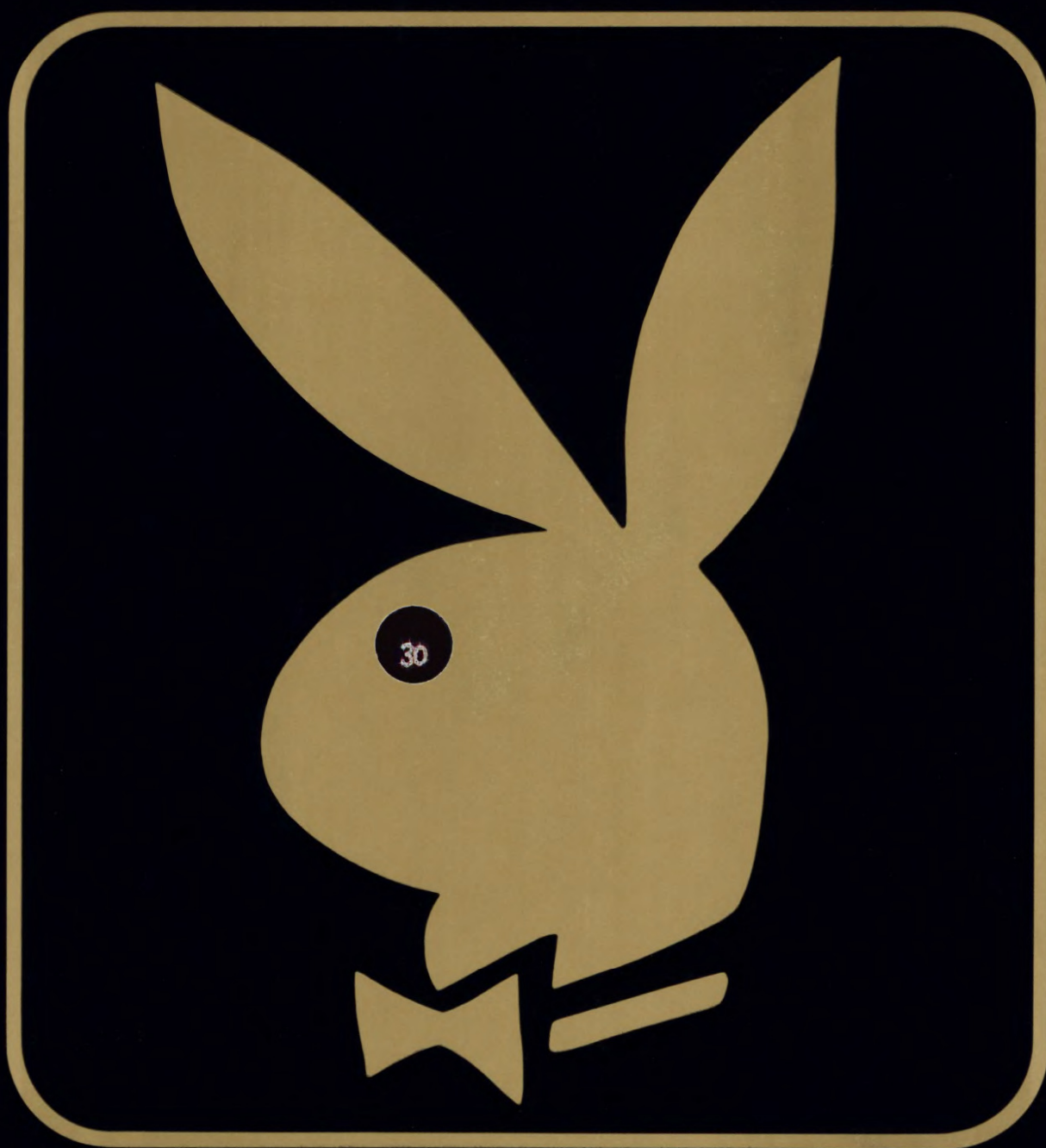


**THE LAST NUDE PHOTO OF MARILYN MONROE**

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1984 • \$4.00



**THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**  
**With the Great Playmate Search and...**

**Irwin Shaw on Manhood • Art Buchwald on Friendship • Truman Capote and Andy Warhol Remember Tennessee Williams • John Updike on Womanly Private Parts • Kurt Vonnegut on Being Censored • A Top-of-the-News Interview with Dan Rather • Our Most Memorable Photographs of 30 Years • How Buck Henry Invented Playboy • Mariel Hemingway in *Star 80* • A Story of Horror from Nobel Winner Gabriel García Márquez • Marital Advice from Anton Chekhov Fantasy from Ray Bradbury • The Lonesome**



**Twilight of Muhammad Ali • Peter Fonda, Patrick Wayne, Kathy Cronkite and George Patton, Jr., on Their Fathers' Advice • Roy Blount Jr. on Screwing Up • A Dazzling Review of the Past Delightful Dozen Playmates and a Year's Worth of Good Feeling to Celebrate the 30th Birthday of America's Leading Magazine for Men**



30

Happy 30<sup>th</sup> Anniversary,  
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Penny Baker



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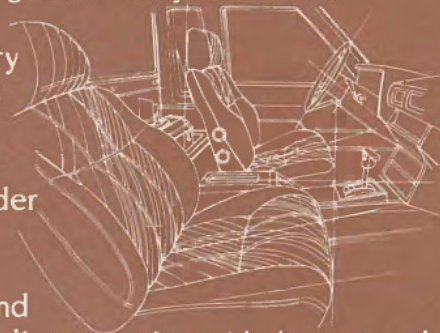
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# PLAYBILL

WELCOME TO the 30th Anniversary Issue of PLAYBOY, a special edition already worth \$4.01 on the collector's market. For those who keep track of such things, this is the 361st issue of PLAYBOY to hit the stands since that Hefner fellow started it all in December 1953. So far, we have presented 363 Playmates of the Month (their smiles revealing 11,616 gleaming teeth), 4505 Party Jokes (resulting in 45,050,000 chortles), innumerable sports cars and tweed jackets, hundreds of award-winning articles and pieces of fiction and more—just about everything from soup (*Souped-Up Soups*, by Emanuel Greenberg, October 1971) to nuts (*The Playboy Interview: Cheech and Chong*, September 1982).

Bright as the past has been, though, the present is even better. We plan to please and amaze you throughout the year, but the issue at hand is this one. We think it contains one of the best magazine line-ups you're likely to see anywhere.

Return with us, first, to the early days. Difficult as it is to imagine, once, there was no PLAYBOY. American men all trudged from job to bowling alley with blank expressions, their only prospects stultifying work and lackluster entertainment. How they got out of that rut is the subject of this month's spotlight pictorial, *30 Memorable Years*, a spirited stomp through the history of Entertainment for Men. With another side of the same story, however, comes iconoclast **Buck Henry**, telling *How I Invented Playboy*. Henry reveals, among other things, that those really close to Hef always refer to him as Ner.

In a frank, special *Playboy Interview*, CBS News anchor man **Dan Rather** discusses predecessor **Walter Cronkite**, rival **Roger Mudd**, ABC chieftain **Roone Arledge**, old nemesis **Richard Nixon** and almost everyone else. He defends *60 Minutes*, objects to the jazz age of broadcast journalism and even uses a few of those words you can't say on TV. Contributing Editor **Tony Schwartz**, who interviewed the world's number-one newsman for us, reports that Rather promised to help make this interview "the best I've ever done." We like his attitude.

In **Irwin Shaw's** *What I've Learned About Being a Man*, illustrated by **Robert Andrew Parker**, one of our most prominent novelists recounts decades of experience and many long evenings spent figuring out what it all means. Some of his musings concern dealing with regret. Much of the rest, happily, concerns dealing with success. "Publishers have been asking me to write my autobiography," Shaw told us. "In an oblique way, this article is a partial sketch of what I may do if I get around to doing the book."

Sometimes it was funny; sometimes it was deadly sad. It was certainly never easy being **Tennessee Williams'** friend. In *Remembering Tennessee*, **Truman Capote** tells why. Williams was a brilliant eccentric, and perhaps it takes another kindred spirit to understand some of the beauty and the despair of being Tennessee. Another notable artist, **Andy Warhol**, stepped in to lend Capote an illustrative hand.

This month's roster of fiction is awesome. *The Trail of Your Blood on the Snow*, a dazzling, grim story of marriage, love and final separation, comes to us from **Gabriel García Márquez**, winner of the 1982 Nobel Prize for literature. **Ray Bradbury's** *The Toyneebe Convector* (illustration sculpted by **Michael O'Brien**) is a vintage Bradbury tale about a time machine that just may redeem the future. *The Toyneebe Convector* is the title tale in Bradbury's new anthology, which will be published by Knopf in late 1984. Out of the past comes **Anton Chekhov** (you didn't expect *new* Chekhov, did you?) with *A Guide for Prospective Husbands*, which has never before been published in America. A humorous take on selecting a wife, Chekhov's guide for men of the 19th Century seems eerily relevant to men of the 20th. Then there's **John Updike's** poem *Cunts*. They are subjects not often dealt with in poetry, but Updike handles them with great style and without undue delicacy. *Cunts* is from the book *Tossing and Turning*, published in the U.S. by Alfred A. Knopf and in the U.K. by André Deutsch.

There's plenty of fun to be had in reviewing the strange year



HENRY



SCHWARTZ



SHAW



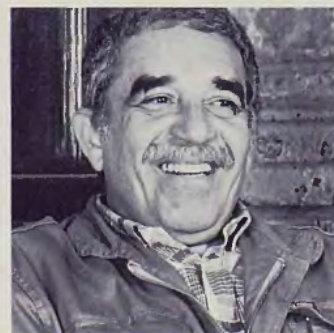
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1983. In his annual *That Was the Year That Was*, versifier **Tom Koch** suggests that if 1983 was any indication, 1984 is going to make Orwell look like an optimist.

**Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.**, one of America's most censored writers, explores the "laws" by which his adversaries operate in *The Idea Killers*, a look at those Americans who have spent decades riding roughshod over freedom of speech. Its cautionary illustration is by the author's daughter **Edith Vonnegut**.

*Dare to Be Wrong*, **Roy Blount Jr.** urges us this month, and he's as right as rain. The man who has been called "the modern Mark Twain" is concerned that all the grand old male ways of fucking up have become so much thumb twiddling in this age of caution. Blount's rallying call for bigger and better snafus comes complete with a **Kathy Calderwood** illustration that makes the right connection.

**Muhammad Ali** has been "The Greatest" for nearly 20 years, but in the three years since his last, desperate dance with **Larry Holmes**, his greatness has greatly diminished. Writer **Mark Kram**, long an Ali watcher, has seen the moment of Ali's greatness flicker and, in short, he is afraid for the man who once seemed boxing's salvation. In *Shadowboxer*, Kram paints a portrait of the weakening magic that remains in the champ's repertoire.

Prestidigitator **John Railing** has a more upbeat offering this month. Whenever someone asks him, "How's tricks?" he can point to the four special effects he passed along to us for *Playboy Magic for the Holidays* and say, "They're just great!" So can you, since Railing has let the secrets out of his hat in an effort to help you have a magical (and profitable, if you play your cards right) holiday season.

**Art Buchwald** has more basic tricks up his sleeve in a tight little bit of irony called *What Are Friends For?* If you don't know already, you'll find out here that one of the things friends are for is to provide consolation in times of domestic strife. "This is possibly a true story," says Buchwald, side-stepping with the skill of the old Ali, "but for legal reasons, I doubt it."

**Robert Young** is nowhere to be found in *What Fathers Know Best*, a compendium of advice passed down from famous fathers to famous offspring. Interviewers **Jean Penn** and **Warren Kalbacher** talked with **Ron Reagan**, **Peter Fonda**, **Arlo Guthrie**, **David Carradine**, **George Patton, Jr.**, **Patrick Wayne**, **Barry Goldwater, Jr.**, and others. Maybe Bob is missing because these folks' fathers were all too driven even to consider switching to Sanka. In any case, this is the article that should finally prove that as we grow older, our fathers, in retrospect, grow smarter.

Our retrospective of the past year's dazzling dozen, *Playboy's Playmate Review*, should reopen quite a few eyes. Still, the big news on historic pictorials this month concerns **Marilyn Monroe**. We've been holding off until this issue to bring you *The Last Nude Photo of Marilyn Monroe*. It's well worth the wait. You may recall that Marilyn graced our very first issue, so it seems fitting this month to present the final photograph ever taken of her in her most natural state. Need it be said that this picture has never been published before?

There's a close-up of **Marjorie Hemingway** (as Dorothy Stratten) in **Bob Fosse's** new film *Star 80*, plus full coverage (and uncoverage) of an epic called *The Great 30th Anniversary Playmate Search* and a splashy introduction to the spectacular winner, **Penny Baker**, our 30th Anniversary Playmate. We could say you'll flip over her, but words just don't suffice to describe our lucky Penny (which is why we asked Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** to do that job). Perhaps a page number will help. You can take your first look at one of MM's loveliest successors on page 138.

There's a great deal more to get excited about in this brimming-over special edition of **PLAYBOY**, from specific sexual sagacity by our columnists on *Men* and *Women* to **Emanuel Greenberg's** guide to *Cocktail Construction* to a new **Charles Martignette** erotic-arts-and-crafts portfolio to **Peter Rosenbaum's** fashion photos for **Hollis Wayne's** *The Today Show* to the holiday adventures of *Little Annie Fanny*. So much more, in fact, that we are simply not content with this mere summary of its contents. Come on along; we're turning the page.

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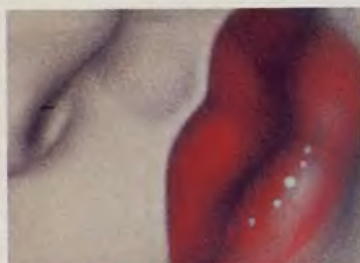
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vol. 31, no. 1—january, 1984

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## COVER STORY

We organized a yearlong search party to find the apple of our dapper Rabbit's eye, and we're pleased to report that Penny Baker turned up. Shot by Contributing Photographer Army Freytag, this month's cover opens the door to one of our most exciting issues ever. Whatever you flip for, it's probably here. And whether you prefer heads or tails, you're sure to come up a winner with Penny just by turning to page 13B.

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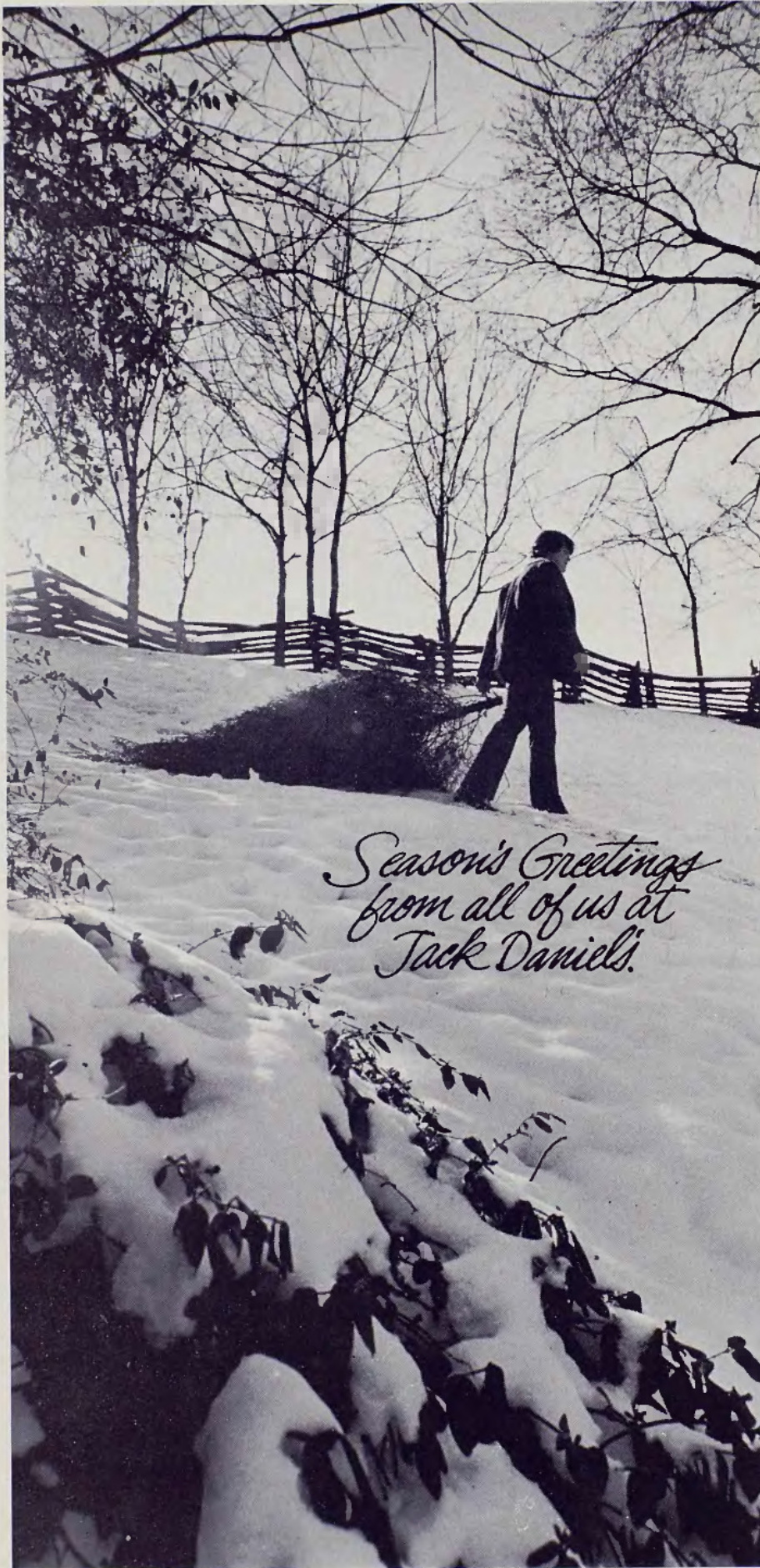
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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## IT'S ALWAYS HAPPY HOUR AT HEF'S

Actors Hugh O'Brian (left) and Jack Nicholson took time off from their shooting schedules to drop by Mansion West for a beer not long ago. O'Brian's working on a new TV series; Nicholson co-stars with Shirley MacLaine and Debra Winger in *Terms of Endearment*. Cheers, gentlemen.

## HOT D-D-DAMN!

The poster Mel Tillis made for his single *A Cowboy's Dream* features Playmate Kimberly McArthur as his titular reverie. To qualify, we hear, Kim had to learn both the two-step *and* the stutter step.



## TAKING A CUE FROM THE BEST

Billiards great Willie Mosconi hosted the recent Women's Invitational Seven-Ball Championship at the Playboy Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City, and who should make the semifinals but Bunny Ewa Mataya? A billiards pro since she was 16, Ewa had never before received applause for leaning over the table.



## NO MORE I.D. BADGES

Now that Miss July 1973, Martha Smith, is co-starring on CBS with Bruce Boxleitner in *Scarecrow and Mrs. King*, everyone recognizes her. The cocreator is PLAYBOY contributor Eugenie Ross-Leming. So, rah!



## UPLIFTING EXPERIENCE

Sure, MTV's the all-music channel, but would you rather see Roxy Music or Hot Roxy of The Playboy Channel's *Hot Rocks* video show? She puts the *double* in the title's *entendre*.

# Hennessy

The civilized way  
to top off the evening



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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.

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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### STRAIGHT TALK ON AIDS

David Nimmons, I salute you. Your October *Viewpoint* "AIDS: Journalism in a Plague Year" is the most logically sound, informative piece of journalism on the subject that I've come across. Far too many journalists assess an issue on the basis of its political impact rather than its social, economic or spiritual ramifications. You take a step back from the confusing fervor surrounding this sickness and provide calming answers to charged questions. You've done a great service.

E. Williams  
Michigan State University  
East Lansing, Michigan

Congratulations to PLAYBOY for its balanced assessment of what AIDS is really about. Your *Viewpoint* "AIDS: Journalism in a Plague Year" is the first article in the mass media to place AIDS accurately in its political perspective. Like almost everybody else, medical researchers need a lot of sex education, particularly when the topic is homosexuality. PLAYBOY has led the way in this, and your AIDS piece illustrates why. From a gay professional, thanks for your effort.

Toby Marotta, Ph.D.  
San Francisco, California

### HILL STREET NEWS

So Veronica Hamel has "got to meet someone who doesn't watch television" (*Playboy Interview*, October). I doubt I watch an hour of TV in a month. I have never seen *Hill Street Blues*. In fact, I thought it was a show about music—I was frankly surprised when your *Interview* revealed it to be a cop show. Line me up with her any time.

Charles E. Lehnert  
Grand Haven, Michigan

Your October *Interview* with the *Hill Street Blues* brood treats that show as if it were Shakespeare at least. In point of fact, the program is a soap opera. It features

clichéd characters, florid dialog, contrived violence and heavy doses of misogyny. This "classic" revives the hackneyed notion of the cop as Dr. Kildare, its self-pitying characters behaving more like social workers than like police officers. Being a cop is a hard enough job without coping with the fallout from a pretentious melodrama like *Hill Street*.

Dan O'Neill  
Los Angeles, California

What a ballsy and imaginative undertaking. Now the Hill is on a pedestal. Thank you for my favorite *Interview*.

Tom Vanderbeck  
Morganton, North Carolina

### SOUTHERN CROSS FIRE

I read your *Interview* with the *Sandinistas* (PLAYBOY, September) with much interest, and I wish to commend interviewer Claudia Dreifus on her handling of a difficult assignment. I am also pleased to note that a publication with your influence and extensive readership is turning its attention to Latin-American affairs and encouraging many in this country and throughout the world to become informed of the events that are currently taking place in that part of our global community. Thank you for your interest and support of this organization and its member countries.

Alejandro Orfila, Secretary General  
Organization of American States  
Washington, D.C.

### THANKS, VERMILION

You have captured God's most beautiful creations in *Reds* (PLAYBOY, October). I have been an avid reader of PLAYBOY nearly as long as I've been an admirer of redheads. Simply superb. Well done. Thanks.

George E. Martin, Sr.  
Arlington, Virginia

I am forever thankful for those beautiful redheads in *Reds*. As the husband of a

Make the day special.  
Give her a bridal set  
as special as your love.



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redhead, I have grown to love all redheads for both their unique beauty and their animated personalities. They stand out from the crowd in more ways than just appearance. My devotion to redheads seems to be growing more intense since your pictorial. Now maybe the whole country will catch the fever.

Kelly Trembley  
San Diego, California

After having endured "I'd rather be dead than red on the head" through years of grammar school and adolescence, I thank both you and Richard Fegley for a very striking pictorial!

Phil Fleming  
Muscle Shoals, Alabama

I am surprised that you chose to feature redheads in your October issue. Women with red hair are the least popular with men. They have a reputation for being vile, stubborn and negative. Besides, who wants a woman who is covered with freckles or unable to tan? You mention that Lucille Ball is a redhead. I suppose she typifies the image that redheads emulate to make up for their weaknesses. However, you fail to mention two other redheads—Judas Iscariot and Lenin.

L. J. Rohr  
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

What's the matter, L.J.? Did you get kicked out of Ireland?

#### LORETTA, YOUNG

Having recently graduated from high school, I especially enjoyed your October pictorial, *Brunette Ambition*, on Loretta Martin. Had I attended her school, I would never have been able to concentrate long enough to get a diploma.

Randy Madera  
Seattle, Washington

Thank you for the delicate pictorial on Loretta Martin. Every person I know is both pleased and excited about it, especially Loretta. And I should know; she's my little sister.

Stacy Singleton  
Atlanta, Georgia

#### ROCKIN' ROLE

Rick Telander's *Rock and Roll, I Gave You the Best Years of My Life* (PLAYBOY, October) really got me. I started a band, Little Maurey and the Willabies, in junior high school in 1961. Little Maurey, my best friend, was tone-deaf. He played rhythm guitar and I played lead because, bad as I was, he was worse. We went through several bands all the way to grad school. My old Fender Dual Showman amp has the scars of many great frat parties. I gave it all up at graduation to pursue "adulthood" but could never bring myself to sell my equipment. After 11 years, at 35, I joined a band last summer. I felt a little silly at first, but when you play a bar and it fills with people aged 19 to 60

and everybody's rocking, it's a feeling like nothing else. As far as age is concerned, rock 'n' roll is like sex. It stops only when you let it. Me? I'm gonna bop till I drop.

Ralph Harris  
New Hartford, Connecticut

#### NUMBER ONE FOR 21 YEARS

Jack Torry opened one of his recent sports columns in the Columbus, Ohio, Citizen-Journal with these lines: "Sorry, Mom. But when it comes to finding your son the most accurate pre-season top 20 in college football, buy PLAYBOY magazine."

Over the past two decades, it seems, no national publication has predicted the nation's top 20 more accurately than Anson Mount has with his "Playboy's Pigskin Preview," according to a poll conducted by the Columbia, Missouri, Tribune.

"The Tribune annually sponsors a poll of polls, you might say," Torry explains. "It's called the Wyatt Summary, after its founder, W. Judd Wyatt. The Tribune, by using a computer, determines which pre-season publication has had the most accurate top 20."

"In the 21 years of the Wyatt Summary, PLAYBOY has finished first five times. No other publication or wire-service poll has managed to win it more than three times. The Associated Press has won it once and United Press International never has."

Way to go, Anson.

#### SEXUAL RESPONSE

Thank you for using the data you gathered in an intelligent and sensitive way; reading *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey, Part Five* (October) gave me the feeling of being known and understood as a woman and a sexual being. I spent most of my life in the nonorgasmic category and built up a belief that it signified some sort of defect in me. Happily, I did not have to live out my days masturbating after my partner fell asleep or went home or whatever but have, over the course of the past couple of years, made the transition to being orgasmic. In retrospect, examining how that wonderful change came about, I see two major factors. I would say the more important one was an improvement in my self-esteem, which brought about the realization that I am as desiring of sexual pleasure as my partner. The other essential ingredient in my personal transition was having a partner who was sensitive to my desires, interested in my satisfaction and supportive of me—someone who related to me. Being able to trust that he wouldn't stop doing something that felt good to me because he was ready to do something else was a real blessing! The difference between an orgasmic woman and a nonorgasmic one can be her partner. Your article, in its emphasis on communication and appreciation, is a

wonderful sign to me that we are all going in the right direction—toward greater happiness and satisfaction for everyone.

Susan Roland  
Houston, Texas

There you go again, PLAYBOY. You teasingly expose only a small portion of a delicious lady who obviously has more to give. I'm not pleading for another pose from this sensuous lady, just for some more prose from the voluptuous mind of Kate Nolan, the lambent writer of *Going Bump in the Night*, which accompanies the fifth installment of your sex survey. With a glib touch, Nolan puts the necessary dos and don'ts on the line. I'd like to see her spread her verbal wings again and again.

John Bral  
Burbank, California

#### RETURN TO NORMALCY

You've found her already! The Playmate of the Year is Tracy Vaccaro. I have every issue of PLAYBOY since October 1969, and there is not a prettier girl than Miss October in any of them. There needs to be an exception made—make Tracy the Playmate of the Year right now.

Gill S. Timpson  
Clemson, South Carolina

Tracy Vaccaro is stunning. I have been in a daze ever since first seeing her pictorial. Please, just one more shot of Tracy and I'll be back to normal.

Jeff McCann  
Middletown, Delaware

We hesitate to do this, Jeff, since so many people take dangerous drugs to achieve the state that Tracy put you in, but



here you are. Just don't go telling all your friends "Dear Playboy" brought you down.



# Sony turns eensy into eensy-weensy.

This is an actual-size photo of the eensiest, teensiest, weensiest cassette player ever made—the new Sony Super Walkman®. The only thing that isn't teeny-weeny is the sound.



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Just bring the game card accompanying this ad and enter the Smaller the Better Sweepstakes. (If the game card's re-



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moved, you can get an entry form at your participating Sony dealer. Or you can send a self-addressed stamped envelope to P.O. Box 823, Paramus, N.J. 07652.\*)

When you get there, you'll find our Sweepstakes display, complete with a Super Walkman personal stereo. What you hear on its prerecorded tape will tell you whether you've won,

and how to get a second chance if you didn't.

For more details, see your Sony dealer. There's no purchase necessary. The offer expires December 31, 1983 (it's void where prohibited by law).

So do yourself a small favor. Test listen to the new Super Walkman and enter the Smaller the Better Sweepstakes today.

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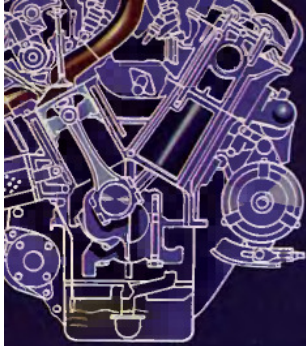
*If we could give you the keys and an open road... this magnificent*





# **NISSAN 300 ZX**

machine would capture your soul forever. **MAJOR MOTION  
FROM NISSAN**



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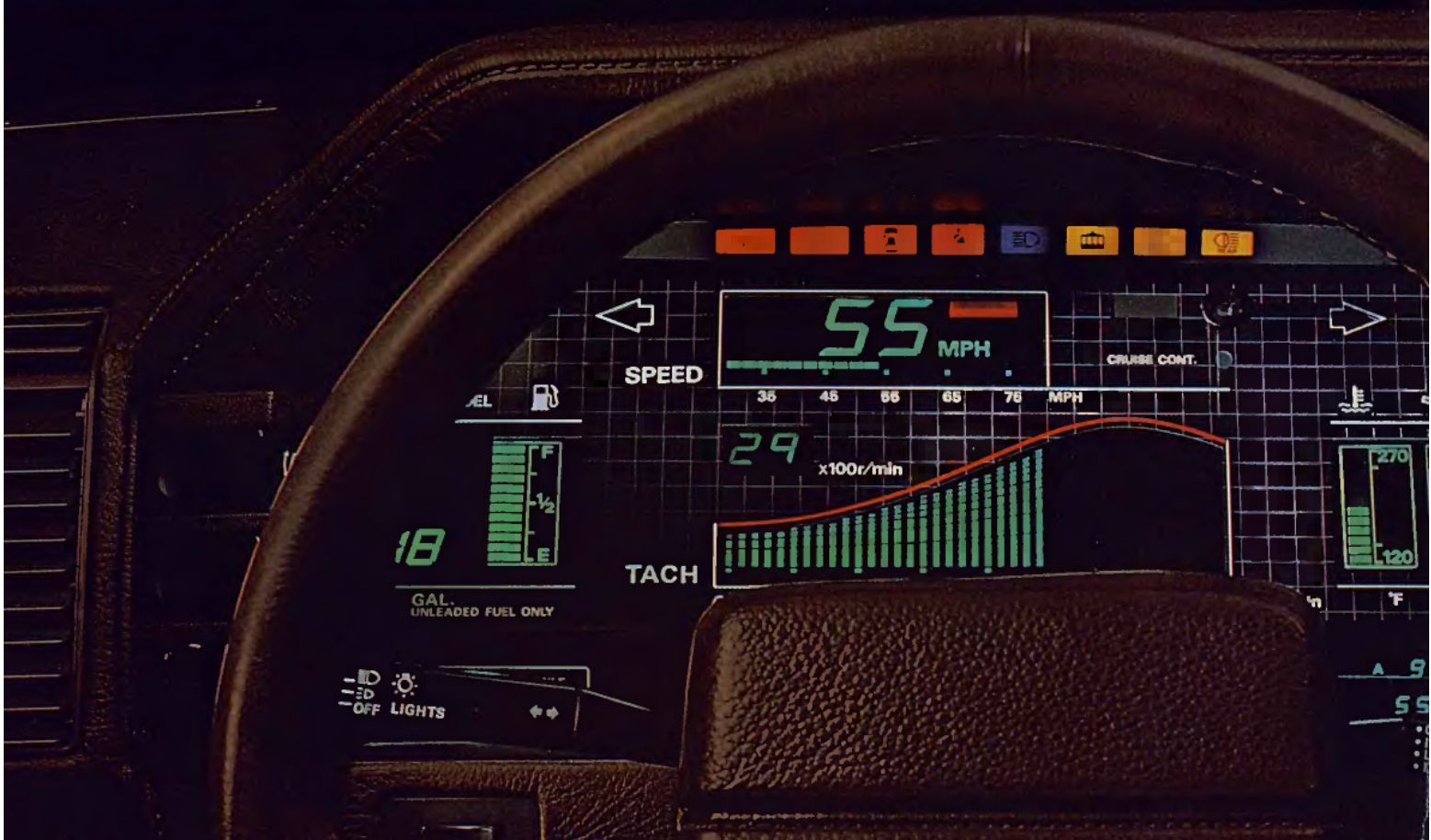
It boasts the most sophisticated V-6 of any production line: lighter, more efficient yet even more powerful than the engine it replaces. You command 3 liters, two-hundred horses of fuel-injected turbo-charged thrust. You corner on a new

high-performance suspension system designed to dominate road and track. And while you're snug in the cockpit, you wonder how Nissan technology could make raw power so civilized.

**"It's capable of a thousand decisions a minute."**

Nissan's advanced electronics instantly perform vital functions and report directly

# COMMAND





**G-Force Gauge.**

LED display of acceleration and deceleration by G units.



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If anyone tampers with your Z, the lights go on. The horn sounds. The ignition locks.



**Electro-adjustable shocks.**

You select your ride with a 3-way switch on the console.



**8-way power seat.**

An electrically operated seat, working with a pneumatic pump allows driver to recline or adjust for thigh and lumbar support.

to you. A micro-computer continuously monitors engine output to optimize performance. Power curves and rpm are visualized graphically right on your instrument panel. A computer reads fuel levels from the injection system and tells you how many gallons are left in the tank. In digital. Right on your instrument panel.

The new turbo Z car is straight out of

tomorrow: a world of microprocessors, memory chips, sensors and electronics. They will inform you, warn you, cool you, entertain you, guide you, protect you and propel you. This car is capable of a thousand decisions a minute. What will Nissan think of next?

# AWESOME NISSAN 300 ZX



# THE SCIENCE OF MAJOR MOTION



Explore the 300 ZX's new V-6 and you're into state-of-the-art engine design.

## V6

Electronic fuel injection. High-compression cross-flow hemi-heads. Deep-breathing overhead valves. Self-adjusting hydraulic lifters. Standard Z or turbo model, this is Nissan ingenuity at its awesome best.

### The Intelligent Nissan Turbo

Its brain is the most advanced computer on wheels. Nine sensors feed the cortex data, ranging from crank angular velocity to converter oxygen level, to keep the engine in constant tune.

Result: 200 thundering horses from 181 cubes... a power-to-displacement ratio that surpasses the Porsche 911. Harness those horses to aerodynamic steel and glass weighing under 3,000 pounds and you have an idea of just how quick the new Z is.

### Agility to match the velocity

Up front, MacPherson struts position the king pin axis into high-caster

geometry. Accelerate through a few switch-back curves and the effect of this performance suspension is a revelation. Even at high speeds, cornering is level, handling rock-stable; the steering so precise, it seems as though the wheels are rolling in grooves.

The independent rear suspension uses expanded-span trailing arms to locate the wheels, shocks and separate springs in a wide-striding stance. Roll is limited to a barely perceptible lean. Want a firmer or softer ride? Dial in the damping you want by flicking a switch on the console. Tiny motors inside all four gas shocks adjust them instantly, automatically.

Muscle, brains, reflexes. This is the first 300 ZX. It's available in 2 seater, 2+2 and 2 seater turbo. With digital or analog instrumentation. It comes from Nissan and it is... Major Motion.

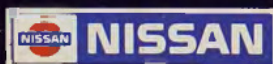
**AT YOUR DATSUN DEALER.**



COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE

# 300 ZX

MAJOR MOTION  
FROM NISSAN



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



## WIPED OUT

After a Delta Air Lines jet loaded at Boston's Logan International Airport, someone noticed a small metal cylinder taped to the wall of the lavatory—whereupon the 92 passengers and the seven crew members were evacuated and bomb experts were called in to analyze the sticky situation. After some deliberation, expertise delivered the answer: A maintenance person changing the toilet paper had taped the unused cylinder to the wall.

Bum rap: Sunrise, Florida, mayor John Lomelo, Jr., fractured his tail bone after being run down by a speeding bed during the town's All-American Bed Race. His wife, Virginia, remarked, "He's one mayor who really broke his tail for his city."

Who says it's not lonely at the top? Our favorite cover line this month comes from *Entrepreneur* magazine. It reads, "YOUNG MILLIONAIRE MADE IT WITH GUN HOLSTERS."

A Milwaukee moving company named Hernia Movers bills itself as The Potentate of Totin' Freight.

We wonder if the Hartford County, Maryland, *Record* was intentionally displaying a sense of humor in reporting the bench-trial conviction of a 19-year-old woman charged with soliciting a couple of plainclothes cops. The item concluded, "Ms. Pardew had pleaded not guilty and had asked for Judge Close to try her."

Mystery meat forever: a headline in *The Minnesota Daily*: "US FOOD SERVICE FEEDS THOUSANDS, GROSSES MILLIONS." Hey, we've eaten at that school cafeteria.

One of the founders of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness has been booted out of the cult for—get this—"bizarre, aberrant behavior." Seems that Hans Kary had gone beyond the wearing

of robes, shaving of heads, beating of drums and skulking in airports and had become "too spiritual, too mystical," causing the organization embarrassment.

Knowledge for passion: According to Canada's *Saint Croix Courier*, the local teachers are very naïve or very shrewd. As the headline put it: "SEX EDUCATION DELAYED, TEACHERS REQUEST TRAINING."

## HORNY AND THORNY

Twenty-two-year-old Nigel Tambling and his 18-year-old girlfriend Susan Ellis set about to sneak a little early-morning love in the public garden of Liskeard, a town in southwestern England. The pair were interrupted by a police officer and

shortly thereafter were fined \$75 each—for smashing three rosebushes and 18 cornflower plants.

## BIG DATE

One hundred thousand dollars may seem like a lot to pay for a blind date, but Execumatch, the dating service for millionaires, is not having trouble finding clients willing to pay its fee. Twenty-three-year-old founder Neal Sheldon, a former financial consultant, says that he and his staff usually spend a month on each client, researching the interests and backgrounds of date candidates. Once a pairing has been made—candidates don't pay the \$100,000, only clients—Execumatch sends the couple off on the luxurious vacation "date" of their choice—Paris, the Virgin Islands and ocean cruises are favorites. Sheldon claims to have satisfied 30 customers and says he gets 1000 letters a week from people who want to be set up with his clients, most of whom are women. Need a date? Got the cash? The address is P.O. Box 5071, Largo, Florida 33540.

The congregation of the Mount Zion Missionary Baptist Church in Redwood City, California, paid attention, by God, to the sermon How Members in the Body of Christ Can Develop Stronger Horizontal Relationships with Each Other.

Sentenced to death as an accessory in several holdups, Rocky has won a reprieve—on the condition that he submit to castration and get out of Seattle. However, the owner of Rocky, an attack-trained bull terrier, awaits sentencing after pleading guilty to armed robbery.

Twenty-four-year-old David Blake was arrested for pretending to be a doctor after performing examinations in the maternity ward of a Denver hospital. Three patients—aged 16 to 21—said a man had entered the room they shared and had





## NEW TELECOMMUNICATIONS TECHNOLOGY

Phones, it seems, are no longer just for talking. Already, the menus being given out by the phone companies are starting to resemble a communications "Kama Sutra." If you can't use call forwarding, teleconferencing or data transmission, how about burglar detection and climate control? Phone services are quickly becoming the new status symbols, and it has not been lost on communications entrepreneurs that the central action in the second most popular film of all time was an attempt to "phone home." High-tech wizards are betting that the new phone consumer will pay not just for communication but also for options geared toward manipulation, intimidation and avoidance. Andrew Feinberg suggests some extras that will soon be available.

**Soothe**—When the person on the line is being unreasonable, agitated or paranoid and you just can't seem to get anywhere, pause a moment and say, "Hey, I'm going to put you on Soothe." Instead of assaulting the other party with strains of Muzak, Soothe sends pulses of gentle sunlight, lapping brooks, chirping birds and microwave blips of Valium. The user must never forget that in the wrong hands, Soothe could be too blissful to be believed. One of the researchers who developed this product has, we've discovered, been on the phone for the past three years.

**Romeo Remote**—Out of town on business and worried that your woman may be stepping out, heading for a singles bar where her inexplicable longings may result in a desperate lunge for a strange man's johnson? Fear not; with the individually programmed Romeo Remote, you can call from anywhere in the world and, by whispering certain intimate words—boy oh boy, honeypot, merkin master or whatever—bring your baby *fiberoptically* to orgasm. Yes, it's amazing, but now you can reach out and really touch someone. "I always thought it was only a matter of time before sex went completely high-tech," says Marshall McLuhan, who is dead and ought to stop speaking to members of the press.

**The Oscar Wilde**—Not at all what you think, thank God. The Wilde is extraordinarily sensitive to your needs. Whenever you're on the phone and come up with a brilliant bon mot or epigram that flies far over the head of your listener, a red light will appear on your phone in recognition of your wit and elevated standing in the ranks of mankind. In addition, an *aperçu*-sensitive tape recorder will capture all your best material.

**Zappers**—It is possible that today's six- and seven-year-olds may decide in 20 years to shun the telephone because it's, like, so boring. So, in an effort to

make phonemanship as exciting as the video-game experience, you will soon be able to press buttons that heat or chill an opponent's receiver to emphasize a point, raid his computers, trigger his fire alarm, cut off his electricity, spill his coffee or engage in any number of vivid diversionary tactics. Naturally, all such devices will be strictly regulated by the FCC. For instance, the pioneering microwave death ray perfected by New Jersey Bell for some of its most influential customers was recently denied FCC approval by a vote of four to three.

**Sousaphone**—This unique device senses an obscene caller's incipient abuse and responds with a pre-emptive musical strike by playing *The Stars and Stripes Forever*—forever (even after he hangs up). This is very effective, because studies have shown that the taste of most breathers runs more to Shirley Bassey and Buxtehude.

**Excusaphone**—Eliminate heart palpitations and the cold sweats. This advance monitors a speaker's criticism of you, sizes up the unfortunate situation and instantly, yet calmly, prints out an airtight explanation for your conduct that would satisfy a loan shark or even an editor. This is the revolutionary phone that, as our friends at Bell like to say, helps get the customer off the hook.

**BriskeTel Network**—Connect your phone to our computer network and, via your desktop terminal, receive a whole raft of delicatessen sandwiches—with meat that is lean and sliced to order. Not only will this save you time but you can now cease depending on that low-tech throwback, the messenger. Think of Willie and Paulie, those guys whose brains run by photosynthesis. All those orders fouled up; all that unwanted mayonnaise. Why worry? Go digideli and be able to access every variety of sandwich and side dish known to man.

started to examine them. One of the women became suspicious because his breath smelled of liquor and he was performing the exams in the dark.

### THE BURNING BUSH

All's not well in paradise. Nearly half of the people hospitalized for severe burns in Papua, New Guinea, suffered what doctors there know as "grass-skirt burns." The traditional costume of the rural islanders, actually made from dried coconut or banana leaves, tends to burst into flame when the wearer ventures too near an open cooking fire. Next time you go to the islands hoping to get leied, remember that hulaing may be hazardous.

### PARTY LINE

*The Nashville Tennessean* reported a one-in-a-million mix-up in telephone numbers. The United Methodist Church maintains a central clearing office for emergency relief services at its Nashville headquarters. A recent issue of *The Interpreter*, a publication for Methodist ministers, contained an out-of-date telephone number for the relief service—a number that had been reassigned to a massage parlor. Pastors all over the state began calling, saying they needed some relief. We don't know how many settled for the parlor's version of the laying on of hands.

The newly appointed director of a musical-instrument company was quoted by *The Sunday Times* of London on his associated accomplishments: "I sing baritone, blow things and strum a guitar."

### WIND SERVING

For Wiley Brooks of San Francisco, a windstorm is a banquet. He is the director of the Breatharian Institute of Marin County, an organization that advises you to eat air instead of solid food. Says 46-year-old Brooks, "It's not that people shouldn't eat if they want to, it's just that food is another type of drug." He claims to have been eating air, exclusively, for the past 18 years and feels fine. (OK, so he's a little thin.) He says that a well-trained Breatharian can pig out simply by inhaling deeply. "I feel the same way you do after eating," he says. "I don't have any desire for food." In case his long-winded diet appeals to you, be advised that most nutritionists recommend it for airheads only. Just the same, Brooks will teach you for \$300. The fee leaves us breathless.

### GOLF, THE BLOOD SPORT

"SHOT OFF WOMAN'S LEG HELPS NICKLAUS TO 66" read the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* headline. Gee, did the Golden Bear use it for putting, driving or short approaches?

Where? Where? According to the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, "AIR FORCE CONSIDERS DROPPING SOME NEW WEAPONS."

# How to get through winter if you don't know a St. Bernard.



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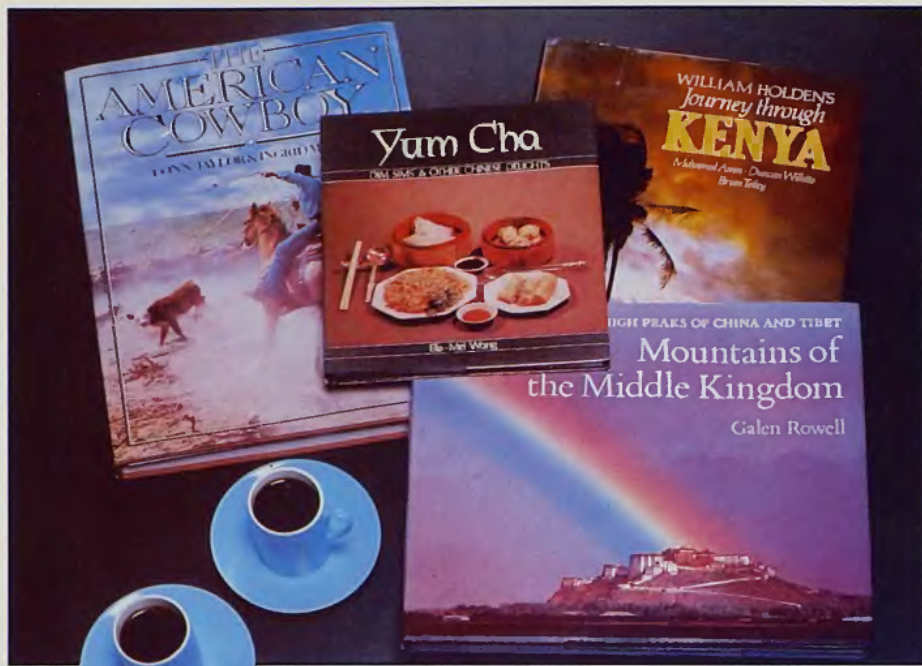
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## DeKuyper Peppermint Schnapps.



It's deck-the-halls time again, and we've got some terrific books to recommend. As always, Harry N. Abrams has an array of spectacular coffee-table books. Among them: *The Gilbert and Sullivan Operas*, by Darlene Geis, *Jacques Cousteau's Calypso* and our own LeRoy Neiman's *Winners: My Thirty Years in Sports*. Each would make a fine gift for the right person.

In the armchair-adventure category are three special volumes. *Mountains of the Middle Kingdom* (Sierra Club Books), by Galen Rowell, explores the high peaks of China and Tibet. *The Marsh Lions: The Story of an African Pride* (Godine), by Brian Jackman and Jonathan Scott, and *William Holden's Journey Through Kenya* (The Bodley Head/Merrimack), by Mohamed Amin, Duncan Willetts and Brian Tetley, will take you close to African animals without the heat, dust or danger.

The American West is represented this holiday season by two books, *The American Cowboy* (Harper & Row), by Lonny Taylor and Ingrid Maar, and *Cowboys and Cadillac: How Hollywood Looks at Texas* (Texas Monthly Press), by Don Graham. The latter is illustrated with 125 movie stills.

Speaking of Tinseltown, we can recommend some showbiz books, too. *The Films of Dustin Hoffman* (Citadel), by Douglas Brode, is a record of Hoffman's life and career and includes photos from the Hoffman family album. *Stars!* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang), by Daphne Davis, is filled with photographs (91 of them in color) and is a must for movie fans.

Stewart, Tabori & Chang have also published *Computer Images: State of the Art*, by Joseph Dekan. The informative text is coupled with 250 visual reproductions and will please both art and technology buffs. Another unusual book, *The Human Body*

(Viking/Studio), by Jonathan Miller, M.D., designed by David Pelham, illustrated by Harry Willock, is a three-dimensional working model of the most complex machine of all—the human body. You may think you're buying this one for a child, but you'll sneak off to look at it yourself.

*The Well-Built Elephant and Other Roadside Attractions* (Congdon & Weed), by J.J.C. Andrews, is subtitled "A Tribute to American Eccentricity." Andrews, a photographer and a rock-group manager, has traveled the country looking for strange buildings, food stands, car washes and gas stations. He seems to have found them all.

Even if *Yum Cha: Dim Sims & Other Chinese Delights* (Salem/Merrimack), by Ella-Mei Wong, illustrated by Lorraine Hannay, isn't exactly Christmas goose, it's guaranteed to inspire good thoughts of holiday dining. Finally, seek out *The Naughty and the Bawdy* (Hart), edited by Timothy Gilbert, with drawings by Lindi: It includes puns, songs, riddles and rhymes of a ribald nature. Have a good chuckle and enjoy!

What happens when a stuffy publishing house from the halls of academe takes on the most sordid and sensuous aspects of sex? The result is a book like *Smut: Erotic Reality/Obscene Ideology* (University of Chicago Press), by Murray S. Davis. You encounter such mind-boggling sentences as "In short, first fucks are more interesting than later ones, phenomenologically speaking, because novice copulators are more sensitive to their critical points." Right. Don't be put off, though. Davis has a sense of humor ("It is not immediately apparent why the human body should be so sexy, especially since 'all we ever see of

each other—skin and hair—is dead'") and insight ("Sex is the only human activity in which the professional has lower status than the amateur"). Davis presents a phenomenological examination of the difference between sexual arousal and ordinary experience. If you wonder why a philosopher would bother, you are reading the wrong magazine. The way we view sex informs the ideology we have about the rest of our existence. Davis has a fresh approach to questions on pornography, prostitution, the death of sex, right-wing politics, oral sex, perversions. This is a difficult book but an invaluable one.

*The Courting of Marcus Dupree* (Doubleday) is, first of all, a look at the desperate and often sleazy business of big-time college football recruiting. "A subculture all its own," says author and Southern scribe Willie Morris, "suffused with its own homages and rituals, a fraternity with its own codes and crescendos, a brotherhood of the skeptical and the homeless curiously united in fellowship and distrust." But this book is about much more than football or the recruiting of Mississippi high school star Marcus Dupree (who was on the University of Oklahoma team). It's about being black in Mississippi and about being white there, about the land and the people and their history, and it's been gathered up by such sharp eyes and ears and spun with such a sure narrative voice that it is bound to take a place among the best books written about the modern South.

It's 1973, and something's giving Nathan Zuckerman a royal pain in the neck. Literally. And nothing seems to take his mind off it—not his agile mistresses nor the vodka nor the Percodans nor the worry about his unwritten novel. In *The Anatomy Lesson* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Philip Roth takes us on a tour of Zuckerman's newest collection of angsts. His mother dies; he and his estranged brother close up her apartment. He broods about a withering attack by a critic who had praised his first work. He decides he must do something constructive with his life, so he decides to take up medicine. He also masquerades as his critic nemesis, who talks and thinks—in Zuckerman's impersonation—exactly like Al Goldstein. Much of *The Anatomy Lesson* is very funny, in the sense that the overexamined life lends itself to parody. But it is also a moving book: Roth knows his character well enough not to take him or his pain too lightly.

Stephen King is a formula writer, which is not necessarily a bad thing. He's got the formula down. Last year, he brought us *Christine*, a haunted-car novel



that sped straight to the top of the best-seller lists; and now, barely six months later, we have *Pet Sematary* (Doubleday).

Up in the lonesome woods of Maine lies a pet cemetery where all the neighborhood kids inter their dogs and cats. Beyond it, far into the forest, is the Micmac Indian burial ground—a place where ghostly voices ride the wind. Anything buried there is liable to pull a Lazarus and rise from the earth. Protagonist Louis Creed buries his little girl's cat in that burial ground. The cat returns, changed, having had a taste of the grave.

*Pet Sematary* is thrilling, intermittently terrifying—an effortless read. Coming from one of the best storytellers of our generation, though, it's not enough. It's perfunctory. King has proved once again that he can frighten us merely by twiddling his thumbs, but the question remains: Why would he settle for that?

#### BOOK BAG

*Louis Armstrong: An American Genius* (Oxford), by James Lincoln Collier: All sides of Satchmo—clown, entertainer, old-time black man and peerless jazz trumpeter. Portrait of a titan, flawed as a man, majestic as a musician.

*The Beaver Papers* (Crown), by Will Jacobs and Gerard Jones: In 25 keen lit spoofs, from "Beaver on a Hot Tin Roof" to "Lady Cleaver's Beaver," the authors present the "lost season" of *Leave It to Beaver*—a year in which all of the world's literary giants contributed scripts. Each script, of course, was postmarked THE BEAVER ZONE.

*Jocks* (Simon & Schuster), by Scott Cohen: Pictures and short, reverential profiles of and interviews with athletes. Cohen's a hip fan.

*The Armageddon Rag* (Poseidon), by George R. R. Martin: It takes a lot of balls for a writer who has won the two most coveted awards in science fiction—the Nebula and the Hugo—to switch genres. This is Stephen King meets *Rolling Stone*—a supernatural rock thriller. Alas, it takes more than balls to rock 'n' roll.

*The British Cross* (Crown), by Bill Granger: Listen up, spy-novel fans; and move over, Follett, Ludlum and Trevanian. Granger puts new twists on a contemporary mystery that may finally bring him in from the cold.

*La Brava* (Arbor House), by Elmore Leonard: An aging movie star plots against her Florida benefactor in an intriguing mystery filled with enough characters to launch five or six private-eye series.

*The Stories of Bernard Malamud* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux): Malamud selected 25 of his best tales for this collection—and Malamud's best should not be ignored.

*The Pocket Guide to Spirits & Liqueurs* (Perigee Putnam's), by Emanuel and Madeline Greenberg: This connoisseur's Baedeker to the world of blithe spirits goes down like vintage cognac. Skoal!

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just slightly ahead of our time.



Frankophiles, rejoice! *Sinatra* (Mobile Fidelity Sound Lab, \$350) is a 16-disc audiophile collection from his Capitol years (1953–1962)—with Billy May, Gordon Jenkins and Nelson Riddle handling some top session men. Ole Blue Eyes never sounded better. As one colleague remarked, “No wonder they didn’t need drugs back then.”

**ROCK 'N' ROLL AND MISTLETOE:** If the holiday season doesn't send you wandering through the stores humming along to canned Christmas carols, then we've got some great ideas for gifts with your music lover in mind.

The following books go well with eggnog: *The Incredible Music Machine* (Quartet/Visual Arts/Merrimack), edited by Jacques Lowe, traces the history of recorded sound from the invention of the phonograph to the present with more than 200 photos and graphics. For the rockers, we recommend *The Rolling Stones* (Rolling Stone Press/Doubleday), by Robert Palmer, and *The Doors: The Illustrated History* (Morrow), by Danny Sugerman, for all the good and obvious reasons. Finally, a Scribner's paperback treasure for the New Waver in your life: *The Trouser Press Guide to New Wave Records*, edited by Ira A. Robbins.

You say the object of your affection wants to *make* music? We've found some toys! From Suzuki Corporation, the **88 Grand** is a winner. Plug it in and you've got yourself an electronic 88-note keyboard for less than \$900. It's ideal for apartment dwellers, students, first-time piano buyers and people with limited budgets. The 88 Grand looks like a real piano, has stereo sound and is in a self-contained unit. For the electric-guitar fanatic, how about a three-quarter-size **D Mini Series III**? Frank Zappa has one and you can, too, for \$229. Finally, for the computer/synthesizer enthusiast, you'll need big bucks, but it's worth it: The high-

ly acclaimed **Rhodes Chroma** synthesizer now has an interface for the Apple II. The price of the interface kit is \$500, but the base price of the Chroma is \$5295. So save your Confederate money.

Now you know what you'll be reading and playing, but what will you watch? We think **Sony Video 45s** are the answer. The videos contain 10 to 15 minutes of stereo music and sell for \$16 to \$20. There is a jazz line that includes Dizzy Gillespie and Bill Watrous and a rock line that includes Duran Duran, Elton John, Todd Rundgren and Bill Wyman. New videos are being released every month.

So you won't feel cheated, here's the best listening for the holidays: Columbia's got it and you'll want it—a ten-record gift package called **Willie Nelson**. Elektra/Asylum has pressed an album featuring some of the goodies from our own **Playboy Jazz Festival**, held every year in the Hollywood Bowl, featuring the likes of Weather Report and Grover Washington, Jr. And in keeping with the Sugerman book, we also recommend Elektra/Asylum's **The Doors/Alive, She Cried**. On a more sublime level, what would the season be without a pressing of Handel's *Messiah*? Philips has a special set featuring John Eliot Gardiner directing the Monteverdi Choir and the English Baroque Soloists. We further suggest Christopher Hogwood directing the Academy of Ancient Music in Corelli's *Concerti Grossi* (Oiseau-Lyre/London). Lastly, we'd be remiss if we didn't tell you how Warner Bros. plans to mark the season: with a Conway Twitty album called

*Merry Twismas*. We didn't promise to deck all your halls, did we? Happy New Year!

—BARBARA NELLIS

## REVIEWS

The Stray Cats don't stray much from what they do best, but why should they? They plunk 'n' twang as though Bill Haley's comet had just come round the first time, and for a little while, you can forget the synthesizer was ever invented. *Rant n' Rave with the Stray Cats* (EMI America), their Dave Edmunds-produced third album, is so *pure* there's a monotony to it. You won't want to sit and listen, but you'll sure want to jitterbug.

**What's New** (Elektra/Asylum), Linda Ronstadt's album with Nelson Riddle and his orchestra, is a collection of nine of the best pop songs ever written and, because of that, invites comparison of this rock-'n'-roll songbird with the great torch singers of the Forties and the Fifties. Unfortunately, next to the blue-flame renditions of the same songs by Billie Holiday, Frank Sinatra, Dinah Washington and Peggy Lee, Linda's torch is the small, battery-operated model: too light, too sweet, too cool. She takes no chances in her reading of these classic lyrics, and Riddle's arrangements are mostly marshmallows and cotton candy.

If you're a sucker for *What'll I Do, Lover Man, Someone to Watch Over Me, I've Got a Crush on You*, you'd be better off getting the reissues by the people who sang them as if they had drinks in hand.

We all got a present on the Chilean pianist's 80th birthday: **Claudio Arrau: A Retrospective** (CBS). This three-disc set of remastered recordings from 1946 to 1952 showcases a hefty sample of Arrau's wide interpretive skills in their prime. There's lots of Liszt (in particular, the *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra Number 1*); also, Schumann, Chopin, Debussy and Ravel. In other words, lots of firmly seized opportunities for this passionate, eloquent master to tame demanding material.

You don't have to be a Greek shipping tycoon to like Maria Callas. Perhaps the most famous dramatic soprano of all time, she was stylistically the Joan Crawford of opera. What's fun about *Maria Callas in Paris* (Angel) is that you get four sides of the most classic, overblown, larger-than-life arias in all of French opera performed by one of its most serious practitioners. You know, the good parts from *Carmen, Orphée et Eurydice* and the never-before-released recording of *Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix* from *Samson et Dalila*. No one can



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*Happy Holidays!  
Charlotte Kemp*



squeeze more out of those beauties than she did, whether she was being fierce, tender, cajoling or bitchy. Next time you need a little passion in your life, try this.

The Motels attracted a lot of attention in 1982 with a lovely single (*Only the Lonely*) from a gold album (*All Four One*). Unfortunately for Martha Davis fans, *Little Robbers* (Capitol) doesn't come close to the ten-most-wanted list. We still like Davis, but you forget these songs faster than you can say "Stop that band."

At 15, she walked out onto the Berlin Philharmonic stage with Herbert von Karajan—her early champion—and played a dazzling Mozart third violin concerto. Now 20 and cuter than a bug's ear, Anne-Sophie Mutter is making stunning recordings. With Alexis Weissenberg, she plays *Brahms: Sonatas for Violin & Piano Numbers 1-3; Franck: Sonata for Violin & Piano in A* (Angel digital). This double album refutes the notion that these two instruments don't sound good together. Both artists are at home making the small, careful steps required of chamber music, and the technical aspects of the recording are impressive. More recently, Mutter joined Salvatore Accardo and the English Chamber Orchestra to do *Bach: Concerto for Two Violins in D Minor* and the *Violin Concertos in A Minor & E Major* (Angel digital). Although she plays at a slightly slower tempo than is customary for these familiar pieces, she and the orchestra (which handles this period beautifully) come away with strong, clean performances. Accardo joins her for the double concerto, and it's wondrous.

Juluka is a Zulu word for sweat. It is also the name of an integrated, interesting rock group from South Africa, whose first American album, *Scatterlings* (Warner), is a collection of songs that blend the high-stepping rhythms of street-corner singers and dancers with the evocative lyrics of an alien culture. American music gets down; African music gets up. Like *reggae*, the songs float a political message on a sea of

rhythm. Johnny Clegg's lyrics are filled with images of mine workers, mystics and mercenaries. The instrumentation is strange (we can't see calling someone the Eric Clapton of the Umhupe Mouth Bow) but it works. It is music that you want to see in motion, reminiscent of the Neville Brothers and their dancers, the Wild Tchoupitoulas.

Last year, Adrian Belew premiered his first solo LP, *Lone Rhino*, to nearly universal critical acclaim, which just goes to show that it matters not what the critics say. You've never heard him on the radio, have you? Well, now he's back with *Twang Bar King* (Island), another wonderful exploration of guitar sounds that may derive from outer space, though we see on the credits that he recorded this one in downstate Illinois. In addition to his thoroughly new-age licks, Belew writes funny lyrics and makes us feel smart. Not too many musicians do.

Bette Midler is a double threat. When her music flounders, she is able to turn to her skills as an entertainer. In *No Frills* (Atlantic), the music is strong and so is her voice. In fact, it's impossible to resist her version of the Stones' *Beast of Burden*. Bette, you're a rock-'n'-roll animal.

Most of Downes, Howe, Palmer and Wetton's fans had their brains presoftened by Styx, Cheap Trick and the *Flintstones* theme music. They'll probably love the band's new album, *Alpha* (Geffen), which continues Asia's tradition of heavy hooks, subliterate lyrics and all the subtlety of a Sly Stallone sound track. We know better than to expect much from supergroups, but—jeez—even Boston was better than these guys.

Punk musicians from Wichita, Kansas? *Death Travels West* (\$5, Fresh Sounds, Box 36, Lawrence, Kansas 66044), by The Embarrassment, is so cool, tricky and full of magic, it'd take Dorothy back to Oz. With bluesy guitar twangs à la X and harsh crooning à la Neil Young, The Embarrassment makes grim reaping a big

life adventure. These are energetic, folksy punks with a dust-bowlful of optimism. And their songs about parks and dams make this a fully Midwestern trip.

Despite her virtuoso performance in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, Sissy Spacek doesn't fit any established slot in the country-and-western spectrum, and perhaps that's why her *Hangin' Up My Heart* (Atlantic) sounds a bit experimental. Her crisp, little-girl voice doesn't do justice to the album's old honky-tonk tunes, but her livelier numbers—especially the title song—work well enough, and she gives a nice, wistful treatment to *Old Home Town* and *If You Could Only See Me Now*. Hang in there, Sissy.

*Waylon and Company* (RCA) is another one of those tributes to country-and-western schizophrenia that drive any purist up the wall. Here we've got Hank, Jr., Jerry Reed, Emmylou, Jessi Colter, Mel Tillis, Willie himself, Tony Joe White, actor James Garner (hell, why not James Garner?) and, of course, Wailin' Waylon Jennings, alone and in combination, post-humously celebrating dead outlaw and urban cowboy. A Nashville gang bang is probably the best description, but the names will no doubt get it air play.

Moe Bandy has had a respectable number of hits in the past few years, but they haven't secured him the glory he deserves as a courageous practitioner of hard-core honky-tonk. His latest album, *Devoted to Your Memory* (Columbia), is first-rate tavern music, but it doesn't have any obvious blockbusters and could well get lost in the chaos of country-and-western crossover. Nor does Bandy have the extravagant vocal mannerisms that always help—just a clean sound with good, traditional instrumentation, including a fine steel guitar and no choirs of angels. But we've got to stick by this boy in these troubled times. He's one of the best of a seriously endangered species.

Things were a lot easier for Jackson Browne ten years ago. He watched the world with youthful angst and enthusiasm and freed his lambent wit in gentle ballads and wholesome rock anthems. Back then, you might find yourself singing a Browne song for weeks, unable to shake its poignant lyrics and durable politics (1978ish), but his muse defaulted. *Lawyers in Love* (Elektra/Asylum) may win our vote as best album *title* of the year, but the songs are monotonous and trivial. With the exception of *Tender Is the Night*—classic Jackson circa *For Everyman*—we can't make a case for *Lawyers*.

Roberta Flack and Peabo Bryson have two of the sweetest voices this side of the rainbow. In their second collaboration, *Born to Love* (Capitol), they take a subject dear to our hearts and run through it

## TRUST US



HOT



NOT

1. Graham Parker / *The Real Macaw*
2. X / *More Fun in the New World*
3. *Get Crazy* (sound track)
4. Chick Corea and Friedrich Gulda / *The Meeting*
5. Willie Nelson / *My Own Way*

Sure, you thought the concept album was dead, but here comes a Dungeons & Dragons/motorcycle epic that proves it's merely seriously diseased.

Manowar / *Into Glory Ride*



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# FAST TRACKS



**NOBODY KNOWS YOU WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT DEPARTMENT:** If blues great Willie Dixon has his way, a new nonprofit organization, Blues Heaven Foundation, Inc., will take the down and out out of the blues. Dixon's foundation plans to provide legal, medical and financial assistance to blues musicians, establish a blues archive and encourage school music programs to include the blues. You can start the new year off right with a tax-deductible donation to the foundation at Box 1958, Chicago, Illinois 60621. Say yeah!

**LET'S TWIST AGAIN, LIKE WE DID LAST SUMMER:** If the movie *Animal House* revitalized the golden oldie *Louie Louie*, a California radio station took it one step further last summer, playing the song's 400 recorded versions back to back. The composer, **Richard Berry**, said that when he wrote it, he had nothing obscene in mind—but you try to tell that to a couple of generations of college kids. For those of us in the rest of America who missed the marathon, Rhino records is releasing an album with eight versions of the song on it, ranging from an M.O.R. take by **The Sandpipers** to a punk send-up by **Black Flag**. You get your toga and we'll get the beer.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** **Eddie Murphy** is now being mentioned as the possible star of the **Jimi Hendrix** movie. **Alan Douglas**, the executor of Hendrix' estate, says the script will emphasize the comic side of Jimi's personality. . . . Actor **Mickey Rourke** will star in *Great Balls of Fire* as **The Killer**, **Jerry Lee Lewis**. . . . **David Essex** plans to star in *Teen Demon* as a rock composer who's haunted by a girl's ghost.

**NEWSBREAKS:** **Mark Costello**, a film maker who has worked with **Martin Scorsese**, raised \$200,000 to film 15 doo-wop groups in concert. He has finished editing the footage into two documentaries and a collection of film clips that he is marketing as a video disc and cassette for purchase and to U.S. cable outlets. Says Costello, "The concert documentaries will catch many of the groups still around while they have their voices." Included on the bill at the concert were **The Five Keys**, **The Harptones**, **The Ravens** and **The Limelites**. . . . Record exec **John Hammond** plans to release on his own label *First Blues*, an album by

poet **Allen Ginsberg** with backup by **Bob Dylan**. Hammond says the record is of interest, at least as a historical document. While he was at CBS, he tried to release a Ginsberg record in 1976. CBS called it obscene and disrespectful and refused to permit its release. And so it goes. . . . **The Tubes** shot two concerts in a small club in San Francisco for a full-length video. . . . Two pieces of **Paul McCartney** news: Universal is hoping Paul will score the science-fiction movie *Dune*, which stars **Sting**, and there is talk of a duet video with **Michael Jackson**. . . . By now, Picture Music International should have some idea whether or not its video rock serial first aired this past fall is a hit. The original idea was an adventure serial about the escapades of a group of teenagers, with each segment scored by a different rock group. So far, **Stray Cats**, **Duran Duran** and **Thomas Dolby** have been involved. One of the executives at Picture Music says, "Because of the format, bands can take the story in almost any direction." We like the idea. . . . Here's something else that caught our fancy: Barclay's Bank in Britain has a new campaign to encourage teens there to save their money. It's distributing a booklet in which rock stars talk about how and when they started to put the bucks away. **Gary Kemp** of **Spandau Bollet** worked as a produce boy and former **Jam** member **Bruce Foxton** used to clean the freezers in butcher shops. **Lee John** of **Imagination** sold shoes to the likes of **Gary Glitter** and **Elton John**. . . . Finally, **Graham Parker's** *The Real Macaw* is dedicated to his parrot, **Coconut**, who got sucked into a ventilator shaft and died at a photo shooting.

