hero" to his girlfriend paid a man \$25 to break into her dormitory room and rob her so he could come to her rescue, according to police. But the boyfriend arrived too late and found that the girl had been not only robbed but raped. The rapist, still being sought, made off with \$34, and the student, who hired the man at a local pool hall, has

been charged with burglary and robbery for arranging the crime.

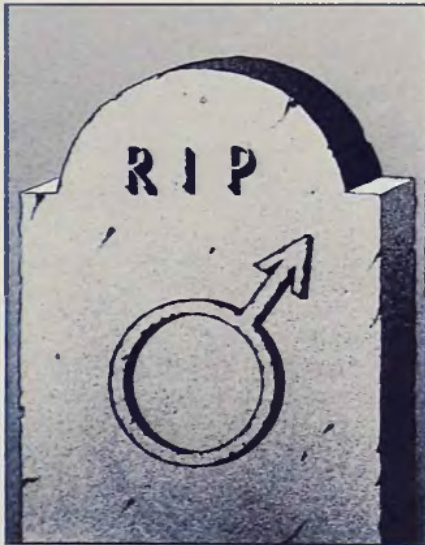
In Tampa, Florida, another hoax backfired when a loser at the local jai alai betting windows locked himself in the trunk of his own car with the idea of claiming that he had been robbed by hitchhikers. He wasn't found for 36 hours and by then was willing to admit the truth.

TOOTH-FAIRY TALE

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA—A widow who found a set of false teeth in the urn that supposedly contained the ashes of her husband has filed a \$600,000 suit against the crematory. Her husband did not have false teeth. She contends that the ashes became mixed when the crematory burned more than one body at the same time in the incinerator. The suit claims that the National Cremation Society, Inc., of Largo "failed to properly label, segregate and contain such remains; consequently, all or part of the remains delivered to the plaintiff were not those of her recently departed husband."

PREMATURE BURIAL

COLUMBUS, OHIO—A probate-court judge in Franklin County has decided that if a father undergoes a sex-change operation, his children are entitled to a death certificate listing him as deceased. "They don't



have a father anymore," reasoned the judge in the case of a 30-year-old transsexual seeking a legal change of name. Then he denied the petition at the request of the man's estranged wife and out of concern for the effects such an action might have on the man's children.

MORALITY ISSUE

EAST HAMPTON, NEW YORK—The East Hampton school board has decided to allow a pregnant, unwed teacher to keep her job despite a petition from a group of parents

demanding her dismissal on grounds of immorality. Without disclosing the board's reasons, its president announced only that it "intends to take no legal action regarding [the teacher's] employment status with the school district." The teacher also had many backers in the community, who had presented the board with a petition of support.

ARRESTING ORDER

REIDSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA—A man charged with billing more than 5000 telephone calls to third-party numbers made a long-distance call to tell officials he could not appear in court due to hospitalization in Raleigh. Unable to confirm that, a judge issued an arrest order, setting bond at \$10,000. According to a Southern Bell investigator, most of the calls had been made to friends in North Carolina and other states and lasted from one minute to four hours.

SETTING THE TRAP

CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO—A 40-year-old man has been charged with trying to kill a woman by booby-trapping a sign carrying an obscene message about her daughter. The sign was installed on a fence post along a rural route on which the woman drove a school bus and was rigged with a concealed .25-caliber pistol set to shoot anyone tearing it down. Instead of tearing it down, the woman picked it up, spotted the gun and called the sheriff. No motive was reported.

POSTAL PATRON'S POODLE

PHOENIX—A 57-year-old mailman only four and a half years away from retirement claims he was fired after one of his customers complained to postal authorities that he had put Christmas greetings into mailboxes without using stamps. "If other people in this country have to put postage on envelopes, I don't think mailmen should have freebies," said the complainant. According to the mailman, he had tangled with the postal patron's pet poodle, and "I guess she remembered."

WE'LL DRINK TO THAT

MIAMI—A 42-year-old man who insisted he had had only "a couple of beers" was arrested four times in 29 hours—three times on drunk-driving charges and once on a charge of being drunk behind the wheel of his car. The fourth arrest occurred after his car jumped a median strip and crashed into a van. "I guess I had some bad luck," he told a local reporter.

VOLUNTARY BUSSING

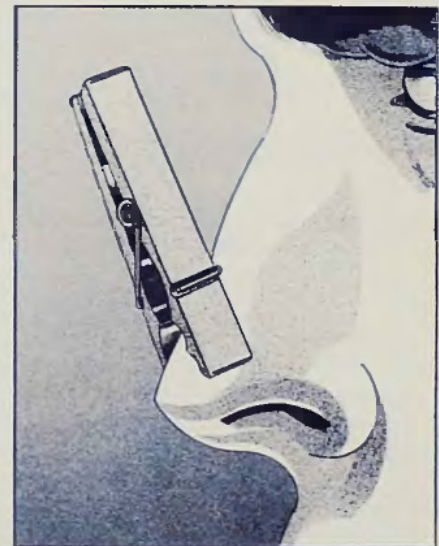
ALBANY—When a volunteer at a "M*A*S*H" kissing booth was later found to have hepatitis, health officials had to put out the word that purchasers of her kisses should visit a doctor or a health-department clinic. The party was celebrating the long-running TV show and raised about \$10,000 for the March of Dimes.

CRAPPED OUT

GEORGETOWN, OHIO—A Bowling Green woman who fell through the floor of a dilapidated outhouse has been awarded \$7500 in damages from the organization sponsoring the county fair where the accident occurred. The woman testified that she landed "up to my neck" in sewage and suffered back and arm injuries, not to mention embarrassment. Two of the fairgrounds' outdoor johns date back to the Thirties, when they were built by the Works Progress Administration.

WIN A FEW, LOSE A FEW

WASHINGTON, D.C.—After shelling out more than \$500,000 to develop a mass spectrometer supposedly capable of detecting a single molecule of heroin, the U.S. Customs Service technology division came up with a dud. The electronic nose couldn't sniff out drugs sealed in plastic, and while



it could pick up the scent of pot, it was also good at detecting parsley.

SHORT ON SHORTS

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, ILLINOIS—A Cook County circuit-court judge has ordered psychiatric tests for a man arrested for public indecency while jogging in the nude. From a distance, it looked as if the fellow was wearing jogging shorts, but they were painted on his body with black shoe polish.

THE LAST WAVE

SALT LAKE CITY—When a deliveryman saw a nude woman waving from her apartment window, he waved back and, according to police, started to climb up the fire escape to the woman's window. She then began to scream. He left but returned a little while later to offer her money. By then, she had called the police, and the deliveryman was nabbed. The woman explained to the police that her waving had been aimed at her boyfriend, who had just left the building.

may well be spectacular enough to warrant a book. Isn't that a terrible thing to say? I don't enjoy the idea. I could probably be helped to a semblance of normality, but the facilities have been denied me. I ask for help, but they only say, "There's nothing wrong with you, you're normal." That's the mentality protecting the citizenry. My favorite bumper sticker was always SUPPORT MENTAL HEALTH OR I'LL KILL YOU.

I wish I had the strength to kill myself. I may have to victimize someone else. I have to do something. The pain is becoming more unbearable all the time. I wish someone would realize that the world is dying. There is no feeling worse than black despair. Sorry to depress you, but be grateful for whatever can make you truly happy; for I have nothing. . . . So I want yours.

(Name withheld by request)
Represa, California

HUMPY GETS HIS

I don't know who was responsible for the denouement of James C. "Humpy" Parker—PLAYBOY, for publishing the young man's letter, or the wheels of Federal justice. Anyway, now it's our turn to say to Humpy and his kind of vermin, "Git, boy!"

(Name withheld by request)
Panama Canal, Panama

Sheriff Parker has been convicted in Federal court of generally terrorizing long-hairs, blacks and out-of-state motorists attempting to run the gantlet of San Jacinto County, just north of Houston. He even nailed cars with certain Louisiana license-plate prefixes or with bumper stickers promoting a Houston rock station he considered undesirable. In the March "Playboy Forum," a college student described how both he and his brother had tangled with "Humpy's law" on different occasions, but we won't claim any credit for cleaning up the county.

AH, PHOOEY!

Fuck has become a useful, expressive word in the modern vocabulary. However, it is frankly an ugly word, particularly when used in any loving context.

Since my life has been made beautiful in a new marriage to a lovely, relatively young lady, I find the use of fuck particularly repelling, and my bride joins me in this reluctance to use the word.

Would PLAYBOY like to join me in the creation of a contest to find a more pleasant-sounding and romantic word to replace fuck? I'll offer \$100 toward a reward for the creation of a happy replacement word under whatever contest rules you set.

Bill Deming
San Diego, California

We were about to put up \$500,000 for your contest until our veteran Copy Editor—a very nice lady who never uses such language herself—reminded us of the historic struggle to get fuck into legitimate print. She insists we not abandon it now. Sorry.

ARMS REDUCTION

I have always admired the way PLAYBOY has covered such pressing social issues as sexual freedom, gun control and the decriminalization of marijuana. But there is one other vital issue that PLAYBOY should scrutinize: nuclear-arms reduction.

One seldom-discussed obstacle to international arms reduction is Article II, Section Two of the United States Constitution. That clause stipulates that approval by two thirds of the Senate is required to ratify treaties. That strict requirement has condemned several arms-reduction treaties, including SALT II, to defeat. If the citizens of the United States truly believe that arms reduction is necessary for the survival of humanity, then they should make it easier for the President to have arms-reduction treaties ratified while, of course, maintaining the constitutional system of checks and balances.

I propose amending the Constitution to make ratification of arms-reduction treaties almost as easy as the passage of bills by Congress—as established by Article I, Section Seven, which says that if the

"SUPPORT MENTAL HEALTH OR I'LL KILL YOU."

President does not sign or veto a bill within ten days while Congress is in session, it automatically becomes law. I propose a constitutional amendment for nuclear- and conventional-arms-reduction treaties in which two thirds of both houses of Congress would have 90 days in which to disapprove of an arms-reduction treaty signed by the President. That amendment would give arms-reduction treaties, so crucial to the future of humanity, a fighting chance.

Edward Barton Teele
Bethesda, Maryland

CRIME VS. PUNISHMENT

In the January *Playboy Forum*, Bill Cain comes close to hitting the nail on the head when he says, "Let's start thinking of the offender not as a criminal but as a patient." Unfortunately, many people see that issue as an either/or case: Either we should lock up those crazies in isolation and let them rot their lives away or we should give them some sort of psychological treatment. The former treats the human being as a mindless slab of beef, while the latter forgets the laws the criminal has broken. Cain mentions the absurd commotion caused by the Hinckley acquittal. That decision (made by a courageous jury) points to the insanity of the insanity defense. Think back to when you heard about that verdict. Weren't you afraid that some shrink at Saint Elizabeth's would deem Hinckley cured after only a few months or years and send him back onto

the streets? I certainly was. It *could* happen, and it wouldn't be the first time (remember Jack Abbott, Norman Mailer's favorite writer/murderer?).

The solution Cain seeks is not so difficult to find. Lawbreakers of any kind can and should be treated psychologically. However, the field of psychology is in its infancy, and mistakes are still being made. Why not treat the convict in the context of his prison? In other words, let's work toward returning him to society more psychologically fit but only after he has paid his debt. In that way, we work toward emptying our prisons and saving the taxpayers' money. More important, however, we begin to treat people as people and not as useless pieces of dirt.

J. Erik Engberg, Director
Rational Learning Center
Greensboro, North Carolina

THE GREAT DEBATE

In the March "Playboy Forum," Richard Zacher of Oceanside, California, fueled the ongoing abortion debate by equating human beingness with the human soul. His point was political, but he managed to outrage one of our more articulate opponents of abortion (from whom we've heard before) and, it would seem, delight a professor emeritus of physiology at the University of California in Davis. Their letters arrived two days apart, and together they take us all on a biotheological adventure such as Carl Sagan himself could never have imagined. Hang on.

Zacher's argumentation for legalized abortion is, quite candidly, incredibly sophomoric and can only be called pop philosophizing at its worst. But since it is so typical of the kind of middlebrow pabulum that is disseminated countless times in media discussions of the issue, to the point at which it appears to even highly intelligent persons to be valid, permit me, in the interest of intellectual honesty, to scrutinize it more closely.

Zacher asks rhetorically, "I fail to understand why the moment of conception is the start of life. . . . Where does the soul come from? From the sperm? From the egg?" He goes on to say, "These questions that no one can answer only reinforce my belief that *life—ergo, the soul* [italics mine]—joins with the body when it is whole and free from the womb. . . . with no help from another body." His conclusion is that the "matter is not one suited to Governmental interference."

He is quite correct that the issue of "when human life begins" on a *metaphysical* level, e.g., ensoulment, is, indeed, one that philosophers and theologians throughout the ages have been unable to answer definitively and that is inappropriately decided by the civil authority in a pluralistic society. But the question of when life begins from a *scientific and empirical* viewpoint, unencumbered by such inappropriate (for civil authorities) metaphysical speculations, is astonishingly

uncomplicated and eminently answerable once the linguistic obscurantism on which Zacher's argument rests is dispelled.

The term human being in this empiricoscientific viewpoint has both an objective meaning and an empirically observable referent. There are not two definitions of it. There is only one. The common, shared one, to which everyone who consents to employ language in the way everyone else in the culture does must adhere: "An organism capable of being subsumed under the genus *Homo* and the species *sapiens*."

The criteria for determining whether any given organism is *Homo sapiens* are obviously universal, empirical, clear-cut and are the subject of the subsistence of taxonomy. As a matter of empirical, scientific fact, it cannot seriously be denied that the embryo, from the moment of conception, is, indeed, *Homo sapiens*—i.e., a human being.

To posit, as Zacher does, as *essential* to humanness such characteristics as realized viability apart from the mother, brain function or quickening—characteristics that are, in fact, merely *accidental* to being human (the absence of each of those characteristics has at various times been cited in support of the position that the embryo is "not yet fully human")—is to engage in obscurantism and mystification whereby one first denies the undeniable humanity of those whose existence one has already, for various other reasons, decided to terminate. *Characteristics such as brain function, quickening or fully realized viability apart from the mother are not essential to being human precisely because they are not among the criteria employed taxonomically by biologists to determine whether or not an organism can be classified as belonging to the genus *Homo* and the species *sapiens*.*

In summary, the fallacy of Zacher's reasoning lies in his confusing the essence of humanness with its mere accidents and in his shifting impermissibly between a metaphysical and an empiricoscientific level of discourse, using the admittedly unanswerable nature of the former to deny the scientific and legal soundness of a prohibition of abortion on the latter.

Hugo Carl Koch
New York, New York

*We would remind Koch that while the human fetus is undeniably *Homo sapiens*, he should not shift impermissibly from the empiricoscientific to the metaphysical "essence of humanness." Now, on to the professor:*

I appreciate Zacher's thoughtful letter, but he doesn't go far enough.

The common assumption that life begins with fertilization simply goes counter to fact. Not only does fertilization not create life, there has been no "creation" of life for a good many millions of years. Instead, females of any species simply transmit the life they inherited from their mothers through their own ova. The notion that the sperm contributes to the formation of a

new life is a purely sexist assumption. Admittedly, sperm have two very important roles to play—delivery of genetic information from the male and stimulation of cell division and development—but neither is formation of life. The ovum already contains the life (it is a living cell) and has the capacity to develop without fertilization into an adult, functioning animal (a parthenogen). Admittedly, no human parthenogens are certainly known; the one purported case in religious history is suspect because the sex is biologically wrong, but parthenogenic reproduction is commonplace in various invertebrate species and also occurs in birds. One rarely sees adult parthenogenic birds, but unfertilized avian ova regularly undergo a large number of cell divisions. Those embryos usually die while still in the egg; however, a research biologist named Marlow Olsen, of the USDA Agricultural Research Service at Beltsville, Maryland, succeeded through a minor adjustment of incubation conditions in hatching several chicken and turkey parthenogens and then, by genetic selection, developed strains that produced

"The notion that the sperm contributes to the formation of a new life is a purely sexist assumption."

large numbers of such offspring from carefully protected virgin hens of both species.

Parthenogenic rabbits have also been obtained experimentally, and I suspect that live birth of human parthenogens could be made possible were it not for legal constraints on research with human reproductive material and for lack of interest in such a project in this male-dominated society: After all, human parthenogens would all be female. But the possibility is unimportant to the question. The simple fact is that the human ovum contains life transmitted from the mother, even if that life has little or no possibility of development and birth unless fertilized by a human spermatozoon. Since that is a readily available remedy, any woman who fails to attempt fertilization during any non-pregnant month between puberty and menopause could be considered guilty of negligent homicide.

Now, whether such homicide is a crime or a sin are entirely different questions. It is obviously not a crime, since no law has ever been passed against it. Whether or not it is a sin depends on one of a number of unproved and unprovable assumptions, beliefs or values and usually involves some assumption regarding an eternal soul, presumably attached to the life in question.

If one believes, with the majority of the

world, that the soul suffers a series of incarnations, then it seems to me that destroying or failing to foster the body (or the potential body) chosen by a particular soul would at worst be an inconvenience to that soul and, on balance, hardly a sin.

If, on the other hand, one believes, with somewhat fewer of his contemporaries (i.e., the Christian world), that a newly created soul inhabits the new individual, then the consequences may be more serious but depend on the time of occupancy.

In the extreme case, we could be talking about the millions of ova as they develop by a special form of cell division in the ovaries of the baby girl while she is still a fetus in the uterus of *her* mother. Alternatively, soul occupancy might be delayed until ovulation, fertilization, some definitive development of the brain, birth (as Zacher chooses) or baptism (as others believe). Any such delay would help to relieve our guilt feelings, but there is absolutely no basis in evidence or in rational philosophy for assuming that belief or accepting that relief.

If one prefers to choose a later moment for the entrance of the soul, the problem is only quantitatively different. Suppose, for example, that one believes (as many do) that the soul enters at fertilization. Our concern with ovum death is reduced or eliminated, but it is well established that some 70 percent of fertilized ova die spontaneously, usually so early that the mother doesn't realize that she was transitorily pregnant. That means, of course, that any woman who sets out to become pregnant or who, through indolence, allows pregnancy to occur is, in the majority of cases, simply condemning a soul to hell.

However, there is another way of looking at it. After all, the supposed predilection of God for hell-fire is a characteristic imposed on Him by some of His worshippers; it is no more proved or provable than the presumed behavior of souls around ova or embryos. I think He should sue for libel.

Fred W. Lorenz, Professor Emeritus
University of California
Davis, California

Thank you, Professor; and now, for the definitive statement on this matter, we go to a small town on Long Island:

I would like to provide the final answer to the question "When does life begin?"

The answer, as told to me by my grandmother, is "Life begins when the children move out and the dog dies."

I hope that settles the issue.

Morton Weiss
Wantagh, New York

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





PLAYERS GO PLACES

New
Players Kings.
Regular and Menthol



12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TED TURNER

a candid, explosive conversation with the atlanta sportsman and tv mogul about taking on the networks—and about hypocrisy, on and off the tube

What to make of a bawdy sailor who revolutionized cable television? How to react to a millionaire baseball-team owner whose antics get him more press attention than any of his players? What about this fast-living swash-buckler who wants to turn America into his own vision of goodness and family virtue? Who is this guy, anyway?

Those are but a few of the questions that lead one to the doorstep of Ted Turner, the Atlanta television-and-sports entrepreneur who turned the Atlanta Braves into winners and his Cable News Network into the wild card of television programming. He is the man Time magazine profiled last year when it chose a cover subject to explain the upheaval generated by the rise of cable TV and the fragmentation of the vast American television market. It was he who shook the broadcast community last winter with aggressive overtures to consummate a merger with one of the three major networks that would have made him the largest stockholder. And, as this interview suggests, Turner may not intend to limit his ambitions to television.

When PLAYBOY first interviewed him in 1978, it was largely because of his athletic prowess as the skipper of the winning yacht in the 1977 America's Cup race—and as the "Mouth of the South," the fast-talking, color-

ful sybarite from Georgia who charmed or outraged nearly everyone he met. A man of very real athletic achievements who shocked the staid community of Newport with his carousing behavior, Turner was also the owner of an insignificant U.H.F. station in Atlanta.

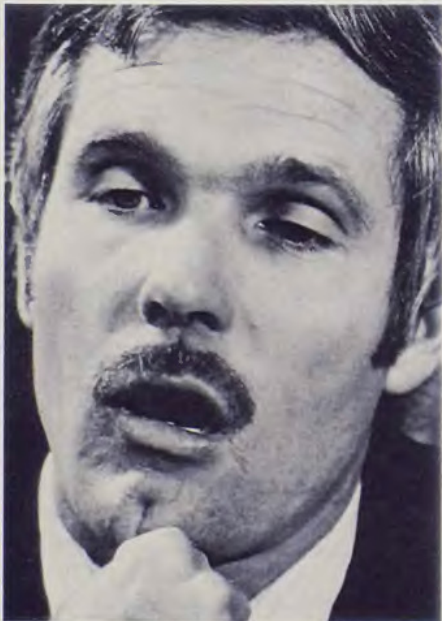
The channel's most popular show was a Saturday heft-and-hype spectacle called "Georgia Championship Wrestling." News was treated as comedy and was aired at three or four A.M., when, as Turner explained to PLAYBOY at the time, "We had a 100 percent audience share"—since there were no other Atlanta stations on the air all night.

Then Turner had the insight that has made him a hero to cable television and a visionary in his time: He discovered the geosynchronous orbit, the positioning of a communications satellite, or "bird," in a permanent location above the earth so that its transponders may be used on a 24-hour-per-day basis by anyone willing to pay the rent on the satellite. Turner instantly understood the bird's extraordinary possibilities: A video signal rises to the satellite in a straight line but returns to the earth as if it were an umbrella-shaped rain shower that covered the hemisphere.

Turner hit upon the innovative and then-unproved trick of beaming his low-cost sports-

and-entertainment fare to program-hungry cable systems around the country via the satellite. His programs were low-profit but hardly perennials: superannuated reruns from his library of 4000 movies and discontinued serials, plus lots of sports—chiefly his own two losing ball clubs, the Braves and the N.B.A.'s Atlanta Hawks. Suddenly, he was selling "Leave It to Beaver" and live baseball in such faraway places as Hawaii and Alaska. With typical bravado, he called his new national channel a superstation. Turner's daring new step helped accelerate the spread of cable hookups throughout the country and eventually became the money source that financed the rest of his growing empire.

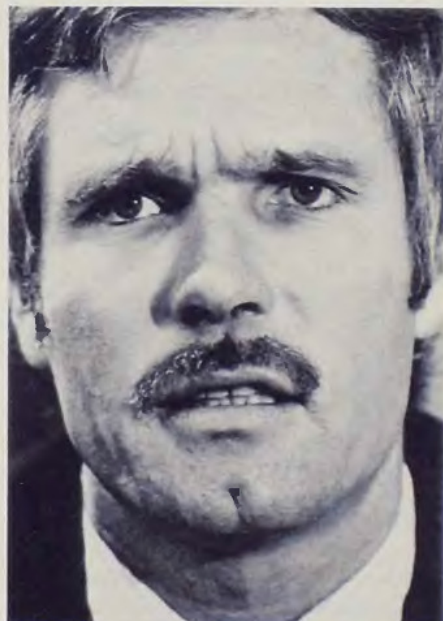
Yet few took Turner's inroads seriously. During his first "Playboy Interview," even he characterized his operation as a "nitwork," a word he now gleefully uses to describe his adversaries, the three large broadcast networks. His hardware at the time consisted of the highest television tower in the Southeast, a billboard-painting operation on the back lot and a single earth-station microwave dish attended by a lone technician in a house trailer outside Atlanta; he drove our interviewer down a rutted road deep into the woods to show it off. Turner's attitude toward news



"Once a woman wouldn't even show her legs at the beach. But once you've seen a whole bunch of tits, they all look the same—no different from cows' udders. Big deal. Men have them, just more rudimentary."



"I don't object to sex appeal on TV, but I'm against gratuitous sex and homosexuality and philandering around. As long as it's your wife or girlfriend, I don't think there is anything wrong with that."



"You know what? You're finding that I've really made it. Much as you hate to admit it, you're really impressed, aren't you? You bet your sweet ass you are. I've made it now and I've made it in television."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE HELBER

was that it was all bad and that the public was better off watching reruns of "Gilligan's Island."

Then came the Cable News Network. As he explains in this interview, Turner began to realize that with the cable channels saturated with movies and sports, one obvious product was not yet being marketed on a full-time basis to cable subscribers: news, perhaps the hottest entertainment of all. Typically, Turner defied conventional business wisdom—Time, Inc., had declined to get into full-time news-casting because it was considered too costly—and decided to plunge headlong into Cable News Network within a period of months. He mortgaged the farm, so to speak, rerouting all his superstition profits into the development of a world-wide news network housed in Turner Broadcasting System's new headquarters, a Taralike mansion that was once the center of a posh Atlanta country club. In June 1980, Turner put CNN on the air with bombast and fanfare, and it has never gone off since.

The man whose remarkable business odyssey has led him into this epic fray was born 44 years ago in Cincinnati, the son of an ambitious father whose own parents had lost their land in South Carolina during the Depression. Turner's father encouraged his son's sense of destiny by the very name he gave him: Robert Edward Turner III, a title worthy of a Confederate aristocrat-soldier and a tradition Turner has continued by naming his own first son Robert Edward Turner IV.

When he was a boy, Turner's family moved South and placed him in military schools, which provided the background that has made him a lover of military tradition and war classics. He literally fought his way to prominence at Georgia Military Academy and at McCallie School in Chattanooga before moving on to Brown University in Rhode Island. There, he studied the classics over his father's protest and was finally booted out of school for assorted outrages involving girlfriends and, once, for incinerating his own fraternity float.

It was Turner senior's suicide when his son was 24 that set the course for the rest of the young man's business life. Turner recovered the family billboard business that his father, deep in debt, had sold shortly before putting a gun to his head. He soon demonstrated the attributes of the riverboat entrepreneur that characterize him today: He purchased a failing Atlanta U.H.F. station but quickly had the wrestling-and-reruns market all to himself when the only U.H.F. competition concluded that Atlanta was a nonmarket. It was through the unlikely back channel of a station whose main studio set was a wrestling ring that Turner became one of the country's most powerful media chiefs.

While many network executives still dismiss him as little more than a burr under their corporate saddles, they have also paid him the ultimate compliment of imitation, expanding their news programming into late-night hours and beginning their morning shows an hour

earlier. Some have adopted the national call-in format pioneered by CNN. ABC even joined Westinghouse to mount a direct cable competitor, the Satellite News Channels.

But Turner is not content to take on the giants of the American communications industry with his slingshot alone; there is also his lip. The Mouth of the South has taken his act on the road and become the most caustic and vociferous critic of the prosperous and entrenched broadcast industry in all its history. Turner's sense of the histrionic has not failed him; he unhesitatingly compares his adversaries to the Gestapo and to those who deservedly lost their heads during the French Revolution.

While acting the role of pious spokesman in this self-scripted morality play, the rake of Newport attacks sex on television while mounting a new soap opera on his own superstition; the purveyor of 24-hour news debunks "gloom and doom" on the networks and insists on television programming's showing only "the kind of people you'd like your kids to grow up and be like."

To probe the inner workings of the new Turner, PLAYBOY's obvious choice as interviewer was Contributing Editor Peter Ross Range, who conducted our first interview with him in 1978. The man Range found

"I thought 'Gandhi' was terrific. It shows that you can win through nonviolence."

this time was, indeed, different, and here is his report:

"Turner has changed. He is no longer the laugh-a-minute, expository motor mouth who sees a classic metaphor behind every man's maneuvers. Yet he still often portrays his own zigs and zags through the corporate jungles in David and Goliath terms. He still relishes the role of underdog yet views his competitors not merely as bigger but as part of a dark conspiracy to do in Turner, his company and, for that matter, the whole of American civilization.

"He has also become, as many men in high position do, at least a partial victim of his own celebrity. When we first invited him to do the 'Playboy Interview,' while walking along the Newport waterfront in 1977, his response was, 'Wow! PLAYBOY! That's the big time!' Our interview was his first major national exposure outside sports publications, and he was duly impressed. Since then, he has appeared in virtually every medium and takes himself a great deal more seriously than before, especially since he appeared on the cover of Time and as the subject of a British Broadcasting Company television special called 'The Man from Atlanta' (which he unabashedly aired last spring on his own satellite network). Consequently, he agreed to

the second 'Playboy Interview' only after a melodramatic groan and many months of abrupt cancellations and wasted trips.

"Even when he is at his least cooperative, tracking Turner remains a special kind of adventure—a high-speed chase over the real and figurative landscape of his life in cars, jeeps and airplanes and on foot. The chief difference between this year's conversation and the one five years ago was that we did no talking on a sailboat—but we did a lot on the hoof, trekking briskly around his 5000-acre plantation in the South Carolina low country, near Charleston. He lives there with his family on weekends between sorties into the national wars in Washington and elsewhere.

"Turner invited me to begin the interview with a visit to his plantation. We flew in from different cities to the Charleston airport on Friday night and began our conversation during the 35-mile drive to his house."

PLAYBOY: When we interviewed you five years ago, you were known mainly as the colorful sailor who had won the America's Cup yacht race and as the owner of the worst team in baseball. Now the Atlanta Braves are winners, you're a force in national television and you've even been on the cover of *Time*. Quite a change.

TURNER: You know what you're finding now? You're finding that I've really made it. Much as you begrudgingly hate to admit it, you're really impressed, aren't you?

PLAYBOY: Yes, but—

TURNER: You bet your sweet ass you are. I've made it now and I've made it in television. We just finished a survey that showed unequivocally and undeniably, by a massive margin, that more than half the people who are even aware of cable television and have it in their homes choose Cable News Network as their source of news. I mean, ABC and NBC and CBS combined did not get as many votes as CNN. We've taken over news leadership from the networks. They had 30 years to do it and we did it in only two and a half.

PLAYBOY: Can you really justify that claim? After all, most homes still don't have cable.

TURNER: Yes, I can. We're putting it in ads and on our posters in the airports. Cable is now in nearly 40 percent of the homes and we're in 75 percent of those. So we're into 31 percent of the homes in America, and all those people also get the networks. And those are the people who responded to our poll. I'll show you the figures. They're simple—ten pages double-spaced. Even you can understand them.

PLAYBOY: There has been a lot of talk lately of your merging with a major network or studio. What about the rumored MGM deal?

TURNER: [Pause] Shut the machine off!

[Off-the-record discussion, then interview resumes.]

PLAYBOY: There is no question that your



BASEBALL ON A SONY VIDEOSCOPE IS A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME.

Size alone isn't what makes Sony VideoScope™ so awesome. It's the quality of the picture. Our exclusive Coolant Sealed Picture Tubes and super-bright lenses offer the kind of bright, sharp picture you've come to expect from Sony.

And right now there's another big reason for buying our giant TV: the Sony World Series Sweepstakes!

WIN A FREE TRIP TO THE WORLD SERIES

Ask your Sony dealer for the brochure that explains why Sony VideoScope is so spectacular. Then answer the four simple questions on the entry form and send it to Sony. You could be among the first prizewinners to get an all-expenses-paid trip to the 1983 World Series.

For sports fans who don't like crowds, we're giving away twenty flat-screen Sony Watchmans™ as second prize. This truly personal TV is only 1¼" thin!

The big story, of course, is watching big league action on any of the wide range of Sony VideoScopes. There are one- and two-piece models, even rear-projection VideoScopes. The KP-5040 (50" measured diagonally) is a compact, single piece of furniture. It is fully cable-adaptable and comes with Express Commander™ wireless remote control.

Sony's two-piece units have a free-standing screen (that can also be mounted on a wall) and a projection unit that doubles as a coffee table. Or a peanuts and popcorn table.

The KPR-4600A rear-projection VideoScope completes Sony's winning line-up. It gives you a huge (46" diagonally) picture in the space of a console TV.

So get down to your Sony dealer before the Sweepstakes ends on September 1, 1983. Because once you've watched baseball on a Sony VideoScope projection TV, you'll never watch it on anything else.



No purchase necessary. See your Sony dealer for details. Void where prohibited.
 © 1983 Sony Corporation of America. Sony is a registered trademark of Sony Corporation.
 VideoScope, Watchman and Express Commander are trademarks of Sony Corporation.

SONY
 THE ONE AND ONLY

Simulated Pictures

THE DEMONS OF TED TURNER

opinion

By PETER ROSS RANGE

It was not my intention to deal with the much-talked-about but rarely reported dark side of Ted Turner's personality. I went South to explore the revolution in American television that Turner has sparked nearly single-handedly. He is one of the entrepreneurial giants of our time. His talent lies not necessarily in the conception of a new product—Home Box Office beat him to the notion of full-time satellite relay, and others before him had dreamed about a round-the-clock news operation. But it is Turner's willingness to commit body, soul and wallet—*his own money!*—to an untested idea that defines his unique contribution to American productivity today.

As owner of his multimillion-dollar enterprise, Turner is a rare creature in a country gone flat with corporate caution and decision by committee: a bold risk taker who gambles the mortgage on a long shot. It has been many years since the young General David Sarnoff risked his future on a little electronics company called RCA or since Bill Paley, the recently retired chairman of CBS, left the family cigar company in Philadelphia to bet his life on radio.

But there is also another Ted Turner. He is the free-enterprising press mogul who stands for certain kinds of censorship, the public moralizer who is hypocritical in his private life, the promoter of nonviolence who combines personal meanness with uncontrolled outbursts of physical destruction.

I had heard about Turner's intemperate side for years but had glimpsed it only obliquely. In his ocean-racing days, he had a reputation for browbeating and occasionally striking crew members who made mistakes or who displeased him in any way. "If I hit them," he told me once, "I hit them only in the back." To Turner, that was an excusable transgression—better, I suppose he meant, than hitting a man in the face.

I remember a colleague at *Time* who was assigned ten years ago to do a story on the fast-rising young yachtsman. He sailed on Turner's boat but then refused to file his report because of Turner's abusiveness to his own wife

and his references to blacks as "subhuman." He also talked frequently about the cleansing nature of war as an efficient way to weed out the weak members of society. "But the most vivid thing in my memory," says the journalist, "was his hands-on destruction of barracuda and king mackerel brought on board. He would fall on them with a winch handle and pound them, shouting, 'Kill! Kill! Kill!' as blood and scales flew across the deck. I considered him a monster with a fascist mentality. I got away from him as fast as I could and called my editors to cancel the story."

My first personal experience of Turner's unpredictable violence was watching him destroy my property in the first-class cabin of a jetliner cruising at 35,000 feet. Perhaps I should have seen it coming. Turner's fame has been going to his head ever since he made the cover of *Time* last August. He abruptly ended a taping session for *The Tom Cottle Show*, a syndicated television interview program. Cottle had begun asking questions about Turner's family and personal life. "He understood in advance that I do very personal interviews," says Cottle. "When I asked how he could preach about the role of women in television when he is constantly seen in public with other women, he realized he couldn't control the interview himself and stopped it." So that none of us might ever witness that strange outburst, Turner ripped up the release he had signed before taping the show. I suppose he was trying to do the same thing—destroy the evidence—when he smashed my tape recorder and stomped on my cassette bag.

For a man who is trying to become the main force in electronic journalism, Turner's behavior is erratic, to say the least. When Barbara Howar flew to Atlanta last summer to interview him for ABC's *Entertainment Tonight*, Turner suddenly posed last-minute conditions that no journalist on his own news network would accept. He insisted on complete editing rights of the video tape, and when Howar balked, refused to do the interview unless it ran

in its entirety. "We were already set up in his office, so I went ahead," says Howar. "I reduced it to just two questions and, fortunately, it worked."

There is a still darker, little-talked-about side of Turner that one glimpses in these situations, and it resembles a classic death wish. Anyone who spends much time around him has a handful of stories to tell about his references to death, sometimes by suicide. "If I'm not dead . . ." is a phrase that cropped up in my discussions with him. "I'm a good candidate for a heart attack," he said before we boarded the plane to Las Vegas—as much a boast as a lament. The symmetry—Turner's father was rough, mean-tempered and finally suicidal—is depressing to contemplate. More than a few people in Atlanta think that Turner will not die of natural causes. And they think that he thinks the same.

The man's contradictions—not to say hypocrisy—abound. Turner has become a profamily proselytizer and has allied himself with the hard core of the New Right—Jerry Falwell, Jesse Helms and Donald Wildmon. But this is the same man who comes on to virtually every pretty woman he meets. Turner's reputation with women is legendary. Even today, he makes little attempt to hide his frequent and far-flung travels with model Liz Wickersham. Turner met her five years ago on an airplane and later gave her a job on WTBS. "He's making her a star," explains one network staffer with undisguised chagrin. Wickersham traveled with Turner and a news team last year to visit Fidel Castro in Cuba and was on his arm during the trip I shared with Turner to Las Vegas.

Turner is the married father of five, so his alleged philandering is the stuff of common conversation at Cable News Network. When I was told that Liz Wickersham would be flying with Turner and me to Las Vegas, Turner's secretary added, "But that's off the record"—though their companionship was there in plain view for everyone at the Atlanta airport and the Flamingo Hilton & Tower in Las Vegas to see.

"I can't understand why you report-

ers have never done the female story," said one highly placed executive who claims he was once invited to watch some extraordinarily personal video tapes of Turner in Turner's office.

"If I were the *National Enquirer*," said another, "I would just follow him around for a month."

And another: "How can he be considering running for political office when this would be the first thing to come out?"

That is precisely to the point. The only reason to dwell on a topic that should otherwise be a man's private affair is that he has insistently made himself into a public figure. That he treats his family with crude vulgarity is nobody's business—until he starts doing it in front of journalists and then sermonizes publicly out of the other side of his mouth.

Turner aspires to *power*. He has money; he has achieved fame; he has won big at sports; and he has broken through in the news business when all said he would fail. Power is the only challenge left to him. He seeks it first in the form of owning a significant slice of the American communications pie—a major national TV network and/or film studio. And, despite his repeated denials, sources close to Turner say he plans to seek it in the more traditional way, on the political hustings.

"We talked about his running for governor," says a confidant. "But he said, 'That's too small.'" When he moved his family from Atlanta to a South Carolina plantation several years ago, say insiders, it was to establish residency for a possible race against Strom Thurmond in 1984. But the only job Turner really wants, say those who are close to him, is nothing less than the Presidency of the United States. His vehicle to power? Television. "I don't need a political base," he said to a friend, "because, when the country collapses, I've got the boob tube, and I'm gonna make my pitch to be President." Last spring, Turner reportedly confided to close advisors that the real reason he wanted to sell or merge his company with either a network or a movie studio was to be able to mount a Presidential campaign by June of 1983.

"The country needs me," he told his advisors. "It can't wait four years."

Whether or not a Turner candidacy seems farfetched, what brand of politics would a President Turner practice? Although his beliefs are essentially right wing, his theory of governance has little to do with ideology. It is power he respects. When he returned from a recent visit with Cuban president Fidel Castro, he told Reese Schoenfeld, the first head of CNN, "Castro's not a Communist. He's like me—a dictator."

Asked if that might have been meant

humorously, Schoenfeld replied, "Ted says *nothing* as a joke."

In his *Playboy Interview*, Turner refers to "coming down from the hills" to engage his network enemies and has also exhorted his inner circle of executives to be like Castro's original band of revolutionaries, who are now running the country.

Turner's quest for power is of a piece with the vindication he sought in the eyes of his father, finally achieved in the form of extraordinary business success in a privately held company. Now he seeks affirmation from a society that has often regarded him as an untutored rustic and a renegade outcast (no banker in Atlanta would even lend him money when he bought his first U.H.F. television station; he has not forgotten that). That may be why he feels compelled to cast himself not merely as better, faster, smarter or the guy with the newest mousetrap but, ultimately, in a messianic role. Turner is out to *save* America. He is convinced that he can do it.

It's possible that there are enough people out there smitten with Turner's good-ol'-boy earthiness and charm—qualities just as genuine as his egomania and his hypocrisy—that he may get somewhere with his plans. How many other baseball-team owners sit behind the dugout at every game and chew tobacco? In a state-wide race—say for the U.S. Senate—Turner would be a campaign manager's dream, just the way George Wallace was the quintessential political animal of his time and place. Turner has the great gift of demagoguery. It could carry him a long way in a socially and economically frustrated society desperately looking for strong-man quick cures.

Yet his road to power may very well be limited to the mass media—not that that is any less important than holding high political office. Indeed, the notion of his controlling one of America's big-three networks is sobering. And therein lies the paradox of the man: A fearless and gutsy entrepreneur, an American naïf willing to question any entrenched tradition, a backer of dreams and dares, he has made a unique contribution to his country and his culture. Yet he constantly dances on the rim of the business and the behavioral abysses, courting self-destruction the way others look for safe havens. Just as he is unable on any given day to countenance a challenge to his theology—I think that that was what triggered his rage at me high in the Colorado skies—Turner in a position of media power would have us all subscribing to his view of the world. The same naïveté that makes Ted Turner such a pioneering genius also renders him a flawed and dangerous man.

news network and your WTBS "superstation" have made a big mark on American television. But you've spent a lot of time lobbying in Washington against increased rates for movies carried on WTBS. How have those rates affected you?

TURNER: We've lost about 300,000 subscribers, which isn't too bad, out of the 25,000,000 we signed up. We expected it to be much worse, but people are sticking with me. But this whole thing is too complicated for *PLAYBOY*. It's complicated, complicated, complicated! I mean, it'll all be changed again by the time this interview appears in five months. *PLAYBOY* operates on a five-month delay! *Sixty Minutes* operates on a two-month delay! Cable News Network operates on *no* delay, not even a ten-second delay! *PLAYBOY* is just sleaze on some pages and outdated information on the others.

PLAYBOY: Each to his own opinion.

TURNER: Well, it's the truth. You can put that in there. It'll be edited out.

PLAYBOY: Let's wait and see.

TURNER: You've got crotch shots of attractive women on one page and then you talk about your editorial integrity by having a six-month-old interview on another. Why don't you get the magazine out faster?

PLAYBOY: There's actually about a three-month lead time, and it has to do with quality control of the color pictures—

TURNER: Why? I mean, the dirty pictures can be shot six months ahead. Pussies look the same whether or not they are six months old. In fact, they could have been shot 60 years ago, if there had been color film. For someone who's running as fast as me, this interview will be totally obsolete when it appears.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you'll be surprised—our interviews tend to last. Anyway, haven't you been claiming that you've changed into a more serious person from the hell raiser you once were?

TURNER: I *have* changed. I've gotten more serious, more concerned about the trends of the world—the overpopulation problem, the environment, the nuclear issue, Love Canal, unemployment, inflation.

PLAYBOY: What do you do about them on your stations?

TURNER: We do documentaries about them. We just finished a major series on the auto industry.

PLAYBOY: Other media have done that.

TURNER: Nobody's done one on soil erosion, and we got a big award for it. No one's done our documentary on population control. We got a UN award for that. Nobody had ever done a documentary on the Boy Scouts until we did one. In 30 years, the networks have never done a program on the Boy Scouts. I thought that was a *devastating* bit of information! That's the sort of programing I want—shows that are uplifting, that support family values.

PLAYBOY: Five years ago, you told *PLAYBOY* that you only skimmed the front page of the newspaper, then went straight to the

sports and business sections. You said you didn't want anything to do with all that bad news on the front pages.

TURNER: I still don't read the news.

PLAYBOY: What about TV?

TURNER: I never watch television news.

PLAYBOY: Including Cable News Network?

TURNER: No, I watch CNN *all* the time. But at CNN, it's balanced. CNN spends only about half the time on disasters, the other half on interviews, sports news, business, editorials, tips. . . .

PLAYBOY: But your reporters cover disasters, too. You said a few years ago, "What do you want, how many children got killed in a school-bus accident in Chile?"

TURNER: Well, that's true. I still don't think they ought to gleefully rub their palms and say, "Ha, ha, school bus overturned in Chile. And we can show the little crushed bodies of the children." I still don't agree with that. We do it, but at least we present what's never been on television before—responsible news.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

TURNER: I mean, the way the networks covered the Vietnam war just sickened me. It was anti-American. They never showed the American boys getting medals or helping villagers or anything. I didn't watch too much of it, but I know the military and our leaders were very unhappy about the way the war was covered.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that the opinions of Government leaders should determine how the media cover news?

TURNER: I think it should be balanced.

PLAYBOY: You mean, for every flaming car on the streets of Beirut—

TURNER: There could be an interview with Philip Habib on how we could bring peace to Lebanon. That would be balance.

PLAYBOY: The networks *do* that.

TURNER: No, they don't. They don't run a fraction of the interviews we do. They have *Face the Nation* and *Meet the Press*—one half hour a week. We have 25, 30, 50 hours of that type of programing. We spend one hour, from ten to 11 every night, on *The Freeman Report*. That's five hours a week right there. You put out a magazine only once a month.

You know, I was really pissed off about my first *Playboy Interview* when it came out. You lied to me; you said you were not going to run anything like that.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

TURNER: We were going to leave women out of it. You know, I bared my soul. I gave you everything I had and only asked that you didn't take any cheap shots.

PLAYBOY: What cheap shots? At the time, you had recently created a scandal with your behavior in Newport during the 1977 America's Cup race. We merely asked you to comment on press reports saying you had a reputation as a womanizer. You replied that you were a family man, then volunteered that you photographed nude women, and we went on to other topics.

TURNER: Well, we were going to leave dirty language and women out of it, because ev-

erybody does it—99 percent or 88 or whatever. Do you know how many times I've been interviewed since then? About 10,000! I'm not really pissed, because I agreed to do the interview again, but hopefully you'll be a little more intelligent in your editing this time. But if you ever do anything like that again, you'll never see me again; and it'll be your loss, because five years from now, you're going to want to come back again—if I'm not dead. I've just reached the point where I'm really going to be able to do some really constructive stuff.

PLAYBOY: It's not our job to sanitize your remarks, but let's go on: What do you mean by "really constructive stuff"?

TURNER: Well, we're already underwriting Jacques Cousteau's program. I spent a week with him on the Amazon and took my sons along. I gave him \$4,000,000 for his work this year. We'll get four hours of programing out of it. Of course, I'm losing my shirt on it. That's double the budget of network programs. But at least I'm going to keep Cousteau operating. He's on my team.

PLAYBOY: Nature seems to be one of your

"The way the networks covered the Vietnam war just sickened me. It was anti-American. I know our leaders were very unhappy about it."

passions. Is your plantation part of that?

TURNER: It's a zoo. We'll be there in a few minutes. I've got 5000 acres of land that used to be five plantations. At the outbreak of the Civil War, there were 500 slaves living here and probably about 100 other people. Now there are more animals than people. We've got deer, duck, doves, geese, bison. I even have a cougar named Kenya. He took a swipe at me one day when I went into his cage. I've got two bears, too, except that one of them got away. Boo Boo's gone.

PLAYBOY: Boo Boo?

TURNER: Boo Boo's the bear. She's out roaming around the woods now. [*Boo Boo was later found and returned.*] There's the house—Hope Plantation.

PLAYBOY: It's a beautiful place. How did you get it?

TURNER: Bought it from Yankees.

PLAYBOY: How much did you pay for it?

TURNER: None of your damn business.

[*The following morning, after breakfast, the interview resumed as the family and some house guests gathered before the television set in the spacious but comfortable living room decorated with duck decoys and a tasseled*

overhead wooden fan. It was time for the CNN feed from Atlanta that Turner receives on the 15-foot satellite-receiving dish set up in his back yard. The program was about a Milan fashion house that was showing models in very revealing new designs.]

TURNER: Look at those models! This is like watching those old Movietone newsreels; they'd always have a report on the latest fashions from Paris.

[*During a break on Turner's station, there was a reference made to Henry VIII.*]

TURNER: Henry VIII. . . . He didn't get divorced, he just had their heads chopped off when he got tired of them. That's a good way to get rid of a woman—no alimony!

[*The fashion show resumed on CNN and a pair of models displayed see-through blouses. A voice in Turner's living room remarked jocularly, "Blue television!"*]

PLAYBOY: Family stuff, eh, Ted?

TURNER: Woo, woo! You know, it used to be that a woman wouldn't even show her legs at the beach. But once you've seen a whole bunch of tits, they all look the same—no different from cows' udders.

[*Turner's wife, Janie, admonished him, "This is going to be in the interview, Ted! Ted, be quiet! Just be quiet!"*]

TURNER: What's the big deal? They're no different from cows' udders—mammary glands. Men have them, just more rudimentary. . . . You know, I like those dresses. Low-cut. Short on the top and the bottom. I like to see a lot of the woman, even if she's a skinny, way-out woman, like those fashion models. I like the PLAYBOY women better.

[*Turner then led Range on a long walking tour of Hope Plantation, answering questions while pointing out flocks of doves, snipe and other wild fowl.*]

PLAYBOY: What gave you the idea for a 24-hour news network?

TURNER: I actually had the idea before I started the superstation on satellite in 1976. I was thinking ahead, and at that time, Home Box Office was already on the Satcom satellite with older programs and sports. We had old movies and sports on WTBS, and I thought, Well, what's the next channel? We already had plenty of sports and movies, so it seemed like news would be the next most logical thing to provide. But I knew it was going to be very expensive. And I never thought we'd be the one to do it, because we were a very small company and the superstation hadn't proved itself yet.

PLAYBOY: So why did you do it?

TURNER: Well, Time, Inc., which owns Home Box Office, started sneaking around a little and found out that the major networks' news budgets for only 60 hours a month were considerably more than \$100,000,000 a year. Time figured it would cost at least as much to start a news network as it cost the networks. So I went up and talked with Time's people and said, "If you guys want to do it, I'm not going to. But if you don't want it. . . ." They

SPICED RUM

Captain Morgan

For better tasting rum drinks from colas to coladas.

750 ML

SPICED RUM

PUERTO RICAN RUM WITH SPICE AND OTHER NATURAL FLAVORS

Captain Morgan



SPICED RUM

CAPTAIN MORGAN

SPICED RUM

Delicious golden rum laced with exotic tropical spice.

TICKLE YOUR TONIC.

No other gin can tickle a tonic like smooth and refreshing Seagram's Gin.
Want a perfect combination? Seagram's Gin and ice-cold tonic.
Another? Good taste and good judgment.



Seagram's Gin. Letter perfect every way.

said, "Go ahead. We're not going to do it. We're in business to make money." So even though I couldn't get the commitments up front that I needed within the cable industry, I went ahead and launched CNN in June 1980.

PLAYBOY: Why did you think there was a market?

TURNER: Because news has always been just a stepchild of the networks. The big money is in entertainment. There has never before been a first-class, in-depth news service on television.

PLAYBOY: You don't consider the major networks first-class?