—BARBARA NELLIS

variations. Love means wanting it, finding it, doing it, losing it, missing it and wanting it again. All that, and more, here—replete with the magic, fire, honesty and desire requisite in the game. While the album may be a bit much *in toto*, *I Just Came Here to Dance* and *You're Lookin' Like Love to Me* are sweet love songs.

**Jean-Luc Ponty's** *Individual Choice* (Atlantic) glistens with brilliance. As the title track suggests, Ponty—composer, arranger, producer, violinist *extraordinaire*—has backed away from band-oriented work and has tackled, in addition to everything else, organ, synthesizers, keyboard bass and a curious instrument called rhythm computer. The resultant *Choice* pieces are more pristine, more differentiated and more emotive than any Ponty we've heard before. This is a must for his fans and a terrific point of departure for the uninitiated.

## SHORT CUTS

**Hugo Strasser and His Orchestra / The Dance Record of the Year!** (Angel): You get your samba, your cha-cha, your *rumba*, your tango and something called *Skandal im Sperrbezirk*, loosely classified as rock 'n' roll. Eat your heart out, David Bowie.

**The Big Sky Mudflaps / Sensible Shoes** (Flying Fish): A swiny, stringy Montana septet creates tight harmonies and loose spirits from old standards, such as *Mood Indigo*, and from originals.

**George Faber and Stronghold** (Sound Image): Now that REO and Irving Azoff have left Champaign, Illinois, a new rock environment is flourishing. Here's some solid local talent.

**Jamaaladeen Tacuma / Show Stopper** (Gramavision): Is it rock or is it jazz? Doesn't matter—this weird bass soloist is doing something new and worth hearing.

**Ortho-Tonics / Accessible as Gravity** (\$5.50, cassette, Plan 9, 2913 West Cary Street, Richmond, Virginia 23221): Artsy, antsy, avant-garde and arresting; and **Rebby Sharp's** vocals are full of pouting, smart femininity.

**Juice Newton / Dirty Looks** (Capitol): A pleasant mix of soft rock and slick C&W. Don't miss the world's most squeezable vocalist's best song to date, *Keeping Me on My Toes*.

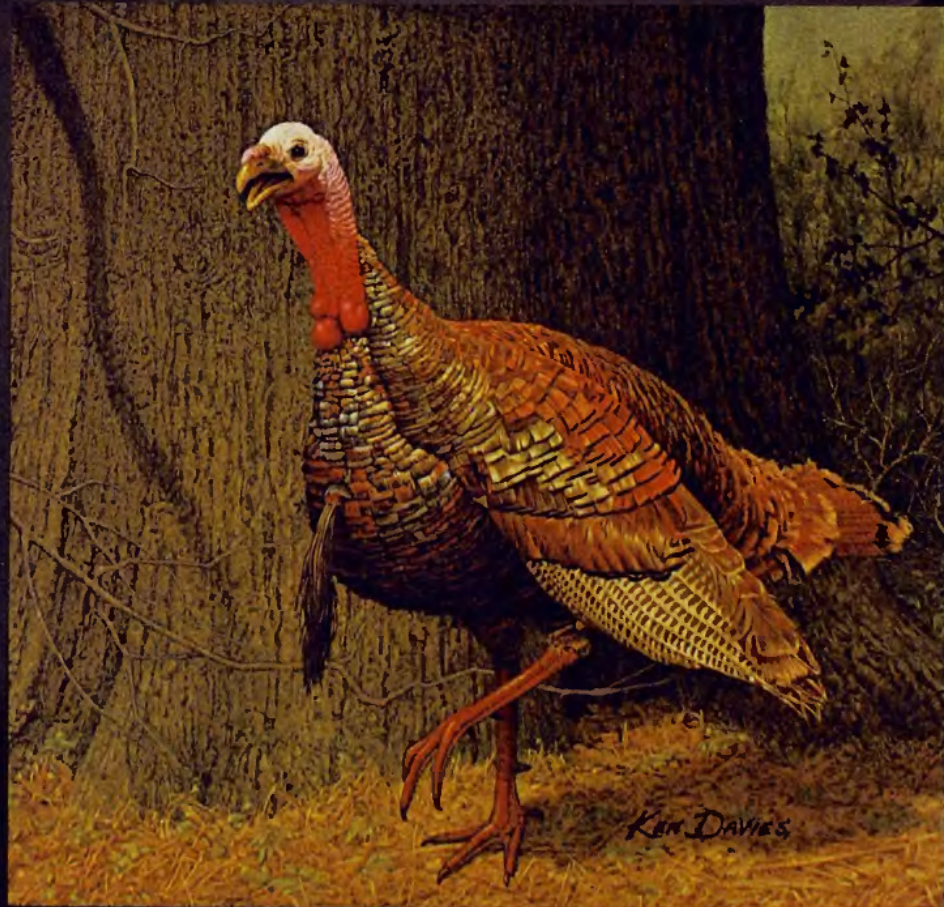
**The Beach Boys / Rarities** (Capitol): A collector's edition of unusual tracks—some previously unreleased—from the band's eclectic past. You can hear the Boys butcher *With a Little Help from My Friends* and *Auld Lang Syne* on the same album. Calling this stuff rare is appropriate; it's certainly not well done.

**Joe Beck / Relaxin'** (dmp): Smooth jazz-guitar playing, with bass and drums, splendidly recorded. Easy on the ears; warming to the soul.

**Nicanor Zabaleta / Baroque Harp Music** (Privilege): This is what heaven must sound like, and it's likely to be the closest many of us will ever get to hearing it.

The majestic Wild Turkey—a fitting symbol of our country's finest native whiskey—can be seen in the woods bordering our distillery.

## Wild Turkey Hill. A place unlike any other.



The woods on Wild Turkey Hill slope down to the edge of the Kentucky River. On top of the hill, there's been a distillery for nearly 150 years. It's a unique spot: gently running waters below and constant breezes above that cool our Wild Turkey whiskey naturally as it ages in the barrel. Wild Turkey Hill is a very special place. And it helps us make Wild Turkey very special.

**WILD TURKEY®/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD**  
AUSTIN NICHOLS DISTILLING CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KENTUCKY © 1983

# TELEVISION

By TONY SCHWARTZ

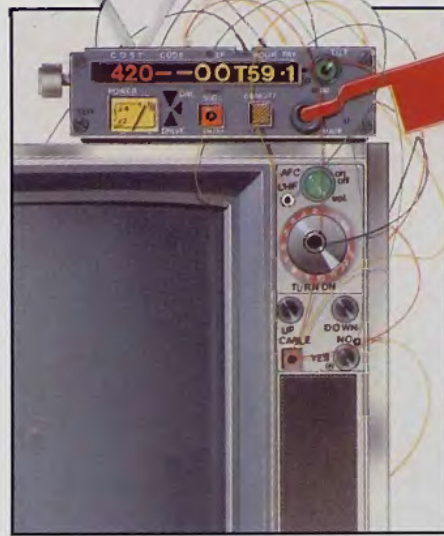
AS LONG AS I've known anything about television ratings, I've been suspicious of them. So has nearly everyone I've ever met. How, we've all wondered, could A. C. Nielsen or its main competitor, Arbitron, find a couple of thousand households whose viewing habits perfectly mirror what the rest of us watch each day? There are, after all, 84,000,000 homes now equipped with television. Which means that each home metered by Nielsen, for example, stands for about 50,000 households.

Just who are those chosen few? Finding a Nielsen or an Arbitron family would, I figured, be a coup—and revealing to boot. Their identities, after all, are a closely guarded secret. For a couple of months, I asked everyone I met whether or not he knew any such families. No luck. Then I placed an ad in the classified section of *The Village Voice*. It read, "Is yours a metered Nielsen or Arbitron household? Will pay to interview you for research project. All replies confidential."

I got several responses, a few from people alleging they were metered. But when I wrote seeking to set up interviews, I got no answers. Only two of the people who responded to my ad expressed any continuing interest in the project. One was the lawyer for A. C. Nielsen; the other was a lawyer for Arbitron. Both men told me that I was jeopardizing the confidentiality of their samples, that such a survey could prove very costly to their companies, and both hinted that if I insisted on continuing, I could expect to have the matter adjudicated in court.

I suggested a compromise. If they put me in touch with families who had been part of their samples, I would promise not to interview any on my own. That was a rather minor concession, since no one I had turned up was willing to be interviewed. The folks at Arbitron were only too happy to oblige. (When you're number two, you try harder.) The folks at Nielsen equivocated, finally said yes, but then asked me to sign a letter so full of conditions and provisions it gave me vertigo. I decided to take up the Arbitron offer.

My visit to Mrs. Fan Albert provided one important insight—and convinced me that one metered home was all I needed to see. Mrs. Albert is a retired pension-fund supervisor who lives in the middle-class Bronx community of Parkchester. Her home had been metered by Arbitron for the past three years (and was being phased out of the sample when we talked). One meter was attached to the black-and-white television set she watched in her living room ("I just can't get used to color TV," she said) and the other to the set that her husband, Louis, watched—wearing ear-



Our man tracks down one of those top-secret TV-rating families.

phones so as not to disturb her in the tiny adjacent dining alcove.

When I arrived at eight P.M., Mrs. Albert, a spry, gray-haired, sensible-looking woman dressed in a flowered wrap dress, was watching a public-television documentary about the dangers of asbestos. That was typical, she explained as she sat on a plastic-covered lounge chair in a living room filled with plants and knickknacks. She looks to television as a tool for learning, particularly now that TV is her main source of entertainment, since she no longer feels safe going out at night. She leans toward highbrow fare—*The MacNeil/Lehrer Report*, *Brideshead Revisited* and news programs—and gets absorbed in it.

Her husband, heavy-set and taciturn, watches even more television than she does. But he is less demanding. He sits through hours of game shows and sporting events without any discernible passion. The TV set, to him, is mostly background noise. During the two hours I was there talking with his wife, he wandered off frequently, perused the newspaper intermittently and rarely gave the screen his full attention.

The meter had no way of knowing that. Nor can a meter tell whether one or two or ten people are sitting before the set, or whether a given viewer is young or old, rich or poor. Nor can it detect whether the viewer is watching commercials or walking away during them. Imagine that in Arbitron's New York sample even a handful of people, like Mr. Albert, leave their

sets tuned to a channel for long stretches without watching. Just five additional metered sets tuned to a channel can push the ratings of a given show up a full point. And that ain't chicken feed. In New York, each additional point is worth as much as \$2,000,000 a year in advertising revenue. Such a rating system is, at best, crude. At worst, it is nonsense.

Arbitron and Nielsen do have one other tool at their disposal. It's called a diary. In major markets, diaries supplement metered homes; in most cities, because they're so much cheaper than meters, they're the only tool used to compile ratings. Diaries, with questions seeking more detailed information than the meter can elicit, are sent to a sample of homes in the area. Viewers who keep diaries are asked, for example, not only what programs were watched but who in the household watched them.

Unfortunately, diaries have some powerful drawbacks. One is that they're easily abused. I have a friend, for example, who was asked to fill out a Nielsen diary for a month. He doesn't often watch television, but he does have a few favorite programs. When it came time to fill out the diary, he simply scrawled in the names of such shows as *CHiPs* and *Hill Street Blues*—on the ground that he *would* watch them if only he had the time.

According to Doug McFarland, a meter specialist at Arbitron, diarists have a modest tendency to give themselves more credit than they're due. "It's more socially acceptable to be watching *60 Minutes* than cartoons," says McFarland. (The abuse is probably less common among metered households. It's one thing to write in a diary that you've watched a given show; it's another to actually watch the show week after week—and give up what you'd really prefer to be watching.)

The other major problem with diaries is that viewers have trouble remembering what they watched. And that may get worse. By 1985, it's expected that more than 50 percent of all homes will be wired for cable and will have access to 30 or more channels. Even with just a few channels to remember, diary keepers have had their problems, particularly with late-night and early-morning shows.

The cable industry is understandably concerned about that phenomenon. "Viewers tend to understate cable viewing, because they're less familiar with cable than with the networks," says Robert Alter, head of the Cabletelevision Advertising Bureau. "We did our own study of viewing habits by telephoning viewers and asking what they were watching at the time we called. We found that diary keepers were understating the cable

(concluded on page 46B)

# ITALIA: La Bella Terra!

Since Nero fiddled his life away, Italy has been known for her beautiful playgrounds. For those that worship the snow, the Italian Alps are filled with challenging slopes, much more sunny, it seems, than those of neighboring ski meccas. For those that crave sun and sea, the names Amalfi, Positano, Capri, Sorrento are legendary. Much more than just sand, these resorts are perfection, the ultimate for those seeking fulfillment of every sense!

FILA... luxurious playclothes for the glamour playgrounds, around the world and back. Designed and created in Italy with self-assured styling, beautiful colors and quality that will make you a FILA fan for life. *Bellissimo!*

The international way to say "success": jewelry of 14K gold. Nothing else can give you the power!

14K gold jewelry by ABL available at Zales, the Diamond Store. All styles may not be available in all stores. Available upon request.

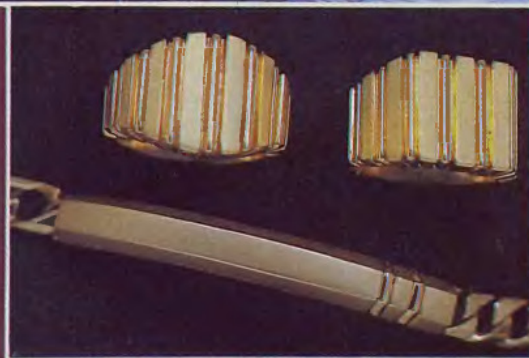
Italians, ahead of the game in discovering new taste sensations (witness Marco Polo's discovery of spaghetti), are toasting the season with Kahana Royale, an intriguing liqueur made exclusively from Hawaii's famous Macadamia Nuts. *Salute!*

Italy for skiing? *Magnifico!* Try Cervina, high in the Alps with the Matterhorn as its next door neighbor or Cortina del Ampezzo in the towering Dolomites. Chic and refreshingly indulgent to body and soul. Call TWA when you're ready to play (or work) in Italy. It's the airline more people choose to cross the Atlantic. Experience, reliability, value and convenience... no one flies to more European cities from more American cities than TWA.

Nothing else feels like real gold.

14K  
KARAT  
GOLD

A special section produced by Cathie Judge for David Reynolds Assoc. Photos: David Reynolds. Graphic design, Phil Jaget.



**ZALES**  
The Diamond Store

# La Terra

*Un Felice Anno! Try these for holiday fun:*

**The KONA-MAC**

1 oz. Kahana Royale Liqueur

1 oz. Keoki Coffee Liqueur

1 oz. cream or half & half

Place ingredients in blender with a small amount of crushed ice. Blend, strain and serve.

**HAWAIIAN CHEESE BALL**

2 tablespoons Kahana Royale Liqueur

8 oz. cream cheese, softened

1 cup grated sharp cheddar cheese

4 oz. crumbled bleu cheese

½ cup macadamia nuts, chopped

Combine Kahana Royale and cheeses, beat until well blended. Chill mixture. Shape into a ball and roll in chopped macadamia nuts. A delicious taste of paradise!

**I**n Italy, time has passed beautifully, and in every town and city, worn piazzas and ageless secret gardens bear witness. Step inside a moment and listen... the romance of history lived will hold you captive. The finest life has to offer: activewear from FILA; Jewelry of 14K gold. The beautiful necessities. 14K gold jewelry by ABL available at Zales, the Diamond Store. All styles may not be available in all stores. Available upon request.



**ZALES**  
The Diamond Store

**14K**  
**KARAT**  
**GOLD**

Nothing else feels like real gold.



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Soft, shimmering special light gilds the long afternoons... gives to Italy's eternal summer... magic. Time for anything to happen, time for love!

Celebrate everything you are... everything you've achieved with accessories of 14K gold. You'll love the results! 14K jewelry by ABL available at Zales, the Diamond Store. All styles may not be available in all stores. Available upon request.



For cozy evenings try this great warmer-up: The KAHANA COFFEE ROYALE 1 1/4 oz. Kahana Royale Liqueur Hot Coffee. Add Kahana Royale to cup or glass of hot coffee. Top with spoonful of whipped cream and sprinkle with crushed macadamia nuts for an extra touch of elegance. *Delizioso!*

Hair: Ernest Swain; makeup: Nancy Campasano, both of Salon Salon  
Models: Karl Szabo, Kay Models and Toni Mahon.  
For information on products seen in "Italia, La Bella Terra," write to Jennifer, D-R, Inc., 300 E. 33rd St., NYC 10016

*La dolce vita*: what a wonderful way to live! For the fashion that's made for fun, look to FILA. Ski, swim, play tennis or just show off—with FILA, all eyes are on you!

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Tie Tack	DM1325	\$14.00	(\$1.50)
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To Order: Indicate item name and number and enclose check or money order for items and postage to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554-M, Elk Grove Village, IL 60007. Or charge to Visa, MasterCard or American Express, including all credit card numbers and signature. Or simply call 1-800-228-5200.

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Send check, money order or use American Express, Diners Club, Visa or MasterCard, including all numbers and signature. (Add 6 3/4% sales tax for TN delivery.) For a free catalog, write to Eddie Swing at the above address. Telephone: 615-759-7184.

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viewing by as much as 50 percent."

Even if memories were better and meters could elicit more specific data, that wouldn't solve a more fundamental problem: the choosing of a sample. For starters, more than 30 percent of those who are solicited to become metered refuse. Who's to say how their preferences might weight the ratings? Or that low-income people, who often don't have telephones and are harder to reach, are fairly represented? Or consider the several million people living in dormitories, institutions, Army barracks and hotels—who are not even sought out by the ratings companies.

Nothing so clearly underscores the imprecision of the ratings process as the fact that Nielsen and Arbitron elicit such conflicting numbers in the same cities.

Consider the disparities in New York City. Last August, for example, A. C. Nielsen found that between six and 6:30 P.M., when all three network-owned stations run news programs, WCBS finished in first place, WNBC was second by a shade and WABC was almost a full rating point behind in third. Arbitron, during the same time period, put WABC in first place, WCBS second and WNBC third—by nearly two full rating points. At 7:30 P.M., a particularly valuable time period for local stations, Nielsen gave WNBC a four-point rating lead over WABC, while Arbitron put the two stations in a virtual tie for first place.

"It's axiomatic that different samples will produce different results," says Arbitron's McFarland. But that's beside the point. If the differences are that great, whom should we—and, more important, the advertisers—believe? "All I can say is that you probably have to look at both of them," says McFarland. "The truth probably falls somewhere in between."

Of course, the folks at Nielsen and at Arbitron never promised anyone a rose garden. Ratings, they hasten to point out, are offered only as estimates.

The point, however, is that network and station executives, advertising agencies and even otherwise hard-nosed television writers take the ratings as gospel. A difference of one or two points may be well within the range of statistical error, or it may be based on a distorted sample, but it can also be the difference between renewing and canceling a show, firing or celebrating a local news director, even declaring a network season a success or a disappointment.

There is a simple reason why ratings are taken so seriously: In a business where so little is certain, everyone desperately wants something to believe in—and no one has a better alternative to ratings. Or, as Todd Gitlin puts it in his trenchant new book, *Inside Prime Time*, "Absent a clear standard of taste . . . in the executive suites, the numbers have the great virtue of being there, looking radiantly exact."

The next time you see a rating, you'll know better.



The costliest perfume in the world.

Marshall Field's

Available in Canada.

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

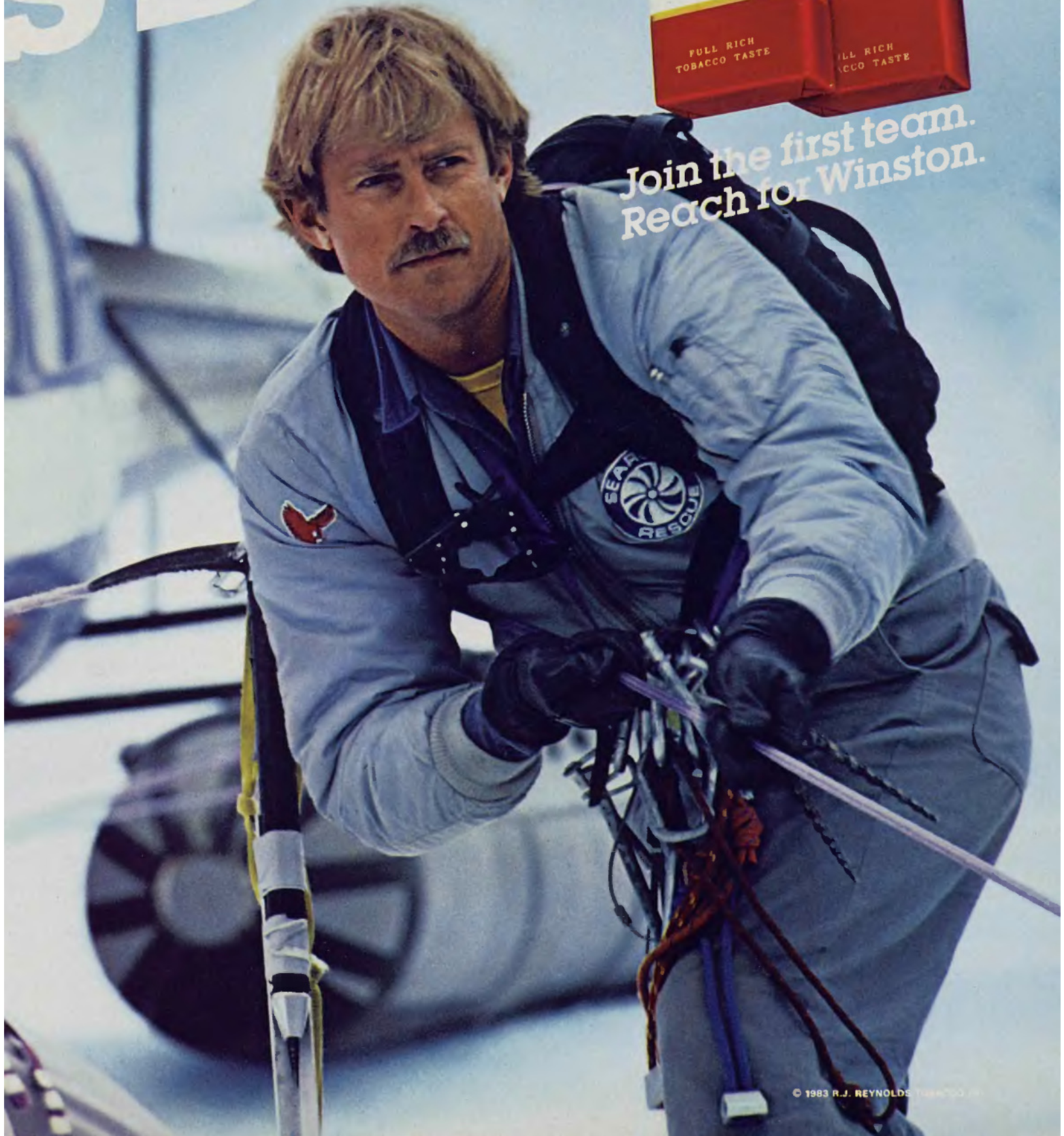
# Winston. America's

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

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Join the first team.  
Reach for Winston.



## By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS for the visual and visceral excitement of *The Right Stuff* (Warner/Ladd), an enthralling experience on film. Writer-director Philip Kaufman's vibrant, more-than-three-hour-long adaptation of Tom Wolfe's 1979 best seller is a rah-rah American epic in praise of test pilots and the first seven Mercury astronauts, transporting us back to that golden age of innocence and awe when Alan Shepard's suborbital televised space flight had the whole goggle-eyed nation cheering. Almost immediately, *Right Stuff* begins to zoom—with the breaking of the sound barrier at a Godforsaken Western air base where Sam Shepard, as veteran test pilot Chuck Yeager, oozes earthy charisma while setting the tone for all the aerodynamic miracles to come.

Actually a concise history of space-age exploration from 1947 to 1963, Kaufman's movie recycles Wolfe's book in a refreshingly nonliteral, poetic and humorous way. There's memorable sensitivity in an interlude at Houston's huge public welcome to the Mercury seven, who sit overwhelmed, pensively eying one another as Sally Rand performs her famous fan dance, while simultaneously—many miles up and away—Yeager dares death in the stratosphere. That's pure cinema, and beautiful.

*Right Stuff's* technical achievements are superior—nods to Caleb Deschanel's cinematography, plus an eloquent musical score by Bill Conti—but we take that kind of excellence for granted nowadays. This movie's appeal is in the humanity behind the high-tech heroism, the previously untold personal stories about insecurity, pilot egomania, space groupies, courage, camaraderie and the unending tests of endurance that bond men together but make life hell for their wives. The women who wait are played splendidly by Barbara Hershey (as "Glamorous Glennis" Yeager), Kim Stanley (as Pancho Barnes, proprietress of the fly boys' favorite gin mill), with Mary Jo Deschanel, Veronica Cartwright and Pamela Reed dominating the side lines as astronauts' wives. Among their menfolk, uniformly terrific, Ed Harris excels as a square-cut John Glenn, who might be insufferable except that he's also decent and endearingly comic, "right stuff" to the bone; Scott Glenn comes on strong as a fiercely dedicated Alan Shepard; and Dennis Quaid, stealing the show almost reel by reel, is cocky Gordon "Gordo" Cooper, whose no-bull boyishness keeps *Right Stuff* uncontaminated by reverence. A movie so chock-full of stouthearted Good Guys hasn't come along since . . . well, maybe *Chariots of Fire*. Obviously winning his own wings among topflight



*The Right Stuff's* spacemen do the right stuff in a "rah-rah American epic."

*The Right Stuff* really blasts off; a literate Stephen King film.



Walken explores *Dead Zone*.

directors, Kaufman catches the essence of Wolfe's rare Americana; even more remarkable, he makes pro-establishment passion seem fine, fair-minded and long overdue. ★★★

Intelligent and provocative, *The Dead Zone* (Paramount) takes its time getting to the nitty-gritty of Stephen King's 1979 suspense novel but turns out to be one of the most assured movie versions of a King cliff-hanger. Director David Cronenberg, himself a cult figure who usually writes his own overblown screenplays (*Video-drome*, *Scanners*, et al.), seems to strike a happy balance in this literate adaptation by Jeffrey Boam. Eerie, extraordinary events in a completely ordinary small town are the stuff of many a good thriller,

and *Dead Zone* deals with a high school teacher (Christopher Walken) who suffers a hideous accident, lapses into a five-year coma and emerges from it to discover he has second sight—an unnerving ability to foresee the future, perhaps even to change it. Walken's detached, otherworldly air is ideal for such strange doings as he re-encounters the woman he loved (Brooke Adams), helps the local sheriff (Tom Skerritt) apprehend a vicious murderer and gets involved with a ruthless young politician (Martin Sheen). Cronenberg and his expert cast keep a rather episodic plot from going slack. Edge-of-your-seat excitement it's not, but *Dead Zone* is inventive and quietly creepy. ★★★½

Dudley Moore looks generally depressed in *Romantic Comedy* (MGM/UA), and he has every reason to be. Bernard Slade's play was only a so-so hit on Broadway, and the movie version adds miscasting to what used to be mere mediocrity. Mary Steenburgen is all wrong as the self-effacing former teacher who helps Moore write Broadway shows while loving him secretly through hits, flops and his bad marriage. Worse, Arthur (*Love Story*) Hiller's flaccid direction turns every stab of wit into a wet noodle. Serve cold, with turkey. ★

What ought to be savage satire goes soft in *Deal of the Century* (Warner). You need a genius such as Stanley Kubrick, on a hot streak as he was with *Dr. Strangelove*, to succeed with a black comedy about peddling deadly weapons to Third World guerrilla armies. Neither Paul Brickman's screenplay nor William Friedkin's direction is quite equal to the challenge, since both lack the bright, light touch that makes jokes about doomsday warfare smack of apocalyptic humor. Instead, the movie lurches from mere unpleasantness

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## Or is it?



to questionable taste, despite some sprightly rescue work by Chevy Chase, Sigourney Weaver and Gregory Hines. As a hot-shot pitchman for munitions—concentrating on a pilotless superweapon called *The Peacemaker*, which seems wildly unpredictable—Chase breezes through a few fine comic bits, funny in TV-sketch style but not part of any consistent point of view. Cast respectively as a devious lady and as Chevy's devoutly born-again side-kick, Weaver and Hines have far worse luck, seldom even good for laughs. *Deal* is a promising idea stymied by aesthetic underkill—it's first-strike farce launched with a peashooter. **YY**

Loyal fans who have been gearing up for Sean Connery's comeback as 007 in *Never Say Never Again* (Warner) may prefer to have another look at *Thunderball*, since this is essentially a rehash of that 1965 Bond epic. While Connery may, indeed, be the ideal Ian Fleming hero, it's no pleasure nowadays to be reminded that he has been slowing down in the dozen years since *Diamonds Are Forever*. Who says Moore is less? Roger now relies on suavity rather than athleticism, but director Irvin Kershner still has Sean feigning so many old tricks that we know we're watching a stunt man. Among the movie's better points are two breath-taking beauties (both PLAYBOY pictorial subjects, as it happens)—Barbara Carrera as a campy bad lady named Fatima Blush and golden girl Kim Basinger, whose obvious talents are largely wasted in the role of the winsome Domino. Max von Sydow, Klaus Maria Brandauer and Bernie Casey head an all-star supporting cast, yet Kershner captures little of the glittering pace, style and sophistication that made James Bond a cinematic as well as a literary legend. *Never Say Never* just ambles along, evidently driven by tired blood, and no one seems to be having a truly good time. **YY**

Terrorists take over the American embassy in London, threatening to kill their hostages unless a nuclear-missile site is bombed off the map—and that's the gist of *The Final Option* (MGM/UA). As an American heiress dabbling in terrorism, Australia's Judy Davis is an exemplary actress handicapped by her uncertain Stateside accent and the inconsistencies of her role. British TV star Lewis Collins, as the S.A.S. (Special Air Services) commando who infiltrates her band of radicals, exudes a very 007 brand of sophistication that ought to boost his stock among moviedom's top *macho* men. The list of hostages and rescuers includes Richard Widmark, Robert Webber and Edward Woodward, all upstanding in a taut script by Reginald Rose, directed with thrill-a-minute panache by Ian Sharp. While it



Connery, Basinger say *Never*.

### A Connery comeback fizzes; Gere, Caine perspire in vain



*Limit's* triangle: Gere, Carrillo and Caine.

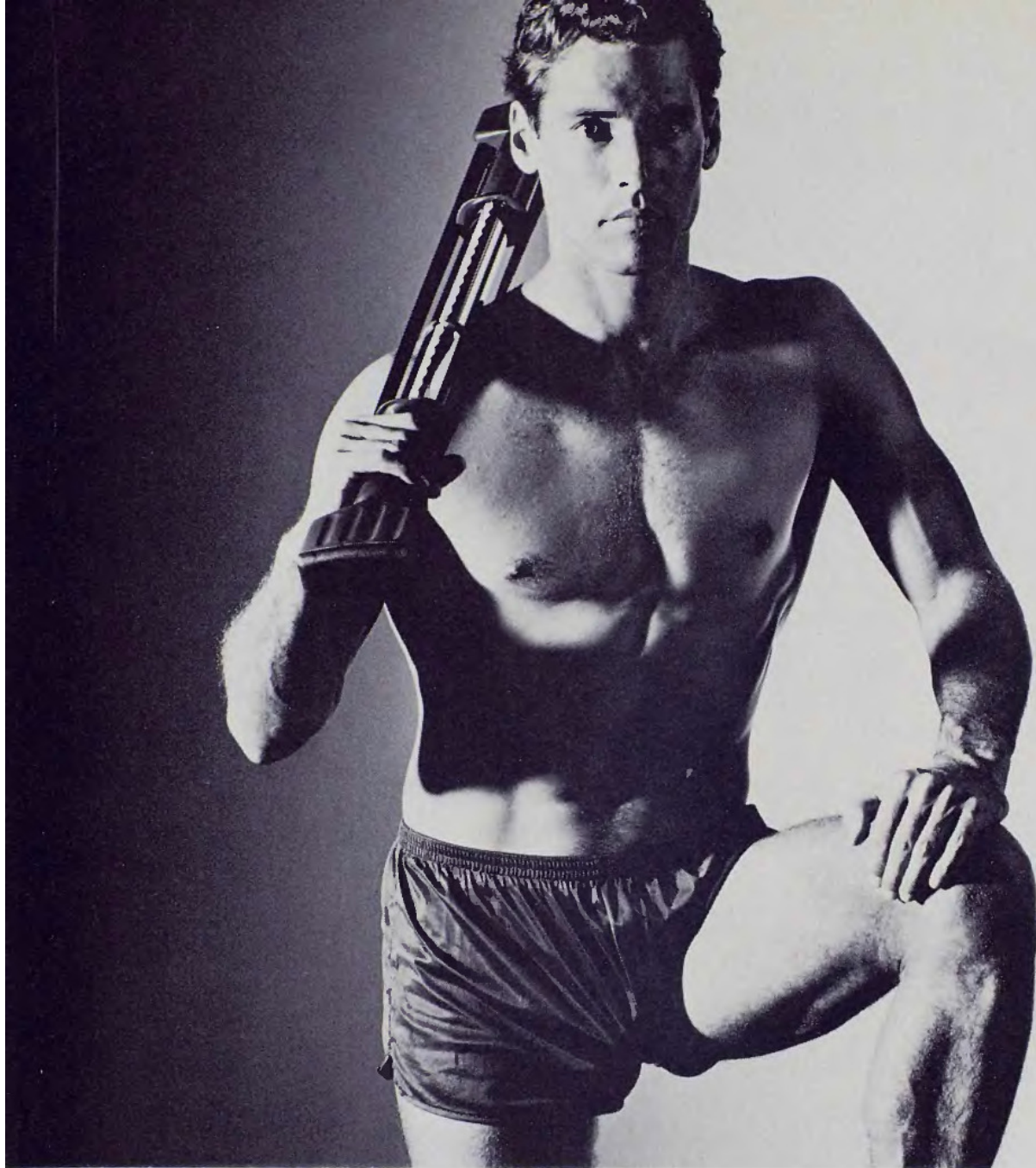
might be argued that *Final Option* has an archconservative outlook, depicting nuclear pacifists as trigger-happy fanatics, the movie zings along even when it's not altogether convincing. **YY½**

There's just no way to work up much enthusiasm for *Beyond the Limit* (Paramount). Based on Graham Greene's *The Honorary Consul*, the movie is a staid political thriller with all the customary Greene trappings: a tropical setting; a drunken British diplomat (tellingly acted by Michael Caine) who's kidnaped by mistake; and another burnt-out case, this time a young English-Paraguayan doctor (Richard Gere, naked from time to time, as usual) who reluctantly collaborates in the abduction, then continues his affair with the victim's wife (Elpidia Carrillo). Directed by a canny Scot named John Mackenzie (who did a bang-up job on *The Long Good Friday*), the picture is admirably well done but emotionally opaque—just good actors sweating a lot. **YY**

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films  
by bruce williamson

- The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez* Mis-carriage of justice in 1901 Texas. **YY½**  
*Basileus Quartet* Horny young violinist joins classical group. **YYY**  
*Beyond the Limit* (Reviewed this month) Caine able, Gere OK in Greene drama. **YY**  
*The Big Chill* Kasdan's warm contemporary comedy, with fine all-star cast. **YYYY**  
*Brainstorm* This head trip was Natalie Wood's last, among her least. **Y**  
*The Dead Zone* (Reviewed this month) Creepy stuff, by Cronenberg out of Stephen King. **YY½**  
*Deal of the Century* (Reviewed this month) Chevy, with deadly weapons for sale. **YY**  
*Educating Rita* Good times with Michael Caine as a drunken prof, Julie Walters as teacher's pet. **YYY**  
*The Final Option* (Reviewed this month) Peacenik terrorists. **YY½**  
*Heart Like a Wheel* A woman's drama with drive—Bonnie Bedelia as hot-rod racing's Shirley Muldowney. **YY½**  
*Heat and Dust* Juicily romantic escapades in colonial India. **YYY½**  
*Lonely Hearts* The Australian mating game in a winsome little comedy. **YYY**  
*The Lonely Lady* Pia Zadora doing her best to beat a silly script. **YY**  
*Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence* As a POW, Bowie exudes star power. **YY½**  
*Never Cry Wolf* Grand outdoor drama of a man among wolves. **YYY**  
*Never Say Never Again* (Reviewed this month) Connery in rebottled Bond. **YY**  
*Return Engagement* On the road with Liddy and Leary. **YY½**  
*The Right Stuff* (Reviewed this month) High and mighty. **YYYY**  
*Romantic Comedy* (Reviewed this month) Mary Steenburgen—Dudley Moore chemistry fizzes. **Y**  
*Rumble Fish* The sizzling charisma of Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke can't salvage Coppola's attempt to treat Hinton like Dostoevsky. **Y**  
*Star 80* Bob Fosse's downbeat retelling of the Dorothy Stratten story. **YYY**  
*Streamers* Sex and violence in an Army barracks—the best Robert Altman movie in many a moon. **YYY**  
*Under Fire* Tough, timely drama about journalists in Nicaragua, co-starring Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, Joanna Cassidy. **YYY**  
*Zelig* This straight-faced spoof of documentaries is a tour de force, though not Woody Allen's best. **YY½**
- YYYY** Don't miss    **YY** Worth a look  
**YYY** Good show    **Y** Forget it



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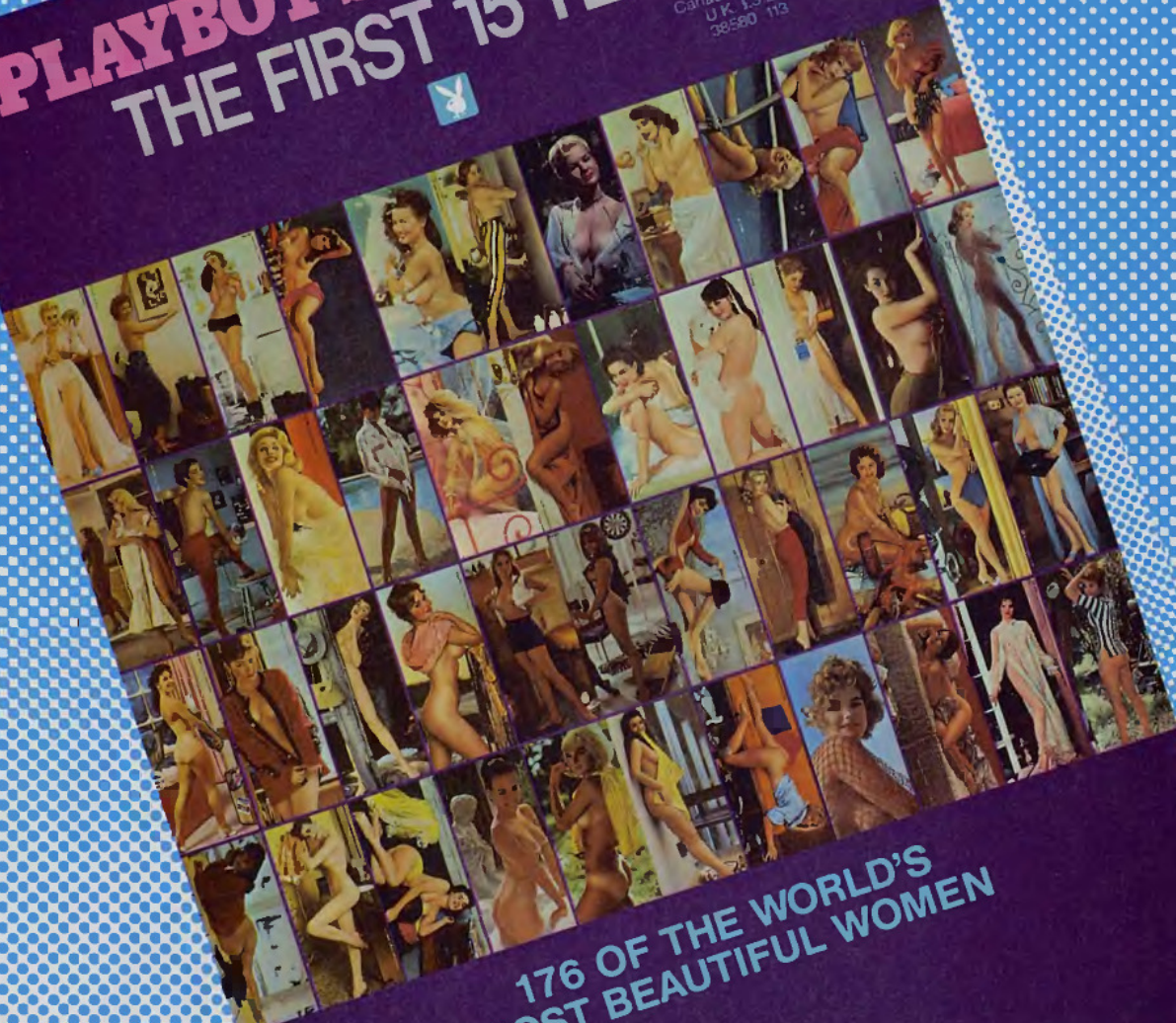
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# ☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

## By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

**IDOL GOSSIP:** After a brief sojourn on Broadway, **Robert Altman** will return to feature-film directing with MGM/UA's youth comedy *O.C. and Stiggs*, a story involving the summertime adventures of two teen-aged boys. Written by *National Lampooners* **Tod Carroll** and **Ted Mann**, the flick stars **Martin Mull**, **Dennis Hopper**, **Tina Louise**, **Dan Jenkins** and **Neil Barry**. . . . **Diane Keaton** has been tapped to star in *The Little Drummer Girl*, a film version of **John le Carré's** latest spy thriller. **George Roy Hill** will direct. . . . *Diner's* **Mickey Rourke** will co-star with **Eric Roberts** in *The Pope of Greenwich Village*. . . . **Sidney Sheldon's** best-selling thriller *The Naked Face* will be brought to the screen with **Roger Moore** and **Rod Steiger** in the lead roles. . . . NBC's roster of future telepix includes *A.I.D.S.*, a drama about parents who discover that their son is a homosexual dying of the disease; *My Life as a Man*, based on the *Village Voice* cover story about a female



Keaton



Moore

reporter who disguised herself as a male for six months; and *Imagine: The Love Story of John Lennon and Yoko Ono*. . . . **Ronny (Deliverance) Cox** and **Lois Chiles** have been set to star in *Courage*, the story of three marathon runners who become victimized by a right-wing-citizens' brigade training in the desert. . . . **Albert Finney**, **Jacqueline Bisset** and **Anthony (Bridgeshead Revisited) Andrews** co-star in **John Huston's** *Under the Volcano*, based on the famous novel by **Malcolm Lowry**. . . . **Peter (Outland) Hyams** has been set to write and direct the film version of **Arthur C. Clarke's** *2010: Odyssey Two* (excerpted in *PLAYBOY* in 1982). Writer-director Hyams reportedly claims that the sequel will, among other things, clarify many of the mysteries contained in the original.

**CASTING CHAOS:** Producers of *The Cannonball Run: II* are no doubt hoping that a proliferation of famous faces popping up all over the screen, à la *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*, will ensure laughs and, thus, box-office receipts. *Everybody* is in this film. I'm told the plot will involve a kidnaped Arab sheik, lots of Mobsters and, of course, the cross-country car race, though *II* is supposedly less of a car-race

movie and more of a comedy than its predecessor. In addition to **Burt Reynolds** and **Dom DeLuise** as a pair of daredevil show operators, the cast includes **Shirley MacLaine** and **Marilu Henner** as actresses hitchhiking in nuns' habits, **Dean Martin** and **Sammy Davis Jr.** as racers masquerading as cops, **Frank Sinatra** as himself, **Susan**



Reynolds

MacLaine

**Anton** and **Catherine Bach** as a female racing team, **Foster Brooks**, **Louis Nye** and **Sid Caesar** as a trio of fishermen, **Telly Savalas** as a Las Vegas underworld boss, **Avery Schreiber** and **Marty Allen** as a pair of bandits, **Charles Nelson Reilly** as the son of a Mafia kingpin, **Tim Conway** and **Dub Taylor** as highway patrolmen, **Tony Danza** and **Mel Tillis** as a racing team, **Ricardo Montalban** as a sheik, **Jamie Farr** as Montalban's son, **Arte Johnson** as a deranged Nazi pilot, **Henry Silva** and **Abe Vigoda** as a couple of thugs, **Jack Elam**, **Jackie Chan**, **Doug McClure**, **Jim Nabors**, **You Asked for It's Jack Smith**, **George (Goober) Lindsey**, **Molly Picon**, **Joe (Washington Redskins) Theismann**, **Don Knotts** and an orangutan. Phew!

**MUM'S THE WORD:** Currently in production at Paramount are two projects swathed in a veil of secrecy. One of them, written and directed by the trio of zanies who gave us *Airplane!*, is titled, appropriately enough, *Top Secret*. The only information I could squeeze out of studio sources is that **Omar Sharif** and **Peter Cushing** will co-star.



Sharif



Nimoy

Paramount's other film under wraps is the third installment of the *Star Trek* series, called *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock*. All of the regulars will return, but **Leonard Nimoy** is directing this time. Stage actress **Dame Judith Anderson** has been cast in what Paramount sources call "a pivotal role," and actor **Mark Lenard** will appear in a part he created in the TV

series—**Spock's dad**. No one, incidentally, has been hired to replace **Spock** on the bridge of the starship *Enterprise*. Both films will open next summer.

**LOVE HOLLYWOOD STYLE:** Warner Bros.' *Irreconcilable Differences*, starring **Ryan O'Neal**, **Shelley (Cheers) Long** and **Drew Barrymore**, is a tale of love, marriage and divorce set against the background of the movie biz. O'Neal plays **Albert Brodsky**, a Midwestern college prof offered a teaching post in the cinema department of **UCLA**. Hitchhiking West, he encounters **Lucy Van Patten (Long)**, an aspiring writer of children's books. Within four turbulent days, they fall in love, marry and set up housekeeping in **Tinseltown**. Following the birth of their daughter, **Casey (Barrymore)**, **Albert** leaves his teaching post to make movies. Guess what happens? Right—stars get in his eyes, he falls for an ingénue (**Sharon Stone**) and leaves his wife. His next film—a musical version of the *Civil War*—flops, his career is on the



O'Neal



Long

skids and his affair with the ingénue falls apart. **Lucy**, in the meantime, has written a best seller based on her divorce from **Albert**, and she's suddenly a star. To complicate matters even further, moppet **Casey** sues for parental divorce with the aid of an attorney (**Allen Goorwitz**). In producerese, this movie might be described as "a combo *Star Is Born* and *Kramer vs. Kramer*." *Irreconcilable Differences* is set for a 1984 release.

**JUNGLE ROT:** *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle* was a comic strip in the Forties, a TV series in the Fifties and is now a motion picture—script by **David (Superman) Newman**, direction by **John (The Towering Inferno) Guillermin**. Swinging from the vines and communicating telepathically with the animals is ex-Charlie's Angel **Tanya Roberts**, who has gone blonde for the role and has been submitting to a rigorous exercise routine that includes bareback, bridleless horseback riding, weight lifting, aerobics and trapeze work. Why all the muscle building? "It would be very inappropriate," says **Tanya**, "to have **Sheena** walking through the film like a glamorous **Beverly Hills** person."





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*Uncork the magic.*

By ASA BABER

IT HAD TO HAPPEN, right? Eventually, there had to be some advice from a man to women about sex and life and love and ways to attract the opposite sex. Until now, it's mostly been the other way around. Men searched for ways to decipher women, ways to please them, enjoy them, seduce them. But times have changed, and with that change has come discord and confusion. Here on this page, a revolutionary concept is being born. The burden is heavy, but I accept the responsibility of explaining to women what men want. If any of you women out there have any questions about this, just call me. I'm a hell of a guy, and I think I can help you.

1. *Of course you can give flowers to a man.* Men are mellowing out, and you should not ponder this question. If you want to take him a small bouquet of forget-me-nots when you pick him up for your first date, that's fine, but be a little sensitive, will you? Tie a condom or a packet of cocaine to the stems and give him a big wink as you hand the flowers over. That way, he'll know you're sincere.

2. *Paying for dinner is fine.* This question is an old one now. Of course you can pay for his dinner if you want to, even if he's the one who asked you out. But is that all you plan to pay for? If you really want to please him, do something like this: Pick up the check with a soft, feminine "It's mine," pause, take a sip of water as you hand your charge card to the waiter, gaze deeply into your date's eyes and say, "I've cornered the nearby soybeans and estimate I've just made \$140,000,000. Darling, half of that is yours." That is the kind of gesture he'll understand. But take heed: If he argues for a 70-30 cut his way and half your profits on the crush margin, tell him to get lost. That guy is a gold digger.

3. *Oral sex is permissible.* Some women may still be confused about it, but most men have their heads on straight about it. They absolutely do not mind receiving attention in this manner. It can even be argued that men are coming out of their shells, so to speak, and are willing to give instructions, directions, entreaties, orders and other ejaculations of that sort. Just ask him and he'll tell you how he wants it done, where he wants it done, how often. If he's shy, don't give up on him. Let's see, is there any other aspect of this subject we should be covering? Not that I can think of.

4. *If you play your cards right, some men will allow themselves to be picked up.* This is a tricky question, because men in general can be so shy and unavailable when approached by women, but there are ways to break down male resistance. When you see a man you want to meet,



## HOW TO PLEASE A MAN

"If any of you women out there have any questions about this, just call me. I'm a hell of a guy and I think I can help you."

think of a good opening line, one that is neither too leering nor too modest. "Aren't you that male stripper I saw on the Phil Donahue show?" is a very good opener and works 90 percent of the time. Two other possibilities: "With it strapped down to your knee like that, don't you limp when it gets hard?" and "What's life as a sex surrogate like, anyway?" Both of those intros are real icebreakers for most men, and you will have them at a disadvantage. They will *all* think you are being perfectly serious.

5. *The male is delicate, so handle him with care.* There are certain things that simply should not be said to a man. Common sense dictates most of those guidelines, but a refresher course probably won't hurt you women. A recent poll showed that the following statements cause hysteria in the men who hear them. I'm sorry to report that the context doesn't matter; these zingers hurt however and whenever they're said: (A) "Is it in?" (B) "There's my husband!" (C) "I'm so glad you can't tell I'm a transsexual," (D) "Did you know your nose is your most prominent part?" (E) "You look just like the guy who gave me herpes," (F) "Smile! You're on *Candid Camera*."

6. *If you want to score, don't mention death or taxes. Tax shelters are OK.* The average male is raised to believe that death is an inconvenient event that happens to those who weren't smart enough to get an M.B.A. Men cannot function unless they are fed with the illusions that they are (A) indispensable, (B) highly successful and (C) immortal. Don't upset their fatuous appercarts. Play to their self-deceptions and you will get whatever you want. Don't say stupid things like "Gee, according to actuarial tables, I'll probably live 25 years longer than you will, sucker." That won't get you anywhere. The same goes for the subject of taxes. For reasons that can't be entirely explained, men feel threatened by a Government that can take about half the money they make. Picky, picky, I know, but that's men for you. Don't theorize with comments like "If Thomas Jefferson were alive today, do you think he'd approve of withholding?" That's just bringing up an unpleasant subject unnecessarily. However, there is no reason you can't discuss certain aspects of business and finance. If your uncle is chairman of the Fed, if you have secret information about the Russian wheat crop or, in particular, if you own an offshore bank that provides 10:1 write-offs that the IRS approved by mistake, let your fellow know about it, for goodness' sake. Why hide your light under a bushel?

7. *Men love flattery, even if they say they don't.* Inside every male, there's a little tyrant waiting to be worshiped. Men are so hungry for flattery that they'll believe anything you tell them. A woman friend of mine, when she can't think of anything else to do, compliments men on their breathing. "You really know how to breathe," she says to them. "I like the way your chest rises and falls, and I've never seen a man direct the air through his nose the way you do. I mean, wow, that is such a turn-on." She says it works, and I have to take her word for it. I'm a little hurt that she hasn't yet mentioned it to me, though. I think I breathe just about as well as any man I've ever seen, but you can't have everything. Damn it.

8. *The bottom line to the male psyche: Men want everything.* Oh, we do, we do. We all want beauty, fame, comfort, peace, excitement, wealth, love; and we want it while we're receiving hot-oil rubs from the persons of our choice. While you may laugh at our greedy natures, in our hearts we think we're being very sensible. And don't worry, the world shows us on a daily basis that we can't have it all, even when we go for it. OK, I admit it: We men are childlike fools. Just don't mention it, OK? You might interrupt our continuous secret dreaming, and you know how most men are when they're awakened by surprise. Unbearable.



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## By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MOST MEN do not like to be objects of derision at parties, even indirectly. And yet, friendly reader, I was at a very posh, very glittering, very Manhattan party not long ago where the male of our species was verbally ground to bits under the stiletto heel of female ridicule.

I had a sprained foot and was therefore unable to remain pasted to my boyfriend's side—my usual posture at parties. I found myself, instead, surrounded on the soft sofa by a passel of independent females—rip-roaring, cocaine-snorting, whiskey-chugging Amazons with tongues as precise as scalpels. The conversation, within mere seconds, was completely devoted to oral sex (some call it muff-diving; others, giving head) and how none of you can do it.

"I've had sex with about 50 men," said one sequined princess. "You know how many knew how to give head? Two. *Two*. It's pitiful."

"You're lucky," said a velvet-sheathed madonna. "I know only one man in the world who can really, truly muff-dive. And that's my husband. That's why I married him."

"Oh, really?" said a sabled sorceress, craning her neck. "Which one is he?"

"The fat one over there in the awful plaid suit and the bald spot," replied the madonna, "and if you so much as ask him the time, I'll put my finger in your eye."

The conversation got very detailed and heated, but I'm too much of a prude to go on. Suffice it to say that the girls are dissatisfied.

"What is giving head," I hear you ask, "besides simply placing the tongue between the legs and licking? What's the big deal?"

Take this simple quiz to test your oral-sex prowess:

1. *When I go to bed with a girl, the first thing I do is*
  - A. Leap straight for the clitoris
  - B. Put my tongue in her ear
  - C. Kiss her
  - D. Beg for forgiveness
2. *If the clitoris had an astrological sign, it would be*
  - A. Aries
  - B. Taurus, moon in Libra
  - C. Cancer
  - D. Capricorn
3. *When I'm giving head, my penis is*
  - A. Rocklike
  - B. At half-mast
  - C. A wet noodle



## ORAL SEX— HOW TO DO IT

"The clitoris hates to be leaped at. It likes to get all warm and friendly and receptive first. . . . So wait awhile . . . hold back. *Then* put out."

4. *A reputable psychiatrist would say that the clitoris suffered from*
  - A. Dementia praecox
  - B. Manic depression
  - C. Penis envy
  - D. Paranoiac delusions
5. *I give my girlfriend head*
  - A. On her birthday
  - B. After two bottles of wine
  - C. Once a week, definitely
  - D. Twenty-four hours a day
6. *I think oral sex is*
  - A. Nice work if you can get it
  - B. Depressing
  - C. A poetic experience
  - D. Filthy

### ANSWERS

1. C. That's right, a kiss. A good kiss can be the most exciting thing there is. Begging for forgiveness went out of style in 1921. Putting your tongue in her ear, especially if it's the first act in initiating loveplay, will make a girl despondent. It may be delightful at times, but often it just feels squishy and goofy. Plus, any girl with brains knows that the tongue-in-the-

ear play is a 12-year-old boy's idea of what makes a girl "hot." But worst of all, of course, is leaping straight for the clitoris. The clitoris hates to be leaped at. It likes to get all warm and friendly and receptive first. In fact, its favorite moment to be touched is the precise moment when it is sure it will die if you don't. So wait awhile, tease it, hold back. *Then* put out.

2. C. Everyone knows that the clitoris is a Cancer. What else could it be? The clitoris is hooded, and the hood draws back only when the clitoris is off its nut with excitement. The exposed pink, soft pearl is very tender and withdraws in confusion if you handle it roughly. When you're using the fingers, it is best to *surround* the clitoris rather than actually *touch* it. Which is why it likes the tongue so much. A tongue can be ever so soft and ever so rhythmic—swirly movements optional but preferred. Sucking gently and purposefully on the clitoris just as it's about to orgasm will make it yours forever.

3. A. There is nothing more demoralizing for a woman than having a man with a strong and proud erection suddenly become flaccid, or even semiflaccid, after a few minutes of giving head. Makes a girl feel like giving up sex forever.

4. B. The clitoris is a classic manic-depressive. If you keep giving it what it craves—rhythmic yet ever-quickening, assiduous stimulation—it will simply get more and more frantic until it reaches its insane peak of excitement. But if you stop in the middle or perform with a haphazard, halfhearted attitude, depression sets in and the clitoris becomes lethargic and fretful. Sometimes, other psychological disorders set in, but *never* penis envy. The penis, being a Capricorn, lets nothing deter it from its goal, can weather all sorts of adversity and likes a great deal of pressure and firmness. The clitoris wilts under such maneuvers.

5. D. Although that may be too much to hope for.

6. A. In muff-diving, as in life, one must maintain the proper attitude. It is not seemly nor pleasant to regard muff-diving as depressing and/or filthy, so if your lip curls with distaste at the very idea, consult a psychologist or a friendly priest for guidance. And no girl falls for the "poetic experience" crap. We all know about poetry. Poetry is stuff you're supposed to like but, secretly, you'd rather be fishing. The proper attitude—rampant enthusiasm—is the only prerequisite you need to become a skilled muff-diver.

### SCORING

Score ten points for each correct answer. Those of you with a score of 50 or more, please send your names, addresses and phone numbers to this magazine—my friends have needs.





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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**Y**ou came close a few months back to answering one of my biggest questions, and I wish I had written then.

My question began in high school, when they placed a bar in a doorway (this was during a gym session) and asked us girls to do chin-ups. I am very athletic, but I never made it. I didn't realize it then, but after just a few chin-ups, I experienced an orgasm.

Before I married, I discovered that if I hung on a door and tried a few chin-ups, I could—and still can—experience an orgasm in a matter of just five to ten seconds. Yet orgasm with a man is hard to achieve. Can you explain this phenomenon to me? I don't dare share it with my husband; I don't think he'd understand!—Mrs. E. D., St. Louis, Missouri.

*You wouldn't be the blonde in the purple leotard at our workout class, would you? Never mind. Here's how to make your husband understand. First, remove all of his clothes. Stimulate him in whatever fashion you prefer, and when he is erect, have him stand directly under the bar and do a few chin-ups. Let gravity do its work. He'll understand. He may think it's weird, but he will understand. The one thing we don't understand is why you have chosen to keep it a secret. The reason orgasm with a man is difficult is that you don't share what works. It may take him years to stumble upon the chin-up trick by himself. Come on.*

**A**t my last job interview, I wore my basic blue three-piece suit, white shirt and red rep tie. When I got to the interview, everyone I saw was in a sports coat. I felt like the only one with swim trunks on in the hot tub. I didn't get the job. Do you think it was because of my suit? How do you know what to wear to a job interview?—D. L., Tucson, Arizona.

*The last guy to lose a job because he wore a blue three-piece suit was a life-guard. But what you wear to a job interview does give the employer some idea of how you're going to fit in. Most, of course, know that you probably agonized over your clothing selection more than you would normally and will give you a break for it. But why leave it to chance? A job interview is hand-to-hand combat. You're not giving yourself a chance if you don't do some preparation. That should include some heavy reconnaissance. It might be a good idea to show up quietly a couple of days in advance, if possible, to see what the guys in the office are wearing. If you can't get in, hang around outside the door. If you catch a friendly eye, you may be able to start up a conversation about the working situation there. Everything you can learn*



*will put you that much ahead of the competition, so go for it. All's fair in love, war and job hunting.*

**A**bout seven months ago, I had to go out of the country on a business venture that was to take six months to complete. Before I left, my girlfriend and I had a long talk. She had been on the pill and wanted to stop taking it and use some other means of birth control, such as condoms and gels. I told her that I didn't want her to do anything she didn't feel comfortable doing. I have since returned to the States and have encountered some problems with using condoms. When my girlfriend and I make love, she doesn't stay as wet as she used to. We are both in our early 20s and healthy. She says that her dryness is caused by the condoms. I had read that wetness is to a woman what an erection is to a man. When I told her that, she started to cry and told me that she was excited but couldn't explain why she wasn't getting and staying as wet as she once did. Can you shed some light on this subject to help us understand what is happening?—N. L., Baltimore, Maryland.

*Tell your girlfriend to hit the doctor's office for an examination. Some women experience allergic reactions to prelubricated condoms, and they may be the culprits. Check for side effects of any medication she may be on—some cause dryness of mucous membranes. So much for the physical stuff. You might also explore the psychological angle. Ask your partner if she feels as comfortable with a condom as she did with the pill, and be a good listener. Don't use a little bit of information to accuse. Lubrication is like erection, but it*

*is a far more subtle indicator of arousal, and it is subject to outside interference.*

**T**he dealer who sold me my new car pushed very hard for me to buy a service contract. Not wanting to be defenseless should disaster strike, I decided to purchase it. But since then, I've heard that those contracts really don't cover much. Did I just throw money down the drain?—S. T., Lansing, Michigan.

*In the heat of the buying frenzy, when your nostrils are still full of the heady smell of new vinyl, you're not likely to read the fine print on any contract. But this is one you should read very carefully. The service contract is like insurance: You're betting that the car will have a breakdown sometime during the life of the contract; your dealer is betting that it won't. Unfortunately, service contracts are not regulated the way insurance policies are, and each one is different. Most cover only major breakdowns of mechanical parts and only if the parts are defective; parts that deteriorate because of normal wear and tear are not covered. You must also adhere stringently to the maintenance schedule or void the contract. The kicker is that any major mechanical defect will usually show up within the first year of ownership, when the repairs are covered by the manufacturer's warranty. By the time the service contract is valid, major problems are minimal—unless you have a certified lemon, in which case you may have other recourse for reimbursement. In fact, what you're doing is paying the dealer to guarantee that there are no major defects in the car he sold you. Who says there's no accountability these days?*

**E**ureka! At last, a cure for the common cold. Well, if not quite a cure, at least a respite from the nasal congestion and stuffiness associated with colds, sinus problems, etc. As a longtime allergy sufferer, I've often been disturbed by the congestion that is not relieved by over-the-counter or prescription antihistamines/decongestants. Recently, however, while making love with my wife, I noticed an almost instantaneous relief from nasal congestion that occurred immediately prior to orgasm and persisted for up to two hours afterward. Somewhat puzzled (and excited) about this discovery, I decided to see whether or not masturbation could produce the same effect. It did. As a physician, I was extremely curious about the physiology underlying this phenomenon. Needless to say, this is a topic that wasn't covered in med school. I suspect that with the engorgement of the penile erectile tissues secondary to parasympathetic

# Why Frye Handsewns?

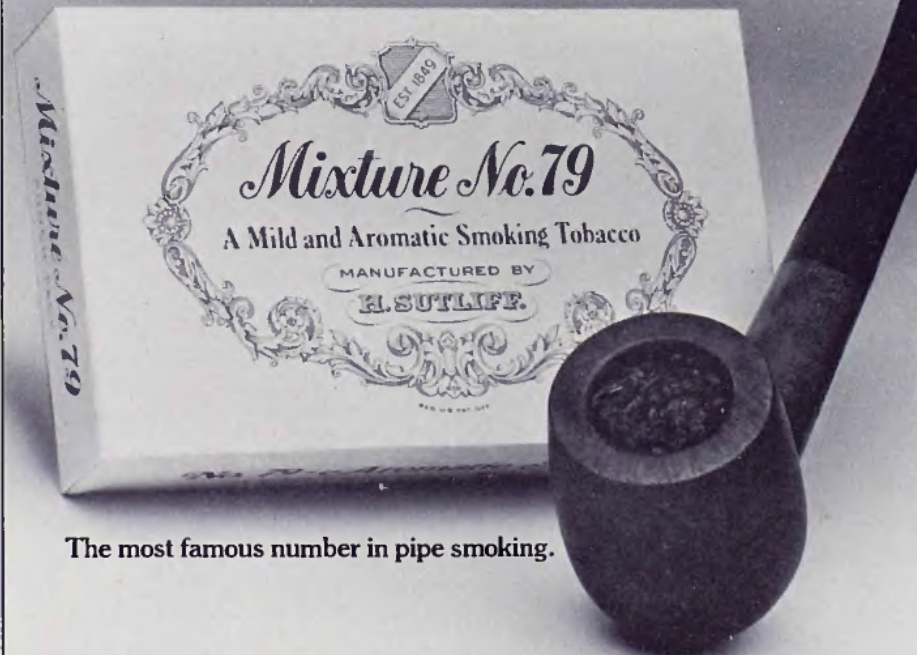
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arteriolar dilation and blockage of venous outflow, there may be a "shunting" effect, thereby directing a large volume of blood toward the genitalia and away from the body areas less in need of increased flow (i.e., the nasal mucosa). That could relieve the engorgement of the nasal mucosa and relieve symptomatic congestion. While this discovery may not win the Nobel Prize for medicine, it's the kind of prescription I'd be glad to take on a regular basis! Any thoughts from your resident physiologists on the validity of this discovery?—Dr. J. W., Phoenix, Arizona.

*Sniffle, sniff. . . . By Jove, you're right. Dr. William Masters provides a physiological explanation for the effect. It seems that during sexual arousal, the erectile tissues of the body experience vasocongestion. The penis, the vagina and—it turns out—the nose swell with blood. At orgasm, the blood is flushed from the areas. If you already have a stuffed-up nose, the effect is more noticeable. You experience relief—and your nasal passages clear.*

**E**ven though I've been eating less, I can't seem to lose any weight. I've got a friend who eats far more than I do, and he never seems to have a weight problem. When I ask him how he does it, he just says, "High metabolism, I guess," which doesn't really help me. Am I stuck with a reject body, or what?—L. C., Los Angeles, California.

*Barring any pathological problems, your body is probably stuck in neutral. The only way to get it in gear is to exercise. Exercise isn't a fad thought up by the makers of rowing machines. It is essential for the proper functioning of your body and for any attempt at weight loss. To lose weight, you have to use up more calories than you take in. Vigorous exercise not only burns calories, it raises your metabolic rate to the point at which you are still burning calories at an accelerated rate for up to 15 hours after you stop exercising. On the other hand, if you simply cut down your food intake without exercising, your body will respond by slowing its metabolic rate, cutting its energy output and actually reducing its consumption of fat deposits. The result: You feel tired and you don't lose much weight. If you then decide to fuel up, you'll probably gain weight faster than you did before, because of your lowered metabolic rate. It's a frustrating phenomenon, to be sure, but it's your body's natural defense against your attempts to starve it.*

**I** have an embarrassing problem and I'm wondering if you can help me. When I was younger, my parents were very strict. They would hardly ever let me go out at night. Until the 11th grade, I never had a girlfriend. I used to masturbate a lot, and now, whenever I get in bed with a woman, I am embarrassed because I have friction marks. A lot of women like to make love

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with the lights on, but I insist it has to be dark. Once, I gave in, but after my partner saw the marks, it was over between us. Will they ever go away? Or would a tattoo cover them? What should I do?—M. B., Buffalo, New York.

*We have no idea what you mean by friction marks, but whatever you think you have on your penis that is unattractive is not likely to be the result of masturbation—unless you've been doing it with sandpaper. You failed to mention whether or not you are circumcised; if not, perhaps you are having problems with (or hang-ups about) your foreskin. In any case, a visit to a urologist can resolve the matter for you.*

**B**ecause I like to drink champagne as one would any fine wine, I'm often left with half a bottle or so. Is it possible to recork the bottle to preserve the champagne, or do I have to dump it? I'm sure you realize that that can be very expensive.—L. T., Tampa, Florida.

*Dumping champagne is expensive and is considered a crime in most civilized countries. Unfortunately, once you remove a champagne cork, all the gases escape, and putting them back is harder than putting tooth paste back into the tube. So, while it is possible to recork a fine wine, champagne must be consumed immediately after opening. Your only recourse is some kind of champagne hotline, the names and numbers of pretty champagne lovers who can join you at a moment's notice.*

**A**fter dating a late-20s divorcee for several months, I moved in with her last August. We have a wonderful relationship and intend to marry in May.

One thing concerns me. She has a 12-year-old son who has just entered puberty. The only time we lock the bedroom door is when we are making love. Otherwise, her son goes into the bedroom and the bathroom freely. Naturally, he often sees her nude. She also walks around the house in an unsashed housecoat.