TURNER: They just bring you 22 minutes of gloom-and-doom headlines. Say the Pope gets shot. The networks all lead with the same story; they all run the news at the same time at the same length. The only difference is they're trying to get the ratings. And they'll do anything they can for that. The guy who heads up ABC News isn't even a newsmen, he's a sports man. It's just showbiz. It's a personality contest. They build up their anchors with wise-seeming persons who get everyone's confidence and give people advice—I think it's just a bunch of bullshit.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that about someone like Walter Cronkite?

TURNER: Sure. I've said it dozens of times. I have never talked to Cronkite, but he kind of agrees. He always said the half-hour evening newscast was nothing more than the headlines.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with that?

TURNER: It's become a ratings battle, and the networks have taken the yellow-journalistic route. You know, cover the spectacular, visual stories, like a hotel fire or a volcanic eruption, a major murder, the airline crash of the day. . . .

PLAYBOY: That's yellow journalism? An airline crash or the eruption of Mount St. Helens is yellow journalism?

TURNER: In those 22 minutes, they don't have any time for incisive reporting. They don't cover business virtually at all. They just say, "The stock market is up." Business is not a big ratings grabber, but that's the kind of stuff *we* do. We cover everything. We're like a newspaper of the air: We have news and editorials and a style section and in-depth sports coverage. The networks don't do that.

PLAYBOY: No sports coverage? What do the networks do all Saturday and Sunday afternoons?

TURNER: I'm talking about sports news. Normally, they give the scores, but nobody ever had a half-hour news program just about sports until CNN.

PLAYBOY: You're making cable news sound like Turner's gift to mankind. Except for the packaging, how is the news product your network delivers different from that of the networks?

TURNER: What's changed about magazine interviews except that you use a tape recorder instead of a pencil and a pad?

PLAYBOY: At least we don't go around

claiming to have invented the wheel.

TURNER: Well, I'm not claiming that we've invented the wheel—

PLAYBOY: Close. When CNN went on the air, you called it "the greatest achievement in the annals of journalism."

TURNER: I really believe that. In the history of journalism, journalism has tried to accomplish two things: one, to report the news; two, to report it quickly. The newspaper that got out on the street first with the story was ahead. In television, we beat the networks all the time, because they won't interrupt their regularly scheduled programing when there's a bulletin—unless it's a Presidential-assassination attempt or something like that. We're reporting the news as it happens, and that has never happened before in the history of the world on television. Never before. And you can't get the news faster than when it's happening. *Time* magazine runs on a one-week delay and **PLAYBOY** runs on a six-month delay.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute—on the really big stuff, the networks will always interrupt programing. On the Reagan-assassination

*"We're reporting the news
as it happens, and that's
never happened before in
the history of the world
on television."*

attempt, you were not the first one on the air with the story.

TURNER: That's because our cameras were inside the hotel, carrying his speech to the United Auto Workers—*live*. ABC's cameras were outside, waiting to see if anybody would shoot him. So we carried his speech and they got his being shot because all they wanted for their newscast was him waving to the crowd as he walked out.

We cover the substance and all the other networks want is the sensational. While we carry his speech, they're running soap operas or *Charlie's Angels*.

PLAYBOY: The traditional network view would be that you've got it all wrong: You're in there covering a speech that maybe 12 people in the entire country care about while their reporters are sitting outside waiting for the one story that, if it happens, *everybody* will care about.

TURNER: Do you know what you just said? You just said that only 12 people care about what the President says. That's a sad, sad commentary.

PLAYBOY: What if you have no interest in that speech at that moment? We're busy in the middle of the day, and so are you.

TURNER: If I'd had the time and had the

choice between two game shows and a soap opera and the President speaking to the U.A.W., I'd have watched the President speaking to the U.A.W.

PLAYBOY: That's very high-sounding, considering that when you *do* get a hot story, you save it for your prime-time evening news show, just as the networks do. James Alan Miklaszewski's exclusive report on American advisors' carrying rifles in El Salvador was the biggest news scoop CNN has had so far. But it was held in secrecy for prime time, then was put on the air—pardon, on the cable—with great fanfare.

TURNER: When you're out in the field in a foreign country, you don't always have access to an earth station [for satellite transmission] to get the story back. In a place like El Salvador, usually ABC and CBS and NBC are there and have their regular time scheduled on the satellite. But we might . . . that story didn't have to be broken in the middle of the day.

PLAYBOY: So you're doing essentially the same thing that's always been done.

TURNER: We're trying to make it as interesting and as exciting as we can.

PLAYBOY: So is Van Gordon Sauter, the head of CBS News.

TURNER: That's true, but we've got a much bigger canvas to paint on than Sauter does. He's painting on a little page and we've got the whole wall to paint on.

PLAYBOY: You've said that the networks' coverage of Vietnam was anti-American. Do you think Miklaszewski's report was anti-American?

TURNER: No. . . .

PLAYBOY: Well, it amounted to the same thing—reporting news our Government might not like. What's the difference?

TURNER: Balance. All you've got to do is ask Norman Lear. Ask anybody.

PLAYBOY: Norman Lear, the producer? What does he have to do with it?

TURNER: Norman Lear likes CNN. He told me so. He's a pretty good man as far as judging the quality and fairness of TV.

PLAYBOY: That's not what we were discussing. Lear never complained that the networks were anti-American in their Vietnam-war coverage.

TURNER: Well, anyway, the American people support me. CNN is good for the American people.

PLAYBOY: Around the networks, they claim you bootleg satellite news footage.

TURNER: Oh, that's done all the time by everybody. The networks use our stuff, too. I think we have permission from ABC and NBC, and they have permission to use our stuff.

PLAYBOY: In one case—an exclusive ABC interview with Lebanese president Amin Gemayel—it was said that you used ABC's footage in promos for your own *Prime News*.

TURNER: That's possible.

PLAYBOY: In another case, ABC sent you a telegram and said, "Cut this out."

Come to Marlboro

© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

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

Kings: 16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine—100's: 16 mg "tar,"
1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'81

Country.



Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.



TURNER: All right, that's possible, too.

PLAYBOY: So you *didn't* have permission.

TURNER: When you're on 24 hours a day live, you're going to . . . You know, we have made some mistakes.

[Turner, who was suffering from a cold, became irritated with the questioning at this point and cut off the interview. It was agreed that he and Range would meet again the following week in Atlanta and would fly together to Washington to continue the interview on the airplane.

[When Range met him at the Atlanta airport, Turner was in a foul mood. "I'm not going to be interviewed tonight," he said. "Be smart—don't be a dummy. I'm not going to answer a whole bunch of technical questions. In many ways, I don't know how the company works. I watch it; I like it. But if you're just going to ask a whole bunch of negative questions, forget it. Go to ABC. I won't do the interview."

[During the flight to Washington, Turner's mood fluctuated radically from friendliness to sudden hostility. He described as a kind of living hell his constant lobbying in Washington to fend off those who would make life harder for a cable programmer. He seemed a driven, ravaged man, and yet a man who continually sought more of the same punishment. In the bad moments, he attacked the interviewer and rejected the interview: "I've been on the cover of Time. I don't need your sleazy magazine." At other moments, he became the voluble, charming and self-infatuated Turner of his public image. At the end of the flight, Turner had again mellowed, and after much friendly conversation that remained off the record, it was agreed that the interview would be resumed several weeks later.

[There were two trips and several abrupt cancellations before the interview was resumed. Turner finally invited Range to accompany him to Las Vegas and talk on the plane. Turner arrived at the Atlanta airport with his close friend and frequent traveling companion Liz Wickersham, the pretty hostess of the WTBS show "The Lighter Side." The airline upgraded all three of their tickets to first-class, a courtesy Turner is often given. The interview picked up as the flight left Atlanta.]

PLAYBOY: You caused a flurry in the television world last winter when you went to New York with the idea of merging your company, Turner Broadcasting System, with one of the major networks. We thought you kept that kind of talk secret.

TURNER: That's one of the problems. I haven't started wearing disguises yet. I ought to wear a kind of Humphrey Bogart disguise—a trench coat with the collar turned up. Like Peter Sellers in *The Pink Panther*. I'd wear a hat pulled down and dark glasses. I'd grow a beard and shave off my mustache. I'd wear a stocking cap over my head and a sweater. And sneakers. And gloves.

PLAYBOY: Did you have serious talks?

TURNER: In the case of two of the networks, we were turned down. They just said they

figured out that I would be the largest shareholder in the company, and that was all they needed to know.

PLAYBOY: Turner Broadcasting System is worth only \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000. How could you become the largest shareholder in a merger with a company ten times that size?

TURNER: Because I own 87 percent of my company. Bill Paley [recently retired chairman of CBS] owns only about six percent of CBS' stock, I think.

PLAYBOY: But you still wouldn't have the almost total control you now enjoy with your own company. Why do you want to merge with a network?

TURNER: Because starting a really viable fourth network is a lot harder. The networks have those owned-and-operated stations in the biggest markets: New York, Chicago and Los Angeles. They reach one fourth of the American market right there. That's why we're also talking with Metromedia—it owns stations in the major markets. You've got to have money to stay in business.

PLAYBOY: But isn't taking over one of the major national networks a big leap for your company?

*"I once said the worst enemies
the U.S. ever faced weren't
the Nazis but the network
bosses. CBS' William Paley
didn't deny the charge.
Why not?"*

TURNER: No. First of all, I'm already in the cable-network business. I have three cable networks, one radio network and two television stations. In number of hours, I think we're already the largest syndicator of television programming in the United States. The figure is kicked up there by the overnight coverage in many places. But we can still reach only 31 percent of the homes in the country. We're in the land of the giants. I'm just like a little mouse running around under a bunch of elephants, trying to be sure they don't step on me.

PLAYBOY: Would it be healthy to have the largest cable network in combination with one of the largest broadcast networks?

TURNER: That's what you've got now. ABC is in combination with Westinghouse to compete with us with the Satellite News Channel. Their combination with Entertainment & Sports Programming Network is against us in sports. ESPN started as an independent company. But then it began losing a lot of money, even though it was owned by Getty Oil, which is a multibillion-dollar company. So ABC took a 49

percent option and committed millions and millions to it.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with that?

TURNER: That's how the networks really hurt us. When the United States Football League got started, it needed a major network contract. ABC said, "OK, we'll carry your games." We called the U.S.F.L. and said we'd like to bid, too. But it turned out that ABC had made it a condition of their carrying the games that if the U.S.F.L. were going to do any cable games, they had to be on ESPN, not on Turner's network. By using its cable network, ABC made a deal with ESPN for cable rights. We were frozen out. We weren't even allowed a meaningful bid. I'd like to have the ability to do that same sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Getting back for a moment to CBS and Paley, in an interview with *Broadcasting* magazine last year, you called Paley "a failure." You said CBS was "a cheap whorehouse" that had been "taken over by the sleaze artists." If you believe that, why would you want to merge with such a network?

TURNER: If I was part of CBS, with billions of dollars behind me, then I would have size. I would be able to meet the others in the field with equal resources. I could fight a pitched battle with them. Right now, I can't. It would be like getting supplies and getting reinforcements. I would like to come down out of the hills and meet them on the battlefields.

PLAYBOY: But why did you call Paley, who built that billion-dollar empire, a failure?

TURNER: I have to admit . . . it was easy to say that, never having met him, because he really is up in years now.

PLAYBOY: Do you honestly feel that CBS is a cheap whorehouse?

TURNER: I'm a human being, just like everybody else. I'm up some days and down others. Some days, I just refuse comment. If I'm feeling a little down, I won't say anything. But if I'm really up, I'll let it all hang out. I do have a slight propensity to put my foot in my mouth.

But those are extremely strong, strong words. You know, several years ago, I said that the network presidents were guilty of treason and all should be lined up and shot after a court-martial.

PLAYBOY: Fairly strong stuff.

TURNER: Is that strong, huh? I said it before 7000 members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and they gave me a standing ovation. I said the worst enemies that the United States ever faced were not the Nazis and the Japanese in World War Two but were living among us today and running the three networks.

PLAYBOY: Do you really believe that?

TURNER: Well, when Paley was read those comments and was asked what he thought about Turner, he was very gracious and said I had done a good job. But he did not

(continued on page 154)



CONCORD. THE DIFFERENCE IS WORTH THE DIFFERENCE.

Despite the fact that the Concord HPL-532 is ingeniously designed to fit everybody's car, it's definitely not for everybody. As Stereo Review said, Concord "...is truly an audiophile's car stereo."

And what makes it so different?

4-GANG FM TUNER

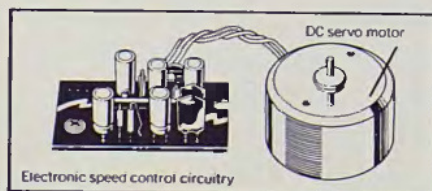
For extraordinarily clear FM reception, the Concord HPL-532 has an exclusive 4-gang digital tuner that provides exceptional station sensitivity & selectivity.

And to make selecting your favorite stations even easier it has a 10-station preset memory.

But, as Concord's 22 years of innovative stereo design would lead you to expect, that is only the beginning.

DC SERVO DRIVE MOTOR

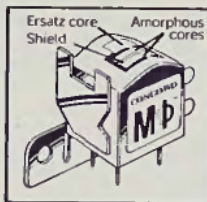
We've designed an exclusive electronically controlled DC servo tape transport drive.



The result? Superior speed accuracy, lower wow and flutter, and over double the motor life.

AMORPHOUS CORE TAPE HEAD

We've also engineered a new match-phased amorphous core tape head design, which means a revolutionary improvement in tape frequency response out to 20,000 Hz.



It's an improvement you'll have to hear to believe.

TWO WAY/FOUR WAY AMPLIFIERS

And wait until you hear the authentic high fidelity sound reproduction of the HPL-532. It delivers an impressive 12 watts per channel into 4 ohms 30-20,000 Hz with less than 0.8% THD.

In addition, it can deliver 5 watts per channel into each speaker of a four speaker system, because of an ingenious two way/four way configuration and a front/rear low level fader.

All in all it's the greatest full bandwidth power at low distortion

you can get in a car stereo without add-on amplifiers.

OTHER IMPORTANT DIFFERENCES

With its exclusive signal processor circuitry the HPL-532 will easily handle anything you want to plug into it.

Like Concord's Dolby* C. Or dbx** adaptors.

Even imagers or equalizers.

And with lighted switches and function indicators the Concord HPL-532 is as easy to play at night as it is to play in the daytime.

And because of its front load mechanism, it's even easier to load.

All things considered the Concord HPL-532 is an extraordinary car stereo.

Of course at around \$600 it's not inexpensive.

But when you add up all its features you might say this.

The difference is worth the difference.

*Dolby is the registered trademark of Dolby Labs.
**dbx is the registered trademark of dbx.

CONCORD®
Anything else is a compromise.
CONCORD ELECTRONICS, 6025 Yolanda Avenue,
Tarzana, California 91356 (213) 344-9335

SPECIFICATIONS: Tuner Section Sensitivity: 30dB Quieting 1.0 Microvolts 11.2dBf, Stereo separation: min. 35dB, Frequency responses: ±2dB, 30-16,000 Hz Tape Section Frequency response: ±2dB, Standard tape: 30-15,000 Hz, Metal tape: 30-20,000 Hz, Wow & flutter: 0.08% WRMS Amplifier Section Maximum power: 25 watts/ch, Two-way power: 12 watts min. RMS per channel into 4 ohms, 30-20,000 Hz with 0.8 THD max, Four-way power: 5 watts min. RMS per channel into 4 ohms, 30-20,000 Hz with 0.8 THD max

bowen scoffed at their superstitions—until something happened he just couldn't explain

MUNDO'S SIGN

IN THE fading darkness, the small boats, 12 in all, were dragged into the water from the camp on Southwest Cay. Masts were stepped quickly and the sails unfurled in the silence of the coral lagoon. Wind-filled and ghost-white, they rounded the leeward edge of the cay and scattered in all directions across the fishing banks.

Bowen Delavett, a marine biologist from the States, was in the bow of Mundo's catboat, huddled against the cool dawn breeze. He and Gabriel faced each other, their knees bumping, but Gabriel lay back, relaxing, his arms spread out along the gunwales. Mundo was in the stern, his brown flesh sallow, his eyes and cheeks puffy—evidence that he had not slept well. Bowen hugged himself, his head down, shivering as the veiled pastel sun rose behind him. A bird landed on his shoulder.

"Doan move, mahn," said Gabriel. "Daht is good luck."

The white man turned his head slowly to look at the bird. It was a green finch, little enough to fit in his hand. Through his T-shirt, Bowen felt the light, pricking pressure of the bird's





fiction

By **BOB SHACOCHIS**

claws as it balanced to the rock of the boat.

"A bird never landed on me before," he said.

"Daht is good luck," Gabriel insisted. "Good fah de boat."

The bird fluttered from Bowen's shoulder to the gunwale and then hopped to the bottom of the boat, pecking at flecks of dried fish. It ran, rodentlike, under Gabriel's seat, in and out of sight in the shadows.

"Keep your head down now, Mistah Bone," Mundo said. The word *mistah* was a joke, a mocking intimacy that Bowen had finally to accept. A friendship with Mundo had not been easily established. Delavett had come to Providence to study the sea turtles that were still numerous in the waters of the archipelago. Because of his junior rank at the university, his research grant was modest. He knew he would have to rely on the cooperation of the locals. His interviews with the fishermen had led him to Raimundo Bell, the man most respected on Providence Island for his abilities in the water. Mundo was naturally suspicious of

him at first, but Bowen was honest and persistent, offering to trade a seat in Mundo's boat for a share of the everyday work. If it were a question of proving oneself, Bowen had done so, he hoped, through his sweat and dirtiness and exhaustion. The difference in the lives of the two men had gradually diminished and they had become close. Still, Bowen could not talk Mundo out of calling him Mistah or pronouncing it in a tone that underscored the temporary nature of their relationship.

Mundo stood in the back of the boat, the two rudder lines gathered from behind him, held in his big hands like the reins of a horse. "Gabriel?" he warned. Mundo was rarely more than laconic, and yet Gabriel always responded precisely. Mundo crouched down, dark and solid, steering for extra wind.

"Yes," Gabriel answered, rising. "Goin' speedify directly, mahn."

He began to pull in the mainsheet. The boat heeled and pressed into the clear water, going faster, bracing the men against the windward hull. Mundo jibed the boat. Once the sail had luffed, Gabriel allowed the boom to swing over. The canvas inhaled again and held the air. Bowen sat up straight and repositioned his weight in the boat. He could see the sunrise now, lavender towers of clouds lining up away from it. The light was like a warm hand on his face.

Behind them, they heard the flapping of another sail as it spilled wind. "Look dere," said Gabriel. "Ezekiel turmin' ahcross, too."

"Daht bitch," Mundo grunted; and, twisting his head, he shouted back, "Ezekiel, you old piece ah fuck, you think you cah race me, mahn?"

Ezekiel would not answer, nor would he look toward them. Within minutes, his boat had fallen far in their wake. Months before, Bowen had approached Ezekiel because he heard the old fisherman had once caught a mulatto hawkbill, a crossbreed between a hawkbill and a green turtle that Delavett's colleagues back in Miami insisted was only mythical, a tall tale. He wanted to prove them wrong. Mundo said he himself had shot a mulatto two years before, on the fishing banks in Serrana, and that he had seen the one Ezekiel had netted. When Bowen went to Ezekiel for verification, the old man was unintelligible, a pathetic figure who could not focus his memory. Bowen pitied him and expressed his regret to Mundo. Mundo said, "Daht mahn steal from de mouth of he children. He beat de wife fah rum money. Doan feel sorry fah de devil, I tellin' you."

"Mundo, where you goin', mahn?" Gabriel finally asked. Bowen had watched him fidgeting, building up to the question until he was certain of their course. Gabriel was a handsome man and knew it well, shaving his sideburns into broad flares and wearing a gold cross on a thin chain around his neck. He had once told

Bowen he was too good-looking to be a fisherman, that he would like to work in a shop or as a waiter. But on Providence, lost in the middle of the Caribbean Sea, there was no other work but fishing for a man who did not own land. Mundo didn't seem to care, though. He loved the sea no matter how hard it worked him, no matter how much trouble or sadness it brought into his life.

"Mundo, you sleepin'?" Gabriel said.

"Jewish Hole," Mundo said. "Headed up daht way."

"True? Not Five Shillin' Cay?"

"No."

Gabriel sucked his teeth and asked why not. Last night, during supper, they had discussed where they might fish today. Mundo had argued that if the wind stayed the way it was, they must sail for Five Shilling Cay or Aguadilla Reef instead of closer waters. That was fine with Bowen, because he wanted to go ashore on the cay and see what there was in a place where man never came.

"Light bulb, whiskey bottle, piece ah plahstic baby, dead, stinky stuff ahnd birds," Mundo told him. Maybe a mulatto hawkbill, too, Bowen added, and Mundo had said, "De malatta cah be ahnywhere, mahn. Daht's only luck."

"Mundo, wake up now. Dis a bahd wind fah Jewish Hole."

Mundo peered at them both through hooded eyes. "I get a sign," he said. Bowen looked at him curiously, wondering what he was talking about. Mundo stared past him, out of the boat, measuring the waters of Serrana as if those 80 square miles of unmarked banks were city streets he had grown up on. He steered several degrees off the wind; Gabriel automatically trimmed the sail.

"So you get a sign, Mundo?" Gabriel said.

"Yeah."

"What's that?" Bowen wanted to know. He smiled, because he was not sure if the two men were joking with each other. Mundo was too serious and impassive this morning. He should have been singing. He liked to sing when they were sailing: Jim Reeves, Bing-Bing, *salsa*, anything.

"I get a dream laht night daht was a sign."

Bowen frowned at that revelation. Back on Providence, Mundo didn't play the lottery, so he never talked about his dreams like those who did. The town would wake up in the morning and somebody would be saying he had had a dream, and then the dream book would be consulted, a finger-worn copy published in Harlem in 1928, and the dreams figured out. "No, I tellin' you, a white horse is six, de white cow is two six ahnd a white lady is six one one. In dis dream, you see a white lady milkin' a white cow? Oh, ho! De lady come first, so daht six one one two six. No, I tellin' you, is de lady come first, mahn, not de cow. If

blahck on de cow, daht six two." A boy would be sent running to Alvaro's shop to buy the number. But Mundo always said the lottery was foolish.

Bowen dipped his hand over the side to feel the water. He liked the quiet, surging speed of the catboat, the water as transparent as lab alcohol, the white and rose and amber colors of the bottom refracted and blurry, just colors streaming by. "Is that so?" he asked. "You had a dream?" Mundo said yeah.

"I didn't know you dreamed, Mundo," Bowen said. "Did you dream you saw a white lady wearing a white dress riding a white jackass?"

"Mistah Bone think you makin' joke, Mundo," said Gabriel. "He believe you jokifyin'."

Mundo's eyes sparked, showing Bowen the *hubris* he saw in many black men. "Dis a sign fah dis place only," he replied harshly. He was moodier than Bowen had ever seen him. This place, Bowen thought. This place wasn't a place at all. It was wide open. It was openness, sunlight shattered blue and unstoppped in all directions. There was another world beneath, a mint-cool wilderness, treacherous and lush; but here on the surface, the boat pushed into an empty seascape.

"No kidding?" Bowen asked.

"No."

"What's the sign?"

"Fuck a mahn."

"Oh, yeah?" Bowen said incredulously.

"Fuck a mahn."

"Daht a funny sign, Mundo," said Gabriel.

"What's he talking about?" Bowen asked Gabriel almost incidentally, squinting beyond him to study Mundo. His skin slicker now in the sun, the light stuck across Mundo's narrow face in sharp pieces, leaving him cheekbones but no cheeks and emphasizing his stolid mouth, lips parted but no teeth visible. Bowen expected Mundo to smile at him, but he didn't. His distance seemed acted out, like part of a magician's masquerade. He's playing with me, Bowen thought. No, he decided, looking at him again, he's serious. After almost six months with Mundo, Bowen felt himself a stranger once more.

"So, Mundo, you fuck a mahn, ch?" Gabriel said.

"Yeah, boy," Mundo answered. He began to uncurl his arms and legs from the tight ball in which he sat and warmed up to his story. "I dream I fuck a mahn. I stayin' in Costa Rica, in Puerto Limón, when I play basebahll in de leagues, ahnd I stayin' in dis *residencia*. Dis girlic mahn come to visit wit' a bottle of *aguardiente*. We drink de bottle, den I fuck him."

"Oh, ho," said Gabriel, as if he were

(continued on page 80)



*"I wouldn't say we fell head over heels in love,
but we did try some new positions."*



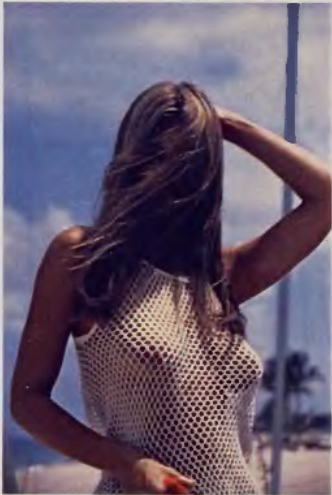
PERMANENT VACATION

welcome to the girl-watching capital of the free world

FOR MANY YEARS, Fort Lauderdale was a sleepy little oceanside town. Then it started to host an annual Ivy League spring swim meet. The swimmers started bringing their girlfriends, their roommates, their cousins—even total strangers—and the words forming on everyone's lips were, "Hey, Bud, let's party." And so, throughout each successive year, the party kept growing. The onslaught begins in early spring—and as the colleges up North stagger their spring breaks, more and more students stagger onto the warm beaches down South. At Fort Lauderdale, though, the party continues all year long. The locus of all this hilarity is The Strip—a necklace of bars along Route A1A: Summers, Candy

Store, The Button. Those are their current names; the management reserves the right to change titles without notice. Floridians—even temporary ones—don't require much of an occasion to throw a party. During the spring, the advent of daylight is sufficient reason for one to spontaneously combust. Girls, as you may already have discovered, behave differently on vacation. And Fort Lauderdale offers an opportunity for young female students to explore a new relationship between themselves and their breasts. That process is encouraged by their male colleagues, who, as students themselves, think of college and its vacations as fountains of knowledge where everyone goes to drink.





Just how does everyone know where to congregate for the afternoon and evening events? Simple. The bar called Summers, for example, hires a plane with a trailing banner proclaiming POOL PARTY AT 4 to strafe the beaches. The party is an excuse for a series of beer-chugging contests and then the main event: the wet-T-shirt competition. As you can see here, anybody can enter the contest, and most of the shirts don't stay on for very long.





Bars often sponsor competitions between rival schools. Hence, even though Florida State may have prevailed against the University of Florida during the football season, more aggressively fought contests are waged to determine which student body can better quaff suds in quantity and which school has a larger endowment. All year round, otherwise sensible women will whip it out for their olmo-ter when there is a crucial principle of stoke.



Peer-group pressure apparently works wonders to cure shyness. Encouraging chants from hundreds of schoolmates don't hurt, either. The mix of women is impressive. You got your cheerleaders, your bookmarms, your local talent, your just plain folks. The only restriction—at Summers, at least—is that you keep your pants on. And while that is strictly adhered to, more women wear fabrics that, when wet, let the sun right in.





It's easy to feel good about yourself when so many others feel good about your self. That is part of the reason so many women come out of their shells and accept the accolades of the crowd. The exercise is rewarding. Our informal poll suggests that first-time amateurs are more likely to win the contests than those who have entered before. Additional points are granted to those who exhibit grace under fire and abundance under their clothes.



How can we adequately describe the exhilaration of a wet-T-shirt contest? Imagine ice-cold water poured from a pitcher down your front. Kind of perks things up, doesn't it? Well, it's more than just refreshing; it's uniquely American. It's a laugh in the face of the industrial slump. It's thumbing one's nose at import quotas. It's a folk dance to the continuing vitality of the United States. It makes leisure time meaningful. And it's caffeine-free.



MUNDO'S SIGN

(continued from page 72)

"Dis sign mean I mus' shoot a big he hawksbill, Mundo said emphatically."

saying, "Yes, I see."

Mundo navigated the boat through a porcelain-blue channel that furrowed between two ridges of coral. Outside the reef, the water deepened gradually, a darkening translucence. The waves rose to one third the height of the mast. They were on the open sea now, outside the coral walls. The faraway sail of Ezekiel's boat had disappeared. Mundo followed the reef northward. Already the sun was strong, and Bowen was acutely aware of its power to stupefy. Before the words dried up in his mouth and his mind muddled, he wanted to know what it was about the dream that meant something to Mundo.

"You dreamed you fucked a man," he said cautiously. "What does that mean? What kind of a sign is that?"

"A good one," replied Mundo.

The bird reappeared on Mundo's knee. He made a quick grab for it, but the finch was in the air, scooting low over the waves.

"Come again next day," Gabriel called after it. The bird hooked east toward whatever land might lay that way. The mystery had become too absurd for Bowen. He mimicked Alvaro the bookie and his high, rapid voice, like a little dog's: "Costa Rica, dat's two oh one; mon's arsehole, dat's naught; drinkin' *aguardiente*, dat's oh oh oh. Boy, you get a nice numbah dere, Mundo. Put a fivah on it, mon."

Mundo's weak smile patronized Bowen. He blinked ostentatiously, widening his hidden eyes for the first time that morning, as if only now he had reason to come awake, to come away from the dream.

"No, let me tell you, Mistah Bone. Dis sign mean I mus' shoot a big he hawksbill," Mundo said emphatically. He raised his thick right forearm. His fist clenched; the dark muscles flexed from elbow to wrist. "Big!" he said.

"Mistah Bone doan believe," said Gabriel in a sad, false voice. He nodded at Bowen. "He is a sci-ahnce mahn. He only see sci-ahnce." Then he laughed, pushing Bowen's knee good-naturedly.

Bowen was silent. It sounded as if Mundo were bragging, but he did not trust that perception; Mundo's own conviction, his tone of inevitability, had undercut the posterousness of the words. Bowen didn't know what to think. Sometimes he thought he knew everything there was to know about Mundo. Mundo was strong, his will unshakable. He never wasted a minute; he was a clock ticking perfectly on time. He could lie around all day in the sun with an unlit cigarette in his mouth and that would be the right thing to do. He had never

wanted anything from Bowen—perhaps that was why they had become friends. Bowen had first offered Mundo a little money to take him in the boat and help him keep track of how many turtles were being caught by the islanders. Not only had Mundo refused payment, he insisted on giving the scientist one third of the earnings of the boat as long as Bowen worked as an equal. Bowen knew the black man was curious about him, as if Mundo, too, welcomed the opportunity to study something of interest.

Hearing Mundo and Gabriel talk about the sign made Bowen feel for a moment that he had lost all contact with them. He leaned forward earnestly, resting his forearms across his bare thighs. He could not resist speaking and yet he hesitated, sure that he was being drawn into a situation full of trouble.

Finally, he asked, "Tell me, you can shoot a hawksbill turtle because you dreamed you asshole somebody?" An image of the dream flicked through his mind: Mundo bent over slim, tar-black buttocks, mounting like a beast; the "girlie mahn" in a stupor, slurring a languid, corrupt Castilian. "How is that?"

"How you mean, mahn?" Mundo looked keenly at Bowen, a challenging eyebrow cocked, teasing him with a twisted smile, a taunting, boyish delight, ready to invite Bowen into his house and then beat him at dominoes all night long. "You evah fuck a mahn, Mistah Bone?"

"No," Bowen said immediately. He was surprised that the question had embarrassed him so easily, as if it exposed a level of manhood he had not achieved.

"Mistah Bone wahnt to investigate evryting, but he doan fuck a mahn yet?" Gabriel said, his voice scaling to a parody of a question.

"Some men just be like womahn. Gabriel—right?"

"Daht's true. It's de same, mahn."

"Oh, Christ," Bowen said, shaking his head slowly. He tried to play along. "Let's let it all out," he said facetiously.

"So, Mistah Bone," Mundo continued, "you evah take a womahn like daht?"

"My God."

"You doan like it?"

Bowen folded his arms across his chest and refused to answer. There were pieces of himself that he did not wish to share, even in a game. To be forced to that realization, to admit that something in him would instinctively retreat into rock, like a sea anemone, made him angry.

"Mistah Bone," Mundo said. "When

we reach bahck to Providence, we find you a mahn to fuck."

Gabriel winked at Bowen. "Doan have to be in de ahss, you know."

"No, thanks," Bowen answered coolly. "You asshole."

Separating himself from the conversation, Mundo came up off his seat to look around. Bowen wondered how he could know where they were when there was absolutely nothing out there to sight on. Mundo sat back down, rocking rhythmically from side to side, letting the waves loosen his shoulders and neck, dancing with the sea.

"Fuck, fucka, fucka mahn," he chanted.

"Sail the boat."

"Sailin' like a bitch right now."

"Black-man bullshit. Jungle stuff."

"Uh-oh, Mundo. Mistah Bone vexed now wit' dis dream bodderation."

"All right. All right. Enough," Bowen declared. "Go shoot your turtle. You do that trick, then I'll start fucking men. Maybe you first, Gabriel."

"Oh, me God, Mundo," Gabriel laughed. "Look what you talk Mistah Bone into."

"He gettin' de picture now, boy," Mundo said. "You doan worry, Gabriel. Mistah Bone lookin' hahd to fuck dis bunch ah guys bahck in de States who say malatta hawksbill a make-believe."

"You're damn right I got the picture now, so let's drop it," Bowen resented having his ambition described through such a coarse metaphor, but now that the point had been made, he felt comfortable again with the two black men. To his relief, Mundo said nothing more but sat quietly, like a schoolboy, with an expression of overbearing innocence.

They sailed for another 20 minutes, cutting progressively nearer to the reef until they were only yards away from the foam left behind by the waves that broke across the shallow coral. Then the reef bowled inward, pinched by a channel that they rode through into calmer water. After a short distance, Mundo tacked back toward the inside of the main reef, and when they were a couple of miles down-current from the channel, he steered into the wind.

"Come, you workin' today, mahn?" Mundo called. Bowen looked at him stupidly. He had let himself fall into a daze, the light, like thick crystals growing on the water, overcoming him. His deeply tanned skin felt scratchy and sore and sticky.

"Get de sail, mahn. Quick."

Bowen jerked himself out of his lethargy and stood up, holding the gunwales for balance. He concentrated on his equilibrium, judging how the water moved the boat until he was sure of himself, straightened up and then leaped from the bottom of the boat to his seat. He grabbed the mast with one hand and extended the other one out toward Gabriel. Gabriel

(continued on page 144)



"Fred! Fred! My crotchless panties just arrived!"



By BRUCE HENDERSON

IT WAS A warm and clear spring day in Detroit, but for Bill Trerice, even the sunniest day seemed dark. He had just gotten off the graveyard shift at Chrysler and had made his regular pilgrimage to Henry Ford Hospital to visit his wife, Irene, who lay dying of uterine cancer. Afterward, drained and tired, Bill dropped in on his daughter Valerie, a licensed practical nurse who lived near the hospital. It was to be a pleasant visit—Valerie and her husband had been a source of comfort during Irene's illness. They were chatting in the kitchen when the phone rang.

The call was from a woman who lived next door to Bill and Irene in the small suburb of Algonac. Two uniformed Navy officers had come to her house after failing to find anyone at home at the Trerices', and the neighbor, guessing that Bill had followed his usual routine, had called him at Valerie's. Within seconds, he was on the phone with a Navy chaplain.

"We would like to meet with you, Mr. Trerice," said the officer. "Either here at your home or in Detroit if it's more convenient."

Bill's mind reeled. Even in peacetime, a visit from a Navy chaplain could mean only one thing. Bill's son Paul, a plane captain on the U.S.S. Ranger, was dead.

"Your son suffered heatstroke after exercise," said the chaplain. "He went into cardiac arrest."

Death is often greeted with disbelief, but, for Bill, this one was even more difficult to comprehend. Paul, at 6'5" and 230 pounds, was a 21-year-old man with the heart of a lion. He had been home only weeks before to visit his ailing mother and had never looked healthier. If he had been hit by an airplane or had been blown overboard, it might be easier to understand. But heatstroke? Cardiac arrest?

"My boy died of a heart attack?" asked Bill incredulously.

"Unfortunately, yes," said the chaplain, "following exercise while the ship was at Subic Bay in the Philippines. These things are difficult to explain sometimes."

Tears came to Bill's eyes and he felt a rage forming. "I want a full explanation!" he cried. "I want to know how my son died."

"Of course," replied the chaplain. "The C.O. of the Ranger will be sending you a wire. Details are available to him that I don't have."

Bill hung up and fell into his daughter's arms. Together they wept as Bill gathered his strength to deal with the obligations that accompany death. He would have to tell Irene, of course, and the rest of the family, as well as Paul's friends.

And he would have to find out exactly how his son had died. It was a quest that would change Bill Trerice's life and shake the U.S. Navy to its core.

The first step in unraveling the mystery of Paul's death occurred to Bill only hours after he had received the news. As a 13-year veteran of the Air Force, he was familiar with the often frustrating military protocol and bureaucracy that surround such events, so he sent a wire to Captain Dan A. Pedersen, commanding officer of the U.S.S. Ranger, asking for details. The (continued on page 86)

TODAY'S NAVY— NOT A JOB, AN ADVENTURE

*the adman's slogan
makes it sound
so nice—until you discover
that one of the
adventures could be death
at the hands of
your fellow sailors*



NO-SWEAT

let the good times roll in colorful and trim workout togs

attire **By HOLLIS WAYNE**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BRUCE AYRES



Above left to right: The easy rider at the rear of our bicycle built for five is coasting home in the latest sweats that include a cotton/acrylic cardigan, by Union Bay Sportswear, \$30; cotton sweat shirt, \$35, plus sweat pants with side striping, \$35, both by Margan Ayres for Squash; cotton socks, by Calvin Klein, \$10; and leather workout boots, by Zadiac, about \$65. The fifth-in-command aboard the bike has on a striped cotton fleece-lined pullover, by Emanuel Ungara, about \$60; cotton/

polyester sweat pants, by Camp Beverly Hills, \$24.95; cotton boot socks, by Calvin Klein, \$10; and canvas-and-suede court shoes, by Brooks Shoe, \$24.95. (Those sporty shades on his forehead are by Carrera Sunglasses, \$39.50.) The next pedal pusher likes a cotton knit pullover, \$27, coupled with cotton knit drawstring pants with thigh zip pockets, \$28, both by Fresh Squeeze; cotton short-sleeved pullover, by Calvin Klein, \$26.50; and canvas high-top sneakers, by Converse,

SWEATS

WHEN GOD CREATED sweat clothes, He made them gray, because what else would be the color of sweat? And since it wasn't possible to suffer in style, anybody who was into staying fit took to the bike trails, jogging paths and exercise rooms in gear that had all the *élan* of a feed sack. Now the powers behind the fashion renaissance that brought cut, color and comfort to men's casual-wear have discovered that people who like to keep in shape aren't

necessarily masochistic about their workout clothes. Sweats tailored to fit have come out of the locker rooms and onto the streets. Yes, they have the feel of cotton but are toughened up with acrylic and polyester to give them more shape. All those peacocks in the park didn't escape from the zoo. They're just harbingers of fall's sweat-fashion shades, including dusty plum, teal and just about every other color in the rainbow. Smashing!



about \$21. Black is the color of the man in the middle's outfit; it includes a cotton/polyester crew-neck sweat shirt, \$42.50, plus cotton sweat shorts, \$34, cotton piqué knit shirt, \$32, and cotton/nylon socks, \$5, all by Calvin Klein; plus perforated-leather ankle boots, by Zodiac, about \$82. The next fellow is making his move in a sleeveless zip-front sweat shirt, about \$30, and a rugby-type shirt with elbow patches and a Velcro-closure placket, about \$33, both by NEXXI *bi ebe*; cotton/polyester

sweat pants, by Pierre Cardin, about \$38; Orlon/acrylic crew socks, by Henry Grethel for Camp Hosiery, \$5; and leather sneakers, by Zodiac, about \$68. The lucky lead-off man has on a cotton/Acrlan fleece baseball-type jacket with slash pockets, by Roué, \$55; boat-neck short-sleeved T-shirt, \$27.50, and cotton shorts, \$18, both from Todd 1 by Cris Rodriguez; crew socks, by Camp Hosiery, \$4; and nylon sneakers with suede trim, by Foot-Joy, \$31. (All the guys' watches are by Tourneau.)

TODAY'S NAVY

(continued from page 83)

"Don't let them get away with it, Mr. Trerice . . . there's too much brutality aboard that ship."

reply came a few days later:

We on Ranger want answers as badly as your message implies you do. . . . On 6 April 1981, Paul appeared . . . before the C.O. of [his squadron] for deserting an assigned watch. . . . Commander Baker awarded him 30 days' correctional custody . . . deferred until 11 April while the ship was in Hong Kong. In the interim, Paul was placed in restricted-liberty status. Between the sixth and the 11th of April, Paul violated his restriction . . . by leaving the ship without authority. The three days' bread and water awarded on . . . 11 April was a result of your son's refusal to participate in our retraining facility [Correctional Custody Unit]. This C.C.U. effort has nothing to do with the brig but is totally separate and is a group boot-camp-type effort. . . . Actually, your son was on bread and water only about 48 hours. It is mainly a period of time alone for a man to think and reconsider. . . .

The day of his death was preceded by eight hours' rest. He was awakened at 0500 reveille. Cleanup, breakfast and personnel inspection lasted until about 0730, at which time he and eight other trainees were taken up to the flight deck for routine one-hour jog/calisthenics period. Your son completed the required run but refused to do the exercises. The temp. was 78 and 75 percent humidity with five knots' wind. At present, it remains undetermined why he refused. . . . He was allowed to lay in a face-down reclining position for approx. 25 minutes while the others completed the exercise. After the exercise, they were all taken below to shower. The awardees, or trainees, are constantly supervised. Your son took a shower and then complained of earaches and numbness in his hands and asked to go to medical. While dressing . . . he became verbally abusive, combative and physically threatening to the C.C.U. supervisor. He was subdued and restrained by hands and forced to lay down, at which time his medical problem became apparent to all. Corpsmen were summoned immediately and resuscitation and C.P.R. were started. Two physicians . . . also participated in the effort to revive your son.

The main question unresolved is why a strong, physically fit, 21-year-

old man in apparent good health should die after limited exercise consisting of approx. 20 minutes of jogging under reasonable temperature and conditions. . . . I have asked for a toxicology report as part of the autopsy. I believe it would be inappropriate to speculate on possible drug or alcohol involvement in your son's death at this time. . . .

Bill reread the wire until he had it virtually memorized. But the more he read it, the more confused he became. *It would be inappropriate to speculate on possible drug or alcohol involvement in your son's death at this time.* If it were inappropriate, why bring it up? Besides, how could Paul have gotten high while being "constantly supervised" in both the C.C.U. and the brig? *He became verbally abusive, combative and physically threatening to the C.C.U. supervisor.* Paul had a big man's self-assurance. Although he wasn't Bill's natural son—Bill had adopted all three of Irene's children from a previous marriage when Paul was still an infant—the two men shared an imposing physical quality. And since he was the only father Paul had ever known, Bill had made it a point to teach his son an awareness of his size and strength that would allow him to walk away from a fight. If it were true that Paul had become belligerent, thought Bill, he must have been pushed beyond reason.

The next day, another message arrived, this one from the C.O. of Paul's squadron:

Those of us who knew Paul were stunned by his untimely death. . . . He was a warmhearted young man [who] got along well with the other men in his division. Paul came to the Navy because he wanted to do something good for himself and for his country. And he has. He was learning his job in the line division of our squadron. He had qualified himself as a designated plane captain, a level of professional achievement in his work that reflects a considerable personal effort by him. . . .

Bill felt only more confusion. One message subtly portrayed Paul as a malcontent who had been in trouble several times before his death. The other said he had been a good sailor who had received a deserved promotion.

Several days later, on Easter morning, Bill met Paul's body at Detroit Metropolitan Wayne County Airport. Larry Ramey, a 21-year-old friend of Paul's from the Ranger, had been asked to escort his body

home, which he had done through numerous plane changes and bureaucratic foul-ups beginning with his identifying the body amid the sea of corpses in the refrigerated body room at Clark Field in the Philippines. At one point, Ramey watched as a military mortician put his friend into uniform and dabbed some make-up onto his face. After the mortician pinned the Sea Service ribbon onto Paul's uniform, Ramey asked about his other ribbons. "They aren't on my chit, so I can't put 'em on," came the reply. Later, at the Algonac mortuary where Bill had arranged services for his son, Ramey took two ribbons—Navy Expeditionary and Navy Humanitarian—off his own chest and placed them on Paul's.

But if Bill Trerice had expected Ramey to put his mind at rest about the death of his son, he was mistaken. Over drinks at the local V.F.W. hall, Ramey stunned him with stories of physical abuse in the C.C.U.—rumors of sailors mistreated and even beaten by the Navy petty officers who served as so-called retraining escorts.

"Don't let them get away with it, Mr. Trerice," Ramey said. "There's too much brutality aboard that ship."

Thus urged on, Bill took his next step. Before Paul could be buried, he hired Dr. Werner Spitz, a respected pathologist and the chief medical examiner for nearby Wayne County, to do an autopsy. There was a certain amount of irony in Bill's choice—as deputy chief medical examiner in Maryland, Dr. Spitz had regularly trained military pathologists and often lectured at Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, D.C.

On April 19, 1981, Spitz began the autopsy. As he had expected, there were the unmistakable signs of a post-mortem conducted by the Navy in Subic Bay. He also found some serious external wounds—scratches, scrapes and bruises all over the body. But what was most suspicious was the extensive bruising on both wrists, indicating that Paul's hands had been manacled, apparently during some sort of violent struggle.

Next came the internal examination. Spitz made his incisions, pulled back the skin and discovered that all of Paul's internal organs—his heart, his stomach, his lungs, his brain, everything—were missing. Normal autopsy procedure called for organs to be removed and weighed and samples taken for toxicology, but they were usually returned to the body for burial. Based on information supplied by the Navy relating to the temperature of the body and the circumstances of death—which he had every reason to believe—Spitz agreed that Paul had died of a heatstroke.

Bill was shocked and distressed to learn that his son's body had been shipped home an empty shell. No toxicology reports were

(continued on page 186)

BERNARD and HUEY

HEY, DIG BERNARD.
MAKING OUT
LIKE A
BANDIT!

MAXINE, THIS IS MY
OLD FRIEND, HUEY.



YOU NEVER MADE OUT IN THE OLD DAYS.
WHAT'S HIS SECRET, SUGAR?

BERNARD'S
MY
TYPE.



TELL ME ABOUT IT.
WHAT
TYPE?

WOODY
ALLEN.



WOODY ALLEN?
I'M NOT LIKE
WOODY ALLEN!

YOU'RE
JUST AS
CUTE.



WRONG! ITS ALIE!
ITS A LIE! ITS A LIE!

SEE?
COULDN'T
YOU JUST
EAT HIM
ALIVE?



WHY DO THEY KEEP
SAYING THAT ABOUT
ME... I REMIND
THEM OF
WOODY
ALLEN?

SO I REMIND THEM
OF SYLVESTER
STALLONE. WHATEVER
WORKS, BABY,
GO FOR IT!



JULIUS PERREZ

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

article

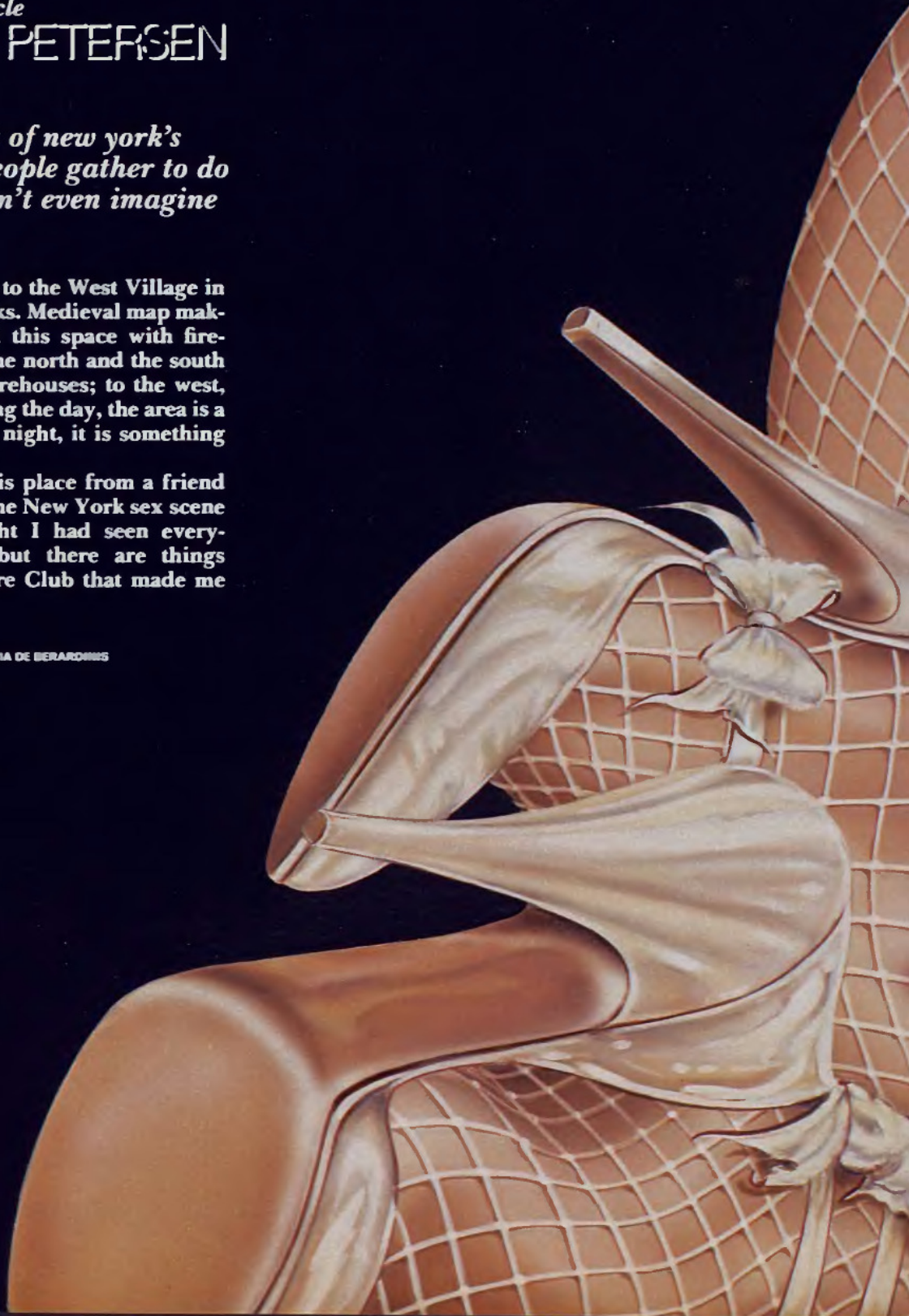
BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

*in the dim light of new york's
public-sex scene, people gather to do
things that you can't even imagine*

IT BEGINS with a taxi ride to the West Village in Manhattan, near the docks. Medieval map makers would have marked this space with fire-breathing dragons. To the north and the south are wide streets and warehouses; to the west, the Hudson River. During the day, the area is a center of commerce. At night, it is something else again.

I have heard about this place from a friend who has been covering the New York sex scene for 20 years. "I thought I had seen everything," he told me, "but there are things happening at the Hellfire Club that made me

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS





nervous. There is one room . . . I couldn't stay in there for more than a minute. You're on your own. I won't go back."

I study the triangular building that fills the block at the intersection of 13th Street and Ninth Avenue. The ground floor is a leather bar. One of the patrons sizes me up and points me toward a narrow staircase. At the bottom of the stairs, I encounter a mountain wearing spiked wrist gauntlets and a leather vest—the bouncer. He is busy showing Polaroids of his last orgy to a woman in spiked heels and a leather push-up bra. I glance at her exposed breasts, her wasp-waisted corset. I pay the \$15 admission and sign a waiver that says I am not a cop or a prosecutor, that I will not gamble or use drugs. I push through beaded curtains and enter the club.

The room is like a cavernous basement rec room, with a low ceiling and black cinder-block walls illuminated by red, blue and green light bulbs. Benches and tables line one wall. A man sits at a table halfway down the wall, fashioning leather and chrome into S/M regalia. A bare-breasted woman stands next to him. A chain runs from her wrist to a collar around the neck of a middle-aged man; he is silent, house-broken. From behind a square bar, a stark-naked male serves drinks in plastic cups. Beyond the bar is a steel frame with manacles—unoccupied. At the far end of the room is a disc-jockey booth. Over the sound system, Elvis is singing *Don't Be Cruel*.

I examine the crowd. A pudgy man walks by, wearing a ski mask, a tutu and gold-lamé ballet slippers. A chain runs from his neck to his scrotum, circling his genitals. My guess is, he didn't ride the bus dressed like that. He is so ridiculous that I suddenly feel safe. Another guy walks by, wearing a sweat shirt, red socks and loafers—nothing else. In the corner, someone is jerking off. If we all knew how silly it looked, we probably wouldn't do it. He doesn't seem to care. I notice a girl standing alone in the middle of the floor. She is world class, a model or a groupie. She is clad in a black T-shirt that is ripped down the back. Tiny chains hold the pieces together. I make out the message that was silk-screened on the back: ONLY AN ANIMAL COULD UNDERSTAND.

The room is charged with the feeling that something is about to happen. I go on patrol down a corridor and into a back room. It is a labyrinth of stalls, cubicles, partitions. I am acutely aware of thighs and buttocks, sweaty torsos. Spectators stand shoulder to shoulder near the back wall, rigid, enigmatic. They look like carrion birds waiting to snatch a shred of sustenance. I look over their shoulders at a woman who is sitting on the lap of a white-haired man who looks like Archie Bunker. She is young; he isn't. She is sucking the cock of one of the strangers in the crowd. A circle of men stand, stroking themselves,

waiting for their turn. Nothing registers on the face of the man in the chair as he watches the erect penis move in and out of his companion's mouth. I move away.

Someone notices my baffled expression and comes to the rescue: "For two months, they've been coming here. She sits on his lap and sucks off whoever gets there first. He watches." Well, I thought, that explains everything.

There is no room left in the circle of spectators, so a restless young boy goes around to the side of the partition, unzips his pants and pushes his erection through an opening. It's called a glory hole. The woman looks at the offering without apparent interest. A man in the crowd kneels down and takes it into his mouth. I wonder if the guy on the other side knows that the mouth is a man's, not a woman's. I wonder if it matters. He is offering up his excitement, pure and simple, trusting the strangers on the other side. When you think of it, the man who penetrates a new acquaintance on a one-night stand isn't doing anything much different. What do we ever know about the person on the other side of the partition? There is trust; the rest is friction.

I try to make sense of what's going on. I study a middle-aged man supine on a saddle suspended by four chains. He is naked from the waist down, lying with his legs raised, offering his ass to all takers. No one accepts, but he doesn't seem to mind. He is content to lie there exposed, his need on display. On the other side of the room, a muscular black slowly rubs oil over his body. In an alcove, a young boy kneels before his boyfriend and fumbles with a zipper. A bystander urges me to take a look. "You don't see this every day," he says. He presses his eye to a chink in the cinder block and watches.

It is clear that the crowd consists of two kinds of people: the spectators and the performers. There are those who come to present the pure form of their desire, without apology or pretense. For them, the presence of an audience contributes to the excitement. Their ability to respond to one another in front of a crowd of strangers seems to be a declaration. They can achieve that private space against all odds. The observers are something else. They cannot participate; they can only watch. They are no different from the fans who jam stadiums to watch athletes do what they can't do themselves. The room seems to offer a choice: Are you spectator or participant?

I sit down on a folding chair next to a small, clean-featured girl in a red running suit. She seems out of place, almost too healthy for the Hellfire Club. The phrase "What's a nice girl like you . . . ?" is dangerously close to being spoken. I look away. When I look back, I notice that she has removed the suit, folded it carefully, placed it on the chair and sat down. She

wears a leather collar and the thin silk outline of a halter top. The black cords accent her breasts, which happen to be perfect, alive with surface tension, the best in the room. I realize that I could be dominated by breasts like those for months at a time. My guess is she *did* ride the bus like that. For the rest of my stay in New York, I will look with new awareness at every jogger, knowing that under the sweat shirt may be a dominatrix, someone into whips and chains.

Before I can make a fool of myself, my attention is drawn to a couple on my other side. A preppie tries to pick up a similarly straight lady. "Are you into S/M? Are you submissive? Most of the women who come here are into domination. It's hard to find someone submissive. By any chance, do you like to be spanked? My name is Fred. I like to sky-dive and drive my Mercedes fast." Scratch the surface and this is just another singles bar.

I look around the room. The girl in the ripped T-shirt is talking with a tall, long-haired man who looks like a philosophy professor from a community college. The girl with the red running suit and the perfect breasts is still sitting against the wall, next to me. The room still seems charged with the energy of something about to happen. It is three o'clock in the morning. I leave for my hotel. I am out of my league. I can describe what I have seen, but I can't yet explain it. This is going to be an interesting week.

My mission is simple: Take a stroll along the sexual frontier, spend five days on the S/M scene in New York and come back alive. It's the kind of assignment I can't turn down. Years ago, Richard Halliburton could swim the Dardanelles or spend a night at the Taj Mahal and write an article that took readers to a new world. Nowadays, the best adventure stories are sexual. A few months ago, I discovered a series of ads for S/M clubs in a New York tabloid, and when I showed them to my editor, he said, "Go." Easy for him to say.

In the past five years, I have visited Plato's Retreat, massage parlors, topless/bottomless bars—all on assignment. Those places were a piece of cake. When you walk into a room where 200 people are fucking, the article writes itself. An orgy is mainly heterosexual; it's just normal sex performed en masse. I wasn't so sure about S/M clubs. I wasn't sure how I'd react.

I decide to warm up with the basics, spending an evening on a tour of the live sex shows around Times Square. I begin at a three-story maze of flashing lights and carnival signs called Show World Center. A barker sits, like Oz, behind a curtain, whispering invitations into a microphone: "This way to the live sex shows; this way to the X-rated movies."

(continued on page 167)

BEER CHIC

*the english author
of "the world guide
to beer" shares his latest
discoveries in supersuds*

drink
By MICHAEL JACKSON

THE TRULY discriminating drinker, who is no stranger to champagne for breakfast, a midmorning gin fizz or an aperitif before lunch, has a natural affinity with beer. He is eclectic and cosmopolitan, and so is beer. Only now are its secrets and its diversity being revealed. Having been overshadowed far too long by the strutting Latin and Gallic hauteur afforded to wine, beer has escaped from its own Teutonic dourness to proclaim its eclecticism and its cosmopolitanism on the world's stage. The new blossoming of beer is a phenomenon in many Western countries, including such traditional homelands as Germany, Holland and Great Britain. Even in the United States, the established malty favorites (continued on page 164)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE JORDANO



*with natives like carina,
sweden should be billed as the
land of the midnight sun*

FIRST PERSSON SINGULAR

CARINA PERSSON was here. We know because we have the pictures. The restless Swede *did* deplane in L.A. on her way home to Colorado from New Zealand, where she had flown from Tahiti, where she had flown from Hawaii. It was a rainy day in Los Angeles and she shivered like a bird too early for spring.

When she found a friendly fireplace, Carina warmed and talked. "One of the main reasons I started to travel was to get away from cold winters. In Sweden, the winters are long. People get depressed because it is always gray. There is too much rain and too much gray. It stays gray for weeks and weeks and weeks."

She wasn't despairing, just remembering. Carina is strong. She has been on her own since she (text continued on page 96)



"Sometimes it's not good to be as quiet as I am," says Sweden's Carina Persson, "because people get frustrated with me. They want to get to know me faster, but it takes a long time with me. They have to be patient, but sometimes they don't like waiting."

On a sunny day in Southern California, Carina enjoys the warmth of Santa Monica beach with a new-found friend and temporary roommate at Playboy Mansion West, Angie Gillis. Both (below) avoid the middleman in a beach photo booth.





"People aren't as sexually liberated in Sweden as you think they are. They do have a lot of fun. And maybe it's not so strange there to have more than one man. And maybe people don't care so much if they have clothes on or not."



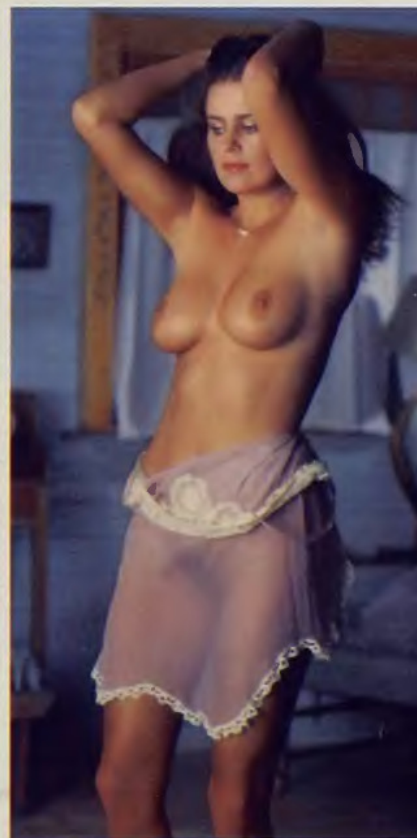


left school and family at 17 to make a home for herself in the Swedish countryside outside her childhood home of Hälsingborg. There she fell in love with nature and self-sufficiency. "I think that people are sometimes too dependent on society. There may be times when you need to take care of yourself, and it's a good feeling to know that you're able to."

Carina, currently based in Boulder, Colorado, is a missionary of sorts. A missionary of the earth. She speaks softly—so softly you have to pay attention. She does not babble. The English language is strange to her. She hasn't the facility to waste words.

"People get sterile in the big cities; everything gets sterile. It loses its life. The more money people have, the more life is lost. Sterile? I don't have many words. I wish I knew a different word. Square. No personality. People should put some fantasy into things."

Her father rebuilds pianos. Carina could, too, if she wanted to. But right now, she wants to travel



"A man doesn't have to be attractive if he has an attractive personality. I like a man who can make me laugh. But I also want a man who isn't afraid to communicate. His age doesn't matter."





and read and paint: "Children, mostly, out in nature. I would like to adopt some children someday. From India or Africa—because that's where they're really suffering." Carina is a serious person. Still, she loves to laugh, to drink champagne, to listen to music. She'll sing Swedish folk songs for you in her tiny, tremulous voice. She will play with you, but she is no plaything. Her concerns are genuine and important to her. She wants her life to have meaning. "I see, when I travel, how people live and whether or not they are happy with the way they live. It's another way of learning for me. I want to translate books. I think that would help people. If I could help



people read more good books. . . ." Carina trails off. There is just too much to do. "But I think a lot of things are starting to happen. People are starting to think about other things besides making money. They get together and do art. They paint the cities. Help save the old houses. Put more parks in the cities. . . ." The thought makes her happy. She sighs deeply and relaxes. "I just think too much sometimes, I guess."

"People talk to you more in the States. They're easier to get in contact with. In Sweden in the summertime, people open up a little bit, but they're still not nearly as open as Americans are."



"I like to experiment with sex, to feel my way along in finding out what the other person likes and to show him what I like. For instance, I usually like sex in the evening, but my boyfriends have usually liked it in the morning. So we often compromise and make love in the middle of the day." Here's to love in the afternoon.





MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Georganne Lerman

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Carina Persson
BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 100
BIRTH DATE: 6-14-58 BIRTHPLACE: Stockholm, Sweden
AMBITIONS: To be a loving and clear-minded person and do as much good as possible in the world
TURN-ONS: Love, learning, growing, helping, health, nature, music, dancing
TURN-OFFS: Cruelty, ignorance, boredom
HOBBIES: Traveling, reading, illustrating, translating, handcrafts
FAVORITE AUTHORS: Isaac Asimov, H.D. Thoreau, Shakespeare, J.R.R. Tolkien
FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Stevie Wonder, Fleetwood Mac, Frank Zappa, Paul Winter, E. Grieg, J. Sibelius, Björn J:son Lindh, Sally Oldfield, Van Morrison
FAVORITE TV SHOWS: "M.A.S.H.", "Roots", "Kung Fu", "Life on Earth", "Jacques Cousteau", "Believe It or Not", "Candid Camera"
FAVORITE CENTURY, AND WHY? This one, because incredible changes are taking place



1 year old - the Queen on her throne



11 yrs. - the first photo to hand out to boyfriends



At 21 - with my friend "Figgel", (meaning "Trickster") - always wanted to be a "Playdog"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A woman who had taken a part-time job to help make ends meet refused to tell her husband just what her work was. While she was away from home one Saturday afternoon, her husband took their young daughter to the supermarket and asked her what brand of cereal he should buy.

"I still like Cheerios," piped the youngster, "but the other day, I heard Mommy say on the phone that now she's eating something called Trix."

Maybe you've heard about the tourist who didn't have \$40 to see the Broadway musical *Cats*—and so had to settle for some off-Broadway pussy for \$25.



The madam had assembled her girls for inspection by the first client of the evening. "This is Dolores," she smiled, "for \$200, including a bath with her. Connie here, who has rigged up an Oriental swing upstairs, goes for \$225. Lovely Anna Marie," she continued, "can be yours for a mere \$250 for both straight and around the world. And if you take a fancy to tantalizing Jenny there, who has a unique range of talents—"

"Just a minute," gulped the man. "Don't you have any generic lays?"

*Since my sex is bisex," cried Casey,
"I've chosen a city that's racy!*

*With its either-or zest,
I get letters addressed
To WASHINGTON, D.C. AND A.C.!"*

The latest refreshment novelty at rural fairs is a phallus-shaped scoop of ice cream—in other words, a corn-pone porn cone.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Tulsa fag* as an Oklahomo.

Kenny," said the teacher, "do you happen to know what the word paranoia means?"

"It's not a word, Miss Hooper," answered the youth. "It's several words."

"Whatever do you mean by that?"
"It's, like," grinned Kenny, "when a well-endowed waitress in a topless restaurant reaches right in front of a man to remove a plate and says, 'Pardon me, sir, but does my paranoia?'"

A new sex club in New York City with a policy of admitting unescorted females who are real dogs is called Pluto's Retreat.

If you wake up during the night while we're on our honeymoon and want to have sex," the deaf groom told his bride, "just reach over and pull on my organ once or twice. On the other hand," he added, "if you don't feel like having sex, pull on it 40 or 50 times."

*With Robert, her boyfriend, Miss Cobb
Would nod when engaged in a job.*

*It was wrongfully said
She was bobbing her head,
When she really was heading her Bob.*

X-rated intelligence: A skin flick originally called *Flaming Young Virgins* has been retitled *Cherryettes of Fire*.

And here," the Pompeii-ruins guide pointed to the tour group, "we have a young couple petrified by lava in the very act of making love. A truly horrible way to die," he added musingly, "but a great way to spend eternity!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *male chastity belt* as a meat locker.



Sally Meiman

*Wyatt Earp chewed tobacco—the clod!—
Which conduced to a habit quite odd:*

*When he popped out his chew
While he practiced his draw,
It was clear he'd be shooting his wad!*

Just what is it you intend to do with this artificial vagina, sir?" inquired the sex-shop proprietor.

"I really don't think that's any of your business!" snapped the customer.

"Look, friend, I'm just trying to be helpful," countered the dealer in devices. "I don't have to charge you sales tax if it's a food item."

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.



"It's a beautiful honeymoon, dear, but I still miss my vibrator."

TIMOTHY HUTTON HAS GROWING PAINS

personality **By BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON**

*the trouble with real life is,
you've got to write your own script*



hallman.

TIMOTHY HUTTON is a honey bunch.

The reedy 6'1" actor with the clear, urgent blue eyes is 22—just two years older than my own son—and I am, give or take a year, the age of his mother; so there is almost certainly no lack of propriety, and absolutely no danger to either of us, in my rubbing his stiff neck and his bronchial-sore back while he reclines in his suite at The Sherry-Netherland. I have a feeling that the girl in his bedroom, a starlet named Joyce, may not agree. She answers the phone, which rings incessantly, in a sharp, vexed voice while Tim tells me his holiday plans: It is December 16 and there is a 12-foot-tall Christmas tree, as yet undecorated, in the living

room of the suite. Strwn all over are Joyce's suitcases, from which spill roller skates, ice skates, a child's stuffed animals, red heart-shaped satin pillows, campy thrift-shop clothes. Tim's holiday plans include Joyce and, "Oh, boy, eggnog" and long walks in the city; and, tonight—bronchitis or no bronchitis—a special screening of *Airplane II* for his pals.

This is my last visit with him, a preholiday hail and farewell; we exchange tokens. Joyce smiles at me tepidly, definitely a *pro forma* smile; she gives Tim a fiercely proprietorial glance. He is dressed in jeans and a denim work shirt and might be just any (continued on page 172)



THE SHUTTLE TO SHORT WAVE

*a star cluster of stellar receivers for
international eavesdropping*

modern living By DANNY GOODMAN

IF E.T. HAD TUNED in to Earth's short-wave-radio spectrum instead of landing in a California suburb, he could have learned everything he needed to know about our planet and avoided all the mess. While he was busy collecting samples of bushes, the British Broadcasting Company was broadcasting an intelligent overview of world events. Radio Moscow was interviewing a Soviet scientist in English on a



Our galaxy of identified supersonic flying objects includes (clockwise from ten): An IC-R70 30-band short-wave receiver designed to minimize interference, by ICOM America, \$750. Panasonic's RF-3100, a 31-band portable, from Spectronics, Oak Park, Illinois, \$370. Next, an R-2000 model that can automatically scan 30 bands and pick up specific broadcasts, by Trio-Kenwood Communications, \$600. Above right of the R-2000: Sony's CRF-1 is a sophisticated portable that sweeps short-, medium- and long-wave bands and has a removable power pack, \$1795. Next to it: General Electric's 7-2990 World Monitor,

a four-band portable, plus AM and FM, \$235. Below it: Panasonic's incredible RF-9000, featuring a programmable micro-computer that scans all bands and can be preset for up to seven days, plus much more, from Federal TV, Chicago, \$3800. The AL999 picks up nine bands (five short wave) and has three aerials, by Magnavox, \$300. Yaesu's FRG-7700 receiver covers the low-, medium- and high-frequency bands and has a clock-timer, \$698, including a memory module. In our spaced-out spaceman's hand is a nine-band (seven short wave, plus AM/FM) ICF-7600A portable receiver, by Sony, about \$160.

biological breakthrough and Radio Australia was sending out musical sounds recorded earlier that day in a pub. To tap into that living library, earthlings have their choice of about two dozen new, consumer-oriented short-wave receivers on the market. Some are small enough to get lost in a suitcase and many—both portable and desktop models—sport sophisticated features adapted from expensive receivers that only Government agencies can afford. But today, the consumer versions are sensitive, relatively inexpensive and easier to use than a lot of the stereo gear on the market.

At last count, broadcasters in nearly 40 nations on all continents except Antarctica beamed commercial-free English-language programs to North America. Most transmissions are scheduled in the evening (roughly the prime-time TV hours), with several also set for the morning. A few stations, notably Radio Canada International and the BBC, are clearly audible throughout most of the day.

Practically all stations are operated or funded by the host countries and are, of course, frequently used for political purposes. But the programing that finally tumbles into your receiver is a fascinating mixture of cultural information, music and news, all of which is attracting a growing audience of American short-wave listeners.

International broadcasters take up only part of the spectrum. The short-wave bands also hold thousands of utility stations—international airline voice communications, radioteletype press wires, Morse-code and voice ship-to-shore contacts, amateur-radio conversations and plenty of Government and military communications. While truly high-level material is coded or scrambled, there is plenty on which to eavesdrop that is not.

Any of several publications provide all the information you need to tune in the world. The *World Radio TV Handbook*, published annually by Billboard Publications, is a guide to nearly every broadcasting station in the world, with full schedules of all services. Utility stations are well indexed in Oliver P. Ferrell's *Confidential Frequency List* (available from Gilfer Shortwave, P.O. Box 239, Park Ridge, New Jersey 07656).

In selecting a receiver, remember that the number of short-wave tuning segments (labeled SW1, SW2, etc.) selected by a radio's band switch is not as critical a specification as is the unit's frequency coverage. Radios should be able to tune in at least 15.5 megahertz (MHz) and preferably as high as 30 MHz to assure coverage of all world-wide broadcasting, utility and amateur-radio stations.

Perhaps the most important improvement made in short-wave receivers over the past few years has been in the tuning, specifically in the ability to dial a remote

frequency. By international agreement, most broadcasting is confined to several frequency bands, each about half the size of the familiar AM radio band, equivalent to 550–1000 on your radio dial. When a band is active in the evening, there may be stations spotted every ten kilohertz (kHz) instead of the 30 or 40 kHz you're accustomed to on AM. You can see the problem with multiband radio tuning scales that shrink the bands to as small as a quarter inch on the dial. There's no way to tell if you're on 600 or 800 kHz.

The good news is that digital dials and wide short-wave tuning-band spreads on the new radios have all but eliminated this problem. With a digital dial, simply look up the frequency in the schedule and twiddle the tuning knob or push a few buttons until the readout numbers match. Several models also have presettable memories and automatic band scanning. The short-wave band-spread models stretch out each band with enough dial markings to help you zero in on your target frequency, as you would on any AM or FM radio with a traditional slide-rule dial.

Antennas are no longer a problem, either. Portables optimized for short-wave reception come equipped with telescoping whip antennas that do an adequate job of pulling in most of the major stations. Performance of better receivers can be improved by an amplified indoor antenna such as MFJ Enterprises' Model 1020 (\$80) active antenna, which is powerful, unobtrusive and requires no fancy installation. That same model can also be used with excellent results on desktop radios, all of which require some kind of external antenna. Compact outdoor antennas strengthen the signals reaching your receiver. The vertical MFJ Model 1024 (\$130) and the horizontal Datong AD-370 (\$150, from Gilfer Shortwave) will do the job, depending on your space restrictions.

Portable receivers have come a long way in meeting the needs of both experienced and first-time short-wave listeners. Miniaturization brings the Sony ICR-4800 (\$90) down to shirt-pocket size, yet it tunes in standard AM and five of the most popular short-wave bands in widely spread tuning-dial ranges. Falkland Islanders last year would have welcomed that concealable eight-ounce wonder when the Argentine forces confiscated radios capable of tuning in the outside world. The Sony ICF-7600A (about \$160) is a bit larger but still compact enough for travel. The model adds FM and two more short-wave bands, including the 13-meter band (21.45–21.75 MHz), on which a number of daytime English programs not necessarily directed to North America are audible.

About the same size is Panasonic's RF-085 (\$90), a surprisingly sensitive little receiver. While the tuner-section performance has been peaked for short-wave sensitivity, the tuning dial covers 2.3 to 18.0

MHz in only three segments, which makes dialing a specific frequency difficult. But the RF-085 is a good travel radio for more experienced listeners who can tune in by ear, recognizing audio and program characteristics of favorite stations without accurate frequency readout.

Digital display is the outstanding feature of a number of battery-operated portable receivers with built-in A.C. power supplies. Most also have a beat-frequency oscillator that allows you to hear Morse and teletype signals as well as voice signals from hams, ship-to-shore telephones, aircraft, etc.

The General Electric 7-2990 World Monitor (\$235) presents both a slide-rule and a digital display. When you're using batteries, the display can be switched off to conserve power. A Panasonic digital, the RF-3100 (\$370), has a very stable PLL (phased-lock loop) quartz-synthesized tuner covering all short-wave bands and AM and FM.

Magnavox offers the jet-black AL999 (\$300), which features a unique touch-sensitive tuning dial. (As soon as you reach for the knob to retune the receiver, the large LCD readout switches automatically from displaying the time to displaying the frequency.) And one of the most professional-quality portables we've seen is the \$1795 Sony CRF-1. Although the two-step digital-tuning method may take some getting used to, the CRF-1's weak-signal sensitivity is extraordinary.

The same kind of microprocessors that go into a stereo tuner's auto-scanning and preset-memory functions now are being incorporated into short-wave portables. Sony was the first in moderately priced push-button receivers with the ICF-2001 (\$350), a popular radio among dedicated short-wave hobbyists. The slim, four-pound set tunes in FM and one big chunk of radio spectrum (.150–30 MHz) that includes AM, long wave (a local broadcast band in Europe; a weather/navigation beacon band in the U.S.) and the complete short-wave spectrum. And there is even a sleep timer if you want the radio to shut off once you're lulled to sleep by voices from afar.

Other top receivers include the Magnavox D-2924 (\$180), Panasonic's digital RF-799 (\$300) and its RF-9000. The last is a \$3800 portable that is also the finest-performing computer-controlled, battery-operable receiver you can buy, provided you're not intimidated by 90 front-panel push buttons. There is a conventional tuning knob, plus direct-access keyboard tuning and 15 memories. You also have the facility for programming your listening times and frequencies up to seven days in advance. The radio's computer does the rest. You just listen.

Several excellent values in desktop short-wave sets, more often called general-coverage or communications receivers, can
(concluded on page 151)

THE ART OF SEX

welcome to the erotic masterpieces of "the blue book"

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT it was numbing to traipse through another art gallery, here's a show of erotic fantasies by some of the world's most successful artists. The illustrations in this mini-exhibit are from *The Blue Book*, distributed by Grove Press, New York. Longtime PLAYBOY readers will recognize in the book the styles of Lau Brooks, Dennis Mukai,

Robert Grassman, Katsu Yoshida, Jean-Paul Goude, Andy Warhol, Mel Ramos and Allen Jones. The point of the collection is to underscore the fact that when artists think about sex, they're not always wearing straight faces. And no wonder. Sex doesn't always happen between samber people. There's often a lot of smiling going on. And



Lips • Yosuke Ohnishi



Erotech Glutius Minamus • Zox

who is obviously undaunted by the stress required to accomplish the self-absorption she seeks so passionately. Why do whirling red shoes seem appropriate to a particular torso? Or a hand interrupting an otherwise placid still life? These artists let us in on their unique secrets and, in the process, they help us create our own.



Latex Lucy • Dennis Mukai

there's even more of it going on in our fantasy lives. Consider the not-so-irrational appeal of really big red lips. You know, wet ones. They set the mind to working. As does a close-cropped view of a wonderfully feminine backside streaked by sunlight and shadowed by Venetian blinds. Or a ballerina



Untitled • J. P. Goude



Red Shoes • Katsu Yoshida



Not Quite So Still Life • Marvin Mattelson



20 QUESTIONS: JAN STEPHENSON

the most imposing figure on the links defends her marriages, blasts her critics and explains why golfers make better lovers

Robert Crane cornered the constantly touring Jan Stephenson at her home in Fort Worth, Texas. He reports: "Besides being one of the top money earners on the women's golf tour, Jan is the sexiest woman athlete in professional sports. She reminds me of an Olivia Newton-John—only made out of bricks. To clear up an image problem in her native Australia, Jan had a television crew film a portion of our interview as part of a special to be televised back home. I think she's afraid of becoming too Americanized."

1.

PLAYBOY: You could be a model or an actress. Why are you golfing?

STEPHENSON: There are millions of pretty girls and great actresses, but it's very difficult to be a top golfer. It's so disciplined and I'm so emotional. Most of the people who do well in golf do so because they're not emotional. They're boring people. It's such a challenge for me to control myself.

And there's nothing in the world like winning a tournament. That's what it's all for. It happens so rarely; the game is handling the fact you get defeated most of the time. So, when I finally succeed, I get goose bumps. It's the greatest.

2.

PLAYBOY: If you hadn't made it to the pro golf circuit, what would you be doing?

STEPHENSON: I'd be a dance teacher. I love to sweat and heave and breathe and hurt and burn and get dirty. I've done something physical all my life. When I was seven years old, my dad wanted me to be an Olympic swimmer. I would train until I hurt. When I was eight and a half, he decided he wanted me to be a tennis player. I hated it. When I got to golf, at least I could do it at my own pace and I was my own boss. A lot of people are amazed at how hard I work out. There's something good about getting all dirty and grimy and nasty and then showering; you feel twice as clean.

3.

PLAYBOY: Are you a bad loser?

STEPHENSON: Yeah. But golf has made me grow up. I used to be very immature. I was a big star in Australia; I always won and I was really obnoxious about it. When I came over here, I was a nobody, and it took me a long time to get to the top. I was so convinced I would win the world championship last year. But I finished second,

made \$26,000 and was miserable. I cry a lot. If I have a bad round, I'll burst out crying. If I'm not in contention, I hate it.

4.

PLAYBOY: What is the reaction among fellow golfers to your off-the-links activities?

STEPHENSON: I'm very misunderstood. I do so much promotion and press for tournaments and for the Ladies Professional Golf Association. Anything I do, even for myself, is helping the L.P.G.A., as far as I'm concerned, and a lot of the girls don't see that. Actually, it's much tougher to do the promotions and the glamor part than just to play golf. I would love to be able to play and have nobody bother me.

5.

PLAYBOY: Does flaunting your sexiness get in the way of your credibility as an athlete?

STEPHENSON: Last year, I rebelled and wore pants on tour. People were complaining that they weren't seeing my legs, but I thought they might realize that I'm a golfer—before anything else. When nobody knew me, I wore tiny tank tops and short shorts. When I got to be known as a golfer, I stopped that. Now it doesn't matter.

6.

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with the women's movement?

STEPHENSON: I get a lot of negative mail from women. But no one is more independent than I am. Nobody is as much a boss of his career as I am. I would love to have somebody open my door all the time. Normally, I'll be renting a car at two in the morning going to some little town to do an exhibition the next morning and there will be no one to help me with my bags and I'll have to walk across a dark parking lot. As soon as there's a man around, I forget how to open the door really quickly.

7.

PLAYBOY: Which male golfers can you beat?

STEPHENSON: There's no comparison between male and female athletes—period. If you put us on the same tees, any male player on the tour could out-drive me, because power is so important. If we hit the same irons to the green, I think I could beat them all. Tom Watson's a fantastic putter, and putting is probably the worst part of my game. I work so hard from tee to green, I don't have the hours to

spend on the green. When I came over here, I was such a good putter and had such a bad long game. I've overcorrected. But if we all hit five irons in to the green, I'd beat them every time.

8.

PLAYBOY: How do male golf groupies approach you on and off the course?

STEPHENSON: Off the course, men will interrupt my dinner and ask if I'll have a drink with them. There's no way. Often, they'll tell me off. They think I'm a bitch. It's just that my private time is very important and I'm really a very private person.

On the course, I love the attention. It annoys the girls a lot. It helped me in a tournament last year in Hershey, Pennsylvania. I started about five shots back on Sunday. I bogeyed the first two holes. I had been putting badly all week, but then I made a 30-footer downhill for a birdie. The next hole, I two-putted for another birdie. Later, I made a 15-footer for yet another birdie. A lot of the guys in the gallery started screaming, "You're going to win. We know you can win. Please birdie." My galleries seem to be getting louder and louder. The guys coming out are younger and younger, and half of them don't know anything about golf. They get drunk, and by the fifth hole, they're loud and obnoxious. I love it. They scream, "We love you." Anyway, they convinced me I was going to win the tournament, and I did.

One guy wanted to get to know me so badly that he told everyone that we were secretly married and I didn't want anyone to know. He's crazy. He's not allowed to come on the golf course anymore.

Another guy left me a wedding bouquet in my locker with a note saying, "Please meet me at the church at 9:30 in the morning." All the girls loved that. On the Sunday of the tournament, he showed up dressed in white and carried a bouquet of white flowers all around the golf course. How embarrassing!

9.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had sex on a golf course?

STEPHENSON: [Long pause] No. I wonder why not; maybe because it's my office. I love to do things that are exciting and different. I've had sex in a lot of places. I wouldn't want to have it in the bunker, because of (continued on page 182)

it looked
like an ordinary
piece of junk mail
to joe, but
he was wrong

SEED CATALOG—toss; Acme flier—keep for Mary; *Sports Illustrated*—keep; phone bill, electric bill, gas bill—keep, keep, keep. Damn it. Subscription-renewal notice to *Snoop*—toss. . . .

Joe Priddy tossed, but the envelope landed face up, balanced on the edge of the wastebasket. He was about to tip it in when he noticed the words PERSONAL MESSAGE INSIDE on the lower-left front.

Personal, my ass, he thought, but he picked it up and read it.

Dear Mr. Priddy,

We have not yet received your subscription renewal to SNOOP, the Magazine of Electronic and Personal Surveillance. We trust that, after having been a loyal subscriber for 9 months, you will renew your subscription so that we may continue to send SNOOP to you at 19 Merrydale Drive.

We do not have to remind you, Mr. Priddy, of the constant changes in surveillance technology and techniques. We are sure that in your own town of Sidewheel, NY, you have seen the consequences for yourself. So keep up to date on the latest in surveillance, Mr. Priddy, by sending \$11.95 in the enclosed postpaid envelope today. As one involved and/or interested in the field of law enforcement, you cannot afford to be without SNOOP, Mr. Priddy.

Best regards,

David Michaelson

Subscription Director

P.S.: If you choose not to resubscribe, Mr. Priddy, would you please take a moment and tell us why, using the enclosed postpaid envelope? Thank you, Mr. Priddy.

Joe shook his head. Who did they think they were fooling? "Priddy," said Joe to himself. "Jesus."

Mary's brother Hank had given Joe the subscription to *Snoop* for his birthday. "As a joke," he'd said, winking at Joe lasciviously, a reference to the evening he and Hank had watched the Quincy girl undress in the apartment across the courtyard with the aid of Joe's binoculars. It had taken some imagination to satisfy Mary's curiosity about Hank's joke, and

Joe still felt uncomfortable each time *Snoop* hit his mailbox. And now they wanted him to resubscribe?

He was about to toss the letter again when he thought about the P.S. "Tell us why." Maybe he'd do just that. It would get all his feelings about *Snoop* out of his system to let them know just how he felt about their "personal message."

Dear MR. MICHELSON,

I have chosen *not* to resubscribe to SNOOP after having received it for 9 MONTHS because I am sick and tired of computer-typed messages that try to appear personal. I would much rather receive an honest request to "Dear Subscriber" than the phony garbage that keeps turning up in my mailbox. So do us both a favor and don't send any more subscription-renewal notices to me at 19 MERRYDALE DRIVE in my lovely town of SIDEWHEEL, NY. OK?

Worst regards,

Joseph H. Priddy

P.S.: And it's *Priddy*, not Priddy. Teach your word processor to spell.

Joe pulled the page out of the typewriter and stuffed it into the postpaid envelope.

Two weeks later, he received another subscription-renewal notice. As before, PERSONAL MESSAGE INSIDE was printed on the envelope. He was about to throw it away without opening it when he noticed that his name was spelled correctly. "Small favors," he muttered, sitting on the couch with Mary and tearing the envelope open. Could they, he wondered, be responding to his letter?

Dear Mr. Priddy,

Christ, another word-processor job. . . . At least they got the name right. . . .

We received your recent letter and are sorry that you have chosen not to resubscribe to SNOOP, the Magazine of Electronic and Personal Surveillance. We hope, however, that you will reconsider, for if you resubscribe now at the low price of \$427.85 for the next nine issues

\$427.85? What the hell? What happened to \$11.95?

we will be able to continue your subscription uninterrupted, bringing you all the latest news and updates on surveillance technology and techniques. And in today's world, Mr. Priddy, such knowledge should not be taken lightly. You'll learn techniques similar to those that led New York City law-enforcement officials to the biggest heroin bust in history, that told members of the FBI of a plan to overthrow the state government of Montana by force, that alerted us to your own four-month affair with Rayette Squires.

Wha— Joe could feel the blood leave his face.

You'll get tips on photographic surveillance, as well, and learn techniques that will let your own efforts equal that of the enclosed 2 by 2 showing you and Miss Squires at The Sidewheel Motel in the lovely town of Sidewheel, NY.

Joe dove for the envelope, which was lying dangerously close to Mary's *McCall's*. He peeked as surreptitiously as possible into the envelope and found, between the slick paper flier and the return envelope, a well-lit color photo of him and Rayette in a compromising and fatiguing position. His wife looked up in response to his high-pitched whine, and he smacked the envelope shut, giggled weakly and finished the letter.

We sincerely hope, Mr. Priddy, that you'll rejoin our family of informed subscribers by mailing your check for \$427.85 very soon. Shall we say within 10 days?

Regards,

David Michaelson

Subscription Director

Joe got up, envelope and letter in hand, and went to the bedroom to get out the shoe box he'd hidden—the one with the money he'd been squirreling away for an outboard motor, the money even Mary didn't know about.

When he counted it, it totaled \$428.05. Which made sense. This time, the return envelope wasn't postpaid.



THE
PERSONAL
TOUCH





PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW


*an early line on teams
and players in both
conferences of the n.f.l.*

sports

By ANSON MOUNT

WHEN YOU SEE your favorite N.F.L. team play its first game this year, be sure to have a copy of its latest player-personnel list at hand—otherwise you may never figure out who's doing what to whom. Player turnover will be greater this year than in any other season in the history of the game.

The reasons for the impending head



John Riggins defies the sting of one of Miami's Killer Bees in Super Bowl XVII—he treated the Bees like butterflies in carrying the Redskins to their first N.F.L. title in 41 years.

LeRoy Neiman
83

lopping are clear and compelling.

First: The owners and the coaches are eager to rid themselves of the more militant participants in last fall's acrimonious players' strike, especially those whose on-the-field abilities are less phenomenal than their negotiating talents. If the manager of an ordinary commercial enterprise fires workers who strike, he finds himself up to

his sphincter in howling Labor Department watchdogs. Pro football franchises, on the other hand, have the right to cut a veteran (however long and conscientious his service might have been) when a fresh-faced rookie can—in management's opinion alone—do the job better (and usually cheaper). In human-rights legalese, that's called age discrimination. In professional

sports, it's called upgrading the squad.

Second: Four fifths of the players on the average N.F.L. squad are easily replaceable. The football talent bank is enormous. At the end of every pre-season training period, the last two dozen players who are sent packing by each franchise are only marginally less desirable than most of the players who survive. Final cuts are usually

PLAYBOY'S 1983 PRE-SEASON ALL-PRO TEAM

OFFENSE

James Lofton, Green Bay	Wide Receiver
Wes Chandler, San Diego	Wide Receiver
Kellen Winslow, San Diego	Tight End
Anthony Munoz, Cincinnati	Tackle
Pat Donovan, Dallas	Tackle
R. C. Thielemann, Atlanta	Guard
Randy Cross, San Francisco	Guard
Mike Webster, Pittsburgh	Center
Dan Fouts, San Diego	Quarterback
Marcus Allen, Los Angeles Raiders	Running Back
Tony Dorsett, Dallas	Running Back
Mark Moseley, Washington	Place Kicker

DEFENSE

Lee Roy Selmon, Tampa Bay	End
Art Still, Kansas City	End
Randy White, Dallas	Tackle
Dan Hampton, Chicago	Tackle
Jack Lambert, Pittsburgh	Middle Linebacker
Ted Hendricks, Los Angeles Raiders	Outside Linebacker
Lawrence Taylor, New York Giants	Outside Linebacker
Everson Walls, Dallas	Cornerback
Mike Haynes, New England	Cornerback
Nolan Cromwell, Los Angeles Rams	Free Safety
Ken Easley, Seattle	Strong Safety
Dave Jennings, New York Giants	Punter
Mike Nelms, Washington	Kick Returner

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

A.F.C. Eastern Division	Miami Dolphins
A.F.C. Central Division	Pittsburgh Steelers
A.F.C. Western Division	San Diego Chargers

A.F.C. Champion San Diego Chargers

N.F.C. Eastern Division	Dallas Cowboys
N.F.C. Central Division	Green Bay Packers
N.F.C. Western Division	New Orleans Saints

N.F.C. Champion Dallas Cowboys

ALL THE MARBLES SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

determined by personality conflicts, hair styles and old loyalties.

The Las Vegas gambling conglomerates—which set point spreads for the entire sports-betting industry—carefully watch the health and well-being of only six to ten players on each N.F.L. squad. All the rest are considered expendable.

Third and most important: Last spring's draft marked the richest talent influx in N.F.L. history. Five years ago, when the N.C.A.A. first permitted colleges to red-shirt freshmen, a large majority of the most promising youngsters were held out of competition to give them an added year's maturity. This year's pro rookie crop, therefore, is loaded with twice the usual number of superstuds.

The teams with the greatest turnover will probably be those whose players were most defiant during the strike—the Bears, the Lions and the Falcons, for example. Not surprisingly, those are the clubs whose management is among the least enlightened and whose player morale, as a result, is lowest. The teams that field players who were not so enthusiastic about the strike—and whose management consists of rational, post-Victorian adults—will have the least personnel turnover and the best shot at January's Super Bowl. They're Green Bay, San Diego, Dallas and Minnesota.

N.F.L. owners and general managers won't talk about those issues on the record, but I can assure you that all of this is what they're thinking. If you want verification, just look over the scouting reports that follow, wait until the season starts—and keep those programs handy.

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Miami Dolphins	11-5
New York Jets	10-6
New England Patriots	9-7
Buffalo Bills	6-10
Baltimore Colts	4-12

Miami made it to the Super Bowl last January because the Dolphins were deep at almost every position except—incongruously—quarterback. Coach Don Shula had to make do with two backup types, neither of whom could take command. He hopes that that problem was solved when the Dolphins grabbed quarterback Dan Marino in the draft. The only ominous aspect of that development is that Marino suffered in his senior year at Pittsburgh from the same malady that has haunted Dolphins incumbent David Woodley: a puzzling inconsistency. Unlike Woodley, Marino may have a problem with an excess of self-adoration.

However the signal-calling problem is resolved, Miami will again field one of the youngest—and fastest-improving—teams in the league. The no-name defense will again be the best in the country, and

(continued on page 138)




John
Dempsey

*miss danning is a
feisty femme fatale—
onscreen and off*

Spoil

A close-up photograph of a woman's hand wearing a black leather glove, holding a large diamond ring. The background is dark and textured, and the foreground shows a pile of diamonds.




YOU GET a spectacular view from Sybil Danning's living room, a panorama that stretches from the HOLLYWOOD sign on the hills to the anemic skyline of downtown Los Angeles and westward, on an exceptionally clear day, to the Pacific Ocean. It's a view worthy of the late Jean Harlow, who owned the house back when the L.A. skyline was even less interesting than it is today. There's something else you might have seen one recent *(text continued on page 133)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

"I have to admit that sex has always been an important part of my life," says Sybil. "I guess that when producers hire me to do a sexy role, they don't think I'll need a coach or any kind of extra training. I'm not saying the most important thing is sex, but I don't think I'd have a relationship with someone I wasn't comfortable with in bed or on the floor or wherever."








"I've always been attracted to men who have something to say for themselves," explains Sybil. "I like a man who has a mind of his own and isn't just a puppy dog who does everything I want." That, she admits, doesn't necessarily make for a strong relationship. "At the beginning, I think men usually like me for my independence, but after a while, they became possessive. And that can't be."



A photograph of a person's legs and feet, with one hand resting on the thigh, set against a dark background. The person is lying on a dark, possibly black, leather surface. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of the legs and the texture of the skin. The background is a dark, mottled blue-grey color.

Sybil believes everything has both its positive and its negative sides. "The more intense the positive sides are, the more intense the negative ones become. I've never had a relationship in which we never argued, in which there were never any tears, never anyone getting upset. Some people have very mild relationships, but maybe they are missing out on the intensity of a very deep one."



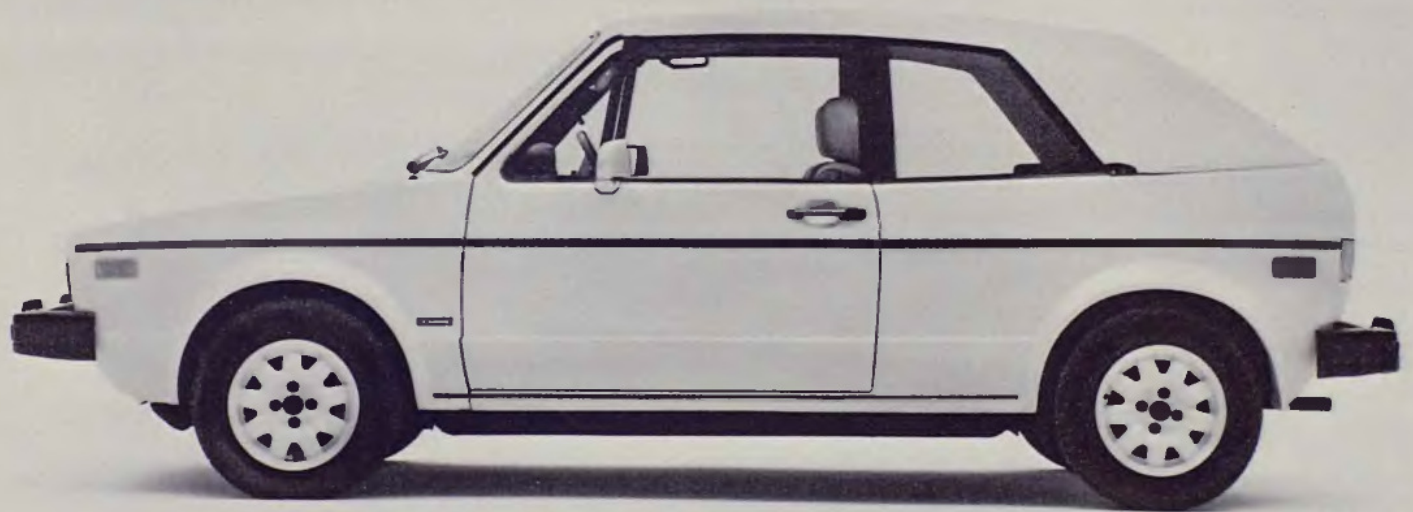


"I almost got married two years ago," Sybil recalls. "He was young—27—and for my birthday, we flew to Tahiti and he proposed. For the first time in my life, I said yes. The moment I said that, everything changed. He asked why I was having business meetings at night and who I was out with, all those things that were never questioned before. I couldn't live like that. I broke it off."



day from that living room—a fight. Not Ali–Frazier but enough of a scuffle to prove that Sybil is one woman who’s not afraid of getting physical to achieve what she wants.

What she wanted was privacy. It was time for her to do an interview and her press agent/boyfriend planned on sticking around. Sybil suggested that he let her talk with the writer alone. He protested, reminding her of their *(continued on page 152)*



\$10,945. Mfr's sugg. retail price includes a 12-month unlimited mileage, limited warranty, Transp., tax, license, dealer prep odd'l.

It's a marvel of German engineering.

Starting at the top:

The top of a Volkswagen Rabbit Convertible is a symphony of old fashioned hand fitting and space age weather resistant padding, virtually eliminating wind noise and moisture.

It even has a proper glass rear window that's electrically heated.

The body is made at the Karmann

Coachworks in Osnabrück, West Germany where human hands still outnumber machines.

Examine it closely: body panels fit. Doors close flush. And you can see your face in the bright enamel finish.

Its engine? A temple of efficiency: 1.7 liters. Fuel injected.

Steering: Rack-and-pinion. Front

suspension: MacPherson strut.

So as you can see, the Volkswagen is really the most technologically sophisticated 4 passenger German convertible you can buy.

But then again....

Seatbelts save lives.



Nothing else is a Volkswagen



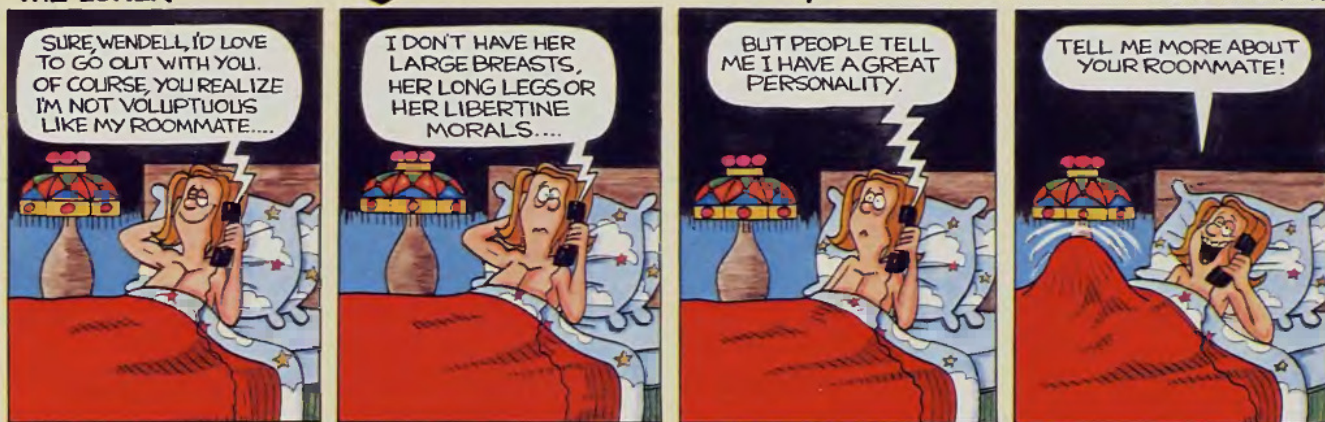
Pictured: The Wolfsburg Limited Edition model. Special white seats, white alloy wheels, white convertible top all standard.