She believes that her nudity in front of her son is a healthy thing and that when parents cover their bodies—for instance, when children walk in unexpectedly and a mad dash for clothing is made—children come to believe that there is something to be ashamed of in the human body. (Ironically, she has not yet talked with her son about sex, and I get the feeling that the "facts of life" explanations are something she hopes I will undertake.)

I am a sexually liberated person and wholeheartedly agree that children should not learn to be ashamed of the human body. However, her open nudity concerns me. The obvious problem, to me, is that a male child just discovering sexuality through the changes in his own body will experience curiosity and, eventually, stimulation at seeing his mother nude. That

will confuse him at first, but as he learns about sex, he may experience guilt.

I have no children of my own.

I don't know whether she's wrong or I'm hung up. Is there a consensus among sexuality experts such as Masters and Johnson? Are there opinions on both sides that you can discuss?—R. W., New York, New York.

*We tend to side with her. Experts are beginning to question some of the old theories of childhood sexuality. For instance, Dr. Ernest Borneman, writing in Behavior Today, suggests, "We have become convinced that Freud's theory of the 'primal scene' and its traumatic effect is wrong. Freud's many descriptions of this scene follow the same pattern: The child hears sighs and groans from the parental bedroom, opens the door, finds Dad lying on top of Mom or kneeling behind her while she's on all fours. Dad obviously is doing her some kind of violence. Mom moans. The child is shocked. A few days later, it discovers Mom's bloodstained sanitary towels in the bathroom and knows for sure now: What Mom and Pop are doing when they lock the bedroom door is something horrible. Result: The child either becomes impotent or frigid or neurotic or sadistic or masochistic.*

*"Generations of analysts have swallowed this without ever asking themselves how many people all around the globe can afford to have separate bedrooms for parents and children. The majority of human beings, from the Stone Age to the present, would have become neurotic if the primal-scene theory were valid. The fallacy, as so often, is that Freud presents a segment of the event and pretends that it stands for the whole. Children can very easily be traumatized by their parents' intercourse—but only when the child discovers the truth belatedly and by accident. Most children have seen their parents cuddling, embracing and kissing—but they have never been allowed to see what the cuddling, embracing and kissing are meant to lead up to. Thus, what traumatizes the child is not the sight of the sexual act but the fact that it has never seen it in its proper emotional context. What causes the shock is not that the child has seen too much but that it has seen too little."*

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

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# DEAR PLAYMATES

**H**ere's a question that intrigues us. It deals with the kind of information that women often share with one another but are reluctant to share with men. We asked our Playmate experts to talk about what really turns them on and why men sometimes need to be educated.

The question for the month:

**What don't men know about women's bodies that they should know?**

**M**en ought to kiss women more. Kissing is romantic. You know how it goes in the old movies: You see a long, passionate kiss, and then the picture fades out. You never see the little day-to-day interruptions—your stomach growling or the dog barking. It's romance! Women—most women—absolutely love to kiss. They respond to romance, no matter how hard they may try to convince themselves that they're beyond it.



*Cathy Larmouth*

CATHY LARMOUTH  
JUNE 1981

**W**ell, that's a tough question, because every woman's response is different. The problem is that men often think women are pretty much alike. And they tend to treat all women the same way. A man can ask, "Does this feel good? Do you like this? Do you want me to do anything differently?" He should feel free to ask. It can be the woman's fault, too. She ought to let him know that he can ask without feeling uncomfortable. Both people have to be responsible.



*Susie Scott*

SUSIE SCOTT  
MAY 1983

**H**ow come men don't know how to seduce women anymore? What happened to romance? I guess I can partially answer that myself. I do think there is a direct relationship between the emergence of women in the real world and the fact that men don't know what acceptable seductive behavior is anymore. I think that men now feel it's all right to skip the preliminaries. The old line used to be "Call me; we'll have lunch sometime." Now it's "Call me; we'll have sex sometime." That's pretty sad. Most women would probably prefer having lunch first—then maybe sex!



*Lorraine Michaels*

LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

**S**peaking for myself and other women I know, I'd have to say we're very moody. I think men ought to understand that about us. Some days, we can come across as mean. We have chemical changes and mood swings that can be very dramatic. We should be able to talk about that and be treated with understanding when we're going through one of those times. And another thing men should know about us is that they should touch us more softly. Don't grab so hard; don't rub so hard. A nice, light touch is very stimulating.



*Marlene Janssen*

MARLENE JANSSEN  
NOVEMBER 1982

**T**hey don't take their time. They don't explore a woman with soft touches and massages. I love a massage; I'm just melted butter. I think if more men knew how to give a good massage, there would be a lot more happy guys running around. The more time a man takes, the more aware of everything he is, the happier I am. I do admit it's hard for me to tell a man that directly. I blame it on my youth. But if a man starts to massage my foot or my arm, then I might say something like, "Oh, wow, that feels great" and try to encourage him to continue.



*Kym Malin*

KYM MALIN  
MAY 1982

**T**hey don't know how to touch. I wish I had a dollar for every time I've said, "These are not breakfast; they are not fruit." Men should know how to touch and where to touch. Everyone's talking about G spots. They are missing the boat. There's more to it than that. There is a way to look into a woman's eyes that makes her feel important. For me, it can be the way a man touches my neck or some other place where I'm not expecting him to touch me at all. And not necessarily a well-known erogenous zone.



*Azizi Johari*

AZIZI JOHARI  
JUNE 1975

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## "STUDDS-CRANE WARNING"

Many Americans probably interpret Congress' failure to take stern measures against Representatives Studds and Crane as a reflection of our Government's unwillingness to regulate itself. I take a more benign view. Burdened as it is with fact-finding tours, speaking engagements, revenue enhancement and other measures for safeguarding the republic, Congress is no doubt simply too busy to draft complicated rules pertaining to pages. As a public-spirited gesture, I would like to offer the following suggestion.

Suspected criminals have long been given *Miranda* warnings to apprise them of their rights. Congress should do no less for the adolescents it has taken into its care. I propose that Congressmen and Senators be required henceforth to give all pages what I call "Studds-Crane warnings" in honor of the Congressmen who were unfortunate enough to get caught: "You have the right to reject sex with members of Congress. Refusal to have sex may not be held against you. Naïve notions about the character of politicians, however, can and probably will be used against you. In personal dealings with members of Congress, you have the right to have a chaperon present."

The circumstances requiring the warnings are not complicated. Members of Congress who wish to speak to pages off the floor of the House or the Senate must first identify themselves and then read the Studds-Crane warning. Any Congressman or Senator who cannot either read or remember the warning would be required to give pages a card listing them through a responsible third party, preferably a member of the police or the clergy. Awareness of his or her Studds-Crane rights should arm even the most vulnerable page against sexual buccaneering.

Bruce Nevin Shortt  
Pleasant Hill, California

## WATT AND BUTZ

They're gone now, alas, but let's pay tribute to the style of leadership displayed by former Interior Secretary Watt and former Agriculture Secretary Butz, who did their best to serve as their President's comedians. I loved Butz's joke years ago that a black is happy as long as he has loose shoes, tight pussy and a warm place to shit. Watt carried on in that tradition, ultimately getting a nice belly laugh for characterizing a group of appointees as a black, a woman, two Jews and a cripple.

That sort of talk is healthy. It helps desensitize the issues of race, sex, religion and even physical handicaps with a little upbeat humor. And, best of all, it keeps us from forgetting what kind of jerks we put in the White House who appoint such people as Watt and Butz to their Cabinets.

Jim Fitzpatrick  
New York, New York

*Yes, and Watt was the best thing that ever happened to the environmentalists, who needed but cite his most recent atrocity to scare up more donations.*

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*"You have the right to reject sex with members of Congress."*

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## THINK POSITIVE

May I be the first to commend you on your response to a letter written by nurse Wallace W. Williams on herpes (*The Playboy Forum*, September)? A sufferer of the once dreaded disease, I find that your jokes do not make me feel like a "leper"; rather, they have helped me feel more at ease with my problem. Now, instead of feeling like a freak or a weirdo, I am able to laugh and make a few jokes about it myself. It is narrow-minded people such as nurse Williams who worry me. If he can't lighten up about something like herpes, then he shouldn't be treating sufferers of this disease.



So here's to PLAYBOY—you sure help ease my pains! Keep the jokes a-comin'.

Stefanie Jordan  
Port Arthur, Texas

## LIBERTY

I've long been puzzled and disappointed that PLAYBOY doesn't devote more space to libertarianism, so I was delighted to read Professor Richard Sharvy's excellent essay "Liberty and Safe Streets" in the September *Playboy Forum*. The magazine has done so much to further individual rights over the years that it seems only natural for you to endorse libertarianism as a political philosophy instead of dealing with rights violations only on a piecemeal basis. Perhaps PLAYBOY will come out of the closet and endorse the Libertarian Party's Presidential candidate for 1984.

Glen Allport  
Los Angeles, California

*We don't endorse political candidates; and anyway, we doubt that our libertarianism is doctrinally pure enough to suit the Libertarians; but we'll root for you.*

## CHURCH AND STATE

Those who take a benign and naïve view of church-state association need but look to Ireland, where a referendum on an anti-abortion amendment has further polarized that stricken nation in what the *Irish Times* called "the second partitioning of Ireland." A concerted campaign by the Church hierarchy and parish priests turned out great numbers of elderly, rural and conservative Catholics—including, the papers report, aging nuns in several cloistered orders whose only other excursions in their religious lives was at the time of the papal visit.

(Name withheld by request)  
Dublin, Ireland

The September *Forum Newsfront* item "Win Some, Lose Some" reports the parliamentary defeat suffered by the current Irish government in connection with a bill to amend the national constitution to ban abortions. In fact, the defeat concerned not the bill but merely the wording of it. The issue is now before Ireland's voters in the form of a referendum and, again, the controversy is over the wording, which is intended to keep abortion illegal and to forestall any efforts to liberalize the law in the future. The present anti-amendment faction is concerned mainly that the term unborn is so vague that the wording could outlaw medical procedures currently

approved in the treatment of life-threatening ectopic pregnancies, for example, or of pregnant cancer victims or rape victims.

(Name withheld by request)  
Blackrock, Ireland

*Irish voters turned out in relatively small numbers but overwhelmingly approved by two to one the proposed amendment wording: "The state acknowledges the right to life of the unborn, and, with due regard to the equal right to life of the mother, guarantees in its laws to respect, and as far as practicable, by its laws to defend and vindicate the right." Advocates of Irish unification consider any such amendment a serious setback insofar as it further ties the national constitution to Roman Catholic theology; Irish legal scholars don't know what it means. Needless to say, elective abortion has been and no doubt will remain illegal under Irish statutory law, which threatens both doctor and woman with life in prison.*

#### PEDOPHILIA

In response to a letter from a pedophile (September), *The Playboy Forum* gave the traditional safe advice against subjecting children to sexual encounters for which they may not be emotionally ready. As the father of two young sons, I can understand such a position.

But as an adult who remembers his own childhood relationship with a pedophile, I think it's important to point out that all the good advice in the world won't make pedophilia disappear. Indeed, it was the fear of disapproval that prevented me from talking to my parents, for I was afraid they might bring to an end a relationship that I wished to continue.

Society can neither wish nor punish pedophilia out of existence. Liberating children from the danger of hidden pedophiles rests on liberating pedophiles from identifying with and living dangerous stereotypes. It is part of the give and take of life that we must allow them self-respect if we are going to benefit from having them behave responsibly.

Until a pedophile can come out of the closet, at least to other pedophiles, his behavior is subject to no one's scrutiny. Such an environment gives a sort of freedom that no one is entitled to. And until society can get its disapproving nose out of the air, it will fail to notice those children who sneak into the closet for secret fun.

(Name withheld by request)  
Amherst, Massachusetts

Regarding the letter titled "Pedophile Lib" in the September *Playboy Forum*:

In Baltimore, I worked for several years with a young man who seemed almost catatonic; he performed his accounting work well, but he had lifeless eyes and spoke in a dull monotone. He never smiled and sometimes seemed almost zombielike.

After he saw a piece I had written in the local paper concerning a personal tragedy, he began to talk with me about

life's misfortunes, and I gradually won his confidence. Finally, he confessed that he had been the victim of a pedophile (victim is the proper word here). Although the man was good to him, giving him many gifts, the young man never felt loved, only used and abused.

As a result of the grown man's physical "love" of the boy, the latter has had bowel injuries resulting in humiliating and painful surgery and much physical discomfort. For a while, the young man had a recurring dream that the pedophile was in prison and gang raped by the biggest, meanest convicts there. So much for the love aspect. So cut the crap, pedophiles, and get professional help. If that doesn't help, consider castration; better the loss of one offensive organ than the ruin of many young lives.

Carolyn Cook Hedden  
Canton, Illinois

Do you at PLAYBOY really believe that sex is a good, healthy activity? Or do you only pander your stuff for the profit it brings? If you really believe sex is good and healthy, then why is it not good and healthy for a well-adjusted and willing young person?

Current laws and taboos place the adult in such a relationship at extreme risk as a consequence of being a loving and caring person—which most such adults are. Even the police, who viciously pursue such adults, readily admit that most of those relationships are based on love and caring. The simple fact of its being against the law is the only reason for completely destroying the lives of both the adult and the young person. The penalty for caring about and showing affection for a young person is social destruction; the penalty for ignoring and rejecting such a person is social acceptance and praise for having good judgment. No wonder there is a generation gap.

PLAYBOY has placed itself in the awkward position of saying that sex is good for some people and not for others, apparently to avoid the loss of business that might result from challenging a social taboo.

J. Elliott  
(Address withheld by request)

*We've never held to any rigid position on sex and age differentials, only to the practical concern that it's hard enough to know oneself and harder yet to judge perfectly the maturity or vulnerability of others, so best to err on the side of caution in such a high-risk area as adult-child sex. The source or the validity of that particular taboo doesn't matter; we're talking about the potential for serious emotional harm to a human being. With the exception of the comments from Amherst, Massachusetts, the letters and the literature we have received defending pedophilia have persuaded us that those who practice it may be among the least self-knowledgeable and most self-deluding people we've ever encountered. When sexual desire for prepu-*

*bescent children masquerades as paternal love and caring (the predominant theme in pedophile literature), it indicates a dangerously enlarged bullshit gland.*

#### HAZARDOUS DUTY

When I came back from Vietnam, I went to work as a mechanic in Oklahoma. After several years, I decided to go on the road as a trucker, which paid better. I have been "plowing the interstates" now for five years, and during that time, I have been hassled by everyone from black militants in Delaware to doped-up bikers in Omaha to cowboys in Texas to *chicanos* in L.A. This usually happens at night, while I sleep in my cab-over berth.

I am convinced that on several occasions, the only thing that kept me from being killed or seriously injured was my .357 Magnum revolver. I have fired it only once during all of the attacks, and that was at the ground. The rest of the time, all I had to do was show the gun and the punks left me alone. I could have lost my life without that weapon. As things stood, I lost only a few hours' sleep.

So who are these people who tell me I have no right to self-protection?

(Name withheld by request)  
Moore, Oklahoma

#### UNKINDEST CUT

The battle of the foreskins can never be settled, though I am convinced that no adult ant eater wants to be diced down to a helmet and that many adult helmets secretly envy the anatomically natural preputial cowl that yields a 50 percent sensitivity increase in the glans. Like eye sleepers, earwax, nasal exudate, phlegm, fecal gelatin and even toe jam, smegma is epithelial, lubricatory and probably *anti-carcinogenic*. To circumcise a man is to cut the friction ring from his piston and reflects the Judaic cathexis on guilt-based bodily mutilation. Strictly by pediatric chance, I am a 54-year-old ant eater who has to do a peel-back to monitor the herpal glow awarded me by a 27-year-old goddess; yet I feel triumphant in my bitter-sweet penile intactness. Given the other flip of the pediatric coin, I might be equally proud of a streamlined helmet.

It has been my experience that women prefer the olfactory and gustatory auras of ant eater stanchions. Circumcision is the unkindest cut of all.

Felix C. Gotschalk  
Moderately well-known s-f author  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

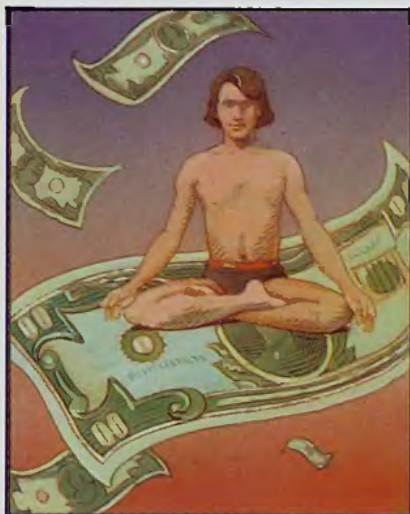
*That loud clang we all just heard was the closing of the "Playboy Forum" file—at least for now—on the great foreskin flap. It's been fun, and the last accurate word on the matter can be obtained by sending one dollar and a stamped, self-addressed business-size envelope to The Circumcision Information Center of New York, Inc., Box 765, Times Square Station, New York, New York 10108. Now let's get on with some other pressing issues,*

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

## NICE TRY

SANTA CRUZ—The 40-year-old artist who said he "meditated" his two-dollar bank account into more than \$4,000,000 by way of an automatic-teller machine ("Forum Newsfront,"



February) has been found guilty of grand theft for starting to withdraw the money. The prosecutor convinced the jury that the defendant's meditation was more like manipulation, accomplished by punching in large deposits that the computer gullibly assumed were matched by funds in empty deposit envelopes. The meditator was sentenced to 15 days in jail and five years' probation.

## NEW SCAM

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Drug Enforcement Administration has reluctantly admitted success with a new type of sting operation: setting up bogus chemical companies that advertise free catalogs and legal kits for the manufacture of controlled substances. The DEA expressed concern that publicity would blow its scam, which has resulted in arrests for conspiracy to make illegal drugs. A former Federal prosecutor questioned the value of the tactic, saying, "Only amateurs would respond to ads like that. It seems to me that the DEA could find better things to do with its resources." The ads appeared in such magazines as *High Times*, *Biker Lifestyle* and even *Popular Science*.

Meanwhile, the DEA office in Seattle has asked Washington's 12,000 private pilots to report any marijuana fields they happen to see from the air. The pilots have been warned, however, not to circle any suspicious fields at low altitudes, lest they attract ground fire.

## GET THOSE SUCKERS!

PROVIDENCE—Rhode Island's felony law against oral sex, the state supreme court that dodged ruling on it in 1962 and the state's lawmakers, who have not abolished it since, all came in for a legal tongue-lashing by superior-court judge Thomas H. Needham, who gave two women token sentences under the 1896 statute and urged them to appeal their convictions. The "abominable and detestable crime against nature," which the two performed on some consenting adult males at a bachelor party in 1982, was punishable by a minimum of seven years in prison, all but 90 days of which the judge suspended pending the appeal. He called the statute archaic and said it was "difficult [to believe] that sexual activity between consenting heterosexuals in private concerning fellatio is still criminal in Rhode Island [and that] for 20 years the legislature has carved out no exception." He also criticized the commander of the state police who filed the charges upon learning that the consenting crime victims included one of his own men. "I have no doubt [he] was probably motivated by having his officer not be put in a position where [a defendant] would have a state trooper in her pocket, so to speak," the judge said. He added that if the high court failed to declare the law unconstitutional, he would consider suspending the sentences entirely.

## COST CUTTING

LOS ANGELES—County Supervisor Pete Schabarum has suggested that tax money could be saved—one way or another—by cutting off welfare payments to military-eligible men and women who refuse to enlist in one of the Armed Forces. He had other ideas as well but said of the enlistment proposal, "It's an eye-catcher, I'll grant you that." One Los Angeles attorney specializing in military law said that such a program would probably be unconstitutional, and a Legal Aid attorney remarked, "It's far beyond the Scrooge factor to make someone join the Army to avoid paying him \$228 a month."

## FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION?

LANSING, MICHIGAN—The Michigan Court of Appeals has ruled that a convicted thief cannot be given extra jail time just because he protested his sentence of 30 months to five years by pulling out his penis and shouting obscenities in the courtroom. The display had earned him a new minimum sentence of 40 months.

## KINKY SEX

PHILADELPHIA—A 20-year-old man was sentenced to five to 20 years in prison for raping his blind girlfriend as part of a bizarre deception. According to the prosecution, the man persuaded a 14-year-old friend to pose as a knife-wielding hitchhiker who, after getting into the car, ordered the couple to drive to a secluded spot and engage in sex.

## ALWAYS THINKING

NEW YORK CITY—Police have arrested a man they say robbed at least ten banks over a two-week period by handing tellers a note saying he suffered from AIDS and had "less than 30 days to live." The total take was about \$5000, and authorities say the suspect they now have is, in fact, healthy.

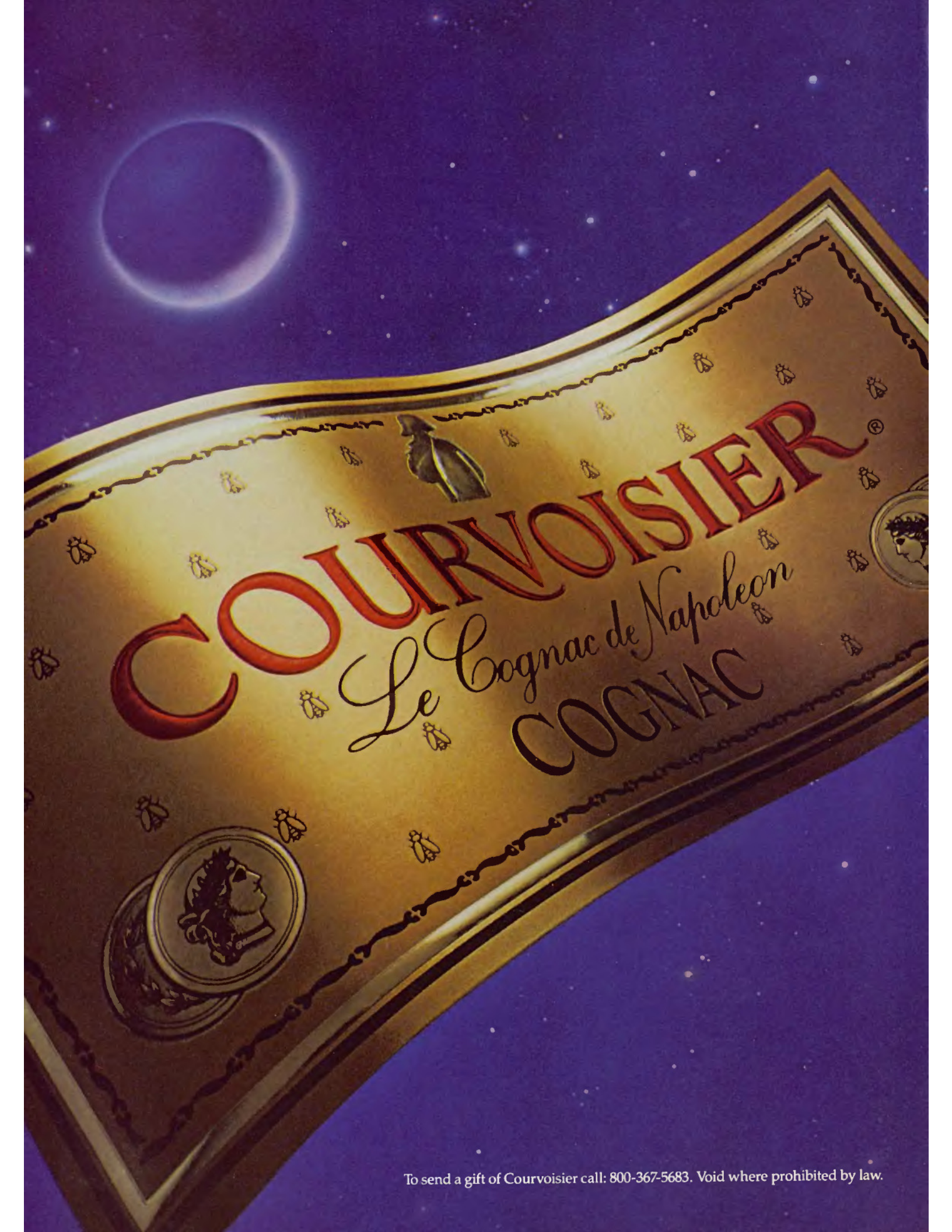
Also in New York, a group of religious leaders and physicians calling itself the Family Defense Coalition has asked the Government to help curb AIDS by closing down homosexual bars and prohibiting gays from giving blood.

## THIS MAY HURT A LITTLE. . . .

CHIPPENHAM, ENGLAND—A British doctor critical of the government's civil-defense plans has proposed mercy killing as the only proper response to the victims of serious burns, broken bones,



crush injuries and radiation who might be unlucky enough to survive a nuclear attack. The 44-year-old physician, Dr. Barney Williams, prescribed the following treatment in case of nuclear war: "As no drugs will have been stockpiled for the population at large, it would appear that the best thing that can be done for them is to hit them over the head with a large stone."



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# A LITTLE MARCHING MUSIC, PLEASE

the "playboy forum" editor reflects on coming of age with hugh hefner's favorite magazine

By WILLIAM J. HELMER

*"The Playboy Philosophy" is predicated on our belief in the importance of the individual and his rights as a member of a free society. That's our most basic premise—the starting point from which everything else in which we believe evolves.*

—HUGH M. HEFNER,

*"The Playboy Philosophy"*

In the Sixties, when I worked for other publications and shopped around for free-lance writing markets, I kept a close eye on the phenomenon called PLAYBOY, which had charted an entirely new direction away from the I Was Stripped, Whipped and Raped by the Sex-Crazed Nymphos of Jap Camp Brutal school of men's-magazine editing. Hugh Hefner had caused quite a commotion with his ideas on civilized living and the heretical notion that it was OK for nice women to enjoy sex, too. I had hopes that Hefner's thinking would catch on—and it did. PLAYBOY's refreshing vision of the male-female relationship, combined with sexual candor and a bit of nudity, had been sending shock waves through the country's puritanical power structure since I was a horny kid in high school.

From pulpit to post office, Hefner's nifty magazine was the hot topic; and, like a tree on a hilltop, it drew plenty of bolts from the thunderstorm of moral indignation that rumbled across the land. I loved all that, but it must have annoyed Hefner, for the magazine's critics were not reading the magazine.

As a professionally interested (and personally biased) spectator, it appeared to me that Hefner was catching flak from a bunch of self-righteous ignoramuses who might have secretly welcomed PLAYBOY as a new moral peril. Preachers need sinners the way cops need crooks, don't forget. What the critics missed, I think intentionally, was that PLAYBOY's idea of the good life—good cars, good music, good food, good sex, good everything—required, above all, good sense and as much freedom from self-destructive excess as from self-destructive guilt. The lifestyle depicted in the magazine never minimized responsibility. Enlightened self-interest was the message.

In 1959, Hefner had surprised friends and foes alike by breaking his own promise not to meddle in political affairs. Somewhere along the line, he

had decided that the Hefnerian good life was contingent on there being life, and in its first editorial, PLAYBOY argued that the rapidly increasing strontium-90 levels from nuclear testing could have adverse effects on its readers.

The fallout from that editorial awakened Hefner to the national influence of a sufficiently popular publication. More than ever, PLAYBOY dealt with controversial subjects. And in 1962, Hefner himself took the stand with the first of two years' worth of *The Playboy Philosophy*.

That a men's entertainment magazine should have a philosophy provoked quite a few snickers. It could be

*No conflict exists between the pleasure a modern American finds in material things and his struggle to discover a new scientific truth, or evolve a new philosophy, or create a work of art. The good life, the full life, encompasses all of these . . . This is the real meaning, the purpose, the point of life itself: the continuing, upward striving and searching for the ultimate truth and beauty.*

—*"The Playboy Philosophy"*

viewed as a piqued publisher's delayed response to critics who had never looked past the centerfold; it could be seen as the genuine reaction of a publisher who took his ideas seriously. And Hefner took a lot of things seriously: sex laws, sex roles, antisexuality, censorship, civil liberties, civil rights, privacy, religion, individual rights, drug laws, abortion and dozens of related issues ordinarily addressed in small learned journals. His ideas sound like common sense now, but at the time, they rattled every cage in the country.

Conservatives did not know what to make of a major national publication that was virtually a catalog of attractive people prospering under a capitalist economic system without compromising personal integrity or abandoning an essentially liberal vision—one that encouraged nonconformity and political dissent. Liberals likewise were puzzled but figured that a mass magazine sharing so many of their views might well have some redeeming social value. In fact, the magazine was neither upper-case Liberal nor upper-case Conservative but a libertarian blend of the two reacting to the prevailing climate of repression. It rejected the doc-

trinaire positions at both ends of the political and social spectrums.

*The Playboy Philosophy* probably generated as much controversy as any magazine feature before or since, and it changed the magazine's role in national journalism. While the series was still running, Hefner established *The Playboy Forum*, in which editors and readers could argue the issues raised in the *Philosophy*. From those prolonged debates came the novel idea that PLAYBOY should put its money where its mouth was, and it did so by establishing the Playboy Foundation, which has been funding legal-, political- and social-reform efforts ever since. The magazine was the first major publication to advocate abortion legalization; the Foundation supported both the Supreme Court case that won that right in 1973 and the groups that are now fighting to defend it. The magazine objected to long prison sentences for pot smokers; the Foundation provided major grants for the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, which helped decriminalize private pot use in several states, liberalize the laws of most and get marijuana's medicinal uses recognized (in theory, if not yet in widespread practice). The magazine had long criticized archaic sex laws; the Foundation set up the Playboy Defense Team to help people convicted of such statutory crimes as fornication and consensual oral sex. Those cases were, in turn, reported in the magazine as "Playboy Casebooks," and the Defense Team now collaborates with the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers in an effort called The Justice Project, which intervenes in selected legal cases.

I signed on in 1969, about the time PLAYBOY was starting to rile its readers by opposing the Vietnam war. PLAYBOY's Vietnam position was unpopular at the time and, together with strong criticism of other Government policies then and since, it earned Hef a place on Nixon's enemies list. That disclosure, during the Watergate hearings, inspired an office celebration.

Over the years, PLAYBOY has made quite a few lists of one kind or another. It has been a rallying point for social reform as well as social protest, and we like to think we've played some role in combating this country's repeated flirtations with authoritarianism.

To play a useful journalistic role is professionally and personally gratify-



ing, and to do it in the context of a publication featuring fine-looking women doesn't exactly detract from the pleasure. No matter how serious the topic I'm dealing with over lunch or on the phone, the talk usually gets around to "What's it like on the magazine?" And I just say, "Well, of course, there's the wet bar, the potted nudes and all that sex, but we PLAYBOY editors hate to take our work home from the office."

That's a little joke. No joke is the social, political and military directions in which this country seems to be heading since Ronald Reagan was swept into office on waves of public frustration. The President's benign personality notwithstanding, look who's been running the country—or would like to. There was Interior Secretary James Watt, the Administration's lightning rod who counted on God to end the world before our natural resources are exhausted. There's Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, wading in tar pits from Lebanon to Central America while playing nuclear chicken with the Soviet Union. There's the Honorable Jeremiah Denton, a disciple of the Reverend Jerry Falwell (erstwhile Secretary of Religion) and the only anti-Communist Senator even crazier than the Russians who wasted that Korean jetliner. We've got the three stooges—Congressmen Helms, Hyde and Hatch—who have dedicated themselves to conferring U.S. citizenship on fetuses. We've got that weird lady the Administration dumped not because she heard voices from the future but because she criticized Reagan's equal-rights practices. These people, and too many more to mention, pretty well illustrate the current leadership mentality in Washington. Our Chief Executive, meanwhile, believes America will prevail if only we can build enough MX missiles, perfect the Buck Rogers disintegrator beam and put prayer back into the public schools.

It seems that we're not going to run short of interesting material any time between now and whenever our enlightened foreign policy arranges the Second Coming. Stick around.

*We hold the view that man's personal self-interest is natural and good, and that it can be channeled, through reason, to the benefit of the individual and his society; the belief that morality should be based upon reason; the conviction that society should exist as man's servant, not as his master; the idea that the purpose in man's life should be found in the full living of life itself and the individual pursuit of happiness.*

—*"The Playboy Philosophy"*

such as military intervention in Central America.

*Hold on. What's this? Comparative sperm costs? Keep reading.*

#### THE MEASURE OF A MAN

In the matter of seminal output by the average healthy male in 60 years of ejaculatory activity (from the age of 13 to 73), some 2.89 to 3.86 gallons of sperm would be produced on the basis of 1.5 to 2.0 cubic centimeters per emission every third day.

Admittedly, this material is freely given; but considering a nominal \$20 per sample supposedly once paid by a Navy Reservist doctor to his stud medical corpsman some 20 years ago to use in artificially inseminating officers' wives, sperm had a monetary value of \$38,000 to \$50,000 per gallon.

It would also be interesting to learn, for comparison, how much is being paid for bull and stallion semen. For that matter, a study might be done concerning the value of sperm of different animal species. It will probably be found that human sperm is the least valuable.

Preston P. Pastore  
Missouri Valley, Iowa

*Now, wait a minute. Liberated women are placing monetary value on housekeeping, child rearing and other important chores, while men are left to measure themselves only by the size of their pay checks. You may have hit on something we've all been looking for to increase the male market value.*

#### CHRISTIAN TV

Today I received the enclosed mailing from the National Federation for Decency, possibly because I serve as an elder in my church. There is a reference to a "Coalition for Better Television" in the material, and since I'm all for that, I read it all carefully. There was a plea for funds ("If you send me \$15 or more, you will receive the *N.F.D. Informer* newspaper for one full year at no added cost") and a TV ballot that asked, among other questions, "Do you agree that there should be more shows on TV that reflect traditional, Christian family values?" (How can you vote against Mom and apple pie?) I returned the ballot but thought you might be interested in the rest of the package.

Most interesting are the postcards preaddressed to the chairmen of Esmark and RCA and the president of Beecham Products. The cards threaten a boycott of the sponsors' products unless they stop sponsoring shows that "mock and belittle my Christian faith."

Since I watch a lot of television but have not felt that my Christian faith was mocked or belittled, I was especially interested in the *N.F.D.* transcripts report, which supposedly "proves" how the TV networks have an anti-Christian bias. I've watched all three of the programs used as

examples, and I simply can't agree.

On the contrary, my personal interpretation of one of the examples of "anti-Christian bias" in *Taxi* is that one shouldn't blindly follow the bad advice of someone else in the name of religion, which is precisely what the National Federation for Decency would have me do.

My concern is that the bad TV we watch now will get much worse if sponsors follow the misinformation supplied by the National Federation for Decency.

**These companies**

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>ESMARK, INC.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Peter Pan peanut butter</li> <li>• Playtex products</li> <li>• Swift food products</li> <li>• Butterball turkeys</li> <li>• All-Sweet margarine</li> <li>• Brown-N-Serve sausage</li> <li>• Sizzean bacon</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>RCA</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• RCA televisions</li> <li>• Hertz car and truck rental</li> <li>• NBC television network</li> <li>• RCA stereo products</li> <li>• RCA records</li> </ul>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>BEECHAM PRODUCTS</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• Aqua Fresh toothpaste</li> <li>• Hold cough medicine</li> <li>• Cling-Free fabric softener</li> <li>• Sucrafts throat lozenges</li> <li>• Williams Electric Shave</li> </ul>
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**NATIONAL FEDERATION FOR DECENCY**  
P.O. Box 1434, Alexandria, VA 22313

Outside of writing to those sponsors and urging them to use independent judgment and intelligence in their sponsorship, what do you suggest can be done?

Darrel G. Tyree  
Mission, Kansas

*We wouldn't want to suggest anything to our millions of readers, but we're going to write to those fine people at the National Federation for Decency, Box 1434, Alexandria, Virginia 22313, and ask to be put on their mailing list so we'll know just what products are imperiling our nation!*

#### SUPER GLUED AGAIN

This is for your Texas reader who reported the case of the irate woman who Super Glued her sleeping boyfriend's hand to his postcoital penis (*The Playboy Forum*, September). There's another case I've heard about in which the people involved were well to do, very intelligent, and she discovered that he was screwing around with other women. She wanted a divorce, of course; but first, she got her revenge. She got him sexually aroused to make his pecker long and then bonded it to his leg. That took the fun out of the occasion and, with sudden detumescence, the hair out of the leg.

Gerry Raymore  
Cleveland, Ohio

*You know, we're beginning to suspect that this is one of those mythical stories that, once started, spread as kind of modern folklore, always happening to a friend of a friend. Sometime, ask us about John Dillinger's penis, on display at the Smithsonian Institution.*

*"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.*



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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAN RATHER

*a candid conversation with the cbs anchor and america's top broadcaster*

No sooner did Dan Rather take over the most coveted job in television news two and a half years ago—anchor man of the “CBS Evening News”—than the critics began to ask whether he could possibly survive in the job.

Ratings for the program, perennially the leader, dropped precipitously. Within CBS News, the panic became almost palpable. Inside and outside CBS, doubters had a field day.

Why had CBS let Walter Cronkite go? Wasn't Rather too grim and intense as an anchor man? Wouldn't Roger Mudd have been the more judicious choice after all?

As usual, Rather hung tough. “I learned a long time ago that I'm not a race horse. I'm a work horse,” he told *Parade* magazine shortly after taking over the anchor job. “I'll get your field plowed for you, maybe not as fast as some others, but I'll get there.” Sure enough, the ratings did bounce back strongly, and the “CBS Evening News” is securely number one again. In 1983, CBS led both ABC and NBC by two full rating points—a substantial and lucrative lead by news-broadcast standards. Few are suggesting any longer that Rather lacks what it takes to keep the “CBS Evening News” on top.

The more open question is, What has

happened to the quality of the broadcast under Rather? Some critics, including former Cable News Network president Reese Schonfeld, argue that CBS' ratings improved precisely because its news programs began to “look more and more like entertainment, and less and less like traditional news.” That criticism may be valid when it comes to the chatty, zippy-looking “CBS Morning News,” which now supplements interviews with world leaders by taking on such subjects as Rona Barrett.

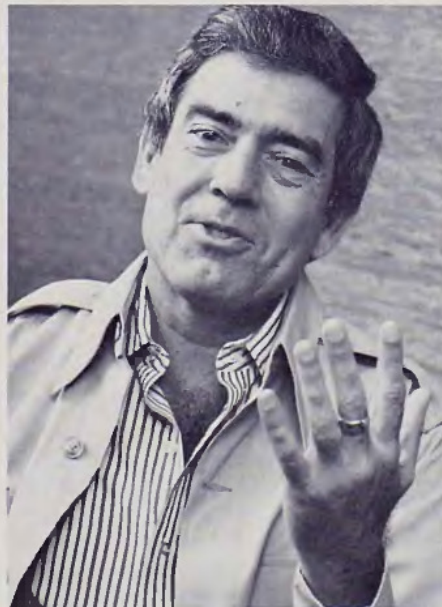
But most observers argue that the changes in the “CBS Evening News” have served largely to improve it. Los Angeles Times media critic David Shaw wrote, for example, that “the over-all broadcast is better than it was under Cronkite, in large measure because of changes Rather has encouraged.” Shaw cited the fact that the broadcast now carries longer stories, deals more frequently with important social issues and starts out each evening with less predictable stories.

The debate is unlikely to end soon, but at the age of 52, Rather is as used to controversy as he is to tough assignments. During the past two decades, he has covered a remarkable number of the major news events, provoking reactions that have ranged from disdain to admiration but

nearly always prompting some reaction. The story of his career has been much chronicled, most notably in his best-selling autobiography, “The Camera Never Blinks.” Co-authored with Mickey Herskowitz, it was published in 1977 and remained on the New York Times best-seller list for 24 weeks.

Rather was born in Wharton, Texas, on October 31, 1931, first of three children in a family where money was scarce. His father was a pipeliner—a euphemism for ditchdigger—and his mother had been a waitress. Neither of his parents had gone to college, but Rather's interest in journalism was partly sparked by the fact that his father was an avid reader of newspapers.

After high school, Rather enrolled at Sam Houston State Teachers College. There, he was inspired by a journalism professor, Hugh Cunningham, and was motivated to begin writing for the local weekly paper in Huntsville, to string for the wire services and, ultimately, to work as a disc jockey at the local radio station. Following college and six months in the Marines, Rather did a brief stint as a reporter for the *Houston Chronicle* and then was hired by KTRH, the *Chronicle's* radio station. There, he met a secretary,



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

“When it gets down to the choice of action or reflection, I'll probably take the action. Journalism is not a haven for philosophers, intellectuals, academics. The reality is that the deadline is always there.”

“I don't think people give a damn about Dan Rather's politics. If you and I go out for a beer and I say, ‘I think Mitterrand is a full-of-shit socialist,’ it's only in the context of having a beer.”

“I guess it's true that I do want to get along, to be well liked by my bosses, by my colleagues. I think F. Scott Fitzgerald called it the American disease, wanting to be well liked. I have to watch out for that.”

Jean Goebel, who later became his wife and the mother of his two children—Rob-in, now 25, and Danjack, now 23.

His first big break came in 1961, when his dogged coverage of Hurricane Carla for KHOU, the CBS-affiliate television station in Houston, earned the attention of network higher-ups in New York, among them Cronkite. Five months later, at the age of 30, Rather was hired as a network correspondent and shortly thereafter was sent to New Orleans to open a Southern bureau for CBS. During the next two years, he covered James Meredith's bloody battle to integrate the University of Mississippi, the murder of Medgar Evers and the rise of a black preacher named Martin Luther King, Jr. In November 1963, he was dispatched to Dallas to cover President John F. Kennedy's visit to that city. Instead, he ended up covering an assassination—winning praise for his calm under enormous pressure and for his meticulous coverage.

Partly by virtue of his Texas background, he was immediately transferred to Washington to cover the Presidency of Lyndon Johnson. A year later, following the 1964 elections, he was shipped off again, this time to London, for further seasoning. Sensing that the Vietnam war was going to become a major international story, Rather requested reassignment and spent a year in Southeast Asia beginning in November 1965. He then returned to Washington to cover the White House, and his sharp-toned nightly reports prompted numerous calls from Johnson, always with the same query: "Rather, are you trying to fuck me?"

After Johnson declined to run for re-election in 1968, Rather stayed on to cover the rise and fall of Richard Nixon. His blunt and relentless coverage of the unfolding Watergate drama, beginning just before Nixon's re-election in 1972, led to his first broad popular recognition. It also won him unofficial designation as "the reporter the White House hates." During that same period, he co-authored his first book, "The Palace Guard," which focused on the aides closest to Nixon.

When Nixon resigned in 1974, Rather was transferred to New York as chief anchor for the prestigious but low-profile documentary series "CBS Reports." The move appeared to signal an eclipse in his career, but two years later, he was named one of the correspondents on "60 Minutes" and suddenly became highly visible again. He proceeded to win further recognition for a number of investigative stories, among them the first report on the dangers of the chemical Kepone.

In 1979, Rather's job discussions with all three networks became the stuff of soap opera on the television pages of newspapers across the nation. When he finally chose CBS and signed a multiyear contract, Time magazine rewarded him with a cover and the headline "DAN RATHER: THE \$8,000,000 MAN." Most recently, he starred

on television in a less auspicious role—as a defendant in a libel suit brought against him and "60 Minutes" by a doctor named Carl Galloway. The trial was carried live by the Cable News Network, but at the end, Rather prevailed again: He and CBS were found not guilty.

To seek a richer picture of the private and the public Rather, PLAYBOY asked Contributing Editor and television columnist Tony Schwartz to talk with him in New York. Schwartz reports:

"Dan Rather is nothing if not cautious, and the negotiations to do this interview went on nearly as long as the conversations themselves. When he finally did agree, he told me, typically eager to go for broke, that 'I'm prepared to spend as much time as necessary to make this the best I've ever done.' At the same time, he remained on vigilant guard against saying anything controversial enough to get him in trouble or to alienate even his competitors.

"In that regard, Rather managed to keep the settings for the interviews purely professional and relatively controlled. They were all conducted on weekdays, and he was always dressed in a coat and a tie.

---

*"The day I look at myself in the mirror and say, 'Listen, you're no longer a reporter,' that's the day I goddamn guarantee you I'll tell CBS I want to do something else!"*

---

Our first sessions took place in his office at CBS News, which has the homey feel of a den. The walls are covered in gray fabric; there is wall-to-wall carpeting, a fish bowl that gurgles pleasantly and older furniture that might fit as well in a bedroom. Atop Rather's knotty four-legged wooden desk is the old manual typewriter on which he does all his writing.

"The public image of Rather is misleading. He has usually been portrayed as aggressive and even overbearing, but he couldn't be more polite, solicitous and self-effacing with those who work for him. In all the time we spent together, I never saw him throw his weight around or raise his voice. And if his Watergate reports, in particular, earned him an image as partisan and opinionated, he insists that he was just doing his job—asking tough questions. Although I pressed him hard about his politics, he revealed no identifiable ideology beyond a plainly worn pride in his country.

"There is a formality about Rather, almost a courtliness, and I never really felt I saw him relaxed. On the other hand,

when the tape recorder was off, he was tarter, tougher and more colorful in his observations—particularly when it came to assessing colleagues and competitors.

"What did come through, during the hours he talked on tape, was a willingness to take stock of his own shortcomings. It was not so much an inclination to probe his psyche as it was an unusual openness to considering, undefensively, even critical assessments of his personal and professional life. I admired him for that and felt it was evidence that he has a clear sense of who he is—and who he is not.

"Obvious in all our conversations was Rather's love for, and unrelenting commitment to, daily journalism. Even after 30 years in the business, he still gets that adrenaline rush from a big story. Now that he's an anchor man, all the big stories cross his desk. Talking about that new role seemed like a logical place to start."

**PLAYBOY:** Is being the anchor man who replaced Walter Cronkite on the CBS Evening News what you expected?

**RATHER:** This is a peculiar job, much more peculiar than I'd envisioned and maybe even unique in this sense: Anchoring is one of those jobs where the harder you try, sometimes, the worse you are. That runs counter to everything I've ever been taught. Always before, I had said to myself, "You aren't doing the best you can; you simply *have* to try harder." Now, with anchoring, it turns out that the harder you try, the harder you are seen to be trying and the more uncomfortable it makes people. It took me a while to learn that.

**PLAYBOY:** So what does it take to become a good anchor?

**RATHER:** Time. Part of what you have to do is sit there night after night after night and let the audience take its measure of you. Be yourself, do the best you can, but just be there, and the audience will decide whether or not you are steady, reliable, trustworthy. It's no good saying to yourself, "I'll do something on the air tonight to communicate to the audience how much I really care about what we're doing, how hard we've worked on this broadcast all day and how much it can depend on what it's viewing." No amount of lecturing to yourself before you go on means anything. Indeed, it's counterproductive.

**PLAYBOY:** Until you realized that, what sort of things would you say to yourself before air time?

**RATHER:** That I was going to talk slower or that I was going to talk faster or maybe to remember not to slump in my chair, which would be the natural thing to do at the end of the day. That, by the way, is one of the strangest things about this job—that you're required to be at your peak at the very end of the day, when, normally you'd be winding down.

**PLAYBOY:** In your early months as anchor, when the ratings were off, were a lot of

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**Can you look this man straight in the eye  
and honestly say you deserve Crown Royal?**





*A partridge in a pear tree*



*Two turtledoves*



*Three French hens*



*Four calling birds*



*Five gold rings*



*Six geese a-laying*



*Seven swans a-swimming*



*Eight maids a-milking*



*Nine ladies dancing*



*Ten lords a-leaping*



*Eleven pipers piping*



*Twelve drummers drumming*

**What people gave before there was Chivas Regal.**

people giving you advice about what you should be doing?

**RATHER:** Well, I think it's fair to say there was no shortage of advice. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** As if you were a batter in a slump?

**RATHER:** Yeah, or a basketball player in a shooting slump. When my children, who were very good basketball players, used to get in a slump, I said to them, "You're good shooters, and you've just got to keep putting it up. You'll begin to get your share." It's one thing to give that advice but another thing to take it.

**PLAYBOY:** Among your competitors at ABC and NBC and among some television critics, there was a school of thought that went, "Rather's a great reporter, but he's not an anchor." Did you ever begin to believe that line?

**RATHER:** No. Some of the criticism I got was genuine and was honestly believed by those who made it. Some was calculated by our competitors to throw me off stride. Fair enough. If I'd been in their shoes, I might have done the same thing. But I was never frightened, and I didn't spend much time trying to sort it out. In the end, Cronkite and Eric Sevareid gave me the best counsel. They told me, "There's a limit to what you can do. Mostly, it takes time." Fortunately, the people who hired me to do this job—on the corporate side as well as in the news division—understood that better than I did.

**PLAYBOY:** But this is an industry in which ratings are the bottom line. Did you worry that your superiors would wait only so long for the numbers to turn around?

**RATHER:** I'd be less than honest if I didn't say I did wonder—and still do. But I can also say that among the key people I deal with, all I got was encouragement, and in our worst periods, Gene Jankowski [president of CBS] never wavered for a second in his support.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the current *CBS Evening News* is better than it was when you took it over?

**RATHER:** It's a good broadcast and I'm happy with it. I think it's impossible to compare. It's like comparing a ballplayer from 1927 with one from 1983. You just can't do it. I suspect if you asked Cronkite, he'd say the same thing. When I came in here, this was the broadcast against which other network news broadcasts were measured. It is now. I hope that doesn't reek of any arrogance or conceit. I think it's a fair, objective assessment of the facts to say that the *CBS Evening News* is an alert, gutsy, hard-news broadcast. Among the people who work back here, we have a sense of cohesion and collaboration, and I think that's a difference between this place and the two others. I want to be fair. I haven't worked in the other places, but from where I stand, there is a difference. No one here is afraid to come up to me and say, "I think we're making a mistake by putting this in the broadcast tonight, and let me tell you why." Two years ago, I

wasn't sure we could develop that kind of environment.

**PLAYBOY:** Actually, Cronkite is one of those who have reputedly expressed reservations about the direction that CBS News has taken—in particular, that it is not as committed to hard news as it was. Has he ever expressed such feelings to you?

**RATHER:** Walter and I have had some private conversations, and they're going to remain private. Don't get the wrong impression: Walter cares deeply about this place. Some of our conversations did consist of his talking about how we could improve this place, how we could better meet our responsibilities.

**PLAYBOY:** With the exception of the brief run of *Universe*, Cronkite seems to have vanished from the air. Why is that?

**RATHER:** I think he's been as visible as his time allows him to be. He certainly has not been shunted aside, to the best I can judge. I think Walter is still in the process of figuring out how much time he wants to spend sailing, how much time at his place in Martha's Vineyard and how much doing reporting. But this much is clear: Walter is welcome on the *Evening News* any time he has the time or the inclination to be there.

**PLAYBOY:** Just three years ago, he was still the anchor, you were one of the four correspondents on *60 Minutes* and Roger Mudd was heir apparent to Cronkite's job. A lot has been written about how you ended up as anchor man. What's your version of what happened?

**RATHER:** OK. Here was the situation: I was working at *60 Minutes*. I was happy. I thought I had, if not the best job in television, certainly the best job I'd ever had. And I wasn't looking to change. I was *not* near the end of my contract—it had another year and a half to run—but the news division wanted me to sign a new one. Previously, when I got within six months of the end of a contract, the division would come to me and I'd sign a new one. I had been known, and wanted to be known, as somebody who was easy. I didn't go looking around elsewhere. This is where I wanted to work. But this time, CBS came to me and to some other people well before the end of our contracts. Part of it was an increasingly competitive environment for experienced people; it had become a little more common than before to jump from one team to another.

**PLAYBOY:** Why, on this occasion, did you hesitate before signing?

**RATHER:** I mentioned to my agent, Richard Leibner, that I'd been approached by CBS. Richard began as my accountant, and then he became my agent. We go back a long way, and he's a good personal friend of mine, somebody I confide in. His reaction was, "I'm not going to let you sign a new contract. I wouldn't be doing my job if we didn't look around and see what else there is out there"—meaning, basically, at the two other networks. Let me mention here that anyone who has a

fairly decent reputation in this business gets approaches from other networks.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem very eager to make it clear that you were not being disloyal.

**RATHER:** I'm eager to have you understand that, yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** What happened next?

**RATHER:** Well, fairly quickly, Richard came back and said, "Let me tell you what's out there." And when he told me, it blew my head off—in terms of money, in terms of opportunity, in terms of what some people were willing to write into a contract.

**PLAYBOY:** What did they offer?

**RATHER:** Richard said to me, "There are people who are willing to pay you more money than you ever dreamed possible, and they'll let you write your ticket. You describe what you want to do journalistically over the next five or six years, and they'll write that into the contract."

**PLAYBOY:** Are we talking about the executives at ABC and NBC?

**RATHER:** Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** What was CBS offering?

**RATHER:** It wasn't that explicit at first. Early on, Bill Leonard [then president of CBS News] came to me and said, "I want to know if you're willing to co-anchor. I don't know what's going to happen, but we want to think of you as anchoring in our future, and so it's important to us to know how you feel." I told him yes, I was willing to co-anchor.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it explicit or implicit that the second anchor would be Roger Mudd?

**RATHER:** Implicit.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it fair to say that you were not on friendly terms with Mudd at the time? Or did the relationship change when you were named anchor?

**RATHER:** The answer is, I don't know. I think it probably changed when I got the job. I mean this: I considered Roger a friend for a very long time. I can't speak for him, but I think he considered me a friend. I'd be disappointed and surprised if that were not still the case. I'd have to hear it from him to believe it was not.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you keep up contact with him anymore?

**RATHER:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**RATHER:** Well, I'm not sure why. I feel guilty that we don't. I don't want to mislead you: At the time this negotiation was happening, we were *not* close. There was a lot of mutual respect, and I felt warmly then toward Roger, as I do now, but I recognized that this business, at this level, is very tough on friendships.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your understanding about Mudd's willingness to share the anchor spot with you?

**RATHER:** Well, I said to Leonard that I assumed he was also talking with Roger and I'd be interested to know what Roger's answer was. When I didn't hear anything for a long time, I made the assumption—and I think it was a correct

one—that Leonard had not gotten the same answer from Roger that he had gotten from me on sharing the anchor.

**PLAYBOY:** Shortly before the anchor decision was made, you tried twice to see Mudd to talk with him, and you were rebuffed. What did you make of that?

**RATHER:** I didn't like it. But there is a difference between having a falling out and ending a friendship. I didn't like the rebuff. But I also have no doubt that I did things at that time that he didn't like.

**PLAYBOY:** In addition to those with CBS, your discussions with ABC News and its president, Roone Arledge, were widely publicized. What offer did Arledge make?

**RATHER:** My understanding is that I could have done whatever I wanted to do there. Yet, from the start, one of Arledge's concerns was how his people were going to feel about my going to ABC. However it might have appeared, he had a loyalty to his own people. He told me, "I want you to be happy and, boy, I really do want you, but I also want to be loyal to my people." And I said, "Let's talk." Because, rightly or wrongly, I consider it one of my strengths that I can work with anybody. I think that what you're driving at is whether or not I could have become the sole anchor at ABC—the answer is that it never came down to that.

**PLAYBOY:** What about NBC? It's widely assumed that you never seriously considered going to NBC.

**RATHER:** That's not true. I liked Bill Small [then president of NBC News, now head of United Press International]. I think he is a terrific news executive. I know some of my friends at NBC have an entirely different view. But Small was terrific to me, particularly when the chips were down when I was covering the White House during Watergate. And make no mistake: That was a very strong pull for me.

**PLAYBOY:** At the time you were talking with NBC, John Chancellor was the anchor man of its evening news. Was NBC offering you his job?

**RATHER:** Well, the offer included anchoring. I didn't insist and they didn't suggest that I be the sole anchor.

**PLAYBOY:** Was money a factor in your decision to stay with CBS?

**RATHER:** No. The money was terrific at all three places. It's more than I'm worth—more than anybody could reasonably be expected to be paid in this business.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel comfortable about that?

**RATHER:** No, but in the end, your worth is what anybody is willing to pay. I watched the best political reporter in Texas work at the zenith of his career for \$125 a week. Different time, different place. But even discounting heavily for a dollar that doesn't go as far as it did then, if that man was worth \$125 a week, there's no way I'm worth what I'm making now. But times are different. What can you say?

**PLAYBOY:** Your salary has been the subject of nearly as much speculation as Johnny Carson's. When *Time* put you on the cover after you signed your new contract, it called you the \$8,000,000 man—referring to the salary you were supposedly earning for a five-year contract. In a recent piece on *60 Minutes*, your own colleague Mike Wallace suggested you made \$2,000,000 a year. How much money do you earn?

**RATHER:** I'm not going to tell you that.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**RATHER:** Because I don't think it's anybody's business what I get paid. There's already been too much talk about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Whatever you're paid, we know that it's an enormous amount of money by virtually anyone's standards. Even at CBS News, it's presumably a lot more than anyone else makes.

**RATHER:** That's no longer true. But it's fair to say there was a time when it *was*.

**PLAYBOY:** If your salary is somewhere between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 a year, which represents the range that's been reported, is it fair to say that no more than a minuscule number of people at CBS News earn anywhere near that?

**RATHER:** A minuscule number, true. My point is that it's not unique, that there are others making salaries roughly in that neighborhood. But let's not argue. Look, it's a lot of money.

**PLAYBOY:** What we're getting at is that there are a lot of CBS correspondents who



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make only a fraction of what you do, simply because you are the star of the show. Suppose you were paid \$150,000 or \$200,000 a year and CBS used the difference to hire ten additional good correspondents or to open a new foreign bureau. Would that make sense to you?

**RATHER:** Yeah, I think there's a logic in it. But I don't think it's going to happen. Look, that's a bit like saying, "Let's not go to the moon. Let's take the money we were going to use for that and let's build hospitals." I'm a space buff, as you know, and I like the idea of going to the moon. But if someone could guarantee that the money used for the moon shot would go into hospitals for the poor, I'd say, "Fine."

Now, the next time around—I hope God smiles and I'm lucky and there is a next time around—next time you bring me a contract that says instead of giving me a raise, they'll raise the following ten correspondents' pay by X number of dollars, I'll buy that in an instant. But it doesn't work that way.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe that will change when the CBS brass reads this.

**RATHER:** [Grins] Before we move on, let me just drive home one more point to you about money. I've been well paid for quite a long time compared with what my father made. I think his best year as a ditchdigger was \$11,000. But by current broadcast-journalism standards, I've not been particularly well paid for very long. I covered

the White House in what may turn out to have been the best assignment of my career—a tough assignment at a tough time—for \$65,000 a year or thereabouts. I was working with guys who made three times as much as that. I had no complaints then, and I have none now. But in that time and place, raising two children on \$65,000 a year was a long way from being especially well paid. It was only beginning in 1980 that I became superwell paid.

**PLAYBOY:** You actually get paid for doing two jobs: anchor man and managing editor of the *CBS Evening News*. It's the anchor-man job that commands the enormous salary and the glamor, but it's also the lesssubstantive role. How would you feel about being just the managing editor?

**RATHER:** That would be fine with me. I don't happen to think it's the ideal way to do a broadcast. I think the person who puts together the news should be the one who delivers it. But if you convinced me there was a reason why we shouldn't do that and you just wanted me to be the managing editor, I'd enjoy that. What I wouldn't like—wouldn't accept—would be to be the anchor but not the editor.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that despite the visibility of being an anchor, the almost unprecedented access that comes with it, not to mention the financial rewards, you wouldn't mind giving the position up?

**RATHER:** Oh, I didn't say I wouldn't miss any of that. You used the reporter's tech-

nique: You shifted the ground of the question. I would miss some of that. There is a certain satisfaction—and it's a help journalistically—in being able to pick up the telephone, call people and get through. For a lot of years, a great deal of my day was spent trying to get people on the telephone. So, yes, I would miss getting through to people. But not much else.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the visibility and the fame that go with the job?

**RATHER:** I don't think I'd miss that for a moment. I consider that one of the downsides of this job. There is a subtle and powerful pressure created by that, with which I've never been comfortable. It's greater here than it has been in other jobs that I've had, including *60 Minutes* or as White House correspondent.

**PLAYBOY:** What's that pressure like?

**RATHER:** Well, it's the pressure of rarely being able to be completely yourself. Let me give you an example. You go to a play—something I like to do. Despite your best efforts, you find yourself thinking, I'd better be a little careful what I say, because I don't want to read this in tomorrow's paper. You may say, "Well, that's not much of a price to pay for the advantages you have," and I agree with you, but I'm talking about the subtle, powerful pressure always there.

**PLAYBOY:** For all the attention focused on TV news, do you believe there's any reason for one who reads *Time*, *Newsweek*,

or *The New York Times* to watch it?

**RATHER:** You can't just watch the evening news and kid yourself that you know what's going on—that you get even the minimum of what you need to be an informed citizen. But when I hear someone say that he doesn't watch the evening news, right away that person doesn't meet my standards for the minimum information an informed citizen needs.

Here's why: If you read a good newspaper every day and you read one of the weekly news magazines and you read a book now and again, you're going to know most, if not all, of what's on the evening news and probably a lot more. That's the reason I think you ought to do that. But you won't have *seen* it. I think there is a difference between reading about the war in Central America and *seeing* some of it. Even if all you see is a snippet here and there, I think there's a great difference between reading about unemployment and seeing people stand out in the cold, leaning into the wind—4000 of them lined up for 40 jobs. There's a difference.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think most newspaper editors watch evening news programs?

**RATHER:** Frankly, I don't know. But if I owned a newspaper and found out my editor wasn't watching an evening news program, I'd probably fire him.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**RATHER:** Because there's a newspaper that's in mortal peril of being out of touch! Look, I don't know the answer in general, but my guess would be that editors at *The Washington Post* do watch the evening news and watch it pretty carefully. At *The New York Times*, however, I think—and this could be a delicate area—that there are some special policies. Now, I think *The New York Times* is a national treasure, one of the world's great treasures—

**PLAYBOY:** Your caveats are noted, Dan.

**RATHER:** Right. But anybody who knows *The New York Times* knows that the leadership there has a problem with television in general—and with television news in particular. I think it's clear that some of the leadership at the *Times* believes that television news is a threat—a superfluous, entertainment-oriented, cheap-side threat. I'm not looking for any fight with the *Times*. I frequently say to myself that I'd love to have its editors over here to see how we work, because I know that there are more similarities between what we do than there are differences. I *ache* sometimes, because I don't think the *Times* understands that.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that print journalists generally have a sense of superiority with regard to television news—or, conversely, that you in television have an inferiority complex in regard to print?

**RATHER:** The problem with generalities is that there are plenty of exceptions, but as a broad generality, yes. And I think that print people are *entitled* to some sense of superiority, certainly among the better newspapers. If you're talking about *The*

*New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, *The Miami Herald*—God, I don't want to leave anybody out!—at those places, they're justified in some ways in feeling superior. What I don't acknowledge—and here I could get a little testy—is their superiority in commitment, in their dedication to news coverage.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any newspaper experience?

**RATHER:** Yes, but precious little. I worked for *The Huntsville Item*, a weekly paper, during college. I was a stringer for A.P. and U.P.I. After college, I worked a few months for the *Houston Chronicle*, but then I was hired by the *Chronicle's* radio station. There are plenty of times I say to myself, "I wish instead of spending five years at that, I'd worked full time for the A.P. for two of the years." Fewer and fewer people in broadcasting news come out of print backgrounds or even feel that they should have. If I can't hire somebody with print experience, at least I'd like to have someone who *wishes* he had print experience. When I talk with somebody who says, "Man, I don't even *read* newspapers; I'm television, with a capital T," a neon sign goes off in my head that says, "Get this ass out of my sight."

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**RATHER:** Because I think that in print, one has a better chance of getting in touch with mainstream journalistic traditions, such as accuracy and fairness. It's important, damned important, to know whether a man's name has one T or two Ts. You can work at a lot of local stations and never have anyone say that to you. In fact, in a lot of local newsrooms, even if you mispronounce the name, no one's going to say anything. If it were up to me, I wouldn't hire anybody at CBS News who didn't have some print experience.

**PLAYBOY:** In an interview in these pages in March 1983, Sam Donaldson of ABC—who didn't have any print experience—argued that it didn't matter in television.

**RATHER:** I disagree with Sam about that. But he happens to be a hell of a reporter, for all of his self-described idiosyncrasies. And he can work for me any time.

**PLAYBOY:** Tom Brokaw has also had no print experience.

**RATHER:** I didn't know that. I think Tom is very good—let's just leave it at that. . . . Look, I don't want to be cautious to the point of not saying what I feel, but I'm very uncomfortable criticizing anybody else in journalism. For that matter, as far as I know, Ed Murrow never worked around a newspaper. And to say that he was great is to understate it. In anybody's pantheon of broadcast journalists, he's the first, and maybe the only, name worth mentioning. But notwithstanding Donaldson, notwithstanding Brokaw and notwithstanding Murrow—dare one mention his name in the same breath?—I still believe

that print experience is important.

**PLAYBOY:** OK. Let's move on to some specific questions about the quality of your own broadcast. We'll start with Central America—one of the hottest continuing international stories. *The New York Times* has two or three reporters stationed full time in Central America. Likewise, the news magazines. But CBS has no full-time correspondents there.

**RATHER:** Well, that's wrong, at least to some extent. We do not have a full-time correspondent in Mexico City, but we have someone who works regularly for us there. We have chosen Miami as a base for covering much of Latin America, something some newspapers do. Also, when you talk about how the *Times* has this reporter here and *Newsweek* has that reporter there, you're talking about the cream of American print journalism.

**PLAYBOY:** Agreed. But doesn't CBS consider itself in that league?

**RATHER:** You bet your ass.

**PLAYBOY:** Then why shouldn't you be compared with the best in print rather than with small-town newspapers?

**RATHER:** Look, if you took some other area of the world, I would feel the ice melting underneath me very quickly. Not Central America. We were early, not late, on the El Salvador story. I invite you to check me on this. One of the very first things I did when I became anchor was to meet with the top news executives here and say, "We've got to jump all over this, because it's not just a military battle, it's a battle for Central America and the Caribbean." We were among the leaders in any journalistic enterprise covering El Salvador.

Now, we *do* have our problems. CBS News has problems, and television news in general has problems, of mustering and mastering staying power. It's a legitimate criticism to say to us, "Sooner or later, you people move on to something else." Too often, those of us in television news move on quickly and don't leave anybody behind to cover what we have told our viewers is a developing story.

But I also think you picked a bad example in Central America. If you had picked southern Africa—below the Sahara—we don't do a good job. We do a very poor job. Compared, again lamely, with other television news organizations, we do pretty well. But compared with some other journalistic organizations, we don't.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Africa your biggest weakness in international coverage?

**RATHER:** The only major area of the world where I think we're worse might be South America. We don't do a good job there. I don't think anybody in television does a very good job of covering South America, except for the Falklands war. Some newspapers that have regular correspondents there do better.

**PLAYBOY:** Russia?

**RATHER:** I think our coverage of the Soviet Union is getting better. I don't think it's



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distinguished. The only person I'll listen to in criticism about our coverage of the Soviet Union is [former *New York Times* correspondent] Harrison Salisbury. He can lay down aces in terms of his experience of covering it. With everybody else, my attitude on it is "Fuck you." I don't think other people have a lot to crow about.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of your network competition, it's become conventional wisdom that ABC is better and more ambitious than the two other networks in its foreign coverage.

**RATHER:** I think you are right in saying that ABC has tried to promote that as a popular notion. I praise ABC for upgrading its foreign coverage. But it is also very good at publicity, public relations and propaganda. And it has tried to create the impression that while aspiring to become the best, it has already become it. It hasn't. And ABC knows it. CBS has been at this for nearly 50 years. We've got the tradition of being the strongest of the networks in foreign coverage, and you can see that we are by watching us.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the future? What sort of training do you think aspiring network correspondents get at local stations?

**RATHER:** Well, increasingly, what they've done is graduate from college or journalism school, then go directly into a local station newsroom—so they're always being measured against the standard of how

good they are as broadcasters as opposed to how good they are as reporters.

**PLAYBOY:** What are the standards for a good local broadcaster?

**RATHER:** Has he or she got a good voice? How does he or she look on camera? Do they have camera presence, stage presence? Do they jump off the screen? Those kids may go to the stations wanting to be good reporters, but they also want to keep their jobs, so they go home at night and say, "How can I convince the boss tomorrow that I'm good?" That standard has very little to do with journalism and a lot more to do with show business or television or whatever you call it.

I don't want to be too heavy-handed about this, but you've got to be careful. Local station executives begin saying things to their anchors like, "Don't worry, you don't have to write anything. We just want you to come in here at 4:15 or 4:30; we'll have it written for you. You just be up, have your energy level up and look beautiful." That's the reality of some local station newsrooms.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you find an absence of standards among young reporters recommended to you?