Who cares?



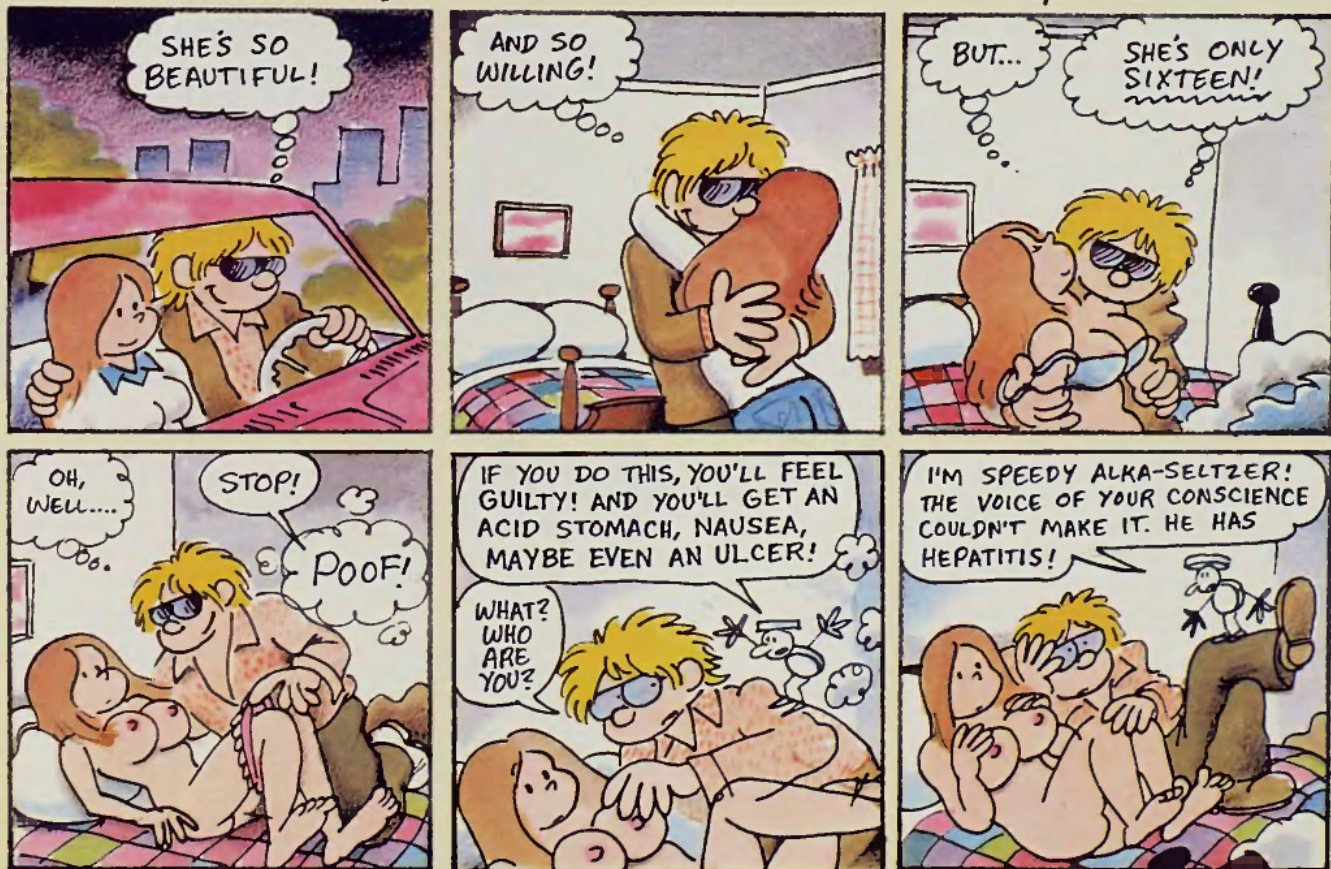
THE LONER

by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON

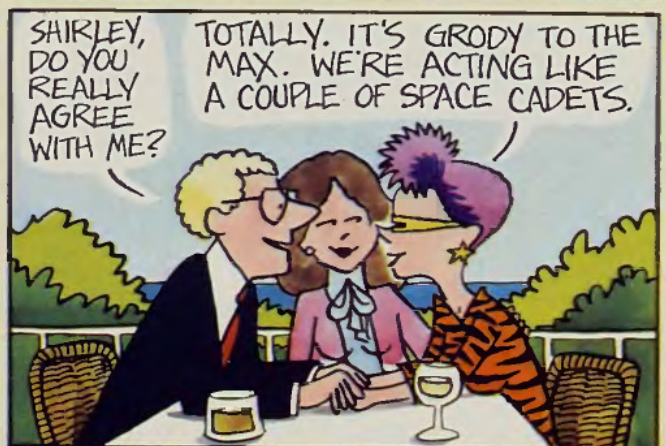
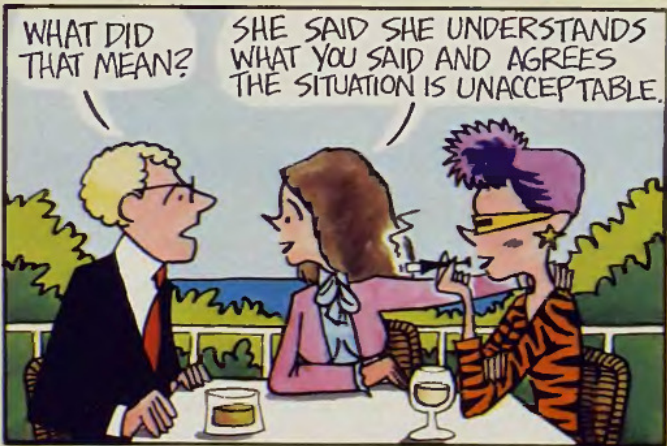
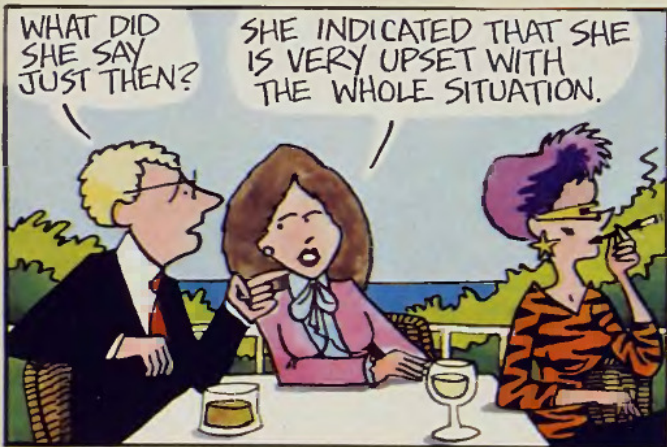
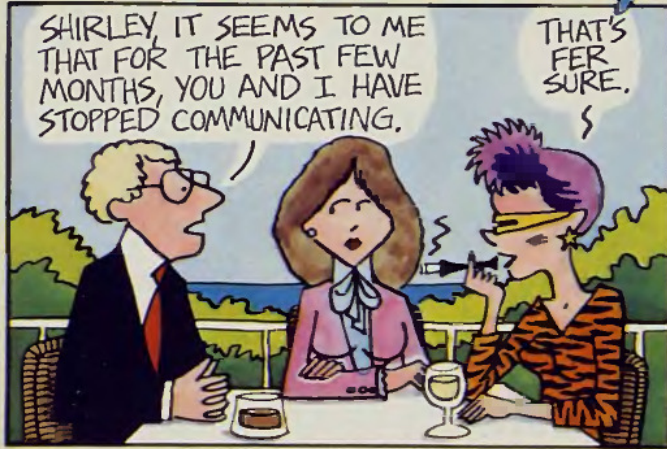


CRUISER

Christopher Browne



Saturday Nite Jive



PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW (continued from page 122)

"College seniors tend to have nervous breakdowns after learning they've been drafted by Baltimore."

fullback Andra Franklin (this decade's Larry Csonka) will lead a no-thrills ball-control attack.

Coaching changes in pro football franchises are almost always accompanied by emotional and operational disruptions and a falling off in on-field performance. The transition from Walt Michaels to Joe Walton in New York has been so smooth and cordial, however, that the Jets' rise to national prominence will continue unabated. Walton is more offensive-minded than Michaels, and the Jets will probably throw the ball more often than a year ago. No other changes should be noticeable.

Only a few years ago, the Jets were a garbage team, but they've had the patience to rebuild methodically through the draft. Thirty-four of last year's players came from the past seven drafts.

This year, at long last, the Jets enjoyed the luxury of drafting for future needs. They pulled off one of the draft's major stunners by selecting an obscure quarterback named Ken O'Brien in the first round. Ken O'Brien? That's right—he'll make player-personnel director Mike Hickey look like a genius in a few years.

The Patriots' success (or lack thereof) this year will depend largely on how well the players' ego wounds have healed after a year of boot-camp regimen under coach Ron Myer. A year ago, Myer took over a squad that had been mired in the same old lackadaisical motions since Chuck Fairbanks became coach in 1973. He inherited a large contingent of congenital belly-achers who were, not surprisingly, one of the more militant groups during the strike.

Myer put an end to partying on road trips (the Patriots had lost all their away games the season before he arrived) and has implemented a stringent physical-conditioning program. Further improvement this season, though, will depend on whether or not the offense (especially the passing game) can be upgraded. Myer went into the draft looking for a top-quality wide receiver and a young quarterback to groom for the future. He hit the jackpot. Quarterback Tony Eason and receivers Darryl Wilson and Stephen Starrling are all capable of becoming starters, if not stars, the first time they put on pads.

The New England fans, turned off by the bitching of some of those players, are solidly behind Myer, who produced a winning season his first year at the controls.

New Buffalo coach Kay Stephenson inherits a ball club riddled with dissension. While there aren't any unpaid bills, the players *are* bitter about salary levels and about the departure (for Seattle's greener pastures) of popular former coach Chuck

Knox. But Stephenson has the personal qualifications to heal the wounds. At 39, he is the youngest head coach in the league; he looks more like a quarterback. He is low-key, laid-back and coldly logical, with a steel-hard emotional make-up. All are qualities he'll need to straighten out the disarray brought on by a benighted ownership.

Stephenson's first job is to fix a defense threatened by age and attrition. The draft brought two classy linebackers, Darryl Talley and Trey Junkin, plus defensive end Jimmy Payne. Payne has the tools to become an All-Pro.

The offensive unit received even more help in the able bodies of quarterback Jim Kelley and tight end Tony Hunter. So while skies aren't exactly blue over Buffalo, they're not as gray as usual.

Baltimore's dismal no-win performance last fall was more a failure of attitude than of ability. The Colts' morale has been miserable since Robert Irsay bought the franchise 11 years ago, but last season, many of the players simply quit trying, content to punch in, punch out and draw their pay checks. Coach Frank Kush, no shrinking violet, is giving the heave ho to the quitters. A practitioner of Parris Island training methods, Kush will refine the art of creative ass kicking in pre-season camp.

No small recompense for being the crummiest team in the league is the inheritance of the first pick in the draft, and that was a major windfall for the Colts. They then swapped quarterback John Elway, the most prized draftee of the past decade, to Denver for offensive lineman Chris Hinton (the Broncos' number-one draft choice this year), quarterback Mark Herrmann and the Broncos' number-one draft choice for next year. The deal will help Baltimore's prospects only if all of the draftees show up for pre-season camp. Unfortunately, computerized analysis shows a high statistical tendency among college seniors to have nervous breakdowns after learning they've been drafted by Baltimore.

Best bets to help the Colts regain respectability are defensive rookies Vernon Maxwell and George Achica. Kush will be able to use all of his new talent, plus any remotely promising free agents or rejects from other training camps. The Colts, in short, need help everywhere.

The fortunes of all pro football teams are cyclical, and the evidence indicates that the Pittsburgh Steelers are coming around again. Chuck Noll's team is loaded with gem-quality youngsters. The squad finished last season with 15 first-year play-

ers on the roster, all of whom will benefit from an extra year's experience. Such veterans as quarterback Terry Bradshaw, fullback Franco Harris and linebacker Jack Lambert give the team stability.

The Steelers still need a flashy wide receiver, plus reinforcements in the defensive line and secondary. Two rookies, defensive tackle Gabriel Rivera and receiver Wayne Capers, are good enough to pull down starting jobs their first year. Look for Walter Abercrombie to storm in among the league's premier runners during this, his sophomore season.

Cincinnati, traditionally one of the league's more stable franchises, lost only two games last fall, so the Bengals would appear to be candidates for the Super Bowl, right? Unfortunately, serious problems are festering beneath the surface.

CENTRAL DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

Pittsburgh Steelers	11-5
Cincinnati Bengals	10-6
Cleveland Browns	6-10
Houston Oilers	5-11

The defensive unit, one of the N.F.L.'s best two years ago, went limp last fall. Complacency is given as the official cause, but discontent with salary levels may be a bigger factor. Even more threatening to the Bengals' prospects are ongoing salary disputes with several key offensive players. Quarterback Ken Anderson, for example, resents taking home a salary that is only half that of Houston's aging Archie Manning. Owner Paul Brown, notoriously parsimonious, isn't likely to cough up generous amounts of cash, so the resentment will probably continue. The draft brought two superstar rookies, center Dave Rimington and defensive back Ray Horton. Both will make immediate contributions if the salary scales fall from Brown's eyes.

The Cleveland Browns, a team with too many problems to solve in a single year, will struggle just to stay out of the basement. Among the major worries are two of the squad's more publicized players, Brian Sipe and Tom Cousineau.

Sipe was the banner-waving Friedrich Engels of the players' strike, but after the exploited quarterback returned to his \$350,000-a-year "slave job," he was a bust and was replaced by Paul McDonald. Sipe's chances of winning his job back in pre-season drills are slim.

Linebacker Cousineau, at \$500,000 per year, was the second-highest-paid player in the N.F.L. last year—and only the third-best linebacker for the Browns. The front office insists that his reputation as a superflake is unjustified, citing Cousineau's recent sartorial exchange—his earring for a three-piece suit.

The Browns went into the draft needing reinforcements in both lines and greater speed in the running and receiving corps. Defensive end Reggie Camp and offensive



For a 17" x 24" full-color poster of this ad, send \$3.00 check or money order payable to Anheuser-Busch, Inc., Dept. 4-D, One Busch Place, St. Louis, MO 63118. Allow 4-6 weeks. Offer expires December 31, 1983. Void where prohibited.

BUDWEISER® • KING OF BEERS® • ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS

tackle Bill Contz should make contributions, but the sleeper in the Browns' draft will turn out to be tight end Tim Stracka.

Houston fans thought the Astros were bad. Now here come the Oilers. Coach Ed Biles was hired two years ago, after Bum Phillips was fired for fielding an offense that was considered too conservative. Biles's heralded diversification has made a difference, to be sure: The offense is so disaster prone, watching it is like watching Skylab in action.

The Oilers have two high-quality quarterbacks, Archie Manning and Gifford Nielsen, but little else to qualify them as a respectable professional outfit. The cavalry is desperately needed in nearly all areas, especially in the offensive line and the defensive secondary.

The Oilers had six picks in the first three rounds of the draft and, providentially, they reaped a bonanza. Offensive linemen Bruce Matthews and Harvey Salem should be immediate starters. The same goes for defensive backs Keith Bostic and Steve Brown.

With such lean reserves of talent, however, any improvement over last season's one-win performance will depend largely on how well the Oilers dodge serious injury. Morale isn't as bad as some Houston sportswriters insist, now that Bud Adams has become an absentee owner and has turned control over to general manager Ladd Herzeg.

Now that *M*A*S*H* is gone, there's no unit anywhere as out of whack as San Diego's. The Chargers have had the best offense and possibly the worst defense in the league. Since 1979, their early-round draft picks have been devoted to offensive talent, while the stopper crew has suffered from malign neglect.

This time, it was different. For two years, the Chargers had stockpiled choices for the 1983 draft, the most talent-laden conscription in history. The plan paid off.

Rookie linebacker Billy Ray Smith will go to the Pro Bowl his first season. Two other rookies, defensive backs Gill Byrd and

WESTERN DIVISION	
AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
San Diego Chargers	12-4
Los Angeles Raiders	11-5
Seattle Seahawks	8-8
Kansas City Chiefs	7-9
Denver Broncos	6-10

Danny Walters, should also start.

If the newcomers can raise the defensive unit even to mediocrity, the Chargers' attack ought to get them to the Super Bowl next January. They're overdue.

Al Davis' renegade relationship with the rest of the honchos in the N.F.L. gives his Los Angeles Raiders a galvanizing us-against-the-world spirit. They are high for every game, never lethargic. If all of the legal spats and the genuine hostilities between Davis and the rest of the league ever got ironed out, the Raiders would probably go into a slump.

Those in charge of the team's fortunes need to think about replacements for some of the scarred veterans—Jim Plunkett and Cliff Branch have most of their raiding behind them. It doesn't look as though this year's draft brought any gold nuggets like Marcus Allen and Todd Christensen. Still, the Raiders should be strong.

Seattle was in a mess of trouble until new general manager Mike McCormack and new coach Chuck Knox came to the rescue last fall. Both are the personable father-figure types sorely needed to heal the rancor left behind by the previous regime. Knox, a ruggedly handsome closet intellectual with steely blues, is the All-Pro at the coaching position.

The first order of business for the Knox years is to overhaul the Seahawks' inefficient talent-evaluation department. The offensive unit, with the notable exceptions of quarterback Jim Zorn and receiver

Steve Largent, was a void last fall. The defense, having received almost all the recent rookies, wound up in pretty good shape. Last spring's top draft picks, therefore, were attackers. Rookie running back Curt Warner may double the Seahawks' offensive output all by himself. Look for McCormack and Knox to have the Seahawks in the 1985 play-offs.

You won't recognize the Kansas City Chiefs. Hardly anybody did in 1982. But last year's plodding, earth-bound offense has metamorphosed into a versatile and relentless air attack. New head coach John Mackovic, a brilliant offensive innovator by reputation, vows to find a starting quarterback in pre-season drills, then ask him to throw the ball 40 times a game. Rookie Todd Blackledge will undoubtedly get the call.

Mackovic brings to the Chiefs other useful qualities—a tough mind and a stand-up personality. He won't tolerate the meddling and the backbiting from the front office that made former coach Marv Levy circle his wagons.

The defensive side, especially the secondary, will be excellent again. But Mackovic desperately needs reinforcements for his offensive line, as well as a big, intimidating runner and great work by Blackledge. Rookie punter Jim Arnold will make a solid contribution his first year.

Best of all of Mackovic's contributions is the fresh sense of optimism that blushes in the Chiefs. They went from sky-high before the strike to sullen afterward, but the arrival of Mackovic and defensive coordinator Bud Carson has reversed the trend.

The Denver franchise begins rebuilding from nowhere. The Broncos won only two games last fall, their worst season in a decade. An inexplicable proclivity for turnovers and decimating injuries were the main problems. The inroads of age are also beginning to show up in the once potent Orange Crush defense. The running game—featuring Gerald Willhite—and the special teams were the Broncos' only discernible strengths last fall. The quarterbacking, with Steve DeBerg and superstar rookie John Elway, will be excellent. Rookie lineman Mark Cooper will stoke up last year's dismal blocking.

EASTERN DIVISION	
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
Dallas Cowboys	12-4
Washington Redskins	10-6
St. Louis Cardinals	8-8
New York Giants	7-9
Philadelphia Eagles	5-11

The subtle but powerful effects of group psychology play a more important role in football than most fans realize, and the Dallas Cowboys have been buffeted by those forces more than any other team. The adoration of their followers is fierce, but every other team in the league is infuriated by the "America's team" moniker



"This may hurt a little. It's my bill."

Take one out and open it up.

Open the hood of a new Honda Prelude. You are looking at a high power output engine. The design is like no other on the road. It was developed using ideas borrowed from our many years of international road racing experience.

It has twelve main valves, two intake and one exhaust for each cylinder's main combustion chamber. The result is better breathing and new efficiency. Dual constant-velocity carburetors work to further increase power output at higher engine rpm. So acceleration is swift. Hill climbing and passing are decisive.

Engine displacement is a low 1829cc. Yet with the standard 5-speed transmission, it produces an enviable 100 horsepower.

Simply put, it's the kind of performance you'd expect from a Honda. Because we've built more engines under two liters than any other car manufacturer. So take the new Honda Prelude out for a drive. It loves the fast lane.

HONDA

We make it simple.



the Cowboys have given themselves. During the week before their final showdown with the Redskins last fall, Washington television stations showed the Tom Landry "When you're surrounded by Redskins" American Express commercial innumerable times. The Redskins were booing by game time.

The Cowboys' organization is stable as ever and will stay in the thick of the Super Bowl race. The only discernible manpower shortage is at linebacker. The talent there is, by Dallas standards, unimposing.

The results of the Cowboys' draft are as enigmatic as ever. Except for defensive end Jim Jeffcoat, the rookie crop is anonymous. Inevitably, as we've noted before, there is a kid from Possum Hollow A & M who will be an All-Pro for Dallas a few years down the road.

The Redskins' direction this year will have to be away from the complacency that often besets Super Bowl victors. Admirers of Joe Gibbs insist that as long as he's their coach, self-admiration will never be a problem among the Redskins. There are clouds on the horizon, however. The team needs second-tier strength in almost every area except the offensive line, a young crew that improves with every game. The draft brought no nuggets except Darrell Green, who ought to be an immediate starter.

The Redskins' fortunes this season will again come down to the performance (and the freedom from injuries) of quarterback Joe Theismann and fullback John Riggin. Coach Gibbs insists that he will demand more from his players this year than ever before; but if luck and injuries work against them, that won't be enough.

During the three years of coach Jim Hanifan's tenure, St. Louis has become a fountain of youth. The offensive line, a problem in recent years, has been rebuilt. The running game, led by O. J. Anderson, is good and getting better.

The best harbinger of all, however, is the ascension of quarterback Neil Lomax. His mobility, poise and running skills could make him the best in the league before long.

The Cardinals' feathers are thin in the defensive line and the secondary, so Hanifan used the draft to stockpile fresh bodies for those positions. Rookie defensive backs Leonard Smith and Cedric Mack could make all the difference for the Cards.

Few clubs have ever suffered through more turmoil and trauma than the Giants did last year. In addition to the players' strike and coach Ray Perkins' announcement of his departure in midseason (he went to Alabama to replace the late Bear Bryant), defection, injury and illness robbed the team of key players. But fullback Rob Carpenter has returned to camp, starting quarterback Phil Simms has returned to health and new coach Bill Parcells has stayed home (he grew up nine miles from Giants Stadium) and has taken command.

Although Parcells is a tough disciplinarian, he will surely create a more amiable ambience for his players than the workaholic Perkins did. One of his players told us, "Bill at least knows how to relax once in a while. Perkins was so tight-assed and grim, they wouldn't even let him into the tavern during happy hour."

The defensive unit will be the Giants' strength. Their linebacking crew is the best in the league. Tailback Butch Woolfolk had a superb rookie season and will be even better this time around, if only a thin offensive line can be reinforced. The draft brought tight end Jamie Williams and tackle Karl Nelson. The Giants' prize rookie, though, is safety Terry Kinard.

The players' strike was probably more damaging to the Philadelphia Eagles than to any other team. Much acrimony remained in a squad that produced one of the more militant player groups, and the team's performance after the strike was dismal. The attitudinal problems were largely a reaction to Dick Vermeil's concentration-camp approach to coaching. New coach Marion Campbell, conversely, is a Deep South type with a more tranquil psyche. There's a new sense of lightness in the front offices and training rooms.

The defense, superb two years ago, still has the manpower to regain its stature, but the offense sorely needs a bull-moose-style fullback to take the pressure off halfback Wilbert Montgomery. If all works well, rookie Mike Haddix will fill that need.

Look for Ron Jaworski's passing stats to improve. Mike Quick, in his second year, will become one of the league's best wide receivers. Rookie pass catcher Glen Young will provide even more speed. It's still a long way down from 1980.

CENTRAL DIVISION	
NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
Green Bay Packers	10-6
Minnesota Vikings	10-6
Tampa Bay Buccaneers	9-7
Chicago Bears	6-10
Detroit Lions	5-11

Traditional wisdom has it that the two teams that make it to the Super Bowl in any given year are among the league's dozen or so most talented squads, are the least victimized by dumb officiating, commit the fewest mental errors and suffer the least from injuries. The last factor may be the most important and will be the key to Green Bay's fortunes this season. After years of wallowing in near oblivion, the Packers are upwardly mobile, having made the play-offs last season for the first time in coach Bart Starr's eight years. The talent is dangerously sparse, though, especially in the offensive line and the defensive secondary.

The prize gleanings from last spring's draft, defensive back Tim Lewis and offensive lineman Dave Drechsler, will help hold things together. Mike Miller, another draftee, will help upgrade an already ex-

cellent passing game. This could be the year when fullback Gerry Ellis finally plays up to his considerable potential. If all the variables fall into place, the Packers will have an excellent chance to make a return to the Super Bowl next January, and wouldn't that be something?

Minnesota never strays from the top for long, having made the play-offs 12 times in Bud Grant's 16 years as coach. The Vikings will see post-season action again if some defensive problems (a lethargic secondary and aging linebackers) can be solved. Two prize rookies, defensive back Joey Browner and linebacker Walker Ashley, could provide the answers.

The Vikings' defensive line is a strength, thanks in great part to the addition last year of Charlie Johnson, who has become a leader both on and off the turf.

The Tommy Kramer-to-Sam McCullum passing program will again be the Vikings' prime offensive weapon, but don't be surprised if Darrin Nelson, a tentative rookie last year, becomes one of the nation's leading runners this fall.

Another happy portent for the Vikings is the fact that the Twin Cities fans, ill-famed in the past for stoicism, are suddenly bursting with enthusiasm. It's a development that may be related to the warmth of the new Metrodome. Now the Vikings need no longer be disoriented when playing away from home before noisy crowds.

Tampa Bay coach John McKay has an E. F. Hutton reputation ("When he talks, you damn sure better listen," one of his players told us), so his pledge that the Buccaneers will be much better this year must be taken seriously. McKay will have to rejuvenate an offense that played in last year's play-offs in a coma. If the offensive line can do a better job of opening holes, James Wilder can be one of the league's top ground gainers. Two rookies, center Randy Grimes and tackle Kelly Thomas, will bruise some opponents.

The Bucs need new blood for an aging secondary; draftee Jeremiah Castille should be a starter by midseason.

Chicago's second consecutive drop to the basement was due to a dismal pass defense and to the difficulties of adjusting to a new coaching staff during a truncated season. The defensive problems, matters more of strategy than of manpower, will be addressed during pre-season drills.

The Bears' manpower problems are in the offensive line, where injuries and the inroads of age have taken a double toll. Prize rookie quarterback Jim McMahon spent most of last season running for his life. But this draft had the richest load of offensive-line prospects in memory, and the Bears got their share. Rookie tackle Jimbo Covert is a certain 1985 All-Pro. Another draftee, Willie Gault, will show opposing cornerbacks the most blazing speed in the history of the franchise. Rookie Mike Richardson will help in the secondary.



If you think the shapely stir their Seagram's 7 with Diet Coke® just to save calories... think again. They stir for the great taste, too! Prove it to yourself. Enjoy it in moderation, today. The shapely stir. Guaranteed to turn heads.

Counting calories? Stir with Seven & Diet Coke®



Seagram's

© 1983 SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY-A BLEND. 80 PROOF. "diet Coke" and "diet Coca-Cola" are trade-marks of The Coca-Cola Company.

Break tradition.

Drink Ronrico Rum instead.

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

Just try one drink mixed with Ronrico, and you'll realize what it is you've been missing all along.

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

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

RONRICO RUM & CANADA DRY TONIC

2 ozs of Ronrico Rum
2 thin lime slices
Canada Dry Tonic
Pour rum into a highball glass with ice cubes. Add lime. Fill glass with Tonic. Stir lightly.

RONRICO RUM & CANADA DRY TONIC



With a little luck (and if a high-quality runner can be dug up to share some of Walter Payton's burden), the Bears could be one of this year's surprise teams.

The offensive crew will be much sharper after a year's shakedown. Gault joins McMahon and receivers Ken Margerum and Ricky Watts in what will be one of the league's most entertaining aerial circuses.

Last season was a big depression for Detroit fans. The Lions' poor performance was brought on by sour grapes left over from the players' strike. During spring camp, coach Monte Clark worked hard to dispel the gloom. He was successful, apparently, and team morale seems better.

Clark's other tasks are to get steadier play from the offensive line and the quarterbacks and to come up with a big fullback to block for Billy Sims. The latter problem was solved with the drafting of James "Juggernaut" Jones. You'll recognize him. Another rookie, tackle Rick Strenger, will help in the trenches.

The Lions' defensive crew, top-notch except for a low-grade secondary, will have to hold the fort while the offense rebuilds.

WESTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

New Orleans Saints	9-7
Atlanta Falcons	8-8
San Francisco 49ers	8-8
Los Angeles Rams	7-9

The great penance will end in New Orleans this fall. The Saints, without a winning season in their 16-year history, will be the league's most improved team. Miracle of miracles—they could even win the division. There is enough talent in camp that coach Bum Phillips won't have to do patchwork on the line-up every week. Last spring, he was able, for the first time, to make draft choices that weren't based on emergency needs.

The best news in Hangover City is that quarterback Dave Wilson—destined for greatness—has recovered from the injury that wiped out his 1982 season. The Saints' major prayer is for a bruising fullback to help George Rogers with the running.

Most of the credit for the Saints' emerging respectability belongs to Phillips. Since his arrival, the team has gone from instability to rock-solid organization. Internal conflict and coaching-staff upheavals are all part of the past. The fans in Houston (where Phillips was summarily fired three years ago) must be eating their hearts out. Or chewing on their towels.

New Atlanta Falcons coach Dan Henning's first priority is to construct a defense. His linebackers (especially Fulton Kuykendall and Buddy Curry) are capable, but the rest is a wasteland. The draft brought three strong defensive linemen—Mike Pitts, James Britt and Andrew Provence. All are good enough to start immediately in this company.

Henning will rejuvenate last year's torpid and unimaginative offense by aban-

doning the ball-control approach (the Falcons had no big play all season) for a wide-open, anything-goes attack. The running game, featuring William Andrews and Gerald Riggs, is a bright spot.

With more entertaining games going on, perhaps the surly and rebellious Atlanta fans will behave with a little more civility and the local press will stop abusing quarterback Steve Bartkowski.

Last year, the 49ers went the way most teams go a year after unexpectedly winning a Super Bowl: They spent too much time reveling in their own glory. All the time spent starring on the banquet circuit, doing commercial endorsements and basking in the adoration of Bay Area fans took a toll. A severe rash of injuries to a shallow squad helped the downfall.

Last year's dismal 3-6 showing has dispelled any complacency, however, and coach Bill Walsh is kicking out the loafers. But some more serious problems must be solved if the 49ers are to return to championship form. Their running game is anemic and their blocking is ineffectual, allowing opposing defenses to victimize quarterback Joe Montana. A limp pass rush puts an unmanageable burden on an otherwise superb pass defense. The passing attack, with Montana hitting Dwight Clark's stellar hands, is the only clear asset.

Walsh needed help from the draft, but there were few early-round choices for San

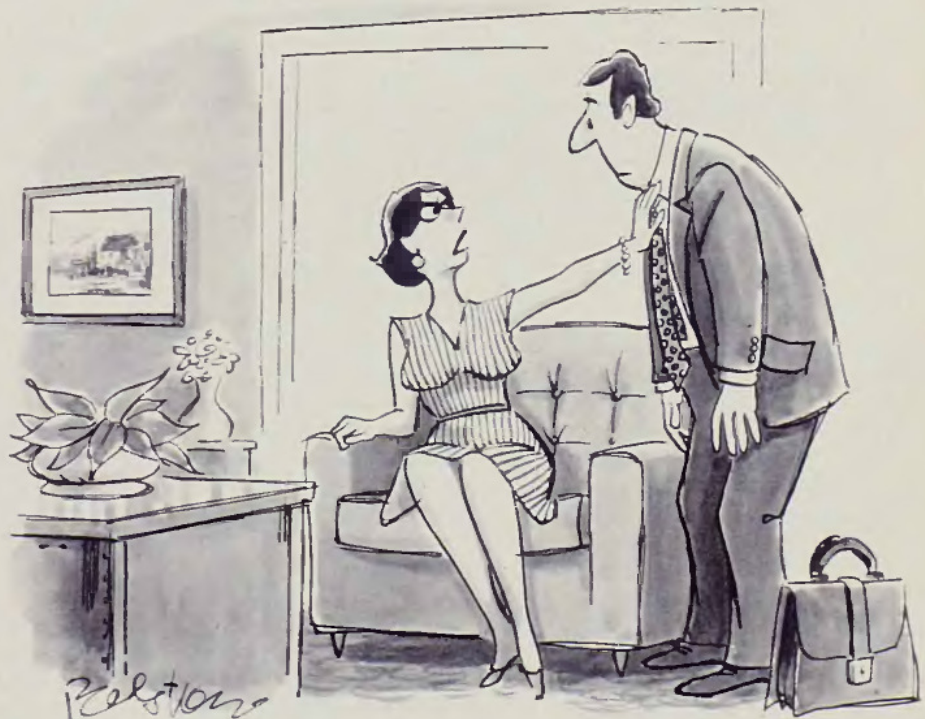
Francisco. Rookie halfback Roger Craig will add some punch to the running attack.

The Rams' franchise is in chaos. The front office, a reunion of the Keystone Cops, is overseen by owner Georgia Frontiere, whose employees refer to her affectionately as Miss Piggy. New executive vice-president Ray Nagel is a creamily charming social type with little pro football background and even less reputation among football men. Only one person in the organization—Jack Faulkner, director of football operations—knows much about running a team, but his job security is fragile. He isn't a good ass kisser.

Frontiere is merely the latest example of a hallowed N.F.L. tradition of inept but money-laden owners who got rich and powerful by (if you'll pardon the word in this case) accident. Baseball has no monopoly on those.

New head coach John Robinson, a solid and unpretentious man who is liked and respected by everyone in the game, will bring some stability. His rebuilding problems were partly alleviated by a productive draft that brought immediate help in spectacular runner Eric Dickerson and receiver Henry Ellard.

The Rams' most desperate need, however, is a top-grade defensive lineman who can play right now. Rookie tackle Doug Reed can probably play soon, but for the Rams, that may not be enough.



"Little Debbie is pregnant by her uncle . . . Melanie has herpes . . . poor blind Bianca was raped by her tutor . . . and you come home with a hard-on!"

MUNDO'S SIGN (continued from page 80)

"Splashing into the water, face down, the gun ready, he turned a spiral to examine what was there."

stood behind him, rolling the sailcloth onto the boom as far as he could, passing it to Bowen until the flour-sack sail was furled around the wood and the boom was parallel with the mast.

"Gabriel, watch out," Bowen said.

"You OK, Mistah Bone. You become ahn expert."

But Bowen wanted to know that Gabriel was ready if he should lose his footing in the pitch of the boat. He lashed the boom and the mast tight together with the sheet line, grunting, as it took all his strength to lift the long, heavy mast from its step. He rested the butt on the seat, spread his arms on the poles, like a weight lifter, and lowered the mast slowly to Gabriel and then to Mundo, who had his arms up ready to receive it.

When the mast was down, they passed it back to Mundo far enough that he could stow it under the seats. Bowen pulled the two handmade oars from the gear in the bottom of the boat. Slipping them through the rope oarlocks midway on each gunwale, he jammed them back into the boat and left them ready while the boat drifted. It was still early in the morning.

"Sun hot," Gabriel said. He always said that before he set to work.

"Daht's right."

"Watah too cool," he said, cupping his hand into the sea and splashing his face. Bowen stood up to negotiate a piss with the churning of the boat but remained there for some minutes, prick in hand, unable to relax.

"Mahn, jump in de sea if you want a piss."

He removed his shirt and sat down with his legs over the gunwale. Mundo and Gabriel leaned toward the opposite side of the hull to counterbalance the canoe-like boat and then quickly leaned back after Bowen hefted himself over the side. He let himself sink a few feet below the keel, felt the temperature subtly change, cooler and cooler until it was all the same, the blue pressure bearing against him completely. He opened his eyes briefly, welcoming the rough sting of the salt that took away his drowsiness. He kicked back to the surface, spinning in slow circles for the pleasure of it, relieved himself and struggled back into the boat. Without a diving mask to see clearly what else was there with him, he did not like to stay in the water long. No matter how casual Mundo and Gabriel were around sharks, Bowen couldn't muster the same aloofness. They chided him about that, but still, Mundo wore a cummerbund of old sheet around his waist for bandaging in case of trouble. And Gabriel's left arm was arced with purple scars

across his biceps. "Ahn eel do daht. Shahrk doan molest mahn. It's true."

Bowen dried his face and hands on his shirt and put it back on as protection against the sun. Underneath the bow seat, he kept an oatmeal tin. He stretched and found it, unscrewing the lid. Inside, wrapped in a plastic bag to keep out moisture, were a pack of Pielrojas, a box of matches, the precious spear points and a sack of hard candy labeled simply *DULCES*, which he had bought at Alvaro's right before the fishermen had set sail from Providence eight days before. The candy had turned gummy in the sea air. He took a red piece and bit into its waxy surface, chewing vigorously and swallowing the whole lump without determining its flavor. The sweetness took the salty, sour heat out of his mouth. Mundo asked for a Pielroja and Bowen lit one for him, smoking it down a bit before he passed it along with the point for Mundo's spear. Bowen switched places with Gabriel and began to row, bringing the boat around into the current, pulling against the tide just enough to stay where they were.

The black men silently outfitted themselves, and to Bowen, they already had the grim look of hunters on them. The cigarette jutted straight out, like a weapon, in Mundo's tight lips. He propped his long metal gun between his legs and unclasped its spear, screwing on the point, and then set the gun aside while he pulled black flippers snugly onto his white-soled feet. Bowen watched him; each piece of equipment he added seemed to alter his humanness, and now, more so than with the dream business, Mundo was becoming impenetrable, the friendship between them a triviality. From under his seat, the fisherman took his diving mask and spit on the inside of the glass, spreading the tobacco-flecked phlegm with his fingers to prevent the glass from fogging. He washed the mask out in the sea and adjusted it to rest on his forehead, pressing into the short curls of his hair—not kinky hair, like Gabriel's, but more Latin, straighter and oily. He sucked the ash of the cigarette down next to his lips, knocking the butt off into the water with his tongue before it burned him. He exhaled deeply and then inhaled and then exhaled normally. Turtles made that same noise when they sounded for air, thought Bowen, that sudden, single rasp of inhalation popping out of the sea from nowhere. Mundo's eyes were expressionless, without pupils, the irises dark, without color. "Go fuck your big turtle," Bowen said to himself. He began to see that the prophecy was an easy one—like a handsome man boasting he would seduce an

available woman—because there were plenty of turtles in the water. This was their mating season, the end of the hurricanes. They had come from all over the oceans to return here to breed.

"Ahl right," Mundo said and pulled his mask down over his eyes and nose. He was out of the boat promptly, disappearing silently below the surface.

Gabriel procrastinated, sharpening the point of his spear on the block of limestone they carried in the boat. Bowen heard Mundo purge his snorkel. Looking over his shoulder to check the diver's position, he began to row.

"Wait a minute, Mistah Bone," Gabriel said. He slung his legs over the side and crossed himself vaguely, lifting the crucifix from his chest to kiss it. He fitted the mouthpiece of the snorkel behind his lips and they bulged apishly. Splashing into the water, face down, the gun ready, he turned a spiral to examine what was there below him.

Bowen pulled ahead six times and then paused, unable to locate Mundo. Gabriel was to Bowen's left, kicking mechanically into the two-knot current, his gun cradled from elbow to elbow. Mundo surfaced ten yards ahead, going down again like a porpoise. Bowen went after him, quickly over the glossy boil that marked Mundo's dive.

He leaned out of the boat and looked down. Below him, in about eight fathoms of water, he could see Mundo in pieces, distorted fragments of motion rising and coalescing into human shape, the curve of his dark back floating up to him, the red, faded trunks looking like raw skin under the water.

His back broke the surface first, a long brown bubble, smooth and headless. The snorkel poked up, gargled and wheezed. There was a moment's calm before the water in front of the diver was flying apart, twisting and scattering and white. Blood swelled olive-green from the center of it all. Mundo fought for control over something Bowen had not yet fully seen. Again there was quiet. And then this: Mundo's torso suddenly out of the water, pendulous beside the boat, his arm dipping the spear down inside and letting a slab of great, furious life slide off it at Bowen's feet. The fish was as long as the arm that had released it, violently thrashing, the fan of its dorsal spines sharp enough to cut through leather. Bowen fell back off his seat, drawing his legs out of the way.

"Jesus."

He found the ironwood mallet and bent over, striking at the fish, unable to hit it effectively. Blood and bits of rubbery tissue sprayed onto his chest. Finally, the fish's movements slowed and he was able to direct a clean blow to the broad, bull-like slope of its head.

"Goddamn it."

The shot had not been clean. The spear had struck behind the head but too low to hit the spinal cord. It had entered through the huge gills—thus, the excess of blood



Bruce Brown

"I'm not screwing my secretary, darling. This is my new boss, and she's screwing me!"

now in the boat—and had come out on the other side, below the pectoral fin. The blood all over Bowen made him feel filthy. He was stone-eyed now, full of his job. Mundo's head bobbed along the gunwale. He was amused.

"You like daht one, mahn?"

"Shoot better," Bowen said.

Mundo laughed wickedly and sank out of sight. Bowen could hear the click of the spear sliding into the latch of the trigger as Mundo reloaded the spring-action gun against the hull of the boat. Gabriel was calling. He held his spear in the air, a lobster skewered on the end of it. Bowen was there in a minute, screwing off the flanged spear point to take the catch into the boat.

He set the oars and stood up to rearrange the gear under his seat. Mundo's fish was a grouper, by Bowen's estimate 25 to 30 pounds. To shield it from the sun, he tugged it into the cleared space below the seat. The lobster was thrown into the stern behind a coil of rope. He used to put the lobsters with the fish, but if they weren't dead, they kept crawling out from beneath him and he would stab his feet on the thorns of their shells. Before he could sit down again, Gabriel was beside the boat with another lobster.

"Four more in de hole, boy. I tellin' you, de bird was good luck."

Bowen hovered over Gabriel until the diver had brought up the remaining crayfish. It took some time, and only then did Bowen search for Mundo. He spotted him far off, impatiently waving the boat forward. The muscles in Bowen's arms cramped from the fast rowing. By the time he reached him, Mundo had his face back down in the water, staying afloat with his fins. Bowen had to shout to get his attention. Mundo raised his head, a glare in his eyes exaggerated by the mask. He lifted a fish and hurled it into the boat.

"What's the matter?" Bowen asked defensively. "Sharks?"

"Keep up, mahn. Keep up."

"Yeah, yeah." Bowen shrugged off Mundo's admonishment. It was impossible to stay with both divers unless both divers stayed together. He took his own mask and held it on top of the water, providing a small, round window to the scene below. There were no dark, darting shadows, nothing ominous at all.

Mundo swam crosscurrent into deeper water, his flippers continuously slapping the surface. In pursuit of something beneath him, he doubled back and sped past the boat headed in the opposite direction. He vanished as Bowen put all his effort into turning the boat around, determined to keep on top of the action. He heard the rasp then, a sound like that of a vacuum filling with air. Off the starboard, he saw the green, pale-throated head of the turtle bouncing in the swell, and he understood Mundo's urgency, because two or three turtles would double the value of a day's work. He couldn't see Mundo, but he knew that the man was carefully ascending

beneath the creature, taking slow aim. The turtle lurched forward and tried to submerge as the spear shot through one of its hind flippers. Mundo surfaced, hauling the spear line in until the turtle was beside him, hopelessly struggling to shake the iron rod from its leg. Bowen was there.

"Nice work," Bowen said. "You did it."

Mundo handed the gun to Bowen. While Bowen held the turtle by the rim of its shell, Mundo wrestled to extract the spear. Once he had succeeded in unscrewing the point, it slid out easily from the thin flesh of the flipper.

"He's a big one."

"Not so big."

"He's a male and pretty big. That was your sign."

"Nah," Mundo grunted.

"Close enough."

"Dis no hawkbill. Lift him up now."

The green turtle weighed close to 100 pounds. Bowen almost fell out of the boat pulling it in. The turtle banged down the curve of the hull, its flippers clawing for water that wasn't there, a dull, callused scrape across the wood; its mouth gasping; the lower mandible unlocked, like an old man's jaw. I'll be damned, thought Bowen; this was the biggest turtle their boat had brought in here on the banks. Only two loggerheads netted by Ezekiel's boat were bigger.

He turned the heavy green on its back. The yellow plates of its belly glowed like butter. He set his feet on them, feeling the turtle's cold-bloodedness. Its sea smell was clean, without mucus or secretion. From a wooden toolbox, Bowen took the small bundle of palm fronds that every Providence fishing boat carried. He pulled two short strands from it. Grabbing one of the turtle's anterior flippers, he placed it against the hull and with the tip of his diving knife punched a hole through the enameled flesh that formed the shape of a man's hand with the fingers fused together. He did the same to the opposite flipper and then threaded the cuts with a frond, tying the ends off in a square knot. With its fore and hind legs thus bound, the turtle was immobile.

"Prayin' aht both ends," the fishermen called it.

"Why don't you use fishing line?" Bowen had asked when he first saw Gabriel bind a turtle.

"Palm leaf nice," Gabriel told him. "Turtle appreciate daht. He know mahn respect him."

Bowen rowed on, occasionally pausing to fill the calabash bailer with sea water to cool the turtle, which now suffered in the sun. The first time he did that, the turtle curled its head and appeared to look at him. Bowen turned away. It made him feel foolish, but he did not like to see a sea turtle's eyes. They were too mammalian and expressive, a more vivid brown than the eyes of a human being, lugubrious; they teared out of water, salty, silken tears beading down the reptilian scales, and he

did not like to see it. In the ocean, there was no movement with more grace, no ballet more perfect, than the turtle's.

The men worked for several more hours before switching. Mundo shot another turtle, an average-sized hawkbill, which Bowen tied and was able to fit under the seat. There was a long period with no luck. Then, like a magic returning, the divers found fish again. The boat began to fill up.

Bowen tended to the divers, the citric tang of sweat in his nostrils, his eyes closed now and then to soothe them from the glare. His navy trunks and his white T-shirt were smeared with blood and with the gray slime that came off the fish. Trailing the swimmers, his back to them as he rowed forward, he counted the strokes of the oars, an empty meditation broken by the need to cool the turtles or to take another fish into the boat. Alone again, he would look up, his thoughts not yet refocused on his labor, and be startled by the uncut geography of the sea, the desolate beauty, the isolation.

The sun was straight up and fierce. Patches of wind blew off the glassy veneer of the surface. The waves lumped high enough to conceal the divers if they weren't close to the boat. Mundo and Gabriel treaded water together, casually talking, their snorkels jutting out from under their chins. Bowen came over to them. Hours in the sea had made Mundo look younger, Gabriel older. They clung to the side of the boat.

"Mistah Bone, dis Jewfish Hole a pretty spot. Come give Gabriel a rest."

Bowen stowed the oars and went to the bow for his diving gear, anxious to leave the confinement of the boat, the blind sense of being denied something others took for granted. They would not always let him fish. They had spent their lives on the water; for all his effort, Bowen could not begin to match their skill. On a good day, though, he would take over for Gabriel. Mundo was in love with the reef and knew that Bowen, more than Gabriel ever would, felt the same way. There were times when he would hurry Bowen out of the boat if there were something extraordinary he wanted the white man to see. They swam together like two farm boys at a carnival, exploring everywhere, the joy of it all and the mystery running between them like electricity.

Bowen lowered himself into the water after Gabriel was settled in the boat. His ears filled with the steady, fizzing static of the ocean moving against its cup of earth. The reef seemed scooped out here, forming a wide, horseshoe-shaped arena, ten fathoms deep in the middle where they were, the bottom tiering up in amber clusters of coral until the perimeter shallowed in a dense thicket of staghorn branches. A school of fry, a long cloud of flashing arrows, passed with the current toward them, herded by watchful barracuda. It parted and reclosed around the divers,

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

When you know
what counts.

Kent III



Taste you can count on.

Kings: 2 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine; 100s: 4 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report December 1981.

obscuring them from each other's sight for several minutes.

The sandy paths of the surge channels wove through the swaying flora on the bottom, continuing up, like white ribbons, from the open end of the pool, where the water gathered more dimension and the channels disappeared into a fog of infinite blue. Here, the current pushed in from outside the reef.

They started to swim. Bowen followed Mundo's lead. Gabriel stopped them with a shout.

"Mundo, me see a boat!"

Mundo swam, like a dog, with his head up and coughed out his snorkel: "Who?"

"Cahn't see. He way up, mahn."

Mundo stuck his head back into the water, uninterested in that piece of news. He led them closer to the coral walls, turning again into the current when the water reached about 40 feet, the depth at which Bowen managed best. They swam toward the wide mouth of the canyon, which kept expanding as they kicked onward. Beyond, the visibility blurred and faded, a chiaroscuro lanced by drifting shafts of sunlight. The blank distance shadowed and materialized into shapes, accumulating more and more detail as they moved ahead.

Bowen swam with his gun out in front of him, like a soldier on patrol. Surveying an isolated button of brain coral, Mundo pointed to the antennae of a spiny lobster. Bowen jackknifed and dived, missed the first shot. On the second shot, he took aim more carefully. There was a screeching sound of old armor when he yanked the lobster from its den. He ascended quickly, fighting for the sterling surface as he ran out of air. Gabriel came alongside.

"I see two guys," he reported, taking the spear from Bowen and removing the point. "Maybe daht's Ezekiel."

Bowen didn't respond. It wasn't so unusual to see another of the boats off in the distance during the course of the day. The fact that the boat was close enough for Gabriel to see the men in it didn't mean anything to Bowen. He reloaded his gun and swam away to catch up with Mundo.

Together, they continued ahead, frequently descending to inspect a cave or a niche in the polychromatic reef. Fish were everywhere, but they sought only those that appealed to the restaurants of the mainland. Cutting in and out of a pink forest of gorgonian coral, a mako shark rose toward them curiously but then stopped halfway and returned to its prowling. The shark was too small and too preoccupied to worry Bowen; still, he had tensed upon seeing it, and adrenaline had driven into his heart. Mundo plummeted, found the shark interested in a red snapper nosing in the silt for food and shot the fish. The shark skirted away when Mundo jabbed at it with his empty gun. The boat was there when he surfaced.