**RATHER:** It's not uncommon for me to get a call from a local news director recommending a new kid. He comes in, sits down and you ask him, "Can you write?" He says, "Yes, sir." You say, "Oh, good,

take off your coat. Typewriter over there. Write three five-minute newscasts." You get it back, you say to yourself, "This is awful!" The grammar, the punctuation are nonexistent! It's gibberish! And I'm not talking about people who have been to Beaumont Beauty College. I'm talking about people who've been to the best colleges and universities in this country.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel that affects the journalism that comes out of local stations? For instance, take New York City, where you work and where there are three network-owned local stations. What do you think of their quality of journalism?

**RATHER:** I'm not going to go very far with you in this discussion.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**RATHER:** Because it's dangerous ground for me, and I don't want to get myself in trouble. [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** We're not asking you to confess to committing crimes, just to comment on the quality of local journalism.

**RATHER:** I want to respond to the question responsibly, but I also want to respond carefully. The answer is that I think local stations in New York City generally try to cover the news of the city—as they see it. That isn't to say I don't frequently disagree with their definition of news.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you been embarrassed by the news coverage at the CBS-owned local station in New York?

**RATHER:** Big improvements have been

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made in New York during the past several months. There's a new general manager at WCBS. But have I been embarrassed by some of the things we've put on our local stations? Yes. Do I always agree with their approach? No. I think it's bad journalism, for example, not to have somebody covering city hall regularly. I question whether that's meeting the responsibilities of your trust, of the public trust. I don't think it is. Personal opinion, clearly stated.

But set that aside for a moment. Because I believe that to be serious doesn't mean to be dull or boring and that a commitment to serious coverage—and a little patience—will produce the large audience they're after.

**PLAYBOY:** What evidence do you have?

**RATHER:** There *are* stations doing it. WBBM, in Chicago, is everyone's favorite example, particularly in our shop, because it's a CBS-owned station. I'm not holding it up as perfect, but it's damn good. Or WCCO, in Minneapolis. Both stations are solid, and they consistently deliver large audiences. I don't understand why more local station managers don't look at those examples.

**PLAYBOY:** When you make that point to those managers, how do they respond?

**RATHER:** They look at me and say, "Dan Rather, you deal in a completely different world, a dreamworld. You don't know

what my world is here. Between five o'clock and seven o'clock—when you come on—I've got my back to the wall. I'm fighting for my life in here. I've got to produce an audience. And my experience tells me that the way to do that is not by talking about MX missiles and starving children in Ethiopia. I get audiences by talking about how to take weight off and how to fix the light socket and by talking with whatever celebrity is in town."

Now, I understand that kind of talk in terms of television. I *don't* understand it in terms of news. My argument is that you don't call that a news broadcast. It may get an audience, it may entertain, but it's not a news broadcast. The problem is that a momentum builds where a news director in the community begins to feel that he dare not do what is compatible with his journalistic conscience—that he's got to do what the research people tell him to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Explain what you mean by research people.

**RATHER:** Too often, station managers go to some outside consultant for advice on how to increase their audience. The consultant says, "Let me tell you what to do. Give me a dark-haired, dark-eyed male anchor. Give me a blonde, blue-eyed female anchor. Give me a Hispanic weatherman and a black sports man. And give me wall-to-wall pictures and no story that lasts more than 20 seconds and you've got a winner." [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Presumably, stations wouldn't call in the outside consultant unless his advice had proved useful in the past.

**RATHER:** I think there's a lot of mythology about research. When someone tells me, "Dan, there are scientific surveys that can tell you a lot about audience," right away, my antenna starts to quiver. I don't think polling is a science. Increasingly, at those stations, people are looking for something on which to base decisions. Nobody understands what pulls an audience to one station and not to another. And in a puzzling, confusing world of decision making, where there's high pressure, high dollars, high audience stakes, everybody is looking for something—anything—on which to base a decision. Up pops Merlin, saying, "I want to do a poll for you. We have scientific ways to determine what can turn this newscast of yours around." Now, when I hear that, something in me begins a low chant, like you hear at basketball games: "Fooled you . . . fooled you . . ." But if you're a station manager saying to yourself, "I've got six months to get this station to turn around or I'm gone," your reaction to a Merlin may be, "OK, how much will that cost me?"

**PLAYBOY:** When *CBS Morning News* underwent its most recent metamorphosis, it emerged looking a lot more like the sort of newscast you've been describing. Indeed, your boss at CBS, Ed Joyce, and his predecessor, Van Gordon Sauter, both ran

# PERMANENCE



local stations before going to CBS News. Does that suggest that the local news thinking you decry has found its way into the networks?

**RATHER:** I'm not sure. Maybe. But the fact is, the *CBS Morning News* continues to be the only one of the three morning programs on the three networks that is run by the news division.

**PLAYBOY:** No, the *Today* show, on NBC, is run by the news division.

**RATHER:** Then I stand corrected. I must say that I thought it was run by the entertainment division. In any case, *CBS Morning News* is the only one that still says, "We're trying to be a news operation." I don't think the *Today* show tries to kid anybody that it is a hard-news broadcast.

By my standards, the *CBS Morning News*, over the years, has been a very successful broadcast. When Charlie Kurlant was doing it, it was a very good news program. Underline, italicize, all caps: *NEWS PROGRAM*. When Hughes Rudd did it before Charlie, it was a very good news broadcast. It never got the largest audience. It never even came close. But I understand the view that a minimal audience is needed to stay in business. The question is, What does that take?

I haven't agreed with everything done on the *CBS Morning News*. I don't find myself saying, "That's the broadcast I would do if it were up to me." But I also don't see anything that makes me say, "I don't want to be associated with it." I think Diane [Sawyer] and Bill [Kurtis] are under pressure the likes of which very few people in this organization have known—pressure to be a news broadcast and to deliver a large audience. I want to make it very clear to you that my job is to support the *Morning News*, and I'm going to do it. But I'm not going to duck your question, either.

**PLAYBOY:** Sawyer worked for Richard Nixon while you were covering the White House, then continued working with him on his memoirs after his resignation. Did you have reservations about her then coming to work for CBS?

**RATHER:** I did question the advisability of hiring Diane at the time. She had worked at the White House, and she had been with Nixon at San Clemente a long time. At the time, I was surprised. I would have thought she had more sense than that. And I thought the perception of hiring someone directly after that kind of commitment was not a good one. But I think Diane has clearly demonstrated since then that whatever her political feelings may be, she can go to work every day as a reporter and an independent broker of information.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you agree that CBS, in revamping the *Evening News*, modeled itself on what Arledge had done at ABC?

**RATHER:** We did take some of what ABC was doing that we thought was effective and adapted it. There is a lot of cross-fertilization in all of this, and I'm sure

Arledge took stuff that he liked about CBS and put it on ABC. Where I fault you, not him, is that you and other critics believe him when he tells you he reinvented television news. He certainly did not. I like and admire Arledge, but I don't think even he believes all the things he tells you.

**PLAYBOY:** Just how concerned are you about ratings on your newscast—and how much do they affect your decisions?

**RATHER:** You've got to be aware of the ratings. You've got to notice them. They're part of the fact, part of the reality. The battle is always to keep them from overwhelming you, corrupting you. You can't let the broadcast be out of fashion, but you can't lose your soul, either. How do you sell papers and still do a good job journalistically? That's what it's all about.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you, too, done your part to sell more papers for CBS? For instance, was wearing a sweater a response to the ratings, a way to warm up your image?

**RATHER:** No. The sweaters are no big deal. Sometimes, I wear a sweater simply because I'm in the mood to wear one—and for that, I have no apology. But I have never seen any substantive evidence that it matters a damn to the audience. Nor do I think it should. I really don't have much stomach for this line of questioning.

**PLAYBOY:** When you first took over, there was some criticism that you seemed stiff, looked a little grim. One thing we've noticed in recent months is that you seem to smile more on the air, particularly at the end of the program. Is that self-conscious?

**RATHER:** It's not conscious. It's interesting to me that you say it at all, because fairly recently, somebody in here said, "You're not smiling as much as you used to." I don't think any of these things matter very much. You and I can joke about them, other people can write about them and make a big deal about them, but the audience doesn't much care. A newscast rides or falls on its coverage. The one that does that best will succeed, sweater or no sweater, set or no set, smile or no smile. When the coverage isn't there, no amount of that other stuff can save it.

**PLAYBOY:** You have the ultimate responsibility for that coverage, but do you worry now that the kind of life you lead and the money you earn put you at a distance from the average person to whom you supposedly report every night?

**RATHER:** It's a question I ask myself. Naturally, I don't think it distances me. I hope it doesn't. But I'm in the worst possible position to judge that. I console myself by saying I've spent a lifetime on the cutting edge, reportorially. I think that gives me a reservoir of knowledge about the real world, as opposed to the bullshit world.

**PLAYBOY:** But when you took the job, you said you'd like to continue some regular reporting. You've done so very infrequently, haven't you?

**RATHER:** Your point is well taken. I certainly haven't done as much as I'd like to do or thought I'd do. I was wrong. I'm

frequently wrong. It turned out that either I didn't have the time or it just wasn't best overall for the broadcast for me to be away. But the day I look at myself in the mirror and say, "Listen, you're no longer a reporter; you've become something else," that's the day I goddamn guarantee you I'll walk into the office of the president of CBS News and say, "I want to do something else!"

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't part of the problem that you're so well known that you become a bigger focus of attention than the story you're trying to report?

**RATHER:** Before I came to this job, I thought I knew all about being recognized and having to try to work a story around that. I was working at *60 Minutes*, and that's the most watched broadcast in American television. I didn't think the problem could get much worse. Well, I was wrong about that, too. There's a difference when you're on every night instead of once a week, and there's a difference when you're the anchor man. So in some ways, it makes it very difficult, if not impossible, to work on a story.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you have the same concerns as the average viewer?

**RATHER:** Well, my lifestyle hasn't changed that much. I still live in the same apartment. If I want to get away and take a vacation now, I can just pick a place and go. I don't think about how far. That's a luxury. I'm aware that there aren't very many people who can do that.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you fly first-class?

**RATHER:** Sometimes, but most of the time, no. That's my preference. I'm just uncomfortable flying first-class.

**PLAYBOY:** A limousine comes with your job. Do you use it?

**RATHER:** Most of the time, no. Same reason. I still find that very few of the things that really give me joy in life are things that cost money. A nice, leisurely, easy weekend with my wife, Jean—that brings me great joy. If one of my kids does something that makes him or her happy, then that really makes me happy. If I've helped somebody. I don't mean dropping extra money into the church or charity plate. I mean doing something where some action is required on my part. A friend is ill, with his car stuck in Syracuse, and I say, "Hey, don't worry. You worry about getting yourself well. You let me worry about the car." Or calling someone who's elderly and whom I've known for a long time, just to say, "How are you doing?" The point is that it's easy, particularly if you have a lot of money, to say, "Well, here, let me take care of it with money." And that's not what I'm talking about doing.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you do have a lot of money, do you feel a need to be more philanthropic?

**RATHER:** Let the record show that I smiled at the word philanthropic.

**PLAYBOY:** May the record ask why?

**RATHER:** Well, a Rothschild can talk in terms of philanthropy. Dan Rather does



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*"I could go for something Gordon's"*

*The possibilities are endless*

not. This is going to sound farfetched to you, but I try to be a good steward with my money. And I'm still learning how to do that.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of things do you contribute to?

**RATHER:** Churches. Professional organizations. Some charities. For example, the Salvation Army. It's been my experience in bouncing around a few bad holes in the world that the Salvation Army—let's set aside its religiosity—gets there early and stays late, and it delivers.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's turn to your political views. Do you think it's important that you keep your politics to yourself?

**RATHER:** I don't think people give a damn what Dan Rather thinks about a specific political issue or some specific politician. I like to think people care whether he is trying to be an honest broker of information. If you and I go out for a beer and you say, "What do you think of Mitterrand's policy in France?" and I say, "I think he's a full-of-shit socialist and I don't think his policy will work," I don't think anybody cares about that, except in the context of having a beer.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree with the prevailing view that journalists, as a group, are to the left of center?

**RATHER:** When I first came to New York many years ago, I would have believed that about journalists. Not now. My own opinion is that, if anything, journalists bear slightly to the right of center.

**PLAYBOY:** Defined by what beliefs?

**RATHER:** Oh, the suspicion of the Soviet Union, the belief in free enterprise on the global scale. Among journalists I know, there's a lot of thinking that goes, "Whatever the economic policies the Democratic Party has been committed to over the past 20 years, many didn't work very well. And maybe we ought to give Reagan a try. That sort of thing. I wouldn't be surprised if a majority of journalists voted for Reagan in 1980."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the press has been easy or tough on Reagan?

**RATHER:** I honestly don't know. Some of both. Reagan is very likable, both as a media personality and in person. I care a whole lot about him. When I interviewed him a year and a half ago, he could not have been nicer or more cooperative. And you appreciate that, no matter how much you say it won't influence you. You feel better about that person.

Beyond that, my sense of Reagan is that he is secure with himself. That's an attractive and rare quality in a President, and if that makes it more difficult to be skeptical about him or his policies, then journalists—including this one—can be gently criticized for that.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you vote for Reagan?

**RATHER:** I'm not going to say.

**PLAYBOY:** Then let's look at where you stand. Do you think the Reagan Administration is allocating enough to the disadvantaged, the handicapped, the elderly?

**RATHER:** No, I don't, but if you had asked me that same question ten or 15 years ago, I would have answered the same.

**PLAYBOY:** Fine. Let's ask it another way. Are we doing more or less for those groups today than we were ten years ago?

**RATHER:** It's a fact that we're doing less. It's also a fact that we *have* less.

**PLAYBOY:** For social programs; the defense budget has continued to grow apace.

**RATHER:** Well, again, 1983 is a different time in international relations from 1973. I think that in terms of value for the dollars we spend, on both weaponry and the social programs we're all in favor of, the waste on *both* sides is enormous.

**PLAYBOY:** You'd make a good politician. So far, you've managed to answer our questions without taking any clear positions on any of them. We wonder whether or not there's any ideological issue on which we can get you to take a clear stand. How do you feel about abortion?

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

**PLAYBOY:** If your wife got pregnant and didn't want to have the child, how would you feel about her having an abortion?

**RATHER:** I believe very strongly that it's her decision, not mine. I think she has a right to it. What is that? Pro-abortion or anti-abortion? The point is that reporters don't often have this kind of discussion.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying reporters don't have ideological discussions?

**RATHER:** Yes. Your average reporter is a guy with a wife, a couple of kids, house payments to meet, and he's worried about the same sort of things that most other Americans are worried about. His mind runs the gamut on ideological issues, like everyone else's. And when election time comes, he doesn't always know how he's going to vote. An image of reporters as people different and apart from the mainstream of the country has been created, and it ain't so. If you ask me about abortion, I have to stop and really think about it. It's not an issue in my house. And if someone with an opposing point of view were to walk in right now and say, "Listen, Dan Rather, I just heard what you said, and let me tell you why you're wrong," I could be taken to another point of view. I don't have strong feelings about it. I go back and forth on these things, like everybody else.

**PLAYBOY:** Those comments may come as a surprise to the many people who came to know you through your coverage of the Nixon years. During that period, you became known as "the reporter the White House hates." And it was widely believed that you didn't like Nixon.

**RATHER:** Well, it simply wasn't true, and it isn't true. I was a reporter with a job to do, and I did the best I could. I was at peace with myself about my efforts to do my job at the time, and I'm at peace now.

**PLAYBOY:** Much of that impression came from the Nixon news conference in Houston in 1974 when you engaged in a rather sharp exchange with him. You stood up to

ask a question, received some applause and Nixon asked, "Are you running for something?" You replied, "No, sir, Mr. President, are you?"

**RATHER:** All I sought to do was get up, ask him a direct question, sit down and listen to his answer. I took his remark as an effort to knock a reporter a little off stride—a common technique perfected by high-level politicians, not just Nixon. I wanted to get on with the question. My remark to him was the quickest way to get on with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have any personal feelings about Nixon?

**RATHER:** Any is a strong word. Certainly, *some*. But I would say that most of my feelings were about things that he did. About him personally, no. What's worth remembering is that a reporter—certainly, this reporter, and I think it's true of the overwhelming majority of reporters—saw President Nixon only under very controlled circumstances. I interviewed him for an hour in 1972. That interview was the most time I had ever spent with him, and that isn't long.

My position at the time was that we had finally reached a stage where what the President and the people around him were saying did not match the facts. Any reporter is going to have fairly strong feelings about that, beginning with, "There is a story there. It began with fairly low-level people's saying things that didn't match the facts. Then it got to the higher-level people."

**PLAYBOY:** But come on—*no* personal feelings about Nixon? Did you believe he was honest?

**RATHER:** I think the record speaks to that. Clearly, I *don't* think so.

**PLAYBOY:** There was some difference of opinion within the CBS Washington bureau about whether the Watergate break-in was really a big story. And you apparently took some heat not just from the White House but from members of your own bureau for pushing it so hard.

**RATHER:** I can only say that the record clearly shows that on this story, they were wrong. I have damned little to brag about from that period, perhaps some things to be professionally pleased with. But what breaks me into a cold sweat every time I think about that period is how close I came to not getting *any* piece of that story—how close I came to being one of those who ignored it for too long. *The Washington Post* developed that story—Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein. Whatever you may think of them now, they did one hell of a job on that story. They were the ones out front.


What I accomplished was that I didn't just sit there on my ass and say, "There's nothing there." I got on the telephone and I tried to talk with people and I went out and talked with them, and the more I talked, the more I thought it was more than a third-rate burglary.

(continued on page 264)





## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

His footsteps are the ones most other men follow. His tastes are the ones most other men acquire, his women the ones most other men desire. Much about him has changed during PLAYBOY's 30 years: his clothes, his hair, his cars—accessories all. One thing, though, has remained the same through three decades: The man's style is born of a love for the best things in life. 

*fiction*  
by gabriel  
garcía márquez  
author of *One Hundred  
Years of Solitude*

*the roses were as radiant  
and fresh as the woman  
sleeping by his side*

AT DUSK, when they reached the border, Nena Daconte realized that the finger where she wore her wedding ring was still bleeding. The *guardia civil*, a woolen blanket thrown over his patent-leather tricornered hat, examined the passports by the light of a carbide lantern while making a great effort to keep from being knocked down by the force of the wind blowing out of the Pyrenees. Although both were diplomatic passports and in order, the *guardia* lifted his lantern to make sure that the photographs matched the faces.

Nena Daconte was practically a child, with the eyes of a happy bird and molasses-colored skin that radiated Caribbean sunshine in the gloomy January dusk, and she was bundled up to her neck in a coat of ermine pelts that couldn't have been bought with the combined annual salaries of that whole border garrison. Billy Sanchez de Avila, her husband and the driver of the car, was one year younger than she and almost as beautiful and was wearing a tartan sports coat and a baseball cap. Unlike his wife, he was tall and athletic, and he had the jutting jaw of a cowardly bully. But what most obviously revealed their status was the platinum-plated car whose engine breathed like a living beast and that was like no other ever seen on that frontier of poor people. The back seat was piled high with excessively new luggage and a mound of still-unopened gifts. There was also the tenor saxophone that had been the dominant passion in Nena Daconte's life before she succumbed to the contradictory charms of her loving, tough-guy beach boy.

When the *guardia* returned their stamped passports, Billy Sanchez asked him where they could find a pharmacy to tend to his wife's finger, and the *guardia* shouted into the wind that they should ask over in Hendaye, on the French side. But the guards in Hendaye were sitting around a table in their shirt sleeves, playing cards and (continued on page 94)

# THE TRAIL OF YOUR BLOOD ON THE SNOW



ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM



# HOW I INVENTED PLAYBOY

*there are two sides to every story—even ours*

humor **BY BUCK HENRY**

**L**ATE ONE NIGHT in Greenwich Village, early in the Fifties, there was a scratching at my door. When I opened it, a bedraggled, sodden specimen of what once had probably been a decent young middle-class man fell into my apartment babbling incoherently about needing money for a magazine. I thought, of course, that he wanted to buy *Time* or *Newsweek* to catch up on the news. Since that seemed like a nice thing for a man who was so down and out to want to do, I gave him 45 cents for a magazine and an extra nickel for a cup of coffee to drink while he was reading. Apparently, it was that 50 cents that started him up the ladder to what became this extraordinary empire.

You can see why it's difficult for me to discuss PLAYBOY objectively. It's not so much what PLAYBOY has meant in my life as the part I've played in *its* life. I think if Hef—or "Ner," as he is known to his closest friends—were to list the ten or 12 people who were most fundamental to the building of his empire, I'd be up there in the top two or three. He's had a lot of free—or at least cheap—advice from many people, but I've been the one who tried to give him a Zen sense of what to do in every area. He was always calling, asking for advice. I'd be in Paris at a gala party filled with movie stars and wealthy executives or off a glamorous island somewhere on a yacht with extremely important people, and I'd get an emergency call from you-know-who, saying, "I'm stuck. What's my next move?"

I never said "I'll talk to you tomorrow" or "Try to get a good night's sleep and we'll discuss this later." Instead, I put aside whatever I was doing, regardless of how really important it might have been, to deal with his problems. Often, one or two words, such as "Ace bandage" or "Reddi-Wip," were all that he needed. Sometimes, it took hours of calming dialog and soothing advice.

The Rabbit Head logo was not a suggestion I expected him to take seriously. It was a throwaway, a kind of joke. I had said something like, "If you're going to produce a fantasy for boys and girls to make them behave like rabbits, you may as well print the magazine on lettuce." Clearly, he was in a nonmetaphorical mood and took me literally. I've heard that a very, very

early dummy of the magazine was actually printed on vegetable matter, with the idea that you could read it and/or eat it. I don't know whether or not that's true, but I suppose I do have to take some of the credit—or blame, as the case may be—for the logo.

As for the centerfold, I didn't say, "Look, why don't you put a foldout picture of a naked lady in the middle of the magazine?" What I did say—kiddingly, of course—was, "If you want to sell the magazine for a lot of money, have it delivered to the reader's door. And when he opens it, have a naked lady jump out." It was a whimsical notion; but, as usual, he took the idea seriously and ran with it.

I've also given him advice of a more personal nature. About 25 years ago, he was having trouble finding clothes that fit. He has a very odd build for a man and needs extra freedom to move his arms and smoke his pipe. But since he doesn't like strange, short Jewish men to touch him, he can't have his clothes made. I said, "Hef, you know what the Chinese do?" He didn't know. He didn't know about China. I said, "They wear pajamas. They don't bother with all that stuff." Need I say more? I've probably saved him \$60,000 in clothing bills over the past two decades.

I advised him on image. I said, "You want an image for yourself that's as racy and suggestive as the magazine's. It can't hurt for people to think that all the creatures who are photographed in the center of the magazine are people with whom you've had some sort of relationship that was—how shall I put this?—*extra-editorial*." Later, when the suggestions came from people in the media about branching out with pictures of animals as centerfolds, Hef faced an aesthetic quandary. And I, in fact, was the one who held him back. I said, "Sure, you can get photographs of jungle creatures and put them in the center of the magazine. Sure, there are wonderful photographers who are doing creative work with beasts. But what about the inevitable conclusion the audience will draw? What if it's an armadillo? I don't think they're ready for that yet. Wait till the Nineties."

I remember dark, rainy evenings talking with Hef. I'd rattle off names. "Are (concluded on page 230)



*"They had been married three days before, to the astonishment of his parents, the dismay of hers."*

eating bread dipped in mugs of wine, inside a warm, bright, glass-enclosed sentry box, and they had only to see the size and make of the car to wave them on into France. Billy Sanchez honked his horn several times without managing to make the guards understand that he needed to ask them something, finally provoking one of them to slide open a window and shout at them, with even more rage than the wind:

*"Merde! Allez-y, espèce de con!"*

Then Nena Daconte got out of the car, bundled up to her ears in ermine, and asked the guard in perfect French where there was a pharmacy. The guard answered matter-of-factly, with his mouth full of bread, that it was no affair of his, still less so in a storm like this, and he shut the window. But then his attention was caught by the girl sucking her wounded finger, wrapped in the sparkle of natural ermine, and he must have taken her for a magical apparition in that haunted night, because his attitude changed immediately. He explained that the nearest town was Biarritz, but in the middle of the winter and with this wolfish wind there might not be a pharmacy open until Bayonne, somewhat farther on.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing," smiled Nena Daconte, showing him the finger with the diamond ring, where, on the tip, the cut from the rose was barely perceptible. "It's just a prick."

It started snowing again before they reached Bayonne. Although it wasn't much later than seven o'clock, they found the streets deserted and the houses shut tight against the fury of the storm, and after circling through the town several times without finding a pharmacy, they decided to go on. Billy Sanchez was cheered by the decision. His insatiable passion for fine cars had been encouraged by a father with more than enough guilt and money to placate it, but he had never driven anything like this wedding-gift Bentley convertible. His intoxication at the wheel was so great that the farther he traveled, the less tired he felt. He was set on reaching Bordeaux that night, and there wasn't a gale so contrary or enough snow in the sky to stop him. Nena Daconte, on the other hand, was exhausted, above all by the last stretch of highway from Madrid, which had been a frieze of hail-lashed goats. After Bayonne, she wrapped a handkerchief around her ring finger as tightly as she could to stanch the flow of blood and fell fast asleep. Billy

Sanchez didn't even notice until after midnight, when the snow had stopped and the wind had come to a sudden halt among the pine trees and the sky over the moors had filled with glacial stars. He'd passed by the slumbering lights of Bordeaux, pausing only to fill his tank at a gas station on the highway, because he still felt exuberant enough to drive all the way to Paris without taking a rest. He was so happy with his £25,000 toy that he didn't think to ask if the radiant creature sleeping beside him with the ring-finger bandage soaked in blood might be happy, too. Meanwhile, her adolescent dreams were, for the first time, interrupted by flashes of uncertainty.

They had been married three days before, 6000 miles away, in Cartagena de Indias, to the astonishment of his parents and the dismay of hers, with the personal blessing of the archbishop primate. No one except themselves knew the real basis or beginning of that unforeseen love. It had begun three months before the wedding, one Sunday by the sea, when Billy Sanchez' gang stormed the women's dressing room at the Marbella bathing club. Nena Daconte was scarcely 18 and had just returned from the boarding school at Châtelaine in Saint Blaise, Switzerland, speaking four accentless languages and with a maestro's command of the tenor saxophone. She had undressed completely to put on her bathing suit when the panicky stampede and shouts of piratical plunder in the neighboring stalls began, but she didn't comprehend what was happening until the latch on her door burst into splinters and standing before her she saw the handsomest bandit imaginable. All he had on were the skimpiest fake-leopardskin briefs. His body was taut and indolent and bronzed from the sun. On his right arm, he wore a Roman gladiator's iron bracelet, around his fist was rolled a chain that served him as a deadly weapon and hanging from his neck was a saintless medallion that quivered silently with the pounding of his heart. They had been classmates in elementary school and together had smashed many *piñatas* at birthday parties, because both had come from the provincial class that had been arbitrarily running the city since colonial times, but they hadn't been face to face in so long that at first, they didn't recognize each other. Nena Daconte stood motionless, doing nothing to conceal her intense nakedness. Billy Sanchez then did what he had to do: He pulled down his leopard

briefs to show her his considerable engorged beast. She looked at him unastonished and straight on.

"I've seen them bigger and harder," she said, overcoming her terror. "So think well about what you're going to do, because with me, you've got to do it better than a nigger."

In reality, not only was Nena Daconte a virgin but up until then, she'd never even seen a naked man. But the challenge worked. The only thing that occurred to Billy Sanchez to do was to punch the wall in rage with the chain wound around his fist, and he shattered the bones in his hand. She took him to the hospital in her car, helped him through his convalescence, and in the end, they learned to love each other the right way. They passed the difficult June afternoons on the inside terrace of the house where six generations of patriots in Nena Daconte's family had died, she playing the latest songs on her saxophone while he, with his hand in a cast, gaped at her in dazzled stupor from the hammock. The house had many full-length windows that opened out onto the cesspool that was the bay; it was one of the largest and oldest houses in the Manga district and, without doubt, the ugliest. But the terrace with checkered tiles where Nena Daconte played the saxophone was a refuge from the four-o'clock heat and opened onto a courtyard shaded by mango trees and banana groves, under which a grave with a stone that bore no name had stood longer than the house and the family's memory. Even those least sensitive to music thought that the sound of a saxophone was out of place in a house of such venerable ancestry. "It sounds like a foghorn," Nena Daconte's grandmother had said the first time she heard it. Her mother had pleaded in vain to get her to play it differently and not in the way she found most comfortable, with her skirt up to her thighs and her knees apart, with a sensuality that didn't seem essential to the music. "I don't care what instrument you play," she told her, "just so long as you play it with your legs together." But it was those ballads of ships bound for distant ports and the cruelty of love that helped Nena Daconte get through Billy Sanchez' bitter shell. Beneath the deplorable tough-guy reputation that he maintained by means of his two illustrious surnames, she discovered a frightened and gentle orphan. They came to know each other so well while the bones of his hand knitted that he was actually astonished at how smoothly love happened when she brought him to her virgin's bed one rainy afternoon when they'd been left alone in the house. Every day at that hour, for almost two weeks, they frolicked naked under the astounded eyes in the portraits of the gentlemen soldiers and insatiable grandmothers who had preceded them in the paradise of that

(continued on page 128)



*"I'm leaving now, David. I'm suffering from New Year's Eve burnout."*

# 30 MEMORABLE YEARS

*three decades of the best, the brightest,  
the most beautiful women to grace these pages*

PLAYBOY is often its own media event. Beginning with our first issue, we seem to have something of an art of making news. That first issue—which came out in December 1953 without a cover date, because Hugh Hefner wasn't sure there would be a second issue—created an instant commotion. For more than a year, a rumor had been spreading that Marilyn Monroe had posed for a girlie calendar in 1949. Everybody knew about Marilyn—she had been a hit in *The Asphalt Jungle*—but few had actually seen the calendar. In April 1952, *Life* magazine published a miniature two-color cut of one pose, but Hefner discovered that photographer Tom Kelley had taken another, better picture, and he acquired it for the first PLAYBOY. Not only did the issue sell an astonishing 77 percent of its copies but Hefner's coup was widely reported in newspapers as well as in *Time*. PLAYBOY has seldom been out of the headlines since. The most frequently cited source of controversy is the *Playboy Interview*—who knew that what lurked in Jimmy Carter's heart would become a campaign issue? Many of our pictorials have had a comparable impact on the media. Many more have become etched in readers' minds—stopping their mental traffic. Our past 30 years have included riveting pictures of celebrity Playmates (Jayne Mansfield, Stella Stevens,

Dorothy Stratten, Shannon Tweed); a celebrity Playmate candidate (Suzanne Somers); famous actresses (Brigitte Bardot, Elke Sommer, Jill St. John, Kim Novak, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Gina Lollobrigida, Catherine Deneuve, Ann-Margret, Dominique Sanda, Margot Kidder, Victoria Principal, Valerie Perrine, Susan Sarandon, Bernadette Peters, Maud Adams, Raquel Welch); as well as the previously unknown—such as the Ohio patrolwoman Barbara

Schantz and the Florida stockbroker Marina Verola, whose nude portraits in the magazine got them in hot water with their edgy employers. Perhaps most memorably intolerant were the N.F.L. owners who fired cheerleaders who posed without their pompons for a December 1978 pictorial. Happily, many of the women so treated wound up with better jobs due to their exposure in PLAYBOY.

We wanted to take another look at some of the moments of the past 30 years that have made news—and at some of those images that have become part of the fabric of PLAYBOY. We've all experienced that unique pleasure of cleaning out a box filled with memorabilia and becoming absolutely engrossed in a particular souvenir and finding that it still says something to us. We found that happening to us a lot while we prepared this feature. You probably will, too. Proceed with affection.



The smartest \$500 any publisher ever spent bought Hef the rights—and the color-separation plates—to this photograph of Marilyn Monroe. Our first, undated cover proclaimed: "FIRST TIME IN ANY MAGAZINE—FULL COLOR—THE FAMOUS MARILYN MONROE NUDE." The issue sold an astonishing 77 percent, thanks in part to the person we called our Sweetheart of the Month.





Few women in recent history have caused as much commotion as the current Mrs. John Derek. She set herself up for critical scrutiny in "10" and survived the test: She defined the ultimate contemporary beauty. Derek had photographed two of his previous wives—Ursula Andress and Linda Evans—for us, but the March 1980 tribute to Bo caused the issue to sell out.



Janet Pilgrim, left, worked in PLAYBOY's Circulation Department. Our circulation improved so much after her appearance as our Office Playmate (July 1955) that we coaxed her to appear in two more center-folds—a record number. Our Thanksgivings always include this Pilgrim.



When Christa Speck took the plunge in our December 1961 *Playmate Holiday House Party*, this picture made a splash with readers and has become one of the most popular photos we've ever run. At last report, Christa was happy and still poolside in Hollywood.



In August 1956, we published a series of figure studies by the noted sculptor Sepy Dobronyi. His model was actress Anita Ekberg—who made going to foreign films an act of lust. Back then, we could show only a portion of this picture; we had to crop it at her waist, as you see.



When Stella Stevens (above) became Miss January 1960, a zealous preacher from Tennessee ranted to a large crowd that she had been victimized by Hollywood press-agentry. As spirited then as now, the actress replied, "It was my decision and mine alone. If it was a mistake, I'll learn from it. If it was not, and I don't think it was, I'll profit by it." She did. Her fan mail increased 1000 percent. Below, the June 1963 shot of another actress Playmate, Jayne Mansfield (Miss February 1955), with Tommy Noonan from the movie *Promises, Promises!*, led to an obscenity charge against Hef.





Fashion model Countess Vera Gottlieb von Lehnendorff, a.k.a. Veruschka, forms her own rock group in this eerily unforgettable portrait (left) from Franca Rubartelli's January 1971 pictorial *Stalking the Wild Veruschka*. It became one of our most-talked-about photo features.



Now she's a mainstay of *Dallas*, as well as a fitness expert, but we knew Victoria Principal (left) when her career was just starting. Her second movie was Playboy Productions' *The Naked Ape*, and, clever us, we called her "Ape" Girl in a September 1973 feature.

PLAYBOY readers had a special relationship with singer and actress Barbi Benton. For that matter, so did Hef. She first appeared in *Barbi Doll*, in March 1970, and then returned to our pages with *Barbi's Back* in December 1973 (above). By the way, that's her needlepoint.



Skeptical readers refused to believe that Vikki La Motta (above) was 51 when she appeared as the *Raging Beauty* in PLAYBOY's November 1981 issue. Playboy Channel subscribers were subsequently treated to an in-depth interview with Vikki and ex-husband Jake. Contributing Photographer Army Freytag was one of the people responsible for putting together our first cheerleader pictorial, *Pro Football's Main Attractions* (December 1978). His shots of former Cowboys Cheerleaders included a nude version of the official Texas Cowgirls' poster. We found Terri Welles (below right) for the cover of our May 1980 issue; she went from that to the December 1980 gatefold to become 1981's Playmate of the Year.





Superman was still in her future, but when Margot Kidder (left) wrote the copy for her own March 1975 pictorial, she confided that she had a "crazy, passionate thing with a guy who wants to make love in parking lots and telephone booths." Were you listening, Clark?

Brigitte Bardot has been a favorite of ours over the years, having appeared in half a dozen pictorials since 1958. The big surprise, however, was *Bardot—Incroyable!* (January 1975), showing the onetime sex kitten (below) at 40 with her considerable sensuousness undiminished.





Teletype technician Bambi Lin Finney had been in the Marines for four years when she posed for PLAYBOY's *Women of the Armed Forces* (April 1980). When the shots of her at left appeared, the Leathernecks professed to be shocked to the corps and booted Bambi.

When Rita Jenrette (right) started to tell us about her life in Washington, *The Liberation of a Congressional Wife* (April 1981), she believed her husband, John, was innocent of ABSCAM bribery charges. Just before the issue went to press, however, she found money stuffed in one of his shoes and realized he was on the take.



She answered PLAYBOY's recruiting od for the pictorial *The Girls of Washington* as just another working girl. But when the feature ran in September 1976, Elizabeth Ray was singlehandedly responsible for her boss, Congressman Wayne Hays's, retirement from the House. This nontyping secretary had become a popular Congressional act.

The Springfield, Ohio, police force threatened to fire patrolwoman Barbara Schantz (left) for posing for us (May 1982). But she stuck to her service revolvers and eventually kept her beat. NBC is now making a TV movie of her story, *Lady in Blue*, starring Melody Anderson.





Raquel Welch was our Woman of the Year before she was Broadway's. Back in December 1979, we featured America's premier sex symbol and the issue inspired lines at newsstands. She went on to wow critics in Lauren Bacall's starring role.

Our readers saw more of Jayne Kennedy (and her then husband, Leon Isaac) in our July 1981 pictorial *Body and Soulmates* than in any pro-football pregame show. Appropriately, she went on to devise, display and promote her own fitness routine.



Photographer Stan Malinowski reminded us that we had Playmate test shots in our files of Suzanne Somers (opposite, top), then of *Three's Company*; we published them in February 1980. Her Ace Hardware sponsors were momentarily miffed.

PLAYBOY readers first saw Ursula Andress in June 1965, in a piece about her movie *She*. More than a decade later, Ursula—the best living example of Teutonic architecture—was still a masterpiece in an April 1976 photo shooting (opposite, below).





On these pages, three of PLAYBOY's very special Playmates of the Year. The poignant and tragic story of Dorothy Stratten (below left), Miss August 1979 and Playmate of the Year for 1980, is by now well known; it has been the subject of two films and a forthcoming biography, as well as a definitive story in PLAYBOY itself. Below right is Patti McGuire, whose November 1976 gatefold was the second-most-talked-about feature in that issue (first: the *Playboy Interview* with Jimmy Carter). Patti and husband Jimmy Connors are, happily, playing mixed doubles again.



Shannon Tweed, Playmate of the Year for 1982, came to our attention through a Toronto TV show, *Thrill of a Lifetime*, on which she publicly confessed her ambition: to be a Playmate. Almost immediately after her appearance in PLAYBOY, she landed a regular spot on television's *Falcon Crest* series. More recently, this tall drink of Canadian water has won roles in the feature films *Hot Dog* and *Of Unknown Origin*. Fine Tweed is always fashionable.



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R E M E M B E R I N G  
• T E N N E S S E E •

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*a close friend reads the man between the playwright's lines*

memoir by

---

T R U M A N  
C A P O T E

---

“TENNESSEE WILLIAMS DEAD AT 71”

SO ANNOUNCED the headline on the front page of *The New York Times*. He had strangled, it turned out, while using a plastic bottle cap to take barbiturates; incredibly, the cap had popped down his throat and choked him to death. All of this had happened at the Elysée, a curious little hotel located in the East 50s. Actually, Tennessee had an apartment in New York. But when he was in the city, he always stayed at the Elysée. The apartment, a small jumble of sparsely furnished rooms “conveniently” located on West 42nd Street, was reserved for the entertainment of kind strangers.

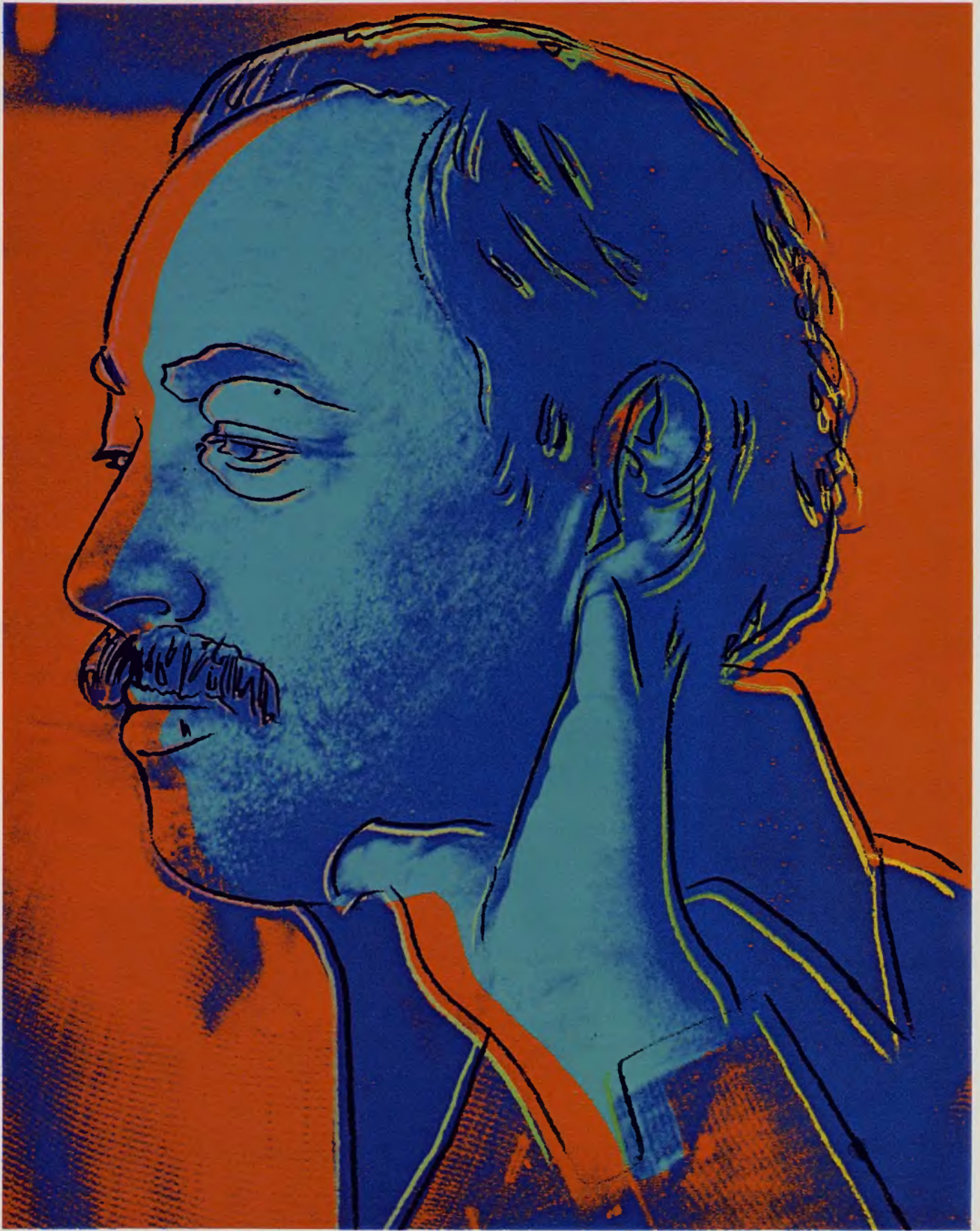
It was a strange end for a man obsessed with a rather poetic concept of death. Even as a young man, he was convinced that the next day would be his last. The only serious quarrel we ever had involved his hypochondriac sensitivity to this subject. At the time, he had a play in rehearsal: *Summer and Smoke*. We were having dinner together, and to amuse him (I thought), I began to tell him stories I had heard from members of the cast about the play's director, a woman from Texas. It seemed that at every rehearsal, she would

assemble the cast and tell them what an effort they must make, how hard they must work, “because this flower of genius is Tenn's last. He is dying. Yes, he is a dying man with only months to live. He told me so himself. Of course, he's always claiming to be dying. But this time, I'm afraid it's true. Even his agent believes it.”

Far from amusing my old friend, the anecdote enraged him. First he broke glasses and plates, then he turned over the entire table and stalked out of the restaurant, leaving me amazed—and also to pay for the destruction.

I was 16 years old when I met him. He was 13 years older than I was, a waiter at the Greenwich Village Café and a would-be playwright. We became great friends—it was really a sort of intellectual friendship, though people inevitably thought otherwise. In those early days, he used to give me all of his short, one-act plays to read, and we would act them out together. Gradually, over the years, we built up *The Glass Menagerie*. I would play the daughter.

With his tendency toward around-the-clock sex and gin and general carousing, Tennessee, who was not a born survivor,



Andy Ward



Andy Warhol



probably would not have lasted beyond the age of 40 if it hadn't been for Frank Merlo. Frank was a sailor, a wartime discovery of mine. Some five years after I met him, and when he was no longer involved with the Navy, Tennessee saw us lunching in a cozy Italian restaurant. I never saw him so excited, either before or since. He deserted his own luncheon companion—his agent, Audrey Wood—and swiftly, without any invitation, sat himself at our table. After I had introduced him to my friend, not two minutes passed before he said, "Could you have dinner with me tonight?"

The invitation clearly did not include me. But Frank was embarrassed; he didn't know what to say. I answered for him: "Yes," I said, "of course he'd like to have dinner with you."

So he did. They were together for 14 years, and those were the happiest years of Tennessee's life. Frank was like a husband, a lover, a business agent to him. He also had a great gift for parties, which suited Tennessee just fine. When Yukio Mishima, the brilliant Japanese writer—the one who formed an army and confronted the Japanese military commander and ended up committing hara-kiri—when he came to New York in 1952, Tennessee told Frank that he wanted to throw a party in Mishima's honor. So Frank rounded up every geisha girl between New York and San Francisco, but he didn't stop at that. *Then* he outfitted about 100 drag geishas. It was the most fantastic party I'd ever seen in my entire life. And Tennessee dressed up as a great geisha dame and they drove through the park all night till dawn, drinking champagne. This was Mishima's first taste of life in

the Western world, and he said, "I'm *never* going back to Japan!"

When Frank died of cancer in 1962, Tennessee died a little, too. I remember all too well the last hours of Frank's life. He lived them in a New York hospital room, where crowds of friends drifted in and out. Finally, a stern doctor ordered the room rid of all visitors, including Tennessee. But he refused to leave. He knelt by the narrow bed and clutched Frank's hand, pressing it against his cheek.

Nevertheless, the doctor told him he must go. But suddenly Frank whispered, "No. Let him stay. It can't do me any harm. After all, I'm used to him."

The doctor sighed and left them alone.

Tennessee was never the same after that. He had always drunk a good deal, but he started combining drugs and alcohol. He was also meeting some very strange people. I think he lived the last two decades of his life alone—with the ghost of Frank.

•

But now when I remember Tennessee, I think of the good times, the funny times. He was a person who, despite his inner sadness, never stopped laughing. He had a remarkable laugh. It wasn't coarse or vulgar or even especially loud. It just had an amazing sort of throaty Mississippi-riverman ring to it. You could always tell when he had walked into the room, no matter how many people were there.

As for his sense of humor, normally it was pretty raucous. But when he got into a fury, he seemed to swing between two things: either very sick humor—laughing nonstop during those five-martini lunches of his—or deep bitterness, about himself, about his (concluded on page 234)

# PROVOCATIVE PERIOD PIECES

*more timeless wonders from our  
favorite collection  
of erotic art*

PLAYBOY proudly invites you to another exclusive showing of the erotic-art collection of Boston connoisseur Charles Martignette. We've featured pieces from this world-renowned collection before (see our October 1980 and January 1983 issues), but we think the selection on these pages is the finest yet. Just in case you thought everybody fell asleep after the Gay Nineties, these pieces—mostly from the *art nouveau* and art-deco periods in the early years of this century—prove otherwise. No wonder the Twenties were roaring.

This hand-painted porcelain *Fräulein* was caught getting out of her bath by an unknown German artist in 1917, during World War One. We see her as a reminder that there are better things to make than war. Her friend (inset) is also of porcelain, made in 1930 by German artist Steban Kenis.





With cigarette cases like these, is it any wonder cigarettes caught on? The sterling-silver case at left above, from England, shows the Victorians' penchant for hats and veils as well as the national taste for robust women. Compare the French style next to it: Don't worry, this demoiselle isn't anorexic; she was just done in 1910, in the *nouveau* period, when everybody looked like that. The painted leather Italian case at right not only cradles stogies but reminds us that clerics in 1900 had to fight many of the same temptations that we all do—and, naturally, looked heavenward for guidance or relief.

Time sure flies when . . . well, you know. Ever wonder what kind of watches gentlemen carried before digitals? This watch probably slipped in and out of some very prominent stuffed shirts at the end of the last century. The window on its back shows four scenes (three of which are shown here) etched in sepia on a revolving metal disc. The Swiss works turn the disc to display a new view every 15 seconds. The face, not shown, is of blue cloisonné (but we wonder how often it was ever looked at). The moral: Don't believe everything you read about the Victorians. They were innovators in their own time.



# PROVOCATIVE PERIOD PIECES

It's been said that the history of civilization has been an unbroken striving for finer accouterments to elevate man's existence from the merely elegant to the truly sybaritic. If that's true, the Martignette collection serves as a required text. We present these *objets d'art* as evidence that there was, indeed, civilization before the era of Pet Rocks and Space Invaders. The bronze French cigarette box at right is one of our favorites. Note what happens to the nun, lying demurely clothed on top of the closed box, when the box is opened for a smoke. This may not exactly be the thing for the man who wants to drop the, er, habit.



Long months at sea made one crave the finer things in life, if this sea captain's shaving chest is any indication. Topside, this rosewood box—dating from 1815—looked like a simple shaving mirror. But unfolded, it reminded the good captain what he was spending all these hours shaving for. Not surprisingly, this sort of thing was popular during the China trade.





This Japanese Hakata doll—circa 1920—makes the recent flap about anatomically correct dolls look a little dumb. From above, this five-inch, hand-painted bisque is just sitting in her boudoir, playing with her kitten—the picture of propriety. But tipped backward, she has a nice surprise under her robes. And who says boys shouldn't play with dolls?



A little head, you say? Well, yes, that does describe this horny fellow, but look more closely. See anything familiar about what that mermaid's up to? A little flute music, perhaps? This ceramic *ménage à trois* includes three denizens of the deep—or should we say deeper? It got past our Customs inspectors, with a shipment of innocuous curies from France, in 1924. Let's see, that's 60 years ago . . . no wonder he's still smiling.

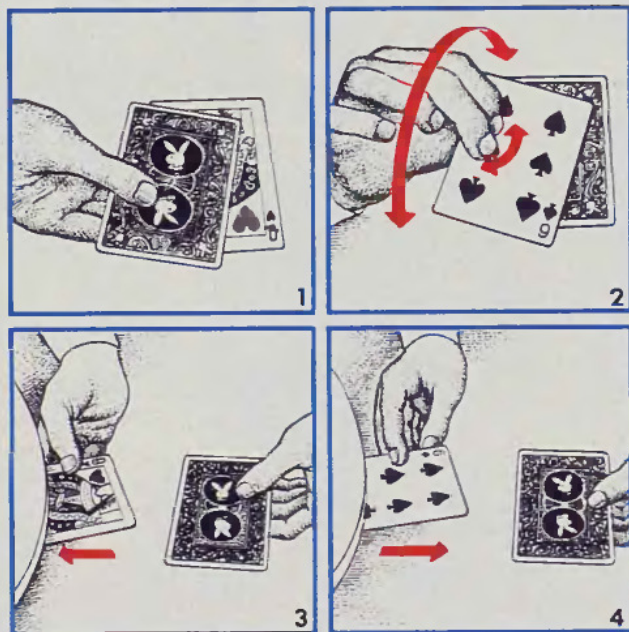


# PLAYBOY MAGIC FOR THE HOLIDAYS

By JOHN RAILING

HERE'S AN inside look at four of the best—and easiest—tricks this side of Times Square. The first two, which require only the playing cards on the opposite page, you can prestidigitate right out of your wallet. For the others, you'll need two matches, two paper clips and a dollar bill. The effects you'll be spinning out may seem simple, but that's the key to all great magic. As your cards jump and transform, your matches pass through each other and your paper clips link and fly away, your audience will gasp. Learn to do each of these effects smoothly and you'll have four great entertainments for those slow holiday parties.

Poorly prepared magicians give the rest of us a bad name, so read through each effect at least twice, then test yourself

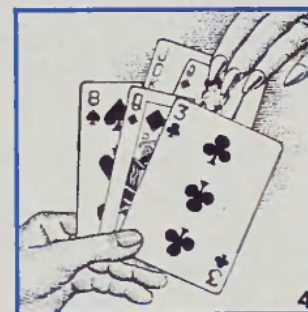
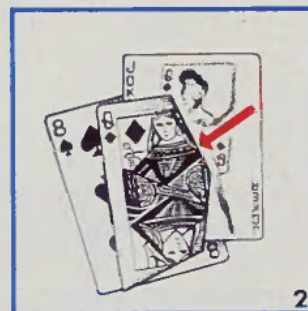
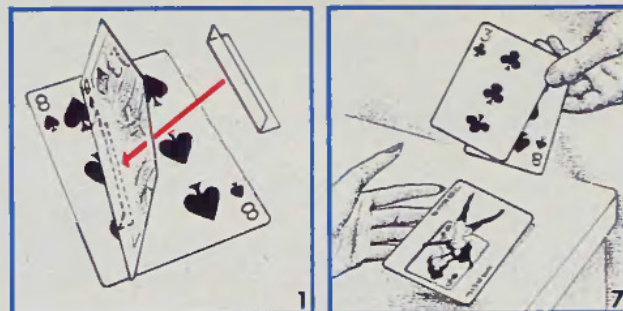


## LOSING FACE

The effect: You have two cards, the queen of hearts and the six of spades. Show them to your audience, then put one away in a safe place, making sure the audience has seen it. When you remove it—presto chango—it has become the other card.

The secret: One of your cards is double-faced; the other is double-backed. You can display them convincingly

by flipping them—no one will ever notice that the dud card has a back on each side, especially if you slide the cards across each other with each flip (figure two). Remove and hide the queen, face up. Pull her back out with another flip, and now she's the six of spades. It's, like, magic! You should repeat the display moves of figures one and two, just to demonstrate that there's nothing shady going on.



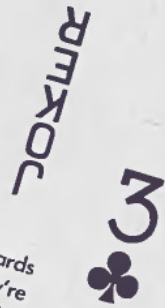
## GOD SAVE THE FEMLIN

The effect: Hold up three cards for a volunteer. Ask him to remember the middle one, the queen of diamonds. Then have him take the middle card and place it face down on a table. Now you can make a comment about the old queen's ugliness and offer a PLAYBOY solution. Flip the card and—voilà!—the queen has found the fountain of youth and curvaceousness and has become the Femlin. What a joker that girl is.

The secret: You're going to need two doctored cards, the Femlin card and a special "hinged" one that does double duty. We've provided them on the opposite page. The hinged card is made by taping the trimmed queen of diamonds to the eight of spades (figure one). Tape her in there so that she's entirely within the borders of the eight. We've added two little arrows on each card to help with this—just align the arrows on the face of the eight with those on the back of the queen, so that the tips of the arrows are about 1/16th of an inch apart, then tape. Got it? OK, now slip the Femlin card under the queen (figure two), where she'll lie in wait until called upon. Now cover them both with the Trey of clubs (figure three). When your volunteer removes the middle card, which is really the Femlin (figure four), scoot the Trey to the left so that it covers the queen (figure five). It looks as if you have only two cards, the eight and the Trey. Flip over the card on the table, revealing it to be not that ugly old queen but the ravishing Femlin!



**Stop!** Don't punch out the cards you see here, even though they're perforated around the edges. Use scissors. That way, no one will shout "These cards are marked!" and malign your reputation.





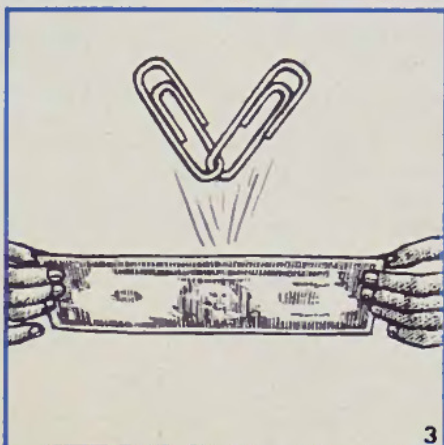
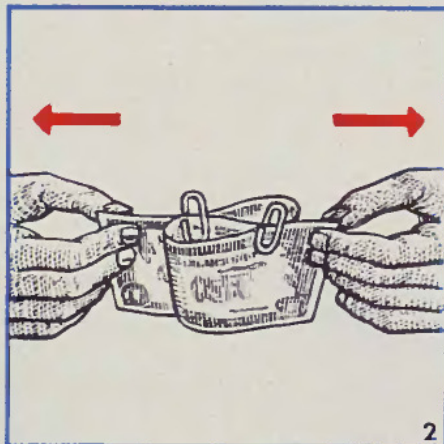
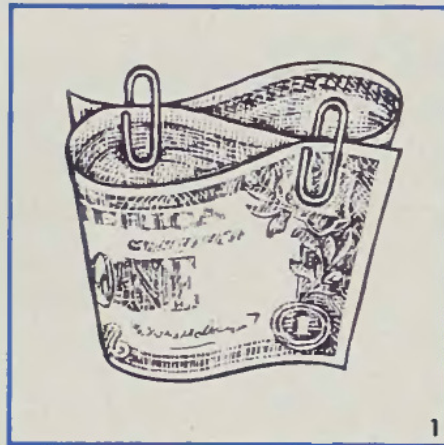
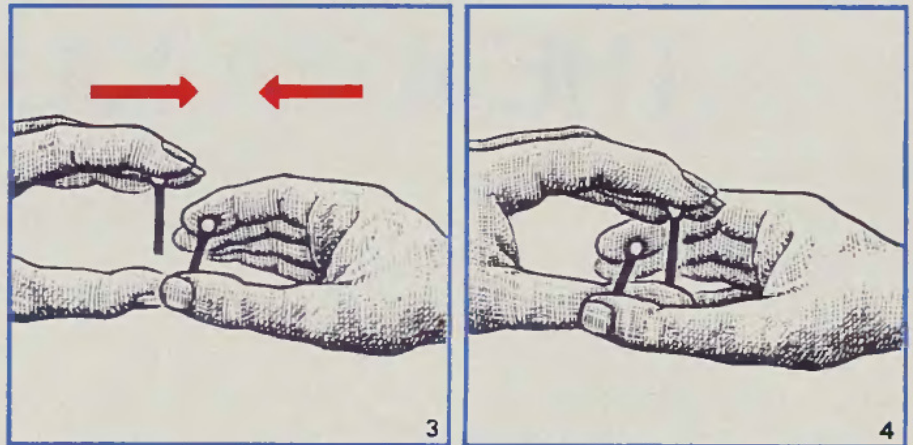
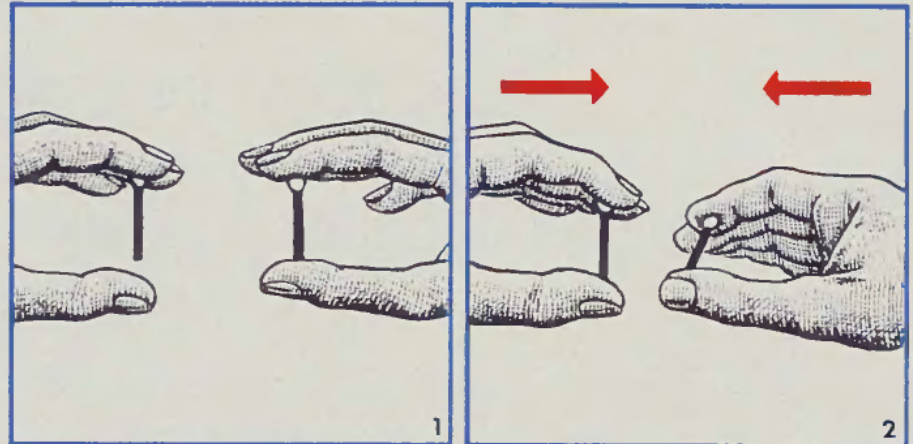


## A COUPLE OF TRICKS TO TURN AT THE BAR

in front of a mirror before going public. It goes without saying that you should never reveal these trade secrets to anyone, sorely though you may be tempted. A good magician always plays things close to the vest.

Once you've wowed your friends and relations with these rather basic effects, you may want to delve deeper into magic. If so, you can write to Magic, Inc., 5082 North Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60625, for a catalog of effects, or get in touch with your local chapter of the International Brotherhood of Magicians.

Good luck. Here's hoping your holidays are magical.



### CLIP JOINT

The effect: Assure your audience that you can clip a dollar bill together with two paper clips, unfold it and make the clips land touching each other. Then do it.

The secret: No secret. Your dog could do this one if it had a dollar. This effect was "invented" by Bill Bowman of Seattle (who, it happens, is 100 years old). It's truly a snap. Just attach the paper clips to the bill as shown in figure one. Then pull crisply outward on each side of the bill. The paper clips will fly off linked, so they'll stay in touch no matter how far they go. If you're a better, this is one of the better ways ever invented to make money. If things go well, in fact, maybe you can

try it sometime with a \$100 bill, singing *Happy Birthday* to Bowman while amazing the multitudes.

P.S.: You can make this effect even more spectacular by putting a rubber band around the middle of the bill—but only if you put it on before the paper clips. We won't tell you what happens, but the only applicable description is "Shazam!"

### NOT FOR OUR MATCHLESS FRIENDS

The effect: Holding a match between the index finger and the thumb of each hand, you pass the two right through each other.

The secret: You should "clip" the left-hand match by holding it between the index and middle finger tips, so that when you need to, you can pull your thumb back and not drop the match (figure one). First, show your hands holding the matches a few inches apart. Now, turn your left hand so that the backs of your left fingers face the on-lookers and bring your hands together (figure two, top view). Just before the matches touch, pull your left thumb back a fraction (figure three, top view), pass the right match through the gap and instantly replace your thumb (figure four). Reverse the process, separating the matches, all the while declaiming on the miraculousness of the whole thing.

essay By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

# THE IDEA KILLERS

*our founding fathers promised us freedom of speech,  
but they never said it would be a free ride*

THE AMERICAN Civil Liberties Union, of which I am an ardent supporter, has suggested that I may be the most censored writer in America. I only wish that my parents had lived to hear that said of me. My father's dying words were, "You will never amount to a hill of beans." He didn't really say that. I am making what we call a joke. Jokes are protected by the First Amendment to our Constitution. Even jokes about God Almighty.

Teachers and librarians have been unbelievably brave and honorable and patriotic, and also intelligent, during all the recent attacks on the First Amendment, which says, among other things, that all Americans are free to read or publish whatever they please. Slander and libel, of course, are excepted from the law's protection.

If I have been censored a lot, then teachers and librarians have had to defend my books a lot. I do not imagine for a microsecond that they have done that because what I write is so true and beautiful. Many of them may hate what I write, even though I am, at my worst, no more dangerous than a banana split. They defend my books, and anybody else's, because they are law-abiding and because they understand, as did our founding fathers, that it is vital in a democracy that voters have access to every sort of opinion and information.

Thanks to our founding fathers, it is the law in this country that, once any idea is

expressed here, no matter how repugnant it may be to some persons or, simply, to everybody, it must never be erased by the Government. Even if the overwhelming majority of our people voted to have this or that idea killed, the killing would be illegal because of the First Amendment, which says:

Article I—Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

I am mainly concerned with freedom of speech here, but that right is surely intertwined, as it is in the First Amendment, with the separation of church and state and the right to have our complaints heard by our Government.

Is there now a war about the First Amendment going on in this usually serene democracy of ours? Well—an earlier draft of this essay was full of warlike images. I am, after all, a war hero. I allowed myself to be captured by the Germans during World War Two in order to save lives.

In the warlike version—which, if read aloud, would sound a lot like the *1812 Overture*—I had the teachers and the librarians draped (continued on page 260)



Edith T. Meyer

# THE TODAY SHOW

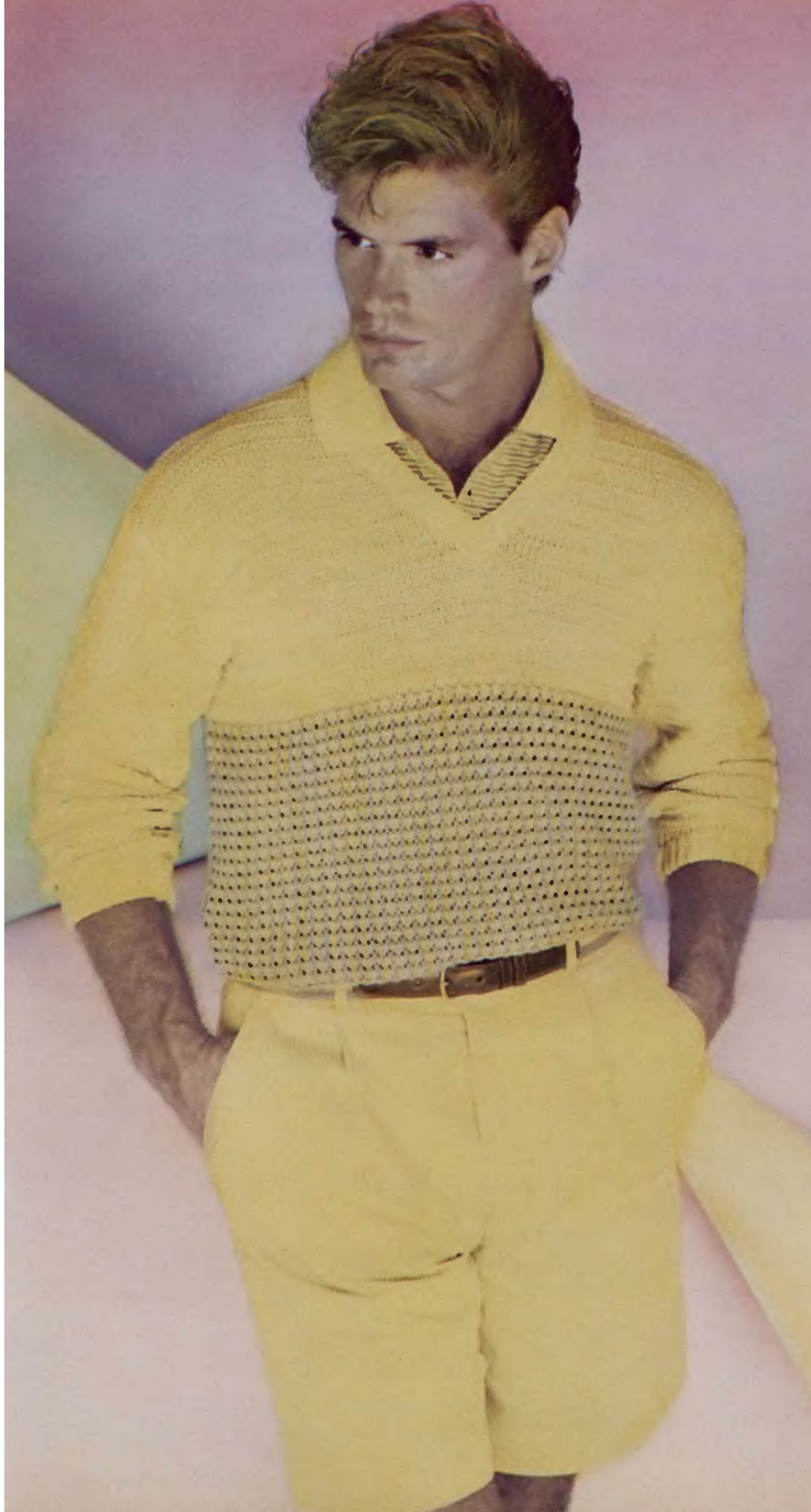
*attire*  
By HOLLIS WAYNE

*four noted fashion  
designers select  
trend-setting  
spring looks  
especially for  
playboy*



**ALEXANDER JULIAN**  
Julian believes in "a new masculinity" and says, "A man should have the self-assurance to be a little daring in what he wears." His selection includes a linen/silk/wool sports jacket, about \$510, linen slacks, \$165, multistriped cotton shirt, \$70, silk tie, \$40, and plaid pocket square, \$25.





ALEXANDER JULIAN, Ron Chereskin, Sal Cesarani and Robert Comstock are the heavy-duty mavens of menswear design who are previewing spring 1984 outfits on these pages. Expect menswear for spring to be loose and comfortable, tailored for the active man who wants his wardrobe to retain a touch of elegance without looking fussy. Chereskin likes "dressy, pulled-together sports clothes," while Cesarani thinks clothing "should be of the lightest weight and least amount of construction." Any chance the shapeless, no-style spring looks that we used to see year after year will return to the market place? Quoth the mavens . . . "Nevermore!"



#### RON CHERESKIN

Drawing from his background as a graphic artist, Chereskin often incorporates graphic patterns into his fashion designs. Case in point is this cotton open-knit V-neck pullover, \$44, coupled with a short-sleeved cotton knit sport shirt, \$30, and pencil-striped herringbone walking shorts, \$45.



**SAIL CESARANI**

"Crisp, cool and flexible" is Cesarani's fashion message for spring. To illustrate that point, he has chosen a suit of lightweight cotton shirt-ing fabric, about \$200, and teamed it with a diamond-patterned cotton pullover sweater, \$80, and a madras shirt, \$30. It can be worn to the office or as sportswear.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER ROSENBAUM



**ROBERT COMSTOCK**

If you knew New Guinea like Comstock knows New Guinea and other exotic spots, you'd see why he designs functional clothes that can pass muster anywhere. His spring selection includes a paratrooper-inspired lambskin jacket, \$390, cotton lisle T-shirt, \$30, and cotton sweat pants, \$55.

*"They consummated their marriage while the attendants slept, halfway across the Atlantic."*

historic bed. Even during pauses in their lovemaking, they'd stay there naked, with the windows open, breathing in the breeze of decaying ships in the harbor, its smell of shit, and, in the absence of the saxophone, hearing the everyday sounds in the courtyard, the single note of a toad under the banana trees, the dripping of water on the nameless tomb, the natural pace of life that they hadn't had time to notice before.

By the time Nena Daconte's parents returned, they'd progressed so far in love that there wasn't room in the world for anything else, and they started doing it at all hours and anywhere, trying to invent it all over again every time they did it. At first, they managed as well as they could in the sports cars Billy Sanchez' father bought him to assuage his own guilt. Later, when the cars became too easy, they would sneak by night into the deserted bathing stalls at Marbella, where fate had brought them face to face for the first time, and, in disguise during the November carnival, they even went to rent rooms in the old slave quarters of Getsemani from the maternal madams who, until a few months before, had had to put up with Billy Sanchez and his gang of chainmen. Nena Daconte gave herself up to furtive love with the same frantic devotion she had previously squandered on the saxophone, so that her domesticated bandit ended up understanding what she'd meant when she told him that he had to do it better than a nigger. Billy Sanchez kept up with her, always and expertly, and with the same wild abandon. Once married, they consummated their marriage while the flight attendants slept, halfway across the Atlantic, shut up with great difficulty and dying more from laughter than from pleasure in the plane's toilet. Only they knew at that time, 24 hours after the wedding, that Nena Daconte had been pregnant for two months.

So, when they reached Madrid, they were a long way from feeling like a pair of satiated lovers, though they had enough constraint to comport themselves like true, virginal newlyweds. Both sets of parents had anticipated their every need. Before they disembarked, a flight attendant came up to the first-class cabin to bring Nena Daconte the ermine coat with shimmering black trim that was her parents' wedding gift. He brought Billy Sanchez a sheepskin jacket that was in fashion that winter and the unmarked keys to a surprise car that was waiting for him at the airport.

The entire diplomatic mission from their country received them in the VIP lounge. Not only were the ambassador and his wife lifelong friends of both their families but he had been the doctor who had presided over Nena Daconte's birth, and he was waiting for her with a bouquet of roses so radiant and fresh that even the dewdrops looked artificial. She greeted them both with insincere kisses, uncomfortable with her role as a newlywed because of her somewhat premature condition, and immediately took the roses. In reaching for them, she pricked her finger on a thorn but deflected attention from the mishap with charming resourcefulness.

"I did it on purpose," she said, "so that you'd all notice my ring."

As a matter of fact, the whole diplomatic mission had been admiring the splendor of the ring, calculating that it must have cost a fortune not so much for the quality of the diamonds as for its well-preserved antiquity. No one noticed that the finger was starting to bleed. Everybody's attention then turned to the new car. The ambassador had had the cleverness to have it brought to the airport and wrapped in cellophane and a huge golden bow. Billy Sanchez didn't appreciate this ingenuity. He was so anxious to see the car he tore off the wrapping in one swipe and stood there breathless. It was the Bentley convertible of that year, with genuine-leather upholstery. The sky resembled a mantle of ashes, the Guadarrama mountains sent down a cutting and icy wind and it was no time to be outdoors, but Billy Sanchez was oblivious to the cold. He kept the diplomatic mission courteously freezing in the open parking lot until he finished examining the car down to its last hidden detail. Then the ambassador got in beside him to guide him to the official residence, where lunch was waiting. Along the way, he pointed out many of the city's famous places, but Billy Sanchez seemed intent only on the magic of the car.

It was the first time he'd been out of the country. He'd gone through every private and public school, always repeating the same grade, until he was left floating in a limbo of apathy. The first sight of a city that wasn't his own, the blocks of ash-colored houses with their lights on in the middle of the day, the naked trees and the distance of the sea all increased a feeling of desolation that he fought to keep at a distance. It was a little while later that he fell, without realizing it, into the first trap of forgetfulness. A sudden and silent blizzard had come up, the first of the season,

and when they left the ambassador's house after lunch to start on their way to France, they found the city covered with radiant snow. Billy Sanchez forgot about the car and, in front of everyone, shouting with joy and dumping handfuls of snow over his head, rolled in the middle of the street with his coat on.

Nena Daconte first noticed that her finger was bleeding when they left Madrid on an afternoon that had turned crystal-clear after the storm. She was startled because she'd accompanied on the saxophone the ambassador's wife, who liked to sing operatic arias in Italian after official lunches, and had barely noticed the discomfort in her ring finger. Later, while pointing out the quickest routes to the border for her husband, she unconsciously sucked on her finger whenever it bled, and it was only when they reached the Pyrenees that it occurred to her to look for a pharmacy. Then she was overcome by the lost sleep of the last few days, and when she woke up suddenly, with the nightmarish impression that the car was speeding through water, it took her a long time to remember the handkerchief wrapped around her finger. By the luminous clock on the dashboard, she saw that it was after three, made mental calculations and only then realized that they'd passed Bordeaux long before and also Angoulême and Poitiers and that they were now passing the flood-inundated Loire embankment. The brilliance of the moon filtered through the fog, and the silhouettes of castles among the pines were right out of ghost stories. Nena Daconte, who knew the region by heart, calculated that they were still about three hours from Paris, and Billy Sanchez continued undaunted behind the wheel.

"You're a savage," she told him. "You've been driving over eleven hours without anything to eat."

He was still floating along in his intoxication with the new car. Although he had slept little and poorly on the plane, he felt wide-awake and with more than enough energy to reach Paris by dawn.

"The lunch at the embassy is still holding me," he said. And he added, with no logic whatsoever, "After all, they're just coming out of the movies in Cartagena. It must be around ten o'clock."

Nevertheless, Nena Daconte was afraid that he'd fall asleep at the wheel. She opened a box from among all the gifts they'd received in Madrid and tried to put a piece of sugared orange into his mouth, but he drew away.

"Men don't eat candy," he said.

A little before Orléans, the fog vanished and a large moon lighted the snowy, plowed fields, but the driving became difficult as the road filled with huge trucks carrying vegetables and wine casks to

(continued on page 248)





*"I guess I can always say we lost because of fallen archers!"*



# THE GREAT 30TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE SEARCH

*we went looking for one very special woman and  
wound up with more than we bargained for*



In their quest for our 30th Anniversary Playmate, our canvassers (such as Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar, caught hard at work, below, by a fellow lensman from *The Denver Post*) found a bevy of potential centerfolds. We met 20-year-old Lana Cunningham, above, in Oklahoma City. Karen Velez (opposite page, left) is a Miami secretary who, like hundreds of other applicants, admits, "I always wondered what I'd look like as a pinup." Dona Speir, 19 (opposite page, right), is a California model and actress. She has appeared in the feature films *Misty Goes to Hollywood* and *Joysticks*.

**A** WELL-KNOWN record producer once told us, "The only way to find a hit record is to listen to as many new songs as possible—and trust that you'll know what you're listening for when you hear it." In a way, that's how we approached our nationwide search for our 30th Anniversary Playmate. In our case, we were looking for something much more special—and far rarer—than a hit record. Feminine beauty, like music, is infinitely varied; and if you ask us how we hoped to recognize a 30th Anniversary Playmate from one Polaroid snapshot among the thousands we took in 31 cities, we really can't tell you. We just knew from experience that when we found her, we would *feel* it. It wouldn't be a cold calculation based on any preconception about the tilt of her nose, the color of her eyes or the size of her breasts. It would be a gut thing based (text concluded on page 217)





In the photo at right, television reporters in Cincinnati interview one of our applicants while, in the rear (from left), security assistant Chuck Scharlatt, Associate Photography Editor Janice Moses and Public Relations Director Dave Salyers look on. Among our coast-to-coast discoveries, moving counterclockwise from the top of the opposite page: Lisa Tucek, 19, a visual-communications major at the Art Institute of Atlanta who plans to be a fashion illustrator; Anita Pearson, 24, also from Atlanta, a waitress, a computer-science major and a professional model; Lisa Pedriana, 24, a Honolulu skin-care specialist and make-up artist; and athletic Teri Roberts, 22, of Dania, Florida.





At right, a camera crew from the television show *Entertainment Tonight* captures the beauty of one of our New York contestants while Janice Moses (far left) looks on. Our three lovely discoveries on the opposite page are (clockwise from top left) Christy Cumens, 21, an antique dealer in Indianapolis; Deborah (Debi) Johnson, 25, a New York sales representative for a line of children's clothes; and Lisa Manyi, 23, whose occupation—plumber—is one we'd never have guessed. Lisa, now of Haleiwo, Hawaii, is a transplanted Floridian. She has studied petroleum engineering and plans to continue at the University of Hawaii. She wants to be a geologist ("I love studying rock formations") and her hobby is, of course, rock collecting.



In the photo at right, 25th Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving and Associate Staff Photographer David Mecey review some of the applications and photos Mecey took in Oklahoma, where we first saw Candy five years ago. Mecey, whose team visited five Southwestern cities, found Patty Duffek, 20 (above), a restaurant clerk and business-administration student, in Phoenix. Patty said her boyfriend "saw an ad for the Playmate Search and suggested I try for it." Alexis Bushman, 24 (above right), has a degree in marketing and currently works for an Acton, Massachusetts, business-equipment manufacturer.





Despite the protests of a local women's organization outside the Minneapolis Hyatt Regency hotel (left), more than 200 Minnesota women made appointments to be photographed by Mecey. We found sexy Heidi Marie Stets, 25 (opposite page, top), in Boston. She's an Ashland, Massachusetts, make-up artist. "I love creating illusions and I hope eventually to get into doing make-up for movies," she says. Adventurous Heidi would also like to be a world traveler and has already backpacked "all over Europe." Lovely Julie Lesser, 19 (opposite page, bottom), is a Midwest City, Oklahoma, financial consultant.



In the photo at left, photographer J. Verser Engelhard (far left, with a camera in front of his face) snaps a shot of May 1983 Playmate Susie Scott (the lady with the long blonde hair) to kick off our Miami search, while local media representatives record the event for the evening news. We met Holly Hunter, 20 (above left), in Pittsburgh. She's a college student majoring in sociology who says she'll spend her modeling fee on tuition. Holly wants to be a social worker. Caroline Pittman, 19 (above), is a model and a cosmetics solesperson from Noblesville, Indiana, who entered our contest in Indianapolis.







# LUCKY PENNY

*the beautiful miss baker, a new york and chicago model,  
ushers in playboy's fourth decade as our 30th anniversary playmate*

**P**AUSE AWHILE before you read on. Gaze into the eyes of the woman on the opposite page. Thank you. You see, we traveled thousands of miles, shot thousands of Polaroids and interviewed thousands of women to find her. And now that we've found her, our greatest reward is in sharing her beauty with you. When Penny Baker entered our 30th Anniversary Playmate Hunt last August in our home town, Chicago, she chanced to meet our Associate Photography Editor Janice Moses. Moses recalls, "She was pretty, sweet, bright, refreshing and fairly confident for a 17-year-old." And today, that description still fits Penny except for two things: She's now 18 and she's a tad (text concluded on page 228)

*A yellow ribbon around an old oak tree welcomes Penny back to her father's arms and her family's Springville, New York, farm (below left). While there, she shows us that a tractor scoop full of hay can be more fun than we'd ever suspected (below right).*







*Penny says the first thing she'll do with her Playmate money is set some aside for a college education in computer science. If there's any left, "I'll save it until I find the right person to go to England with. My grandparents are from there, and they've told me so much about it." From the photos at left and right, we think that England has a lot to look forward to.*



*When she's not in Chicago, Penny is usually modeling in New York, where we see her (top) at a shooting with photographer Nancy Brown and (above) hailing a taxi to take her home.*



*"After I graduate from college, I want to get married, have my own ranch, settle down and have kids who can grow up in the country, just like I did, with horses and lots of space to ride."*







*"Do I embarrass easily? No, I don't think so. But it was definitely a major decision for me to take off my clothes to pose for [PLAYBOY Staff Photographer] Pompeo Posar. In fact, it was probably the first big decision I've made by myself in my whole life."*







MISS JANUARY  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Penny Baker

BUST: 35 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 10-5-65 BIRTHPLACE: Buffalo, N.Y.

AMBITIONS: To become a successful independent woman.

TURN-ONS: the full moon, mountains and music.

TURN-OFFS: big talkers, squash, humidity.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Risky Business, Gone with the Wind, Flashdance

FAVORITE FOODS: lobster, champagne, strawberries, diet Coke

FAVORITE PLACE: in the middle of a wheat field

IDEAL MAN: athletic type, sophisticated and sensitive. Someone who knows what he wants

SECRET FANTASY: To become a professional vagabond and travel the entire world.

5 years old      8 years old      15 years old



Santa's little helper



Million-dollar smile!



Snow bunny

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

How do you plan to celebrate New Year's Eve?" the fellow was asked.

"With a prolonged lovemaking session with my girl," he smiled in reply.

"How prolonged?"

"In one year and out the other."

Word has reached us about an airline stewardess who is so sexy that she causes susceptible male passengers to sky their friendly flies.



Last night, I finally learned what equality between the sexes is all about," the fellow remarked to a buddy.

"What happened?"

"I had a blind date with a girl who turned out to be a real dog—and I had to fake an ejaculation!"

*An expansive old harlot named Knapp  
Had a snatch that she used to entrap  
Pioneers heading West,  
And it wasn't in jest  
She was known as the Cumberland Gap.*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *geriatric bang* as pushing 70.

We have no idea how successful the trainer of an accomplished horse will be in collecting from a onetime Western-movie star—but we do know that his lawsuit is Hollywood's first case involving what might be called palominotomy.

Comrade Carlos has betrayed us!" declared the fiery female guerrilla leader. "But," she added, "he's too hung to die."

He said he wanted to exercise his prerogative as my new boss," the girl reported to her roommate. "I'd never heard that particular term used before—but, boy, what a huge prerogative he turned out to have... and how he exercised it!"

Are you and Larry serious?" the girl was asked.

"We're still short of a meeting of the minds," she replied. "I want a big, old-fashioned June wedding, whereas he'd be satisfied with a blow job at the drive-in."

And then there's that new movie about a blue-collar girl who wants to make it big as a bottomless go-go performer. It's called *Gashdance*.

Here's a quote from an actress named Hart, Who was quizzed on her X-rated start:

*"Since the star's giant prick  
Measured three inches thick,  
I began with a challenging part!"*

Wanna party, Reverend?" inquired the voluptuous streetwalker.

The red-light-district preacher lifted his gaze skyward and intoned, "Lord, deliver me from sinful women! But," he added, falling into step with the girl, "do it in about half an hour."

If your husband's interest in sex is waning, have him try yogurt," one clubwoman suggested to another. "It's done wonders for my marital love life."

When the two next met, the obvious question was asked. "I'm sorry to say, your yogurt idea bombed," responded the woman with the problem spouse. "Fred ruled the stuff out in less than a week because it made the sheets too messy."

You may not have heard about the crafty little old lady who supplements her Social Security income by volume dealing in marijuana. The nickname by which she's known to her customers is Kilo Gram.



I found these two female homosexuals engaged in perverted behavior," testified the arresting officer. "They had somehow gotten into an empty sports stadium, and one was using a wax taper to simulate the sex act with the other."

"Just which stadium was it?" inquired the magistrate.

"You may find this hard to believe, Your Honor," replied the cop, "but it happened in Candlestick Park."

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



*"What do you mean Santa was good to you tonight?"*

# THE TOYNBEE CONVECTOR

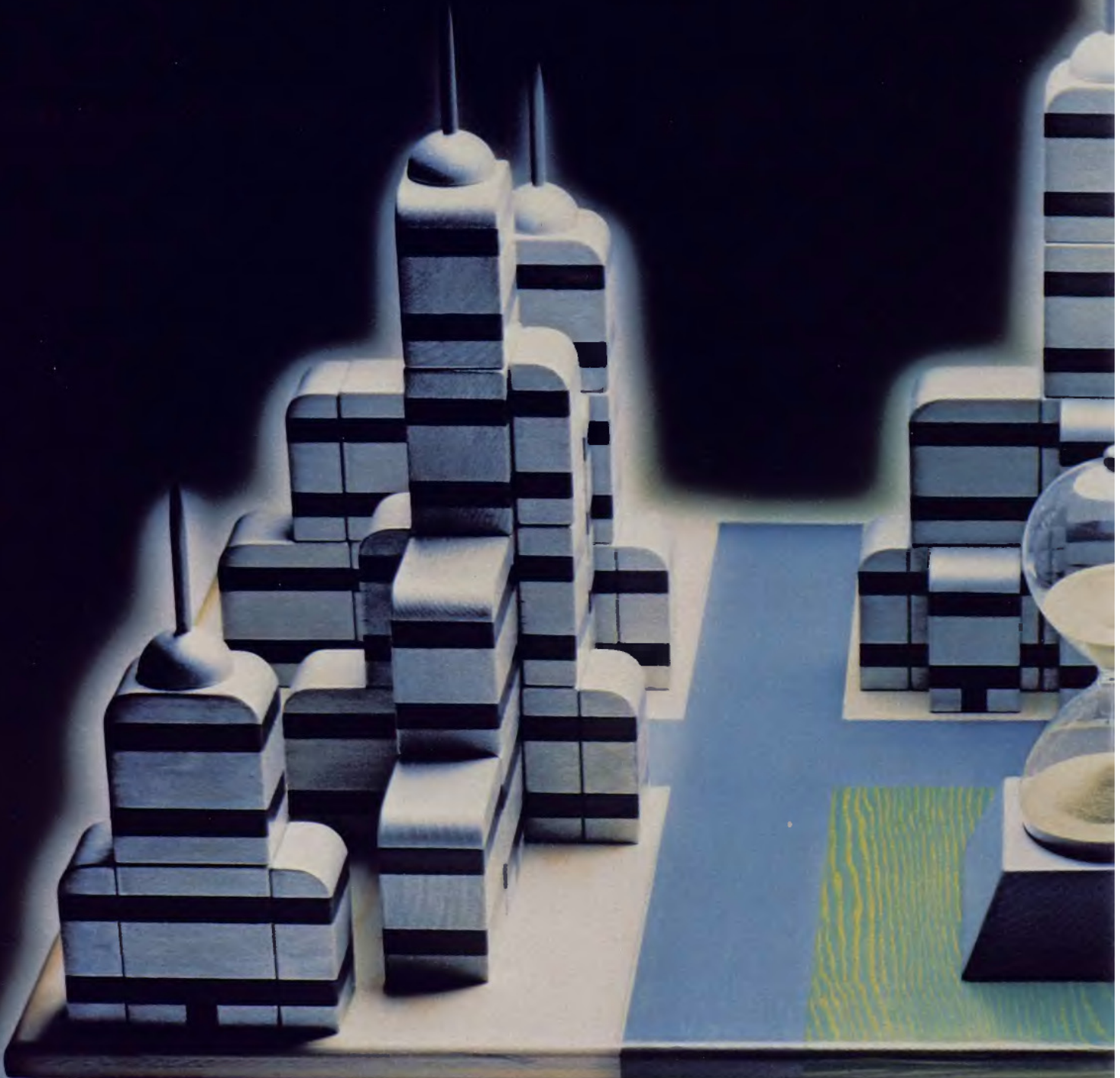
"GOOD! GREAT! Bravo for me!"

Roger Shumway flung himself into the seat, buckled himself in, revved the rotor and drifted his Dragonfly Super-6 Helicopter up to blow away on the summer sky, heading south toward La Jolla.

"How lucky can you get?"

For he was on his way to an incredible meeting.

The time traveler, after 100 years of silence, had agreed to be interviewed. He was, on this day, 130 years old. And



*"we made it!" said the time traveler. "oh, future's bright and beauteous spires, arise!"*

*fiction by*

# RAY BRADBURY

this afternoon, at four o'clock sharp, Pacific time, was the anniversary of his one and only journey in time.

Lord, yes! One hundred years ago, Craig Bennett Stiles had waved, stepped into his Immense Clock, as he called it, and vanished from the present. He was and remained the only man in history to travel in time. And Shumway was the one and only reporter, after all these years, to be invited in for afternoon tea. And? The possible announcement of a second and final trip through time. The traveler



had hinted at such a trip.

"Old man," said Shumway, "Mr. Craig Bennett Stiles—here I come!"

The Dragonfly, obedient to fevers, seized a wind and rode it down the coast.

The old man was there waiting for him on the roof of the Time Lamasery at the rim of the hang glider's cliff in La Jolla. The air swarmed with crimson, blue and lemon kites from which young men shouted, while young women called to them from the land's edge.

Stiles, for all his 130 years, was not old. His face, blinking up at the helicopter, was the bright face of one of those hang-gliding Apollo fools who veered off as the helicopter sank down.

Shumway hovered his craft for a long moment, savoring the delay.

Below him was a face that had dreamed architectures, known incredible loves, blueprinted mysteries of seconds, hours, days, then dived in to swim upstream through the centuries. A sunburst face, celebrating its own birthday.

For on a single night, 100 years ago, Craig Bennett Stiles, freshly returned from time, had reported by Telstar around the world to billions of viewers and told them their future.

"We made it!" he said. "We did it! The future is ours. We rebuilt the cities, freshened the small towns, cleaned the lakes and rivers, washed the air, saved the dolphins, increased the whales, stopped the wars, tossed solar stations across space to light the world, colonized the Moon, moved on to Mars, then Alpha Centauri. We cured cancer and stopped death. We did it—O Lord, much thanks—we did it. Oh, future's bright and beauteous spires, arise!"

He showed them pictures, he brought them samples, he gave them tapes and LP records, films and sound cassettes of his wondrous roundabout flight. The world went mad with joy. It ran to meet and make that future, fling up the cities of promise, save all and share with the beasts of land and sea.

The old man's welcoming shout came up the wind. Shumway shouted back and let the Dragonfly simmer down in its own summer weather.

Craig Bennett Stiles, 130 years old, strode forward briskly and, incredibly, helped the young reporter out of his craft, for Shumway was suddenly stunned and weak at this encounter.

"I can't believe I'm here," said Shumway.

"You are, and none too soon," laughed the time traveler. "Any day now, I may just fall apart and blow away. Lunch is waiting. Hike!"

A parade of one, Stiles marched off under the fluttering rotor shadows that made him seem a flickering newsreel of a future that had somehow passed.

Shumway, like a small dog after a great army, followed.

"What do you want to know?" asked the old man as they crossed the roof, double time.

"First," gasped Shumway, keeping up, "why have you broken silence after a hundred years? Second, why to me? Third, what's the big announcement you're going to make this afternoon at four o'clock, the very hour when your younger self is due to arrive from the past—when, for a brief moment, you will appear in two places, the paradox: the person you were, the man you are, fused in one glorious hour for us to celebrate?"

The old man laughed. "How you *do* go on!"

"Sorry." Shumway blushed. "I wrote that last night. Well. Those are the questions."

"You shall have your answers." The old man shook his elbow gently. "All in good—time."

"You must excuse my excitement," said Shumway. "After all, you *are* a mystery. You were famous, world-acclaimed. You went, saw the future, came back, told us, then went into seclusion. Oh, sure; for a few weeks, you traveled the world in ticker-tape parades, showed yourself on TV, wrote one book, gifted us with one magnificent two-hour television film, then shut yourself away here. Yes, the time machine is on exhibit below, and crowds are allowed in each day at noon to see and touch. But you yourself have refused fame—"

"Not so." The old man led him along the roof. Below in the gardens, other helicopters were arriving now, bringing TV equipment from around the world to photograph the miracle in the sky, that moment when the time machine from the past would appear, shimmer, then wander off to visit other cities before it vanished into the past. "I have been busy, as an architect, helping build that very future I saw when, as a young man, I arrived in our golden tomorrow!"

They stood for a moment watching the preparations below. Vast tables were being set up for food and drink. Dignitaries would be arriving soon from every country of the world to thank—for a final time, perhaps—this fabled, this almost mythic traveler of the years.

"Come along," said the old man. "Would you like to come sit in the time machine? No one else ever has, you know. Would you like to be the first?"

No answer was necessary. The old man could see that the young man's eyes were bright and wet.

"There, there," said the old man. "Oh, dear me; there, there."

A glass elevator sank and took them below and let them out in a pure-

white basement at the center of which stood—

The incredible device.

"There." Stiles touched a button and the plastic shell that had for 100 years encased the time machine slid aside. The old man nodded. "Go. Sit."

Shumway moved slowly toward the machine.

Stiles touched another button and the machine lit up like a cavern of spider webs. It breathed in years and whispered forth remembrance. Ghosts were in its crystal veins. A great god spider had woven its tapestries in a single night. It was haunted and it was alive. Unseen tides came and went in its machinery. Suns burned and moons hid their seasons in it. Here, an autumn blew away in tatters; there, winters arrived in snows that drifted in spring blossoms to fall on summer fields.

The young man sat in the center of it all, unable to speak, gripping the armrests of the padded chair.

"Don't be afraid," said the old man gently. "I won't send you on a journey."

"I wouldn't mind," said Shumway.

The old man studied his face. "No, I can see you wouldn't. You look like me one hundred years ago this day. Damn if you aren't my honorary son."

The young man shut his eyes at this, and the lids glistened as the ghosts in the machine sighed all about him and promised him tomorrows.

"Well, what do you think of my Toynbee Convector?" said the old man briskly, to break the spell.

He cut the power. The young man opened his eyes.

"The Toynbee Convector? What—"

"More mysteries, eh? The great Toynbee, that fine historian who said any group, any race, any world that did not run to seize the future and shape it was doomed to dust away in the grave, in the past."

"Did he say *that*?"

"Or some such. He did. So, what better name for my machine, eh? Toynbee, wherever you are, here's your future-seizing device!"

He grabbed the young man's elbow and steered him out of the machine.

"Enough of that. It's late. Almost time for the great arrival, eh? And the earth-shaking final announcement of that old time traveler Stiles! Jump!"

Back on the roof, they looked down on the gardens, which were now swarming with the famous and the near famous from across the world. The nearby roads were jammed; the skies were full of helicopters and hovering biplanes. The hang gliders had long since given up and now stood along the cliff rim like a mob of bright

(continued on page 158)





# WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

*to listen, to console, to support—to be neighborly, that's what*

*humor by*

**ART BUCHWALD**

IT WAS 12 goddamn o'clock at night, and the goddamn knocking on the door wouldn't stop. I put on a bathrobe and went into the living room.

"Who the goddamn hell is it?" I asked.

"It's Donald. Can I speak to you?"

"Now?"

"It's sort of important," he said.

I unlocked the bolt and the chain and let him in. He saw me in my bathrobe and looked toward the bedroom. "You got something going tonight?"

"Nah," I said. "I was just reading. You want a drink?"

"You sure I'm not interrupting anything?"

"For God's sake, Donald, what the hell do you want?"

"Give me a beer?"

I went to the fridge and brought back a couple of beers and gave him one. "Sit down. What's your problem?"

Donald sat in a chair and I stretched out on the sofa.

"You know Marge and I have separated, don't you?"

"Yeah, I know that."

"It's been almost two and a half weeks."

"Yeah, I know that, too."

"Well, the phone's been ringing off the hook since the word is out. I've heard from every friend she's ever had."

"So?"

"It's really weird, Harry. The calls, I mean. There's this girl Beth—Marge works with her at the office. She calls up and says I'm a real shit to break up with Marge, and I'll never find a girl like her again."

"So?"

"She doesn't let it go at that. She says I think I can get anything in skirts now that I'm free. But I'm mistaken."

"What did you say?"

"I get mad and say, 'Who couldn't I get?' and she says, 'Me, for one. I may like you, but I would never go to bed with you, because I'm too close to Marge.' So I reply, 'I didn't say (concluded on page 242)

# THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By TOM KOCH**

With Sally Ride in space, we moved  
Toward interstellar shores.  
Now GALS AND GENTS is clearly marked  
On shuttle bathroom doors.

The Hollings and the Mondale camps  
Each launched a campaign blitz.  
Let's hope that neither one could put  
The country on the Fritz.

Paul Volcker's reappointment won  
A rousing Wall Street cheer.  
Was that the same Paul Volcker that  
They'd hated just last year?

Ron had it to his keister with  
Some White House goings on,  
While polls showed half the country'd had  
It up to there with Ron.



An errant airliner caused paranoid Russians  
To pop off.  
How nice if they'd go to the end of the earth  
Andropov.



A High Court verdict made the folks  
At Parker Brothers pout.  
The judges ruled Monopoly's  
Monopoly ran out.

M\*A\*S\*H bade farewell with eyes all moist,  
Heads bowed and flag unfurled.  
Now Alan Alda's free to help  
Ed Asner save the world.

As centerfold, Wilt Chamberlain  
Gave girls a bonus treat:  
Pure beefcake in the jumbo size  
That measures seven feet.



A King Kong filled with air adorned  
One tall Manhattan peak,  
Till PR men became convinced  
That plastic apes all leak.

Returning Jedis swooped through space  
And did their share of good  
By making tons of money drop  
All over Hollywood.



James Watt rolled on with foot in mouth;  
To Jim's tact some protested—  
The Jews, the blacks, the handicapped—  
His foot's now near-digested.

The folks who toil at EPA  
Found far less cause to grouse  
Once switched from Gorsuch Manor to  
More stately Ruckelshaus.

G.M. unveiled the new Corvette,  
Much sleeker front and back.  
Its lineage is Chevrolet;  
Its price tag, Cadillac.

Said Teddy, "I refuse to run."  
His words were terse and flat.  
Then each reporter turned to ask,  
"What did he mean by that?"

In Britain, voters made it known  
They wanted Thatcher back.  
They just adore her will of steel  
And hair of swirled shellac.

A Willie Nelson ballad made  
The Arafat top ten  
As Yasir wailed from Syria,  
"I'm on the road again."



Japan unveiled its Disneyland  
While throngs gave mighty cheers.  
Will Walkman earphones be replaced  
By caps with Mouseketears?



With wife now in the Cabinet,  
Plus husband's Senate role,  
Could it be said that Liz and Bob  
Make up the public Dole?

The haute couture of Oscar night  
Fell somewhat short of dandy  
As Dustin Hoffman in a dress  
Lost out to sheeted Gandhi.

Young Herschel Walker's pro debut  
Was not the awesome kind.  
Did Herschel in New Jersey still  
Have Georgia on his mind?



Ron Reagan, Jr., quit ballet,  
A move ordained by fate  
Once he found out a dancer's pay  
Is seldom tutu great.



The book by Hersh on Kissinger  
Was one that K. found grating.  
But was that hissing sound a snarl  
Or Henry's pride deflating?



On Broadway, Liz and Dick set sail  
On clashing ego trips.  
He filled the stage with resonance;  
She filled it with her hips.

The John Glenn faction dubbed its man  
This generation's Ike.  
Well, both seem bland, Midwestern, bald.  
By gosh, they are alike!

*"By stepping across time, you changed the whole future of the world from dark to light."*

pterodactyls, wings folded, heads up, staring at the clouds, waiting.

"All this," the old man murmured, "my God, for *me*."

The young man checked his watch.

"Ten minutes to four and counting. Almost time for the great arrival. Sorry; that's what I called it when I wrote you up a week ago for the *News*. That moment of arrival and departure, in the blink of an eye, when, by stepping across time, you changed the whole future of the world from night to day, dark to light. I've often wondered——"

"What?"

Shumway studied the sky. "When you went ahead in time, did *no one* see you arrive? Did anyone at *all* happen to look up, do you know, and see your device hover in the middle of the air, here and over Chicago a bit later, and then New York and Paris? *No one*?"

"Well," said the inventor of the Toynbee Convector, "I don't suppose anyone was *expecting* me! And if people saw, they surely did not know what in blazes they were looking at. I was careful, anyway, not to linger too long. I needed only time to photograph the rebuilt cities, the clean seas and rivers, the fresh, smog-free air, the unfortified nations, the saved and beloved whales. I moved quickly, photographed swiftly and ran back down the years home. Today, paradoxically, is different. Millions upon millions of mobs of eyes will be looking up with great expectations. They will glance, will they not, from the young fool burning in the sky to the old fool here, still glad for his triumph?"

"They will," said Shumway. "Oh, indeed, they *will*!"

A cork popped. Shumway turned from surveying the crowds on the nearby fields and the crowds of circling objects in the sky to see that Stiles had just opened a bottle of champagne.

"Our own private toast and our own private celebration."

They held their glasses up, waiting for the precise and proper moment to drink.

"Five minutes to four and counting. Why," said the young reporter, "did no one else ever travel in time?"

"I put a stop to it myself," said the old man, leaning over the roof, looking down at the crowds. "I realized how dangerous it was. I was reliable, of course, no danger. But, Lord, think of it—just *anyone* rolling about the bowling-alley time corridors ahead, knocking tenpins headlong, frightening natives, shocking citizens somewhere else, fiddling with Napoleon's life

line behind or restoring Hitler's cousins ahead? No, no. And the Government, of course, agreed—no, insisted—that we put the Toynbee Convector under sealed lock and key. Today, you were the first and the last to fingerprint its machinery. The guard has been heavy and constant, for tens of thousands of days, to prevent the machine's being stolen. What time do you have?"

Shumway glanced at his watch and took in his breath.

"One minute and counting down——"

He counted, the old man counted. They raised their champagne glasses.

"Nine, eight, seven——"

The crowds below were immensely silent. The sky whispered with expectation. The TV cameras swung up to scan and search.

"Six, five——"

They clinked their glasses.

"Four, three, two——"

They drank.

"One!"

They drank their champagne with a laugh. They looked to the sky. The golden air above the La Jolla coast line waited. The moment for the great arrival was here.

"Now!" cried the young reporter, like a magician giving orders.

"Now," said Stiles, gravely quiet.

Nothing.

Five seconds passed.

The sky stood empty.

Ten seconds passed.

The heavens waited.

Twenty seconds passed.

Nothing.

At last, Shumway turned to stare and wonder at the old man by his side.

Stiles looked at him, shrugged and said:

"I lied."

"You what!?" cried Shumway.

The crowds below shifted uneasily.

"I lied," said the old man simply.

"No!"

"Oh, but yes," said the time traveler. "I never went anywhere. I stayed but made it seem I went. There is no time machine—only something that *looks* like one."

"But why?" cried the young man, bewildered, holding to the rail at the edge of the roof. "Why?"

"I see that you have a tape-recording button on your lapel. Turn it on. Yes. There. I want everyone to hear this. Now."

The old man finished his champagne and then said:

"Because I was born and raised in a time, in the Sixties, Seventies and Eighties, when people had stopped believing in themselves. I saw that disbelief, the reason that no longer gave itself reasons to survive, and was moved, depressed and then angered by it.

"Everywhere, I saw and heard doubt. Everywhere, I learned destruction. Everywhere was professional despair, intellectual ennui, political cynicism. And what wasn't ennui and cynicism was rampant skepticism and incipient nihilism."

The old man stopped, having remembered something. He bent and from under a table brought forth a special bottle of red Burgundy with the label 1984 on it. This, as he talked, he began to open, gently plumping the ancient cork.

"You name it, we had it. The economy was a snail. The world was a cesspool. Economics remained an insolvable mystery. Melancholy was the attitude. The impossibility of change was the vogue. End of the world was the slogan.

"Nothing was worth doing. Go to bed at night full of bad news at eleven, wake up in the morn to worse news at seven. Trudge through the day underwater. Drown at night in a tide of plagues and pestilence. Ah!"

For the cork had softly popped. The now-harmless 1984 vintage was ready for airing. The time traveler sniffed it and nodded.

"Not only the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse rode the horizon to fling themselves on our cities but a fifth horseman, worse than all the rest, rode with them: Despair, wrapped in dark shrouds of defeat, crying only repetitions of past disasters, present failures, future cowardices.

"Bombarded by dark chaff and no bright seed, what sort of harvest was there for man in the latter part of the incredible Twentieth Century?"

"Forgotten was the Moon, forgotten the red landscapes of Mars, the great eye of Jupiter, the stunning rings of Saturn. We refused to be comforted. We wept at the grave of our child, and the child was *us*."

"Was that how it was," asked Shumway quietly, "one hundred years ago?"

"Yes." The time traveler held up the wine bottle as if it contained proof. He poured some into a glass, eyed it, inhaled and went on. "You have seen the newsreels and read the books of that time. You know it all.

"Oh, of course, there were a few bright moments. When Salk delivered the world's children to life. Or the night when Eagle landed and that one great step for mankind trod the Moon. But in the minds and out of the mouths of many, the Fifth Horseman was darkly cheered on. With

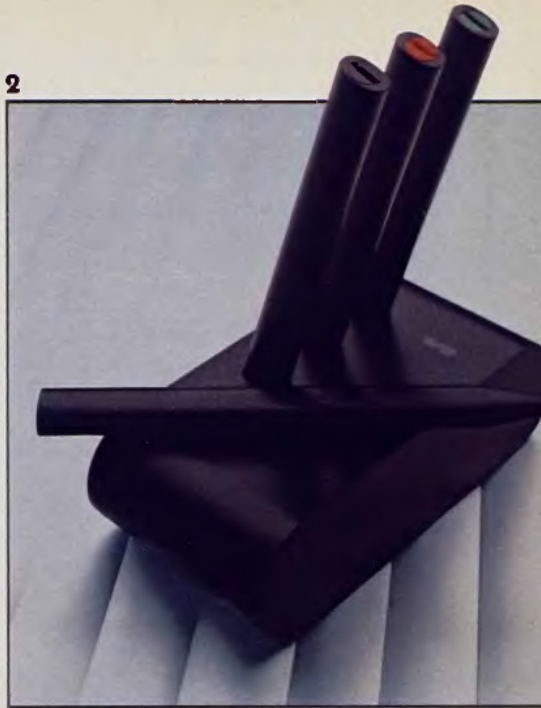
(continued on page 230)

1 2

**1** Le Petit Tonneau, a handmade brassbound Limousin oak cask, houses 1.75 liters of A. Hardy & Co.'s blended vintage Grande Fine Extra cognac, which will continue to mature in the wood if you can refrain from drinking it, from Chateaux Brands, Ltd., Pomona, New York, about \$250. (Yes, the spigot works.)



**2** The 444 Pen Set includes four cylindrical matte-black ballpoint pens in red, black, blue and green inks that stand ready for use in a matching 4½"-long, nonslip thermal-plastic base, from The Office Works, Inc., Forest Hills, New York, \$19.95. Write an!



**3** Look! Up on the wall of your office or den! It's Tec Trak, a high-tech AM/FM stereo cassette recorder, LED alarm clock with wired remote control, reading lamp and dual speakers that all mount on six feet of power track, thus making the speakers wireless, by Juliette Electronics, \$269.95. Nifty!

**4** For a last-minute gift to the namad in your life, there's the latest edition of *The New International Atlas*, featuring many large-scale maps, \$100, or *The Great Geographical Atlas*, which contains, among other things, a compendium of current geographical knowledge, \$75, both by Rand McNally & Ca.



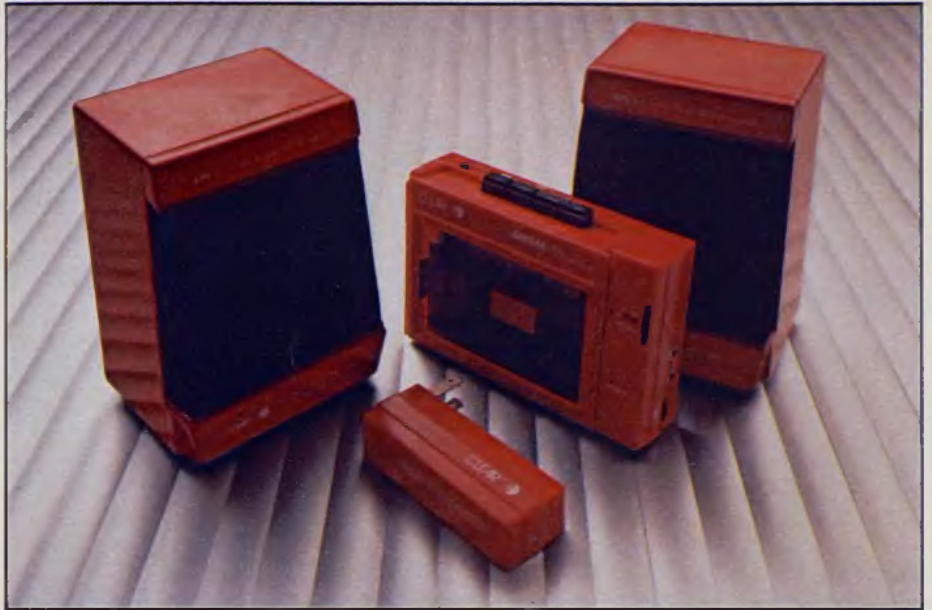
**5** Krups' Turbo Pocket international-travel hair drier comes in burgundy and white and features dual voltage for world-wide usage, delivering 1000 watts on 110 and 220 voltage, \$30, including detachable air-flaw nozzle, easy-to-pack mirrored travel case and two adapter plugs for various foreign currents.

# THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

*rest ye merry, gentlemen procrastinators. playboy once again comes up with a sleighful of last-minute yuletide goodies*



4 5



**6** All that glitters on this 28-ounce imitation-Krugerrand paperweight that measures  $5\frac{1}{8}$ " in diameter isn't gold, it's only gold plating; but we'll never tell, and neither will the distributor, Gold Investments, Pleasanton, Texas, \$37.50, including presentation box. (That's a lot cheaper than the real McCoy.)

**7** Clear Electronics' SWC-838 personal stereo cassette-tape player incorporates AM/FM and cassette functions into a unit that can be recharged when you slip on the special module that plugs into any 110 outlet, \$159.95. It will also drive the optional AWS-07  $5\frac{1}{2}$ "-tall minispeakers shown, \$69.95 a pair.

**8** This Ultrasonic III Messenger portable electronic typewriter doubles as a computer printer when combined with an optional Messenger Module (not shown) and features one-touch memory correction, character-per-inch selection and the option of utilizing up to ten type styles, by Smith-Corona, \$635.

## THE ELEVENTH-

**9** The clean lines of this Ferdinand Alexander Parsche-designed Chronograph II watch complement its high-tech anodized-aluminum casing and carbon-fiber watchband; the movement is automatic mechanical and the sapphire-glass face is guaranteed not to scratch, distributed by American PD Co., \$1330.

**10** There's double pleasure in giving or getting this Polo Fragrance Chest, because inside its solid-Honduras-mahogany sides and Polo-print top you'll find four ounces each of Polo Cologne and Polo After Shave, plus Polo Shave Foam and a brass Polo safety razor, by Warner Cosmetics, \$200, with key.





**11** Model 512 Three-in-One cordless telephone operates outdoors up to 700 feet from the base with raised antenna or you can make calls without lifting the handset from the base unit; and there's also an intercom system between the handset and the base unit, plus much more, by Webcor, about \$300.

**12** For post-prandial holiday puffing, there's a reusable gloss humidor lined with cedar housing 50 Don Diego Amatistas cigars (made of Dominican, African, Puerto Rican and American tobaccos) in pristine condition, from Consolidated Cigar Corporation, about \$75 at most major cigar stores.

## HOUR SANTA

**14** Hit the road, black, with a roomy black-leather travel bag that's polyurethane lined and equipped with heavy-duty two-way zippers and a padded shoulder strap, \$210, or a black-leather tennis case that can hold up to three rackets in its suede-lined and foam-padded interior, \$90, both by Pro-Kennex.

**13** The loveliness of the long-distance telescope is captured in this 36½", 60 x 60mm, highly polished solid-brass Model 4B scope that stands about 20" tall on a solid-brass tripod with Duncan Phyfe-style legs, by Tasco, \$1799.95, including a handsome felt-lined wooden storage chest.

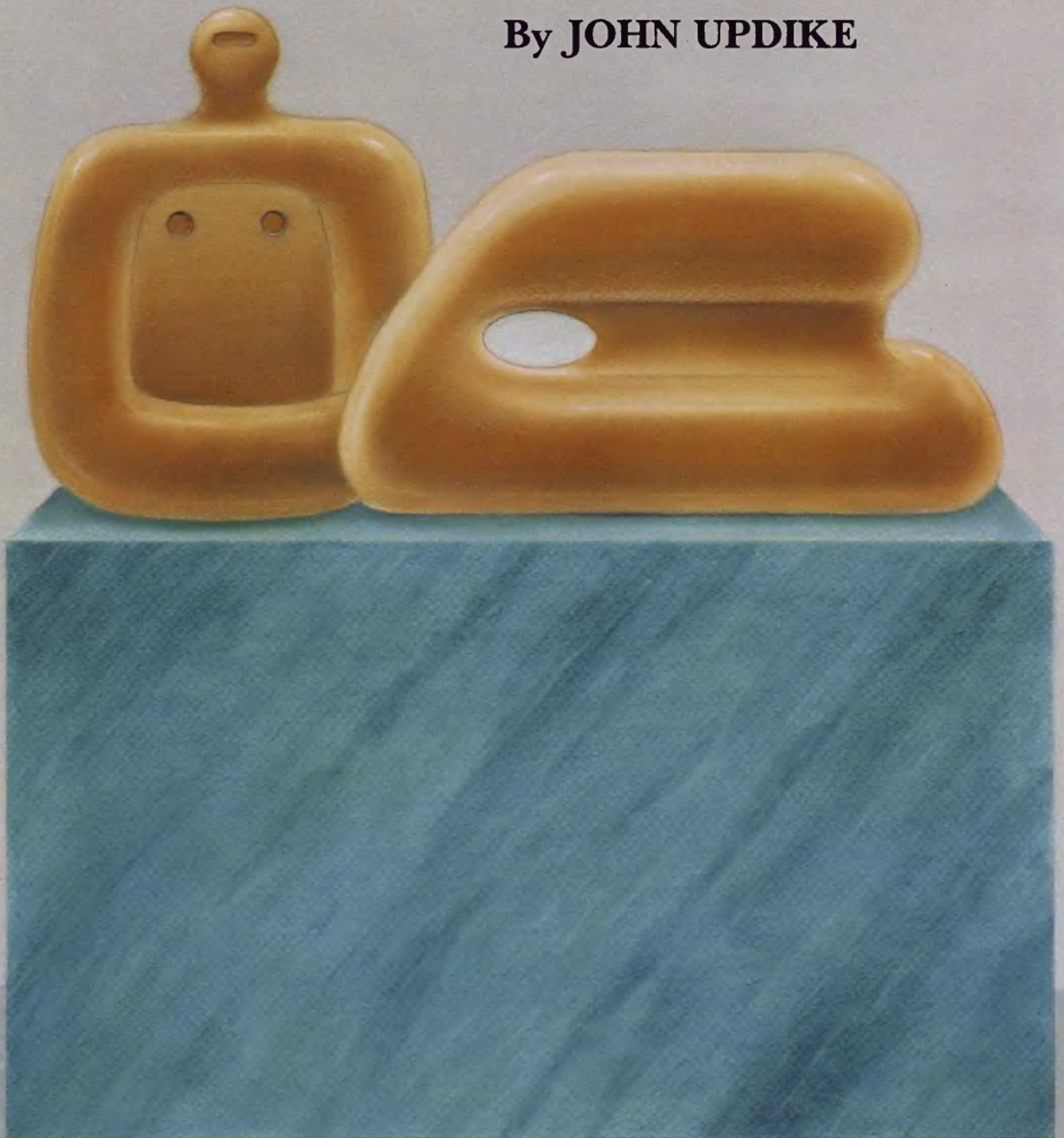
**15** It's easy riding on a Hondo Aero 80 scooter that comes equipped with an automatic choke and electric starting system, forced-air cooling, solid-state ignition, automatic transmission and an 80-c.c. engine, \$798; optional accessories include a carrying basket, rear trunk, body cover and floor mat.



# *Cunts*

*a poem*

By JOHN UPDIKE





(Upon Receiving the Swingers Life Club Membership Solicitation)

The Venus de Milo didn't have one, at least no pussy that left its shadow in the marble, but Botticelli's Venus, though we cannot see it for her sea-anemone hand, did, no doubt—an amber-furred dear mouth we would kiss could we enter the Arcadian plane of the painting. We must assimilate cunts to our creed of beauty. September Morn held her thighs tight shut, and the dolls we grew up undressing had nothing much there, not even

MADE IN USA,

but the beauties we must learn to worship now all have spread legs, splayed in bedspread motel beds, and the snowflakes that burst forth are no two alike: convolute snapdragons, portals and tears and T-bones of hair, lips lurid as slices of salmon, whirlpoolly wisps more ticklish than skin, black brooms a witch could ride cackling through the spatter of stars, assholes a-stare like monocles tiny as dimes.

*"I adore french culture and can really blow your mind"  
"half of an ultra-sophisticated couple who prefers"  
"love modelling with guys or gals and groovy parties"  
"affectionate young housewife would like to meet"  
"attractive broadminded funloving exotic tastes"*  
glory Gloria fellatio Felicia Connie your cunt is Platonism upside down and really opens innocence the last inch wider: I bite and I believe.

"Who put this mouse between my legs if not the Lord? Who knocks to enter? Pigs of many stripes. My cunt is me, it lathers and it loves because its emptiness knows nothing else to do. Here comes the stalwart cock, numb-headed hater, assassin dragging behind him in a wrinkled sack reproduction's two stooges; refrigerated in blood, the salt sperm thrashes to mix with my lipstick. Nibble my nipples, you fish. My eyelashes tickle your glans while my cunt like a shark gone senile yawns for its meal. In my prison your head will lean against the wet red wall and beg for a pardon and my blood will beat back No. Here is my being, my jewel, simpler than a diamond, finer-spun than Assyrian gold and the Book of Kells, nobler than a theorem by Euler, more darling than a dimple in a Steuben-glass Shirley Temple—flesh-flower, riddle of more levels than a Pyramid passageway greased with balm. Adore!"

A woman once upon a bed with me to kiss my soul went down but in addition thrust her ass up to my face and trembled all her length so I knew something rare was being served; of course the lapping was an ecstasy, but such an ecstasy I prayed her distant face grow still so I could drink the deeper of this widening self that only lacked the prick of stars to be a firmament.

"Adore this hole that bleeds with the moon so you can be born!" Stretched like a howl between the feet pushing the stirrups the poor slit yields up the bubble of a skull. Glad tunnel of life, foretaste of resurrection, slick applicant of appropriate friction springing loose the critical honey from the delirious bee.

*"You can meet these swinging gals" "you can be in direct contact with these free-thinking modern people"  
"if you are a Polaroid photography enthusiast"  
"you can rest assured your membership"  
"you will discover the most exquisite, intimate"  
"you" and the clitoris*

like a little hurt girl turns its face to the corner.

Well, how were we to know that all you fat sweethearts were as much the vagina's victim as the poor satyr who sells his mother's IBM preferred to procure three whores to have three ways at once—by land, by sea, by air? "It was all a sacred mush of little pips to me." Now you tell us, tell us and tell us, of a magical doorbell crocheted of swollen nerves beneath the fur and all the pallid moon from scalp to toes decuple not quite this molehill of a mountain is the Mare of Disenchantment, the Plain of No Response. Who could have known, when you are edible all over? So edible we gobble even your political views as they untwist in lamplight, like lemon peel from a knife. Tell us O tell us why is it why the hairs on the nape of your neck say cunt and the swirl in your laugh says cunt and your fingernails flanking your cigarette and the red of the roof of your mouth and your mischief and your passion for sleeping dogs and the way you shape hamburgers naked-handed and the way you squat to a crying child so the labia stain your underpants cry cunt CUNT there is almost CUNT too much of a CUNT good thing CUNT

"And howzabout that split banana second when (a clouded tear in its single eye, stiff angel stuffed with ichor) the semen in good faith leaps (no shadows live on marble like these that coat my helpless hands) and your [unmentionable] enhouses the cosmic stranger with a pinch?"

☞ It is true, something vital ebbs from the process once the female is considered not a monstrous emissary from the natural darkness but as possessing personhood with its attendant rights, and wit.

I pulled a Tampax with my teeth and found it, darling, not so bloody. I loved the death between your toes. I gazed my fallow fill in motel light until your cunt became my own, and I a girl. I lost my hard-on quite; my consciousness stayed raised. Your mouth became a fumble at my groin. You would not let me buck away. I came, and sobbed, triumphantly repentant. You said with a smile of surprise it was warm, warm on the back of your throat, hitting, and not salty, but sweet. We want to fill your cunt but are unmanned. My sobbing felt like coming. Fond monster, you swallowed my tears. We were plighted. I was afraid. I adore your cunt. But why is there only one? Is one enough? You cunt.

*"I'm available . . . and so are hundreds of other eager young girls who are ready to pose FOR YOU!"  
Corinna, even your shit has something to be said for it "avant garde of a new era of freedom" (Coronet)  
"dawn of a cultural phenomenon" (PLAYBOY)  
"Dr. Gilbert Bartell, the renowned cultural anthropologist"  
"page after page of totally rewarding sexual knowledge that will be an invaluable asset in your search for greater sexual understanding" "Only through complete understanding can man hope" "Discretion is our middle name!"  
Daphne, your fortune moistens. Stand. Bend down. Smile.*



# STAR 80

*mariel hemingway  
plays star-crossed  
playmate of the year  
dorothy stratten in a  
new bob fosse film*

FOR THOSE who never knew her, the tragic tale of Dorothy Stratten seems natural movie material. Dorothy left a job behind a Dairy Queen counter in Vancouver, British Columbia, became our Playmate of the Year in 1980 and was setting out on what promised to be a glittering movie career. Then she was shot and killed by her husband, Paul Snider, who subsequently took his own life. Since then, her story has taken on a number of lives of its own.

First there was PLAYBOY's detailed account (May 1981), *Dorothy Stratten: Her Story*, by Richard Rhodes. Then there was a 1981 made-for-TV movie, *Death of a Centerfold: The Dorothy Stratten Story*, with Jamie Lee Curtis. Still to come is director Peter Bogdanovich's biography of Dorothy, *The Killing of the Unicorn*, based on his brief relationship with her. Now, already screening in some cities, there is Bob Fosse's film *Star 80*.

Fosse, who directed *Lenny*, *Cabaret* and *All That Jazz*, has chosen to center his film on the Snider character (played to fearful perfection in *Star 80* by Eric (text concluded on page 244)

To play Dorothy Stratten in his film *Star 80*, director Bob Fosse chose Mariel Hemingway (left and right), who had campaigned vigorously for the part. At top right, the bearded Fosse talks with cast members (from left) Neva Patterson, who plays a magazine executive; Cliff Robertson, in the role of Hugh Hefner; Mariel; and Cis Rundle, as a PLAYBOY PR staffer.





Early in the film, boyfriend Paul Snider persuades Dorothy—then 18—to pose nude for a few Polaroids. Shy at the outset, she warms up as photo after photo emerges from his camera. The shot above is one of the results. He sends the Polaroids to *PLAYBOY* and Dorothy is invited to Los Angeles for a Playmate test. Snider says he won't let her go alone, but when she does, and quickly becomes a success, he pressures her into marrying him.



Snider (Eric Roberts), wearing quintessential pimp threads, tries to give Dorothy advice on her career (above left), unaware that it's progressing without his interference. During a Playboy Mansion West party (above right), Hefner introduces Dorothy to a producer, played by Ernest Thompson—in real life, the writer of the play and film *On Golden Pond*. At right, Mariel in a re-creation of Dorothy's August 1979 gatefold.







"Frankly, I was surprised at Mariel's casting at first," says Casilli. "But when I started working with her, I was almost frightened by the similarity between her and Dorothy. It was rather like *déjà vu*. Somehow, she captured something about Dorothy—a kind of vulnerability, it seems to me."



Below, Los Angeles Playboy Club Bunnies (from left) Eileen, Paula and Karen team up with Mariel for the scene in which she plays Dorothy as a Bunny. Below center, Robertson does his Hefner impersonation, studiously looking over prospective centerfold candidates.



The shots above and at right show Mariel in poses similar to those Casilli photographed for Dorothy Stratten's June 1980 Playmate of the Year pictorial. "I didn't know Dorothy personally," says Mariel, "but from the very first time I read the script, I knew I was right for the part." She pestered Fosse by mail, by phone and in person until she persuaded him.













ILLUSTRATION BY KATHY CALDERWOOD



**DARE TO BE...**



**...WRONG**



article **By ROY BLOUNT JR.**

**F**UCKING UP is not what it used to be. Sure, there are plenty of people around these days whom you could call fuck-ups; but I'm talking about celebrative, life-enhancing, go-get-'em fucking up, a traditional male imperative. There used to be politicians like Big Jim Folsom, governor of Alabama in the late Forties and the early Fifties. Folsom was a liberal redneck who snorted at segregationist blowhards, drank with Adam Clayton Powell and once fell out of the

*in these overcautious times, give us some men who are willing to fuck up royally*

gubernatorial jeep while inspecting R.O.T.C. troops at the University of Alabama. Would you vote for a man who would inspect R.O.T.C. troops sober? When accused of involvement with an attractive blonde not his wife, he said the whole thing was (continued on page 200)

# SHADOWBOXER

*ali at mid-life:  
float like a butterfly,  
float like a butterfly*

article **By MARK KRAM**

**T**WO YEARS RETIRED, Muhammad Ali lives in a closely guarded compound called Fremont Place, hard by the Hollywood glitterati and far from reality. The big homes with their sculpted lawns and shrubbery seem to sit there amid eternal euphoria, in a world without disorder. There is not much sound here, just the swish of fronds in high trees. It's like a still life that shows how the rich and famous keep their distance.

Turn off the street, pass under an arch and you come to a little guardhouse, where a keeper frisks you with his eyes. Why not, they seem to say; didn't you hear about John Lennon?

"No, he ain't seein' nobody," says the keeper.

Yes, but we have an appointment.

He trounces on his last word again. "*Nobody*. That's my orders. Hundreds of people botherin' him every day."

Can the guard call him on the phone?

"Can't call up to the big house, either. He don't wanna know from nobody. Best you can do is leave a note."

Dates never did mean much to Ali, you think, and time never had dimension—unless it was measured in rounds and broken by the sound of a ring bell. Why worry about time when you believe you're going to live forever? But back at the hotel, the Fremont compound sticks in the mind; it is, perhaps, the best measure of how far Ali has come from that old clapboard house on Grand Avenue in Louisville, where he used to sit on the porch and mesmerize the other kids with tales of how far he was going. "You see this house?" he would tell them. "It gonna be a shrine one day."

Grand Avenue was Ali's only concession to a past he often seemed to loathe. For if he had no feeling for time, he did have an acute sense of place, half of it residing modestly among his people, the other half in a grandeur fit for *Architectural Digest*. He bought and remodeled homes as easily as he changed moods. Every house became a Xanadu, his shrine in transit; then he'd move on to the next mirage. He didn't want to go home again; he just wanted to feel like he was there.

"I see the note," he says on the phone a half hour later.

"How's everything, champ?"

"I ain't seein' nobody," he says, the voice barely audible.

"Yeah, but you told me to come out."

"I did?" he asks. "Well, I changed ma mind."

"But I'm here, for Christ's sake."

He studies the problem, it seems, then says, "You bring money?"

"For what?"

"For me. I ain't talkin' to no press, no television people, unless they pay. You





sellin' me, you should be payin' me. I don't need you people anymo'."

"Come off that old line, Ali. That's not you talking."

"All you all wanna do," he says, going into mock anger, "is come out here and say, 'Oh, the champ, he misses boxin' so much, he don't talk too good.' I jist retired, and y' all buryin' me. You wanna see me hangin' round gyms, goin' to fights, and then make me look like some kind of clown. I don't need the press. I go anywhere in the world, talk to the Pope, discuss with him why Jesus always white in those pictures. Boxin' ain't nothin' to me anymo'."

"Yeah, it's true, you're still a world figure."

"You say nigga?" he laughs. He pauses, then says, "OK, come on out. But we ain't gonna talk about boxin'. I jist got my religion on my mind."

Besides the sudden return of his sense of humor, two things about the phone exchange are familiar: his peculiar and ambivalent attitude toward money and the sense that there are still lags working his mind. His slam at the press is a refrain straight from the mouths of those old-line Muslims who tried to manipulate his media when they couldn't improve their own; as communicators, they were like Bugs Bunny, all teeth and squawk. But there are a couple of new aspects to the retired Ali: the whispering, the slow cadence of his speech and the feeling that he is trying desperately to make one last transformation in his life—from Cassius Clay to Muhammad Ali to the Saint Francis of Assisi of Islam.

You want to believe he'll make it, despite the waves of rumor slapping against the hero in repose: the persistent news accounts that depict him as feeble-minded; his second wife, Belinda's, saying he was a lousy husband; the mounting possibility that his current wife, the beautiful Veronica, is going to leave him; the final indignity of more and more fighters' commenting on his appearance, to the point where middleweight champ Marvin Hagler got up in the ring at the ceremonial retirement of Sugar Ray Leonard and said, as an afterthought, "We don't want to end up like Muhammad Ali."

The words were enough to make your back teeth screech. Ali as a pathetic footnote? But they don't carry away their dead in boxing; they eat them while they're still warm. Ali knew that better than Hagler and all the others who seem now to be using him to main-line on easy pathos. So, with the gossip and the disrespect, with the proscenium toppling down on him, you have to go and see how dead is dead. It is end-up time, comin'-down time, and you sense a shifting of squadrons that

seems to signal some great advance—or great retreat.

Goin' up is easier than comin' down. You can't doubt that if you've ever been around when a 20-game arm suddenly goes dead or when a top jockey is too scared to get up on a horse anymore. Even if he's been lucky and had a long run, when it's over, it's over. And then the hero had better know how to go off and sit alone in a quiet room. Not many have.

"Don't you ever be comin' down," Archie Moore once said to a young heavyweight named Cassius Clay, "and you'll live forever." Part metaphysician, part snake charmer, the former light-heavyweight champ was warning him to be smart with his life and his talent. Clay, an Olympic champion and already a prince in his own mind, looked at old Archie as if he were a busted-out swami; the blessed don't need advice, his eyes seemed to say to Moore. And, indeed, if you had wagered 20 years ago that one man had the pride and the ballast of character to scale down safely from the summit of fame, that man would have been Cassius Clay, soon to become Muhammad Ali.

Even now, with the taxi nearing Ali's home in L.A., you can still hear the rhapsody: "Ain't nobody been like me. I changed the face of the black man. I was a difference in my time. You can't say that about any other fighta. Look at them faces all round the world. They sayin', 'My, my, look at the champ, will ya. He don't smoke, he don't drink, he don't kill people, he gonna be forever.' When I quit, bein' down is just gonna be another way of bein' up."

Inside the Fremont compound now, a neatly tailored Moroccan who moves like a hush is guiding you up an expanse of steps and between a pair of huge white columns. He is Ali's private secretary, handling his appointments, his mail and the magic props that Ali will have him produce with a click of the fingers or a grumble that only the Moroccan can decode. Ali's inner circle has always included someone like that, who was there next to him but never seemed to be. The Moroccan doesn't live in the house, nor does the cook/housekeeper. Just Veronica and Ali and their two young daughters. His in-laws live in a guesthouse out back.

"Veronica's not home much," you remember being told by an old member of Ali's crowd before going out to L.A. "She's either in actin' class, exercise class or buyin' class. You have to go to buyin' class to learn how to give money wings, like she do." It's probably just sour grapes from a former hanger-on, though it was recently reported that Ali had gone into a deep depression over Veronica's latest \$175,000 tour of Bloomingdale's. He

doesn't appear too depressed when we enter his study. He is sitting behind a massive Louis XIV desk that looks like it could fly if it had wings. He doesn't notice any visitors, for his eyes are fixed on the television set across the room, something called *The People's Court*.

It's the kind of show he'd like, all right: bizarre day-to-day squabbles and justice doled out by a witty judge. It may remind him of his traveling entourage, for which he was judge, jury, town marshal—and banker. Sometimes, he'd pick up the food and room bills for as many as 70 people; but the hard core numbered about 25, from the man who tasted his sweat in workouts to the one who shouted "Amen!" every time Ali said something. As that raucous and spendthrift group hit the capitals of the world, his manager, Herbert Muhammad, used to shake his head and say, "Ali's a giving man. If he stressed justice, there wouldn't be anyone around him." But then again, Ali always did think of himself as a John Wayne type, with a fast gun, a tight rein on his emotions and a sympathy for weaker species.

"See any John Wayne movies lately?" you ask him. After all, maybe he hasn't seen you enter the room.

"John Wayne dead," he says, his eyes still on the set, where a woman is arguing that a neighbor poisoned her dog. "So is Elvis. Everybody dead. 'Cept me."

The candy-store jurisprudence is annoying him now, and when he waves his hand at the set, the Moroccan goes over and whispers in his ear. "Turn it off," says Ali. "She lyin', she killed that dog. Judge is gonna say she didn't, anyway. Turn it off." He keeps staring at the dead screen. "What time is it?" he asks the Moroccan, who indicates that it isn't time for whatever it's supposed to be time for.

"Why is Jesus Christ always white?" he wants to know—but don't try an explanation. He has already asked the Pope during a private chat at the Vatican, and even John Paul II came up empty, according to Ali. "We jist sittin' in a big room, full of sun and heavy curtains and things that look like gold. Oh, he a sweet man. He say that when he was a young priest, he saw me fight in the Rome Olympics, shook my hand, even got my autograph. Imagine, *thee* Pope. He say he knew I was gonna be big. But he can't even tell me why Christ always white, why he ain't black sometime. He jist say, 'Ali, well, you know, it's been that way for centuries.' He jist keep lookin' deep in my eyes, and I say, 'Somethin' wrong with my eyes, Father?' He laugh and say, 'I haven't been called that in many years.' And he say he lookin' in my eyes 'cause 'I've heard about Ali for years, and now you are here.' You see, I wasn't jist the champ. I was *thee* champ. I touch the poor and the

(continued on page 236)

# THE LAST NUDE PHOTO OF MARILYN MONROE

*she was the most profoundly sexual woman of modern times, and here is the world's last look at her*

**T**HE LETTER that came to Photography Director Gary Cole began simply enough: "Long time, no see." Swedish photographer Leif-Erik Nygårds was writing to re-establish contact, to give and solicit news about the two men's families. At the end of the letter, he reminded Cole that back in 1962, while working for Bert Stern, he had been the assistant on the shooting that produced the last nude pictures of Marilyn Monroe. As a matter of fact, Erik said, he had taken the last photo.

He described it this way: "It's a rather good photo of her lying nude on a bed looking very dreamy, as if she were on her way to heaven." The letter went on to ask if *PLAYBOY* might be interested in seeing this final picture of the major sex symbol of modern times. We asked to see it. When Erik sent us the slide, it was all he had said it was, as you will see. But before you turn the page, let's backtrack for the full story.

When Nygårds decided to learn photography, he didn't fool around. He moved from Sweden to New York and persuaded Irving Penn to take him on as an assistant without pay, just so he could learn from a master. He next went to work for Stern. During his stay in the U.S., he shipped many of his photographs—including the Monroe one—back home to his mother for storage. When a fire destroyed much of her house, he assumed that that picture was also gone. But four years ago, when he moved back to Sweden, he



found it among his salvaged belongings.

We asked Erik to give us the full details of just how he came to take that shot, and this is what he told us:

"The second time Stern and his staff were in Los Angeles to photograph Marilyn Monroe was in late June 1962. It was an assignment from *Vogue* magazine. The following persons were present during the three days—actually, nights—of photographing her: Monroe; Stern; Peter Deal, Stern's studio manager; myself; Babs Simpson, fashion editor, *Vogue*;

Kenneth, the hairdresser; Pat Newcomb, Marilyn's press secretary; and Joe, whose last name I cannot remember but who was the make-up man and who loved pink champagne. During both the first and the second sitting, I had dearly wished to take one single photo of MM just as a personal memory. On the third night, after several 'last' rolls, Bert called it quits. The session was over. She was still lying on the bed, sometimes draping herself with a sheet, sometimes not, turning and twisting. Everyone had gone. It was only MM and myself in the room. She was nude, resting on the bed." At that moment, Nygårds reacted naturally and spontaneously, picked up his camera and took the one shot he wanted for himself. "My photo of Marilyn Monroe was the very last one."

A little more than a month later—on August 5, 1962—Monroe was dead. In Nygårds' photo, however, she endures.





*when a young lion turns gray, the world looks  
a lot less black and white*

# WHAT I'VE LEARNED ABOUT BEING A MAN

*memoir*

BY IRWIN SHAW

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN I was letting myself in for trouble when I agreed to do a piece for the 30th Anniversary Issue of *PLAYBOY* and the editor who called me mentioned that the magazine had chosen as a subject "The Things I've Learned About Manhood That You Can Learn Only Through Experience." Manhood is a peculiar word in this day and age, objectionable to the ladies and with all sorts of dubious Hemingway overtones, and I was not sure that I wanted to defend my attainment of this particular eminence, if it actually existed, in the pages of a magazine in which the unabashed female figure plays such a large part.