"It's Ezekiel," Gabriel told the two of them. He slipped a hand into the gills of the fish and took it from Mundo. "Ahnd

Henry Billings. Dey driftin' on de current from down de outside."

"Turtlin'," Mundo said. He handed his spear to Bowen while he defogged his mask.

Ezekiel and Henry were too old to dive any more—"Divin' squeeze up a mahn's insides"—but they went along on expeditions to the banks to line fish, net turtles and collect conch from the shallows. They did not mingle much with the other fishermen, who were mostly young and scorned the insipidness of fishing with a hand line and a hook. Gaunt and unhealthy, Ezekiel looked like a wrinkled black puppet, simian with lackluster eyes. He suffered the bitter condescension of the islanders because he was too much a drunkard. Most people treated Billings, round and smooth-faced, as though he were a moron. Bowen had never heard him speak a word; some said he had been like that for 20 years.

"Dey lookin' excited, boy," Gabriel said, standing up to get a better view. Bowen and Mundo could not see the other boat from the water. "Ezekiel buryin' he head in de watah glahss, ahnd Henry rowin' hahd, hahd like he racin'."

Mundo pushed away from the boat, followed by Bowen, who had trouble catching his breath. They were now approaching the same windward channel in the barrier reef that they had sailed through earlier in the morning. The water doubled in depth; the bottom became more sand than coral. Bowen kicked harder to keep up with Mundo as the current increased. It tugged against him relentlessly and he began to tire. He halted and pressed himself out of the water as far as possible but could not see Mundo over the swell of the waves. He tried to move ahead again, grew discouraged and let the tide sweep him back to the boat.

Gabriel helped him aboard. Bowen saw that they were going out through the channel while Ezekiel's boat was steering in 150 feet or so in front of them off the port. Mundo was almost halfway between the two boats, still headed straight upcurrent.

"Dey on de trail of a turtle," Gabriel said. They watched Ezekiel take one hand off the water glass and reach behind himself to grasp an iron-hooped net used to catch turtles. Ezekiel called back to Henry, urging him forward. He held the net over the bow, waiting for position. Mundo spun in the water. He looked quickly around and then back at his own boat. Bowen saw him, imagined he saw a calculating look in his enlarged eyes. He stood on the aft seat and waved his arms at the diver. Mundo put his head back down and charged across the channel, angling toward Ezekiel's boat.

"Mundo!"

Bowen was not certain whether or not Mundo realized that Ezekiel's boat was so close. He yelled again.

"Mundo!"

Ezekiel positioned the net and dropped it. Mundo was past the center of the channel and nearing the other boat. In an

instant he was out of sight under the water. Perched in front of the boat, his face hidden by the wooden sides of the water glass, Ezekiel became more and more animated until he had come to his feet, his head still stuck, ostrichlike, in the box. He took one hand off the glass to shake his fist.

"Mundo," he shouted in a garbled voice, difficult to understand. "Mundo. Wha' de fuck!"

"Oh, shit," Gabriel said. "Look Ezekiel dere bein' so voicetrous. Mahn, he cryin' a lot of nonsense, you know."

Mundo had been down for about two minutes and his limit was four. Bowen pulled on his mask and rolled over the side of the boat, biting down on the mouthpiece of his snorkel just as he hit the water. "Son of a bitch," he said to himself, seeing what was happening below.

Suspended in deep water six or seven fathoms down, Mundo struggled to free a turtle from Ezekiel's net. One hind flipper was loose, pierced by the spear and sea-anchored by the gun that Mundo had let drop. The diver held the turtle by the stub of its penis tail and used his free hand to untangle the netting from the other back flipper. Bent around the turtle so that his feet were in front of him, he kicked himself backward to resist Ezekiel's effort to raise the net. The flipper finally pulled clear and flailed wildly about.

With one set of flippers extended, the turtle was easily Mundo's length, the caramel-and-yellow carapace twice the man's width. The exaggerated size even more exaggerated by the water's magnification, the turtle seemed unreal, like a cartoon monster, to Bowen. Mundo moved spiritedly, hovering now on the back of the turtle. He reached for a front flipper, but the turtle fought him. Each time he worked the limb out of the net, the turtle jerked and recaptured itself. The diver sprang off the turtle as if he were a rider being dismounted up into the sky. He exhaled as he ascended, great silver spheres of air boiling from his mouth, forming a column that he appeared to climb, hand over hand, to the surface. Bowen heard the agonized suck of his inhalation—"Mundo!" This from Ezekiel—and then he was down again.

By the time Mundo was back to the turtle, Ezekiel had hauled the net up nearer to the surface. Bowen dived to help his partner, but he had entered the water without his fins and could not make the depth. At the bottom of his descent, he saw Mundo bend the turtle's left foreleg back through the net and wrench it over the shell. As Bowen turned upward, he heard the pop of the turtle's elbow joint dislocating.

Gabriel threw Bowen his fins. By the time he had them on, the turtle was out of the net, its two foreflippers dangling awkwardly, the third flipper weighted by the spear, the fourth performing its sad ballet. Mundo dipped below the turtle, retrieving the gun that hung from the spear by its line. He swam sluggishly toward the

air, with the turtle in tow by its impaled flipper. Bowen watched them rise. The sight of the black man and the turtle was like a dream-born image floating in cool ether. The bright surface gleamed like the edge of sleep; the head of the leviathan turned from it toward the dark mouth of the channel that sloped down and away.

They came up between the two boats. Ezekiel began his protest.

"Daht my hawksbill, Mundo. Wha' hahppen, mahn? Wha' hahppen?"

"Here now, Ezekiel," Gabriel shouted back. "You makin' a mess ah noise, boy. Stop dis ugliness."

Mundo kept his back to Ezekiel's boat and would not answer the charge. He dragged the spear line in, bringing the turtle between himself and Bowen. Both men caught hold of opposite sides of the shell and waited for Gabriel to position himself. The turtle wagged its huge head back and forth out of the water.

"Wha' hahppen, mahn?"

"Ezekiel," Gabriel said across the distance between the boats. "You shut up."

"Wha' hahppen, mahn?"

"Shut up now or come here ahnd take some licks."

Mundo and Bowen faced each other over the mound of the carapace. Blood clotted on the side of Mundo's face.

"Doan move up too high, Mistah Bone," Mundo warned. "Keep in de middle or he snahp you."

"You're bleeding some."

Mundo just grinned. To Bowen, his grin seemed to celebrate mischievousness.

"Did you shoot him," Bowen asked quietly, "before they netted him?"

"What do you think?" The tone of Mundo's voice didn't answer him but simply posed the question. Bowen suspected that the net had reached the turtle before Mundo had, but there was no way to prove it. Only Mundo and Ezekiel knew for sure.

"I think this is a damn big turtle," Bowen said.

It took them a while to get the hawksbill into the boat. Ezekiel and Henry raised their mast and set sail for the camp on Southwest Cay. Gabriel resteped their own mast to give them more room in the bottom of the boat; but even so, they had to remove the middle seat to fit the turtle in. Bowen straddled the shell. He subdued the two hind flippers and tied them with palm fronds. He was shivering unconsciously, a condition Gabriel called dog-leg. When Mundo joined them, the boat sank low in the water. He took his seat in the stern and stared thoughtfully at the turtle, as if he were preparing to interrogate it.

"Dis beast must weigh tree hundred pounds, Mundo," Gabriel proclaimed.

"Daht's good luck."

All at once, Bowen was tired and hungry and thirsty. The oatmeal can and the

water bottle were buried in the chaos of fish and rope; he had no energy to look for them.

Gabriel unfurled the sail and changed places with Bowen on the turtle to work the sheet line. They began the long sail back. Because there were only a few inches of freeboard left to the boat, Mundo would not let Gabriel trim the sail too tightly. The boat plugged slowly through the head seas. When they were on a direct course, Gabriel put the sheet line between his horny toes and stepped on it to keep it in place. He and Bowen scaled the fish and cleaned them, dropping the guts overboard into the water that was still clear but now colorless again, the blue gone out of it with the beginning of twilight. "Come, shahrk, come," Gabriel said each time. "Here's a nice piece ah food. I treat you good, you know." Mundo sang country-and-western songs, throwing all the melodrama he could into them. The air became steely and dense with haze.

They entered the lagoon shortly after dark. For some time, they had watched a flickering bright light come from the camp; even from a mile out at sea, it cast a wobbly, liquid thread of illumination that ran out from the cay to their boat. It was obvious now that someone had built a large bonfire on the shore; and as Mundo steered into the shallows and they prepared to beach, a man moved out of the

VODKA & ROSE'S

Vodka smooths out
in the limelight.
4 parts Vodka, 1 part Rose's.



Rose's Lime Juice*
*The Famous Gimlet Maker.

darkness into the firelight, the flames rising above his head. To Bowen, the silhouette was grotesque, crippled—the shadow of a beggar.

“Mundo,” Gabriel said, “Ezekiel wahnt to make a cry, mahn.”

Mundo thieved the hawkbill from him, Ezekiel shouted crazily. The other fishermen gathered around him now.

“Mundo teef de hawkbill.”

“Wha’ hahppen, Mundo?”

“Henry, come tell dem, mahn.”

But Henry would not come out of the darkness and speak. As they dragged the boat ashore, the fishermen moved down next to the water to help them and to have a look at the big turtle. Among the crowd, talking all at once, the three of them were solemn and quick, anxious for an end to the work. Ezekiel pushed forward, keeping the boat between himself and Mundo.

“Wha’ hahppen, Mundo?” he said witlessly. “Wha’ hahppen, mahn? You fuck me.”

Mundo would not acknowledge him but spoke instead to the other men assembled around the boat. He looked predatory in the changing light of the fire, dangerous.

“I shoot de hawkbill,” Mundo said. “You see it dere in my boat. De hell wit’ daht bitch Ezekiel.” He wouldn’t say anything more. Together, he and Bowen lifted the two big turtles out of the boat and placed them gently in the sand. The old man yelled a lot, but Bowen could not understand what he was saying. Colbert, a fisherman from the same village as Ezekiel, called out boldly from the group.

“Gabriel, speak up, mahn.”

Gabriel talked softly, as though to counterbalance Mundo’s disdain for Ezekiel. Although he would not speculate on what had happened in the water, he explained how on their way out in the morning Mundo had revealed his dream and how the bird had flown into the boat. Immediately, the excitement returned. The dream and the bird inflated the drama and the importance of the dispute, and that pleased the onlookers. Someone called for Bowen to tell what he knew. Most of the men stopped arguing to hear him. Bowen was reluctant to speak, aware of his difference and how it would distort what he said to them, how it would become a story that ended, “Ahnd den de white mahn say. . . .”

“It was like Gabriel said. Mundo told us he had a dream about fucking a man. He said this was a sign that meant he was to shoot a big male hawkbill. There’s the turtle right there.”

“Sci-ahnce mahn doan believe in dreams,” someone yelled at him. “Dreams is fah peoples like we.”

“Maybe so, but this one came true, didn’t it?” Bowen said calmly.

Ezekiel shoved forward toward him. “No!” he shouted. “Dis dream a lie. Mundo teef de hawkbill. Wha’ hahppen, Mundo?”

“The dream is no lie,” Bowen said, un-

able to keep the impatience from his voice. He hated the way the focus had been entirely transferred to him. It seemed that everyone except Mundo was ready to grant him the full authority of his judgment because he was white and educated.

“Yes,” a voice agreed. “But you see Mundo shoot de hawkbill before de net reach?”

Gabriel spoke before anyone else could. “Mahn, wha’ de fuck it mahttah? De dream come true. Daht’s daht. Quit dis fuss.”

Bowen bent over into the boat to collect the spear guns, wary that Ezekiel would see only him, blame only him, and if there were uncertainty on his face he must hide it from them, because he knew now what he had to say. On the sail back, Mundo and the turtle wouldn’t leave his mind. There was the dream, as undeniable as it was incomprehensible, a coincidence announcing itself, a magic somehow conspired between man and beast. He could not stop himself from accepting it and from believing that what Mundo had done had been done by right of the dream. As a biologist, he had been sincere; but what had drawn him to the sea in the first place was the feeling that it held mysteries that no man could measure. Now a series of events had taken place that he could never rationalize, never accurately explain.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Mundo watching him. Bowen wished he could know what the black man was thinking, but he had no intuition for what was at stake between them. His only impulse was to protect the knowledge of the dream.

“Mundo shot the turtle. The net wasn’t there yet. It fell right after the shot.”

“You see it, mahn?”

“That’s how it happened.”

“You see it hahppen daht way?”

“I’m telling you what I know.”

Bowen’s proclamation put an end to it. Everyone agreed then that the hawkbill was Mundo’s. Ezekiel wouldn’t be quiet, but he walked away from them anyway, still shouting passionately, and others shouted back at him to shut up. The men went back to their cooking fires to have their suppers. The three of them were alone again. As they finished unloading the boat, Mundo whispered to Gabriel, “Mistah Bone find a mahn to fuck.”

“Oh, ho,” said Gabriel, turning around to see if Bowen had heard. “Maybe next he get a sign, too. Mistah Bone—right?”

No guilt burned into him, no sympathy for Ezekiel. The dream was more important than what he had or had not seen. Mundo had come to the turtle first, through the dream, and that could not be changed, not by Bowen, not by Ezekiel’s net. It frightened him that something so intangible could become so absolute in his mind. He confronted Mundo.

“Was I wrong?”

“You mus’ decide, mahn. But you doan hahs to lie fah me.”

“I did it because of the dream.”

“Maybe daht’s so,” Mundo said, watching Bowen carefully. “Maybe you find out someting. But lissen to me, Bonc. Dreams nevah is true. Dey lead you, mahn, ahnd de rest is up to you.”

“I should have stayed out of it,” he said. Then he realized that for the first time, Mundo had not called him “Mistah.”

“No, mahn, you was right, so you mus’ fuck Ezekiel so. De hawkbill was mine no mahttah wha’ you say to dem. I hahd ahdvantage.”

“There was no lie, then.”

“No, but you behavin’ like a blahck mahn, speculatin’, not like a sci-ahnce mahn.”

They picked up their gear and hauled it to camp. While Gabriel prepared to cook their supper, Bowen found his tape measure, notebook and pencil and went with Mundo back to the boat. Together, they carried the turtles down the beach and set them under the narrow, thatched ramada built by the fishermen to shelter them from the sun. They placed the turtles among the others already there. Bowen tallied the ones brought in by all the boats, measured the length and the width of their shells, counted the dorsal plates, recorded the sex and the species. As always, he checked for the ghost-white markings of a mulatto hawkbill. Mundo scratched his initials into the bellies of his turtles with a diving knife.

“Damn,” Bowen said, finished with his notes. “No mulatto.”

“Daht’s only luck, mahn. Have faith.”

The firelight rubbed weakly on the carapaces and spun like small gold drops in the eyes of the turtles. Their flippers stretched out front and back from beneath the rows of shells, the palm fronds pinning them together in a frozen clap, an endless prayer.

“I goin’ bahck.”

“All right. I’ll be there in a while.”

Bowen did not know why he wanted to stay with the turtles, but he lay down in the broken coral, too tired to help with supper, and listened to the sea creatures take their air, the gasping litany that committed them to the surface and to men. He saw them in the sea again, male and female clasped together, hawkbill and green turtle, the plates of their shells flush. They would join each other in that embrace and mate, drifting in the shallows, pushing up together to breathe, the female encircled by the flippers of the male for a day and a night until the mythical *pas de deux* had ended and a new form had been conceived from different bloods. Then they would unlock to spend a year alone in the sea. The images stopped there and he felt himself falling asleep. He did not want to sleep here in the ramada with the turtles, so he rose and walked back to camp, to the men and to his supper. The tide had changed, and he heard the difference in the night. The sea pulled back off the reef, sucking the air down through coral bones, and then released it again and again.



SHORT WAVE

(continued from page 112)

be found for much less than \$1000. Few offer FM reception, but all have built-in product detectors for utility-station listening. With some exceptions, communications receivers are rarely sold by traditional electronics retailers. Stores specializing in ham-radio gear are your best bets to get some hands-on shopping experience.

You've certainly heard of Kenwood, the audio manufacturer. The same parent company is active in general-coverage-receiver design, offering three models. Its newest, the R-2000, is a short-wave listener's dream and, at \$600, a communications-receiver bargain. Although loaded with push buttons and knobs, the R-2000 is remarkably easy to use. Ten memories store both frequency and mode (AM, single-side-band voice, Morse code).

From Yaesu Electronics, a Japanese firm, comes a \$550 receiver that compares favorably with commercial professional equipment costing much more. The FRG-7700 picks up weak signals even at the high end of the frequency spectrum, where many receiver specifications tend to fall off. The clock-timer can also be hooked up to a tape recorder for unattended recording of a favorite program.

The newest receiver from communications-equipment maker ICOM is the IC-R70 (\$750). It features adjacent-station-rejection circuits (called pass-band tuning and notch filtering). Each is controlled independently on the front panel for superclear reception in crowded band segments.

Once you get interested in short wave, you may want to have tuning capability in your car. MFJ Enterprises makes that an easy job with the ultracompact MFJ-308 mobile converter (\$100). The converter uses your existing car antenna (even the in-the-windshield kind) and car radio. Then, at the press of a button, you can switch from the AM band to one of eight band-spread-tuning short-wave bands.

Back home, for the Morse and the teletype listener, any of several Kantronics "readers" will convert the mysterious tones into plain English. The Mini-Reader (\$270) is a self-contained, compact decoder that flashes the words across a scrolling LED display, Times Square style. The Mini-Terminal (\$300) does much the same thing but also lets you plug in a computer printer for a permanent print-out. And owners of Apple, Atari, TRS-80 Color, Texas Instruments 99, Commodore 64 or VIC-20 computers can use their machines as decoders with the help of The Interface (\$170, plus software).

If you long for distant lands but are too busy to get away from it all, short-wave listening is the next best thing to being there. Best of all, you won't have to pack a bag that gets misdirected to Timbuktu.



INTERNATIONAL BUTLERS CONVENTION



Chivas Regal • 12 Years Old Worldwide • Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof
© 1982 General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

Sybil (continued from page 133)

"This was no friendly little shoving match. Sybil's used to getting her way."

close professional and personal relationships. When it was clear that he had no intention of leaving, he found himself being pushed toward the door by Sybil, while her uninterested German shepherd and a very interested writer looked on.

This was no friendly little shoving match. Sybil was angry—she's used to getting her way—and the press agent/boyfriend was slowly realizing that he was being dealt a triple whammy: He was getting dumped by his gorgeous girlfriend and risking his job, not to mention being kicked and scratched. A screaming match followed: He wanted to get his personal belongings from the upstairs bedroom and she wanted him out of the house immediately. Given the death grip they had on each other, neither wish was likely to be granted, and the fight moved to the front yard, giving the neighbors a loud and colorful free show.

For them, it was welcome to the world of Sybil Danning, the actress known around Hollywood as the female Clint Eastwood, whose roles as a Valkyrie warrior in *Battle Beyond the Stars* and as an Amazonian princess in *Hercules* seem ironically close

to her action-packed real life.

"I just know you're going to start your story with that," she laughs later, having successfully banished the boyfriend from her property and piled his belongings beside the pool. "Most interviews start with the writer's saying, 'Well, I went to Lucy's house and she was lying on a pillow, stroking her cat and drinking a gin fizz.' Or, 'I went to Mary's house and she was sitting by the pool in her shorts, fresh from a tennis match.' But for this story: 'I went to Sybil Danning's house and there was a wrestling match going on.'"

In retrospect, the incident amuses her. "Those bones around my house aren't from my dog," she winks, playing with the zipper on her black-leather jump suit. "They're my ex-lovers'."

"I promise you one thing," she says. "That wasn't staged. I don't do that for visitors."

The fact that the fight wasn't staged made it all the more instructive, of course. It was a chance to watch Sybil in action.

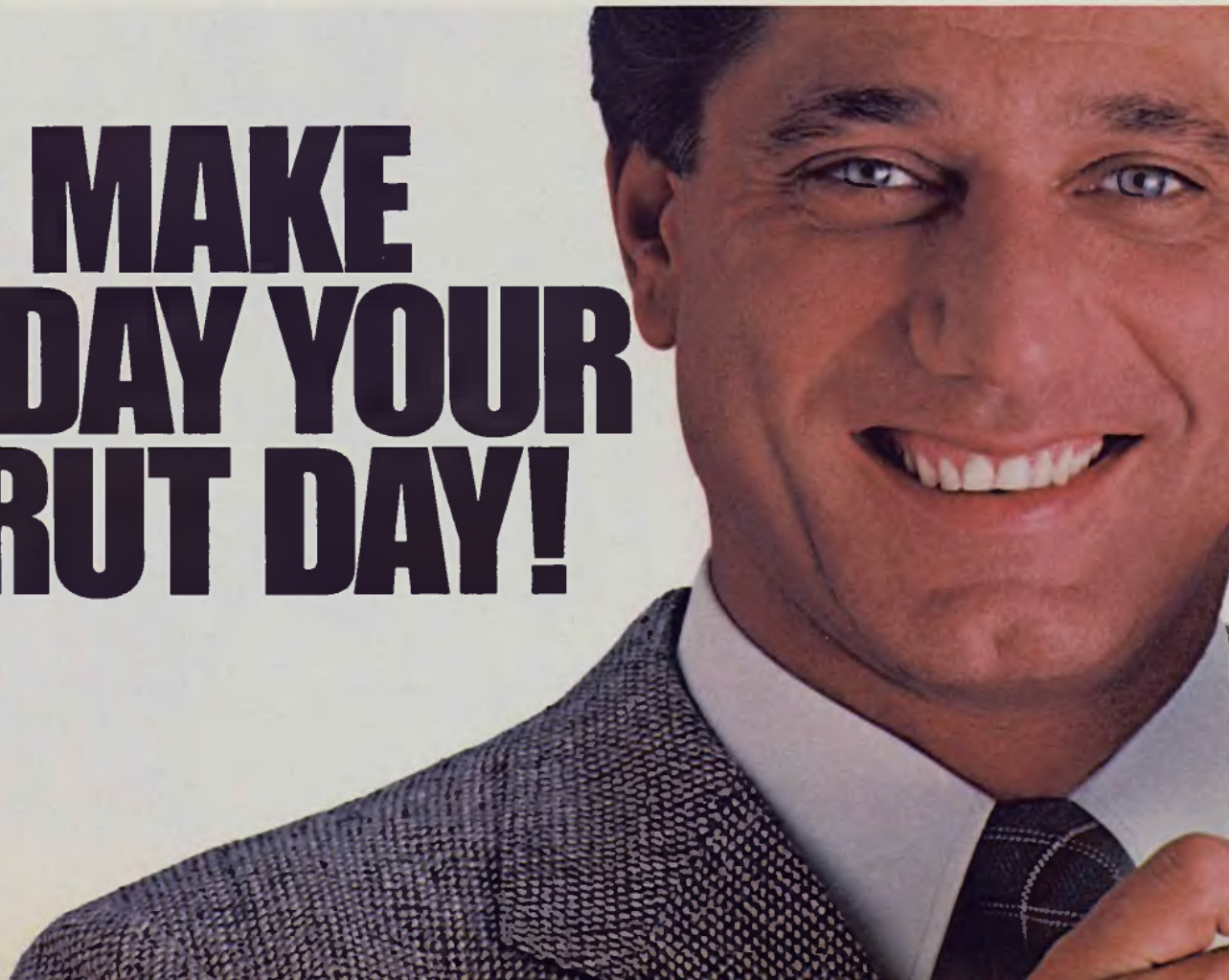
"I'm a very independent woman," she says, stating the obvious. "I always have been. My past two relationships began be-

cause I wanted them to. I was the one who made the first move. I was the one who decided I wanted to go to bed with that person."

Such a forthright approach to courtship is sometimes misinterpreted. "Despite what a lot of people think, I'm not the kind of woman who likes one-night stands. It takes me a long time to decide that I want to be with someone intimately—I mean, go to bed with him. But once I've decided, I put myself totally into that person. My relationships have always been very intense and, obviously, they're with people who are just as intense. Unfortunately, there comes the point when the man feels he wants to move in and possess me, but I just can't feel owned or possessed. I know that's a problem, but that's the way I am and that's why I've chosen not to get married."

She's been equally independent in her career, unabashedly using her considerable sensuousness in a variety of films—25 in all—to build a name for herself, first in the lucrative European markets and now, she hopes, in America. Not all of her roles have been as seductresses—her personal movie favorite is *Operation Thunderbolt*, an Israeli docudrama about the raid on Entebbe. She played a German terrorist and the film was nominated for an Oscar as best foreign film. Most of her characters, however, are like her Valkyrie warrior in *Battle Beyond the Stars*, an uninhibited female swashbuckler whose motto is

**MAKE
TODAY YOUR
BRUT DAY!**



"Make love—then war" and who can do anything a man can do but looks a hell of a lot better doing it. Her warrior costume was so sexy that NBC had to turn some of her more revealing scenes into tight close-ups of her face before running the film on television.

Three of her latest films are equally rugged. In *Chained Heat*, she's an inmate at a women's prison, where she kicks, bites, scratches, punches and even shoves the warden (played by PLAYBOY's Miss January 1960, Stella Stevens) into an industrial-strength washing machine. *Seven Magnificent Gladiators*, a second cousin to *The Magnificent Seven*, with Romans taking the place of cowboys, has her boozing, pillaging, slashing and killing right along with the men, including Lou Ferrigno. The ex-Incredible Hulk is also her co-star in *Hercules*, which gives both of them a chance to show off their ample physiques. In the movie, she and Ferrigno battle to the death. Behind the cameras, their relationship wasn't much better.

"Mr. Ferrigno just has a plain terrible insecurity," Sybil tattled to a writer for *Action Films* magazine. "When he finally got two lead roles, it went to his head. Here he is Hercules—and he says that ever since he was a boy, his big dream was to do Hercules—and he says to himself that he's more beautiful, he's better, he's bigger than he dreamed. When those things go to your head and you start step-

ping on people around you, that's the beginning of going down."

Comments such as those, plus some others she made about Ferrigno on a talk show, got her some bad reviews from her producer, Menahem Golan. "Menahem has said, 'Just try to say nice things.'" What are those nice things? "He's bigger than Steve Reeves," she offers. "He's at least as handsome." And then she falls strangely silent. "I want to make more films with Menahem," she explains with a smile.

Sybil doesn't make apologies for her candor, even if she's mended her outspoken ways a bit, and she's not bashful about the fact that most of her films have been low-budget exploitation flicks. Some people may think it's a shame to waste a great body and face on a drive-in movie screen, but Sybil isn't one of them.

"If I decide to do a film, afterward I'm not going to say it was a sleazy picture," she explains. "If I don't want to be associated with it, I don't do it. A lot of my pictures were exploitation, but I was aware of that before I did them. I've made a lot of bad films, but that puts you on the map and at least your name is known. I mean, you have to pay your bills, too."

Her next big project is exploitation deluxe. Called *Black Diamond*, it can best be described as James Bond with breasts—with Sybil as the sexy secret agent who uses *all* her talents to get the bad guys. She and her partner, Mike Frankovich, Jr.,

have already released a *Black Diamond* comic book, and Sybil claims it was successful enough to spawn a sequel and start the duo looking in earnest for funding. If they can raise the money, *Black Diamond* will also give Sybil a chance to be a producer.

"I'm not the type of actress who just reads her role," she says. "I care about who wrote it, who's producing, who's distributing, who's doing the music and how I can help with the publicity. I care from the beginning to the end. I really want to package, produce and star in my own films."

Of course, Clint Eastwood, Sybil's role model, produces and directs his own films, and she hardly needs to be reminded that he got his start in spaghetti Westerns that weren't much better than the films she makes. The comparisons, according to Sybil, don't stop there.

"I think it would be challenging someday to play a role like the one Meryl Streep played in *Sophie's Choice*, but I always find myself being up for and getting very strong roles. I don't see them hiring me as the woman who suffers. I'm always the strong one," she says. "Clint Eastwood has always been Clint Eastwood, because he plays himself. There is some kind of parallel between us. My life has been full of action and adventure, and I'm very independent. I guess people see that in me."

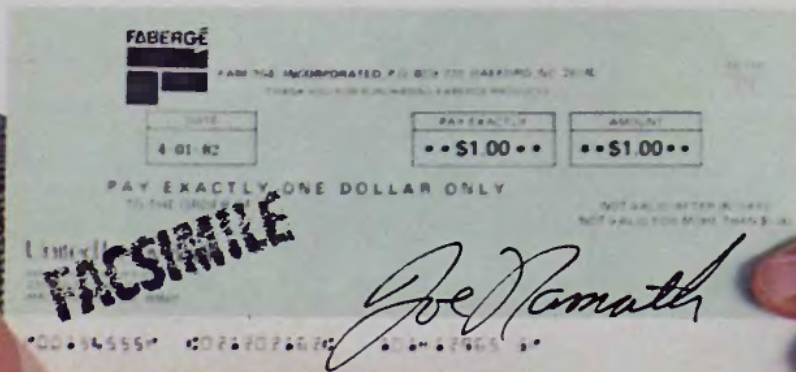


"Try new Brut 33 Solid Anti-Perspirant Stick and I'll send you a check for a dollar!"

"It's easy to decide on Brut 33 Solid Anti-Perspirant Stick. The combination of super dry, long-lasting protection and the great smell of Brut® is just hard to beat.

"It's also easy deciding what to do with the check I send you. You'll frame it, of course. After all, it does have my autograph on it. The people at Fabergé tell me there are some guys out there who would prefer to cash the check and take the money. Can you believe it?

"Either way, it's one solid offer. So pick up Brut 33 Solid Anti-Perspirant Stick."



"In prime time, there are no choices on the networks. Only stupidity, sex and violence."

deny the charges. Why not?

PLAYBOY: Do charges like that need denying? And what *did* you mean when you called CBS a cheap whorehouse?

TURNER: I meant its sleazy programs, putting too much sensationalism in the news to win the ratings race. If you take a stop watch and time the negative stories in the evening newscasts, you will find that on the average night, about 70 to 80 percent of it is volcanoes, people being flooded out of their homes, Marines shooting people in Lebanon, Congressional wrongdoing, lawsuits, murders, hijacking, plane crashes and that sort of thing. Barry Goldwater timed it and he said he got 85 percent; I get about 70 percent. It's like the front page of the newspaper. But unlike the newspaper, that has second, third and fourth sections—the way we do on *Cable News*—that's all there is to the evening news. There's no time for anything else. And in prime time, there are no choices on the networks. Only stupidity, sex and violence.

Television in this country has run amuck. It's one thing to have concentration in the entertainment business, but news has got a special status, particularly since in the United States, unlike most countries in the world, television is not controlled by the Government. The Government can at least ensure that there's some responsibility, that television can't run amuck to the detriment of the society. And that's what we have here.

PLAYBOY: That sounds a bit like the editorial you taped personally last year for CNN denouncing the film *Taxi Driver*. That was in reaction to the verdict in the case of John Hinckley, the young man who shot President Reagan. Are you suggesting legislation regulating the content of movies and the content of television programs?

TURNER: I didn't say that. I didn't say that.
PLAYBOY: You said, "The people who produced this movie should be just as much on trial as John Hinckley himself." And you advised viewers to write to their Congressmen.

TURNER: All that does is put pressure on people. I don't think legislation should be necessary. I think self-regulation is the best kind of regulation.

PLAYBOY: What about the free market place as a regulator?

TURNER: I think that those who are producing programs should exercise reasonable responsibility.

PLAYBOY: Isn't one man's reasonable responsibility another man's censorship?

TURNER: *Taxi Driver* went beyond the bounds of reasonable responsibility, in my opinion. And in the opinion of the people

who made it. Nobody was proud of it.

PLAYBOY: In his CNN commentary the next day, your own chief correspondent, Daniel Schorr, agreed with you about violence but disagreed about pressuring Congress. He said your approach might violate freedom of the press as defined by the First Amendment. How did you feel about that?

TURNER: I thought it was great. That just proves what a loose, terrific company we have when somebody can take issue with the boss on the air. I think it's great.

PLAYBOY: Your editorial was shown ten or 11 times. Schorr's rebuttal was taken off the air before it could run the customary second or third time for reasons that have never been satisfactorily explained. Did you have something to do with that?

TURNER: I didn't know anything about it. I didn't even know he had done it. I just felt the inclination to tape my opinion one weekend in South Carolina. When I got back to Atlanta on Monday, Dan's had run and had been lifted. The producer or whoever was running the station didn't think it ought to run again. Somebody else made that decision. We have nearly 2000 employees now, and they are all running around doing their own thing. Hugh Hefner doesn't know what you're doing tonight, does he?

PLAYBOY: No, but the editors do.

TURNER: Well, it's Hefner's baby. Anyway, the whole thing at CNN is to allow people to take issue with one another.

PLAYBOY: But you feel strongly about sex and violence on television, don't you?

TURNER: So does Dan Schorr. But you don't have to agree with me about everything to work for me.

PLAYBOY: What do you feel should finally be done about the things you don't like in movies and on television?

TURNER: Call attention to it and maybe it won't be done again. I am unaware of any movie like *Taxi Driver* that's been filmed since I broadcast my editorial.

PLAYBOY: So you think you've become a moral force for movies, too? And if calling attention to it doesn't work, do you believe a way should be found to make that kind of movie illegal?

TURNER: Only as a last resort.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your comment about the networks' running *Charlie's Angels* during prime time while you run the news: You seem to have a real dislike for that kind of show, don't you?

TURNER: Yeah. That and *The Dukes of Hazzard* and *Dallas*. The networks are poisoning our nation with shows like that. And they are poisoning the whole world against us. Those sleazy programs are distributed all over the world. The three networks *are*

failures. We're approaching the 21st Century with the most powerful communications force the world has ever seen. And it's being totally misused by three organizations that couldn't care less about what happens to the nation. It's insane.

PLAYBOY: What would you do about it?

TURNER: I'd like to get my hands on a network. I'd like to be the big guy for a while.

PLAYBOY: And what would you do with it—fire the chairman and everybody in programming?

TURNER: No. I wouldn't even have to run the place. I'd run my division and someone else could be in charge. But I would try to make the entertainment programming more uplifting.

PLAYBOY: What does that mean?

TURNER: I'd try to slowly change the characters on those shows toward the kind of people that you'd like your children to grow up and be like. Listen, I know a station manager in Atlanta who told me privately that his own children were forbidden to watch his station. And in my merger discussions with the networks, one of the top officials said to me, "Ted, you criticize us for being immoral people, but if you knew us, you'd know that many of us are very moral in our private lives. We may have some programs on that aren't good, but we're very nice family people."

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction to that?

TURNER: I said, "Well, you know, that won't wash as far as I'm concerned. That's exactly what the Gestapo and the people who ran the death camps said. When they went home after gassing people, they were very nice to their children and their dogs and their neighbors. But you're in a position of responsibility. That doesn't wash your hands."

The networks need a truly competitive force that is being run by someone who cares more about the country than about the profits. I subscribe to the Rotary motto: "He profits most who serves the best."

PLAYBOY: How does that apply?

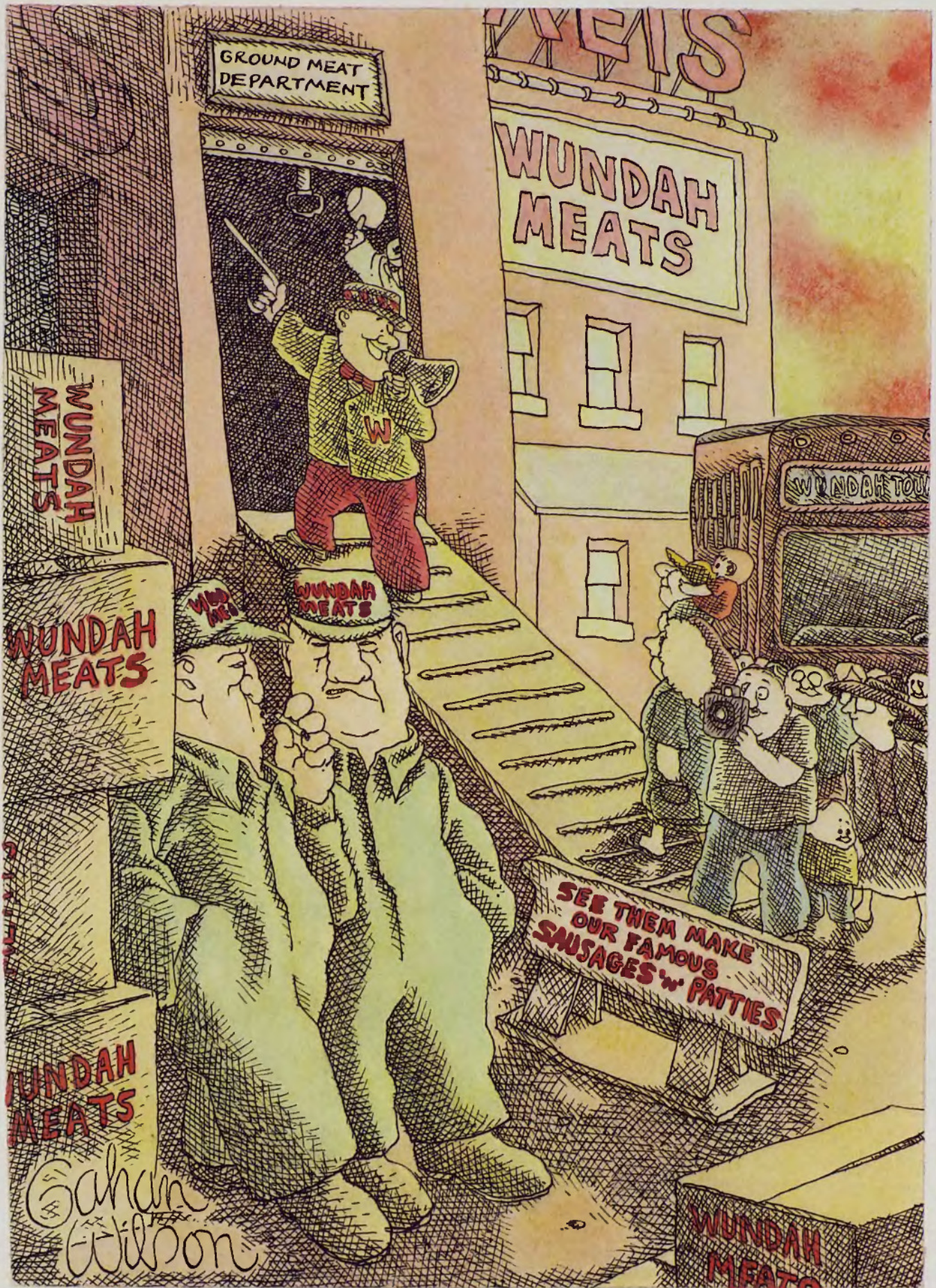
TURNER: In my company, I've accepted short-term losses for long-term gains. The networks have been sacrificing long-term gains for short-term profits. If our country goes down the drain, the networks go with it. And if the network executives are blamed, they will be burned at the stake for being responsible. Like in the French Revolution.

PLAYBOY: That brings us again to the question of whether or not you practice what you preach. Are you claiming you don't care about making money?

TURNER: I'm not motivated to make money.


PLAYBOY: In a speech at Georgetown University last year, you said, "It almost makes me ill that [some] people are making \$500,000 a year." Aren't *you* making that much?

TURNER: You're taking that out of context! I said that money shouldn't be your primary



"You'd think over the years one or two of them would catch on."

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



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

Winning effort.

Like a lot of people, you started by blasting the cover off a golf ball at a driving range. But you soon discovered that it was less a battle with the ball than with yourself. So now, when you manage an especially good round, you feel great. Because you've won in more ways than one.

You're tasting success and it sure tastes good.

*VANTAGE.
THE TASTE OF SUCCESS.*



motivation in life. I'm talking about materialism.

PLAYBOY: But you're not exactly hurting, right? A plantation, two islands—

TURNER: I need to make the money so I can do the programing. It's a means to an end, not an end in itself. Every nickel I can get my hands on, every time we get reinforcements, they're being thrown right into the front line of the battle. All my property is being used for ecological purposes, too.

PLAYBOY: But you're not giving your salary away, are you?

TURNER: I give away a tremendous amount. I contribute to a number of charities. I make tremendous amounts of political donations. I fly tourist on airplanes. I cut my own hair. I live without air conditioning in my homes. I drive a small car—

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. That's your *old* PR. You drive one of the biggest, most expensive cars made in Japan. The company advertises on your network and it *gave* you the car—

TURNER: That's right. But I *used* to drive a small one. They are a big advertiser, so they wanted to give me a bigger one.

PLAYBOY: And you haven't flown tourist class since we've been with you—

TURNER: I *pay* coach.

PLAYBOY: But somehow you're upgraded to first class?

TURNER: If you get something for nothing, it's pretty hard to turn it down.

PLAYBOY: In that Georgetown speech, you mentioned that when you appeared on the cover of *Success* magazine, you held it up heavenward and said, "Well, Dad—"

TURNER: "Is this enough?" What I was saying to those kids was that I now feel that I'm enough of a success that it no longer has to be the prime motivation in my life to prove myself to my father.

PLAYBOY: Your father committed suicide when you were 24 years old. How did that influence the course of your life?

TURNER: My father grew up in a different world—the depths of the Depression. He had watched his father go from being a farmer who owned his own land to losing it all and living the rest of his life as a sharecropper. So my father had a desperate, burning desire to be a success. In that time, America was more of a rugged, individualistic country. And my father was primarily interested in himself and in how much money he was going to make. But in retrospect, I think that was one of the things that led eventually to his committing suicide. Because when he made the \$1,000,000 that he said he was going to make, he told me that it was hollow. It did not give him the satisfaction that he had thought it would. And that's true of anybody who makes making money his primary objective in life. It should not be your main goal if you want to be happy and successful. How can you be successful if you're not happy?

PLAYBOY: You seem to be happiest when you're fighting battles. Do you glory in being the underdog?

TURNER: I *am* the underdog, so I may as well enjoy it.

PLAYBOY: Yet, instead of enjoying it, you constantly complain about network discrimination against you.

TURNER: We *are* discriminated against! They beat on us all the time. The networks are a cartel. They collude. Unofficially. You know how? They just agree. Why doesn't ABC try to get the Super Bowl every year? Why are they content to let NBC get it one year and CBS the next and just move it around? The reason is that nobody wants to make the commitment to bid the price up enough to get the whole thing, because they'd all rather share it and keep the three-way old-boy system working. That's why they all started their morning news at seven o'clock until we forced them into the early-morning segment. They didn't want to escalate the battle, because in the past, they had limited competition. There were these unspoken rules, which they all agreed to play by. And in the market, they all raise their rates the same amount every year.

PLAYBOY: If they were colluding, wouldn't the Federal Communications Commission have something to say about that? They're the ones pushing deregulation.

TURNER: Yeah, Mark Fowler, the FCC commissioner, wants to dereg me right out of business. He was a very strong attorney for the over-the-air broadcasters before he was hired by the FCC. He was in the pocket of the broadcasters.

PLAYBOY: By broadcasters, you mean the over-the-air industry as opposed to the cable-television industry. Are the broadcasters your main adversaries?

TURNER: Listen to this: The new president of the National Association of Broadcasters, Eddy Fritz, told my chief lobbyist in Washington, in so many words, "I've been instructed to oppose anything that will help you here in Washington." And then he also said—this is one that he's going to deny, I'm sure—"If there is some way Turner could promise to stop criticizing the networks and the affiliated stations that are running network programing, we could drop our opposition to him in Washington on some other issues."

PLAYBOY: What did you reply?

TURNER: "Hell, no!"

PLAYBOY: You told him that?

TURNER: No. I just didn't send a signal back or ask for a meeting. I'd rather have my heart buried at Wounded Knee.

PLAYBOY: As usual, you make it sound like war.

TURNER: It is like fighting during wartime. There are people being killed all around you. Actually, Fritz is a super guy. In fact, Jack Valenti, the head of the Motion Picture Association of America, which fought us on a number of things, is a super guy. But they're both just hired guns, highly paid lobbyists representing a vast,



"Better erase that C, Roger—a four-letter word for a female relative is A-U-N-T."

multibillion-dollar industry. Valenti has a posh reception hall and a huge screening room where he's always taking Congressmen for cocktails and the latest movies. But me, I own most of my own company. I'm up there lobbying for survival, whereas they're lobbying for their salaries.

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of talk that you'd really like to be in the movie business and become another Darryl F. Zanuck. True?

TURNER: I don't even know what a movie studio is supposed to be like. I've never really gotten a tour of a studio.

PLAYBOY: Then what were you doing last fall walking around the MGM lot in Los Angeles? You were so upset when we alluded to that, you went off the record.

TURNER: How did you know about that?

PLAYBOY: Reporters have ears and telephones. It just hasn't been reported before.

TURNER: Well, I have to admit, there was some whispering in the hallways. I heard the custodian who was sweeping the place whisper to the receptionist, "Turner's out here to buy MGM."

PLAYBOY: Were you?

TURNER: I wasn't there to buy MGM. I'm just a very colorful customer who buys a lot of product from the motion-picture industry. I had discussions with MGM about areas of mutual interest.

PLAYBOY: All right, then, is your next dream to get into the movie business?

TURNER: I just don't think the movie business and I should be fighting any longer. I think the major battles are over. I have criticized the studio executives for some horrible movies that they've made. And some of them have privately admitted that they're ashamed of movies like *The Warriors*, too. But I've also congratulated them for productions like *The Winds of War*, *Gandhi* and *E.T.*

PLAYBOY: What about producing your own?

TURNER: We're already producing a mystery film for our network. The working title is *The Q Factor*. But I would love to have been responsible for the movie *Gandhi* and the movie *E.T.* I thought *Gandhi* was terrific. I cried during that movie. It's in the top ten movies of all time in my book. It's up there with *Gone with the Wind*. You know what is so great about *Gandhi*? It's socially constructive. *Gandhi* shows that you can win through nonviolent operation. It shows you can accomplish what you want if you're patient and friendly with the people you beat when you're through. And that's exactly what I'm trying to do with the networks. I'm trying to intimidate them and make them want to leave—like Gandhi made the British want to leave India. But stay friends when it's all over.

PLAYBOY: Who's the Lord Mountbatten in this scenario? Someone like Paley?

TURNER: Who's Mountbatten? I mean, I know who he was. . . .

PLAYBOY: We mean in the sense that, as viceroy of India, he was the one who finally saw the wisdom of Gandhi's ways.

TURNER: He was in India at the time?

PLAYBOY: Yes. It was he who negotiated the British withdrawal. Who would play that role in your television wars?

TURNER: I seriously doubt that it would be Paley. It may not happen in his lifetime. But, you know, in the last merger negotiations, I didn't meet Paley. I'd like to.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned *The Winds of War*. Would you like to have had that on your network?

TURNER: Sure, but it cost \$40,000,000, dummy. We cannot afford such high-budget things. That's why I'm trying to get a network!

PLAYBOY: Do you think the miniseries is the wave of the TV future in entertainment?

TURNER: I think it's going to hasten the demise of the networks. They're committing suicide in a way with programs such as *The Winds of War*.

PLAYBOY: How?

TURNER: By disrupting the viewing habits toward their staple, which is the weekly series, the continuing series, such as *I Love Lucy* or *Dallas*, that people watch every week religiously. Just like people watch soaps every day or used to watch Cronkite.

Once they break the weekly-series habit, then they're free. And if the networks aren't running a *Winds of War*, it's over. If I have a baseball game on or a good older movie, the viewers come to me.

PLAYBOY: That reminds us: You're in a unique position as an owner in both professional baseball and television. As the owner of the Atlanta Braves, you also own their broadcast rights, and you own the satellite network that distributes those games to people all over the country who live nowhere near Atlanta. For starters, how did you come up with the notion of calling the Braves America's Team?

TURNER: The name was being fed back to us from people who lived in places like Idaho and Alaska, who didn't have hometown teams. But I never would have adopted it if the team hadn't started doing well. It's pretty hard to call an also-ran America's Team. I wouldn't want to drag America's good name through the mud.

PLAYBOY: What has been the secret of your team's surprising success?

TURNER: Good management. When I bought the Braves in 1976, they were one



"A double mixed six to one and a registered letter from the Internal-You-Know-What."

of the worst organizations in baseball, one of the lowest-budget operations. The people who owned it were nice guys, but none of them was dedicated to winning and they didn't spend anything like what the competition did, starting right at the bottom, with scouting. That was the first thing the guys running the team told me when I took over. So we tripled the number of scouts. Then they said the next thing we needed was good instructors in the minor leagues, so we got them. Then they said we needed more budget to sign the top draft picks, so we did that.

PLAYBOY: Did it work?

TURNER: Well, we finished in the cellar for the next four years, setting an all-time record for most consecutive last-place finishers in interdivisional play. Then we bounced up to fourth place and, last year, to first. Basically, we built a whole new ball club from our own organization. There are only three players on our roster today who were there seven years ago.

PLAYBOY: Not bad for a guy who knew nothing about baseball.

TURNER: I can do virtually anything that requires good management, intelligence, planning and hard work. I run the team the same way I ran my sailboat. If I had the time, I could definitely manage a baseball team.

PLAYBOY: That sounds like your one-day

foray into a uniform five years ago, which baseball commissioner Bowie Kuhn quickly stopped. How can you say that a guy who had never played the game seriously could be an expert?

TURNER: First of all, I've watched more than 1000 games. I've seen our guys pitch dozens of times. And anybody who's a real fan of a particular team can tell when a pitcher has suddenly lost it. Every serious baseball fan is an armchair manager.

PLAYBOY: Do you try to run the team as George Steinbrenner runs the Yankees, sending messages to your manager?

TURNER: Never during the game. I will ask him *afterward* why he didn't take someone out. We run the club by committee, and I'm the chairman. I'm the skipper. When we're making the final cuts of spring training, we have all the coaches; the general manager; the director of scouting; the executive vice-president; Henry Aaron, who's minor-league director—maybe 25 or 30 people. And we evaluate everybody on the roster.

PLAYBOY: Is the role of a good owner to support his team with bucks?

TURNER: You've got to do that. The owner signs the pay checks.

PLAYBOY: You've established a pretty liberal checkbook. After your bad experience a few years ago with some costly free agents who did not work out, you told us you

weren't going after any more hot players for "superbig loot." Yet this year, your salary structure topped \$9,000,000, putting yours among the top half-dozen payrolls in professional baseball.

TURNER: Yeah, well, I told my guys that if they played championship ball, I'd pay them championship salaries.

PLAYBOY: So you came in with the attitude of spending to build a better team.