Or anywhere else, for that matter. Since I was well into maturity 30 years ago and I doubted that I would have the editorial space to go back to the womb and through toilet training and the weaning process, as well as my schooldays, my first experiments with sex, the postpuberty period and World War Two, when my manhood should have been, to all intents and purposes, in full flower, I opted for a comparatively brief and rather impressionistic account of what I had done and felt in the past 30 years and hoped that the editors would be satisfied. They were—approxi-

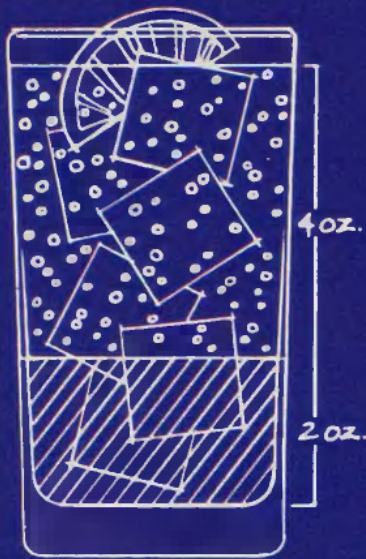
mately. However, as editors will, they made some suggestions, all of which I considered sane and a few of which I considered helpful. So, with scissors and Scotch tape and some too-copious additions, I revealed more than I had first thought necessary about how one man, at least, survived the past 30 years. It remains for the reader to ascertain what, if anything, the years had to do with manhood or womanhood or any kind of hood at all.

Take any 30 years and try to judge whether they have been good or bad, whether you have suffered or exulted in them, whether in the giant scheme of things they have been worth while or worthless, whether in one comprehensive phrase you can put a name, a shape to them, whether you are glad they are over or whether, errors and disasters included, you would give your soul to relive them exactly as they were. If you are like me, it would take years of weighing and sober consideration to come up with a coherent answer.

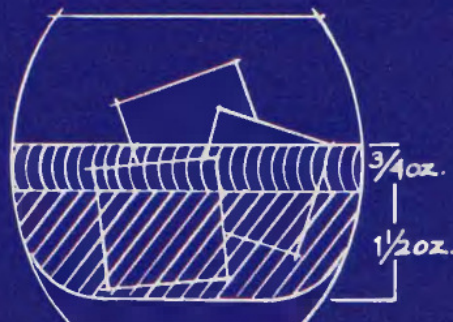
The 30 years have passed, but the balance sheet is still open. As the accountants might put it, the bottom line has not yet been reached. *(continued on page 188)*



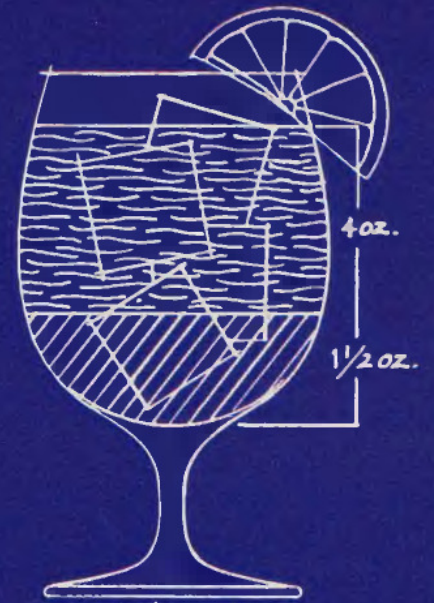




GIN & TONIC



BLACK RUSSIAN

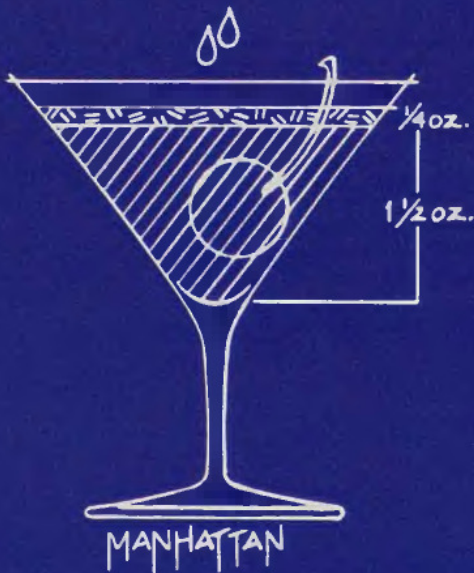


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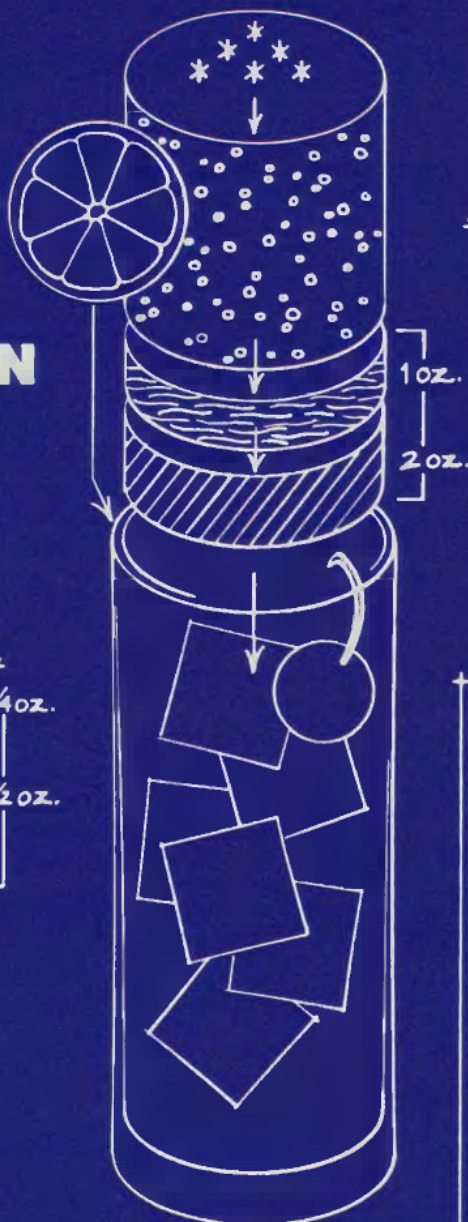
*drink*  
By EMANUEL GREENBERG

## COCKTAIL CONSTRUCTION

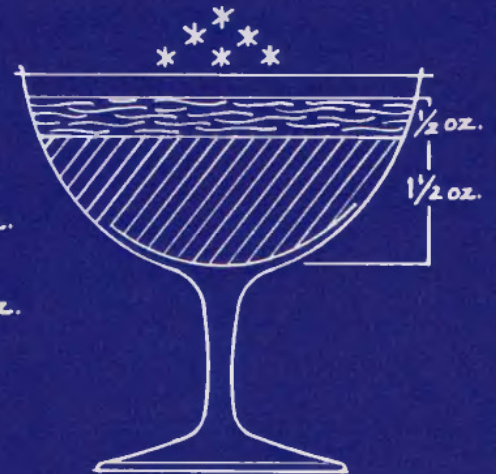
*an imbiber's  
blueprint for 12  
classic quaffs*



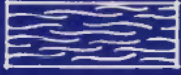
MANHATTAN



TOM COLLINS

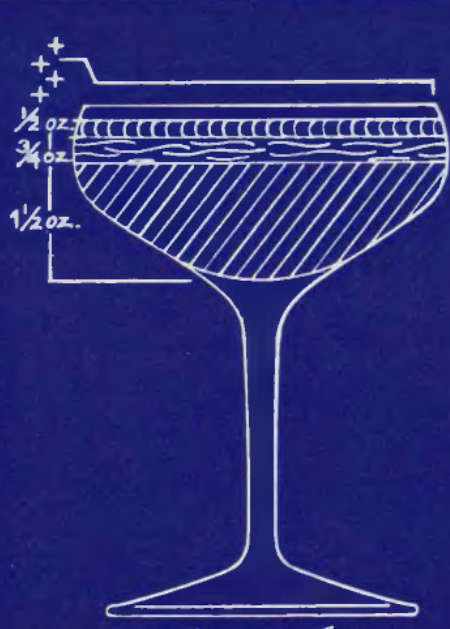


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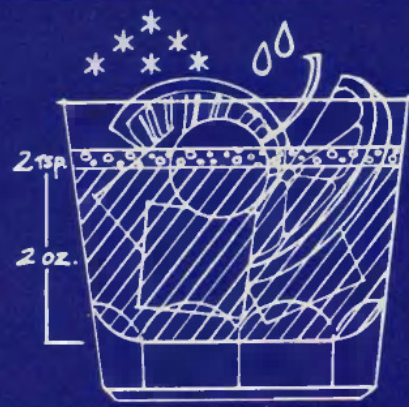
	LIQUORS
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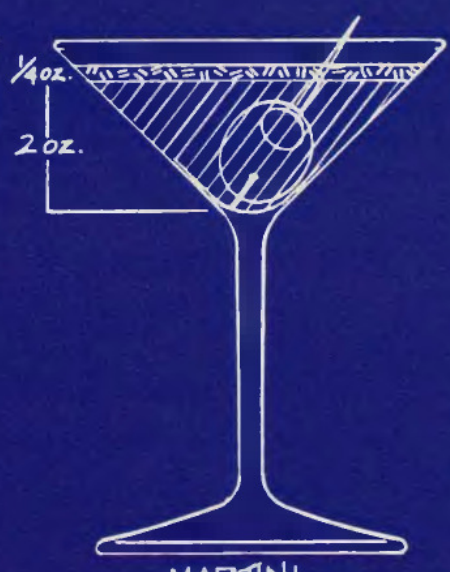




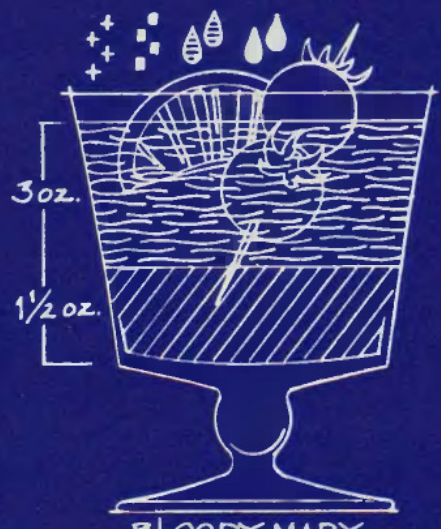
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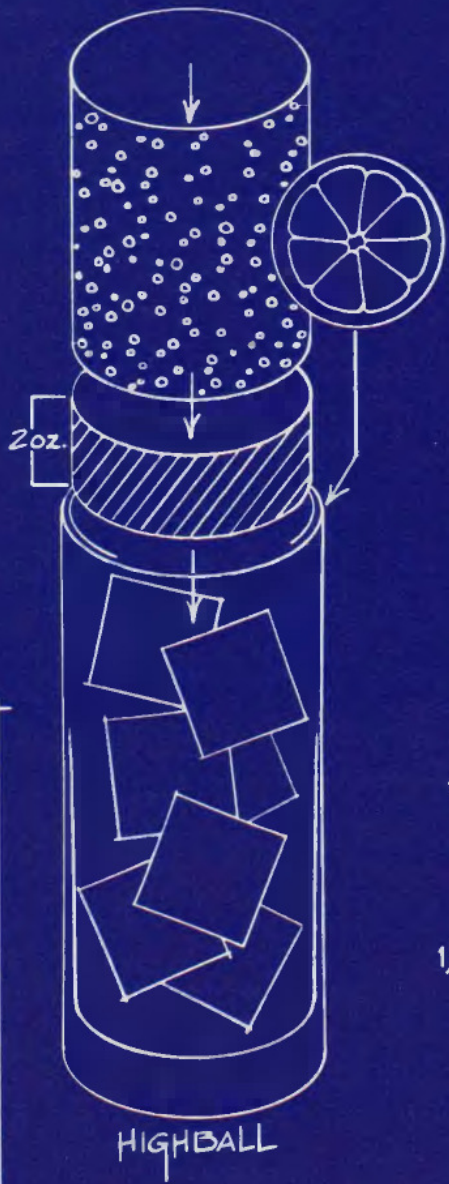
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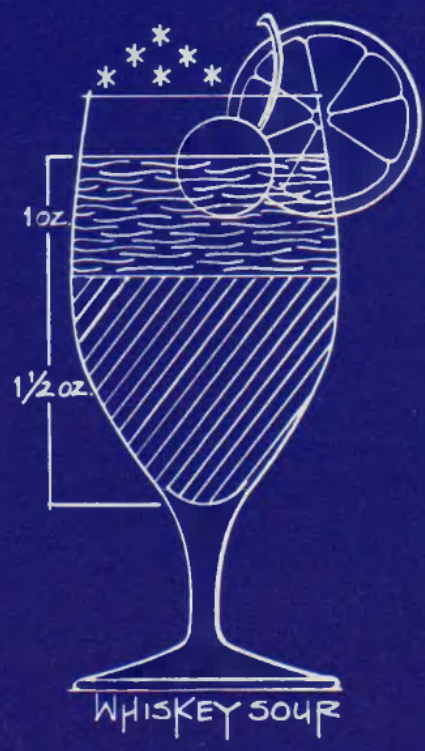
MARTINI



BLOODY MARY



HIGHBALL



WHISKEY SOUR

IT DOESN'T TAKE much more than a generous hand, decent whisky, a comfortable glass and hard-frozen ice to fix an unimpeachable Scotch on the rocks. But a cocktail is something else again. It helps to know that a recipe is essentially a chemical formula, and drinks are not so much mixed as built. You want to measure ingredients as meticulously as a draftsman constructs a blueprint. It won't ruin a drink if you're a few milliliters off, but a (continued on page 274)

LIQUEURS



SUGAR



BITTERS



TABASCO



WORCESTERSHIRE



SALT/PEPPER



WHISKEY • TEQUILA  
RUM • VERMOUTH &  
SUGGESTED LIQUEURS

# BEING A MAN (continued from page 184)

*"Did I say no when I should have said yes? Did I tolerate where toleration was weakness?"*

Contradictions become less obvious at the age of 70 than at 40—acts and decisions in retrospect become ambiguous, shifting in value. Did I say no when I should have said yes? Did I tolerate where toleration was weakness and, at other times, was I forbidding when acceptance would have been strength? Did I knowingly betray and condone betrayal in others? Did I buy when I should have sold; did I trust the wrong advisor; did I squander my means, both financially and artistically, or husband them as best I could? Did I forgive too easily or hate too long; were there men I allowed to walk free whom I should have put in jail; did I, out of pity and at an expense of spirit, endure people who bored me and turn away from people whose manners annoyed me but to whom I should have listened? On those occasions when I took bold steps and thought them courageous, was it merely senseless brava-do? Did I work too much and play too little? Was I mistaken in proportion? Did I go to the less-amusing party, take the wrong girl home from the dance?

The questions haunt me, unanswered, perhaps unanswerable.

Where do I stand now? Am I as I am because my character and acts had been foreordained when the nebula was coalescing into the solar system or is everything I have done, from biting my fingernails as a child to getting drunk last Saturday night, the result of eternal free will? Would I have been a different man in another century or, as the behaviorists believe, have I been inexorably shaped by the era in which I find myself? If no man is an island, neither is he his own clock. Endlessly, we seek to find out to what hour the shadow on the dial is pointing. Man is an animal who seeks to measure, classify and set up comprehensive orders, and he seeks help where he can find it from experts in the field.

Because of their professions, historians and journalists (those instant baptizers and shapers of concepts) feel forced to put names to trends and periods of time. So we have the Dark Ages, the Renaissance, the age of faith, the age of reason, the age of discovery, the Hundred Years' War, the Era of Good Feeling, the Industrial Revolution, the golden Twenties, the jazz age, the age of anxiety, the silent generation, the permissive decade, the space age and many others. No description has yet been accepted for the budding Eighties, but the word dread, in one of its forms, should certainly be high on the list of candidates for a place in the title.

The truth is, I believe, that human lives are difficult to lump under general headings. Signs and calculations are deceptive. The phrenologists' science, once considered informative, no longer leads us to believe that the bump on so-and-so's forehead is a guarantee of creativeness, that because of the conformation of his skull or a lack of a chin, an infant is a born criminal or a latent genius. Intelligence tests do not forecast for us who shall succeed and who fail; the life lines that crease our palms do not inform us of who shall live and who die; youthful wonders turn into humdrum clerks; the childhood virtuoso finds himself playing the organ in a provincial church or leading a high school glee club; chance and random opportunity, a yes or a no at a crucial moment, decide between fame and obscurity. Our years tend to divide up into moments, atypical, individual accomplishments, highs and lows, diversions from main streams that later may become Mississippi on their own. History is partial and replete with countercurrents—in the Dark Ages, were there no intelligences that were not illuminated? During the Renaissance, were there no artists who looked not for a rebirth but, prophetically, toward a distant future? In the age of faith, I am sure, we could find many who were faithless. The Era of Good Feeling must have included many citizens who had no kind feelings toward anyone and, certainly, at least a handful of politicians who prayed for the downfall of their fellow politicians and competitors. For myself, I lived through the golden Twenties and saw the ungilded slums; I didn't dance during the jazz age and I wasn't particularly promiscuous during the permissive decade.

My moments were my own and, while I propose the word dread for the Eighties, at the moment of writing this, I find myself absurdly happy. In the past 30 years, I have had my ups and downs, as anyone who has ever read the reviews of my books and plays can testify; but at the moment of writing this, I am content merely to be sitting at my desk and typing. This feeling of near euphoria is not the result of an exaggerated devotion to my craft or to the editors of this magazine, nor can it be traced to a narcissistic appreciation of the quality of my prose. The reason is much simpler: Two years ago, I was given up for dead by the medical pundits of one of the most prestigious hospitals in the world, and I am not dead but tapping away, looking across at the springtime

lawn outside my window, where a brilliant-red cardinal is ruffling vigorously in a birdbath. I am not fool enough to imagine that my momentary lightness of heart is shared by my fellow citizens or by the inhabitants of other parts of the globe or even by my nearest neighbor or my wife or son. It is no secret even to the most casual television viewer that America, since the assassination of President Kennedy, has been passing through a period of intensifying gloom. For connoisseurs of native desolation, one could go back even further to the bloody fiasco of the Bay of Pigs, a tragedy that has been pushed back into obscurity by the other assassinations, by the erosion of our moral and political capital, by the war in Vietnam and the continuing massacres in its wake, the disgrace of Richard Nixon, the ineptitude of the Carter Administration, the humiliation of the Iran episode, the monstrous unemployment figures of the Reagan Presidency and, for good measure, the ravaging of our cities and the growing expectation of nuclear apocalypse. I read the newspapers as carefully as most people, yet I have the effrontery to announce that, at least for the time that it takes to write these words, I am a happy man.

There is nothing new in this. Woe is the lot of mankind, but so, in its irrepressible way, is joy. As the bombs fall around them, children play among the ruins, and lovers find each other and delight in their discovery. In besieged cities, doomed to fall, sentimental ballads are sung in the cabarets and audiences laugh at the jokes of comedians. Dying scholars continue with deep satisfaction the work to which they have given their lives. Parents celebrate the birth of children as the darkness closes in on tribes and races. Soldiers eat with relish and drink with glee before embarking on suicidal attacks. Somewhere, somehow, there is a streak of light, however ephemeral, in the surrounding night. That not wholly reliable reporter on human conduct, Sigmund Freud, in giving us the death wish also gave us the pleasure principle.

To say that I am not as happy today as I was 30 years ago is merely to state the obvious. Aside from the fact that in those calm, imperial days I shared the general American belief that my country was incomparably and benignly invulnerable and I could not imagine that some years later, a President would portray us as a helpless giant, I was, on the whole, an optimistic man. I was 40 then, sturdy and comparatively agile, and I am 70 now and the years have taken their toll. Whoever invented the phrase "the golden years" to describe approaching senility should be prosecuted for deception through the mails, and I, for one, have not been taken

*(continued on page 204)*

# Playboy's Playmate Review

*a roundup of the past delightful dozen*

ALL RIGHT, GUYS. Pull out your pocket computers. Today's question is, What is 65'2" tall, weighs 1303 pounds, measures 417" x 273" x 408", speaks German, English, Spanish, Swedish and Valley girl, thinks a good time is a quiet evening at home in front of a fire with wine and friends, and is a little bit pregnant? Need a helping hand? Imagine an even dozen of the world's most beautiful young women. Got it now? Right. This is our *Playmate Review*, this year's dozen who brought new meaning to the term girl next door. We have Playmates from Utah and two from the East Coast, as well as Playmates from Sweden, Germany and Argentina. At incredible expense, we brought them together for this pictorial encore. Hold your applause, please, until you've seen them all.





## *Miss March*

"I haven't hung up my boards yet," says Alana Soares (left), referring to her skiing days at Park City, Utah. But our coed has come in from the cold. She has moved to Los Angeles, where she is studying acting with Jeff Corey. She plans to continue her education—political science—at USC.



## *Miss May*

Susie Scott, yet another Utah Playmate, has also moved West. After traveling to such cities as Atlanta, Tacoma, San Francisco, Miami and Pueblo, Colorado, she landed in Los Angeles. She joined the singing Playmates and, when we talked with her, was in rehearsal for a planned tour of Hong Kong.



### Miss October

Take a close look at Tracy Vaccaro's legs (left). You'll be seeing more of them in the new Blake Edwards film *The Man Who Loved Women*. Burt Reynolds plays a man who is obsessed with the "most beautiful legs in the world." He should raise his sights a little. You can see the rest of Tracy in *Star 80* (Bob Fosse's film), *Carnauba* and *The Cannonball Run*.

### Miss June

Jolanda Egger (right) filled out her Playmate Data Sheet in metric: she is a perfect 94-61-94. She first appeared in the German edition of *PLAYBOY*, then in our *Ladies of Spain* pictorial (April), then as our June Playmate. Luckily, she's used to moving; her double duties as a German and American Playmate have kept her traveling on two continents. Egger on.

### Miss November

The ink had barely dried on her gatefold when Veronica Gamba (left) moved from Florida to Los Angeles. She is pursuing her acting career. The move paid off. Sharp-eyed readers may have noticed her in *Smokey and the Bandit III* and *Heaven*. She has landed a part in a new TV series, *Hotel* (a sort of landlocked *Love Boat*). Make your reservations now.





### *Miss August*

Carina Persson had just returned from two months in Europe when we checked in with her. She came across a copy of the **PLAYBOY** issue featuring her gatefold in Florence and bought a few extra copies to take to her family and friends back home in Sweden. She has settled in Boulder, where she's painting, skiing and learning languages.





*Miss December*

**It seems like only yesterday that we talked with Terry Nihen. Well, almost. Our Miss December is currently searching for a car to replace her 1967 LeMans, "your basic wreck." She has taken a brief leave from her job with a computer company to fulfill her numerous personal-appearance obligations as Playmate. She is having the time of her life.**



### *Miss February*

It takes one to know one, they say. Melinda Mays (right) was on a promotional gig when she spotted Terry Nihen in a bikini contest in Atlanta. Terry became Miss December. By that time, Melinda had moved to Los Angeles, where she says she spends her time playing on the beach, taking acting lessons and getting her bearings.

### *Miss January*

Our lady from Liverpool, Lonny Chin (left), had the distinction of being our first video Playmate—i.e., the first star of cassette, disc and gatefold. America took to the notion of a Playmate without staples. The cassette and disc went gold, earning \$1,000,000 in sales. Go for it, we say. Lonny then dazzled Berlin video fairgoers for CBS-Fox, Playboy Video distributor.

### *Miss April*

Christina Ferguson (right) reminded us that on her Playmate Data Sheet, she predicted that her biggest joy would be "eventually—having kids and being a good mother." She has wasted no time in making her wish a reality. She was married in June and is expecting a child this spring. "We'll have to give away two of our six dogs to make room."





### *Miss September*

Barbara Edwards (left) was a bit out of breath when she answered our call. We can understand why. She has been very busy modeling for album covers, doing three videos for The Playboy Channel and rehearsing with the singing Playmates. As if that were not enough, she has been playing the market: "I put all of my money in penny stocks."

### *Miss July*

Ruth Guerri (right) has received a lot of work in St. Louis since her Playmate appearance. "Keeps the lights on," she says of a schedule that includes a swimsuit calendar, a Frankenstein promotion for Anheuser-Busch, local ads for Atari and Lincoln Mercury, diving for pearls in a fountain (for charity) and judging a men's calendar competition.



## DARE TO BE WRONG (continued from page 177)

*"Fucking up is trying things that probably won't work, just in case they will."*

political, and if his enemies were going to stoop to using such bait, "they're going to have to catch Big Jim every time." Many another indiscretion was laid at his doorstep, and he said, "I plead guilty. I always plead guilty. Now, why don't we get on with the issues here?"

Big Jim's career ended when he went on television during a re-election campaign, began to introduce his family and affectionately forgot all of his children's names. "He was a combination of genius, moron and alcoholic," said a supporter, "and the thing that made it exciting was that each morning when he woke up, you never knew which one it would be."

America was built on unpredictable combinations. Big Jim fucked up royally—and generously. People still tell stories about him with pleasure.

Today, across the land, that kind of thing is down the drain. A thin, self-serving Republican order prevails, and it is hard even to see any potential great fuck-ups on the horizon. Prince Andrew? He's British. Francis Ford Coppola? He created an idiosyncratic, overextended Hollywood studio, to be sure, but it has produced some extraordinarily underextended movies—as if Napoleon had marched his armies into Russia in order to seize the "Style" section of *Pravda*.

How did this country's great fuck-up tradition become so attenuated?

*I blame the economy.* "There are men in the world," said Winston Churchill, who was one of them, "who derive as stern an exaltation from the proximity of disaster and ruin as others from success." But who can afford disaster and ruin today? The stakes are too high, because of inflation, and it's too hard to bounce back, because of recession. Outfits that venture greatly today rely so heavily on market research that it doesn't matter, except in terms of money, whether they succeed or not. For an individual to survive today, he just about has to work for a corporation. How can you fuck up with any flair for a corporation?

*I blame cocaine.* The state-of-the-art fuck-up fuel is too expensive and dangerous. People don't fuck up amiably on, or in connection with, cocaine. Look what it's done to sports, Hollywood and John De Lorean. Most people I know have stopped trying to keep up with getting high. Many of them have stopped drinking—even stopped eating meat. You can't fuck up on tofu.

*I blame the legal profession.* When a

cave man fucked up, he would whang and wiggle his way out of it, fucking up further in the process and learning new lessons for himself. And the community would learn from his example: "Well, boys, I guess it ain't a good idea to try cooking a live mastodon so close to the house. Glad I got to see it, though." When a person fucks up today, it means raising \$300,000 for the lawyers. Then you get thrown in jail, anyway, with a bunch of crazy fuckers who couldn't afford lawyers and have been lifting weights for 15 years. And your lawyers say, "Well, we fucked up. Interesting case, though." The lawyers get all the fun. And the only thing the community learns is not to get out of line.

*I blame the Reagan Administration.* Have you ever seen *The Killers*, Ronald Reagan's last movie? He plays the kingpin crook, prune-faced and prim-lipped but with a certain calm presence. It appears that what he is doing—even when he is knocking Angie Dickinson flat with a right hand—is clear in his own mind. And yet everybody in the movie is constantly fucking up. John Cassavetes keeps letting Angie fuck him up, Reagan fails to shoot either Cassavetes or Lee Marvin completely dead and, in the end, everybody dies and the money blows away. But, hey, crooks in movies are supposed to fuck up. John, Lee and Angie get a bang out of the screwing and the shooting, but Ron doesn't. When he reaches the end of the line, he looks at the wad of cash that has entangled him in all this human sloppiness, and he shakes his head irritably. In this, his last movie scene, you can see him thinking, I am tired of this business. There are bound to be easier ways to make a lot of money. I believe I will become President . . . of a land where major corporations are in charge and there is absolutely no charm in fucking up.

One way to keep fucking up down is to keep unemployment up. Every person who is out of work is one fewer person who finds stories of fucking up on the job entertaining. People are either looking for security or trying to keep it. In the Sixties, college students tried to fuck up the system. Now they're afraid they'll fuck up and not find a slot in it.

If you stay in a slot, there are things you never learn. Fucking up brings people into contact with the world's actual contours and forces, as in "I fought the law and the law won." Unemployment does the same

thing but with no thrill involved. When you're fucking up, you know you're not just coasting along and losing momentum. You're venturously finding out what you can't get away with. The difference between fucking up and being unemployed is the difference between tackling a lion and being gnawed on by one. There just might be a way that tackling a lion would work. If nobody ever fucked up, how would human progress be made? I once heard it said of a strait-laced, cautious man that "he don't know anything, because he's never done anything wrong."

Fucking up is part of heroism. It entails leaping to conclusions. King Lear and Oedipus spring to mind. The hero is always primed for situations in which most people would be moved to shut their eyes tight and say, "Ohhhhhh, shit!" Heroes come through frequently, fuck up often, sometimes do both at once. Fucking up is trying things that probably won't work, just in case they will and because, at any rate, they bring adrenaline.

The great writers—Shakespeare, Balzac, Tolstoy, Dickens, Twain—are not those who never depart from elegance but those who can be awful and who tend to fuck up largely in life as well as in art. Fucking up comes from going into the unknown for the challenge of it and is, thus, a very American thing. "We are all American at puberty," said Evelyn Waugh, and puberty is prime fuck-up time. Europeans don't fuck up or venture as greatly as Americans (they used to, back when they were discovering and fucking up the New World).

Fucking up also comes from doing things that deep down inside you know better than. America has had the requisite mixture of innocence, which gets you into trouble, and conscience, which makes you recognize that you are in it. Russia is too innocent to fuck up—in the sense of lacking qualms. Vietnam was a fuck-up, but invading Afghanistan wasn't. Two thirds of the American consciousness was saying, "This seems like the thing to do; what the hell," and another two thirds was saying, "This is a horrible thing to do," and the overlap started out saying, "We are only doing this for the sake of those poor peasants" but finally swung around to "Well, we have fucked up." Russia's values aren't complicated enough for fucking up. Russia calculates and moves, and if the move turns out to be too costly, the national calculation is adjusted; historical inevitability prevails throughout. The Reagan Administration's values are also uncomplicated.

Democrats fuck up more than Republicans, with the exception of Nixon—an unusual Republican in that he wanted to do new things and in that he gave (instead of just calling) new things a bad name. Coolidge, for all his passive contributions

(continued on page 252)



*"Then there's the Van Arsley bash in 32B—very decadent. Or, if you prefer something a little more off the wall. . . ."*

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# BEING A MAN (continued from page 188)

*"There is a dismaying difference between being a roving bachelor at 20 and a sexagenarian lecher."*

in by this linguistic and geriatric fraud.

The possibilities, physical and mental, that were open to me 30 years ago have dwindled unpleasantly. I could carouse all night, work all the next morning and ski or play tennis till sunset, week in and week out. Now I begin to think longingly of my bed toward 11 o'clock and need my eight hours if I am going to be of any use on the morrow. I haven't been up a mountain or on a tennis court in years, have become overacquainted with hospitals and stare with enormous distaste at my crowded medicine chest. Travel, which used to be a passion with me, is now reduced to a minimum, as most often I walk with difficulty, leaning on a cane, and what sort of traveler is he who cannot stroll comfortably through a foreign city or a museum? When I think of it, which I try to avoid, I am disillusioned with myself. I had always believed that I would be a spry and healthy old party, one of those cackling wonders you see beating youthful athletes on the courts and coming down from the Alps, sun-tanned and hearty, after a week's skiing from one peak and mountain refuge to another. But it was not to be—creaky and damaged by the surgeon's knife and the overhearty usages to which I have previously put my body, I laboriously climb aboard an airport bus and young girls get up and offer me their places on the benches, and I could gladly strangle them. If I had rejected that last offered drink, not attempted the final run down the icy slope in the gathering dusk, dimmed the light of the desk lamp one hour earlier after a brain-draining day's work, would my step now be lighter, my eye clearer? The questions do not end here, but the catalog of complaints does, though any reader of a certain age could, without any undue strain of the imagination, I'm sure, compile his own list, lengthier and probably more dire than mine.

Existence is a word we all have to deal with early in our lives, though as we grow older, it tends to blot out almost all the other words beginning with the letter E in our vocabularies. We exist, happily or in misery, because we *want* to exist. In the movie *M\*A\*S\*H*, the theme song—written, it so happened, by a 14-year-old boy—told us that "suicide is easy," and so it is. I have contemplated suicide several times—once when I was 25 and half the audience left a preview of a play of mine before the first act was over and I felt dishonored for life, and another time when

I was stricken because of the breakup of a love affair. Reason prevailed both times—I went on to other plays and other women and rejoiced in my decisions. The third time could not really be called suicide. I was in a hospital, and I was suffering unbearably and wanted to die. But my head was not in command. My heart, blindly and without regard to medical or psychological facts, continued to beat, while my hands were tied to the bars that surrounded my bed, making me helpless to end my pitiful days. So, one way or another, I am here because of various decisions and, despite the prohibition of the act of self-destruction in religion and law, anyone reading this is here because of his or her own choice and, I hope, is content because of it.

The death of others is a different matter. Like nostalgia, the obituary notices of the newspapers become a stubborn addiction for what are called, in genteel Americanese, senior citizens. In my case, because I started my career as a professional writer quite young and in my early 20s made my friends in the theater, in the movies and in the publishing world, death seems almost daily to be sweeping away beautiful women I once adored, as well as the wise and honorable men who instructed me and whom I admired and loved, leaving me with melancholy hours of reflection on the rise and fall of generations.

My memories, like those of most of us, consist of lights and shadows. Restricting myself, for the purpose of this essay, to the recollection of the past 30 years must, of necessity, rule out the heights of ecstasy of my youth and young manhood and the thunderous depressions that accompanied them. That is not to say that the 30 years have been placid—far from it—but I like to believe that I have achieved a certain sober measure in my response to victory and defeat in my maturity. Some passionate souls, on reading these words, may feel that in confessing this I am conceding yet another defeat in the battle against age, though for those who think as I do, it represents an inevitable compromise with reality.

Overall, I must consider that I have been a fairly lucky man. My first marriage, while stormy, was consistently interesting, and the interval between my divorce and my second marriage (incidentally, to my ex-wife) was briefly entertaining, though there is finally a dismaying difference between being a roving bachelor at 20 and a sexagenarian lecher. The twilight hour comes when the thought of

embarking on a sportive escapade with a beautiful young woman is outweighed by the claims of continuity, mutual and unexpressed understanding, private jokes, comfort in adversity, automatic support in times of trouble and hours spent in cordial silence in the long and tranquil evenings. In short—love. It is not the love of popular songs. It is not a blinding stroke of passion; it is not love at first sight but love at 1000th sight. It is not limitless and mysterious, as the ocean was to Columbus' men, who feared they might drop off the edge of the world if they continued their voyage; it is within known and gracious boundaries, there are harbors in plenty. Let old writers remember Goethe foolishly pining over virgins, Mark Twain lurking outside the cabin of a young woman with whom he was smitten on a liner on the way to Europe. There are exceptions, of course, but I am not one of them. I bow to the general rule, which is—in physics, at least—that there is no force without a counterforce. Although not all willingly observe that law, there it stands—immutable. Whatever the reason, I became a much better husband the second time around.

There are also children. In my case, only one—a son. I am pleased with my son and he amuses me. I believe that, now a grown man, he is pleased with me, though not always equally amused, and he is slowly and traditionally becoming the father as I recede into the son and he has linked me with the immemorial round of germination and growth by following the normal filial procedure of consecutively beating me at every sport in which we have ever competed.

He may not be the man I might have wanted him to be, but I hope he is the man *he* wants to be. One way or another, he is a gift of life to me that I cherish.

Other gifts were more difficult to accept. I had to learn to calm my earlier rage at the inequities of existence and accept more philosophically the idea that I could not change the world to my liking and should be grateful for the things that I *could* accomplish. Serenity was beyond my powers to achieve, but I did learn—except on certain notable occasions, such as the evening I tried to kill a French critic at a cocktail party—how to control my temper and exhibit more patience at the shortcomings of others as well as my own.

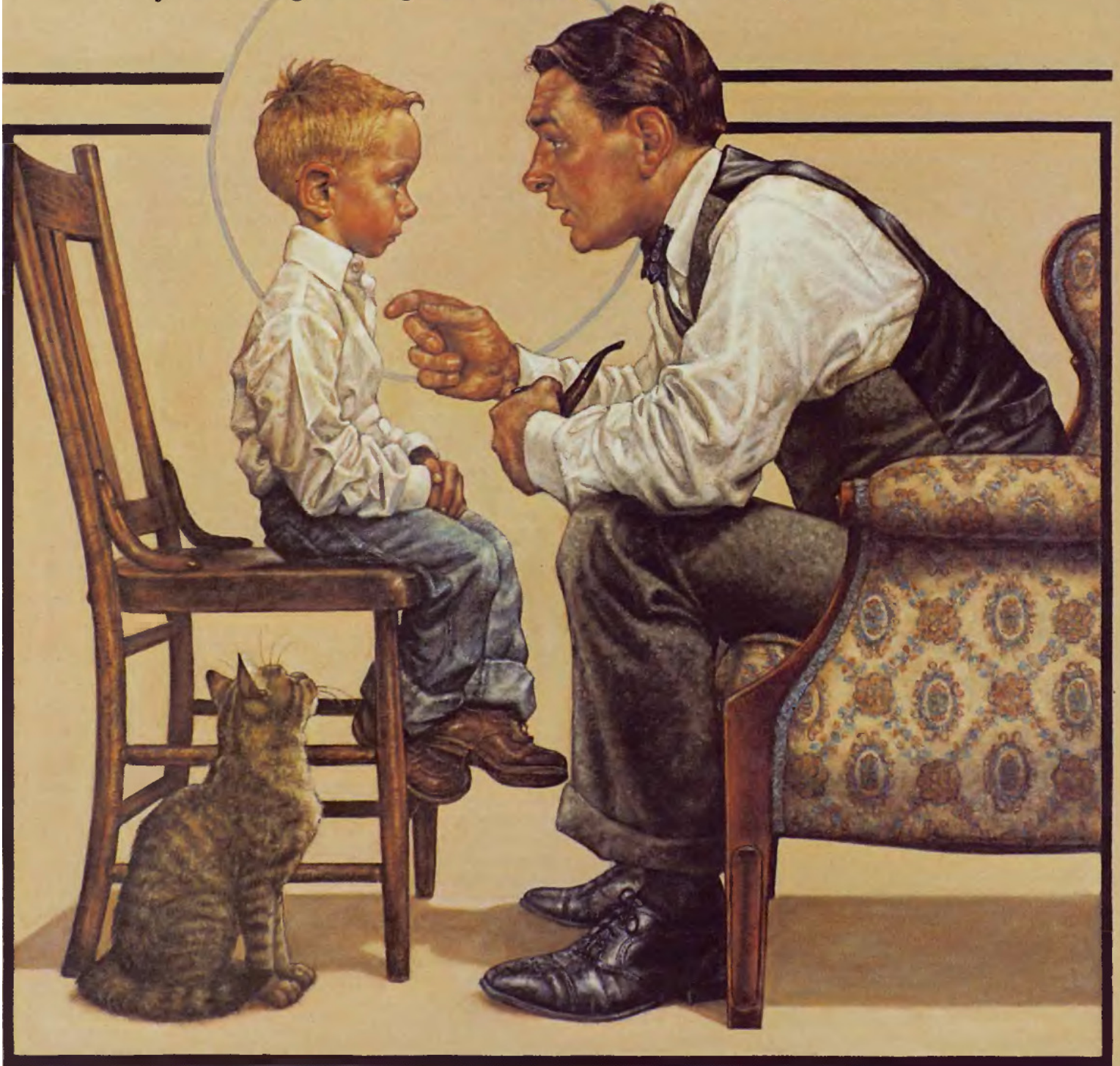
If this essay sounds like a paraphrase of Cicero's *De Senectute*, so be it.

In the course of the past 30 years, I have had some painful decisions to make. One of the most bitter was to give up the theater and prohibit myself from writing any more plays. It made me understand the lover whose unrequited passion is lavished on a great beauty who capriciously rejects

*(continued on page 222)*

# WHAT FATHERS KNOW BEST

*life can be tough sledding without a little fatherly advice to grease the skids*



**By RON REAGAN, KYLE ROTE, JR., PATRICK WAYNE,  
LORENZO LAMAS, PETER FONDA, DEAN PAUL MARTIN, DAVID CARRADINE,  
BARRY GOLDWATER, JR., ARLO GUTHRIE AND MANY MORE**

**I**T'S A SCENE you'll remember well. You are poised in the hallway, ready to leave the comfort and security of home and face the real world as a grownup. You're almost out the door when Dad, smoking his pipe and wearing an elbow-patched tweed jacket, puts a hand on your shoulder and invites you into the den, explaining, "There are a few things I think you should

know about life before you go." A few hours later, perhaps a little dewy-eyed, you leave, better equipped for the great unknown.

OK, so maybe that's not the way it happened. Maybe Dad just gave you a credit card and permission to call home collect. But sometime over the years, most of us got something in the way of advice from him, some sort

of navigational guide to help us through life's severe weather. If it wasn't a long talk by the fireplace in which he confessed his bewilderment at the behavior of women and the peculiarities of sex, perhaps it was bits and pieces gleaned from a lifetime of having dinner at his table. There is a difference, after all, between what our fathers give us and what they *think* they give us. If we're lucky, they impart to us something special and unexpected, a piece of information that may weigh a fraction of an ounce but one we may carry with us for the rest of our lives. It may have to do with a principle whose violation is guaranteed to lead to disaster, or with the secure placement of one's wallet. Regardless, it has ultimately to do with the passing on of an intimate, personal culture. It doesn't matter whether or not the advice is foolproof, just that it gets passed along.

We wanted to find out how some notable fathers rose to the occasion, so we asked some of their children (often well known themselves) what they remembered about the things their fathers had told them.

•  
**RON REAGAN** (son of the President): He never really tried to sit me down and give me advice per se. He preferred to do it by example. I admire him for his humility and for his kindness, and he's tried to impress upon me the importance of having a sense of humor and behaving as a gentleman. Of course, he was sometimes dismayed when I was an adolescent. He often said that a gentleman—a real gentleman—would always do the kind thing. That's the standard to live up to.

There's a story he told me when he was playing football in college. The team was on the road, and the players stopped off in his home town, Dixon, Illinois, where they were going to stay in the hotel. There were two black guys on the team. My dad went in with the coach to sign everybody in. The hotel manager looked out the window and saw the busload of football players, noticed the black guys and said, "Those guys can't stay here. I won't allow any black people in my hotel." The coach wanted to pull everybody out and say, "The hell with you; we're not going to stay here at all." But my father said, "This is stupid. There are no other hotels in town, and where's everybody going to sleep? On the bus?" So he went outside and told the team that he and the coach had gotten everybody they could into the hotel but that the place was a little short of space. And then he told the black guys—I can't remember their names—that they would go to his parents' house and stay with them for the night.

My dad never told them what happened, and he didn't learn until one of the guys was dying and he went to visit him in the hospital not long ago that those two guys had known all along what had gone

on that night. It's like my father to not make a big deal out of that kind of stuff, just to do it, not to embarrass anybody.

He has a wonderful sense of humor, all kinds of self-deprecating humor, and he can be real cute in person—not in a bad way but in a real charming way, a real guileless kind of way. I've always admired that. He's never tried to come on terribly *macho*. I hate fathers who are always punching their sons on the shoulder. He's never done that.

On a more gritty note, when I was still living at my parents' house, we were sitting by the pool one day and I was in the flux of some adolescent hormonal surge, and he decided I ought to have a little advice. He told me, "Never sleep with a girl if you're going to be embarrassed to be seen on the street with her the next day."

I think that was more for the girl's benefit than mine. He didn't want me jumping on some girl and then leaving her in the lurch.

•  
**KYLE ROTE, JR.** (son of Kyle Rote, Sr., football player and broadcaster): When I was 16, I took my first trip away from home—to England. My father was in New York, where my flight had a layover, and he went to a lot of trouble to arrange a meeting with me. I was all geared up for that father-and-son talk that typically involves what to expect in manhood and how to handle women.

When I arrived, he seemed very nervous for someone who'd been on national television as a broadcaster. Of course, I'd been anticipating some discussion of birth control or morality and wondered whether or not he'd be embarrassed.

Then he said, "Son, there are three things I want to talk to you about. Number one, take your raincoat with you wherever you go. Number two, always know where your passport is. Number three, stand close to the tour guide."

I said, "All right. All that makes sense. But don't you want to talk to me about anything else?"

"No," he said. "Go have a good time."

He put \$20 in my hand, gave me a hug and put me on the plane. To this day, I don't know whether he had intended to discuss a lot more, got cold feet and backed off at the last minute. But we do refer to it as the day I learned about the birds and the bees.

•  
**ARTHUR MARX** (son of Groucho Marx): My father was always giving me advice, and it was either humorous or grim. He was most generous, for instance, with his career advice, and I remember it all vividly.

At 18, I was very much into tennis and was ranked fifth in the nationals. In those days, it was strictly an amateur sport and the only way to make money was to be number one in the world. I was the cap-

tain of the tennis team at Beverly Hills High, one of four or five ranking juniors in the state, and had won the National Freshman Intercollegiate Tournament. One day, after playing one of my major competitors, I thought I detected a weakness in his game that would allow me to beat him in the tournament. I rushed home to tell Father the news. He cut me off in the middle and said, "Listen, you've got to think of something else besides tennis or you're not going to be number one. Your chances for that are one in a million. And only the top man can make a living at it, so you better think of something else." He was right at the time. I was born about 30 years too early for a tennis career.

He used to help me with my writing. I'd show him something, he'd read it and, usually, say it was terrible. Then he'd go over it and rewrite it his way. Once, I won an American Legion essay contest with an essay he had written for me. I was ashamed to collect the medal.

Then, when I was a struggling writer, he'd say, "Why don't you become a director? Most directors around here have no talent anyway. Look at Leo McCarey. He's driving around in Rolls-Royces. All he does is say, 'Groucho. . . Give them the eyebrows.' That's his idea of directing. Even you could do that."

He was tough. He loved his kids until they got old enough to have a mind of their own. He thought the things he was telling you were for your own good. Before I sold my first novel, I showed it to him and he said, "That's no good. Six hundred pages is too long. You better rewrite it before showing it to anybody." Immediately after that, Simon & Schuster bought it. I realized then that I shouldn't show him anything first. He wasn't able to look at it in the right perspective. I try not to give my kids advice for that reason.

He used to give me advice about women, too. When I was going with my first wife, he told me, "Don't get married early. Do what I did and wait . . . wait till you're a big success and then get married. In the meantime, play around." In the meantime, he was married three times.

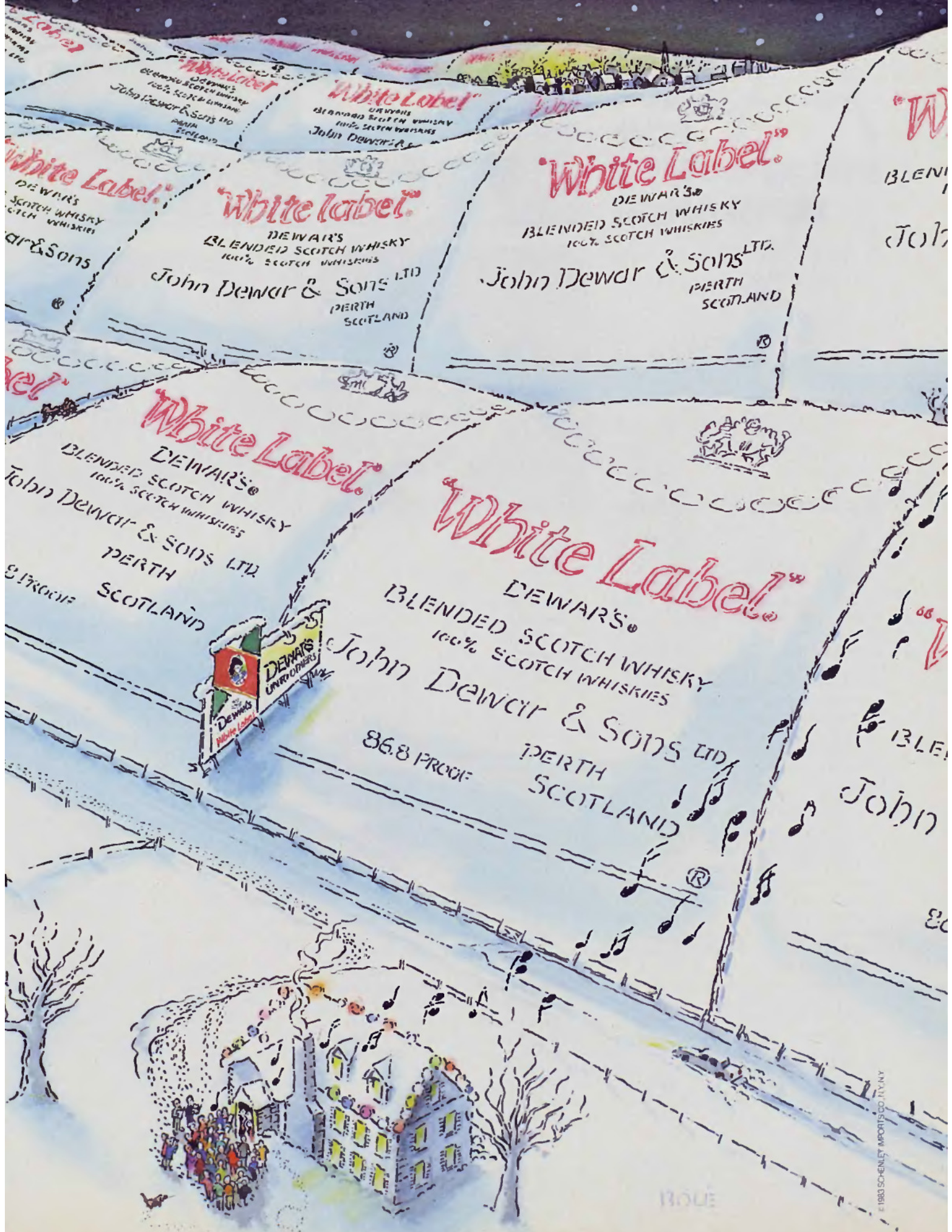
When I was about seven and my mother was pregnant with my sister, he decided it was time to tell me about the facts of life. So he took me for a ride down a country road in his new convertible Packard and pointed to a pasture where one of the bulls was coupling with an attractive Jersey.

"You know what those two animals are doing?" he asked.

"Wrestling?"

"They're making baby cows." He explained how the bull put its penis into the female's counterpart, seeds shot out and pretty soon, a baby cow grew inside the mother's stomach. "And two years later, he'll be paying her child support."

(continued on page 210)



# A GUIDE FOR PROSPECTIVE HUSBANDS

*in which a 19th century russian provides 20th century wisdom*

*fiction*

**By Anton Chekhov**



SINCE THE subject of this article deals with a secret intended for men only and requires a mental effort that is utterly beyond many ladies, I request fathers, husbands, officers of the law, et al., to ensure that it is never read by ladies and young maidens. The principles of this guide are not the product of a single mind but constitute the quintessence of all existing oracles, physiognomical studies, cabalistic tracts and perennial discussions with experienced husbands and with the most competent proprietresses of fashion houses.

## INTRODUCTION

The married state has many good sides. Without it, daughters would spend their whole lives hanging around their fathers' necks, and many musicians would have nothing to eat, as there would be no weddings. Medicine teaches us that bachelors generally die insane, whereas married men die without having had time to go out of their minds. A bachelor's tie is tied by a maid, whereas a husband's is tied by his wife. Marriage is also good because it is available to all. Rich, poor, blind, young, old, healthy, sick, Russian, Chinese—they can all marry. Only imbeciles and madmen are exceptions. Fools, blockheads and brutes can marry to their hearts' content.

## PRINCIPLE NUMBER ONE

When courting a girl, first of all pay attention to her appearance, since appearance is a clue to a person's character. Observe the following: color of hair and

eyes, height, walk and distinctive marks.

Women are classified by hair color as blonde, black-haired, brown-haired, etc. Blondes are usually well behaved, modest and sentimental; they love their mommas and poppas, weep over novels and are kind to animals. They are upright in character, strictly conservative and not terribly bright. To the loves of others, they are sensitive; yet in their own love lives, they are as cold as fish. In the most romantic moment, a blonde may yawn and say, "Don't forget to send for calico tomorrow!" They turn sour, put on weight and go downhill soon after marriage. They are fertile, love children and cry at the drop of a hat. They never forgive their husbands' love affairs but readily become involved in their own. Blonde wives are generally mystical, suspicious and prone to seeing themselves as martyrs.

Black-haired women are less rational than blondes. They are lively, fickle, capricious, hot-tempered; they often quarrel with their mommas and slap their maids. By the age of 12, they have learned to "pay no heed to wicked men." They study poorly, hate their teachers, love novels—but skip descriptions of nature and reread declarations of love five times. They are ardent and passionate and love recklessly, madly, breathlessly. A black-haired wife is like a full-scale inquisition. On the one hand, there is passion that would sicken the Devil himself; on the other, caprice, love of finery, daredevil logic, screaming and whining. They are quickly reconciled to their husband's adul-

teries and pay them back in kind.

Brown-haired women are like neither their fair-haired nor their black-haired sisters. They constitute a middle plane between the former and the latter but think of themselves as dark brunettes.

Redheads are cunning, false, evil, deceitful—they do not understand love without deceit. They are usually very well built and have a splendid rosy skin all over their bodies. It is said that demons and fiends are sure to marry redheads. Where there is deceit, there is also pettiness and cowardice. You need only raise your voice and say to a redhead, "I'll fix you!" and she will cringe and crawl over to kiss you.

The hairdo is of no little consequence in choosing a wife. Smoothly combed, sleek hair with a white part denotes simple-mindedness and limited aspirations. This hairdo is most often seen on seamstresses, shopkeepers and tradesmen's daughters. Bobbed hair pulled down over the forehead indicates frivolity, a small mind and lust. Women usually wear such hairdos in an attempt to hide a low forehead. Chignons and assorted ringlets of false hair show lack of taste, no imagination and Momma's meddling in the coiffure. Hair combed back to front suggests a desire in a woman to be attractive not only from the front but also from the back. If that hairdo does not look like a heavy Tower of Babel, then it indicates taste and an easy disposition. Curly hair points to playfulness and an artistic nature. A careless, tousled hairdo suggests doubt or mental laziness. A



woman's way of thinking is hidden under her hairdo. If a woman is gray or bald and still tries to marry, it means she has lots of money. The fewer hairpins in a hairdo, the more resourceful the woman is and the more certain one can be that it is her own hair.

Now to eye color. Blue, languishing eyes denote faithfulness, submissiveness and gentleness. Blue, bulging eyes are most often found in thieving and mercenary women. Black eyes signify passion, quick temper and deceit. Note that intelligent women rarely have black eyes. Fashionable women, gigglers and simpletons usually have gray eyes. Hazel eyes suggest love of gossip and envy of another's wardrobe.

Select a woman of medium height. Tall women are somewhat coarse, and they hit hard, whereas little women tend to be fidgets and like to scream, scratch and sting. Avoid hunchbacks: They are wicked and spiteful.

A hurried walk with a backward turn of the head bespeaks flightiness and levity. A lazy gait is usually found in a woman whose heart is already taken—you won't find your supper there. A woman who walks like a duck, waddling and wagging her bustle, is kind, complacent and, sometimes, dumb. One finds a proud, swanlike walk in ladies of a certain kind and in kept women. The haughtier the walk, the older and richer the keeper. When young girls walk like that, it is an indication of conceit and narrow-mindedness. If a lady does not walk but glides like a peacock, then turn

back—she'll feed you, comfort you but will be sure to keep you under her thumb.

Distinguishing marks are not numerous. Dimples denote coquetry, secret peccadillos and a good nature. Dimples and squinting eyes promise much but not for the Platonic lover. A little hair on the upper lip points to infertility. Long nails can, of course, be seen on fine ladies. Eyebrows that run together mean that the person concerned will be a strict mother and a rampaging mother-in-law. Freckles are found most often on redheaded demons, crybabies and born slaves. Plump and appetizing ladies with puffed cheeks and red hands are naïve. They do not know how to spell, but they quickly learn how to bake tasty pies and sew velvet jackets for their husbands.

#### PRINCIPLE NUMBER TWO

Never marry without a dowry. A marriage without a dowry is like honey without a spoon, Santa Claus without a beard or a ship without a sail. Love is one thing and dowry another. Ask at once for 200,000 rubles. After you have stunned the bride's family with the figure, start bargaining, put on airs, stall for time, but make sure you receive the dowry before the wedding. Don't accept any promissory notes, bonds or shares; feel and sniff every ruble note and hold them all up to the light, because it is not unusual for parents to pay counterfeit money for their daughters' dowries.

Besides the money, try to grab for your-

self as much as you can. Even a bad wife should bring with her: (A) as much furniture as possible and a piano; (B) one swansdown bedcover and three quilts—silk, wool and cotton; (C) two fur coats, one for holidays and another for weekdays; (D) an ample supply of dishware, e.g., a tea service, dinnerware, cooking pots, kitchen accessories, etc.; and (E) 18 chemises of the best Dutch linen, with trimmings; six bed jackets of the same linen, with lace trimmings; six nankeen bed jackets; six pairs of bloomers, also nankeen, and six of English chiffon; six skirts of brocaded silk with edgings and insertions; a peignoir of Victorian cambric and four demipeignoirs of ditto; six pairs of striped-muslin bloomers; sheets, pillowcases, bonnets, stockings, fustian skirts, garters, tablecloths, kerchiefs, etc., in sufficient quantity.

Check all of this yourself, count every item, and if something is missing, demand it immediately. (Don't take children's clothing, since this is a bad omen: Where there are children's clothes, there are no children; where there are children, there are no children's clothes.) Instead of dresses, the fashion of which changes quickly, ask for material in yards. *Don't marry without silverware.*

After you marry, be firm and just with your wife; don't let her forget herself. And in every misunderstanding, tell her, "Don't forget, I've made you happy!"

—Translated by Alexandra H. Lyngstad



"Still grinning, Groucho said, 'That'll teach you—never trust your father.' I got used to his humor."

Another piece of advice that sticks in my mind resulted from a horseback outing we took together at a riding academy. After we started down the riding trail, my father asked me to trade horses with him. I immediately did, and soon after, we came to a large tree that had fallen across the trail. My original horse, with my father now on it, stepped neatly over the log. My horse, meanwhile, took a sudden wild leap, and I sailed over its head into some bramblebushes. My father, laughing, told me, "That horse I gave you is a jumper."

"Then why did you give it to me?" I asked, crying.

Still grinning, he said, "That'll teach you—never trust your father."

I got used to his humor. You got to be thick-skinned living with him. The thing about him was that he wasn't very thick-

skinned himself. If you said something critical, he'd practically faint. But no matter how difficult, he was always funnier than hell. That was a compensating fact.

KATHY CRONKITE (daughter of Walter Cronkite): When I was 23, I had just separated from my husband and was trying to figure out what to do with my life. I decided to go to Hollywood and become an actress. My father had seen me go through a lot of phases—this year, I'd want to do one thing and the next year, it would be something else. He said that if I was going to Hollywood, he would give me his blessing and help me out, but he thought I ought to make a definite time commitment and stick it out—no changing my mind or copping out. I wasn't in Hollywood very long before I realized that the one-year commitment I had set wasn't

realistic and I extended it to five years. Knowing that he had suggested that type of commitment got me through. And it was the first time he had ever given me any advice or suggested a course of action.

There were instances when I was trying to decide whether or not to take a particular job; maybe I didn't feel good about it or didn't like the people involved but I would be tempted, because, after all, it was work. And my father would say, "Wait a minute. You don't have to do that. Do what's right."

There are general philosophies about life, ways of dealing with things that I observed and learned from him—important things such as integrity, professionalism, standing up for what you believe and doing your best at a job. He never sat me down and gave me specific advice, but those things were more important.

PATRICK WAYNE (son of John Wayne): One of the most important lessons I learned from my father had to do with work. While we were doing *The Comancheros* in Utah, there was a scene in which I had to ride a horse alongside a moving camera car. It was a critical shot—you had to know what you were doing—and I looked terrible. When we saw the dailies, my father turned to me and said, "You're going to learn to ride a horse or you're going to get out of the business."

I was hurt, embarrassed and mad, but I went out immediately and started working my tail off. We shot the scene again two weeks later and it went great. Since then, I've been very careful to be prepared physically for whatever I have to do, whether it's riding a horse or fencing. If you're prepared to do the physical action, it frees you to work on the emotional part of the scene. I don't think he was talking just about riding a horse. He was talking about being prepared for all aspects of a film. It became a powerful lesson for me.

Did I view him as a hero? Not as a hero but as a fabulous father. He was a much more three-dimensional person than he allowed himself to be in public. He had a much better sense of humor than people expected. He was very vulnerable and very sensitive.

I remember when Harvard invited him to a *Lampoon*-sponsored student debate, he was so worried he couldn't sleep at night. He was so afraid that he was going to fall on his face, that they were going to tear him apart, be wittier than he was and get the best of him. He represented the antithesis of the liberal Harvard views about such things as Vietnam. But it turned out that they loved him. Someone asked him, "Is that real hair?" He said, "Yes . . . it's real hair. It's not my hair, but it's real."

When he saw me following in his footsteps and pursuing a film career, instead of telling me about pitfalls, he made me experience them firsthand. He would take



"Knock it off, Al. I haven't even got the stuff hung yet."





**CHANEL**  
FOR MEN

THERE ARE MEN WHO KNOW.

me on grueling public-appearance tours—21 cities in three weeks—during which he'd be working all day with the media and getting on another plane at night. Without saying "This isn't the greatest thing in the world," he acted it out for me, so I got my perspective from the real world.

DAVID WALLECHINSKY (son of Irving Wallace, writer): Our generation—and I touched on this in my book *What Really Happened to the Class of '65?*—got its advice from its peers more than previous generations did. Being close to your parents was considered uncool. I did have a close relationship with my father. But perhaps one of the reasons I picked up the values he imparted to me was that he wasn't heavy-handed. There was never a time when he said, "Son, I want to talk to you." If any advice came up, it was a little bit here and a little bit there.

The thing I recall most is professional advice. I started writing my first novel a few years ago and he was delighted. He said, "Son, the key thing is always to keep your reader in mind. Don't write for the critics and don't write for intellectuals. Write for your readers. Have respect for them. Don't make it difficult for them to understand what you're trying to say. For example, don't write a scene from more than one person's point of view. Don't go too far without having dialog and conversation. Let your characters say it rather than you, because it's easier for the reader to read. And make sure that you have a set time frame for all the action. Have a certain date by which everything has to happen. That way, all the characters in the novel are waiting for that date." In my novel, what has to be done by the main character has to be done within ten days and he knows it by the third page.

Something he always said about writing—which is a very important piece of advice about fiction in particular—was, "Don't tell anybody what your book is about and don't show it until it's finished. It's not that anybody will steal your idea but that all that energy that goes into the writing of your story will be dissipated."

Another piece of advice both of my parents were adamant about was, "Never, never become an actor." My father thought actors were too egotistical and that the profession almost required that.

I got married a few years ago but had been living with my wife for more than seven years. My father's advice was, "Don't forget your wife always comes first, no matter how beautiful the other women are. Treat your wife well and never fall in love with an actress."

LORENZO LAMAS (son of Fernando Lamas): When I was 17, I was all set to go to the University of California at Santa Barbara to study animal science. I had taken some drama and writing courses at Santa Monica City College during the

summer. Something clicked when I started acting, and I started thinking it was what I wanted to do. Prior to that, the thought had never entered my mind.

One day, Esther Williams—my stepmother—my dad and I sat outside on the porch and I said, "I might want to give acting a shot instead of going to college."

There was a long pause. Then my father said, "Oh, shit. Well, are you positive? This is a very competitive industry and the fact that you are my son won't particularly help." I kind of tuned in to that and then he asked, "Can you act?"

I said, "I don't know."

He made up a scene. I was supposed to be coming home from work and had run over a dog, which I stuffed into my trunk. In the scene, I had to tell the owners that I had killed their dog. By the end of the scene, Esther was in tears and my dad was looking at me wistfully.

That afternoon, they gave me their support. My father also gave me some important advice. He said, "Before you sign anything, get at least two dependable sources to take a look at it."

He also told me not to take rejection personally. It's important to take your work seriously but not yourself.

He always told me never to lie, because then you have to keep different stories in mind. The truth is easier to remember.

I got married when I was 22. My father's advice was just to be very sure. "It's something you only want to do once," he said. "I've been married more than once and it may be obvious to people that I like marriage. But be really sure." Victoria and I dated for another six months before we both decided it was right.

JAMES MAC ARTHUR (son of Charles MacArthur, co-author of *The Front Page*): I can think of one piece of advice he gave me, but it's rather frivolous. When I was about 18, I had done a TV show, *Climax*. It had been directed by John Frankenheimer, and the following year, a movie was made out of it that won an award at a European film festival. It was a good show and got a lot of good reviews. But there was one that wasn't so good. I said to my father, "Gee, it's funny that all the other reviews are so good and this one isn't. I think I should write a letter and complain."

He looked at me and said, "Son, never get into a peeing contest with a skunk."

He was not the kind of father to take you on a fishing trip. If he couldn't sleep, he'd wake me up at one A.M. and we'd sit up talking until around four. When I was about 11 years old and through with school for the summer, my father said, "How would you like to go to New Mexico and live on a ranch?" We lived in New York and, of course, I thought that sounded great.

Ten days later, I got on a plane—one of those milk-run jobs and a 15-hour flight. We stopped in every little town between



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New York and New Mexico. We finally landed and I got off the plane. But there was nobody there to meet me. So I called my father: "I'm in New Mexico and no one came to pick me up."

There was a long silence and then my father said, "Oh, my God. I forgot to tell them you were coming."

**PETER FONDA** (son of Henry Fonda): You want me to recall a conversation in which he gave me advice? I've spent about 43 years looking for the same thing. He was not one to do a lot of talking.

He was always telling me to stand up straight. I started hearing that from childhood on. I was slouching, of course, trying to emulate him.

Most of the advice I got came from aunts, uncles, cooks and my grandmother, who raised me. My aunts and uncles, for instance, advised me not to date nurses, because they'd only get pregnant.

The conversation with my father that sticks in my mind most was when I was about 16 or 17 and he was between marriages. We went out to dinner alone in New York City. For me, it was quite an occasion. I was always trying to make conversation with him, which was difficult, because he didn't like to talk. He thought he was no good at it, which was not true.

Anyway, I asked if he had ever had a dream about flying. He got a funny look in his eyes and told me he had a recurring dream about entering his house with a date. There was a large foyer in the hallway, with a banistered stairway that he climbed. When he got to the top, he looked down and said to his date, "I bet you've never seen this." Then he jumped off the banister and flew around the room. I thought that was pretty incredible, because I had the same dream, only I would jump off the mantelpiece in the living room or, sometimes, out of a tree. My father explained that the dream had sexual connotations, which I hadn't realized.

He was a man who felt awkward about life. He was embarrassed about having been married many times, he was embarrassed about giving us compliments. If he thought we were doing a good job, we would hear it from his agent. He was painfully shy around us. I wish I had read his biography years ago, because I didn't understand that until later. I thought I was a total failure—that there was nothing I could do to make my father appreciate anything about me. Not until his last three or four years could I force him to tell me he loved me. And that was after the success of *Easy Rider* and all the other things.

When I was about 19, Cliff Robertson asked me if my father had given me any advice about going into acting. Dad had never said anything, but I didn't want to sound like a whiny son. So I said, "No, my father only told me to do my best at anything I was going to do."

**DEAN PAUL MARTIN** (son of Dean Martin): My father didn't come to many of my little-league games, because it would have caused a lot of commotion and he felt it took away from the game. He came to a few but wasn't one of those who rant and rave on the side lines.

In one game, I pitched my heart out—close to a no-hitter—and we lost. I was shattered. I threw a tantrum and was in my room sulking. I thought it was the end of the world. So my father came up to my room and said, "Hey, what are you so upset about? First of all, you looked great. You wore your uniform right. Your cap looked like you had it on straight, didn't it?" He did a couple of shticks like that, about how great I looked in my uniform, to get me laughing. Then he said, "Listen, seriously, all you can do is play your best. If that's not good enough, too bad." I was about 13 then, and that conversation sticks in my mind more than any other we had.

**JACK FORD** (son of Gerald R. Ford): Right before the 1976 Presidential campaign, I had been interviewed in Oregon and was asked what I thought about the decriminalization of marijuana. The reporter asked if I had ever smoked marijuana and I said yes, I had. At the time, that was a very controversial statement, especially coming from a member of the First Family. Tricia and Julie Nixon had said they had never even *met* anyone who smoked pot. This was not a popular position with Republicans.

As I flew home and read the newspapers, I saw headlines screaming, "PRESIDENT'S SON SAYS HE SMOKES POT." All the way back, I was thinking, I've done irreparable damage to a man I love very much at a critical juncture in his career. What's he going to say to me?