TURNER: You can't make chicken salad out of chicken manure. But it's not just the bucks that make the difference. We created an exciting operation where guys *want* to sign with us. In most cases, our people make less than they could make somewhere else.

PLAYBOY: Could you ever pay for it all with just the gate? Could the Braves ever make a profit without their own TV outlet?

TURNER: Absolutely not. We drew 1,800,000 fans last year, and that was just enough to break even. With our increased payroll this year, we would need to draw 2,800,000, and that we won't do.

PLAYBOY: So you need to compete hard—and very loudly—against the networks to televise professional sports.

TURNER: I'm always talking about killing the opposition. But that's like Ali talking before a fight—a lot of it is designed to build up the gate.

PLAYBOY: How do the readers of this interview avoid the suspicion that all your rhetoric about the networks is just beating the drum for a competitive product? You're condemning them as evil, not simply as competitors.

TURNER: That's right.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's fair not only to claim you have a better product but, figuratively, to accuse the other salesmen of beating their wives? Because that's what you often sound like when you get wound up about other people's morality.

TURNER: Well, I truly believe it. You're asking the questions and I'm answering them. But don't ask me. Ask [fundamentalist preacher] Jerry Falwell. Ask [conservative Senator] Jesse Helms. Ask General Westmoreland.

PLAYBOY: What do Falwell and Helms have to do with it?

TURNER: They think the networks are destructive and detrimental to our society, too. I'm not the only one. I've never met a college president who thought television was doing a good job for our nation. The trouble is that nobody dares blow the whistle on the networks because of their power. Somebody has to have the courage to stand up and say so.

PLAYBOY: We don't understand: You were studying your *own* ratings when we got on the plane. Don't you need ratings to survive?

TURNER: Yeah, but not the way the networks do. I know a lot of things I could do to get my ratings up.

PLAYBOY: For example?



TURNER: CNN could go the *National Enquirer* route instead of the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post* route. We could sneak cameramen in to take nude pictures of movie stars taking nude sun baths; we could dig up more dirt and scandal; we could run movies the networks won't run, ones that are bloody and gory, such as *Friday the 13th*; we could do programs with frontal nudity; we could do soap operas—

PLAYBOY: You *did* launch a soap opera on your own network—*The Catlins*. Isn't that the same thing the networks do? Aren't extramarital affairs and unwanted pregnancies stock in trade of soap operas?

TURNER: I have to make some commercial sacrifices to get where I'm going. Christopher Columbus, when he set out for America, wasn't sure he wouldn't fall off the edge of the earth, either. Besides, Procter and Gamble, who are putting up the money for it, assured me there would be nothing in there I would be ashamed of.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned that you *could* run nudity—but wouldn't that cause the loss of the subscribers who you feel want uplifting programs?

TURNER: We might lose some. But the way the networks have done it is to stay one step ahead of the people with sleazy stuff; then the people catch up. They've been dragging the quality of the programming down a little bit each year by staying six months ahead of the public, getting sleazier and sleazier. Fred Silverman [the former president of NBC] was the master of it. He took us one step beyond where we'd been as far as dragging us down.

PLAYBOY: In what kind of shows?

TURNER: More tits and ass. A little more tits and ass than the other guys have had.

PLAYBOY: What about the advertising? Brooke Shields's Calvin Klein jeans ads created a furor.

TURNER: The networks are increasingly touchy about that because of all the pressure that's been brought to bear on them.

PLAYBOY: By Donald Wildmon? [Wildmon is the conservative minister who formed the hard-line Coalition for Better Television.]

TURNER: By Donald Wildmon and Ted Turner. When I started criticizing the networks publicly about four years ago, I gave them the strongest and most effective indictments that had ever been made. In the past, they had always been able to write off their critics. Almost no Senators or Congressmen or Presidents had ever criticized them really strongly. Nixon did it a little, because they tried to smear him. People in Government are afraid, because they get re-elected based on the way they're covered in the media. The corporations of America couldn't criticize the networks, because if they did, *Sixty Minutes*

would come after them. I mean, journalism takes cheap shots at everyone. And also, the networks can raise their advertising rates, because they charge one company more than another. So nobody in business can criticize them. They've intimidated any meaningful critics. In most cases, the newspapers own the television stations. So any young television writer who criticizes the networks too much, particularly about First Amendment considerations, is putting his own future in jeopardy.

There's generally a tendency in the media not to criticize one another. It's kind of an unspoken law, because no-

body's got lily-white skirts. You don't blow the whistle on me, I won't blow it on you. Besides, there are interlocking directorates among all those big companies. So the only criticism came from a few ministers and a few educators. And the networks were always able to dismiss them by saying they were a bunch of liberal kooks.

PLAYBOY: Or right-wing kooks.

TURNER: Depending on which group it was. Ralph Nader criticized them as much as anyone else. But because I was in the television business and was criticizing from the inside, they couldn't very well call me an idealistic kook. I could use specific

DRINK BETTER. NOT BITTER.™

Kronenbourg. Europe's #1 bottle of beer. It has the great body one expects from a fine European beer but without the bitterness. Kronenbourg, since 1664. Better not bitter.



Kronenbourg®
THE #1 BOTTLE OF BEER IN EUROPE.

© 1983 KRONENBOURG, USA. IMPORTED BY KRONENBOURG® USA, GREENWICH, CONN.

examples that I had learned inside the business, quoting them off the record. Nobody at the networks would have a conversation with Wildmon. They'd give him the widest berth possible, because he'd get information from them. No television person ever met with Wildmon the way they have with me and told him off the record that they were ashamed of the programming that they were putting on. But they told me. So when I blew the whistle on them, it was so effective that, as I told you, the president of the National Association of Broadcasters has offered to drop their opposition to us in Washington—trying to put us out of business legally—in return for my promise to quit being a media watchdog.

[During a brief break in the interview, Turner was engaged by an Atlanta passenger in a chat about the Braves' prospects for 1983. At that point, Liz Wickersham, Turner's companion, leaned over to our interviewer and only half-jokingly suggested that it would be fitting if she posed for the cover of the issue in which Turner's interview appeared. Wickersham was PLAYBOY's cover model for the April 1981 issue.]

PLAYBOY: We were talking about Wildmon

and his attempt to impose his moral standards on TV. With network advertisers, his tactic is to threaten a boycott.

TURNER: They've tried everything else.

PLAYBOY: Then let's talk about how consistent your standards are. Last Christmas, we watched WTBS and CNN a lot in Atlanta and saw what we considered quite provocative ads—for panty hose and lingerie—on your channels. The J. C. Penney lingerie ad was a kind of striptease, an absolute burlesque.

TURNER: I don't agree with you. I've never objected to the commercials, except maybe commercials for R-rated movies. I don't think there's anything wrong with a little bit of sex appeal.

PLAYBOY: Then what do you mean when you attack sex on television?

TURNER: I'm talking about gratuitous sex and homosexuality and philandering around. As long as it's your wife or your girlfriend, I don't think there is anything wrong with that.

PLAYBOY: But you have specifically attacked the networks, saying they don't have enough programs that show healthy family situations. The women are always

out having affairs, you claim. What about *The Collins*? The heart of soap opera is infidelity, isn't it?

TURNER: I don't know. That's what people tell me.

PLAYBOY: Well, why are you showing it, then? Because it pays a good dollar?

TURNER: Because I really need the money. You're just coming back and trying to get an answer from me. I said that I do some things. . . . I never said I was perfect. I don't just have my own personal standards that run my network. There are a number of things we are doing. . . . I don't feel like I'm really compromising my principles.

PLAYBOY: But you said you're doing the soap opera for the money.

TURNER: That is a consideration. That is a consideration.

PLAYBOY: We raise the issue only because you are so vociferous in your criticism of others who do the same thing.

TURNER: That's right.

PLAYBOY: The networks answer that they have the soaps because there are 45,000,000 women who want to watch them in the afternoon.

TURNER: That's true.

PLAYBOY: Well, 25,000,000 people may want to watch something as spicy at night.

TURNER: But there's something else. I have to make more sacrifices than the networks do. If I were rich enough, we'd be even cleaner than we are today. But I've got to get where I'm going in order to do that. I'm not proud of everything we're doing from a commercial standpoint. But our standards are a hell of a lot higher than theirs are!

PLAYBOY: But can you raise your standards higher than what people want?

TURNER: Oh, absolutely, you can. And if you do, you go out of business.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that what you're trying to do? Trying to force people to come up to your standards?

TURNER: I'm not trying to force them!

PLAYBOY: Then you're going to raise standards and hope that audiences follow?

TURNER: [Pauses] You are about to lose the rest of your interview!

PLAYBOY: I'm just asking—

TURNER: Well, I'm tired of it!

PLAYBOY: I'm sorry if you feel—

TURNER: I am one second away from never asking [sic] you another question! I'm sick as hell of you!

PLAYBOY: Now, Ted—

[A suddenly violent Turner snatched the tape recorder out of Range's hand and smashed it to the cabin floor. "I heard a thump and thought, Oh, my God, what's happened now?" remembered Eastern Airlines' senior flight attendant Chris Mink later. In a belligerent rage, Turner then threw Range's camera bag full of tapes into the aisle. He kicked it full force against the cockpit door, slightly bruising Mink as it hit her thigh.

["We heard a bang against the door and didn't know what was going on," said



"OK, now—this time for real!"

Captain Albert Dean afterward.

[Swearing and shouting, Turner began to stomp on the bag. Tiny fragments of the plastic tape boxes were scattered about the cabin carpeting, like pieces of a shattered window. He then threw the bag at Range's head while Range was retrieving the pieces of the smashed tape recorder. Another flight attendant began picking up broken cassettes and tape boxes.

[The passengers in the first-class cabin were stunned. The crew, equally shocked, attempted to soothe Turner. Flight attendant Mink later said she thought she saw Turner pick up something from the debris knocked out of Range's tape bag and stuff it into his pocket. Turner then sat down next to Liz Wickersham. Some minutes later, he went past the forward galley into the lavatory.

[During Turner's brief absence, Liz Wickersham confided to Range, "He's under a lot of pressure. He did the same thing to me once, getting on a boat in Greece. He got mad and kicked me in the shins."

[Turner returned from the lavatory and said to no one in particular, "It's the same thing I did on the *Tom Cottle Show*." (During a taping of an interview show, Turner, displeased by host Cottle's questioning, abruptly walked off the set. As he did so, he ripped up the release form he had signed, effectively preventing Cottle from airing the interview that had been completed up to that point.) Turner then turned to Range and said, "I'll replace your tape recorder." Range declined Turner's offer.

[The flight reached Las Vegas an hour later. After the plane emptied, Range began a search for two missing tapes. Stewardess Mink then mentioned what she had seen Turner stuff into his pocket and also recalled seeing him put something into the galley trash bins.

[Range began a systematic search through the muck of the galley garbage. Several broken cassette boxes surfaced but no tapes. Finally, he turned to the first-class lavatory and searched in vain through the trash. During a final sweep of the galley garbage, his fingers closed around a tape box with its cassette still inside. The box was undamaged—but it had been under water for more than an hour.

[On the return flight to Washington, Range dried the tape inch by inch. The following day, with the help of a stereo expert, he was able to unjam the cassette and play it successfully. The tape contained half of the three-hour airborne interview. The other missing tape, containing an opening conversation at the Atlanta airport, was never found. Turner denied taking any of the tapes from the airplane. The preceding interview was transcribed from the earlier tapes and from the tape that survived Turner's assault.]



If you want a smoother vodka,
ask for it in English.

IMPORTED

PRODUCT OF ENGLAND

BURROUGH'S

ENGLISH VODKA

DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

LONDON 1873 - 1911 - 1924

JAMES BURROUGH LIMITED LONDON ENGLAND

93 PROOF 750 ML

SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS KOBRAND CORPORATION N.Y. N.Y.

100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Now the English
have done for vodka what
they've always done for gin.

Burrough's® The English word for vodka.

BEER CHIC (continued from page 91)

suddenly have a lot of company. Heineken, the original import, paved the way for its Dutch compatriot Grolsch. From France (albeit the German-speaking part), Kronenbourg and Fischer have made their entrance. Beck's and St. Pauli Girl, from the north of Germany, meet Dortmund Kronen and D.A.B. from the west and Würzburger from the south. There are imports from more distant places, too, such as Kirin (Japan), Foster's (Australia) and Steinlager (New Zealand). Nor is all the action among the imports. There was a time when Miller High Life was thought by some to have too haughty an image. No longer. Now Budweiser's smart sister, Michelob, Schlitz's Erlanger and Stroh's Signature make grander claims.

Throughout the Western world, the beer phenomenon has taken unexpected forms: expensive imports being shipped as top-of-the-line beers by major domestic brewers; revivals of traditional products that had long been forgotten; the reawakening of sleepy, small-town breweries that are suddenly marketing their products farther afield; and, perhaps most remarkable of all, the emergence of boutique breweries.

Fear not: The *machismo* of the American brewing business is still powerful enough for the label boutique to be resisted. Yet what the boutique wineries of the West did for the grape, the new, tiny breweries are doing for the grain. Where in the United States are they found? There is a new boutique brewery in Albany, New York, once famous as America's greatest ale-producing city. The first boutique in the United States was in Sonoma, California, in the heart of the wine-producing country. One of the most recent, producing a widely admired beer, is in Yakima, Washington, center of the American hop-growing district.

The boutiques are a new generation of ma-and-pa breweries. Some are run by one man and a boy; others by one man and a girl; others by two or three men. There are seven or eight boutique breweries currently operating in the United States and at least as many are planned. Each sells its beers in only one or two states, but that is how things were before Prohibition.

Monty Python actor Terry Jones invested some of his profits from the TV series in a boutique brewery in England, one of more than 100 that have sprung up there in less than ten years. There, the latest development is a return to the pub with its own back-yard brewery, the type of business commonly found before World War One. The first such pub brewery in North America was opened last year in British Columbia, and similar establishments are being planned in several cities in the United States where local laws will permit.

Such fancies are no competition for Milwaukee or St. Louis, but in 1982, there be-

gan a remarkable collaboration between boutiques and mainstream breweries when a beer festival was held in Boulder, Colorado. The first Great American Beer Festival was unique in that it was the first time anyone can remember that rival American breweries—about 20 of them—had cooperated to offer their products side by side. It was also unique in that it was not a corny Germanic steins-and-sausages gut buster but an opportunity for comparative tasting. Beers from Upstate New York, the Midwest and California, none of them generally available throughout the country, were sampled in an enthusiastic degustation by guests from equally far afield.

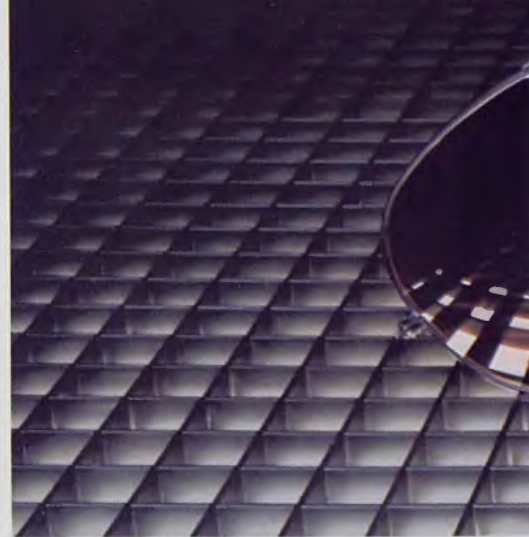
The Great American Beer Festival was inspired by similar events in Great Britain and Holland that have themselves been spawned only in recent years. They are yet another manifestation of the new beer phenomenon. The American event now seems set to take place annually.

Today, in restaurants, some imported beers go for six or seven dollars a bottle. Serving a beer that costs that much takes the kind of restaurant that presents its selection on something akin to a wine list. Such beer lists, documenting the place of origin of each brew and, if the diner is lucky, its characteristics, are increasingly to be seen.

There are, of course, classic beers that also happen to be household names, but the new beer chic does not restrict itself to them. There are great and original beers that are taken for granted in their own countries but are unrecognized elsewhere. There are once-famous names that, like fading celebrities, live in quiet obscurity, thought by even their admirers to be long dead. There are brews of some profundity that, especially if they are produced on a relatively local scale, suffer the fate of the prophet without honor in his own country.

If those names are so noble, why aren't they, so to speak, on everyone's lips? The answer is simple. It has long been understood in the wine world that a best-selling label does not necessarily have the same ambitions as those enjoyed by one produced in far smaller quantities and at greater expense. In the matter of beer, that awareness has taken an unconscionably long time to dawn.

What most people (except the British and the Irish) mean by beer is just one style: a golden-colored, dryish, cooling brew. That style was first brewed in the town of Pilsen, in the state of Bohemia, which is now a part of Czechoslovakia. The original, labeled Pilsner Urquell, is increasingly available as an import. So are German counterparts with such names as Herforder, Königsbacher and Krombacher. European Pilsners are very hoppy; American ones are milder. You can, though, find a fair degree of dry, hoppy



ESCORT WINS AGAIN!

MAY 1983 CAR and DRIVER TEST

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

ESCORT WINS

NOV 1982 CAR and DRIVER TEST

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

ESCORT WINS

DEC 1981 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

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

ESCORT WINS

SEPT 1980 CAR and DRIVER TEST

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

ESCORT WINS

MAY 1980 BMWCCA ROUNDEL TEST

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

ESCORT WINS

FEB 1979 CAR and DRIVER TEST

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

FOR ESCORT OWNERS ONLY:

As our ad above states, we've made another improvement. The new ST/O/P circuitry is a standard part of every ESCORT starting with serial number 400,000.

Is ST/O/P adaptable to your present ESCORT? Well, yes and no. At S.N. 200,000, there was an internal redesign of ESCORT



**ST/O/P:
THE
FIRST
RADAR
DETECTION
ADVANCE
SINCE
SUPERHETERODYNE**

ESCORT: "A GENUINE BREAKTHROUGH"

—CAR and DRIVER

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

Now There's More To It

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

Low Level Contamination

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

Radar Epidemic

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

Pollution Clean-Up

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



**THE RADAR
DEFENSE
KIT**

Peace of Mind

With ST/O/P, we've put the complications necessary to cope with today's radar problems inside—where they work automatically. Just install ESCORT, plug it into your cigar lighter, and turn it on. ESCORT does the rest. If you encounter a signal from a "polluting detector," ESCORT keeps quiet while maintaining its lookout for police radar. If the signal is the real thing, ESCORT immediately alerts you both audibly and visually. And, unlike other detectors that keep you guessing about the radar's location, ESCORT's signal-strength meter moves upscale as you approach and its variable-rate beeper/brapper pulses faster. You get the full story.

It's Simple

If you want the best, there's no reason to look anywhere else. But don't take our word for it. Try ESCORT *at no risk*. Open the box, install ESCORT on your dash or visor, and take 30 days to test it. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your purchase *and* pay for the postage costs to return it. You can't lose. ESCORT is sold factory direct, so knowledgeable support and professional service are only a phone call or parcel delivery away. And we back ESCORT with a full one year limited warranty. Order today and let ESCORT change radar for you forever.

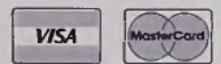
Do It Today

It's easy to order an ESCORT, by mail or by phone.

By Phone: Call us toll free. A member of our sales staff will be glad to answer any questions and take your order. (Please have your Visa or MasterCard at hand when you call).

**CALL TOLL FREE . . . 800-543-1608
IN OHIO CALL 800-582-2696**

By Mail: We'll need to know your name and street address, daytime phone number, and how many ESCORTs you want. Please enclose a check, money order, or the card number and expiration date from your Visa or MasterCard.



ESCORT (Includes Everything) . . . \$245.00
Ohio residents add \$13.48 sales tax.

Speedy Delivery

If you order with a bank check, money order, credit card, or wire transfer, your order is processed for shipment immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

ESCORT®
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 807
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45242

incorporating custom integrated circuitry, a precision quartz timebase, and a new integrated microwave mixer/antenna/Gunn oscillator. The new ST/O/P technology builds on this by significantly expanding the digital logic and adding memory. As a result, older units (serial numbers less than 200,000) cannot be modified to incorporate ST/O/P technology.

For those of you with ESCORTs from S.N. 200,000 to 399,999 we are presently developing procedures and facilities to make adding the ST/O/P circuitry to your unit possible. The cost will be \$75, and details and special shipping instructions will be in our advertisement in the September '83 issue of this magazine. Sorry, but we won't be able to convert your unit until that announcement.

bitterness in a Midwestern Pilsner (from Monroe, Wisconsin) under the Augsburg label. If you prefer to snort the hop, you can enjoy the bouquet of Henry Weinhard's Private Reserve (from Portland, Oregon). Serve these beers at 45 to 48 degrees Fahrenheit to taste them at their best.

In winter or spring, try the sweeter, fuller-bodied, more sustaining beers from Munich, home of the original Löwenbräu. Munich-style, or Münchner, beers come in a variety of types and strengths. Such Munich breweries as Augustiner, Hofbräuhaus (HB), Paulaner and Spaten produce a wide range of beers and export a good many of them. They may be golden-colored (announcing themselves, in that case, with the expletive-sounding German adjective *hell*) or dark (*dunkel*) and may contain about three and one half to four percent alcohol. Or they may be of an amber hue for Oktoberfest, perhaps at four and one half percent alcohol. Then, whether golden-colored or tawny, there are the billy-goat beers announced as bock and *doppelbock*, at five and six percent alcohol, respectively. Inspired by Paulaner's original, called Salvator, the others have such names as Maximator and Celebrator. An unusually strong example is the aptly named Kulminator 28, with an alcohol content of nearly 11 percent. In Germany, double bocks are served in February and March and single ones in May. Devotees of the rich Bavarian beers may also enjoy such Champagne-bottled French specialties as St. Léonard and Bière de Paris—or Dos Equis amber from Mexico or San Miguel Dark from the

Philippines. The nearest American equivalent is the Bavarian Dark from the tiny Geyer brewery (in Frankenmuth, Michigan). Again, serve these beers at 45 to 48 degrees Fahrenheit. The gentler the chilling, the fuller the flavor.

Before a meal, sharpen the palate with just one glass of an acidic Trappist-monastery beer from Belgium. These are claret-colored, almost murky, and should be decanted carefully into the glass so that the yeasty sediment is left behind. Until recently, they were hard to find outside Belgium, but they are increasingly working their way into export markets. Start with Orval and graduate to vintage-dated Chimay Blue and potent St. Sixtus (almost eight percent alcohol). These beers are normally served quite warm, at about 66 degrees Fahrenheit, but the secular Duvel (a corruption of the Flemish word for devil), also from Belgium, should be well chilled.

With shellfish, there is an impenetrable magic to the tangy accompaniment of roasty, black porters and stouts. Guinness, from Ireland, is the most bitter; Mackeson, from England, is markedly sweeter. Between the two are such resurgent American favorites as the celebrated Pottsville Porter, from the *Deer Hunter* country of Pennsylvania. Most of the new boutique breweries produce excellent sedimented dry porters and fuller-bodied stouts.

With meat, go for the reddish, British-style ales. Their fruitiness and their full flavor are the ideal accompaniment to grills and roasts. Serve them, like red wines, at a natural-cellar temperature—ideally, 56 degrees Fahrenheit. From England, Bass is the classic, but London Pride

and Samuel Smith's seem to travel better. The provocatively named Stingo, a specialty of the house of Watney, is a stronger English ale of the type known as barley wine. From Scotland, there are Belhaven and Lorimer's. From Adelaide, Australia, Cooper's is a wonderful sedimented ale. Most of the new boutique breweries produce excellent sedimented ales, and the hybrid Anchor Steam Beer, from San Francisco, is gaining a cult following. The characteristic fruitiness—but with a lighter body and a paler color—is found in such Canadian ales as Molson, Labatt's, O'Keefe's and Moosehead. (These four companies, of course, also make lager beer.)

As a summer refresher, the Germans favor wheat beers: a type of brew that's sharp yet light in body and alcohol content. These beers are increasingly being exported to the United States, where they were produced by many breweries before Prohibition. A dash of raspberry is added to the quenching, sedimented Berliner Weisse, from the Kindl and Schultheiss breweries. Napoleon's troops called it "the champagne of the North." Pink champagne, presumably. A slice of lemon soothes the more intense south German sister brew called *Weizenbier*, from such breweries as Tucher and the splendidly named Faust. (You also need lemon, not to mention salt, with the Mexican brand Tecate.) The wild-fermented Belgian type of wheat beer known as *gueuze* is matured in hogsheads and is exported to the U.S. by the Lindemans farmhouse brewery. In its winy character, it bears a passing resemblance to white vermouth, and its exotic cousin *kriek*, containing bitter cherries, might intrigue a devotee of *kir*.

The protagonist of beer chic pauses before the first sip to catch the aroma. In most beers, it's a light, unclinging, malty sweetness because it is dried by the bitterness of the hop, which has its own flowery, sometimes herbal scent. Then there is the fruitiness created by the yeast, the life force that ferments the beer, creating also the sparkle and the head. A good beer has what brewers call a rocky head, and each sip leaves "Brussels lace" draped down the sides of the glass. Above all, it has its own balancing act, depending upon its style but also upon the ambition and the skill of the brewmaster.

There are easy tastes and difficult ones. What comes easily can quickly begin to disappoint. Many of the best things in life are acquired tastes: oysters, *steak tartare*, *marrons glacés*. Like sex, good beer is a pleasure that can better be appreciated with experience, in which variety is both endless and mandatory. The pleasure lies, too, in gaining the experience: the encounters with the unexpected, the possibility of triumph or disaster, the pursuit of the elusive, the constant lessons, the bittersweet memories that linger. Cheers!



George Dole

"And I say real men don't even know what quiche is!"



**Let's
Get
Involved**

Subscribe now and get 12 great issues of PLAYBOY for only \$22. That's a \$15.00 saving, a full 41% off the \$37.00 single-copy rate. PLAYBOY keeps you involved, informed and excited all year long with: ... top fiction by the world's leading authors ... lively interviews with newsmakers in the world of politics, sports, entertainment and business ... choice tips on modern living, fashion, food and drink ... sophisticated humor ... Plus the splendor of PLAYBOY's incredibly beautiful women. Subscribe now. We'll bill you later. Or mail your \$22 check or money order to:

PLAYBOY

Dept. 7BEH7

P.O. Box 2523
Boulder, Colorado 80322

OR—Call TOLL-FREE 800-228-3700.

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

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

How do you enjoy
Sambuca Romana
when you run out
of coffee beans?



Con Mosca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
3 roasted coffee beans
Float coffee beans on top.



White Cloud
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
Club soda
Pour over ice
in tall glass.



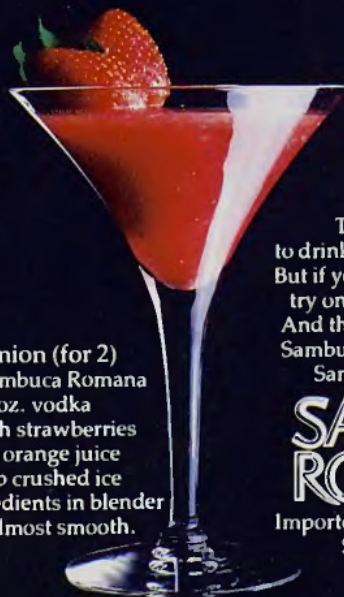
Romana Caffe
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot coffee
Top with sweetened
whipped cream.
Dust with grated
nutmeg.



Chocolate Chip Sambuca
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chocolate chip
ice cream
Blend and serve or
freeze until serving.



Sunny Sam
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
Orange juice
Pour over ice in
8 ounce goblet.



Reunion (for 2)
1 oz. Sambuca Romana
1 oz. vodka
12 fresh strawberries
6 oz. orange juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup crushed ice
Mix ingredients in blender
until almost smooth.

The traditional way
to drink Sambuca is Con Mosca.
But if you're out of coffee beans,
try one of these other drinks.
And then write for our original
Sambuca Romana recipe book.
Sambuca Romana 84 Pf.

SAMBUCA ROMANA

Imported by Palmer & Lord, Ltd.,
Syosett, N. Y. 11791.

"It is clear now that the half-life of a sex scene in New York is about a year."

I walk up the stairs, pay my six dollars and make my way into the theater. Two girls are there, on a bed up on the stage, writhing in time to the music. It looks like an aerobics class or a Jane Fonda workout. After a few songs, they leave the stage. They are replaced by a girl who throws a fresh sheet onto the bed (how quaint that these people bring their own linens). The men in the audience change position, the better to scrutinize the action as the girl plays with a vibrator. Penetration seems to matter. A lean Spanish guy joins her onstage. She takes his penis into her mouth, moving up and down the shaft with no particular zeal for an incredible length of time. The song changes. They switch positions. He enters her and strokes to the end of the song. The action does not build to a climax. Arousal and penetration are the main event. What I am seeing is not sex—it is merely endurance, the tilling of time. The music ends and the performers leave the stage.

I walk around the emporium, enter a booth, deposit tokens and watch a shutter slide open. I look through a Plexiglas panel at a naked woman, who looks back. There are no instructions posted, but if I don't feed tokens into the slot fast enough, the window descends. It is not unlike putting quarters into a Pac-Man machine. This is the voyeur's video game. Men stand in the booths and masturbate. The women offer encouragement but no contact. I cannot figure out the attraction. It is a cheap thrill—but no bargain.

I take a taxi from Show World to a block of warehouses on 34th Street in search of real sex. Plato's has moved downtown from the Upper West Side, and I wonder what's happened since last I was there. I enter a white-brick building near the Port Authority terminal and pay \$75, twice what I paid five years ago. I do not, however, buy a Plato's Retreat Frisbee or a T-shirt, which are for sale at a booth inside. In the men's room is a gallon jar with a pump like a catsup dispenser's, labeled MOUNTAINS OF MOUTHWASH. I walk past a dance floor, a pool table, a buffet, a video room. Couples lie on pillows watching porn movies. Times have changed; the scene is dead. The crowd is mostly middle-aged, mostly naked. This is where you go if you've always wondered what your parents looked like making love. People seem more interested in the buffet than in the bodies entwined in the mattress room. The old energy and the novelty are missing.

It is clear now that all the predictions I heard were correct, that the half-life of a sex scene in New York is about a year and

that I'd better hurry if I want to catch the established S/M spots before the action moves somewhere else.

Most of Manhattan's S/M clubs are located on 19th Street near Sixth Avenue. The first one I walk into is a carpeted room. I sit on a bench and wait for something to happen. There are other men spaced at perfect intervals around the room, also waiting. A year ago, there were lines around the block. Now people are talking about the good old days: "You should have been here when the woman had her breasts nailed to the back wall," I hear someone say.

There is certainly no reason to be here anymore, so I walk down the street to another club that has taken over a once-notorious porno theater. An overweight woman in black takes my money, holding it under a light in the hall to count it. A young girl behind the bar sells me a glass of wine. There are three other men in the room. The mistress is running an encounter group, an improv theater for sadomasochists. A salesman from California recounts a story of his youth, how he discovered that spiked heels turn him on. A young black man is reluctant to air his fantasy. He claims that he is obsessed with sex, that he has done it with animals, that he's finger-fucked his cat.

When it's my turn to speak, the mistress asks about my fantasies. I tell her that I'm curious about the scene, but I haven't had time yet to fantasize. "You are obviously a submissive," she says. "You wouldn't be here if you didn't want to be dominated."

I panic. "I'm not a submissive. I'm a Pisces."

The mistress makes a general request to the audience for fantasies. The salesman rattles off four or five. Two girls and the black guy take the stage to enact them. It is worse than summer stock in Des Moines. The black guy portrays a student who is sent to the corner and told to masturbate. He is instructed not to come until the mistress gives permission, which she will signal by urinating on him. As I watch her guzzle wine, trying to fill an uncooperative bladder, I decide that it isn't worth waiting to see. I leave the mistress drinking wine, the salesman kneeling slavishly beside her, the black guy jerking off. For all I know, they are still at it.

The next day's paper says that Mistress Belle's show will start at nine p.m., immediately after a tour of the dungeon. Running late, I ride a small elevator up to a loft where a very large person takes my money and directs me to the theater.

Maybe 30 people fill the bleacher seats. They are well dressed, young. They are paying complete attention to the skit that is unfolding on the stage. It involves a fake rape, a gun, a role reversal. The male and female performers are attractive. I am sorry that I have missed most of the episode.

When they leave the stage, I look around. There is a buffet that includes a white-porcelain punch bowl in the shape of a circle of breasts. S/M people are definitely into breasts—large ones, maternal. Another act takes the stage. This one involves a priest and a young girl. The girl confesses to carnal thoughts. The priest asks her to demonstrate them, then punishes her, fondles her, forgives her. Nice work if you can get it.

In the next act, a girl is forced to perform a pagan ritual, to hold a skull above her head. The pose reminds me of a *Conan the Barbarian* comic-book cover. It does something for her breasts. A man who is swathed in a tattoo of indecipherable design lights a candle and then, with a sweep of his arm, throws hot wax across her body. The act is exact, graceful, succinct. As the drops of wax meet her skin, she does not flinch. He takes the skull from her hands, binds her feet, then hoists her upside down till she spins free of the floor. He works his way through a ring of candles, splashing her body with wax, then extinguishes each one in turn. He removes a knife from his belt and slips it beneath her panties. Blood flows down her stomach in rivulets. He lowers her and they leave the stage. (Later, I hear him explain that the blood was calf's blood from a butcher shop on Sixth Avenue.)

A man comes out and sits on a chair. He places a board between his thighs. Mistress Belle approaches. She swabs a nail in alcohol, then proceeds to drive it through his scrotum into the board. She follows with a second nail. The man wails, in mock horror, "My cock! You've ruined it! It will never work again!"

Belle answers, "That's just a piece of flesh. You still have a mind." The man stands up, holding the board, and walks off the stage. His genitals look like a tray of canapés.

I have just seen a man have nails driven through his scrotum while he told jokes, and I am still waiting for my reaction. The act is not something that I have read about in *The Joy of Sex*. I turn to the couple next to me. The man says, "He really trusted her. Can you imagine what it would have felt like if the hammer had missed?"

I surmise that there are levels of pain and levels of horror. I cringed as the hammer descended. My ribs felt like collar stays. But I did not run from the room, shouting, "Are you out of your mind?" The nail freak appears twice a week. I am told. He is famous for his idiocy. I try to figure out what motivates him. Maybe he needs to prove that he is an ironman, that his genitals are invincible. Maybe he is just nuts. It is beyond me. It

takes all kinds to fill the freeways, and in New York you can always find someone who shares your fantasy.

The cast returns to the stage. Belle asks if there are any members of the audience who want to participate. A man goes down, drops his pants and allows a tall blonde to spank his bottom. He is unashamed of his erection. An overweight woman flings herself across the lap of the girl from the confessional skit. "It's one way to lose weight," she says. The crowd shouts, "Whip like you live!"

I learn later that the cast consists of unpaid volunteers. It is amateur night at the dungeon. They are into the scene, and they want to show off the latest moves and embellishments to a jury of their peers. It is high-class, professional, soft-core S/M, with one gut wrencher. Belle has a sense of the dramatic. This is vaudeville for the voyeur, burlesque for the bizarre. The girls are Belle's slaves. In their workday, they are submissive, but they can portray the dominant role when their work demands it. They know both parts by heart—and buttocks. This Wednesday-night program is just a sampler. If you have a fantasy that needs to escape, you can sign up for private sessions. The sessions are expensive—\$150 an hour, or about what you'd pay a shrink to tell you to cope.

I walk out of Belle's thinking about trust, the exchange of permissions, the knowledge of roles. Trust is an issue that has fallen into neglect. It seems to be absent from a lot of conventional heterosexual relationships. Couples endure: They go through their entire lives without saying what is really on their minds. Afraid to confess their fantasies, they watch the old passion wither away.

And then there is the sex that takes place between strangers, based on blind luck or pretense. Do you trust a woman to use birth control? Do you trust her not to have herpes? Do you trust her when she says that she doesn't need to reach

orgasm, that sex is emotionally satisfying? Do you trust her when she allows you to have morning sex—when she acts as though she wants it before she's even awake? Do you trust her when she gives head enthusiastically? And if she finally goes along with something new and strange, do you trust her not to turn on you, not to bring it up in court?

An evening at Belle's place has raised a lot of questions. I know now where I'll have to go to look for the answers.

The following day, I find myself back at the Hellfire Club. I stand at the bar, gawking. I may as well be wearing a T-shirt that says, WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON? For a few minutes, I play observer. I notice a 3" x 5" index card on the bulletin board: SLAVE WANTED, WITH VAN, TO MOVE FURNITURE FOR WELL-KNOWN MISTRESS. I examine the souvenirs hanging over the bar—the pair of torn panties, the handcuffs, the collar, the frayed whip, the bag, the remnants of costumes.

I could go on recording—inductive irony—but I force myself to talk, to question. I sit down with Frank, a leather-maker, a hippie craftsman who looks like he belongs in a Renaissance fair. He shows me the gauntlet he is working on, explains how he chose each hide individually. The finished product will mold itself to the owner's hand and to no other. I try it on and feel the power of costume.

"I've been into this scene for years," Frank says, "and you can't really explain it. People are always trying to come up with reasons. So-and-so does it to relieve the tensions of being an executive—things like that. But that's bullshit. We do it because it's fascinating, because it requires our full attention. It is not casual sex. It is not the old in and out. Most people don't think about sex; they just do it. We think about it.

"S/M is more involved than regular sex. You don't just put it in and thrust. You

create a script, a fantasy. Then you act it out. It is more elaborate, more intense and more demanding. It is not something you can do with a stranger on a one-night stand. If you go home with some guy, you can really get hurt. This is not a scene for horny tourists.

"In New York, at first, there are doers; then come the watchers, the people who just want to observe. When the tourists outnumber the regulars, nothing happens. We aren't going to do our scene for the uninitiated, the guys just looking for a fuck. Some nights, we don't even get undressed. Other nights, there is something happening every minute, scenes blending into one another. Someone gets fist-fucked. Someone gets whipped. Someone gets spanked. I've had some incredible scenes here."

Frank introduces me to two of his ladies, Deborah and Sandy. For the next hour, I watch them try on pieces of leather: a wrist gauntlet for one; for the other, a bra with two rings through which she pushes her breasts until they look like water balloons. The rings focus attention, create a specific sensation. They prepare the breasts for what will follow.

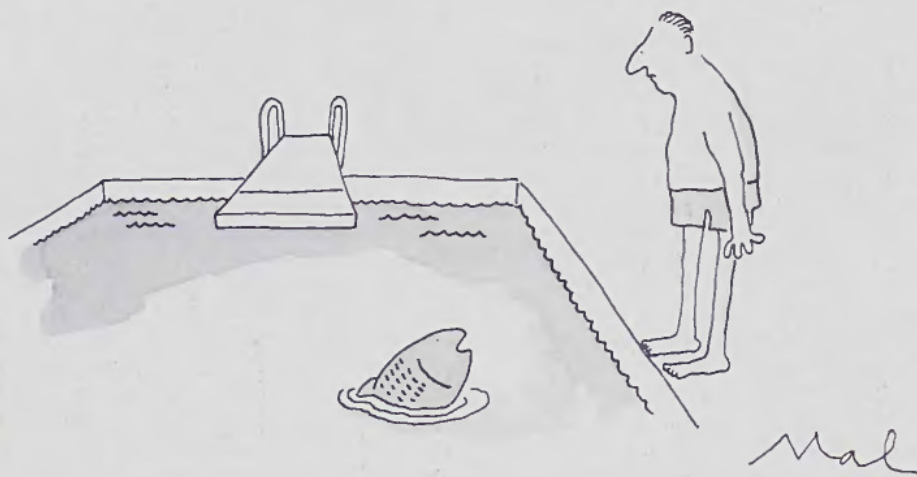
I ask Deborah how she got started in this scene. She doesn't pause before she answers. "My parents never showed affection, except when they gave me a beating," she says. "I knew they loved me when I did something wrong and they cared enough to punish me. It was the only experience of love I had. I don't know any other way to feel emotion. I was married. I had two children. My husband fucked me while I was asleep. I never came. Then I started hanging out with Frank."

I ask her to explain the sensations she gets from various moves in the S/M repertoire. "A spanking is warm, almost like a massage," she says. "Nipple torture is a way of getting close to your guy. Hot wax is tricky—if the candle isn't exactly right, you can get burned. Each candle is different. The perfumed kind are deadly. You have to test them." She demonstrates the movement. It is elaborate, slow motion. "You don't know what to expect, don't know when the next drop is going to hit. Whips are also special. Frank makes them so they don't cut. It isn't pain but something else—a slap, a stinging sensation. Your skin turns red and becomes sensitive to touch, to a kiss. When you spank, you massage. When you whip, you kiss.

These people are students of their own sexual routines; they take them seriously. Even now, Deborah is concerned that her partner has slipped out to get high.

"Drugs interfere with the pain," she says. "There is no direct connection. The person is somewhere else. What you are doing has no meaning. You can hurt someone and he can't even feel it. We are purists. The only things that count are the pain and the reaction to pain. Some people scream, which lessens the pain—or increases the drama. I don't make a sound."

I recall an essay by Ernest Becker called



"Right now you're probably asking yourself, 'What the hell is a flounder doing in my swimming pool?'"

NEW NISSAN ONE HECK-OF-A- HUNK-OF-A 4x4.

AT YOUR DATSUN DEALER.



MOST POWERFUL STANDARD ENGINE IN ITS CLASS.

- More power than Toyota, Chevy S-10, Ford Ranger and everyone else!
- Most horsepower: 103 hp @ 4800 RPM.
- Most torque: 133 ft.-lbs. @ 2800 RPM.

BED HAS DOUBLE STEEL WALLS. Not in Toyota.

- Cab in Deluxe and Long Bed seats 3 across with more hiproom than Chevy S-10 or Toyota; more legroom than Toyota.
- 4 x 4 also available in ST Sport Truck and King Cab® (up to 9 cubic feet of extra inner space for cargo or jump seats in King Cab®).

- **ON-DEMAND 4WD.** Shift from 2WD to 4WD at the flick of a stick. Front hubs lock automatically. Not in Toyota.
- **WIDE-CLEARANCE INDEPENDENT FRONT SUSPENSION.** Adjustable torsion bars allow wheels to step over rough spots smoothly, independently; compression rods face rear for extra-wide clearance of obstacles.
- Highest minimum ground clearance of any compact truck.
- Tightest turning circle for maneuvering in tight spots. Runs rings inside Chevy S-10, Ford Ranger, Toyota.

The new Nissan 4 x 4.
It's one heck-of-a-hunk-of-a truck!



"Every Man as Pervert." A woman can fake orgasm, but she can't fake pain. Direct and uncomplicated, it guarantees the undivided attention of the victim. "By treating the flesh with violence and causing it great pain, the sadist literally makes his partner a *predominantly external organism*," Becker says. "The mind 'comes out in the open' in the screams and pleadings of the body. There is no longer anything private or aloof: The victim is reduced to the barest terms of the body; all indwelling values, all cultivated sensitivity . . . all that man earns and learns as a cultural animal are reduced whimperingly and totally to the terms of the tortured flesh."

Apparently, though, Deborah and Sandy do not agree completely about their respective roles in all of this: "Submissives have it together," Deborah says. "The dominants are insecure."

"No, the dominants have it together," Sandy says. "The submissives are looking for attention."

It is an interesting question: Who is the master and who is the slave? Most agree that the masochist sets the limits; he yields to the master but within clear bounds. Slave and master are equals. They know their parts. This is not a power play but a play.

Sandy allows herself to be tied to the Swedish chair. Deborah drops wax onto her body. Sandy flinches—sort of. She is

not entirely there, and I suspect that she did slip into the alley to do some drugs. After a while, they give up, but the image of a nude woman writhing lingers. It is powerful stuff.

I ask the leathermaker what it all leads to. "It's all in the anticipation," he says. "They've been thinking about this for two weeks. This was just foreplay. We will go home and fuck our brains out."

I wonder if anyone ever gets off in the club, if anyone ever comes. I watch a woman climb into the saddle, her legs spread, her arms pulled tight to the chains. She is surrounded by several intent men. Two of them play with her breasts. Another inserts a fist. A fourth takes possession of her mouth. She is a sine wave of shrieking, the scream rising and falling in regular rhythm. Yet, when I look at her hands, they are delicate, the fingers rubbing against one another as if examining a piece of fine fabric. She is detached, luxuriating in the drama. She relishes the attention. Later, she explains that she dominates her attendants. She is powerful, she gives permission. They try to please.

I leave the Hellfire Club, still wondering about the question of dominance but troubled, too, by my reactions to some of what I'd seen. There were postures that had caught my eye, that had a certain appeal. I could vaguely envision myself in the vicin-

ity of such behavior, could almost imagine taking a date to such a place to compare notes on our reactions, to see whether or not any of the scripts rang a bell. After all, everyone had a role. It was not threatening. Watchers were welcome. But the women's movement has made it impossible to explore dominant/submissive fantasies blithely. You can go out with someone for months without discovering that she really wants to be spanked, that she wants to play rough. And when you run into a woman who likes to be taken, you confront a compelling part of yourself—the animal, the athlete.

The psychoanalyst Robert Stoller says that we all keep secrets from ourselves, that it takes years to get people to admit their deepest fantasies, the images that cluster around orgasm. I was pretty certain that nothing I saw at the Hellfire Club—or any of the other S/M spots—came close to mine. But I still had to consider the possibility that those people actually reach true ecstasy because they know exactly what it is that they want. Normal heterosexuals may be blundering, ambiguous, noncommunicative by comparison. Without a doubt, the people I'd seen in the leather-and-chain lounges had tapped the primal power of a sexual script—a script that for most of us will always remain beneath the surface.



TROJAN-ENZ
WITH SPECIAL RECEPTACLE END
LUBRICATED
FOR GREATER SENSITIVITY

For feeling in love...

1 DOZEN ROLLED LATEX CONDOMS

The number one best seller.

PUBLIC HEALTH AUTHORITIES AND PRIVATE PHYSICIANS NOW FEEL THAT THE CONDOM, WHEN PROPERLY USED, EFFECTIVELY AIDS IN PREVENTING THE TRANSMISSION OF HERPES OF THE PENIS, CERVIX AND VAGINA.

For two decades, more Trojan-Enz® Lubricated condoms have been sold by drug stores than any other condom—because more consumers trust them and prefer them.

For feeling in love, Trojan-Enz Lubricated offer you and your partner the best. Each condom has a natural jelly lubricant—a Trojan exclusive—for greater sensitivity.

Thin and safe, Trojan-Enz Lubricated condoms are individually packaged in tamper-resistant foil for ease of use. They're available in boxes of three, 12 or the economical 36-pack.

Rely on the best-selling condom. Look for Trojan-Enz Lubricated in the Trojan display at your local pharmacy. No other condom has been proven more effective.

YOUNGS DRUG PRODUCTS CORPORATION
P.O. Box 385, Piscataway, N.J. 08854 © Y.D.P.C. 1983
While no contraceptive is 100% effective, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in the prevention of pregnancy and venereal disease.



"Damfool thing to do—asking a wood nymph for a little head."

HUTTON

(continued from page 109)

"Tim is accustomed to being thought of as a cross between Holden Caulfield and James Dean."

good-looking kid—except that he isn't, and even the way he holds his body tells you that he isn't. She is dressed all in black leather; a patterned bandanna is wrapped around one black boot. She might be just any other groupie, except that right now (for who knows how long?) she is Tim's girl. She is a small, slim, fashionably tangle-haired brunette with a pretty, pouty face; her dark-brown eyes regard Tim with a kind of tense voracity. She is 32. She is also, according to a source who is protective of Tim and whose business it is to worry about him, "a tough New York cookie." A tough New York cookie who lived with Bruce Springsteen and who is—between his phone calls from his agent, Sue Mengers, and from his friends, of whom he appears to have hundreds—conducting whispered conversations with Tim about whether or not to accept a role that requires her to be nude. ("No!" says Tim, not in a whisper. Then, gently, "Please don't do it—for my sake. Such a nice girl," he says. "I've known her for years. . . . Joyce! Get the damn phone! Please!")

Timothy Hutton is not made of soft fiber—if he were, he could hardly have survived the death of his actor father, Jim Hutton, and his own amazing success and

subsequent loss of anonymity, the tickles and the tortures of celebrity. But he's not what you'd call a tough cookie. He's what you'd call adorable; thousands do. His mother, Maryline, with whom he lived from the time he was two to the time he was 16, calls him fearless.

Intrepid, earnest, clownish, intense, alternately puppylike in his affections and severe in his judgments, opinionated, searching, sarcastic, tender, sometimes boorish, more often kind, funny, solemn, self-effacing, swaggering, self-absorbed, curious, analytic, spontaneous; add rich and famous and throw in Academy Award-winning (at the age of 20) for his stunning performance as the vulnerable and despairing Conrad Jarrett in *Ordinary People*, and it's easy to see why girls and women—maternal and predatory, innocent and sophisticated—cling to his company and why thousands more would like to. A person still in the process of creating himself ("Jeez!" he says. "Are you going to print all the stuff I say? I never even knew I had these opinions before I said them. I'm thinking out loud—isn't it great?"), he has so many warring characteristics, and so many shifting moods, that he amounts to a blank slate. The harder he

tries to define himself (what 22-year-old can define himself; and why, after all, should he be obliged to?), the more elusive he becomes. A lot of women like blank slates: They can read whatever they like into Timothy Hutton's behavior; it's easy to fall in love with a creature of your own imagining.

Like most moviegoers, I tend, without thinking, to associate actors with the role or the roles for which they are best known; so I am not quite prepared for the sonic boom of Tim's "Hi!" when I first meet him at New York's Parker Meridien Hotel. I suppose, unconsciously, I am expecting the quivering sensibilities of Conrad Jarrett. Tim (he doesn't like to be called Timothy) is accustomed to being thought of as a cross between Holden Caulfield and James Dean, a rebel even the rebelled against can love, so occasionally, to flummox fans and interviewers and, no doubt, to amuse himself, he trots out a belching, farting hard-boiled-kid persona—an I-dare-you-to-categorize-or-to-like-me persona—which makes his PR woman nervous. She never knows which Timothy Hutton will show up.

The night I am to meet him, she is awfully nervous on his behalf—she has told me that when he's working, he often goes brittle, cold, introverted. But Tim's not nervous at all. He is affable, warm, pleasant, forthcoming. Restless, perhaps: He prowls, he paces; then he sits so still and quiet, with such a steady and fixed regard, that you're sure he thinks you're the most important person in the world—or that he is. ("Living in the moment" is what he calls it, or—well, he does come from California—"communicating.") Prowling or communicating, he is a pretty sight—a graceful young animal. He has been filming *Daniel*, from E. L. Doctorow's novel *The Book of Daniel*, based loosely on the lives of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who were convicted of giving atomic secrets to the Soviets and were electrocuted. The movie, in which Tim plays Daniel, the orphaned son of the spies, is going well.

It is, in fact, all he wants to talk about. Swigging down Tab, chain-smoking Carltons and Barclays and Marlboro Lights and Silk Cuts, he dispenses with formalities and preliminaries. This is a meeting called to break the ice, but Tim's on fire with his role as a man in search of his legitimate past, and there is no ice to break. He talks and talks and talks about *Daniel*.

He has never taken an acting lesson. He didn't finish high school, either, though his father insisted on his getting a high school equivalency degree. An instinctive actor, he is academically undereducated; but the way he prepares for a role ensures that he will always have a wide assortment of facts and sometimes tentative, though firmly declared, opinions: When he made *Ordinary People*, he spent time in a mental



"Hey, how come you put a picture of Tom Selleck on the ceiling?"

hospital in order to understand his character's depression. When he made *Taps* (a self-indulgent, incoherent movie that was a box-office success in spite of rotten reviews—largely because of Tim's portrayal of a rebellious military cadet with a misplaced sense of honor), he lived and rehearsed for four weeks at the Valley Forge Military Academy and Junior College; he also read Melville's *Billy Budd*, as well as biographies of Generals MacArthur and Patton. Some actors say they act in order to understand themselves. Tim learns about slices of the world when he learns roles—a new slice for every part.

For *Daniel*, he went to "every synagogue in Brooklyn" (he liked davening; it came to him as news that women sit apart from men in Orthodox shuls); he read Victor Navasky's book about black-listing in Hollywood, *Naming Names* (he speaks with intimate loathing of Roy Cohn); he learned all there is to learn about Paul Robeson and listened to tapes of his singing all through the shooting of *Daniel*; he hung out at the Garden Cafeteria, Lower East Side home away from home for many bourgeois living-room Communists during the Thirties; he read, he says, all of Marx.

"Hey!" he says, "I found this sentence in Marx—I wrote it down. It says everything: 'From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs.' Isn't that great?" (One doesn't like to disturb his enthusiasm by telling him that that is the one sentence of Marx that everybody knows; reading all of Marx in order to get it is like reading all of *The Oxford English Dictionary* to find out how to spell cat.)

"Did you know Ethel Rosenberg had to be killed two times? The first jolt of electricity didn't kill her. Shit! Some guy with a camera strapped to his leg—you weren't supposed to take pictures of an electrocution—peed in his pants, man, when he saw that. Ruined his film. . . .

"All those guys, those Communists, they weren't violent; they just wanted the world to be good. I can dig that. I was only 14 when I went to Berkeley, but I remember all the protests, the sleeping bags, the candles—man, it was great! . . . You know what Abbie Hoffman told me the other night? He said, 'Too bad the poisoned Tylenol capsules weren't suppositories, because then half the assholes in the world could have been killed.' . . .

"Your daughter's in Nicaragua, huh? What does she think of the revolution? Is she being careful? You sure? Let's call her. My sister, Heidi, is in Brixton—that's the working-class part of London, where the riots were—and, man, is she revolutionary. Likes the I.R.A. I was at a bar with Richard Harris and he had a fight with a guy in a *suit* about the I.R.A. I can dig Arafat, ya know, walking around like an Arab dude with all those funny men in *suits*. . . . Did you know Truman Capote called me one of the worst-dressed men in the world? Because I was at a party with



If you'd like to know more about our water, just write.

A SLIGHT DISTURBANCE of the earth created the Jack Daniel's cave spring some 400 million years ago.

The disturbance, so say geologists, caused a crack in the surface of the earth and allowed a stream of iron-free water to spring up from underground. Luckily, Jack Daniel discovered the stream in 1866 and we've been using it to make our whiskey ever since. Today, a second movement of earth could seal off our water entirely. Which, to a Jack Daniel's drinker, would be no slight disturbance.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROPS
BY DROP

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

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

jeans that had a *hole* in them. He said I looked like I was on my way to prison. Whaddaya think of that? I went to see my grandma in Connecticut the other day and she yelled at me for wearing jeans with a hole in them. I told her I didn't expect to see all of her friends when I came to see her—she had people driving up in *cars*, man, like I was the Washington Monument. What a world! Friend of mine had a kid the other day. Man, that's some heavy shit. What a world to bring a kid up in! What a world! I'm registered for the draft, but I wouldn't fight. Here, look. . . ."

He shows me pictures he's drawn, pen, pencil, charcoal, Winsor & Newton water colors his mother sent him: studied self-portraits, a quick, glib, competent sketch of a man he saw on a plane—and pencil drawings of a woman being executed, a woman hanged, a woman drawn and quartered, a woman strangled, a woman in an electric chair. Ethel Rosenberg.

"What a world!" he says; and when he reaches for my hands in farewell, his own are cold and sweaty.

"You didn't ask me the three dumb questions," he says. "'Why are you an actor?'—shit!—and 'What are you going to be doing five years from now?' Man, five years is a long time. And 'Who is Timothy Hutton?' That's the worst. I like you," he says. "I really like you. Let's go for a walk in the park tomorrow. Let's go to Sotheby's next week. I want to bid on a couple of Picasso drawings. I have two lithographs. . . . We talked about some real stuff, didn't we? Don't you think we did? What a world!"

One might expect the world to look pretty rosy for Tim Hutton. He has made \$1,000,000 per picture (hence the Picassos, also the Warhol, also the Calder and the Stella, a Dali, a Magritte, a James Wyeth); he is very much in demand, with three more pictures already lined up. It's tempting to see him as Truman Capote saw the young Brando: sitting on a pile of candy.

But he doesn't owe all of his intensity to happiness.

He was two years old when his father and his mother divorced. Maryline told the Santa Monica Superior Court that her husband didn't want to be married anymore because his wife and family were standing in the way of his career. Jim was required to pay \$150 a month for alimony and child support, even in 1963 not a king's ransom. Maryline, a woman of strong purpose and a multitude of accomplishments, took her kids and moved—first to Cambridge and then to her home town, Harwinton, Connecticut. Tim saw his father infrequently. When he was 14 and Heidi was 15, the family moved to Berkeley. Tim entered Los Angeles' Fair-

fax High School and moved into his father's L.A. home when he was 16, with his mother's blessing. Less than three years later, Jim, to whom Tim bears a startling resemblance, died of liver cancer. He was 45. He had prepared his son for his death, if there can be said to be any such thing as being prepared for the death of a parent in the prime of his life: He had told Tim, after his disease was diagnosed, that he had six months to a year to live. Tim never had a chance to get used to the idea. Jim died less than two months after the last tennis workout he had with his son, when he felt something "burst" in his body; four weeks and one day after the diagnosis, four months before the filming of *Ordinary People*.

It's impossible not to ask Tim whether or not, for the role of Conrad Jarrett, he drew upon the pain he felt when his father died. (You'll remember that Conrad's older brother, Buck, died in a sailing accident that Conrad survived—and that Conrad felt the rage and the guilt of the survivor.) He answers obliquely and with a quavering voice. A film of tears covers his eyes.

"People ask me if I'm Conrad. I tell them we look alike. I really liked Conrad. I thought he was a great guy. I lived in isolation when I was playing him because he lived in isolation. At the end of the day, I'd go back to the hotel room, put on music and just walk around and think about the day and about the next day and the day after that. I *was* Conrad for the three months. I mean, it didn't get so crazy that when my mom called, I'd say, 'Who are you? You're not my mother.' But when she called, she'd be talking to this very sensitive, very wounded boy, a lonely, needy, introverted person. But a guy with a sense of humor, too. That was the beautiful thing about Conrad. He could say, 'Boy, do I sound like a jerk!' God! I've never told this to anybody before, but there were times when I would call my mother and say, 'I'm gonna go down to the lobby right now and I'm gonna go to O'Hare Airport and I'm gonna go somewhere; I can't take this. I can't take this.' I wanted to escape it, I really did, because it was such a devastating experience getting in touch with Conrad and playing that out every day. If you'd met me during *Ordinary People*, I wouldn't be saying a lot. I'd be very quiet. I wouldn't trust you at all." His eyes narrow, become wary and opaque. He holds his body with the utmost reserve, daring me to intrude upon his psyche. "I wouldn't be smoking with you. If I did talk, I wouldn't look at you." He starts to stutter. "I wouldn't let you look at me looking out the window. Right now, I can feel your eyes on me; I wouldn't have let you have that then. I'd be saying, 'Wow! Can't I just look out the window in peace?'"

"OK. There are parallels. My father had died. Yeah. We had a shared sense of loss, Conrad and I, that's true. But if I—Conrad—started to think about the death of Buck, I *wouldn't* start thinking of my father in order to have the same emotions Conrad had toward his brother. I never—I'm trying to be honest—I never brought my *specific* feelings about what had happened to me into Conrad. No way. No way. Look: I have to believe that if I hadn't experienced that loss, I could have done that role. I think so. Yeah. I just told myself, 'OK, while I'm playing this role, I'm gonna feel *everything*—I'm gonna feel *everything*. I'm gonna be like an open wound and just soak everything in.' And I did. Sometimes, I'd sit in a chair in front of a wall, just staring into blankness. Like this. . . ."

I remember Jim Hutton for his endearingly dopey TV portrayal of Ellery Queen—a sleuth who got his man by charming inadvertence. The elder Hutton's career never took on the luster his son's has already acquired—as witness the names of the movies in which he acted: *The Horizontal Lieutenant*, *Where the Boys Are*, *The Honeymoon Machine*. Tim, who toured with his father in *Harvey* one summer, has acted in creaky vehicles, too—notably, a TV movie called *Zuma Beach*, with Suzanne Somers. But ever since he performed in *Friendly Fire*, with Carol Burnett, he's been a force to contend with. I ask the inevitable—and, perhaps, unforgivable—question: How does it feel to have outstripped your father? It's as if a shutter has been drawn across Tim's face.

"I never thought about it in those terms. I really never, ever . . . ever. . . I couldn't begin to comment on that, because I just don't feel that. It's not my reality." His voice drops to a whisper. "When I think of my father, I don't think of 'an actor.' I think of this wonderful man who made me laugh, who introduced me to so many things about life. Boy, did he live! Did he know how to live! I've never thought to myself, 'He was an actor, and I've done this and he did that. Never. He was an amazing guy, he really was, and if I could have half the intelligence and humor and life he had, I'll be all right. . . . I'll be all right.'"

This is the day we were supposed to have walked in the park, the day I was supposed to have introduced Tim to Navasky, whose book he very much admires. It's 1:30 and Tim has just ordered breakfast: "Didn't get to bed till four A.M. My sister's having marital problems—she called from London."

He ordered two eight-ounce glasses of orange juice, two pots of coffee, cantaloupe, grapefruit, grapes, orange slices. He calls his mother to chat. She calls him back. He calls her again in Berkeley. His mother, who, among her other accomplishments,

Step into the private world of The Playboy Club



**Live the life of a Playboy Club Keyholder for up to 30 days without risk or obligation.
FINE FOOD, FUN AND FANTASTIC ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOU!**

Playboy Clubs are dedicated to your pleasure. You'll discover superb cuisine and bountiful Playboy-size drinks accompanied by tasty hors d'oeuvres and exciting entertainment in each and every Club, whether in the U.S., Japan or the Philippines. No matter which door you open, your Playboy Club Key is your passport to pleasure!

OPEN THE DOOR TO FUN AND FANTASY: SEND FOR YOUR KEY TODAY!

Come see! Come sample the delights of a Playboy Club Keyholder's world for 30 days, without risk or obligation.

Your Initial Key Fee entitles you to untold benefits beyond admission to Playboy Clubs around the world. Playboy Preferred Passbooks can save you over \$250.00 with 2-for-1 dining

at more than 700 fine restaurants across the country, plus sports and entertainment discounts.

Then, 12 times a year, you simply show your Key at any Playboy Club and take your choice of PLAYBOY or GAMES Magazine, as much as a \$25.00 newsstand value, with our compliments. You can save more with this benefit than your Key Fee costs for the entire year.

Comp-U-Card™ — the telephone shopping service that saves you hundreds of dollars on name brands. And, you get special Keyholder surprises, including a bevy of Bunnies to help celebrate your birthday.

HERE'S HOW TO ORDER

Simply complete and mail the attached postage-paid reply card. You don't risk a cent. We'll rush your Key and bill you later.

FOR CREDIT CARD ORDERS:

Call 1-800-525-2850 right now while the idea of all the fun you can have is fresh in your mind.

If the card is missing, send your name and address including zip code to PLAYBOY CLUBS, P.O. Box 9125, Boulder, Co 80301-9985. Just a postal card will do, and you'll be all set to prove to yourself the Playboy Club IS where you belong!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Playboy Clubs International is happy to offer you its ironclad guarantee. If within 30 days of receipt of your Key, you're not totally convinced the Playboy Club is where you belong, return your Key for full credit or refund.



prints miniature books, has made miniature copies of the script of *Daniel*, bound in leather with marbled end papers, hand-glued and hand-sewn, for presentation to Tim's colleagues. With enormous pride, he shows me the colophon page: THIS BOOK IS ONE OF 15 PRESENTED TO TIMOTHY HUTTON AND COMRADES. NOVEMBER 1982. "Do you think Ed Doctorow will like it?" With equal pride, he shows me an autographed copy of Doctorow's book—"First edition; he gave it to me. Look at the inscription."

Tim plays a cassette of a Paul Robeson spiritual used in *Daniel*: "God's perfect plan I cannot see, / But someday I'll understand, / Someday He'll make it plain to me. . . / Someday from tears I shall be free."

He sings along: "Someday from tears I shall be free."

He's been thinking about what he said last night—about his being Conrad when he played him. He is evolving a theory of acting:

"I've been thinking about how you separate yourself from a role. Now, with *Daniel*, I feel it's important *not* to stay with the character. I stayed with Conrad for three months, four months. In work, unlike real life, you're asked to explore all the levels of a life—to understand what every shading means, every confrontation. If you did that in real life, you'd be taking things too seriously; you'd always be *misreading* things and people. With *Daniel*, it seems to me, the most effective way to go about the role is to keep a distance—*not* to be too familiar with him. Daniel always feels like moving on, going on to the next person, finding answers there. I'm hangin' loose, like he did. It's a tricky existence, because when this movie is over, I'm gonna go skiing with all my friends and I won't be thinking about Daniel anymore. Then I'll have to start thinking about him again when it comes out. . . .

"I've got a tough scene to do next week. I won't look at the script, I won't think about it—I'll just show up—and the reason for that is we've worked long and hard enough that I know the rhythm and the progression of it. It's gonna fall into place and just be there, and I'll be more surprised by it than if I *do* study. You want to come fresh to it. . . .

"I just realized in the bathroom—I'm speaking out loud, it's a wonderful feeling; I'm asking myself questions, none of this stuff about acting is thought out; it's interesting, it's fun, it's unusual for me—I was just thinking about Daniel, why I haven't lived the character, why it's not with me the way Conrad was all the time. It has to do with the two people. Conrad, he never had any hope, he was always thinking, thinking about the situation, he'd just"—he slips into the role as if it's a costume he's accustomed to wearing, and again I'm with Conrad for a few moments—"God, I don't want to see my shrink tomorrow; if I could just be in this room for two weeks with no sounds. I

don't want my father to call me Connie . . . please . . . my mother. . . ." I've had that. Now, with Daniel, he goes into each situation with so much hope and he's searching and he's the initiator, he's the one going out, finding answers—and so, because of that, it's almost like I know that Daniel is going out and doing the work *for* me.

"With *Ordinary People*, I didn't get to know Mary [Tyler Moore, who played his mother] or Don [Donald Sutherland, who played his father] till filming was over—because *Conrad* didn't know Mary and Don. Now we're friends. I got to know Liz McGovern, who played my girl, yeah. And Judd Hirsch, who played my doctor, I got to know him. We hung out and played ping-pong and tennis, yeah. What I'm saying is, actors do start relating to other people the way their characters would—consciously or not. And it serves the film. The isolation I felt during the first couple of weeks of *Ordinary People*, being all alone—that was perfect.

"I got *no* feedback from Redford when he was directing me—none. Finally, I had to say to him, 'Well, how do you *feel*? I mean, how do you *feel*?' I didn't want to come out and say, like a kid, 'Am I OK?' I wanted to find out if he was happy with what I was doing. It was killing me, you know? I needed to know. I remember going into his office at the end of the day, and I'd say, 'So how you doing?' He'd say, 'Fine, fine, how are you?' I'd say, 'Great, great, great; you feel good?'"

With subtle changes of voice and body language, Tim is now playing himself and Redford:

REDFORD: You feel good?

HUTTON: Yeah, great, great.

REDFORD: Good day, today, huh?

HUTTON: Yeah. Good day for you?

REDFORD: Yeah.

HUTTON: Just OK?

REDFORD: No, no. Great. It was all right.

HUTTON: But, I mean, is it what you wanted?

REDFORD: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah.

"Finally, I said, 'I just want to do well in this role and I hope that I am. Am I?' Redford took a long beat. Sighed: 'Yeah, you are. But sometimes it's not good for you to know that.'

"That day, I realized that the wonderful thing about working in films is that all this happens for a reason. The best possible working experience is when people are dealing with one another the way they're supposed to, the way their characters would be dealing with one another. I'm not saying that Redford did it consciously.

"It's funny who gets close, who doesn't. You go out to dinner with some people, not with others—and not because you don't like them. In *Daniel*, I didn't get to know the people who are playing my foster parents. I'd always feel preoccupied around them; I couldn't focus in. Like at lunch or

something, we'd all be sitting around talking, and I always felt I shouldn't be sitting around, I should be doing something else—maybe studying the script or thinking about something else. Then I realized that Daniel never really felt comfortable with those people—he always felt he should be somewhere else, because those weren't his parents and that wasn't his home.

"With Amanda Plummer, who plays my sister in *Daniel*, I feel so close, so comfortable. We talk for hours about everything.

"And to see Sidney Lumet [director of *Daniel*] orchestrate all the stuff I'm talking about, all the subconscious games and attitudes that are thrown out, is wonderful. Some people he greets with 'Good morning,' some with a kiss, some with a hug—and it's all based on whom they're playing. The danger is that you'll think everybody is being mind fucked, but it's not that at all. I'm not saying that if at the end of the movie my character kills you, I'm gonna try to attempt murder—not that at all. It's just that you've got to trust what's happening. And then you're home free. Like, when I'm playing a scene with Amanda, I'll look at her in a different way than I look at John Rubinstein, who's playing my foster father, and my body language will be different—even when the scene's over. I'm very physical with her. I hold my eyes different; everything's different, down to . . . well. See, it's not like the night before a scene I'll say, 'OK, I'll hold my right eye at three quarters and my left eye at half-mast'; it happens naturally. And it keeps happening. In real life, the same thing happens—after all, we're trying to make real life on film, trying to create as much real life as we possibly can. That's what separates something good from something that's less than good. It's the difference between some formula pop group that plays hits and always ends up the same way, the way they did on the record—the difference between that and going to a jazz club and seeing those good guys playing the same song for maybe two hours. I'm talking about going to hear Dave Brubeck doing *Take Five*: One night, maybe he'll do it for five minutes; the next night, maybe for two hours with Gerry Mulligan. I'm talking about getting into that inner groove. It may be acting, but there's something real there."

The phone rings and it is Plummer. Tim's voice caresses: "We were just talking about you. *No*. About us *professionally*. . . ." But, of course, life and art overlap so much in Tim's case—if they didn't, he wouldn't need to talk so strenuously about the separation between himself and his characters—that it's hard to know, one would be hard put to say, whether his remarks about Amanda were of a professional or a personal nature. Perhaps *he* doesn't know. "I thought

maybe we'd see *Taxi Driver* on television tonight, 'Manda. . . ."

Tim's name has been linked to hers romantically. It's been linked to those of Liz McGovern and Patti Davis, too, and to Kristy McNichol's. ("I'd like to know who planted that item about me and Kristy McNichol going to Hawaii together. Nothing *happened*, man. Nothing *could* happen with Kristy." Informed conjecture is that McNichol planted the item.) But Tim doesn't want to talk about girls. ("Maybe I'll never get married; maybe I'll have six kids. Who knows? God," says the young man who saw his father summers and Christmastime when he was a kid, "if I have kids, I want to *be* there for them. One hundred percent.") He wants to talk about acting—and the games people play at auditions.

"When I was going up for auditions, I thought it was important to do something just a little bit different—to have some kind of subtext going that would cause a subliminal reaction. It's very hard to explain, but if there are four people in a room that you've never met before and you really want to play a part, you can walk in and sit on a chair and go through all the hello-how-are-you-tell-me-what-you've-done stuff—you never get *their* names; it's part of their power game—or you can do something different. There are four chairs together and one single, solitary chair in the middle of the room, and it's clear when you walk in that that's the hot seat. And you're in it. So you can go through their number, read three pages of a script you've never seen and then hear them say, 'Thank you very much, we'll be in touch.' Or you can do something else. A few times, I've said, 'Hey, can I shut the curtains? It's a little bright in here.' That's a way of freezing time, of changing the rhythm. You're on your own rhythm. On that day, you're going in to do this *once*. They're seeing 40 people doing the exact same thing, reading from the exact same script—so if you can't somehow break the rhythm, you're lost.

"I never planned to act this way. It's only now, looking back, that I realize why my instincts made me do it and why it was an effective way of going about it. Some people will bring a dead pigeon with them to an audition and say 'Hey!' or they'll trip over furniture or wear very weird clothing. I never sat back and thought, 'Maybe I'll tie my shoelaces and break one and ask one of the guys to lend me one—it was never that. It was feeling the room and feeling the impatience of the people, feeling whatever was going on. It is your moment, it may not happen again; this is your moment, your time, and you're trying to do the best you can.'"

Tim didn't, out of choice, work for a year after *Ordinary People* and *Taps*, and he is now very much sought after (bankable is the term). But that doesn't preclude his having to audition, Academy Award or no Academy Award. Dino De Laurentiis

auditioned him for a role in an epic film, kept him waiting, kept him guessing, kept him hoping; and then, when Tim signed up to shoot a movie with a young Australian director in Alaska ("Sixteen weeks in Alaska, which means 16 new romances," says a friend of his), De Laurentiis, who plays very close to his chest, immediately announced that he would postpone the film until Hutton, to whom he had been extremely cool, was available—on the strength of which Tim does a very poor imitation of a very crazy Italian.

"For *Ordinary People*, though, Redford made it so comfortable for the actor who came in; he put every actor so much at ease," Tim says. "I just remember going in and being locked into wanting to do the reading—no games—because I could feel the passion and the warmth from him. I could feel that he wasn't just trying to cast this movie and get it over with. There was just such care taken. He's so beautiful that way. . . ."

"You have to have all your antennae out and adjust to the situation. Just like real life.

"I'm not playing any games now, in this room, with you. I don't have to. Do I?"

It is five P.M. and Tim is hungry again. He orders two bowls of onion soup (which he doesn't eat), two bagels with cream cheese, two club sandwiches and tea. Room service says it has no cream cheese. Tim says, "Hey, I'm really hungry. I need cream cheese." The cream cheese arrives, along with a blushing waitress, whom he flirts with, flirting to him being second nature.

Now he wants to set the record straight. All this talk about games has made him nervous:

"Actors are accused of being phony, of playing a role all the time. But if they are, it's because there's a demand on them to be the person who touched someone through a role. That's what destroys some actors. Like, after *Ordinary People*, if I wasn't sensitive or vulnerable, it would blow people's minds. So then, all of a sudden, you have a fight: Your inner mind is saying, 'God, you have to break away from that; you're not Conrad at *all*.' Being



"I'm from the Hazardous Wastes Agency, and I have something to tell you about your lawn."

honest ought to be the easiest thing in the world. For an actor, it's the hardest. You can't ever be afraid of using everything that's in you. Everything.

"I think I'm honest. I try. I really do. Can't you tell?"

"It does hurt if you've done an interview and then the guy says, 'Seems to be this, seems to be that.' I mean, I know you have to draw conclusions from what I say, but why can't I just say it? See, the alternative is to develop a rap, to hide under a speech and to make that same rap over and over again and not to let them get at you at all. I could never develop a rap. An interview is really a false situation. It's not two people sitting down and talking, it's one person talking to hundreds or thousands of people he doesn't know and telling them how he feels about everything. There are thousands of people in this room right now, and it's hard, being exposed like that.

"I could never develop a rap. If that ever happened, I really wouldn't want to do this. I really *couldn't* do this. There is something quite amazing about somebody asking questions and you having the opportunity to talk about the way you feel. That doesn't happen in real life. Your girlfriend doesn't say to you, 'So how do you feel about this, how do you feel about that?' And I'm not the kind of person who'll talk about myself; so to have the opportunity to talk about important things—life, art—can be exhausting if it's not working, if it's not happening, if you're misunderstood or if the person comes to the door with the piece already written and just needs the necessary quotes. That's happened. Hell. Phew.

"Maybe at times I'm not as sensitive as Conrad; maybe I'm not the loner, the isolated figure no one understands. Maybe I'm not that, but if people want me to be that, it's fine—but not for more than five minutes. I'm not gonna re-create the role for them.

"I'm not being an actor today. I'm being me. Do you get it?"

What I get is that Tim, at the tender age of 22, is trying to forge difficult connections between life and art, contrivance and reality—and is being honest.

As he is when he talks about money (and an honest incoherence emerges):

"You're bopping around the city with some pals—sure, money makes a difference to friendship—and you say, 'Hey! Let's go there.' And they say, 'I can't afford to do that.' So then an interesting thing happens. You say, 'Don't worry about it; I'll pay.' And then the person says, 'No, I don't want you to pay.' I don't know. I lost a real good friend by lending him money. This was a kid I grew up with, my best friend. I said, 'Oh, come on, man, it wouldn't be good, man, believe me, it wouldn't be right, it would get in the way of our friendship.' He said, 'Aw, now, what are you talking about?' So I gave him the money and I haven't heard from him since. I can understand that, because he

probably can't pay me back—which is something I never expected him to do. I mean, I *hoped* he would, but there was no way I'd wake up in the morning and say, 'Maybe today I'll get the check.' He can't make that phone call—the one that acknowledges that I was able to lend him money and that he can't pay me back."

Why can't Tim Hutton make that phone call himself? Some protective instinct prevents me from asking.

"My sister says she thinks my working so much is awful: 'There are actors out there your age that haven't had the opportunities you've had. It ought to be more fair; everybody should work.' I tell her, 'Heidi, I agree with you, everyone should work, but it's not set up that way.' It's a business. That's the way it is. 'From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs,' yeah. But if *Ordinary People* had come down to me and another chap who'd never, ever done anything—I'd done a couple of television shows and stuff—what should I have said to Redford, 'Give it to the other guy'?"

"OK, a lot of it doesn't make sense. There are so many people who don't get work. People say to me, 'You never paid your dues.' I think I did. People say, 'It happened so quickly, blah, blah, blah.' OK, it's scary. Steve Martin put it into perspective for me. He said, 'Just think, you're 22; you could have a five-year slump and still be only 27.' I'm still not used to it. It happened so fast. When things come slowly, when I'm not working, I think, 'Maybe that's all there was. Maybe that was just something that happened when I was young. Maybe I'm not going to work anymore. When finally all the intensity of *Ordinary People* wound down, and the Oscars, the this, the that, I said to myself, 'My God, I went through *that*?' And I'm only 21.' Oh, boy. Lots of times, you're expected to act like you were 40 or something. There were times when I wanted to do so much so soon. Then I realized, if I did it all in the next three years, what would be left? Not *me*. I'm young. Twenty years from now, I'll be 42. I got 20 years before I'm 42.

"Someone once said that money is jive, but what you can do with it isn't. Salaries in the entertainment world are pretty crazy. Quite crazy, really; but the thing about it is, I don't know how long this is going to go on. I don't know if I'll always be accepted. I don't know if I'll always get parts. I know right now I've locked into something. I don't know if I'll still be successful at this when I'm 30. I don't know. For that lack of security, it's nice to be paid the kind of money I'm paid, because then you've got it, you've got it no matter what. I don't know.

"When I came back from *Taps*, I went down to Malibu to see the real-estate person, looked at a couple of houses—there was a great one, right on the beach, four bedrooms—man, walk out the back door and you're on the beach, you've got a deck,

you've got all this property, it's a cool house, it's a *house*, man, and the rent for it is outrageous. Outrageous. I remember going through all kinds of trips—saying, 'Man, I really would like to go for this, I really would like to spend a year down here at the beach, I'd really love to do that.' And I remember thinking, God, I'm so young, I know it's crazy, ugh, it's gross, all that money . . . and then I'm thinking, Wait a minute—I have the opportunity to do that right now. I might not have that opportunity again. I want to go for it. And I went for it. Man, I had the best year down there. It was outrageous to be doing that, right? Ask Heidi. But I'll never forget it; it was the best year."

And the standard actor's disclaimer: "See, I'm not in touch with the money. The money goes to some business manager and it gets holed up in a bank somewhere. So it's not like I'm in touch with the money I've earned in a direct way. I get a check every week, like an allowance, from the bank—I got a couple of credit cards, things like that. I don't know."

Things like that and a red Porsche 924. What jive money will buy! Mobility, for one thing. Tim has a less outrageously expensive house in Malibu now; but neither coast is a stranger to him. With his mouth full of a club sandwich and the music of the Stones in the background, he says, "These days, I travel light. Shit, I don't think *bicoastal*. *Bicoastal* is an annoying word. When I think of *bicoastal*, I think of a person who has a buttondown-collar shirt with a little Polo thing on it, sunglasses, short hair, real thin and white pants with a pleat all the way down the middle and pink socks and he's looking around all the time, looking nervous. He's shouting, '*Bicoastal! I'm bicoastal! When's the plane leave? I gotta get back to the other coast.*' Frantic, dumb."

Tim doesn't think of himself as being rooted in a place. He thinks of himself as being rooted in people, especially his mother. "The most incredible woman. You wouldn't believe the things she's done in her life. She took up the harp about three years ago, plays it beautifully, plays the piano, plays the flute. She makes these miniature books and these miniature villages out of balsawood and stuff, she paints, has a great old-fashioned doll collection, she was a schoolteacher for a long time, she worked with autistic kids for a while. An incredible mother. God. I mean, my sister and I are both real independent. For the most part, we trust people—and all that comes from my mother. She's different from other moms. . . .

"This is hard. It's really hard for me to have to define myself. 'Who is Timothy Hutton?' Shit. How the hell do I know? *I can't*. I know how I *feel* about things. I'm honest about how I feel. Isn't that enough? Shouldn't that be enough?"

Sidney Lumet has called an unscheduled shooting of *Daniel* today, and Tim

wants me on the set, which is a closed one. Publicist Andrea Jaffe is afraid that either Lumet will take it into his head to throw me out if the shooting goes badly or Tim will have a temper tantrum—to which, she insists, he is given when he's filming.

There is, in fact, a great deal of tension on the set—but it's intrinsic to the scene that has just been shot: When I arrive, the air is filled with acrid smoke; an electrocution has just been simulated, and the "executed" actor buckled so hard in the electric chair that he broke it. It's that kind of movie—let's pretend with a vengeance.

When Tim greets me with a bear hug, I can feel the tension in his body: He's on. "They liked Mom's miniature books," he says, but his eyes, wary and caged, are at odds with his easy words. He is, however, as friendly and as pleasant as can be, given the circumstances, which are that he is shooting a crucial scene: Daniel is tracking down the man who turned his father in to the Government. He prowls and paces while Lumet prepares for the shooting.

His acting is a kind of revelation—to Doctorow, who keeps beaming and muttering "Fantastic!" and even to jaded members of the crew, Teamsters who have seen it all. They all but break into applause. Tim is so intense—so indivisible from his role—that the other actors, pale by comparison, have trouble remembering the simplest lines. He wipes them all out. I forget for very long moments that he is Timothy Hutton. He is Daniel. Not Conrad, not a wounded introvert; Daniel—a wounded, angry searcher after truth.

"What's all this about Tim's being difficult on the set?" I ask. "He's a piece of cake."

"You should have seen him two years ago," someone volunteers. "He was a spoiled, demanding baby—and he's still fierce if someone rubs him the wrong way."

"You bet your ass," says a publicist who has rubbed him the wrong way.

After the shooting, Tim bounds up the stairs to his dressing room, which once belonged to Buster Keaton. Everything in it is fake—the curtains are tacked to the walls like curtains in a dollhouse; the fireplace has a water drain in it. Tim's presence emphasizes the fakeness; his energy bounces off the walls.

"That was great, what we talked about last night," he says. "I had a good time. Did you? Really? Wasn't it great?" He paces. He makes an obvious effort to shake himself out of his role. Then he stretches out on the couch and says, in a measured, almost hypnotic voice: "For the first time in a long time, I feel like I'm sitting back in the chair instead of leaning forward. I feel as close to being comfortable with what I do and how I feel and who I am as I ever have. It's real smooth. A few years ago, you wouldn't have felt restful with me;

you'd have felt wired. There's not the urgency, now, that I had before about what's going to happen next. I don't need to have a plan. I just play it by ear. It really feels nice. Two years ago, I was angry, moody, cynical, sarcastic—not pleasant to be around. If people were nice to me, I wouldn't trust them. Anger was a way to deal with success—it was a shell: Nobody's getting in; nobody really knows me; ha, ha, ha. It was a confusing time. All those things that people would say to me when all the success happened, like, 'Be careful about this, about that, blah, blah, blah'—*bad*. I feel like I've returned to something, to a nice place. You know what

it is? I finally realized that it's OK to be a good person; it's really beautiful. It's OK to say to yourself, 'You're a good person, you like people, you like life, things move you, things are beautiful to you, you're sensitive. And it's OK to be all those things.' *No shrinks*. That's a nice feeling. I never wanted or needed a shrink. For a while, you can kind of get off on being complex and broody; it's cool. But, boy, I don't believe that anymore. That's what can destroy you. I'm in slow motion, now—everything is a breeze. . . .

"We've got an auction to go to tomorrow, remember?"



CHAMPION SWITCHES TO NGK.

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



**FIRST IN
COPPER CORE.**

NGK Spark Plugs (U.S.A.), Inc., Torrance, CA 90503

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



BONING UP ON SOCKS

Foot fetishists who love to get their metatarsals massaged and their tootsies tugged may wish to slip into something more comfortable, such as Sole Socks—85 percent cotton socks in white, navy or brown that have an anatomic reflexology map printed on the bottoms, with anatomic drawings of the foot on the tops. And in case you would like to extend your massage northward, Health Harvest Unlimited, P.O. Box 427, Fairfax, California 94930, which sells the socks for \$7.95 a pair, postpaid, also sells anatomic T-shirts for \$11. Sorry, Health Harvest doesn't plan to market anatomic panties.

HOW TRIVIAL!

If you know who gave Marilyn Monroe a poodle named Mafia, what was Hoyt Wilhelm's favorite pitch and who was Olive Oyl's brother, then Trivial Pursuit is your kind of action. It's a \$29.95 board game, available at most department stores, that contains 6000 trivia questions. Answer them all and you'll be the life (or possibly the death) of any party. (Answers for above: Frank Sinatra, knuckle ball and Castor Oyl.)



UNDER THE SEA IN STYLE

Jules' Habitat, Ltd., is about to open 600 yards off the coast of Georgetown, Grand Cayman Island, 30 feet down, and anyone who has yearned to make like Captain Nemo—and can pass the resort's proficiency test in scuba diving—is eligible to check in. For \$230 a day per person, including meals, you get your own bedroom suite for two (the Habitat has only two suites, which are separate but equal) and bathroom, plus a shared entertainment area loaded with video goodies. Tishkoff, Wentworth Associates, 1710 Santa Monica Boulevard, Santa Monica, California 90404, is the company to write to for more info. By the way, in case you get claustrophobic, tethered air-supply gear is available for exploring, as is 24-hour room service by a merperson. Tonight, we're ordering submarine sandwiches.

NEWFANGLED GRANNY GLASSES

The horniest little old lady of them all, Buck Brown's cartoon character Granny, has escaped from the pages of PLAYBOY and is now running wild on a 13-ounce beer mug that's available for only \$8 from Graphco Distributing Company, P.O. Box 21994, Chicago 60621. Or, if it's highballs you prefer (Granny does), a 14½-ounce highball glass and a ceramic coffee mug with Granny on them also are available for \$8 each. We'll drink to that.





STICKY WICKETS

The big swing in garden sports this summer is to killer croquet—and we're not talking about the children's back-yard game played with coat-hanger wickets. For the kind of croquet equipment *real* men use, there's the Claremont Croquet Company, P.O. Box 457, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679—a cottage industry that produces custom-made brassbound lignum vitae mallets for \$150 each and a rock-maple six-wicket croquet set for \$475. (The most expensive set on Claremont's list is \$900.) Just remember: When playing croquet, you wear white—and never sweat.

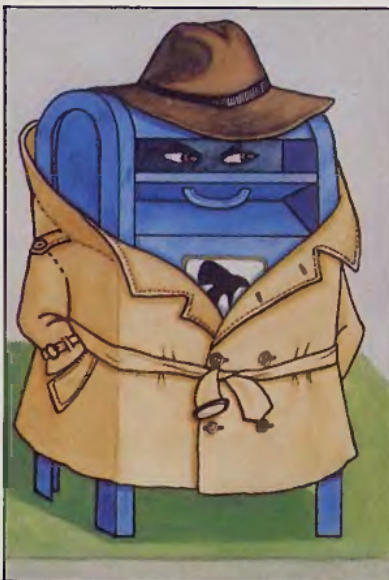
COME FLYAWAY WITH ME

Where else but in Las Vegas could you fly like Peter Pan for five minutes in a padded cell for only \$7 (\$10 if you elect to take off on a weekend)? At Flyaway, you sign a waiver, suit up, spend about 25 minutes in an orientation class and then "fly" in a padded silo, suspended in air (if you're lucky) by the blast from a DC-4 airplane engine blowing through a metal grate in the floor. (An instructor is there to help you get elevation.) Flyaway's address is 200 Convention Center Drive—and in case you're more chicken than eagle and elect just to watch the action, it costs only \$2.



I SPY, YOU SPY

According to its publishers, STS Technical Seminars, *Fundamentals of Intelligence Tradecraft* is "the most complete account of the interdisciplines of espionage to be found as an unclassified source." For \$69.95 sent to STS, P.O. Box 42094, San Francisco 94101, you get manuals and audio cassettes covering everything from safe houses to surreptitious entry—plus a certificate stating that you participated in the seminars. If you don't want your real name on it, how about Walter Mitty?



PLAY BALL CARDS

Ex-Yankee Jim Bouton has a new pitch, and it's just as hot as his sizzling fast ball was. He is selling personalized baseball cards at a price that even a kid can afford: \$24.95 for 50 cards, sent to Big LeagueCards, 121 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666. Your picture will be on the card, plus your favorite activity (keep it clean, please), vital statistics and personal history (up to 40 words) on the flip side. It's a home run of an idea.



THE WHIFF-AND-PROOF SONG

Well-heeled vinophiles who can tell vanilla from violets at a sniff may wish to forgo their next case of vintage claret and invest instead in *Le Nez du Vin*, a boxed set of 54 scents indigenous to wine that come packaged in small flasks accompanied by individual reference cards and a manual containing essays on aroma. Pick a bottle, any bottle, from apricot to sulphur (yes, some wines smell like sulphur) and begin your oenological olfactory education after sending a check for \$250 to the distributor, Francis Mollet, 68 Lockwood Road, Riverside, Connecticut 06878. *Mon Dieu*, sommelier, this wine smells like—*merde!*



MONEY SAVING OFFERS FROM SOLDER SEAL/GUNK

GET THE JOB DONE RIGHT THE FIRST TIME WITH THESE FINE SOLDER SEAL/GUNK PRODUCTS



*PRODUCT SELECTION MAY VARY AT PARTICIPATING STORES



GUNK

RADIATOR SPECIALTY CO., CHARLOTTE, N.C. 28234

LOOK FOR THESE MONEY SAVING OFFERS AT PARTICIPATING* STORES WHERE AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS ARE SOLD!

OFFER #1... BUY 1, GET 1 FREE

OFFER #2... GRADUATED REFUND BUY 1, GET A \$.75 REBATE BUY 2, GET A \$1.25 REBATE BUY 3, GET A \$2.00 REBATE

OFFER #3... 100% FACTORY REBATE ON THE LESS EXPENSIVE OF THE 2 PRODUCTS PURCHASED

JAN STEPHENSON

(continued from page 117)

the sand. I'd kind of like to have it on the green; it would be nice and soft.

10.

PLAYBOY: What are your favorite and least favorite features of your body?

STEPHENSON: I like my flat stomach and my eyes. I absolutely hate my thighs. If I don't work out, they get flabby.

11.

PLAYBOY: Who are some sexy male and female golfers?

STEPHENSON: On the women's tour, Nancy Lopez has a certain kind of sex appeal, especially since she's lost weight. There aren't any men on the tour that I think are sexy. I think baseball players have wonderful bodies; golfers don't. But what I want in a man whom I live with is totally different from what I want to look at. Now, among baseball players, I've got to go with Jim Palmer. Unfortunately, I feel like I never got off the ground with Jim. I did a cover with him for a sports magazine. When he arrived, my hair was in curlers and my face was real white and one of my eyes was swollen. I'd been in Florida, and I was allergic to all that pollen. I looked like hell. Jim said, "You're Jan Stephenson?" Thank you. He looked gorgeous. He had a suntan from spring training, and he was wearing a tuxedo. I had to stare into his eyes for two hours while they took pictures. I couldn't find a thing wrong.

12.

PLAYBOY: Defend the proposition that golfers make better lovers.

STEPHENSON: Maybe it's because they have such a good touch. In golf, you have to be good in all areas: You have to be powerful, be strong, have stamina and be able to control yourself. Plus, you have to have an unbelievable touch. All those things are important in making love—especially discipline and patience.

13.

PLAYBOY: Is Jan Stephenson too much for one man?

STEPHENSON: Yeah, there's no doubt about it: I'm a handful. It's very difficult for one man to handle all the "me's. I couldn't have a man who wouldn't want to participate in my career in some way. Otherwise, I'd never see him, and it's fun to share. When I win, I want everyone to feel as good as I do. When I'm down, I need a man.

14.

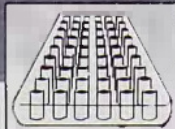
PLAYBOY: Your private life has been making news for quite a while. What's going on?

STEPHENSON: That's a good question. I was married last September in Fort Worth to Eddie Vossler, after my marriage to Larry Kolb was annulled. Eddie and I had been living together for years, but one day I said, "I'm gone. I'm mad. 'Bye, I'm

Guest Bed On A Shelf!

The Air Coil Bed

from \$49⁹⁵



Air Coil Construction



Stores Easily on Shelf

Lightweight... Sensual... Adjusts to your comfort. Gently, but firmly supports you with 100% air. Features air coil construction with multiple controlled air chambers that hold your body evenly and independently.

Turns any room into a guest room and it stores easily. The ideal portable bed for holiday and vacation visitors.

Take it camping, use it in your van, your boat, summer home, on a floor or in a frame; sunbathe and float on it!

Available in Twin, Double, Queen and King sizes. Inflates in minutes with most air pumps or cannister vacuum. (Portable, easy to use foot pump available — optional.) Made of sturdy 20 gauge poly vinyl; cleans with soap and water. Repair kit and pump adapter included.

Don't be misled by imitations. Insist on the original earthtone velveteen Air Coil Bed.

10 day Free Trial. If not satisfied, return it within 10 days for refund. Order now!

CREDIT CARD ORDERS
CALL TOLL FREE

Illinois Residents Call:
800-972-5858

800-621-5809

24 HOURS A DAY, 7 DAYS A WEEK

The Leisure Merchandise Group, Inc.
400 South Edward Street, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056

Please send me the following AIR COIL BEO(S):

	Price	Ship/Ins.
<input type="checkbox"/> Twin Size (A)	\$49.95	\$6.95
<input type="checkbox"/> Double Size (B)	\$69.95	\$6.95
<input type="checkbox"/> Queen Size (C)	\$79.95	\$6.95
<input type="checkbox"/> King Size (D)	\$99.95	\$6.95
<input type="checkbox"/> Foot Pump (E)	\$14.95	\$1.95

Illinois residents include 6% sales tax.

Check/M.O. Enclosed MasterCard
 American Express Visa

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

The Leisure Merchandise Group, Inc., Dept. A083
400 South Edward Street, Mt. Prospect, IL 60056
147/81-100



"Yoo-hoo—Millicent! It's getting chilly, so I've brought your wrap."

leaving." I figured that if we didn't have a piece of paper saying we were married, we didn't need a piece of paper saying we were divorced. I thought it would really hurt Eddie if I married someone else, and I married Larry.

The whole thing had started when Eddie hired Larry to help me with our business. Larry turned around and, I believe, took advantage of us. He had me convinced that he absolutely adored me. I'd just broken my foot, so my golf was gone. I had to restructure my life. Larry said he'd be my valet and he'd cook for me. I'd get up to go to practice and he'd cook breakfast and do my laundry. He was basically a servant. I thought, This is great; this would be great as a marriage. He said all he wanted was to marry me. So I thought, I'll agree to marry him just to keep him quiet. I was thinking maybe it wouldn't be so bad. I tried to make the best of it, but I couldn't stand him. He drove me crazy.

The marriage was annulled. The judge recognized the fact that Eddie and I had had a common-law marriage. Larry refused to accept that, mainly because he thought that if *our* splitting were declared a divorce, he could get half of what I'd earned. I'd quit before I'd let him have a penny. His appeal was denied. He could reappeal the annulment, but I don't think he will. I always thought he had it planned that way from the beginning. He got lucky with timing. He loves publicity. And he had misled me about Eddie.

15.

PLAYBOY: Why do golfers dress so badly?
STEPHENSON: Golf is so old-fashioned. People are getting more modern, but the golf clothing hasn't come along with it. It's really sad. Tennis clothes are beautiful. I hate to wear golf clothes. The colors are horrible. It really takes away from the game.



"How can any foreign power truly respect us if it's being attacked by weapons that are verging on the obsolete?"

16.

PLAYBOY: How do you give yourself strokes?
STEPHENSON: I have an insecurity problem. When I look in the mirror with no make-up on, I think, I'm no big deal. It really concerns me that I'm not good-looking. When I want to give myself a stroke, I dress up, go out and somebody will tell me I look great. That'll pump me up pretty good.

17.

PLAYBOY: Are overweight people kidding themselves when they golf for exercise?
STEPHENSON: No. Admittedly, if you stop for a hot dog and potato chips and you drink beer all the way around, then you're kidding yourself. But even with a golf cart, it's unbelievable exercise. You're out there for five hours—so you're not eating for five hours—and with the swinging, the bending over, you burn about 350 calories an hour. Running, maybe you burn 700 in an hour—but that's a lot of running. Golf stretches your stomach muscles. It's not strenuous. It doesn't build tight muscles, but it builds long ones.

18.

PLAYBOY: Do your breasts ever get in the way of your swing?
STEPHENSON: No, not at all. I don't notice them at all.

19.

PLAYBOY: How does a guy get to carry your clubs?
STEPHENSON: He has to keep his mouth shut. I may bend a little for men off the golf course, but when I'm on the course, I'm the boss. My dad is caddying me now, and he never says a word about golf. But that wasn't always true. Once, I threw some grass up and asked him, "The grass is downwind, isn't it?" He said, "It's against the wind." He was looking at the flag blowing toward us and I was throwing the grass up at the tee. Well, the wind was swirling. We were a little behind and it was time to tee off, so I took a club according to his advice and it flew to the green. The wind was coming downwind. I blew the hole, chipped it up almost in the hole and—on purpose—missed the putt to show him that it was his mistake. Sometimes, I'll ask, "Which way is that wind?" and he won't say a word.

20.

PLAYBOY: OK, once and for all, what's the difference between a hook and a slice?
STEPHENSON: I would prefer to be a hooker any time. Most people are slicers; that is, they hit the ball left to right, because they're in bad positions. A hook—where the ball veers right to left—comes from a powerful position and you're still going to get a lot of land. If you slice the ball, you're doing a lot more wrong. If I were a slicer, I'd be dead. So it's good to be a hooker.



There's only one way to play it...



Wherever the music
is hot, the taste is KOOL.
Because there's only one
sensation this refreshing.



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

Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 14 mg. "tar",
1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.

© 1982 B&W T Co.

TODAY'S NAVY

(continued from page 86)

"If you run a good, clean ship," countered Bill, "how come my boy got beat up?"

possible, no independent verification of the cause of Paul's death available. Bill began to think the Navy didn't want him to have the answers he was looking for.

Paul Trerice, like thousands before him, had joined the Navy to see the world. And, of course, to get out of Algonac, where, in 1979, a recession was under way, dashing the hopes of young men like Paul—decent kids often lacking in ambition and education who usually followed their fathers into some sort of factory work or physical labor. Around him, Paul saw unemployment and unfulfilled dreams. Fired by his father's patriotism, however, he saw the Navy as a chance—a chance to travel to exotic ports and, not incidentally, to meet exotic women. It was an easy choice to make.

At first, it seemed like the right choice. Basic training went by quickly and easily. Strong and athletic, Paul found the rigors of boot camp no more difficult than his old high school football practice.

By early September 1979, he was in San Diego, assigned to a squadron that had just returned from a cruise in the western Pacific aboard an aircraft carrier and had settled on a goal: to be a designated plane captain. Each aircraft had one, whose job it was to be totally responsible for the plane, to have it ready for flight at all times. While the plane captain never got to fly in the aircraft, his name was stenciled on the fuselage and his efforts were crucial to the safety of the plane's four-man crew.

By September 1980, Paul's squadron was ready for duty. It joined the crew of the U.S.S. Ranger and put out to sea under the command of Captain Dan Pedersen.

Commanding a ship such as the Ranger—1000 feet long, with a full crew of 5000 officers and enlisted men—is as close as a man can come to being an absolute monarch. Because the crew is often at sea for several months, the commanding officer's word is law and his personality and style can determine the mood of the entire ship. Almost immediately, Captain Pedersen managed to impress his new charges as a good C.O. He was no distant, untouchable god—every day he personally gave a briefing over the ship's loudspeaker.

It was an exciting moment for Paul when the Ranger pulled out of San Diego on its way to Hawaii. So far, the Navy had been his biggest adventure ever, and now, with his first tour of duty under way, life seemed full of possibilities. Sometimes, however, his excitement and his hunger for adventure clouded his judgment. When the ship anchored in Hawaii, he went

ashore one night when his section had duty and he was supposed to stay on board. He was caught and punished. He was hit with a \$250 fine, was restricted to the ship for 30 days and was reduced one pay grade to airman apprentice. But the entire sentence was suspended for six months, and Paul figured that if he could keep out of trouble a mere six months, he'd be OK.