As soon as I returned to the White House, there was a message for me to see Dad. I waited for the trip to the woodshed. Ironically, when I sat down with him, instead of chastising me, he said, "When you get asked a question, you've got to answer it honestly. That's the way your mother and I have raised you. Just because we're in the White House is no reason to change that, because once we're out of the White House, we'll be able to sleep better."

To me, that had an incredible lasting impression. He could have been selfish and said, "How could you do this to me? Couldn't you have just dodged the question?" For him to say what he did despite the personal sacrifice was an incredible gesture. I hope I could be half the man he was in that circumstance.

**MICHAEL SPOCK** (son of Dr. Benjamin Spock): "Trust your instincts about the right course to follow even when strong logic advises another path."

It's worked. When I've gone against my personal convictions, things usually

haven't turned out well. Now I carefully tune in to how I feel.

That wasn't what my father gave me as a parting shot as I was walking out the door to go to college or something. It was modeling myself after him that brought me to that conclusion—after seeing how he got trapped from time to time when he was advised to do things he didn't feel right about and then lived to regret.

**GEORGE PATTON, JR.** (son of General George S. Patton): "Without God, there is neither life nor honor." That should look good in **PLAYBOY**.

**DAVID CARRADINE** (son of actor John Carradine): I don't recall a specific conversation but remember a bunch of things he said on different subjects.

On acting: "Acting is either completely opaque or completely transparent. Anything in between is like mud."

On Hollywood: "Be friendly to the janitor. Next week, he may be the producer."

On politics: "Thomas Jefferson once said, 'Revolution is the natural manure of democracy'—which is to say, if you want to live in a free country, you're going to have to put up with a lot of crap."

On TV: At the time he told me this, I was under contract to Universal. I was doing bits such as being the frightened eyes above the mask on the operating table and was having a difficult time—it all seemed unlike what I had been taught about acting. "The thing to remember, Son, is you're not acting, you're selling soap."

On ethics: "Never do anything you wouldn't want to be caught dead doing."

On the family: He told every one of us this repeatedly: "Stand up straight, Son. You're a Carradine."

**MARK HARMON** (son of Tom Harmon, football player and broadcaster): The most important thing my father told me was, "Failure shouldn't be feared. There's no harm in failure, only in not trying your best. If you fail and you're not trying your best, that's disgraceful."

I remember the first high school game my father ever saw me play. He was gone a lot, because he was broadcasting so much. I remember walking out to the car where he was waiting after the game and feeling pretty good. It had been a good game. He said, "So you think you played pretty well?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "Let me tell you, you're slow; you could play in the bathtub and never touch the sides. We're going to work your butt off this summer. Have a good evening, Son."

That summer was the first time I began to gain some maturity and realize what getting into shape was all about—both in mind and in body. As a result, football became more fun. My father says, "The

# BERNARD and HUEY

I ENVY YOU, BERNARD. —



YOU ENVY ME?

LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS, CHICKS DIDN'T DIG NICE GUYS, THEY DUG APES.



SO I WAS AN APE. I MADE OUT YOU DIDN'T.

BUT TODAY'S CHICKS WANT TO TALK. THEY WANT ME TO LISTEN. THEY WANT AN ORGASM.



ALL THAT TIME-CON-SOMING RELATIONSHIP SHIT.

IT'S LIKE YOU WERE BORN FOR TODAY'S WOMEN AND I'M A MISFIT.



SO FOR ME TO MAKE OUT, I GOT TO PRETEND TO BE LIKE YOU, BERNARD.



YOU POOR GUY.

THE HUMILIATION IS ALMOST MORE THAN I CAN BEAR.



JULES FEPPER

difference between good and great is only a little extra effort."

I was 16 before I could beat my father in the 40-yard dash.

•  
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. (son of actor Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.): My parents were divorced when I was eight or nine. I was raised by my mother and saw my father infrequently while I was growing up. When we did get together, we were both shy with each other. We were fond of each other but reluctant to demonstrate emotion. When I was a child, my father was quoted as saying, "I don't have much paternal feeling. . . I'm like a lion with his cubs. My feelings are more fraternal." When we did become close, his attitude was more fraternal than paternal.

When I started acting, at 13, my father disapproved. He thought I should continue with my schooling and didn't realize I couldn't afford not to work, because my mother and I needed the money. However, when I was about 18 and had my first big part on tour, in *Young Woodley*, he sent over a red moroccan-leather-bound book, *The Art of Acting*, by Sir Henry Irving. Inside, he inscribed it with a quote from *Hamlet*: "Let your own discretion be your tutor." I guess that's the closest thing to advice that he ever gave me. I've often repeated the quote to my children. It meets a variety of occasions, but I think what he meant at the time was, "Be sure you're picking the right play."

We weren't really close, though, until I was in my 20s, during the last few years of his life. By then, I was my own man, standing on my own two feet and starting my own production company. I never asked him for a penny. I was mature for my years and our relationship was one of equals. We were more like brothers than like father and son. In his later years, in many ways, I became *his* father.

He was an influence in forming my tastes about fashion, though he never gave me advice about clothes. He was always fashion-conscious and I was indirectly affected by him. I remember going to the tailor and the shoemaker with him and later using the same people—insisting on paying for those things myself.

Other things I learned from him by watching had to do with his ideas on artistry as well as his concern for physical fitness. Although he smoked like a chimney, he was a complete teetotaler. He had promised his mother when he was eight that he would never drink and he kept that promise. I wasn't a teetotaler, but I've never been much of a drinker, either.

•  
CHRISTOPHER LEMMON (son of Jack Lemmon): I was a rebellious kid through my mid-teens. In fact, I was a real pain in the ass. I got speeding tickets. I hung around with the wrong people. Underneath, I was very sensitive and my intrinsic values were good ones, but the way I dealt with being Jack Lemmon's

son was to try to be the center of attention so people would appreciate me. That meant doing anything short of a tap dance on the table in the middle of the school lunchroom. I think my father saw that and realized why I was doing it. But rather than lecture me, he helped me realize what was going on.

At one point, he almost cut the strings. He said, "OK, if you're going to be a big fuck-off, goodbye." I think that's one of the main reasons I came around.

I lived to impress him. At the same time, I was an idiot. Then all of a sudden, I became entirely different. What woke me up was fear. I realized there were such things as obligation and responsibility.

We had many long talks before I started the turnaround, during which he tried to steer me in the right direction. I remember long nights sitting at the bar. I'd end up crying, and we'd walk all around the house with each other. I was an awfully scared little kid. Somebody had to come along and pull me back to earth. And my father was the one who did it.

•  
BARRY GOLDWATER, JR. (son of Senator Barry Goldwater): When I was growing up, my father was in World War Two. After that, he was involved in the family business in Phoenix, and then he was in Washington, D.C. As a result, a great deal of my growing up was spent away from my father, and most of his advice came in writing or over the phone. At the time, it was frustrating that he was not there personally. But I have his advice in writing, to which I can constantly refer. Often—even now—I pull his letters out and read them.

When we were young, he used to take us out of school a lot to explore the countryside—hiking, camping, shooting—mostly up in the Indian country of northern Arizona, Utah and Colorado.

I remember I was frustrated with school, was doing poorly and wanted to quit. I was in high school at the time and was going through the usual adjustment period. I wrote to him that I was unhappy at school and he wrote a letter that said:

I miss those days and nights in the forests and the canyons. Those are the pearls of my memory that I count as the futilities and frustrations of this life come as they must. What I told you once about learning more from nature than from school still holds. There is more strength and decency in one pine tree than in many people. There is cleanliness and good in the wind and the rain. There is in nature the constant presence of God. It's one reason I walk in the hills, for there one walks with Him and through Him one can impart one's troubles. Get your degree. There is not much future for those who do not pursue an education.

His political advice has always been to be honest and say what you're thinking, that you have only your integrity and your own life to account for. If you go through life an honest and fair person, you can't be dissatisfied with yourself. That advice he applied to politics, business, everything. He's always told me, "Be as honest and truthful as you possibly can. In the end, it will always be the best policy."

•  
ARLO GUTHRIE (son of folk singer Woody Guthrie): I think now of how extraordinary the communication was between my father and myself. He died in 1967 and ill health made speech impossible during his last ten years; it was during those years that I grew up enough to be able to receive his fatherly advice.

My brother, my sister and I visited our father weekly at the hospital, where we would stand around surveying the strange circumstances of hospital life. It was during one of those visits that I first noticed that my father was trying to communicate telepathically with me, as all other roads of conversation seemed closed. Naturally, those telepathic conversations were quite secret, but I remember many such communications, though they were known only to me and my father. I have never, to this day, revealed the messages and the advice my father gave me, but perhaps the time has come to reveal some of the more trivial moments of our work together.

To begin with, it was difficult to converse, as we had to develop a telepathic language. At first, it was more like a game of charades. I had to guess his meaning.

One time, on the way to the hospital, we stopped off at a hamburger joint and decided to take some burgers and fries to my father. When we arrived and had settled down on the front lawn under a huge shade tree to eat, we noticed his frustration at his inability to speak. He obviously wanted to communicate a seriously important message and, despite all our efforts, we could not understand him. He was pointing to his burger and at the next instant pretending to ride a bicycle. Then back to the burger and again to the bicycle. This went on and on, and by late afternoon, we had come to no closer understanding. Finally, I closed my eyes, and images of extraordinary detail began to appear in my mind's eye.

Everyone was silent as I rose from the lawn and approached my father with his cold, uneaten hamburger on the ground in front of him. I peeled back the bun of the burger and nimbly removed layers of extras—cheese, lettuce, tomatoes, onions and, finally, pickles. I took the pickles firmly in one hand and threw them as far as I could. A sense of serene joy filled my father's eyes as he began to eat, and I felt that we had finally begun to understand each other. He didn't want the pickles; he wanted to ride a bicycle. That's it.





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# PLAYMATE SEARCH

(continued from page 131)

*"Our oldest applicant was a 76-year-old who said, 'I thought I'd give it a try.'"*

on who *she* was. We began our search on April 25 in New York, Miami, Oklahoma City and Las Vegas and ended it on June 30 in Chicago. And, as often happens, we found that we'd gone a long way to find what we were looking for right at home.

Compared with our first nationwide Playmate Search five years ago, this one was a colossus. In 1978, we sent five photographic teams to 28 cities and snapped Polaroids of more than 3000 women. This time, we sent seven roving photographers and their assistants to 30 U.S. cities and to one in Canada, and they were swamped by 7000 applicants—nearly twice as many, in fact, as we had expected.

We wondered why so many more women entered the competition in 1983 than in 1978. Probably the best answer came from Assistant Photography Editor Michael Ann Sullivan: "It became pretty clear after a while that we were seeing the effects of the health-and-fitness movement that has gotten so many women into daily exercise. The reason so many women applied is that there are a lot more of them with great bodies—even women in their 30s and 40s—than ever before."

Our photographers agree with her. Contributing Photographer David Chan says, "I was amazed by the number of girls with great bodies we saw in *Cleveland*, of all places. Very few were out of shape." Not that we didn't also find great-looking women in Austin, San Diego, Birmingham, Indianapolis, Nashville, Tampa, Houston, Atlanta, Dallas, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Sacramento, St. Louis, Boston, Portland, Toronto, Seattle, Phoenix, Detroit, Minneapolis, Denver, Philadelphia, Honolulu and Los Angeles; we did. In fact, about everywhere we've visited, women were looking better than ever.

Another reason for the huge growth in applications was an unexplainable increase in the number of husbands, boyfriends, fathers, mothers and brothers who urged their favorite pretty ladies to go for the jackpot.

"In our 1978 search," says Senior Photography Editor Jeff Cohen, "the majority of women came to interview sessions unaccompanied. But this time around, it was rare for a girl to arrive alone. The biggest surprise was the number of mothers who brought their daughters, particularly in the South. And when we asked whose idea it was for the girl to pose, most of the time, it was the mother's."

Perhaps many of the boosters were hoping to collect the \$3000 finder's fee, but an equally likely reason may be simply that

PLAYBOY IS now considered by more people than ever (including mothers of nice girls) a publication in a class of its own. Which means that parents and boyfriends who would be horrified if their daughters or girlfriends posed for some men's magazines deem PLAYBOY a tasteful exception.

Not all of our entrants were young daughters; we had quite a few mothers and several grandmothers, too, proving once again that hope springs eternal. In New York, where we saw nearly 450 women, one applicant came in eight months pregnant, armed with pictures of herself sans bulge. "This is what I'll look like after the baby," she explained. Also in New York, we photographed a grandmother of three—a fitness buff whose body was hardly grandmotherly. Our oldest applicant was a 76-year-old who said, "After I saw your pictorial on [51-year-old] Vikki La Motta, I figured you didn't have any biases against older women, so I thought I'd give it a try."

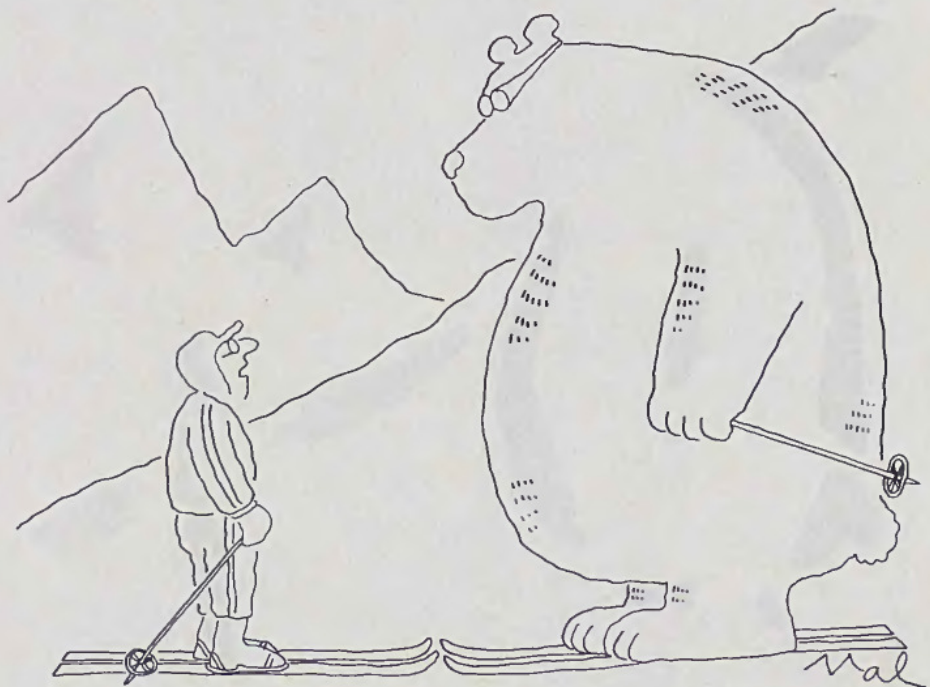
Then there were the ladies who hoped to get noticed by doing "something extra." One girl in Nashville arrived for her appointment wearing a clown outfit and bearing a bunch of brightly colored balloons, which she distributed to our search team before breaking into a little pantomime routine. In New York, an applicant

sent our crew a giant replica of a Playboy matchbook. "It was two feet high and a foot wide," says Associate Photography Editor Janice Moses. Inside was a note from the girl saying, "Thank you for lighting up my life and for the opportunity to participate in the search."

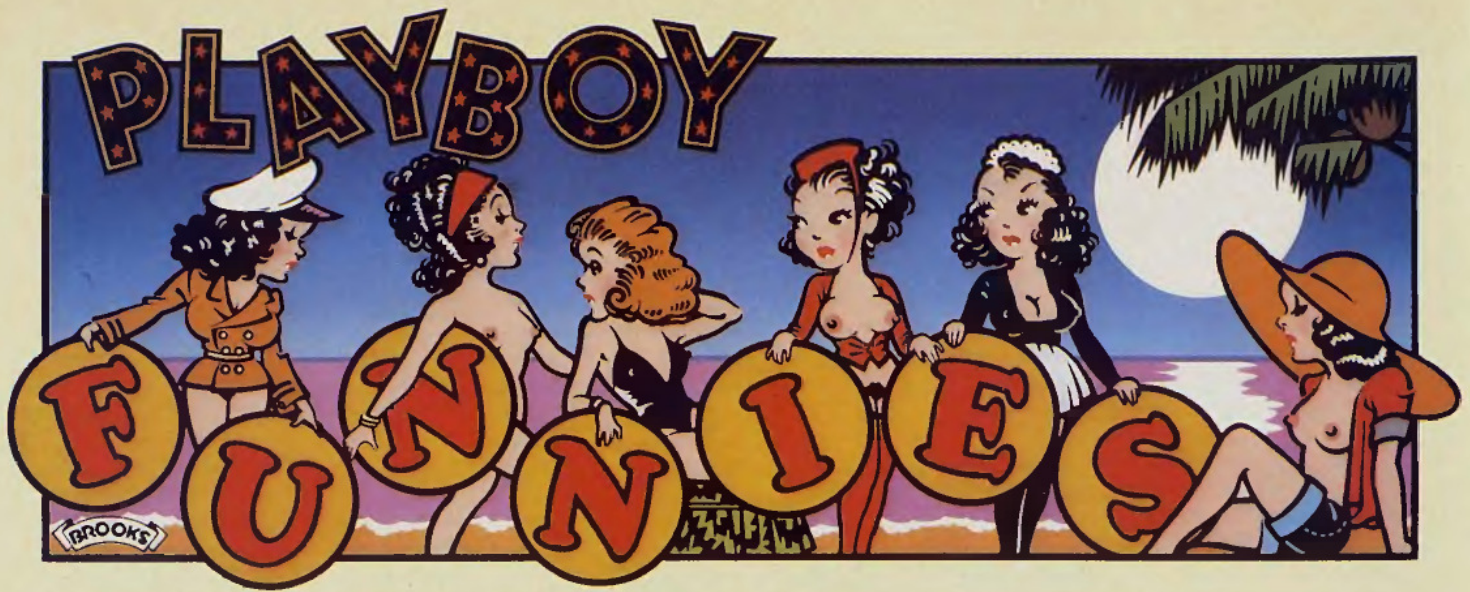
The hotel where our team stayed in Pittsburgh also housed an airline training school, and on the first day of the search there, three stews in training decided to come up and pose for us on their lunch break. They all carried big blue notebooks and dressed conservatively. The next day, at lunchtime, we looked out into our waiting room and saw 22 conservatively dressed women with big blue notebooks: The first three girls had broken the ice, so the rest of the class decided to try it.

After all the photographs had been taken (more than 25,000 Polaroids in all), we had to begin the thinning-out process. First, the photographers singled out those applicants they favored, which came to a total of about 500 women. Next, Cohen narrowed the field down to about 100 candidates. And, finally, Photography Director Gary Cole, West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski, Cohen and Moses selected 20 finalists to present to Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner, who chose the winner.

If you think, after looking at our runners-up, that you would have picked a different one, take heart. Some of the finalists will be Playmates in the near future. And if you were one of those who entered our contest and didn't win, don't be downhearted. You were up against the stiffest competition we've seen in 30 years.

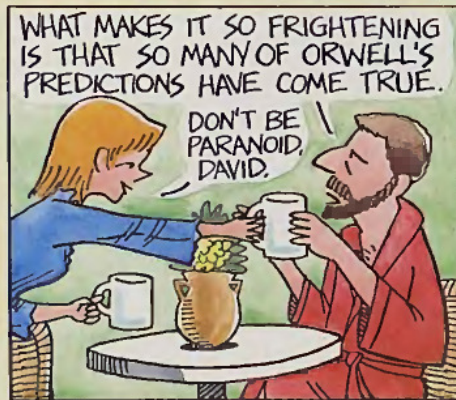


*"Most bears hibernate during the winter."*



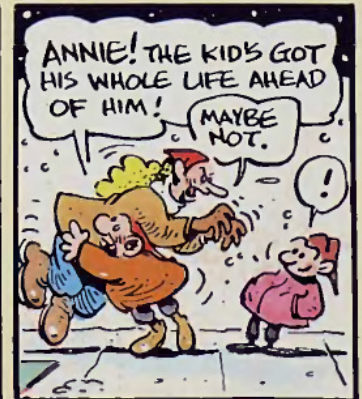
## Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON

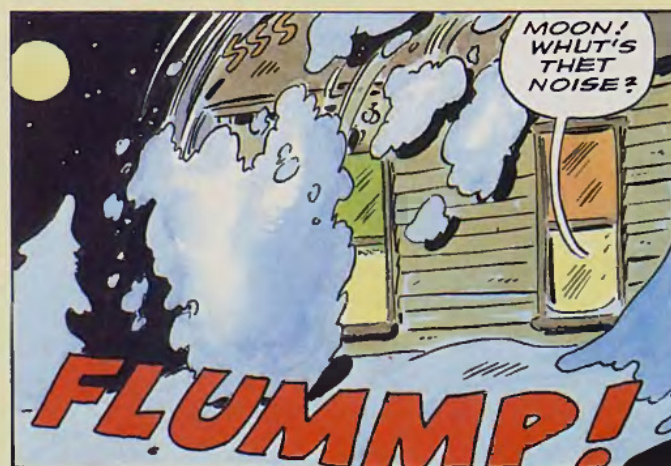
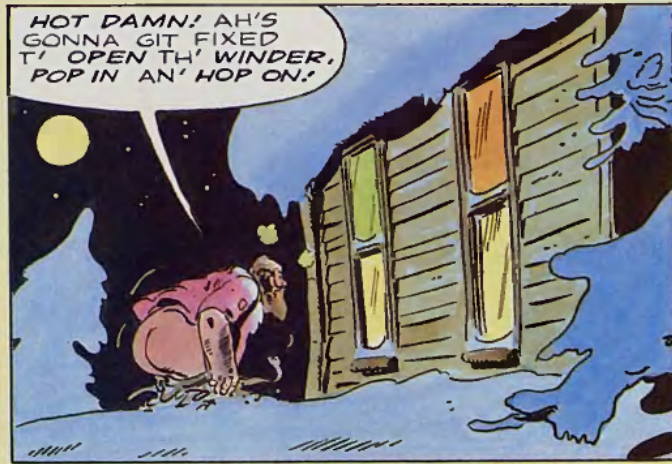


## annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard

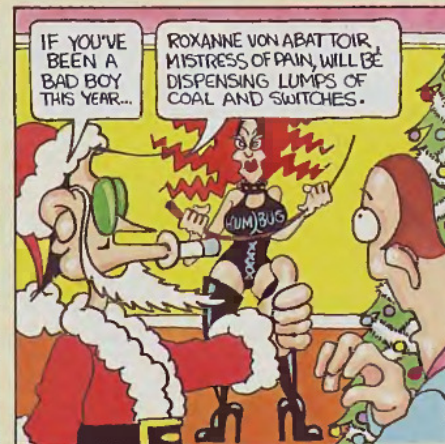
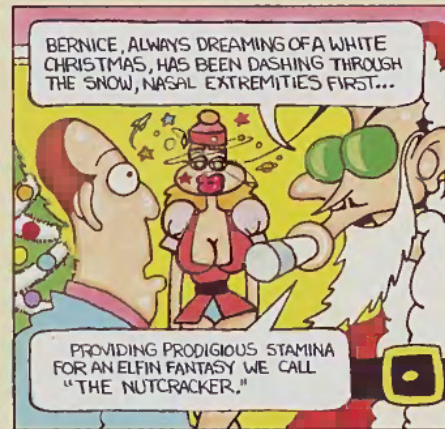


J. Michael Leonard



# Holistic Harry

by John Dempsey





The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed

By Craig Messel



Der Queen vuz so happy, she yanked off der bowz und der whackoffs vachted mit a ho-ho-ho.

REG'LAR RABBIT



## BEING A MAN

(continued from page 204)

*"Many of the critics who have savaged me at one time or another are now dead and unmourned."*

him out of hand, leaving the forlorn lover no alternative but to turn away if he wishes to save his sanity and self-respect. I am almost reconciled by now to the effects of my decision, though when I see certain productions in the theater, there is an old, dark flicker in my breast and I have to comfort myself with the thought that I have probably saved myself from many a late-blooming ulcer and for more pleasant mornings than those I lived through when the reviews came out after the opening nights of my plays in New York.

Like all but the very worst writers, I cannot feel that I have lived up to the hopes I entertained when I was young. Although complacency is impossible, I can claim that I have worked steadily, at my own pace and, except for infrequent incursions into the world of film dictated by the IRS and by financial necessity, I have written to no one's dictates but my own. Although I have won very few prizes and feel that if one day I wandered by mistake into the American Institute of Arts and Letters the police would be called, I have my own evaluation of my worth and do not have to fight the impulse to hang my head in shame when I see my name mentioned in *The New York Times*, a journal in which a review of my second book of short stories appeared. The reviewer, whose present whereabouts are unknown to me, ended his haughty article by saying that criticizing my work was like breaking a butterfly on the wheel. Since that day, I have published some 25 more books, and perhaps I may be forgiven for muttering under my breath, "Some butterfly."

Many of the critics who have savaged me at one time or another in the course of my career are now dead and unmourned, and others have slipped back into well-deserved obscurity and dim teaching jobs at third-rate colleges. In addition to being allowed to enjoy such benevolent turns of fate, I once had the good fortune to happen upon a novel by a critic who had been particularly rude about me and found, not unexpectedly but still with a gratifying lift of the spirit, that it was unreadable.

Revenge, I can say with some satisfaction, is one emotion that carries over with no diminution of strength into the eighth decade. Meanwhile, despite the academic disrepute my sporadic popularity has brought me, I find that I can bear with fortitude the burden of being widely read in many languages and remember with a chuckle the rueful remark of a friend of mine, a writer whose work is generally received with hosannas by the critics but

whose income does not rank him among the first 500,000 taxpayers in the country. "I approve, of course, of splendid reviews," he said, "but I would find it difficult in my heart to condemn splendid royalty statements."

Apart from my professional roller-coastering, I find that I have done, mainly by chance, certain things that have enriched my life. Chief among these was my decision to live in Europe since 1953. I had gone with my wife and infant son to the French Riviera for a summer vacation, with return passage booked on the French Line for September 1951. Some American friends who had been living in Paris were on the point of going to New York for a few months, and they kindly offered us the use of their apartment in Paris until they returned. The glorious and almost incurable virus of the city worked on me, and a year later, fully inoculated, I canceled our tickets to New York and in 1953 gave up my place on the East Side of Manhattan and settled in as a resident of France. I have written too much about Paris to repeat in this article my sensible reasons for this act. A whole new civilization, varied and constantly surprising and instructive, seemed to be opening up, and the flood of fresh impressions supplied me with a rich new range of materials for my work.

Not only was I exposed to current Europeans in their present modes of life and fashions of thinking and to the lasting evidence of their long history and complex cultures all around me, but I was also thrown into the heady company of an adventurous and ambitious group of young Americans and their pretty girls formed around the budding *Paris Review*. Since at various times there were George Plimpton, Bob Silvers, William Styron, Arthur Train, Peter Matthiessen, Ben Bradlee, Tom Guinzberg, Philip Roth, Blair Fuller, Sadri Khan, John Marquand, Jr., and James Jones, among others, it was a rewarding and often hilarious experience that the difference in geography and generations would have most likely made impossible on our native soil.

The early Fifties were good years to get away from America. McCarthy and his minions were devastating the political and cultural landscape of the United States. Black lists, Governmental and quasi-Governmental spies were everywhere, perjurers abounded, innocents were hounded into poverty and disgrace, friends didn't dare to announce their opinions in any tone louder than a whisper and the preva-

lent sound of the time was of closing doors.

The disease was not held within the confines of the United States. People whom I took on faith later turned out to be CIA or FBI agents or paid informers who, I am now forced to believe, reported on my comings and goings in an eerie mixture of unsupported accusations, outright falsehoods, mistaken identities and purposes, rumors and political witchcraft. On one memorable occasion, while I was spending the summer in the Basque country along the Spanish border, I was summoned to our consulate in Bordeaux to be grilled on what I could only suppose was the Government's suspicion that I was engaged in what were then known as un-American activities. Wisely, when I drove up to Bordeaux, I left my passport at home, as I had heard that such proceedings were very often the preliminary to the confiscation of the precious document on the flimsiest of reasons or for no stated reason at all.

When I got to the consulate, an officer solemnly asked me to be seated facing him across his desk and spoke the fatal words: "May I see your passport, please?" Disingenuously, I said that I had left it in Saint-Jean-de-Luz. The officer showed no emotion but asked for another piece of identification. I had my French driver's license in my wallet but did not know how far the writ of the State Department ran and didn't want to take the chance that sooner or later, I would have to explain to an irate gendarme that my *permis de conduire* was locked in a file in Washington.

I made a show of searching for something that would prove that I was the man I claimed to be and came up with a card entitling me to enter the gaming room of the casino in Biarritz for the summer and handed it over. The officer did not change his expression but propped the card on the desk against an inkstand in front of him, then went over to a huge, old-fashioned safe against the wall, twirled some dials and came back holding a thick folder that contained, I discovered in the course of the following interview, a list of questions, compiled in Washington, that the officer was, in the line of duty, to put to me.

My dossier contained a dubious mixture of facts and inventions and went back as far as 1936 and into the Fifties. It turned out that I had signed quite a few petitions, most of them in support of Loyalist Spain and civil-liberties cases, but there were many petitions I had never signed nor had even heard mentioned anywhere. Along with these, there were reports of meetings that I had never attended and organizations I did not know existed but with which I was accused of being associated.

There was no whopper in the dossier as wild as the assertion I found long after in the FBI papers I asked for under the

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Freedom of Information Act, which started that I had been a colonel in Intelligence during the war in Italy, disseminating propagand—a curious bit of news for me, considering that at the time, I was a Pfc., and the closest I ever came to Italy was during a few hours with a 90mm battery above Menton on the French side of the border. There was also no hint in the full half hour of interrogation that I had ever broken a single law of the United States, and the officer was beginning to show more and more embarrassment as he droned on, staring all the while at the Biarritz casino card propped up in front of him. At the end, he asked if I would swear that I did not intend to bring down the Government by force and that I upheld and would defend the Constitution. Since I had already sworn to these conditions twice before, when I was inducted into the Army and when I received my passport, I swore and signed the necessary papers, upon pain of perjury, whereupon the officer broke into a relieved little smile and said, as he gave me back my entry card, that he had had no orders to confiscate my passport anyway. We shook hands, and on the way out, the secretaries in the office brought out copies of *The Young Lions* for me to autograph, and my wife and I had an excellent lunch in one of the great Bordeaux restaurants. It was expensive, but if the Government of the United States could spend as much of my taxes as it must have on the detective work it took to assemble the mostly fictitious history of my misdeeds, I felt that I, too, could indulge in a little private extravagance.

I must admit, though, that I did not enjoy the lunch as much as it deserved. Although I pretended to my wife that I took the matter lightly, the evidence of the Government's mistrust of my loyalty to my native country left a sour taste in my mouth that took years to disappear, and France on that sunny afternoon in Aquitaine seemed, in comparison, like an anachronistic enclave of legality, justice, reason and freedom of thought and expression. I could not rid myself of the nagging suspicion that in the consul's office, I had failed in my duties as a citizen of a country whose Constitution guarantees that all Americans are guaranteed against unreasonable search and seizure and implies that eternal vigilance is the price we pay for maintaining our rights and the rights of others. Given the fact that I was accused of no crime, there was no doubt that the consular officer's questions bordered on unreasonable search and his temporary guardianship of the Biarritz casino card could certainly be construed as unwarranted seizure. Should I, as a true upholder of the Constitution that I had sworn to defend, have refused all questions? I had not, and the delicious, rich food lay heavily on my stomach. Almost automatically, conditioned by the assumptions of powers our Government has accumulated through the years, I had bowed to authority, much as I had in making out my income tax and obeying the order of a sergeant to stand at attention. Toying with my dessert, I realized I was in gray country, where rights and duties were ill defined and contradictory, where surren-

dering the minutiae of my income and expenditures had put me in thrall to a tyrannous bureaucracy, since if you know what a man makes and saves or squanders, you know more about him, and not only in economic matters, than a strict application of the law should permit. As for the sergeant, it might have been my opinion that it was wiser for him to say, "At ease," but I straightened to his command. It occurred to me on the drive back to Saint-Jean-de-Luz that America had not been created by poltroons like me.

The psychic wounds might have been deep after the encounter in the consulate, but the practical damage of the whole affair was small. Aside from being sporadically blacklisted for some years by the television networks, which might have been a blessing in disguise, I have not really been bothered since, though the American Legion stopped movie companies from making a film of my novel *The Troubled Air*, which was outspokenly anti-Communist but equally outspoken against the forces that would smother all opposition to their blackmail tactics in the popular arts. To prove that malevolence was not confined to the West Coast, a team of producers who had several highly successful and innocent musicals running on Broadway and who commissioned me to fashion *The Troubled Air* into a play were warned by groups of ardent patriots that if they went through with their plan to present my dramatization in New York, their current plays would be picketed nightly and their casts blacklisted. To their eternal discredit, the producers cabled me in France that the deal was off, and I started work on a novel instead.

The wisdom of this move was underlined for me by the movie mogul Jack Warner, the only one of my accusers whose name I ever learned and who, in a fit of unmanly millionaire panic and a sweaty maneuver to prove the purity of his citizenship, had testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee that I was one of the writers once employed by his company whom he had fired for trying to slip Red propaganda into their scripts. In a restaurant in Cannes, where he was well known, I had publicly and loudly called him a liar, the most printable of the epithets I had used that evening, and had steadfastly refused to shake his hand whenever the vagaries of Hollywood and Parisian fiestas had thrown us together. Finally, considerably later, as I was walking down the Avenue Georges Cinq in Paris with a less timorous producer, Darryl Zanuck, we met again, and once more I refused when he offered me his hand.

"I don't know why you're like that," he said plaintively. "You ought to thank me for knocking you out of the movie business. Look how successful you've become







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since then writing books.”

The years were not lacking in laughter.

In my private attempt to live in the best of all possible worlds, I made another decision that I never regretted, one that, like the move to Paris, came about by chance.

A good friend of mine, the writer Peter Viertel, who was an enthusiastic skier, was spending the winter in the Swiss Alps, in a small town called Klosters, and I let him persuade me to go there for a month to learn how to ski. I had skied a little in America, with ludicrous results, and had been too busy, I thought, to take vacations in the middle of winter.

I had not been prepared by my bumbling previous attempts to remain more or less erect on skis for the new and exhilarating sense of freedom and speed of the sport and the magnificence of the towering mountains, their snow fields glittering in the tonic winter sun. I was suddenly hit by the revelation that it was foolish to endure grim months under the sullen skies of the Paris basin, at a time when the temper of the inhabitants, never overcharming, was at its most testy, when this vast and delightful playground, transiently peopled by attractive hedonists in bright clothing, was so easily accessible. The town was warm and cozy, the natives helpful and anxious to please and everything, from the postal service to the trains, T-bars and banks, worked—a pleasant change from almost every other place in the world I had been in before. An added advantage that I discovered when I settled in the next winter was that I could work much better in a small town, where the telephone did not ring incessantly and one was discreetly left alone when solitude was required, than in the bustle of a city. The fact that for a good part of each day I dealt with people whose language I didn't understand helped me marvelously in concentrating on more important matters, such as how to get from chapter one to chapter two of a novel.

When I was chided by more puritanical colleagues for choosing to live and practice my craft in a resort devoted to mindless recreation, I defended myself, only half-jokingly, by saying that because of a quirk in my character and the memories of my early hardships, I worked best out of a vestigial proletarian resentment of the privileged classes, and in Klosters, I could deeply resent the fact that while lucky visitors sported around the clock in the great Alpine playground, I had to labor in the pits of creation.

Whatever the cause, I had entered my most productive period as a writer—in my opinion, at least—even though my actual suffering, like my resentment, was minimal and was more than made up for by early-morning runs down an untracked

slope in feathery new powder with my son, as well as by leisurely evenings with new friends of every nationality and vocation, including a multitude of Swiss, men and women alike, who bore no resemblance to the condescending image painted of them by their neighbors as a stolid, grasping race, cramped by Calvinism and moneygrubbing and speaking French, German and Italian in uproariously comic accents.

Eventually, I found that I could no longer get any work done in any city without a horrendous expenditure of nervous energy, and I gave up Paris as I had given up New York and retreated to the village and used it as a base of operations for most of each year, learning to love it not only in the busy winters but when it fell quiet, the tourists and sportsmen gone and the place given over to farming, lumbering, trout fishing, reading, picnicking on the banks of foaming brooks, daydreaming and dawdling on mountain trails. At this writing, that original one-month vacation has turned into 31 years—with, I hope, many more to come.

As a reward for my loyalty, on my 70th birthday, not long ago, the town band serenaded my wife and me as we stood on our balcony; the assembled citizens sang *Happy Birthday to You*; we were paraded to the town hall in a sleigh drawn by two horses; the mayor made a speech and gave me the key to the city; and for the weekend, a sign bedecked with flowers and Swiss and American flags and reading IRWIN SHAW AVENUE was put up on the main street. Looking at it, my wife said, “This would never happen in front of Elaine’s.”

My choice of a way of life, however gratifying it might be to me, hardly met with universal approval in America, where, unless you are running away from the police, living abroad is considered by some xenophobic viewers with alarm as a form of treason just short of selling military secrets to the Russians. Critics mentioned the diminution of their literary powers that Stephen Crane and Bret Harte suffered when they chose to live away from what reviewers like to call roots, though they said nothing of any damage to Henry James, T. S. Eliot or Ernest Hemingway attributable to their sojourns in foreign parts. And as far as I know, it is not generally believed that James Joyce's picture of Dublin was flawed because he wrote *Ulysses* in Trieste and Zurich.

Harold Robbins, that stern judge of the American language, even went so far as to allow himself to be quoted to the effect that I had lost my gift for the nuances of American speech because of my absence from New York. The truth is that I met an infinitely greater variety of Americans in Europe than I ever met in the United States, where the circles I moved in were

inevitably made up mostly of people who, like me, were concerned with the arts. And talk of exile for anyone with a few dollars in his pocket is foolish in this age of the jet. I make use of Swissair often enough and stay in America for lengthy enough stretches to make sure I know who's winning the pennant in any year and what the boys in the back room are talking about this week.

Among the things I learned abroad were the words of Edith Piaf's favorite song, *Je ne Regrette Rien*. Although she sang it bravely, with the most sincere emotion, I did not believe her. If she were anything like me, and I believe she was—at least in the sense that we are all brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, sons and daughters and fathers and mothers—we cannot honestly say of our lives, “I regret nothing.”

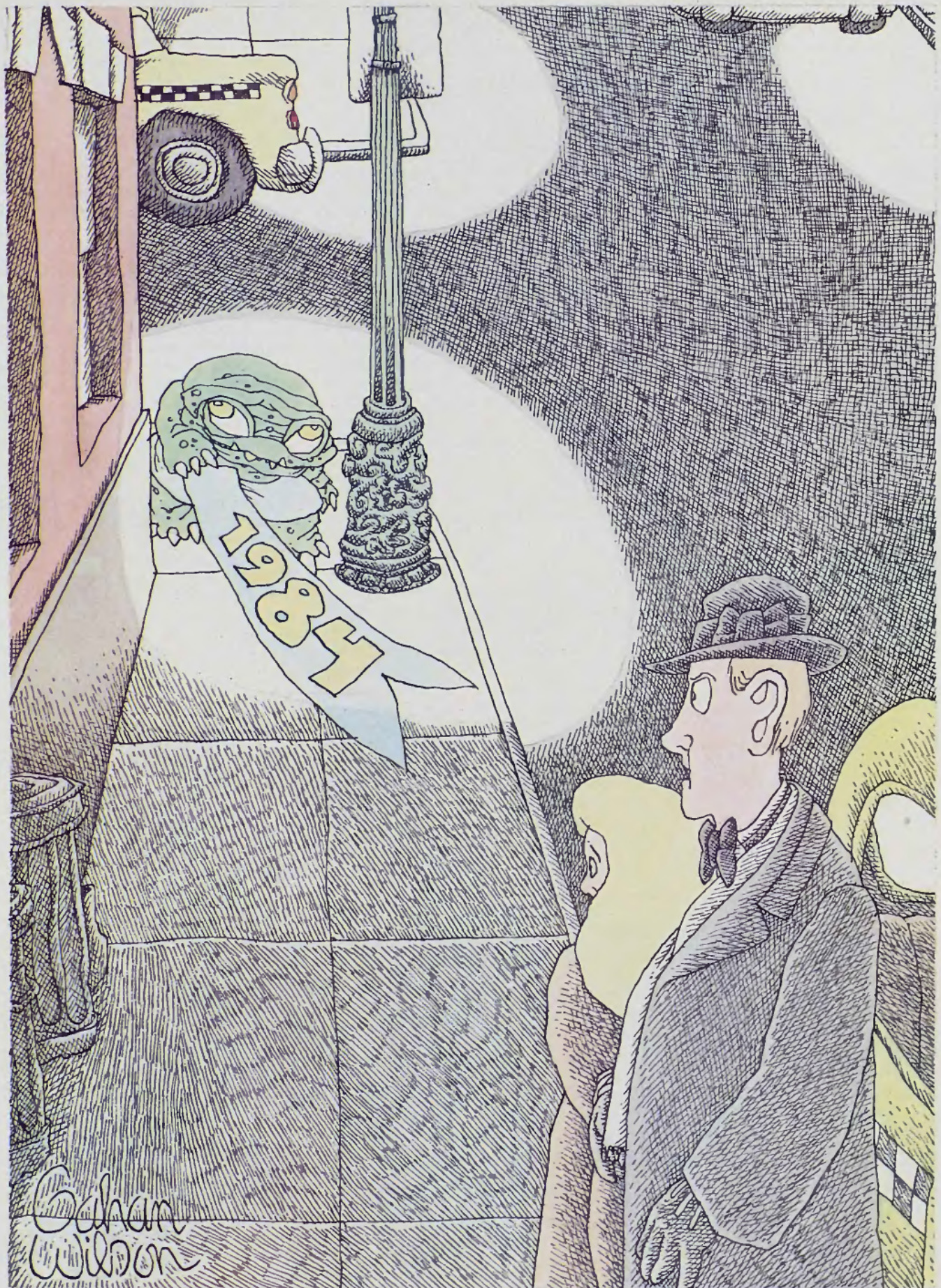
As for me, I could almost say that I regret practically everything. I regret that I am not six feet tall; I regret that I am not Tolstoy; I regret that I never could run the 100 in ten flat; I regret that I am tone-deaf and cannot carry a tune; I regret that I missed a touchdown pass on a cold autumn day; I regret some of the girls I made love to and the offers of others I turned down. I regret that I did not look to my left on a dark Paris street the night a taxi roared in from the side and nearly killed my wife and me; I regret the choice of certain doctors and the signing of certain contracts. I regret turning away from moments of infidelity that held infinite promise and moments of fidelity that assured months of boredom. I regret things I have written and things I have left unwritten. I regret having lost sight of many charming friends and having kept in close touch with others who have not charmed me. I regret my accent in French and my lack of any ability to learn German. I regret that I haven't done spectacularly better in the past 30 years or spectacularly worse. I regret that I did not write the line “I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each,” though I imagine I have heard the ladies faint, far off, in the surf at Coney Island. I regret having met Hemingway and never having met T. S. Eliot, Stephen Crane, Delmore Schwartz, Alexandre Dumas or Willie Mays.

I regret that every time I make a decision, I immediately feel I should have made the opposite one. I regret this moment and its question: Was I right in agreeing to do this piece, or should I have spent my time doing something else, such as planting a row of corn, learning Latin, getting a new hip put in?

Only time will tell, the saying goes, but even that isn't true. I've had all this time to think about it, and I still can't answer the question I posed at the start of this article: Would I do it all over again?

Would you?





*"I don't like the looks of that!"*

# LUCKY PENNY

(continued from page 138)

*"I just don't look like the high-fashion type. I'm a little too short, too busty."*

more confident, because we've chosen her to crown PLAYBOY's three decades of America's most beautiful women.

Despite her tender age, Penny is far from a neophyte in the world of modeling. She broke into the business at the age of 13, after spending a summer vacation in modeling school. Since there weren't many calls for models (13 or otherwise) in her home town of Springville, New York, she had to travel, after school or on weekends, to Buffalo, 25 miles away.

"My parents were wonderful," says Penny, looking back on that time with a matured perspective. "They had to drive me back and forth, since I was too young to drive myself, and I often wasn't getting paid more than \$25 per job. My parents were paying for the gas and buying me lunch and, probably, spending as much as I was earning. But they always let me keep every dollar I earned." Her father, Leslie, an executive for a New York manufacturer, and her mother, Frances, chose to join her rather than fight her.

"From the time I was about 11, when I began looking at fashion magazines, I wanted to be a model. I'd stare at cover girls and wish I could be just like them."

It was more than mere wishing; it was *believing*, deep down inside, that she could be a successful model that gave Penny so much *chutzpah* at such an early age. For instance, when she was 15, her agency in

Buffalo entered her in the yearly Modeling Association of America International (M.A.A.I.) competition, held that year at The Waldorf-Astoria. "I could tell that most of the girls weren't doing very well," she recalls, "until one girl, the one just before me, got up and did a terrifically animated series of poses. I thought, If that's what it takes, I can do better than that, so when my turn came, I went up there with—'Ta-taaaa!'" She spreads her arms, grins and giggles as she replays the moment. "And, sure enough, I won."

As a result, she was sought out by several scouts from the big New York modeling agencies, who convinced her that her prospects were excellent. "However, they also told me that I was still too young to live in New York by myself, and they told me to get in touch with them in a year, when I'd finished high school."

A year later, after taking more than a full load of classes in order to graduate (with nearly straight A's, by the way), Penny, with her parents' permission, moved to New York and set up housekeeping with four other models in a building populated largely by young people with budding performing careers.

"It was great, kind of like a big dormitory. We'd all get up early, wave to one another on our way to our various appointments, then come back at the end of the day and trade success or disappoint-

ment stories and have potluck dinners."

We wondered if her parents might not have been just the slightest bit worried that she could venture down the path of rack and ruin, and she replied, "First of all, my parents never talked to us [Penny and her older sister and two brothers] about sex. It just never came up. They knew I dated, but we never talked about it when I was in Springville and they didn't ask about it when I was in New York. But since I'd always been a good student and had never gotten in trouble, I guess they figured I had pretty good judgment."

She learned a lot in the Big Apple, including how to handle men instead of the "farm boys" she had dated in Springville. "I found that when I wanted to say no, I could; it was usually no problem."

She also learned the hard realities of the supercompetitive New York fashion business. "I was able to pay my rent and buy groceries, but that was about it. The fact is, I just don't look like the high-fashion type. I'm a little too short and a little too busty."

When her roommates began to split up and go their separate ways, Penny realized that she would soon be faced with the responsibility of paying rent all by herself. "Several of the agency people I talked with in New York suggested that I move to Chicago, where, they said, I might have a better chance of getting a lot of work." So she moved to Chicago in March 1983 and signed up with Playboy Models in April.

Shortly thereafter, she appeared in a promotional poster for PLAYBOY's pre-season football forecast, in which she wore a sexy blue football jersey. That and other jobs enabled Penny to settle into Chicago fairly comfortably. Then she heard about the 30th Anniversary Playmate Hunt.

"The people at Playboy Models suggested I enter. Once I made up my mind, I wasn't going to settle for being anything less than 30th Anniversary Playmate."

Finally, after an August visit to Playboy Mansion West to meet Editor/Publisher Hugh Hefner, Penny learned that she was our choice. Her parents and siblings are "happy for me," and she plans to use her \$30,000 fee to help finance a college education in computer science.

But for the next year, she simply looks forward to traveling and modeling for PLAYBOY, Playboy Models and Playboy Video Productions. "When this year's over," she says, "I'll go to school. But I want to enjoy this while it's happening."

During the next year, at least, Penny plans to make Chicago her home. Then, with more experience under her belt, she may go back to New York, where she plans to attend Pace College. Meanwhile, she says, "I'm enjoying Chicago."

And we enjoy having you here, Penny. Congratulations. And thanks for making us look good.



*"Can you suggest anything for a guy who has everything and gave it to me?"*



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## HOW I INVENTED PLAYBOY

*(continued from page 92)*

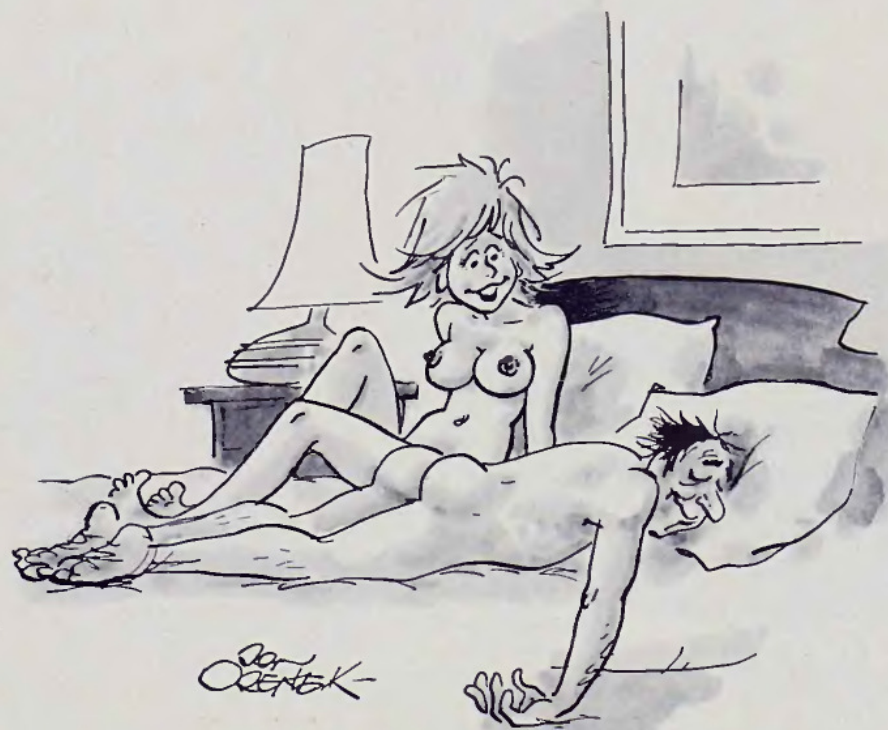
you familiar with Jorge Luis Borges?" He didn't know who that was, so I'd tell him. "Do you know about Malcolm X? Have you heard of Lord Bertrand Russell? Jean-Paul Sartre? Jean Genet? Timothy Leary?" I tried to give him a sense of what people were looking for in literature, politics and philosophy.

Even if tomorrow, or next week, the magazine folded, the Mansions closed down, the Playboy offices were sold for scrap and Hef were out on his ass, I'm one of the few people he knows he could get on the phone. I don't mean right away. I don't necessarily mean that I wouldn't have to call him back later. But we've gone through too much together for me to shut him off just because he was down and out.

I hope you understand that none of this in the slightest degree means I think that Playboy owes me anything materially, though I will say that people in similar situations have been well compensated. I read about a guy who invented a ratchet for Sears. He got a \$1,000,000 judgment and is going for more. A ratchet is just a tool. That's hardly the unique and incalculable measure of the given idea—a couple of cogent, well-meant phrases that become 100 bound editions of an eagerly collected magazine, a cable-TV channel, a chain of clubs, a mass of buildings and the awards and riches that follow.

I've given Hef so much, in fact, that it would probably be difficult for him to know where to begin to repay me. For instance, there's the story I told him about something that had happened to me some years before. I had come upon a bizarre automobile accident in the middle of the road late one night. I was the only one around. A truck driver had crashed into a limousine, and the results were devastating—parts of the truck driver ended up in the back seat of the limousine with parts of what we later found out was the captain of a sprawling industrial empire. You couldn't tell one part from the other—they were just mangled men. I couldn't help thinking that it was too bad that those two men couldn't have shared each other's precepts and interests in life in the same way they did in death. If someone could find a way to bring the truck driver and the millionaire together in life, before death consigned them to that generalized country we will all visit someday, that person would be doing something truly meaningful.

Hef was always taken by that story, and I like to think he was slightly inspired by it. And that's why we now have the truck driver barreling along the road reading a story by Jorge Luis Borges and the multimillionaire in the back seat of his limo, looking at those centerfolds and gently touching his pants.



*"Any more where that came from? I need a booster shot!"*

## TOYNBEE CONVECTOR

*(continued from page 158)*

high hopes, it sometimes seemed, of his winning. So all would be gloomily satisfied that their predictions of doom were right from day one. So the self-fulfilling prophecies were declared; we dug our graves and prepared to lie down in them."

"And you couldn't allow that?" said the young reporter.

"You know I couldn't."

"And so you built the Toynbee Convector—"

"Not all at once. It took years to brood on it."

The old man paused to swirl the dark wine, gaze at it and sip, eyes closed.

"Meanwhile, I drowned, I despaired, wept silently late nights thinking, What can I do to save us from ourselves? How to save my friends, my city, my state, my country, the entire world from this obsession with doom? Well, it was in my library late one night that my hand, searching along shelves, touched at last on an old and beloved book by H. G. Wells. His time device called, ghostlike, down the years. I heard! I understood. I truly listened. Then I blueprinted. I built. I traveled, or so it seemed. The rest, as you know, is history."

The old time traveler drank his wine, opened his eyes.

"Good God," the young reporter whispered, shaking his head. "Oh, dear God. Oh, the wonder, the wonder—"

There was an immense ferment in the lower gardens now and in the fields beyond and on the roads and in the air. Millions were still waiting. Where was the great arrival?

"Well, now," said the old man, filling another glass with wine for the young reporter. "Aren't I something? I made the machines, built miniature cities, lakes, ponds, seas. Erected vast architectures against crystal-water skies, talked to dolphins, played with whales, faked tapes, mythologized films. Oh, it took years, years of sweating work and secret preparation before I announced my departure, left and came back with good news!"

They drank the rest of the vintage wine. There was a hum of voices. All of the people below were looking up at the roof.

The time traveler waved at them and turned.

"Quickly, now. It's up to you from here on. You have the tape, my voice on it, just freshly made. Here are three more tapes, with fuller data. Here's a film-cassette history of my whole inspired fraudulence. Here's a final manuscript. Take, take it all, hand it on. I nominate you as son to explain the father. Quickly!"

Hustled into the elevator once more, Shumway felt the world fall away beneath. He didn't know whether to laugh

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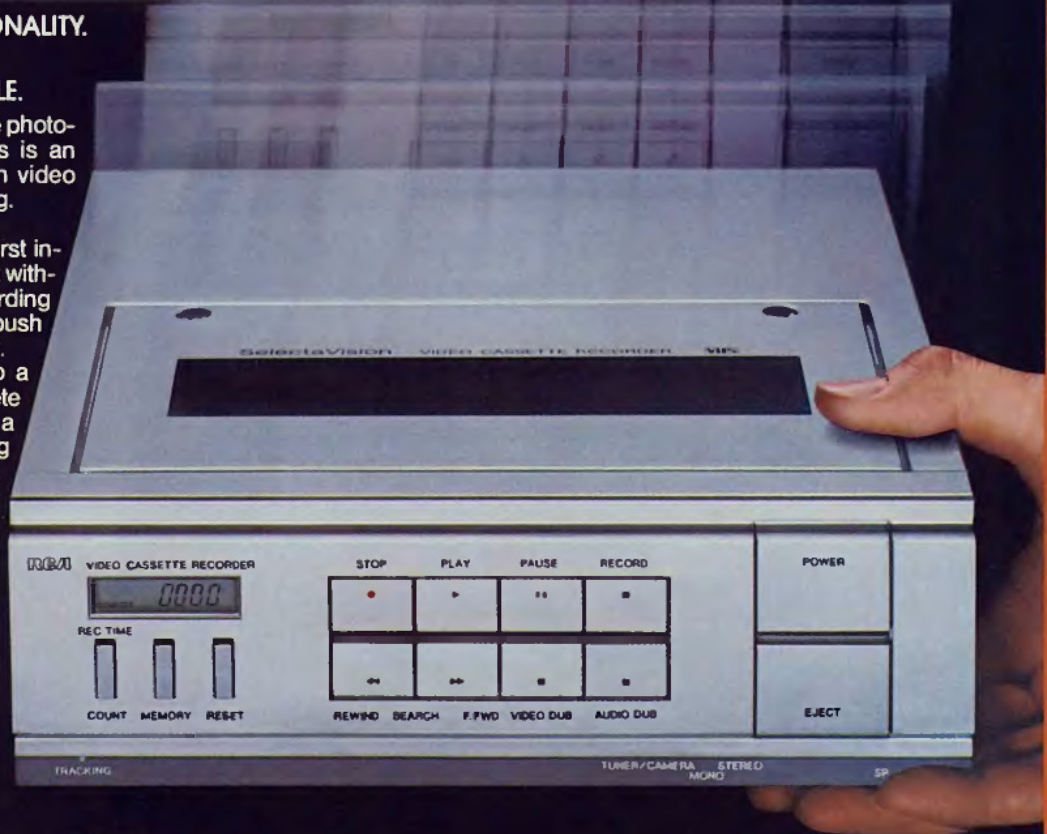
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# 900 CONVERTIBLE

or cry, so gave, at last, a great hoot.

The old man, surprised, hooted with him, as they stepped out below and advanced upon the Toynee Convectur.

"You see the point, don't you, son? Life has *always* been lying to ourselves! As boys, young men, old men. As girls, maidens, women, to gently lie and prove the lie true. To weave dreams and put brains and ideas and flesh and the truly real beneath the dreams. Everything, finally, is a prom-

ise. What seems a lie is a ramshackle need, wishing to be born. Here. Thus and so."

He pressed the button that raised the plastic shield, pressed another that started the time machine humming, then shuffled quickly in to thrust himself into the Convectur's seat.

"Throw the final switch, young man!"

"But——"

"You're thinking," here the old man laughed, "if the time machine is a fraud, it

won't work, what's the use of throwing a switch, yes? Throw it, anyway. *This* time, it *will* work!"

Shumway turned, found the control switch, grabbed hold, then looked up at Craig Bennett Stiles.

"I don't understand. Where are you going?"

"Why, to be one with the ages, of course. To exist now, only in the deep past."

"How can that be?"

"Believe me, this time it will happen. Goodbye, dear, fine, nice young man."

"Goodbye."

"Now. Tell me my name."

"What?"

"Speak my name and throw the switch."

"Time traveler?"

"Yes! *Now!*"

The young man yanked the switch. The machine hummed, roared, blazed with power.

"Oh," said the old man, shutting his eyes. His mouth smiled gently. "Yes."

His head fell forward on his chest.

Shumway yelled, banged the switch off and leaped forward to tear at the straps binding the old man in his device.

In the midst of so doing, he stopped, felt the time traveler's wrist, put his fingers under the neck to test the pulse there and groaned. He began to weep.

The old man had, indeed, gone back in time, and its name was death. He was traveling in the past now, forever.

Shumway stepped back and turned the machine on again. If the old man were to travel, let the machine—symbolically, anyway—go with him. It made a sympathetic humming. The fire of it, the bright sun fire, burned in all of its spider grids and armatures and lighted the cheeks and the vast brow of the ancient traveler, whose head seemed to nod with the vibrations and whose smile, as he traveled into darkness, was the smile of a child much satisfied.

The reporter stood for a long moment more, wiping his cheeks with the backs of his hands. Then, leaving the machine on, he turned, crossed the room, pressed the button for the glass elevator and, while he was waiting, took the time traveler's tapes and cassettes from his jacket pockets and, one by one, shoved them into the incinerator trash flue set in the wall.

The elevator doors opened, he stepped in, the doors shut. The elevator hummed now, like yet another time device, taking him up into a stunned world, a waiting world, lifting him up into a bright continent, a future land, a wondrous and surviving planet. . . .

That one man with one lie had created.



"I'm sorry, sir, but this survey does not allow for that opinion."





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*"I guess I've been thrown out of more moviehouses with him than with anybody else in my life."*

father, about his family. His father never understood him, his family seemed to blame *him* for his sister's insanity and Tennessee himself—well, I think he thought he was not very sane. You could see all of this in his eyes, which had a changing in them, like a Ferris wheel of merriment and bitterness.

This isn't to say that he wasn't fun to be with. We used to go to the movies together, and I guess I've been thrown out of more moviehouses with him than with anybody else in my life. He would always start reciting lines, making fun, doing Joan Crawford. Before long, the manager would come down and tell us to get out.

My funniest memory, though, is of four or five years ago, when I was staying with Tennessee in Key West. We were in a terrifically crowded bar—there were probably 300 people in it, both gays and straights. A husband and wife were sitting at a little table in the corner, and they were both quite drunk. She had on a pair of slacks and a halter top, and she approached our table and held out an eyebrow pencil. She wanted me to autograph her belly button.

I just laughed and said, "Oh, no. Leave me alone."

"How can you be so cruel?" Tennessee said to me, and, as everybody in the place watched, he took the eyebrow pencil and wrote *my* name around her navel. When she got back to her table, her husband was furious. Before we knew it, he had grabbed the eyebrow pencil out of her hand and walked over to where we were sitting, whereupon he unzipped his pants and pulled out his cock and said—to me—"Since you're autographing everything today, would you mind autographing *mine*?"

I had never heard a place with 300 people in it get that quiet. I didn't know what to say—I just looked at him.

Then Tennessee reached up and took the eyebrow pencil out of the stranger's hand. "I don't know that there's room for Truman to autograph it," he said, giving me a wink, "but I'll initial it."

It brought down the house.

The last time I saw him was a few weeks before he died. We had dinner

together at a very private little place called Le Club, and Tennessee was fine physically, but sad. He said he had no friends anymore, that I was one of the few people left in his life who really knew him. He wished we could be close the way we were in the old days.

And as he talked and the fireplace blazed, I thought, Yes, I *did* know him. And I remembered a night many, many years before when I first realized that that was true.

The year was 1947, and the opening night of *A Streetcar Named Desire* was a hauntingly dazzling event. As the lights dimmed on the final scene and Blanche DuBois, reaching out in darkness for the guiding hands of a nurse and a doctor, whispered, "Whoever you are—I have always depended on the kindness of strangers," a thrilling silence immobilized the audience. Terror and beauty had stopped their hearts. Even long after the curtain had descended, the hush continued. Then it was as if a cascade of balloons had exploded. The magnificent applause, the momentous rising of the audience to its feet, was as sudden and as breath-taking as a cyclone.

The stars, Jessica Tandy and Marlon Brando, took 16 curtain calls before the "Author! Author!" demands were met. He was reluctant to be led onstage, this young Mr. Williams. He blushed as though it were the first time he had ever been kissed, and by strangers, at that. Certainly, he had not splurged on the evening (he had an overpowering fear of money, one so severe that even an occasion such as this could not make him succumb to thoughts of a new suit), so he was dressed in dark blue that many a subway seat had shined; and his tie had become loosened; and one of the buttons on his shirt was dangling. But he was beguiling: short but trim, sturdy, healthy colored. He held up two smallish plowman's hands and quietened the ecstasy long enough to say, "Thank you. Thank you very, very, very . . ." in a voice as sluggish and Southern as the Mississippi if the river were polluted with gin. What he felt, one felt, was joy, not happiness; joy is cocaine brief, but happiness has at least a little longer-lasting languor.

Tennessee was an unhappy man, even when he was smiling the most, laughing his loudest. And the truth was, at least to me, that Blanche and her creator were interchangeable; they shared the same sensitivity, the same insecurity, the same wistful lust. And suddenly, as one was thinking that and was watching his bows to the deafening clamor, he seemed to recede on the stage, to fade through the curtains—led by the same doctor who had guided Blanche DuBois toward undesirable shadows.



*"Goodbye, now; have a good day. Thank you for fucking at Sylvia's."*

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## SHADOWBOXER

*(continued from page 180)*

*"Once a stream of soaring octaves, his speech now sends a chill up your back."*

greatest. They all got a piece of Ali, something to remember."

What a visual jewel this is, you think: the avenging black angel who once made the Christian world choke on its rage, Islam's crazy child of the gods, *these* heavyweight champion, sitting with the paragon of spiritual diplomacy, pointing to a picture of a white Christ as if he's calling the round in which he'll win. But it's hard to focus on the image, because the man in front of you now is not the Ali who could turn such a scene into lyrical rapids. Once a stream of soaring octaves, his speech now sends a chill up your back, and you have to lean in hard to hear him. The tongue is as heavy as an ingot. The lips move in slow motion. His speech limps along, struggles for air when it tries to accelerate. And there are the constant clearing of his throat and the tiny points of white saliva in the corners of his mouth.

Earlier, on the phone, you had thought that the voice was just another of his put-ons; but no such luck, and the full force of what you are hearing makes you queasy. His face is also in full view for the first time now. All right, his head is still lopsided, but we've known about that since a London hatter measured him for a derby in the early Sixties. ("You mean it's not perfect?" Ali said back then, as if he'd just found out he had scurvy. "Bloody imperfect, if you ask me," said the hatter.) There is, too, the tiny boyhood scar on the right lid. The skin is still smooth, free of zippered flesh; the nose remains agreeably flat. But the face lacks definition; it has a bloated quality that suggests a drowsy bullfrog. And those eyes where clowns used to tumble now recall a dance hall at daybreak.

You keep staring at him, and he keeps on talking about his crusade for a black Christ, but it's other voices that you hear. "He just a tired old king who don't know what to be king of anymore," one of his former running mates had said. "He'll be in a hotel room, go on the nod just like that, then wake up and say, 'Where we at, judge'—everybody was called judge in the entourage—'What we doin' here?' And then he goes back on the nod again. He's like that—what you call it?—yeah, like that Flyin' Dutchman on the sea. He don't wanna stay home, he just wanna travel out there, floatin' and noddin' in nowhere. He like a ghost ship, that's it. Then, again, he so full of life sometimes. He just tired, that's all. Sometimes I think if he had his way, all he'd like to do is back up time so he was Cassius Clay again, and he just sit there forever tellin' stories to all them kids

how he was goin' to put the world in his pocket and then let them have it back, piece by piece. Young Cassius wanted to give 'em the world back. Muhammad Ali wanted to keep it forever."

Ali stops talking and looks at you looking at him. "What you see?" he asks. "Yeah, well, I been fastin' for the last 14 days. Just orange juice." But you don't counter with the obvious question: How can a man fast for two weeks and end up looking like Sydney Greenstreet? In all those years, you never went after Ali, strafing him with questions, like a hard-ass reporter. If you wanted to get a serious response, you had to become a familiar face around him, sometimes even play the beguiled fool.

"What time is it?" Ali asks again, and the Moroccan looks at his watch and says it isn't time. Ali growls something and the Moroccan leaves the study. You notice some legal pads covered with scrawl in front of Ali, and you ask him what he's writing: "You making out a will?" He smiles, then tells you to take a look.

"All day, I sit here writin'," he says, "lookin' for the truth." The barely legible words are copied from a Sufi tract. *We can see the truth of this idea when we think of what we were yesterday and compare it with our condition today. Our own happiness, our riches or posterity of yesterday are like a dream to us.* The message is much the same, page after page: Forget the past; find the route to your true nature.

"That's heavy, champ," you say.

"Say it again!" he says.

"That's heavy. . . ."

"You got it! See. Even you see it, and you don't even have my knowledge." The Moroccan slips back into the room, carrying flowerpots and a box full of magic tricks, and Ali tells you to get down on the floor with him. "Kids," he says, "they love this stuff. We all kids, ain't we? Jist git ugly faces when we git older." He starts separating his apparatus. His breathing is heavy and short, and he keeps clearing his throat.

"You got stage fright? Why are you breathing so hard?" He dismisses the questions with a wave of the hand.