Armed with a new determination, he worked hard as the ship made its way from Hawaii to the Philippines and then, on October 23, to the Indian Ocean to begin patrol operations. After more than two months at sea, the Ranger docked at Mombasa, Kenya, for five days of R&R. Paul had managed to behave himself and had gotten his reward: He had made designated plane captain and proudly sent home a snapshot of himself standing alongside his very own S-3 twin-jet aircraft, with PAUL TRERICE, ALGONAC MICH stenciled on the fuselage. Bill was pleased. His son could do a lot worse than make the Navy his career.

The Ranger was back on duty in the Indian Ocean when Paul's mother took a turn for the worse. Bill wired the American Red Cross requesting emergency leave for his son, who had not been home for a year. The Ranger high command approved the request, and in February, Paul was flown off the ship for a 30-day leave.

For the four months she lingered after his death, Irene blamed herself for her son's fate. When he had considered joining the Service, he had favored the Air Force, planning to follow in his father's footsteps. But she had reminded him that he loved the water so much, maybe he should consider the Navy. "If only he hadn't listened," she told her husband. When she died, Bill buried her next to their son. "With Paul gone," he said, "she just didn't want to live anymore."

Bill, on the other hand, was full of energy—and rage. He had been able to do nothing to save his wife, but he felt he at least deserved a few answers about his son. He telephoned a friend at a Detroit newspaper, figuring a little media pressure would help him get some information from the Navy. He got in touch with a staff aide to his local Congressman, who promised that a letter would be sent to the Secretary of the Navy requesting full details about what had really happened that morning on the Ranger.

The Navy, however, was not inclined to cooperate. When Pedersen did call, it was not to offer his condolences. As Bill recalls their telephone conversation, Pedersen

was not sorry, he was antagonistic—angry, he said, about the news reports Bill had generated and the whole atmosphere of "hullabaloo."

"If you had just waited until my investigation was completed," he complained, "you'd have found out I run a good, clean ship."

"If you run a good, clean ship," countered Bill, "how come my boy got beat up?"

The conversation deteriorated from there, Bill remembers. While Pedersen took him to task for making a fuss and appeared to be worried about what the controversy might do to his Navy career, Bill felt his temper beginning to boil. Finally, he erupted.

"Captain, you're the most inconsiderate son of a bitch I've ever talked to in my life. You're worried about your *career* when I've lost my son. You caused my boy to die before his time. I'm going to get to the bottom of this if it's the last thing I do."

After he hung up, Bill's quest to uncover the cause of his son's death became a full-blown obsession. He went on as many TV and radio talk shows as he could. He lined up several members of the Michigan Congressional delegation to lean on the Navy. And he hired Peter Kelley, a respected former Federal prosecutor now in private practice, to file a claim against the Navy for the return of Paul's internal organs.

As the story spread, Bill started getting letters from across the country. Some simply offered support, but others were from parents who had lost sons in the Navy and who now questioned the explanations they had received. *The Detroit News* began investigating several mysterious deaths of sailors and eventually won a Pulitzer Prize for its reports.

Four weeks after Paul died, John Lehman, the Secretary of the Navy, made a long-planned appearance at the Economic Club of Detroit for an Armed Forces Day luncheon. Before his speech, he agreed to meet the press, though he stuck to a prepared statement:

It would be inappropriate for me or anyone else in the Navy . . . to discuss further the death of Airman Trerice or the Ranger Correctional Custody Unit and brig until the investigation process is completed. . . . The number and intensity of the various allegations . . . leads me to believe there may be problems relating to Ranger's brig and Correctional Custody Unit, but we must wait for all the facts to be presented before we make judgments or take action. . . . If there were deficiencies or derelictions or violations of the law or regulations, these will be ferreted out and remedial action will be taken and taken swiftly. This I promise you.

Attorney Kelley wasn't too impressed with Lehman's promise of appropriate action, since just the day before, the Navy

had rejected Bill's claim for the alleged wrongful death of his son. "Our claim was rejected in two weeks, which must have been a world's record," says Kelley. "That kind of claim usually isn't acted upon for six months to a year. I read that as an attempt by the Navy to start cutting its losses. And, of course, that's the way military officers are taught to think."

Kelley did achieve some successes, however. The Navy acceded to his demand for Paul's internal organs, though officials made it perfectly clear that they considered it their right to keep any organs they deemed necessary. The Navy had been shipping home bodies sans organs for years, a spokesman said bluntly, and no one had ever complained before. "Of course," Kelley points out, "the bodies always came home dressed for burial, and there weren't many parents like Bill Trerice, who went out and hired their own pathologist."

Kelley promptly fired off a letter to the Navy. "This is not a case, as suggested by you, of the Navy's simple desire to retain tissue from the deceased sailor, to determine the cause of that sailor's death. Virtually all of Paul's organs were removed and retained by the Navy, which prevented the Trerice family from obtaining their own autopsy to determine the cause of Paul's death. Given the suspicious circumstances of Paul's death, the Navy's actions could only be interpreted at that time as a 'cover-up.'"

The organs were turned over to Spitz so he could complete his autopsy. But again Bill's pathologist had to take the Navy's word, for once organs are removed from a body, there is no way to be absolutely sure *which* body they came from. His examination of the organs gave Spitz no reason to suspect any cause of death other than heatstroke.

Bill began talking with Paul's friends on the Ranger and amassing disturbing information. Shipmate Kevin Daly had seen Paul just hours before he died and told Bill that he had been exercised before breakfast, in violation of regulations. Bill came across information that contradicted the Navy's claim that Paul had eaten breakfast that morning and dinner the night before. Bill also got weather statistics for Subic Bay the day Paul died. While Pedersen claimed it had been 78 degrees with 75 percent humidity, Bill's information indicated that the temperature was several degrees higher with greater humidity.

It was an incredibly complex jigsaw puzzle that Bill was slowly trying to assemble, with no guarantee that he would find more than a few meaningless discrepancies between the facts and the official version. His work could be no more than a waste of time, he worried—or, worse, he could be needlessly harming careers and endangering Paul's friends. And nothing he could find out would bring his son back.

Still, when he thought of Paul's last visit, which he did often, he found a cer-

tain strength. The trip had been brief but special. Bill had come away from their late-night talks convinced that his son, despite a setback or two, was growing up and that he truly loved the Navy. In fact, Paul had told his father that he had set a new goal—to actually fly aboard the planes he helped service as an air crewman. He was planning to qualify for the selective-training program, and to Bill that meant Paul was making a major commitment.

What really happened on board the U.S.S. Ranger during the last four days of Paul's life? While Bill continued to assemble the bits and pieces of information that he could get from Paul's friends and from Spitz's autopsy, he knew that the only way to get a complete picture was from the Navy itself, and his campaign in the media and with his local legislators eventually forced it to conduct an investigation.

The result was a 3000-page document completed on August 19, 1981, by the Office of the Judge Advocate General. That report, plus testimony from Paul's shipmates and interviews with other Navy personnel, enables one to construct the following chronology of how—if not why—Paul Trerice died.

April 11. 0900 hours. Paul reported to the master-at-arms' office as ordered after deserting an assigned watch. He was escorted by an M.A.A. to the ship's barbershop, where he received a "high and

tight" haircut, and to the medical office for a routine preconfinement physical by a ship's doctor. Then he was taken to his berthing compartment, where he was told to pack his belongings in his seabag.

1220 hours. Through an oversight of the M.A.A., Paul did not receive the noon meal. The M.A.A. took him to the hatch of the C.C.U., located on the third deck above sea level. It had two spaces: a 15' x 20' berthing area with 18 bunks and an 8' x 10' deck area. From that point on, Paul would be in the hands of the C.C.U. escorts, a unit of 20 petty officers under the command of Master-at-Arms First-Class Petty Officer Wilbur Coffman. Paul climbed down the ladder to the C.C.U., but before he reached the bottom step, the seabag was wrenched from his grip and he was pulled off the ladder and thrown against the bulkhead by several escorts. His indoctrination to the C.C.U. had begun.

"We got a big fucker here," said one of the escorts.

"He looks like a pussy to me," said another.

"Strip them clothes off, awardee. All of 'em!"

When Paul didn't move fast enough to suit them, one of the escorts grabbed his blue-dungaree shirt and ripped it open, causing buttons to fly.

"Spread-eagle against the bulkhead, awardee. We're going to frisk you. Keep



"It's your husband. OK if he eats the meat loaf?"

your eyes straight ahead and don't look around."

"OK."

"You don't say yes or no or OK down here, awardee. From now on, it will be either 'Yes, Petty Officer' or 'No, Petty Officer.' Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Petty Officer."

1400 hours. Since there was no air conditioning in the C.C.U., the heat and the humidity were stifling. The escorts made a point of standing in front of a fan. Paul, who had been allowed to dress after they checked his body "for scars," was wet with sweat. He was still trying to master the "break" position and the "beat the hand" game.

"Break!" screamed one of the escorts.

Paul fell face forward to the deck in the attention position and only at the last second did his hands, still at his sides, break his fall. It was the first time that he had made it down without getting hit in the back of the head by an escort.

"What do you say now?" asked a petty officer.

"I—this awardee—I mean——"

"No pronouns are allowed! How many times do I have to tell you that? Roll over and assume the thinking position." The escort gave Paul a swift kick in the leg. "Your feet are to be held off the deck! Legs straight!"

1530 hours. "Lock up, awardee!" Coffman was so close to his face when he yelled the command that Paul was sprayed with spittle.

Paul came off the deck slowly and assumed the stiff attention position. One petty officer later recalled that Paul was visibly shaking during that first "indoc" and complained that he hadn't exercised like that in a long time. He was trying to remember that special thing he was supposed to do with his fingers and his knuckles when he was struck on the back of a hand by a fist.

"You are slow!" yelled Coffman. "You're pissing me off." He turned to another petty officer. "Bring the equalizer."

The petty officer returned with a long wooden baton. Paul took a deep breath and brought his arm up to his face to wipe off some dripping sweat.

Coffman's face was now back in front of his, florid and screaming. "If you raise your hands above your waist again, I'm going to drop you. You're too big for me to fuck with, so I'll bring you down with this stick."

"Break!"

Paul went back to the deck, where he remained for 20 minutes.

1600 hours. Paul stood before Commander Baker with Coffman next to him. According to Navy records, he was accused of "disobeying order . . . to stay 'locked up' and 'sound off'" while being indoctrinated in the C.C.U. His squadron C.O. agreed with Coffman that his punishment should be three days in the brig on a

bread-and-water diet.

Paul asked for a conference with his squadron officer. Alone with his C.O., he told him of being kicked in the C.C.U. The C.O. left the room and confronted Coffman in the hallway with the complaint.

"Sir," said Coffman, "he dropped his legs while in the thinking position, and one of my petty officers bumped his feet with his shoes just to let Trerice know his feet were on the deck. That's all that happened, sir."

1630 hours. Paul was escorted to the brig, which was operated by guards from the small Marine detachment aboard. He was shown into a cell. It was after normal meal hours, so Paul also missed what would have been his first dinner in the brig: three slices of white bread and two cups of water.

April 13. 1450 hours. Paul went back to the C.C.U. He had had a lot of time to think during the past two days. He knew

he had to get beyond the indoctrination so he could begin serving his 30-day sentence. The night before he went to the C.C.U., some of the guys in the squadron who had spent time there had told him the score: "You got to go along with the program or they'll dog the shit out of you."

The petty officers greeted him at the bottom of the ladder, again slamming him into the bulkhead. But this time, maybe because he knew what to expect, he did better. (Navy records state that he officially passed his second indoc in one hour. But Kelley, who conducted his own investigation, believes it lasted three or four hours and that Paul therefore missed another meal.)

1800 hours. Joining the eight other awardees, Paul began an hour of regular physical training (P.T.). Jumping jacks. Push-ups. Squat thrusts. Ten-count body builders. Cherry pickers. Windmills. At the end of the hour, the awardees were



GIVE YOURSELF A WHOLE NEW SLANT ON PERFORMANCE—A TURBO

sweating profusely in the hot compartment. Paul trembled during and after P.T.

April 14. 0500 hours. Before breakfast, all awardees were required to do 20 push-ups in the hot berthing area for moving too slowly in getting up. After reveille, Paul alone was taken out of the compartment by an escort who had read this note in the C.C.U. log: "Trerice displays very little interest in the program. . . . Dog him."

0520 hours. On his way to the chow hall, where he would help serve breakfast, cook Kevin Daly heard Paul sound off: "Excuse this awardee, Petty Officer!" He turned a corner and there was Paul, ten feet away, performing push-ups. "Five, Petty Officer! Six, Petty Officer!" He was drenched with sweat.

"I couldn't believe it," said Daly later. "I'd never seen the C.C.U. awardees exercised before breakfast. It just wasn't done. I couldn't figure out what Paul had done wrong."

0615 hours. The other awardees had arrived 15 minutes earlier. Daly was worried when he saw that Paul wasn't among them. But then he arrived in the escort of a C.C.U. petty officer, who ordered him to lock up. A moment later, Paul reached up and wiped sweat off his brow. Two escorts were on him immediately, each pulling hard on an arm, yelling at him. Finally, he was allowed in the chow line, instructed to say nothing to the cooks but simply to put his tray out when he wanted something.

Daly was working the large egg skillet, and when Paul reached him, he saw that his buddy had a single piece of French toast and a sausage on his tray. His clothes were wet with sweat and he looked ill.

"Paul," Daly whispered, "you got to eat more than that. I'm going to make you six or seven eggs." Paul was the biggest eater Daly had ever seen. He regularly ate five eggs with ham, bacon, potatoes and toast for breakfast.

"What's going on down there?" asked Daly.

"I can't believe it," answered Paul, speaking softly out of the corner of his mouth. "You wouldn't believe how they're dogging me!"

Suddenly, a petty officer ran over and screamed, "Awardee! I said no talking! Out of the chow line!"

"Hey, what about his eggs?" protested Daly.

The escort ignored the cook. "Out of line, awardee!" Paul joined the other awardees, but it's doubtful he was able to eat any of his meager meal.

0730 hours. The awardees were taken onto the flight deck for regular morning P.T. Everyone made four laps around the 1000-foot-long flight deck. Paul was required to do two extra laps "to help get him into condition." Jumping jacks came next, followed by push-ups and arm rotations, with arms outstretched at the sides

TURBO FUEGOGOGO



Renault Turbo: Fuel-injected intercooled turbo with 11.6 psi maximum boost; 5-speed overdrive transmission. Front wheel drive. Power-assisted front discs. Michelin TRX radials on cast aluminum wheels. Air conditioning. AM/FM stereo radio with quad speakers. Tach-to-turbo gauge telemetry. Leather-wrapped steering wheel, and more \$11,095*
*List price. Tax, license, destination charges, optional or regionally required equipment extra

American Motors

SPORTS COUPE FROM THE PEOPLE WHO TURBOCHARGED FORMULA ONE RACING.

RENAULT

THE ONE TO WATCH

and parallel to the deck. That was always a difficult exercise for Paul, because his arms were so large. His arms began to droop and the awardee behind him placed his arms under Paul's to help. But soon the extra effort became too much.

Paul finally dropped his arms. He looked pale and was shaking visibly. "This awardee can't do any more, Petty Officer," he said weakly.

"Break!" the petty officer yelled at him. Instead of waiting for him to hit the deck on his own, the escort shoved him hard from behind, causing him to sprawl forward onto the deck, which was covered with a rough, nonskid coating. He immediately assumed the break position, placing his forehead and his nose flat on the hot surface.

Paul voluntarily rejoined the group and went back to performing exercises. But he soon stopped and was again put into the break position on the deck.

0830 hours. Paul was allowed off the deck and was told to rejoin the group. He was obviously not feeling well. His lips looked as white as his teeth. While the other awardees were allowed to drink water, Paul was not, because he hadn't completed his exercises.

0845 hours. Back in the berthing compartment, the awardees began undressing for showers. Paul staggered and looked as if he might pass out. "I feel like I'm going to die," he said. "I need to go to medical." "After you shower."

"Please let me have some water."

"Break!" yelled the escort.

Paul stumbled but managed to get down onto the deck.

"You cannot have water, because you did nothing to earn it," said the petty officer. "You did not complete P.T."

0850 hours. Coffman entered the C.C.U. berthing area and spoke with Paul. He asked him why he had not done all the exercises.

"Because I couldn't," Paul answered.

Coffman warned him that he'd end up back in the brig if he didn't get with the program.

"Put me in the brig," said Paul, who was flushed and sweaty. "I don't care. My ear feels like it's filling up with water or something. I have to go to medical."

"Sick call is oh nine hundred hours," said Coffman. "You take your shower and tell the petty officer if you want to go to sick call."

He left the C.C.U., and another escort ordered Paul to do more exercises. "You do these *right* if you want to shower and go to sick call." Paul did more jumping jacks, squat thrusts and push-ups. Then the petty officer told him to shower.

0910 hours. Paul tried to get dressed, but he was shaking too much. He knew he had to make sick call.

"What's taking you so long, you big pussy?" said a petty officer.

"I'm going to die."

"Break!"

Paul hit the deck.

"Twenty push-ups, awardee."

Paul did 20 push-ups.

"All right, give me twenty more."

"No," Paul gasped, his body shaking violently. "I have—to go to medical."

The petty officer grabbed him by the shirt and shoved him against a wall locker. He ordered him to break again, but Paul was slow to respond. The petty officer tried to push him down and got him onto his knees, then shoved him face first onto the deck. He kicked Paul under his arm, because it was outstretched and not in the required position.

Paul began cursing and stood up shakily. Darryl Summons, a second-class petty officer and a supervisor in the C.C.U., was called into the compartment. He asked what was going on.

"This awardee's ear's hurting. This awardee's fingers feel numb. There's something wrong with me, man. I feel like—I can't breathe," said Paul, grabbing his chest. "My right ear is feeling numb."

"You're a liar and an asshole," said a petty officer.

"I don't fucking *lie*!" screamed Paul. "I'm not a fucking asshole!"

"Break!"

"Fuck you!"

Summons came up behind Paul and spun him around. Paul was shoved into the bulkhead. When he turned around, he had a wild look in his eyes. He grabbed Summons and lifted him off the ground. Slamming the petty officer into the wall lockers, Paul didn't let go until two other petty officers jumped on top of him and began slugging him.

"OK, come on!" yelled Paul. "I'll take you all on!"

But Paul, already in severe heatstroke, was outnumbered and outmuscled. After a five-minute struggle, he lay face down on the deck with his hands manacled behind his back. His hands were a pale blue-green and a petty officer was leaning heavily on his back. Another escort called for leg irons. By the time they arrived, Paul was only groaning and grunting.

When he was raised to his knees, Paul's eyes were open and had a blank stare. His lips and his nose were turning blue. His pupils went from tiny to large almost instantly. His left eye started moving erratically. His lips were drawn back and his teeth were bared and clenched.

"He looks like he's all right," said one petty officer. "He's just unconscious or faking it."

A bucket of water was thrown in Paul's face, but it had no effect.

"Open your eyes. We know you're joking. We've seen it all before."

"I don't know," said another petty officer. "He's really burning up."

A second bucket of water was thrown in his face.

Foamy white saliva formed around Paul's teeth and lips, then began dripping

down the corners of his mouth.

"He's foaming at the mouth," someone said. "He's not breathing. He's burning up. Call medical."

0920 hours. Cardiopulmonary resuscitation on Paul was begun by a corpsman who arrived on the scene five minutes after he was called but without any equipment. He immediately asked that a doctor be called. Twenty minutes later, the first doctor arrived at the C.C.U.

0945 hours. An intravenous solution was administered. Paul's pupils were dilated.

0950 hours. An E.K.G. revealed a flat line. C.P.R. continued.

1012 hours. Paul's temperature rectally was 108 degrees on a thermometer that registered no higher.

1013 hours. Pulse, 75 and irregular. Paul, showing that he, indeed, had the heart of a lion, was coming back from the heart attack.

1019 hours. Temperature, 107.4 degrees. No respiratory effort.

1024 hours. I.V. push.

1036 hours. Cardiac standstill. Paul had suffered his second heart attack. C.P.R. restarted. Temperature, 105.5 degrees.

1052 hours. Cardiac shock, 400 watts.

1058 hours. Cardiac shock, 400 watts.

1100 hours. Temperature, 105 degrees.

1108 hours. Cardiac shock, 400 watts.

1115 hours. No response. Paul's pupils were dilated and there was no cardiac activity. He was pronounced dead.

The Navy's investigation was only one step—though a large one—in Bill's quest. It gave him some solace, since the report prepared by the Office of the Judge Advocate General stated, "Airman Recruit Trerice's death resulted from a combination of errors in judgment, dereliction of duty, dereliction that rises to the level of negligence and culpable negligence." However, Bill still found the military bureaucracy a formidable opponent.

The Navy charged 28 Ranger crewmen—most of them C.C.U. petty officers—with various acts of misconduct, including maltreatment, assault and manslaughter. Even the ship's top command was not exempt. Pedersen, Captain Lee B. Cargill, the second-in-command, and Lieutenant Comer Williams, the officer directly in charge of the C.C.U., faced charges of dereliction of duties.

At least for a short while, Bill could indulge himself in the thought that the men he believed had killed his son would come to justice. But when the San Diego court-martial proceedings were over, all those implicated in Paul's death were acquitted, except one. The lone conviction came against Darryl Summons, the supervisor in the C.C.U. when Paul died. Summons was convicted of maltreatment and simple assault and was sentenced to 90

days' hard labor. He served eight days before receiving an honorable discharge. Four others were court-martialed for charges unrelated to Paul's death.

"I wasn't surprised," says Bill in retrospect. "I knew the Navy wasn't going to convict a lot of its own people. The only reason it even put them on trial was because of all the heat it was taking."

Attorney Kelley explains, "Bill confronted the Navy's unwritten policy of not notifying parents and family of unpleasant facts concerning the deaths of loved ones, which philosophically may sound acceptable. But in practice, what was happening was that the Navy was intentionally withholding information to the extent of misinforming the family."

Kelley is still pursuing aspects of the Terrice case in civilian courts. He filed a wrongful-death suit against the Navy. While a Federal judge decided that the Navy itself couldn't be sued, he did allow Pedersen, Coffman and Summons to remain as defendants, which will make the case something of a landmark if it is tried. In the event that Terrice and Kelley are successful, their victory will allow civilians to sue members of the military for a wrongful death. "I don't think this country can afford to have a military that at some point isn't accountable," maintains Kelley. "Our constitutional safeguards protect all citizens, even Navy seamen."

Another suit asks for compensation from the Navy for the unconscionable delay in returning Paul's organs. "I want mothers and fathers on that jury who would be, I'm sure, appalled by what the Navy did to the body of Bill Terrice's son," says Kelley.

"Don't think I'm out to get rich on this legal stuff," Bill says. "Do you know what I'd consider a victory? A dime, because that would mean that the Navy was to blame for Paul's death. *That* is what I want. Paul's death was caused by some enlisted men who abused their power and by officers who failed to see what was going on. No one man was responsible. The Navy was responsible."

That victory is a long way off, if it ever arrives at all. Still, Bill has some triumphs to savor.

His crusade and the prize-winning work of *The Detroit News* made possible some long-awaited answers, if not comfort, for several other families who had lost sons in the Navy under mysterious circumstances. Finally releasing information it had kept from the families for months—in some cases even years—the Navy had to take a long, hard look at the events and policies that contributed to Paul's death.

The Navy's investigation into the Ranger's correctional facilities uncovered countless allegations of maltreatment ranging from merciless humiliation to torture. One recruit told of being stripped naked, shoved and slapped around the

berthing compartment until his skin was red. Another claimed he had had his hands cuffed behind his back by a correctional officer who then stepped on his head and twisted his arms into a position so painful the recruit had cried. Yet another sailor reported that he had been shoved into the lockers and to the deck by several petty officers and a Marine brig guard with such force and frequency that he needed stitches three times in four days and broke eight teeth. Other awardees confined to the brig claimed they had been denied head call, forcing them to urinate or defecate in their cells. Medical records yielded similar reports—cases of chipped teeth, broken noses and, in one instance, a sailor who was covered with bruises over 60 percent of his body. More importantly, seven previous cases of heat disorders were listed.

The results of the investigation were alarming. The Navy's Pacific Fleet com-

mander in chief reviewed the findings and wrote, "One disturbing factor about this case . . . is that this type of activity could go on in the midst of other personnel . . . who should have known what was happening was not right . . . particularly medical officers, who knew of many bruises, contusions and heat-injury cases originating in the [C.C.U.]."

Although Bill would never be satisfied, his work accomplished something meaningful, something Paul would have been proud of. As a result of the investigation, the Navy issued a comprehensive policy manual standardizing administration of all Navy correctional units and it closed all shipboard C.C.U.s until those new guidelines could be put into practice.

"Maybe we saved the life of someone else's boy," Bill says. "Too bad it was too late for mine."



"You know, Joe, you and I should be grateful that we aren't young anymore. With kids today, sex is such an accepted thing that it's become almost meaningless to the lucky bastards."

© 1982 B&W T Co.

Kings, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by a recognized
method used by B&W and supported
by independent laboratories.



99% tar free.[™]

The pleasure is back.
BARCLAY

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



OUR VIBRA-COASTER LOOPS AND TURNS INSIDE THE DARKENED DOMES OF OUR MAGIC MOUNTAINS ... A SENSATIONAL RIDE FROM NIPPLE TO NIPPLE.



THE FOLIAGE AROUND US TEEMS WITH WILDLIFE. ON THE RIGHT BANK, WATCH OUT FOR THE SAVAGE SATURDAY-NIGHT DISCO. AND JUST AROUND THE BEND, YOU'LL SEE THE UNTAMED CLUB MED. OFF THROUGH THE TREES, OBSERVE THE NOTORIOUS OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY IN FULL TILT.





A technological breakthrough
in Audio that delivers
finer reproduction
and sound quality
than ever before
possible...

Hitachi
Compact Disc
Digital Audio Player
DA-1000



Hitachi has crossed the threshold of a music lover's dream. Perfect concert reproduction is now a reality. It is all possible due to the new Hitachi DA-1000, one of the world's first commercially available visual



audio disc players. It is an exciting new form of sound system that relies on digital audio signal encoding, rather than an analog system. This allows performance levels that far exceed even the finest conventional turntable. The result is pure, clean sound, absolutely faithful to the original performance.

The Hitachi DA-1000 plays compact digital audio discs (CD), the disc format adopted by all of the

major audio manufacturers. A compact disc is capable of storing an uninterrupted 60 minutes of beautiful music on a single side.

The digital disc is perfectly smooth, its clear plastic protective surface eliminates the annoying effects of dust, scratches and wear.

The music you hear will sound exactly the same as when the artist originally recorded it, the first time you play the disc as well as the 1000th.

The DA-1000 was crafted to ensure superior performance as well as optimum convenience. The vertical design offers the space saving benefits of component rack

installation, as well as the ease of a cassette-style front loading system.

The DA-1000 delivers a comprehensive playback control. With a simple touch of the fingertip, the user may elect to pick-up Forward or Reverse, Cue, Repeat and Auto Search. The DA-1000 also has the Program Playback, a feature which allows the user to program up to 15 selections for playback in any sequence, automatically.

One listen is worth a thousand words. Come and witness for yourself the superior sound of the Hitachi DA-1000.



 **HITACHI**
A World Leader in Technology

Hitachi Sales Corporation of America • 401 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, Calif. 90220

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

WHEELS

SAMURAI CYCLES

When the Russians launched Sputnik, there was a change in our national priorities. The result was a man on the moon—and Tang. Something similar has happened to the Japanese cycle industry. The American Motorcycle Association decreed that the superbike category in road racing be limited to production

bikes with displacement limits of 750 c.c. for fours (1000 c.c. for twins). By changing the rules, the A.M.A. hoped to bring back the privateer. Japan responded. The technological lens was focused on the 750 class to produce a breed of race-bred bikes that attack like birds of prey.



The Suzuki GS750ES is as sleek as a warrior's samurai sword: It boasts a powerful four-cylinder, 16-valve 747-c.c. engine, full-floater rear suspension, antidive front forks, a half fairing and a fistful of fun for \$3499.



Honda calls its unconventional cycle the V45 Interceptor. Hanging inside that frame is a liquid-cooled 86-horsepower engine. Air-adjustable Pro-Link suspension and antidive front forks make for smooth handling. Just \$3498.



Kawasaki has painted its incredible Zx750-A1 a discreet firecracker red. Maybe the highway patrol will think you're a brush fire. The bike has Uni-Trak rear suspension, antidive front forks, an aluminum-box swing arm and a cockpit fairing. A fast bike made faster. Kick up your heels for \$3399.

GEAR

A LITTLE MORE TRAVELING MUSIC, PLEASE

Now that we've all gotten over the fact that great stereo fidelity can come out of a box not much bigger than a cigarette pack, the men who let you take the music with you are thinking of ways to further improve portable sound. Some second-generation personal stereos can be recharged. Others have miniature video games built in (perhaps in case you twist your ankle in the park and want

something to play with while you're waiting for an ambulance), act as the guts of a car stereo or come with detachable speakers for social listening. There are even models built for speed as well as for comfort—units that contain an antivibration feature that cushions the mechanism from the punishment and the loss of audio fidelity brought about by a jogger's pounding feet. We'd say the aural fixation is with us to stay.



Right: Toshiba America's Model KT-AS1 features auto reverse that lets the listener hear both sides of a tape without having to turn it over and an antiroll device that prevents sound distortion while jogging, \$149.95. Far right: Sanyo's RP77 Sportster personal stereo links an AM/FM radio and an LCD basketball game with sound effects that can be heard through the unit's headphones, \$49.95.

J. VERSER ENGELHARD



Above: Ease on down the sidewalk—or the road—with the Music Shuttle XRM-10 personal stereo/car stereo that mates an in-dash AM/FM stereo receiver with a portable cassette player that pops out to become your personal stereo, by Sony, \$379.95. Above right: The HS-JO2 AM/FM personal cassette stereo with auto reverse can record stereo right off the air or with a special three-sided microphone, \$180; room listening is possible with two optional SC-A1 speakers, \$65 a pair, all by Aiwa. Right: A minisized MF-3G FM stereo receiver, by Besser, \$59.95. Below right: The Panasonic Way RQ-WJ1 personal stereo features an antiroll mechanism and a unique ON/OFF switch that's mounted on the headphone cord, \$109. Below: Sharp's QT-19 AM/FM stereo and cassette player can be used as a total or personal stereo, \$229.95.



Pall Mall A Step Ahead

*Step up in taste,
step down in tar*



9 mg. tar
0.8 mg. nic.

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

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '83.



EMILIO LARI (5)



Sonia's Choice

Twenty-five million people saw Sonia Braga in the Brazilian film *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*. Somewhere in the world, people are still standing in line to see her 1981 hit *I Love You (Eu Te Amo)*, a Brazilian sex comedy made all the more remarkable by Sonia's casual disregard for her wardrobe. Critics and audiences reacted to the new star. Normally comatose *Newsweek* gave her this accolade: "At a time when the bombshell has been largely replaced by the bimbo, Sonia Braga, Brazil's biggest star, is a true sex goddess: a dynamic and delicate actress whose sexuality is neither a tactic nor a

ANTONIO GUERRERO

titillation but a central human energy. At a time when sex has become (like everything else) a Problem, Braga reasserts it as a power and a glory." The critic from the *L.A. Times* also rose to the occasion: "Brazil's Sonia Braga is the international star who comes along once in a decade, perhaps even in a generation. She combines a blinding sexuality, a dark, distinctive beauty, talent and intelligence with wit, style and personality." If you thought E.T. was cute, take a look at these pictures. Then go to the end of the line around the block of whatever theater is showing *Gabriela*, her first film made with U.S. financing.



Gabriela is directed by Bruno Barreto (the director of *Dona Flor*) and stars Braga and Marcello Mastroianni. As you can see from the shots at left, it is a tender love story that depicts the traditions of a small Brazilian village, a delicate exploration of class struggle and womanhood. The film and a TV series preceding it are based on Jorge Amado's novel *Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon*. See you at the theater.

GRAPEVINE

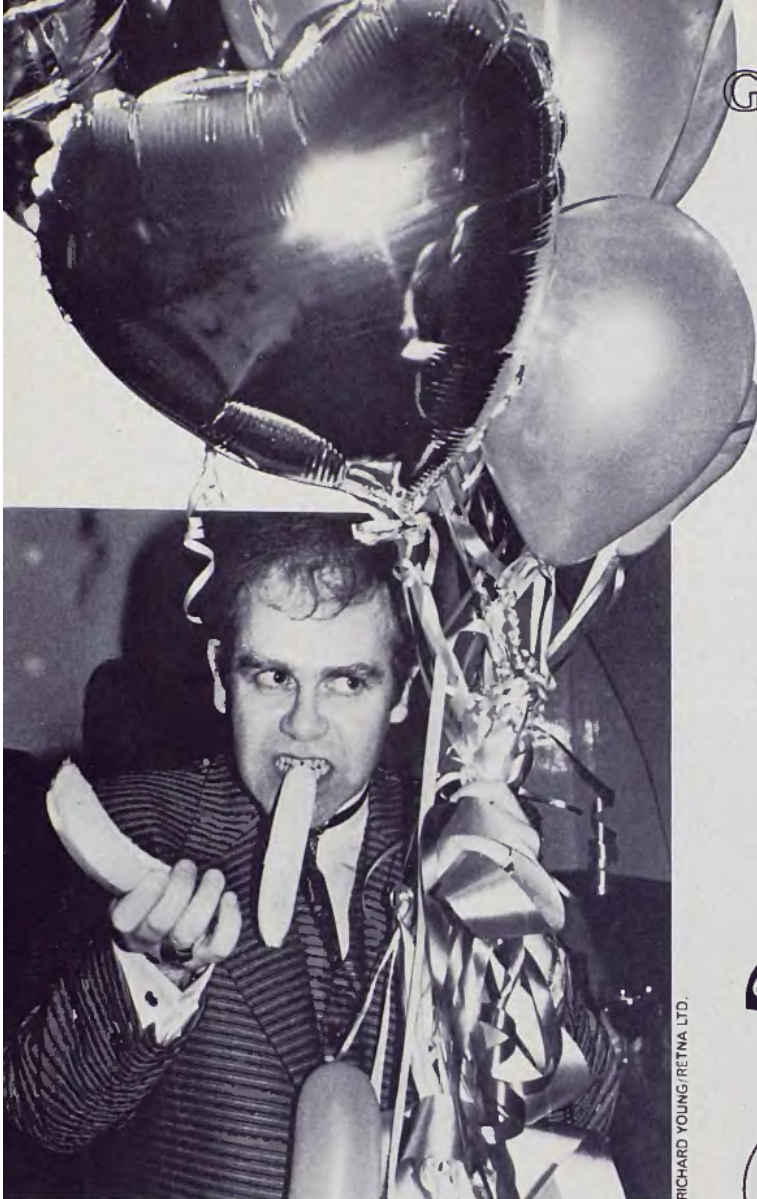
Less Is Moore

It's not that we feel that DUDLEY MOORE has suffered from a lack of publicity. We just like this photo. Moore is about as busy as one actor can be and has just completed a remake of the Preston Sturges classic *Unfaithfully Yours*, co-starring Nastassia Kinski. Dudley grows in each new role.



ITCOTT — → RULER

© 1983 LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI



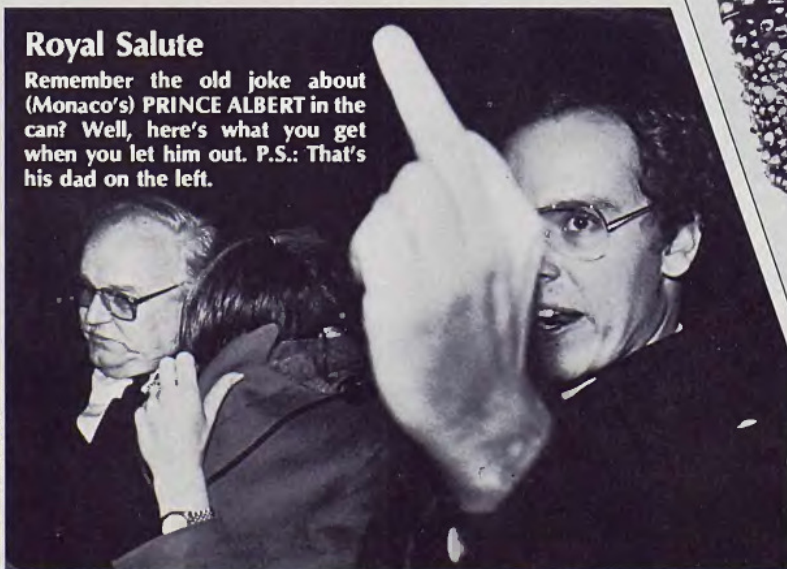
RICHARD YOUNG/RETNA LTD.

What Becomes a Legend Most?

Here's a moment from ELTON's 36th-birthday bash. He didn't know it, but robbers were soon to ransack his Buckinghamshire digs. They got away with a load of jewelry despite three alarm systems. Diamonds aren't forever.

Royal Salute

Remember the old joke about (Monaco's) PRINCE ALBERT in the can? Well, here's what you get when you let him out. P.S.: That's his dad on the left.



© 1983 DAVID MCGOUGH/DMI

Have You Driven a Ford Lately?

Rocker LITA FORD, former member of The Runaways, now has a solo album (*Out for Blood*). We have just two questions: Does she share a tailor with Gene Simmons? What does the message on her guitar mean for us?



ROBERT MATHEU



A Walk on the Wild Side

Legendary rocker STEVE WINWOOD recently took a stroll down the Great White Way to check out the raunch on Broadway. His last solo effort, *Talking Back to the Night*, is not to be confused with the feminist effort to Take Back the Night.

© 1983 LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI



L.F.I./RETNA LTD.

Just Another Profile in Courage

Actress CHERYL MALINOF has been on a couple of TV shows (with more clothes than this). She's working on a youth-oriented feature film in which everyone's hormones go crazy. Cheryl's having that effect on us, too.

© 1983 JOHN SANCHEZ

It's a Boy!

For those of you who just listen to the radio, this is BOY GEORGE, leader of the currently hot group Culture Club, checking out his stage mufti before venturing out to wow the crowd. We knew it was just a matter of time before full drag took over the rock clubs. If Dustin Hoffman and Robin Williams can do it, well...



CONTRACEPTIVE WIPE-UPS: UNFORTUNATELY, THESE WON'T FIT INTO YOUR WALLET

We'll admit that when we first heard about contraceptive sponges a few years ago, we thought they were some remedy from a seaside Stone Age culture. Sponges? Since 1976, however, the evidence has been mounting that sponges could be the contraceptive godsend of the Eighties. And as of September, thanks to the FDA's recent approval, they'll be on drugstore shelves—you won't even have to ask the pharmacist for them. Under the brand name Today Vaginal Contraceptive Sponge, they will be sold three to a package for about three dollars. Each of the polyurethane squeezies will be good for 24 hours.

How good are they? The manufacturer, VLI Corporation, puts their efficacy rate at 85 percent, or about the same as that for a diaphragm with spermicide. To use the sponge, a woman simply wets it with water and inserts it into the vagina with her fingers. A cavalier man may want to assist in this procedure—though, since the sponge works all day, his date will likely have inserted it long before matters proceed to the bedroom. Later, it is removed by an attached string and is thrown away.

The sponge works in three ways: It kills sperm with a self-contained dose of

nonoxynol-9, the spermicide common to most contraceptive creams, foams and jellies; it blocks sperm from entering the cervix; it absorbs excess semen, leaving fewer sperm free to make their cervical entry.

Aside from its effectiveness, convenience is a major advantage of this product. We've already mentioned its compatibility with the delicacies of timing. Also, one size fits all women, eliminating a doctor's prescription. There is no need to pack in a supply of spermicidal cream, foam or jelly—the sponge fits in the palm of your hand and it can be used for multiple acts of intercourse. There have been no reports of serious side effects, and clinical trials have indicated that most couples don't even feel it. Some even claim that it feels the same as vaginal tissue.

The sponge is already widely used in Europe and ought to find an enthusiastic reception here. It sounds safe, useful and convenient and provides women with a good excuse for carrying a handbag.

NEW DATING GAME: TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

This may go down in history as the greatest by-product of Government research since the space race begot the high-tech look: The man who developed




When this button arrived at our office, we asked, "All right, who's the comedian?" Naturally, it's Robin Williams, whose new record, *Throbbing Python of Love*, is a real crusher but doesn't lay any eggs.

the voice-analyzed lie detector for the Army has now invented a love detector that works over the telephone. Fred Fuller created his original voice-stress analyzer while working for ITT on projects intended for the space program. Later, working for the military, Fuller developed his lie detector, which is superior to the polygraph in that the suspect doesn't even have to be present, let alone wired. Now he's applied the same principle to a dating service.

What caused Fuller to turn his attention to romance? "A divorce," he said. "I started dating again and I was looking for a way to cut through all the crap. I had started my own company and had developed a voice-analyzed personnel profile that dozens of corporations were using to measure whether or not prospective employees were well suited to specific jobs. I made a slew of refinements, and the result was a dating-compatibility profile that measured whether or not a prospective lover was right for a particular person. It worked so well I decided to take it public."

In order to use the system, a couple must dial 1-800-526-1363 and answer separately some yes-or-no questions. It doesn't matter whether or not you tell the truth, since Fuller's high-tech yenta will ferret out how you're really feeling. The charge is \$35 for two (billed to your Visa or MasterCard), and within 48 hours you'll be mailed a voice-analyzed computer-generated report that tells in percentage points how well matched the two of you are in such areas as sex, dependability, commitment, religion, leisure activities and even love.

Fuller claims a high degree of success. What constitutes success? We suppose that depends on your goals. Fuller is still single. 

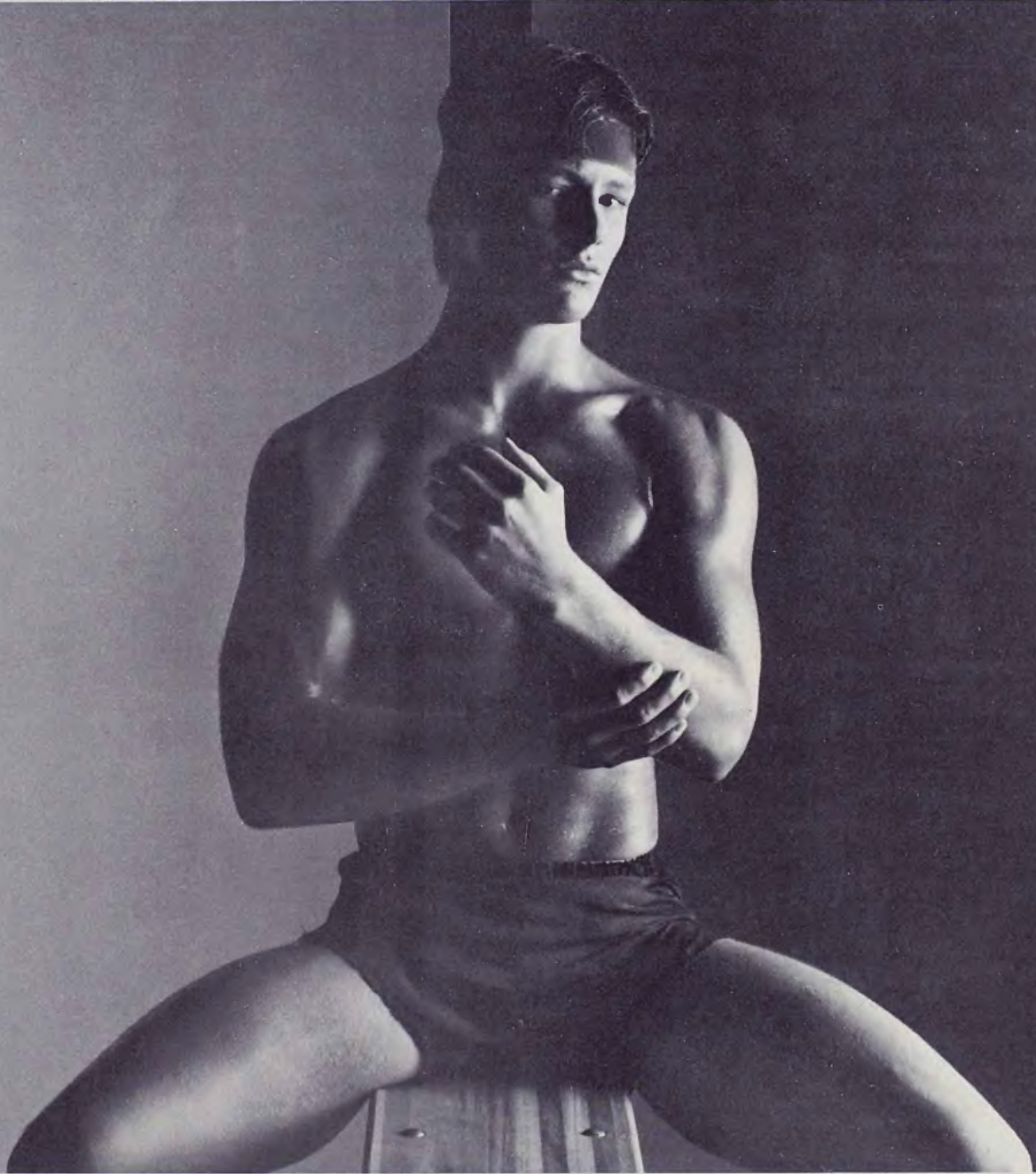


Alexis Home Parties will show you all this and more in your own home, or you can shop by mail. Right: The double-pleasure vibrator, \$33. Below: Cock rings and stimulators made from zuiki, a fiber that gets wild when wet, \$23. Left: A billowy jump suit for all occasions and for all hips, too, \$47. For details, write to Alexis at 600 North McClurg Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



DENNIS SILVERSTEIN (3)

“No pain, no gain.”



To unlock your body's potential, we proudly offer Soloflex. Twenty-four traditional iron pumping exercises, each correct in form and balance. All on a simple machine that fits in a corner of your home.

For a free Soloflex brochure, call anytime
1-800-453-9000.

**BODY BY
SOLOFLEX®**

SOLOFLEX®, HILLSBORO, OREGON 97123

Fourex feels like a second skin. Because it is.

A Fourex® Natural condom is just what the name says; Natural.

Each Fourex is made from pure natural Lamb membrane. A superior heat conductor. Fourex is so good, so natural, you'll forget there is anything between you and her—except warmth.

And you're not the only one who'll appreciate the extra sensitivity of Fourex. She will too.

Naturally Fourex is more expensive than other condoms, but we are sure you'll find Fourex worth every penny. After all, it is the best selling natural condom you can buy and preferred by more men than any other brand. So we suggest you try it, because once you do, you may never settle for another condom again.



Available in Canada.

NEXT MONTH:



MR. T



ATLANTIC COASTS



"NO TRADE"



DORIT STEVENS

THE SANDINISTAS, NICARAGUA'S REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS, SPEAK OUT ON THE U.S. "WAR" AGAINST THEM, THEIR TIES TO CUBA AND RUSSIA, THEIR PLANS FOR CENTRAL AMERICA AND THEIR PERSONAL LIVES IN A RARE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"DOTTING I'S WITH MR. T"—AN UNFORGETTABLE SLICE OF THE LIFE OF THE EX-BOUNCER TURNED MOVIE STAR TURNED HERO OF *THE A TEAM*—BY **D. KEITH MANO**

"GIRLS OF THE ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE"—CHECKING OUT THE LOVELIES WHO MAKE POINTS WITH THE GUYS WHO SCORE GRIDIRON POINTS ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD

"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"—OUR FAVORITE ARMCHAIR QUARTERBACK MAKES ANOTHER SERIES OF CONFERENCE CALLS TO PREDICT THE COLLEGE CHAMPS—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"WHIZ KIDS"—AT MIT, THE CREAM OF THIS COUNTRY'S YOUNG TECHNOBRATS IS BUSY PREPARING FOR LIFE IN THE NEW FAST LANE—BY **CRAIG VETTER**. PLUS: **"WHERE DO YOU FIT IN THE POSTINDUSTRIAL WORLD?"**—HINT: IF YOUR GAME IS GOLF, YOU'RE INDUSTRIAL. IF IT'S RACQUETBALL, YOU'RE POST-. A CULTURE-SHOCK CHART

"BRUNETTE AMBITION"—REMEMBER THE BROUHAHA OVER **LORETTA MARTIN'S** HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK? SHE WANTED TO APPEAR IN *PLAYBOY*, BUT THE POWERS THAT BE WOULDN'T PRINT THAT. NOW LORETTA GETS HER WISH, FOR REAL

"DORIT STEVENS"—SHE'S A TOP MODEL AND SHE'S ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS. SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT THE FUSS IS ABOUT

"NO TRADE"—A YARN ABOUT BASEBALL AS IT IS TODAY: **CASEY AT THE BAT** IT AIN'T—BY **JAMES HOWARD KUNSTLER**

RANDY NEWMAN TALKS ABOUT HIS FAVORITE MOVIE SCORES, HIS P.T.A. MEMBERSHIP AND WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE A PUNK-ROCKER SON IN A SNAPPY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"QUARTERLY REPORTS: RICH MAN, POOR MAN"—FURTHER EVIDENCE THAT HAPPINESS CAN'T BUY MONEY—BY **ANDREW TOBIAS**

The new 1983 Toyota SR5 Long Bed. For a truck, it makes a terrific sports car. With an extra long 7' bed. To carry your sports stuff. Or anything else up to a 1400 pound payload.* And do it with ease.

Its powerful 2.4 liter SOHC engine, working with a 5-speed overdrive transmission, power-assisted brakes, and steel-belted radials makes trucking a real sport.

You can get the added convenience of a 4-speed automatic overdrive transmission. A Toyota truck innovation.

Outside, the sporty look is obvious. With a styling package that boldly calls attention to itself. Inside, too, there's plenty of sports car feel. Reclining bucket seats with super soft vinyl trim. Wall-to-wall cut pile carpeting. An AM/FM/MPX stereo radio. And

OH WHAT A FEELING!
TOYOTA

not just a few things more.

The 1983 SR5 Long Bed. Somebody did it right. Gave it all the right things. Plenty of room for yours. And a look that lets you make the moves...look easy.

*Including occupants, equipment and cargo.

BUCKLE UP—IT'S A GOOD FEELING!

**THIS SPORT TRUCK
HANDLES THE LOAD
AND THE ROAD.**



MOVES!

CAMEL

Where a man belongs.

Camel Lights.
Low tar. Camel taste.



9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

9 mg tar.