"Kid come up here to the front door just the other day," he says. "I open it, look down at him. There he is, kinda bug-eyed and scared, 'cause he know it's me, and he say, 'Can you come out and play, Ali?' Now, ain't that sumpin'?" He want me to do some magic tricks. You think they'd dare do that with John Wayne or some-

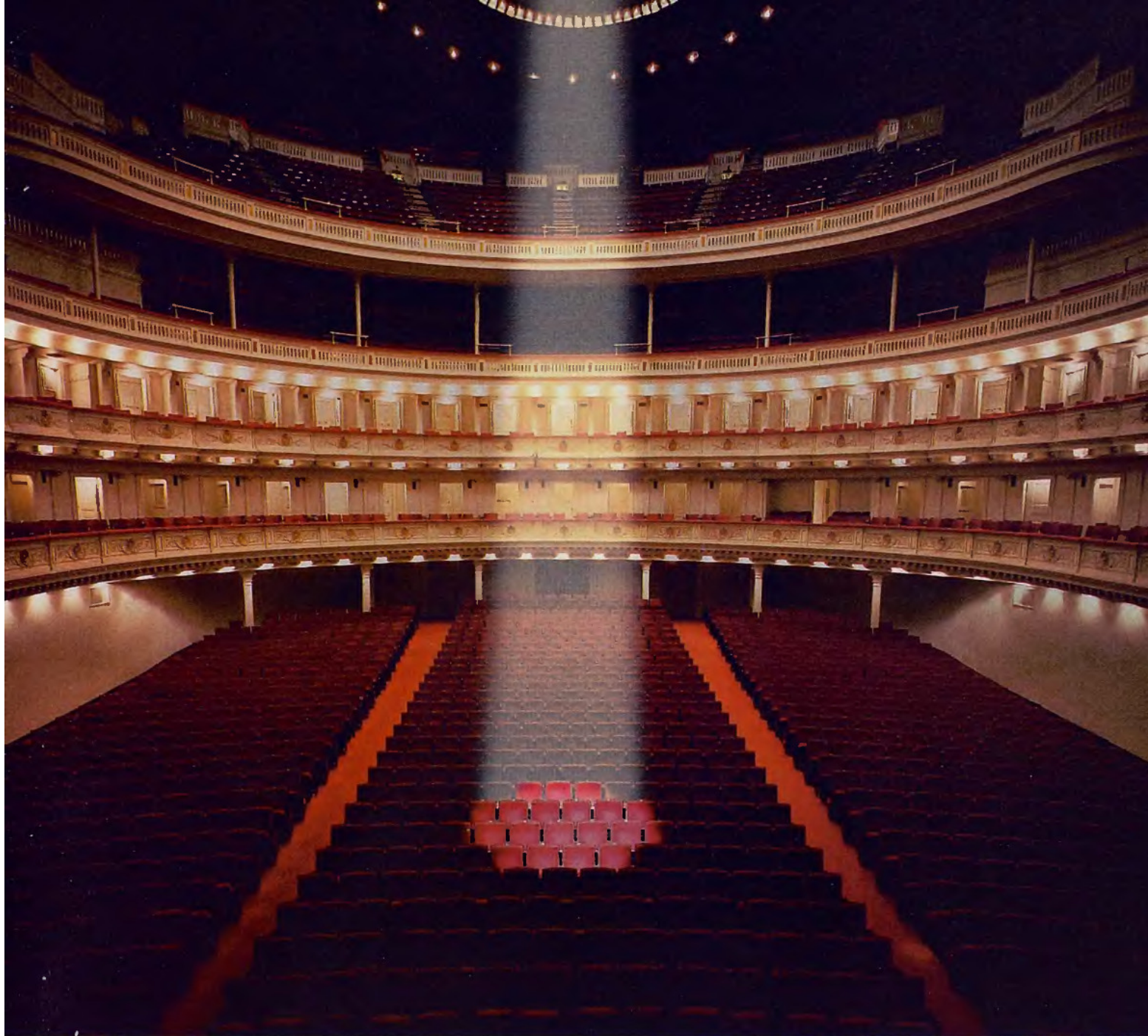
body else real beceg? Never. But they got a thing for me. They see sumpin' in me that's nowhere else. 'Ali, can you come out and play?' My, my, ain't the world strange?"

For the next two hours, Ali takes you through his full repertoire, while the Moroccan dozes on the couch, his head tilting to the side but popping up every time he hears a rasping command. Coins, cards, flowers, brightly colored balls—they're all disappearing in Ali's hands. So are the questions that you are trying to ease by him: Have you heard a man is pissing blood and his face is bloated because his kidneys are in bad shape, that sometimes he can hardly walk because of all the punches he took back there? Heard a man is fooling with drugs, and maybe that's why he talks funny? Nothing arouses him, and finally he concludes his act by saying, "All eeellusion. People think they seein' one thing, but it's another. Jist like me. People think they knew me, but they weren't seein' me. Ain't magic wonderful?"

He rousts the Moroccan and asks again for the time. The Moroccan puts up three fingers, indicating three minutes. Ali walks briskly out of the study. Could he be going for another magic prop, maybe an elephant? No, says the aide, he is going to pray. He pulls out a chart that shows every Muslim in the world the precise moment, at least five times a day, when he should be praying, which is why Ali constantly asks what time it is. We look now into a big outside room, and there he is, his head down on a prayer mat facing east, the deepening evening shadows falling across the ornate candelabra and the statuary. Watching him there, you see a man holding on to a lifeline, to his balance in a world he is not sure of anymore.

Back in the study, his breath coming in short takes, he says, "I don't miss any ma prayer times. Used to let it slip when I was fightin', wasn't a good Mooslem sometimes, but I can't be that way now. Without Allah, the Devil's got me. Fast women and late nights and me playin' the fool. But with Allah, ain't nothin' you can say, nothin' nobody can say gonna hurt me. The Devil's out there. But he can't git me long as I true to Allah. I pray everywhere. I've prayed in Mecca. I prayed with Nasser, head of Egypt, while sailin' down the Nile, with a harp playin' in the background and the Pyramids gleamin' like mountains of gold. Nasser dead, too. Everybody dead. Ain't life strange? You never know whatcha gonna be or whatcha gonna do when your time comes."

Eight years gone, and the thwack of leather, those twilit eyes, are often lost to memory, only now and then running fast across the mind, like lightning in a summer sky. But suddenly, the next evening with Ali, it's there again in all its shuddering clarity: the third Ali-Frazier fight, the Thrilla in Manila. It's as if someone has



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We suggest you hear the Sony Compact Disc Player soon. For a sound you can't believe, from the audio innovator you assuredly can.

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thrown a torch through the window and lit up the memories—the heat waving up off dented tin roofs, the smell and feel of equatorial decay and final reckoning in the air.

What summons back Manila now is Ali's odd reaction to a suggestion that we look at the film of that fight. "No, never," he says irrevocably. "I never look at that film." He says he'll show you the ignominy of George Foreman in Zaire, Floyd Patterson in his various attitudes of martyrdom, even his own loss to Frazier in their first fight—anything but those steamy couple of hours in Manila that took him to the very center of himself as a champion and a man.

Sly persistence won't get him to change his mind. For it is clear that Manila now stands in his mind like a long-abandoned mansion in the jungle, strangled by vines and wrapped in mist. "Who wants to keep lookin' at hell?" he asks, contradicting the claim by one of his former disciples who says that every so often, when only a three-A.M. moon lights the big rooms of his home, Ali will slip down to the study and gaze vacantly as he and Frazier move out of time and make the stars quiver once again.

What does he still dread about that fight? Had it not been a masterpiece? Had it not produced a kind of primitive art, a fire storm of passion, of promises kept and value given, of dramatic passage with an honorable end? But there *was* no end, and that is what Ali cannot bear to see.

More than Frazier cleaving at his kidneys, like a grizzly, the film shows where Ali should have called it quits—but didn't.

Hobbling around his suite after the fight that night, his body still tingling from Frazier's punches, he ran your hand over the terrible range of bumps Frazier had raised on his forehead and he spoke starkly of the landscape of his life. He knew that behind him, in that ring, his miraculous talent had gushed out irrevocably, like blood from a point-blank wound. Before him, he could see all of this: the man, "still pretty," who had escaped in time; a significant role in the Muslim movement; a beacon for the defeated and dispossessed; the mystery who would stubbornly remain a mystery. "The ship stop here," he said, looking out over Manila Bay and fingering the bumps on his head once again. "My God, what that man done to me. No more oceans. Nothin' in boxin' for me no more."

He was right, for he knew he had no big, stomping fights left in him, the kind that could be brutal to his health and reputation. "Eagles fall from high mountains," he said, "and then all them night things come and pick at a beautiful thing that only the sun ever get near. But this is one eagle gonna stay up there on the rocks and ledges with the sun, and there ain't nobody ever gonna see him again after this evil day."

"Say it again," you say to him now in his study.

"That was an evil day," Ali says. He smiles: "Unless you dumber than you look, you know what I mean."

Who, after all, wants to dwell on the times they double-crossed themselves? Better, when you roll the time frames by, to remember Ali as some sort of mad redeemer. Better to recall him as one of the first icons of the war resistance, going off to a three-year exile shouting, "I ain't losin' nothin' but gainin' the whole world." The world didn't argue the point, and when he came back, it was waiting.

But after the final Frazier fight, the years rolled by too quickly. Ali's ability to shock had worn thin, and so had his boxing magic. He flailed his way through a traveling circus of nonfights, a Tolstoy writing a soap opera. "Nothing," Herbert Muhammad reassured his skeptical legions, "can weaken the image of Muhammad Ali. He is beyond boxing." But even then, he was slipping into that zone where legends rot, where the rabble stands at a dangerous intersection, waiting for the three-car pile-up.

"What do they want from me?" he said after taking his Saturday-night jive to Tokyo for a side-show match with a wrestler named Inoki. Besides looking greedy and foolish, Ali had been kicked in his leg by Inoki, perhaps 60 times in the same spot, sustaining serious injuries that would later require treatment back in the States. He went ahead with an official visit to Korea, though, knowing that he had damaged himself.

"This is a scary business," he said, sitting one near-dawn morning by the pool of the Seoul hotel. "And I'm scared as hell. Those little blood circuits movin' through the brain—when they pop, then so long, brain."

"So why not move on?" you asked. He kept his eyes on the half-light moving across the pool.

"You don't know what it means," he said. "Gettin' the body feelin' like a big engine. The faces everywhere you go. Hell, I ain't no poet, but I am poetry. I'm like the best movie, the best paintin' you ever did see. What else I got or can do? How can I walk away from me?" He paused for a couple of beats, then said, "Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly . . . everybody gotta die the way he want to."

By that point, it seemed, he had sealed a pact with the future. It had not been enough for him to reach the top; he was going to come back down in his own good time and all in one piece.

"Who's around?" he had said, surveying the heavyweight ranks like a gypsy picking through a junk yard. "I'll skip Foreman, but I don't think he want any more of me anyhow. Frazier, he through. I saw to that." But he refused to accept what he himself had lost in Manila. The holy wars with Terrell and Patterson, the return from injustice, the fights to regain

what was rightfully his—those were far behind him. He was out there now, fighting the fights, but without a cross or a cause. Throughout, the visuals grew more horrid: the face, melted and bruised and bowed too long in the corner; the flaccid chest heaving for air; the legs in concrete. The affront to his dignity and his ring aesthetics was enough to make you put your hand across your eyes.

Once, when he came out of a Houston courtroom after going toe to toe with the flag, an old lady screamed, "Look what they doin' to sweet baby Jesus!" Once, soon after being freed to fight again, he stood on a corner of Times Square and, emulating James Earl Jones in *The Great White Hope*, raised his fists and screamed up to the sky, "Here I is, here I really is!" and the cop cars had to come and take him away before the thousands there could riot with runaway love.

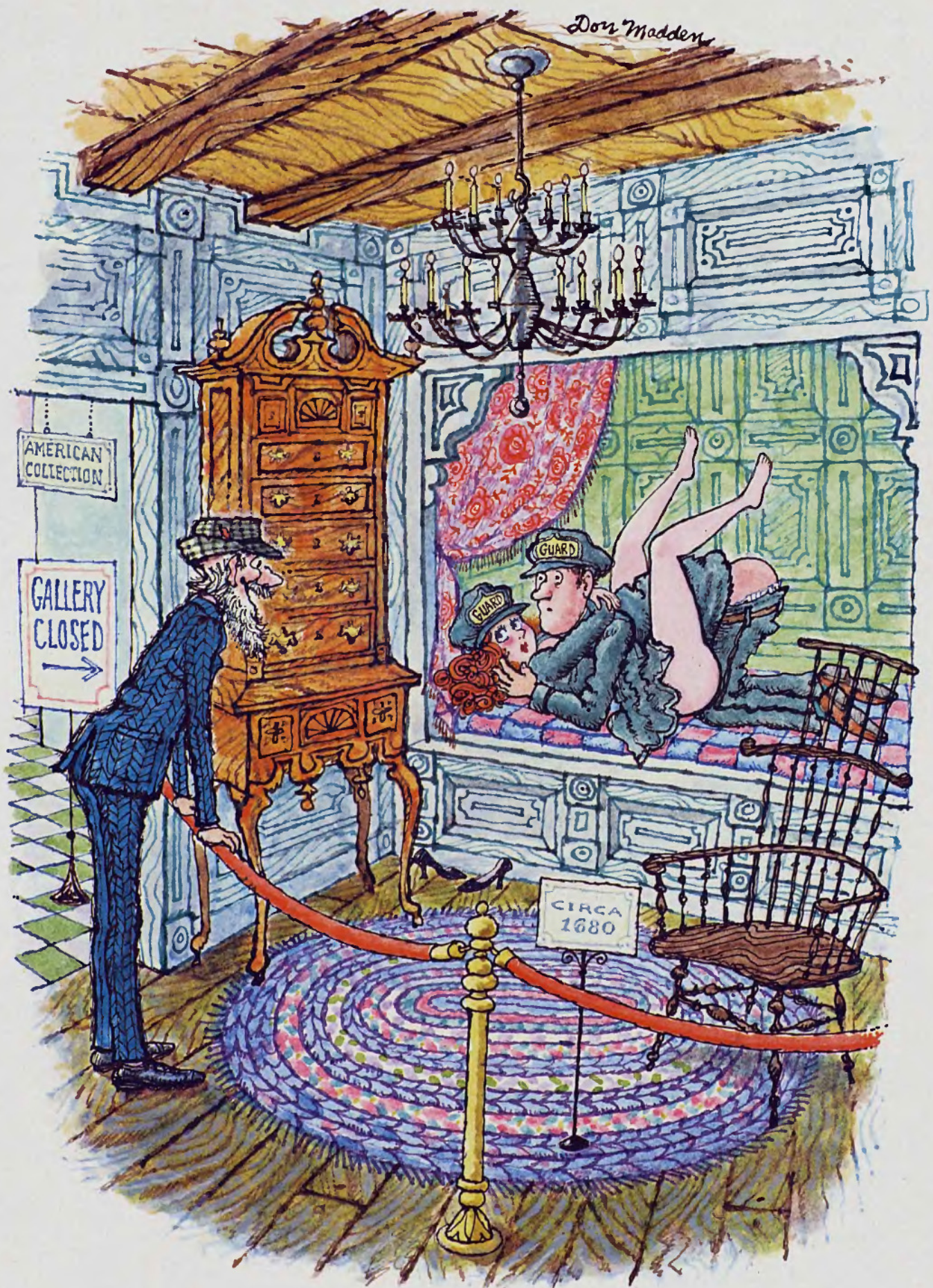
"Nobody's greater than the heavy-weight king," he used to say with the immense pride of a man unmarked by his trials. Oddly, it was that pride that brought him out of retirement to face Larry Holmes. Jimmy Carter had sent Ali to Africa to persuade the nations there to boycott the Moscow Olympics; it was the kind of role Ali coveted. He never stopped to think that the U.S. hadn't backed the Africans when *they* had boycotted the Montreal games. The trip was dismal. The black leaders laughed at Ali, avoided him, even looked at him as a lackey and a fool. He returned angry, determined to redeem himself by dominating the stage once more with a success over Holmes. It was a decision that left him in a corner, his head bowed, his mystery stupidly exposed. He had become what Cassius Clay thought impossible—a slave, shackled to his own persona.

It was a relief when he finally had nothing more to give and traveled back to the silence of his Deer Lake camp in the hills of Pennsylvania. Deer Lake was where he had trained for so many fights, where he used to sit around after a day's work and admire the huge boulders that he'd had put there and the "real wood" of his rustic cabins. "The big trees, the big rocks," he would say, "are indestructible, like me."

There is a hole in Ali's sock, and he knows you're looking at it. With his shoeless feet sprawled before him on the floor, he studies it absently and says, "I never did care much for dressin' up. I only got 'bout three suits now. Never had much more before."

It is Friday, a day for the Muslims like Sunday is for the Christians. This mosque is in the poor area of L.A., light-years from Mecca and from Ali's embroidery of the temples he would one day build with his money. (Who knows what happened to those?) The air is thick with the smell of jasmine, and often there is a shout from the crowd: "Go on! Say it! Don't stop

Don Madden



"Ah! Early American sex!"

now!" Wallace Muhammad, the leader of the American Muslims and today's speaker, doesn't need much encouragement. Hypnotically, with a serpentine style, he's going to say what he's come to say. For hours, he will rattle the sabers just a bit, boost materialism, harangue against superstitions, numbers players and Saturday-night princes.

"Ain't he a great speaker, so powerful?" Ali leans over and whispers in your ear. "Look round you: Lot of these people been whores, pimps, robbers, spendin' their pay on Friday nights. Now look at 'em; they so clean, their faces fulla Allah." He goes back to Wallace's words, then resumes his own private sermon: "We ain't the old Chicago Muslims anymore. We belong to the whole Islamic world. We don't talk about white devils. Even you can join our religion. Even I could marry a white woman now, even go into the Army."

Wallace is trying to work the mainstream of labor, dignity, thrift and revolt against religious persecution; his father, old Elijah, must be spinning like a top.

To the few Americans who knew about them when Ali came along, Elijah Muhammad's Black Muslims were little more than a wacky storefront religion in Chicago, an enclave for mysticism and a corruption of Marcus Garvey's Back to Africa movement. Elijah scorned boxing as a slave trade run by fat men with cigars, and the name Cassius Clay was remote to the sect. It was Malcolm X who had the vision to hook Clay for the Muslims before he took Sonny Liston's title.

Overnight, with Malcolm's direction, he became Muhammad Ali and brought the media eye down on the black outriders. In no time, it seemed, the old prophet Elijah was talking about Muslim spaceships that circled the earth with ray guns leveled at the white devils. Muslim membership grew and, after the press explained the sect, so did white paranoia. While Malcolm defected and was later assassinated, old Elijah had Ali securely on his knee. Ali truly loved the old man, even if he didn't understand him half the time. He also loved having a cause other than himself.

Today, he is no less a shepherd for the diplomatic Wallace. Yet, for a symbol who projected the Muslims into national prominence, who is still its most identifiable figure, who is said to have pumped a fortune into the religion, Ali seems to be just another parishioner here. He seems to have been given no official status equal to his eminence, especially now that he needs it the most. With our heads bowed to the floor once more, he whispers, "I jist wanna be an advance man for Wallace. Go 'head and git the crowds ready for his comin'. Or like that saint—what's his name?—love the animals, give up all his riches just to save the people."

Saint Francis of Assisi?

"Yeah, that's him." He says this with touching humility, and it makes you wonder if Wallace and his new Muslims are going to be around if Muhammad Ali ever really needs to be saved in one way or another.

Heads back down to the floor again, and Ali rasps, "Heard a man pissin' blood 'cause of bein' hit in the kidney, have ya? What a man pee, nobody knows. Heard a man's on drugs, have ya? Ever see that man on drugs? Then no man ever landed on the moon, and Elvis ain't dead. Ya deeg?"

Finally, Wallace ends the ceremony, and Ali makes his way out of the mosque, doing magic tricks for the kids. There are no pleasantries exchanged between Wallace and Ali; there's been no sign of recognition by Wallace for the man who earlier in the afternoon had spread out his elaborate plans for a costly Muslim school for boys in L.A.

Outside, Ali signs a few autographs and then picks up an earlier thread of thought: "Elvis, he dead 'cause he never found anything bigger than himself. If he did, then the pressure'd never've eaten him up. One out of three people in the world are Mooslem. I'm a part of that. That's my strength now. Boxin' don't mean a thing to me no more."

Ali drops behind the wheel of his Rolls-Royce, and we are off on a slow drive. You ask him why he settled in L.A., and he says that "one place jist like another." Others believe he did so because he likes the glamor nearby but mainly because it was perfect for Veronica's chase after stardom. "I had 'nough glamor for a thousand men," he says, and he won't say anything about Veronica except that she's "got style and taste."

You wouldn't have heard those words from Ali in the days when the Muslims made him divorce his first wife, Sonji, because her dress and behavior were too flamboyant to fit the Muslim mold. His second wife, the young Belinda, was the epitome of his view of Muslim femininity, diffident and long-suffering. They were happy for a long time, until Veronica came along, cool and ambitious. The second marriage ended when Belinda, tired of all the rumors, got on a plane, went to Manila and marched right up to the suite where Veronica and Ali were nestled. She stayed only a few hours, nearly wrecked the suite and Ali, then got back on the next plane out of Manila. Even Muslim women apparently have their limits.

After a while, Ali stops the car. He is looking sadly at the ruins of a Bel Air home. It had belonged to Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and it had burned to a shell a day or so before, while the Laker star was on the road. It is drizzling now, and smoke still waves spookily up from what was once a multimillion-dollar estate. Ali just sits there, shaking his head. "See what it all means?" he says. "Money and stuff? Means nothin'. Money's a devil. Jist like

that and you lose it."

He glances again at the smoldering ruins. "Let's go," he says. "I don't like lookin' at bad luck."

Back at the compound, the mansion is dark and still. He flicks on the light in his study, and right away, half a dozen parrots begin a frenetic screech: *Aleeee! Aleeee! Aleeee!* "Shut up!" he yells, but they are still at it as he leads you off for a tour of the rooms.

The decor looks as if it has been lifted from Versailles. Everywhere, rugs of extraordinary tapestry, priceless antiques and re-creations, all accumulated by Veronica. "They gonna photograph the place," Ali says, "at one of the magazines. Veronica got taste, don't she?" He says it has cost \$750,000 to furnish the house.

Upstairs, Veronica's room is pure antebellum Southern belle, except that the baby dolls scattered on her bed and along the windows are black. Ali's own bedroom is neat and bare, a stoic's quarters.

"You see," he says, "I don't care 'bout much. Jist a bed and blanket do me fine. Wouldn't care at all if I give it up and jist take a simple apartment somewhere. Jist stay on the road, helpin' Wallace in the Mooslem world. Like that Saint Francis, a, a, what's his name?" Of Assisi, you say. "Yeah, like him. People say I'm broke, but that's jist another lie. Like me takin' drugs. I support eight families, bought homes for 'em all. I don't even know how many kids."

Still upstairs, we move into a vast recreation room filled with fight posters and other memorabilia. A hand-carved tiger, six feet long, stands in a dark corner, its yellow eyes peering out. "Teng Hsioping gave it to me," he says. "I liked it, and he say, 'Take it.' Teng's a nice little man. Teng not dead. You know who he is? Leader of China. We standin' on the Great Wall of China one afternoon, jist me, him and his man who speaks English. He ask me how fast do I hit a man, somethin' like that. Faster than a snake's tongue, I say. And I'm showin' him how to jab with his short arms. He only about four and a half feet high. I say my jab used to go out at four thousandths of a second, and he don't know what to say to that, but he laughin' and havin' a good time. Then he ask me when I'm goin' to retire. I say I don't know. Then he say the strangest thing, somethin' about . . . mountains can't grow any higher, and no matter how much we keep diggin', they don't git any lower. Somethin' like that. Still don't make any sense to me."

From a pile of pictures, you pick out one of Ali with Idi Amin, and Ali opens his eyes wide. "Wasn't he sumpin'?" he says. "We're havin' a big dinner at his palace one night. I'm a guest of honor, and there's everything to eat at this table longer than a block, all kinds of people there. We havin' a good time, and he's got a dwarf sittin' next to him, who he's feedin'



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soup to with a spoon. Then he suddenly hollers down at the end of the table to me. 'I want to fight the great Muhammad Ali!' he yell. I git to kiddin', say he must've had a nightmare. Then he goes under his table and comes up with a satchel. Dumps the money right out on the table. 'That's two million dollars,' he say. 'You a champion or a coward?' He wants to fight me six rounds. The guests are oohin' and aaahin' at all that money just layin' on top of the food on the table. I say no, thanks. He gonna kill me if I whup him. I go back to eatin', and then, when I look up, there he is, pointin' a big gun at me. The whole table's quiet. People startin' to git up. The dwarf scoots away. 'Now, what you say, Muhammad Ali?' he say. You know, I don't curse much, but I say, 'Go fuck yourself.' I'm mad and scared at the same time. Nobody at the table now. He holdin' that gun right on me. I can hear my heart, and then, suddenly, he drop the cannon right in the soup in front of him, and the soup splashes all over his uniform and face, and he let out a laugh that would chase the ghosts away. He sure was a crazy man."

On the way back down to the study, he pauses at the top of the stairs and looks oddly at a \$2000 robe, a gift from Elvis Presley that is now spread neatly on the wall. Beaming and proud, Elvis took it off his back and gave it to Ali backstage one night in Las Vegas; a few nights later, Ali wore it into the ring when he fought Joe Bugner.

"Poor fella," he says of Elvis. "Everybody dead, it seems. Gettin' kind of creepy, ya know what I mean?"

He's still looking at the robe when you ask him the question that you have been trying to avoid from the start. He doesn't even look at you, but answers, "Maybe. Could be. Yeah, I believe I got brain damage. I believe so." Just like that, as if he's announcing he's got a cold or an upset stomach. You ask if he is being serious or making some sort of cryptic joke. He gives no reply but just shrugs; he seems to shrug a lot these days, as if he has caught himself moving uncertainly out of one dream and into another.

He turns and walks down the long staircase toward a big LeRoy Neiman painting of Cassius Clay with his hands raised toward the sky. So there it is, short and hard: the betrayed meeting the betrayer 20 years later. There is nothing left here of the young Clay who was so obsessed with eluding the sorry cutout of the ring wraith, the broken-down old fighter. "They used him badly," he once said of Joe Louis, "and he wasn't too smart and he stayed on too long and now his head's messed up. Fightin's just slavery, and I'm no slave for nobody. You won't see me hangin' on too long, shufflin' around like I don't know where I am." And here is the man—his brain circuits

frayed now and likely to get worse—who kept chipping away at his legend and his youthful ideal until there wasn't much left of them.

Down in the dim study, Ali goes through his mail while the racket from the parrots outside fills the room. "I don't know what to do 'bout them," he says of the parrots. "Sometime, they make me think of faraway places; other times, they just noise." He looks at a couple of pieces of mail and tosses them to you. "You can't believe the mail I git," he says. "See that chest over there? I got twenty-seven chests like that filled with mail. People always writin' me." He asks you to read the two letters. One man says he has discovered a chemical for treating burn victims; he wants \$1,000,000. The other man says he's going to walk around the world and wants Ali to contribute whatever he can to Ali's favorite charity. Ali takes the letters back and scrawls on the envelopes, MAN WANTS A MILLION. MAN WANTS TO WALK ROUND THE WORLD. "People in need, sometime I help," he says, picking up the ringing phone.

"Hello, Momma," he says, smiling.

"How's my beautiful girl? How's your baby, Momma?" he says. "Momma, I'm forty-two years old."

They talk awhile, and he ends by saying, "Yeah, Momma, I'm all right. I still alive, ain't I?"

Hanging up the phone, he says, "She the dearest thing in the world. Always wanted to marry a woman like my momma." He blows into his cupped hands and says, with his eyes suddenly drooping, "I git so tired sometime. I git so cold. Let's go over, sit by the fire."

He is quiet for a while, sitting close to the fire, rubbing his hands together. It is comin'-down time, and you just hope that tomorrow some kid can find the way to his door and ask him to come out and play.

"Why did you go on fighting, Ali?" you ask after a long moment of silence.

He just sits there staring into the flames, the light and shadow playing across his face.

"Everybody do it," he finally says.

"What?"

"Git lost," he says. "I just git lost, that's all."



"Oh, God. He's going into his 'In some countries, men aren't afraid to touch each other, embrace each other, even kiss each other' routine."

## WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR? *(continued from page 155)*

*"Do you think my friends are doing to her what her friends have been doing to me?"*

I wanted to go to bed with you,' and she says, 'What's wrong with me? You always looked at me like you wanted to go to bed with me.' So I say, 'Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. What difference does it make if you won't go to bed with me?' And she says, 'I didn't say I wouldn't go to bed with you.' And I tell her, 'You just did, a couple of minutes ago,' and she says, 'I meant I wouldn't go to bed with you when you and Marge were together.' So I say, 'I must have misunderstood you.' And then there's a long pause on the phone, and finally I hear her voice again: 'Well, do you want to go to bed with me or don't you?'

"I say, 'Sure I want to go to bed with you.' And she says, 'You won't tell Marge?' And I say, 'We're separated; why should I tell her? And if she finds out, what difference does it make?'

"And she says, 'Because she's my best friend.'"

"So did you bang her?"

"She came over in 20 minutes."

"That's a nice story. Is that what you came to tell me?"

"That's only the beginning. The next night, around six, I get a call from Helen, Larry's wife. She says she's calling to tell me how sorry she was to hear the news about Marge and me. I say, 'It's just one of those things.' She wants to know if I want to come over for dinner. I say, 'With you and Larry?' and she says Larry is at an insurance convention in Denver and won't be back till Thursday and she has too much food for one person."

"So you went?"

"I figured, What the hell? Helen is a pretty nice-looking woman. When I get there, she lays on a real dinner, with candles and wine, and all she's telling me through the meal is how much she likes Marge and how sure she was we had a

solid thing going, but then you never know what goes on in people's bedrooms—like with Larry and her. They do it maybe once a week, and she's the type of person who has to have it a lot more than that, though otherwise their marriage is fine. I say Marge didn't like to do it as much as I did, so we must be kindred souls, and before dessert, we're on the sofa stripping off each other's clothes and going at it like two banshees, and she's screaming, 'Marge was crazy to give up something like this,' and I'm yelling, 'Larry is an asshole'—and much later on, when I'm all dressed and saying good night, she says she'll call me the next time Larry leaves town, which should be in a couple of weeks.

"The next call is at the office, from one of Marge's tennis-playing friends, who wants to know where she can reach Marge so she can arrange a game. She says all the girls miss her. I give her Marge's number, and then she asks me if I would like to play tennis with her, and I say yeah, and after a set, we do it in her poolhouse and then in the pool."

"Was she married?"

"Who the hell knows?"

"It sounds like Marge had a lot of horny friends."

"You could have fooled me when we were married. I'm no Don Juan, and I swear to you I never made a pass at any of them. I've heard from four other gals that were part of her crowd, and frankly, I feel like some sort of stud being passed around her sorority."

"So what do you want from me at 12 o'clock?"

"Well, now that I've been around the track, I was thinking about going back to Marge—you know, like going to a marriage counselor together and trying to work things out."

"Have you called her to find out how she feels about it?"

"Yeah, but she's been out all evening. Do you think my friends are doing to her what her friends have been doing to me?"

"Marge? You have to be kidding. She wouldn't even go to a porno movie. Sleep on it and call her in the morning."

Donald looked relieved. "You're a real pal. I'm sorry I disturbed you."

"You want another beer?"

"No, I'll be going along. Thanks again."

"My pleasure." I saw Donald to the door and gave him a reassuring grip on his shoulder. Then I went back to the bedroom.

"Who was that?" the trembling voice asked from under the sheet.

"Some guy having marital troubles."

Marge sighed. "Do me again the way you did me before."

"Why not?" I said. "What are friends for?"



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*"For Hemingway, landing her new role required a trace of obsession."*

Roberts). Fosse's direction follows Snider's development from small-change troublemaker to obsessive psychotic—much as Martin Scorsese did with Robert De Niro's Travis Bickle in *Taxi Driver*. Cinematographer Sven Nykvist's camera, however, often seems entranced with Mariel Hemingway's Dorothy, and there is no question that Fosse and company have given their female lead an authentic Playmate look.

The Fosse team enlisted the aid of PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Mario Casilli—who has produced 56 Playmate layouts—to give *Star 80* that look. Casilli's centerfold-style photos of Hem-

ingway appear throughout the movie, as well as on these pages. Fosse's choice of photographer was not just happenstance; neither was it without a touch of irony. Casilli had photographed Dorothy for our August 1979 gatefold.

For Hemingway, fresh from a demanding role as a young athlete in *Personal Best*, landing her new role required a trace of obsession. After reading for Fosse in New York, she wrote the director a letter expressing her desire to play the role. She got another reading, this time in Hollywood, where he was busy auditioning other actresses.



*"I was forced to steal, your Honor. Santa didn't bring me what I wanted."*

"It was funny," she recalls. "I'd call Bob and leave a message on his answering machine saying that the other girls weren't right for the role." One day, duded up in leotards for an exercise class, she knocked on Fosse's door. When he poked his head out, she struck a pose familiar to every centerfold. "See?" she said, "I even have the right shape."

Hemingway demonstrated the seriousness of her interest by having her breasts augmented. The surgery was her own idea.

*Star 80's* female lead had to wage battle for her role, but Cliff Robertson had an easy time landing his. John F. Kennedy had requested that Robertson play him in *PT 109*; Hugh Hefner had a similar request for *Star 80*, which Fosse granted. An Academy Award winner for *Charly*, Robertson turns in a fine performance, and PLAYBOY Senior Editor Gretchen McNeese asked him recently about the experience.

"There's a little extra responsibility in playing somebody everybody feels he already knows," Robertson said. "It's quite evident to me that Hef has always retained his Midwestern roots and is sure of who he is and where he comes from. Probably, as a young man, he saw the discrepancy between what people pretended and what they did when it came to sex, and that hypocrisy made a big impression.

"You know, I've played everything from astronauts to retardates, but I found it rather distracting to work on that picture. There I was, wearing, as Hefner is wont to do, silk pajamas. To walk onto the set at eight o'clock in the morning with that sinuous sort of thing on my body and have about 75 gorgeous nymphets descend upon me, saying, 'Hi, Hef, baby,' as they were supposed to do—well, that's every middle-aged man's fantasy, and it was fantastic. I notice that my wife calls a lot more lately."

Does *Star 80* work? Not as well as we hoped it would. By focusing on the character of Paul Snider, Fosse gives him a three-dimensional quality that all the others lack. What we are left with is an unbalanced, updated version of *An American Tragedy*. We can't help thinking that it would have been more interesting to do Dorothy's tragedy. Her story defies clichés about life in the fast lane; she was a contemporary figure, a woman who defined her goals and expressed her ambition without losing her charm. The film neglects her growth and much of her humanity. Snider was a murderer who had to dominate her spirit or fail, and the darkness of his evil does not seem as interesting to us as her light.



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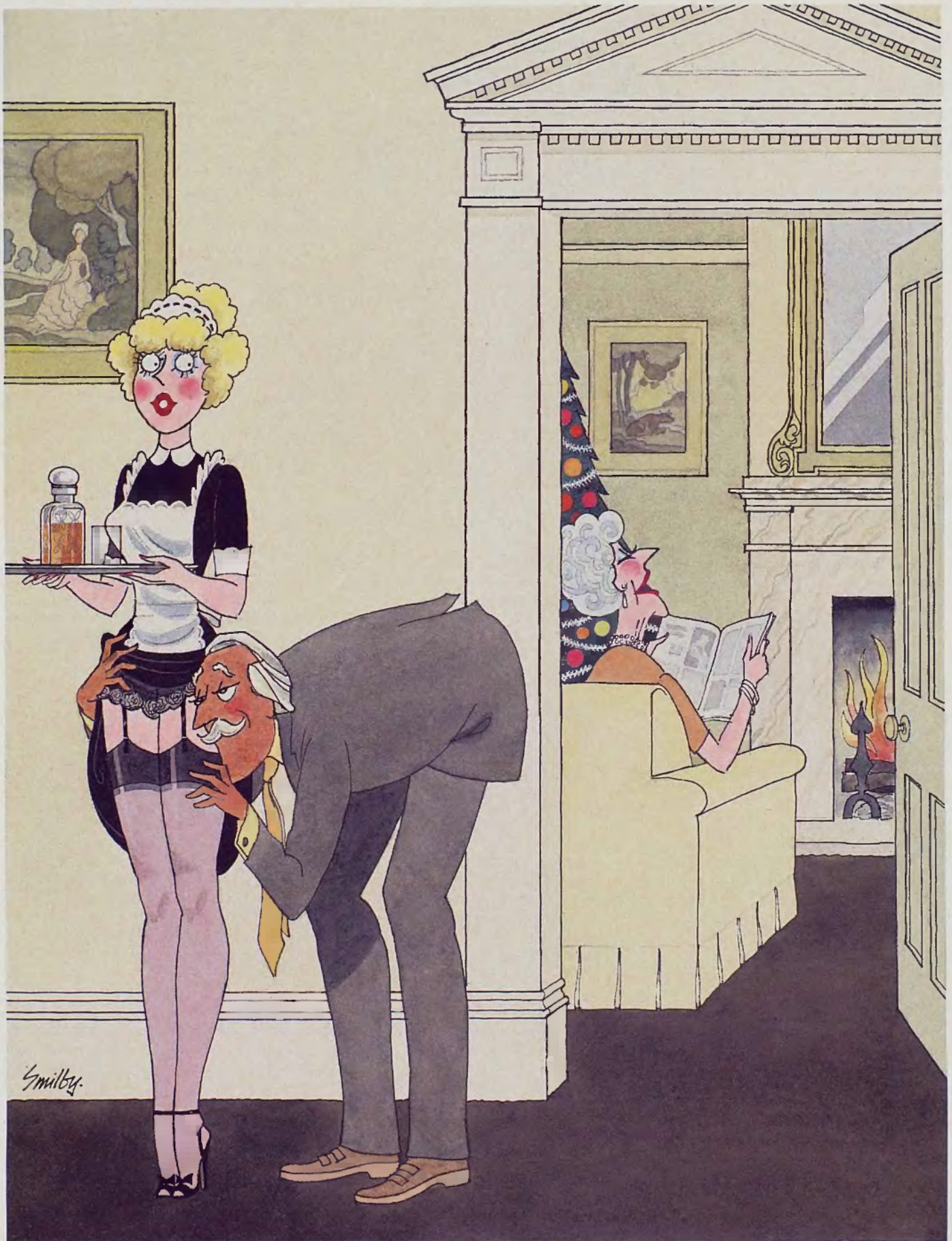
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*"Hubert, I think it's about time to be thinking of Christmas stockings."*

*"The only thing she regretted was having wasted a whole night without making love."*

Paris. Nena Daconte would have liked to help her husband behind the wheel, but she didn't even dare hint at it, because he'd told her the very first time they went out together that there was no greater humiliation for a man than to let himself be driven by his woman. Her head was clear after almost five hours of good sleep, and besides, she was happy that they hadn't stayed in one of the French provincial hotels familiar to her from childhood trips with her parents. "There's no countryside more beautiful in the world," she'd say, "but you can die of thirst before you'll find anyone to give you a free glass of water." At the last moment, she had packed a bar of soap and roll of toilet paper in her hand luggage, because she was convinced that in French hotels there was never any soap and the toilet paper consisted of last week's newspapers cut up into small squares and hung on a hook. The only thing she regretted at that moment was having wasted a whole night without making love. Her husband's reply was immediate.

"Just now I was thinking about how wild it would be to screw in the snow," he said. "Right here, if you want to."

Nena Daconte gave it some serious thought. By the side of the road, the snow had a soft, warm look; but as they got closer to Paris, the traffic was heavier and there were clusters of lighted factories and a lot of workers on bicycles. If it hadn't been winter, they would be in broad daylight by now.

"It'll be better to wait until we get to Paris now," Nena Daconte said. "Nice and warm and in a bed with clean sheets, the way married people should."

"It's the first time you've failed me," he said.

"Of course," she replied. "It's the first time we've been married."

A little before dawn, they washed their faces and urinated at a roadside café, having coffee and hot *croissants* at the counter where the truck drivers were drinking red wine for breakfast. In the bathroom, Nena Daconte noticed bloodstains on her blouse and skirt, but she didn't try to wash them off. She threw the blood-soaked handkerchief into the wastebasket, switched her wedding ring to her left hand and washed the wounded finger with soap and water. The prick was almost invisible. However, as soon as they got back into the car, it began to bleed again, so Nena Daconte hung her arm out of the window, convinced that the glacial air from the plowed fields had cauterizing virtues. It didn't work, but she wasn't alarmed. "If someone wants to find us, it'll be easy," she said

winsomely. "All they'll have to do is follow the trail of my blood in the snow." Then she thought about what she'd said, and her face brightened in the dawn light.

"Imagine," she said. "A trail of blood in the snow from Madrid to Paris. Don't you think that would make a pretty song?"

She didn't have a chance to think about it again. In the suburbs of Paris, her finger was an uncontrollable fountain, and she was sure she felt her soul pouring out of the wound. She'd tried to halt the flow with the roll of toilet paper she carried in her handbag, but no sooner did she bandage the finger than she had to throw the bloody strips of paper out the window. The clothes she was wearing, her coat and the car seats were slowly becoming saturated. Billy Sanchez was seriously scared and insisted on looking for a pharmacy, but she knew by then that it was no matter for pharmacists.

"We're almost at the Orléans Gate," she said. "Go straight ahead to the Avenue du General Leclerc, which is the wide street with lots of trees, and then I'll keep telling you what to do."

It was the worst stretch of the whole trip. The Avenue du General Leclerc was an infernal knot of small cars and motorbikes and enormous trucks trying to reach the downtown markets. Billy Sanchez grew nervous amid the useless uproar of horns and shouted chainman insults at several drivers and even wanted to get out and fight one of them, but Nena Daconte managed to convince him that although the French were the rudest people in the world, they never hit each other. It was one more proof of her good judgment, because at that moment, Nena Daconte was making a great effort not to lose consciousness.

Just getting through the Lion de Belfort circle took more than an hour. The cafés and stores were lit up as if it was the middle of the night, but it was a typical Paris Tuesday in January, funereal and dirty, with a tenacious drizzle that never succeeded in becoming anything so concrete as snow. But the Avenue Denfert-Rochereau was less congested, and after a few blocks, Nena Daconte told her husband to turn right and park in front of the emergency entrance of an enormous and somber hospital.

She had to be helped out of the car, but she didn't lose her calm or lucidity. While waiting for the doctor on duty, she lay on the wheeled stretcher and answered the nurse's routine questions about her identity and medical history. Billy Sanchez carried her purse and squeezed her left hand,

where she was now wearing her wedding ring. It felt limp and cold, and her lips had lost their color. He stayed by her side with her hand in his until the doctor on duty arrived and made a quick examination of the wounded ring finger. He was a very young man with dark skin the color of ancient copper and a shaved head. Nena Daconte ignored him and gave her husband a vivacious smile.

"Don't be scared," she told him with invincible humor. "The worst that can happen is that this cannibal will cut off my hand and eat it."

The doctor finished his examination and then surprised them with correct Castilian Spanish in a strange Asian accent.

"No, children," he said. "This cannibal would rather starve to death than cut off such a pretty hand."

They were embarrassed, but the doctor put them at ease with a friendly gesture. Then he ordered the stretcher to be moved, and Billy Sanchez wanted to go with it, holding his wife's hand. The doctor held him back by the arm.

"Not you," he told him. "She's going to intensive care."

Nena Daconte smiled at her husband again and continued waving to him until the stretcher was lost at the end of the corridor. The doctor stayed behind, studying the data that the nurse had written on a clipboard. Billy Sanchez addressed him.

"Doctor," he told him, "she's pregnant."

"How long?"

"Two months."

The doctor didn't give it the importance that Billy Sanchez expected. "You did right to tell me," he said and went after the stretcher. Billy Sanchez remained standing in the gloomy waiting room that reeked of the sweat of sick people. He stood there not knowing what to do, gazing down the empty corridor where they had taken Nena Daconte, and then he sat down on a wooden bench among other waiting people. He didn't know how long he stayed there, but when he decided to leave the hospital, it was night again and still drizzling, and he went out still not having any idea what to do with himself, overwhelmed by the weight of the world.

Nena Daconte was admitted at 9:30 A.M., Tuesday, January seventh, as I was able to ascertain years later from the hospital records. That first night, Billy Sanchez slept in his car, parked in front of the emergency entrance, and very early the following day he had six boiled eggs and two cups of coffee in the closest cafeteria, as he hadn't eaten a full meal since Madrid. Then he went back to the emergency room to see Nena Daconte, where they got him to understand that he should go to the main entrance. There they finally found an Asturian hospital worker who helped him make himself understood to the desk clerk, who verified that Nena Daconte


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had, indeed, been admitted to the hospital but that she was allowed visitors only on Tuesdays from nine to four. That is to say, six days from then. He wanted to see the doctor who spoke Spanish, whom he described as a Negro with a shaved head, but no one could figure out whom he meant from such a description.

Reassured by the news that Nena Daconte had been officially admitted, he went back to where he'd left the car, and a traffic policeman made him park two blocks up ahead, on a very narrow street and on the odd-numbered side. On the opposite side, there was a renovated building with a sign: HOTEL NICOLE. It had only one star and one cramped lobby, where there were only a sofa and an old upright piano, but the manager, in his high-pitched voice, could make himself understood to guests in any language on condition that they had money to pay. Billy Sanchez installed himself, along with 11 suitcases and nine boxed gifts, in the only vacant room, a triangular garret on the ninth floor, where one arrived out of breath via a spiral staircase that smelled of boiled cauliflower. The walls were lined with drab drapes, and all that came in through the only window was the murky light from the interior courtyard. A double bed, a huge wardrobe, a plain chair, a portable bidet and a washstand with a bowl and pitcher so filled the room that the only way to fit in was to lie down on the bed. Everything was not only old but shabby, but it was also clean and had the healthy scent of recent disinfectant.

A lifetime wouldn't have been long enough for Billy Sanchez to decipher that world founded on a genius for stinginess.

He never did solve the mystery of the light on the stairs that always went out before he got to his floor, nor did he figure out a way to turn it on again. It took him half a morning to discover that on every floor's landing there was a tiny room with a pull-chain toilet, and he'd already decided to use it in darkness when he discovered by chance that the light went on when the bolt was drawn on the inside, so that no one could forgetfully leave it on. The shower, which was at the end of the hall and which he was determined to use twice a day, as in his own country, cost extra and had to be paid for on the spot, and the hot water, controlled by the desk clerk, went off after three minutes. Nevertheless, Billy Sanchez was clearheaded enough to understand that this strange order of things was better than being outdoors in January, and besides, he felt so lonely and confused that he couldn't understand how he'd ever been able to live a day without the help of Nena Daconte. As soon as he went up to his room on Wednesday morning, he flung himself face down on the bed with his coat on, thinking about the wondrous creature still bleeding down the street, and he fell into such a deep sleep that when he awoke his watch said five o'clock, but he couldn't tell if it was five in the afternoon or in the morning, or what day of the week it was, or what city's windowpanes were so lashed by wind and rain. He lay awake on the bed, waiting and thinking constantly about Nena Daconte, until he was able to see that it was really dawn. Then he went to have breakfast at the same cafeteria as the day before and there established that it was Thursday. The lights were on in the hospital,

and it had stopped raining, so he leaned against the trunk of a chestnut tree across from the main entrance, where doctors and nurses dressed in white came and went, with the hope of spotting the Asian doctor who had admitted Nena Daconte. He didn't see him then, nor did he that afternoon after lunch, when he had to abandon his vigil because he was freezing. At seven o'clock, he had another cup of coffee and ate two hard-boiled eggs that he was able to pick from the case himself now that he'd been eating in the same place for 48 hours. When he returned to the hotel to lie down, he found his car alone on one side of the street and all the others on the opposite side, and there was a parking ticket on the windshield. The desk clerk at the Hotel Nicole had a difficult time explaining to him that on odd days you parked on the odd-numbered side and the next day on the other side. So many logical contrivances were incomprehensible to a Sanchez de Avila of the purest stock, who, scarcely two years before, had driven the mayor's official car into a neighborhood movie theater, causing murderous ruin in full view of the complacent police. He understood even less when the hotel clerk advised him to pay the fine but not to move the car right then, because he'd only have to move it again at midnight. As night approached dawn, he found himself for the first time not thinking only of Nena Daconte but tossing on his bed unable to sleep, thinking about his own shameful nights in the gay bars in the public market at Cartagena del Caribe. He remembered the taste of fried fish and shredded coconut in eateries along the dock where the schooners from Aruba tied up. He remembered his house, its pansy-printed wallpaper, where right now it was only seven o'clock last night, and he saw his father, in silk pajamas, reading the newspaper in the coolness of the terrace. He remembered his elusive mother, his tantalizing and chatty mother, wearing a rose behind her ear after sunset, stifling in the heat from the burden of her splendid breasts. One afternoon, when he was seven years old, he had suddenly gone into her room and surprised her naked on the bed with one of her casual lovers. That mishap, of which they had never spoken, established a relationship between them more useful than love. Yet he hadn't been aware of that, or of other terrible results of his solitary boyhood, until that night when he found himself tossing on a bed in a sad Paris garret with no one to tell his troubles to, furious with himself because he was unable to withstand the urge to weep.

It was a profitable bout of insomnia. On Friday, he got up worn out by the bad night but resolved to give his life some meaning. He decided to break the lock on his suitcase in order to finally change his clothes, because the keys were in Nena Daconte's purse, along with most of the money and the little telephone book where



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he might have found the number of someone they knew in Paris. In the usual cafeteria, he realized that he'd learned how to say hello in French as well as to ask for ham sandwiches and *café au lait*. He also understood that it would never be possible for him to order butter or eggs done in any particular way, because he'd never learn to say the words, but that they always served butter with the bread, and the hard-boiled eggs displayed in the case could be taken without being asked for. Besides, after three days, the cafeteria people had come to know him and help him make himself understood. So that on Friday at lunch, while he tried to organize his thoughts, he ordered a veal cutlet with fried potatoes and a bottle of wine. Afterward, he felt so much better that he ordered another bottle, drank half of it and crossed the street firmly resolved to find his way into the hospital. He didn't know where to find Nena Daconte, but fixed in his mind was the providential image of the Asian doctor, and he felt sure he could find him. He didn't go to the main entrance but through the emergency one, which seemed less protected, but he didn't get any farther than the corridor where Nena Daconte had waved goodbye. An orderly in a blood-spattered robe asked him something as he passed, and he didn't answer. The orderly followed him, still repeating the same question in French, and finally grabbed him by the arm with such forcefulness as to stop him short. Billy Sanchez tried to break away with a chainman's trick, and then the orderly shat on his mother in French, twisted his arm behind his back in a master lock and, without ceasing to shit on his whore of a mother a thousand times, practically carried him, writhing in pain, to the door and threw him out into the middle of the street like a sack of potatoes.

That afternoon, pained by the lesson, Billy Sanchez began to grow up. He decided, as Nena Daconte would have done, to seek out his ambassador. The hotel clerk, who, in spite of his morose demeanor, was very accommodating and also very patient with languages, found the number and address of the embassy in the phone book and wrote them down on a card. A very pleasant-sounding woman answered, in whose slow, deliberate and lusterless voice Billy Sanchez immediately recognized the diction of the Andes. He began by announcing himself by his full name, confident of impressing the woman with his two surnames, but there was no change in the voice on the telephone. He heard her repeat by rote the information that his excellency the ambassador wasn't in his office at the moment, that they didn't expect him until the following day and that in any case he couldn't see him without an appointment and then only in special cases. Billy Sanchez understood then that he wouldn't get to Nena Daconte by that route, either, and he thanked her for her information in the same pleasant

manner that she had given it. Then he took a taxi to the embassy.

It was number 22 on the Champs Elysées, in one of the most attractive sections of Paris, but the only thing that impressed Billy Sanchez, as he told me himself in Cartagena de Indias many years later, was that for the first time since his arrival the sun was as bright as in the Caribbean and that the Eiffel Tower stood out above the city in a radiant sky. The official who received him in the ambassador's place looked as if he had barely recovered from some mortal illness, not just because of his black-woolen suit, tight collar and mournful necktie but also because of his retiring manner and the meekness of his voice. He understood Billy Sanchez' anxiety, but he reminded him, without losing his diffidence, that they were in a civilized country whose strict norms were founded on very ancient and wise criteria, unlike the barbarous Americans, where all you have to do is bribe the man at the desk in order to get into hospitals. "No, my dear young man," he told him. There was no way out but to submit to the rule of reason and wait until Tuesday.

"After all, it's only four days," he concluded. "In the meantime, go to the Louvre. It's worth the trouble."

When he left, Billy Sanchez found himself adrift on the Place de la Concorde. He saw the Eiffel Tower over the rooftops, and it seemed so near that he set out to find it by walking along the quays. But soon he realized that it was much farther away than it looked and that it kept shifting its position as he advanced. So he sat down on a bench on the bank of the Seine and started to think about Nena Daconte. Under the bridge passed tugboats that didn't look like boats but like runaway houses, with red roofs and flowerpots on the window sills and clothes hung out to dry on lines across the deck. For a long time, he contemplated a motionless fisherman with his motionless pole and a motionless line in the current, till he grew tired of waiting for something to move and it began to get dark, whereupon he decided to take a taxi back to his hotel. Only then did he realize that he didn't know its name and address, nor did he have the slightest idea what part of Paris the hospital was in.

Panicked, he went into the first café he found, asked for a cognac and tried to get his thoughts in order. While he pondered, he saw himself repeated many times and from different angles in the many mirrors lining the walls, and he found himself looking scared and solitary, and for the first time since his birth, he thought about the reality of death. But with the second drink he felt better and had the providential idea of returning to the embassy. He looked for the card in his pocket to find the name of the street and discovered that on the back was printed the name and address of the hotel. He was so shaken by the experience that over the weekend, he

didn't leave his room except to eat and to change his car to the correct side of the street. For three days, the same dirty drizzle as on the morning of their arrival fell. Billy Sanchez, who had never read a book through, would have liked one to escape the tedium of lying on the bed, but the only books he found in his wife's bags were in languages other than Spanish. So he went on waiting for Tuesday, contemplating the peacocks repeated on the wallpaper and not ceasing for a single instant to think about Nena Daconte. On Monday, he tidied up the room a little, thinking about what she would say if she found it in such a state, and only then did he discover that the ermine coat was stained with dried blood. He spent the afternoon washing it with the perfumed soap that he found in her luggage, until he succeeded in returning it to the state it had been in when it arrived on the plane in Madrid.

Tuesday dawned overcast and frigid, but the drizzle was gone, and Billy Sanchez had been up since six and was waiting at the door of the hospital in a crowd of patients' relatives loaded down with gifts and bouquets of flowers. He went in carried along by the throng, the ermine coat over his arm, not asking anybody anything and with no idea where Nena Daconte might be but sustained by the certainty that he would be able to find the Asian doctor. He passed through a very large inner courtyard full of flowers and caged birds that was bordered by the patients' wards: women on the right and men on the left. Following the visitors, he went into the women's ward. He saw a long row of patients sitting on beds in hospital gowns, illuminated by the broad light from the windows, and he even thought that it was all much nicer than anyone might imagine from the outside. He reached the end of the line, and then he went back down it again until he was convinced that none of the patients was Nena Daconte. Then he passed along the outside corridor again, looking through windows into the male wards until he thought he recognized the doctor he was looking for.

Indeed, it was he. He was with some other doctors and several nurses, examining a patient. Billy Sanchez went into the ward, pushed one of the nurses in the group aside and stood in front of the Asian doctor, who was leaning over the patient. He spoke to him. The doctor raised his mournful eyes and, after a moment of thought, recognized him.

"Where the Devil have you been?" he asked.

Billy Sanchez was perplexed.

"In the hotel," he said. "Here, around the corner."

Then he found out. Nena Daconte had died from loss of blood at 7:10 A.M. on Thursday, January ninth, after hours of futile efforts by the most qualified specialists in France. Until the last second, she'd

been lucid and serene, giving them instructions for her husband at the Hotel Plaza-Athénée, where they'd reserved a room, and supplying them with the necessary information so they'd be able to contact her parents. The embassy was informed on Friday of her passing via an urgent cable from the foreign ministry while Nena Daconte's parents were already flying to Paris. The ambassador took charge of the funeral arrangements and the embalming and kept in contact with the Paris prefecture of police concerning the whereabouts of Billy Sanchez. An urgent bulletin with his description had been transmitted from Friday night to Sunday afternoon on radio and television, and during those 40 hours, he was the most-searched-for man in France. His picture, found in Nena Daconte's purse, had been displayed everywhere. Three Bentley convertibles of the same year had been found, but none was his.

Nena Daconte's parents had arrived Saturday at noon, and they sat with the body in the hospital chapel, hoping until the last moment to find Billy Sanchez. His parents had also been informed and were prepared to fly to Paris but held off in the end due to some mix-up in telegrams. The funeral service took place on Sunday at two in the afternoon, only 500 feet from the seedy hotel where Billy Sanchez had been agonizing in solitude for the love of Nena Daconte. The official who'd spoken to him at the embassy told me years later that he himself had received the cable from the foreign ministry only an hour after Billy Sanchez had left and had gone

searching for him in the select cocktail lounges of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré. He confessed to me that he hadn't paid much attention to him when he had received him, because he never imagined that a hick from the coast, so rattled by the spectacle of Paris and so rustically dressed in a sheepskin coat, could boast such illustrious forebears. That very same Sunday night, as he was fighting the urge to weep, Nena Daconte's parents called off the search and took away the embalmed body in a metal-lined coffin. Those who had a chance to see the corpse insisted for years that they had never seen a more beautiful woman, dead or alive. So that by the time Billy Sanchez finally entered the hospital on Tuesday morning, the burial in the drab mausoleum of La Manga was over, just a few yards from the house where they had deciphered the first keys to happiness. The Asian doctor who told Billy Sanchez of the tragedy wanted to give him some tranquilizers there in the hospital waiting room, but he refused them. He left without saying goodbye, having nothing to say thank you for, thinking that the only thing he urgently needed was to find someone he could chain-whip the ass off of so as to rid himself of his grief. When he left the hospital, he didn't even notice that snow was falling from the sky, a snow with no trails of blood, with soft bright flakes that looked like tiny dove feathers, and that the streets of Paris were festive because it was the first big snow in ten years.

—Translated by Francisco Goldman



## DARE TO BE WRONG

(continued from page 200)

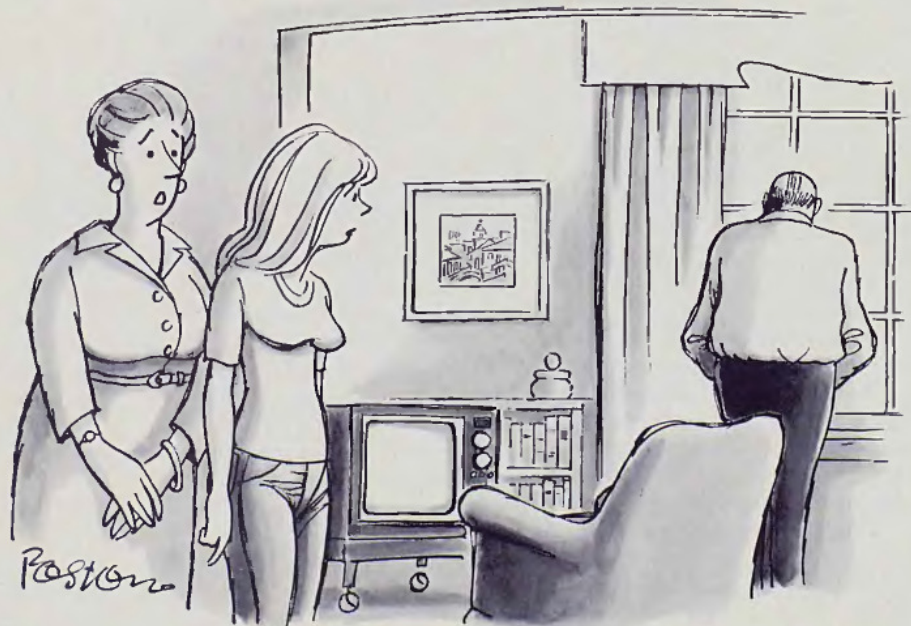
to the Depression, didn't fuck up; L.B.J., a man of boom and bathos, did. Roosevelt fucked up the system enough to save it; there was something wicked in his grin that made him believable. Since Nixon, no President has been able to get away with an up-to-something look. Carter tried to take bold steps and yet assure everyone of the essential sweetness and rationality of them; fucking up and Sunday school don't mix.

The Reagan Administration doesn't fuck up. When we learn that the Environmental Protection Agency has been sucking up to chemical companies, our reaction is "Well, of course." That, by the Reagan Administration's standards, is the EPA's *mission*. (Similarly, the Department of the Interior's current role is to spread the interior's legs.) Here is the kind of goal that the Reagan Administration has: to pour more money into the arms race. How can you fuck that up? It's like letting the water out of a tub. A child could do it. Another thing the Reagan Administration is keen on is saying nasty things about Russia. Anybody in the world can think of nasty things to say about Russia. What takes imagination is thinking of things to say about Russia that aren't nasty and yet make sense. Still another trick the Reagan Administration has managed to pull off is to make the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. If the Reagan Administration were a refrigerator, it would say that its purpose was to let ice melt. And people wonder how the President manages to stay so relaxed.

It's almost enough to make a man feel depressed. Recently, I heard a woman author tell an audience that men know nothing about friendship because they never have lunch together to tell each other how depressed they are. Well, depressed may be a word that women feel more comfortable with than men do. Men don't generally like to say they're depressed, not in so many words. I think you have to give men some credit for that, because there are no more boring—not to say depressing—words in English than "I am depressed." That's one of the shortcomings of *being* depressed.

Men would rather have lunch together to tell each other how bad they have fucked up. But I like to be progressive when it comes to male-female roles, so the other day, at lunch, I said I was depressed. My friend Fletch said, "Well, don't feel pregnant," and my friend Kirby said, "Join the fucking club."

"I knew a guy was so depressed once," my friend Chet put in, "that he took his bowling ball and swung it into his TV screen, and when it stuck there, he dragged the whole thing to the window and dropped it onto the top of his car,



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where it stuck. Then he went outside and drove his car into his picture window, where it stuck. Then he climbed up on top of his car, put his fingers in the bowling-ball holes and now he had a grip on everything he owned, except for his catfish pond. So he tried to roll it all down the hill into his catfish pond. But, of course, it wouldn't budge. So then he went down to the pond and dynamited all the fish and loaded them into garbage bags and dragged them up the hill and put them in his car and then he rented himself a pump and——"

"Kiss my ass if that ain't depressed," said my friend the Dipper.

"I knew an old boy was so depressed, he took a wood-splitting maul and busted every toilet in the house into chunks and threw them at the police car when it came," mused Kirby.

"Shit, you call that depressed?" exclaimed Chet. "I remember a time——"

"If that was all he owned, how'd he round up all the dead fish?" interrupted

Fletch. "He must have owned a boat."

"I'd like to get me one of those overland car-boats," said the Dipper. "A man had one of those, he could just *take off*. Any direction."

"Who makes one of those?" asked Fletch.

"What do you want to know for?" I asked. "You'd just run it off a cliff."

"Do they make one that flies?" asked the Dipper.

I'm not saying that busting up all your toilets is a good idea. But I can see how it might be more gratifying to a man than seeking sympathy for being depressed. It wouldn't be gratifying worth a damn to anybody else in the house, especially anybody who was looking forward to a few minutes of quiet bathroom relaxation, but at least it would keep people busy, stimulate the economy. What the male mid-life crisis amounts to, probably, is a man's heaving and thrashing against having to admit to himself that he knows what depression means. When a man gets

depressed, it's doubly depressing, because he knows he's not supposed to get depressed at all. He's supposed to be out vigorously fucking up. Women blues singers voluptuate in the blues more than men blues singers, who are more likely to sound like they are keeping one eye and a couple of incisors up out of the feeling.

There is a difference between "I have fucked up" and "I am fucked up." There was a time when a man might enjoy using "Boy, am I fucked up!" as a dope-and-liquor reference, because that meant he had fucked himself up. It was something he had *done*. A man feels obliged to represent himself as having *acted*, even if only upon himself. Lately, however, self-intoxication is also not what it used to be.

*Well, I gotta get drunk  
And I sure do dread it,  
'Cause I know just what I'm gonna do.*

*I'll start to spend my money,  
Calling everybody honey,  
And wind up singing the blues.*

So sings Willie Nelson, and so, once, did country singers carry on. Now Hank Williams, Jr., sings *All My Rowdy Friends Have Settled Down*. Richard Burton has quit drinking. So has Billy Carter. America is in a sober period. Fucking up is not reinforced by the culture. Famous people do sit-ups and curry their investments rather than raise hell and explore the forbidden. It got to the point, I guess, that the only forbidden things left were things that only a complete damn fool would do. But does that mean we have to put all our energy into aerobics?

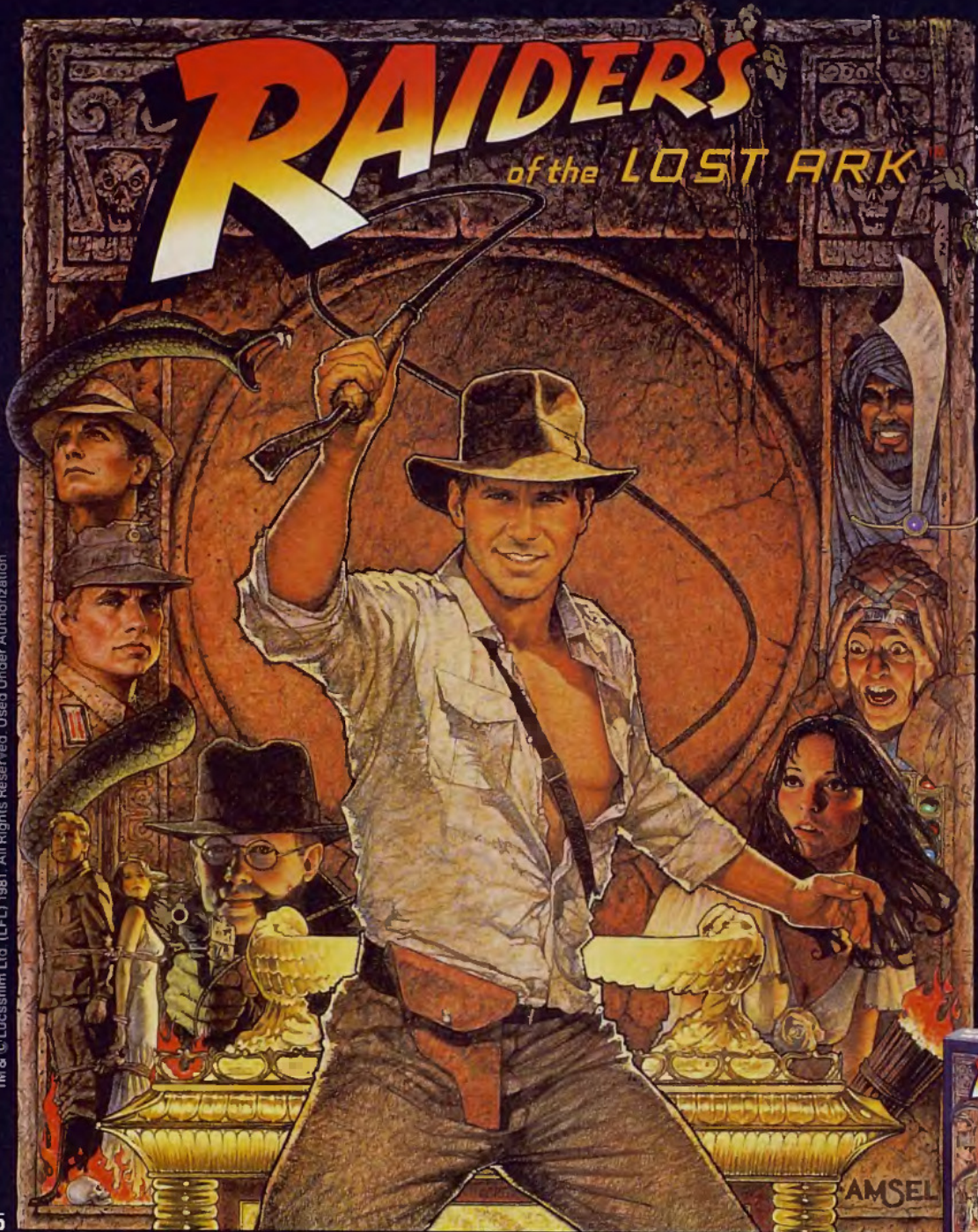
It seems only yesterday that going out on a limb for an unstable convict with a dark view of the underside was exactly what serious people were *supposed* to do. When Norman Mailer—long a fuck-up genius—did it for Jack Henry Abbott and Abbott killed a man, it was a fuck-up that multitudes leaped to denounce and disparage. Multitudes applaud when Ronald Reagan speaks of locking people up and throwing away the key. Doesn't anybody remember when multitudes thought that there might be a sense in which criminals held a key—a key to evil, to sheer freedom? Remember when the culture wanted to delve into evil, into anarchy? Now it doesn't. Now it wants to see movies about the Force, Gandhi and sweet-natured E.T., who tells the granddaughter of John Barrymore (talk about a guy who could fuck up!) to "be good."

Famous athletes used to fuck up extravagantly, entertainingly. The team would be huddled in pregame locker-room prayer and somebody would look up and Joe Don Looney would be dancing the mashed potatoes. Tim Rossovich would



*"Edward doesn't really enjoy this, you know;  
he's just naturally competitive."*

# The Treasured Gift.



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open his mouth in a fraternity meeting and a live bird would fly out. Now athletes either carry briefcases or get into grim trouble over drugs or both. I don't mean to suggest that I am in favor of drinking problems or that I don't take them seriously. But hasn't there been an amazing rash of reformed alcoholism in sports today? When Neil Allen was pitching for the Mets, he announced that he had a drinking problem, and the doctors said no, he didn't. The first case of hysterical alcoholism I ever heard of.

Sure, you have sports figures misbehaving today. John McEnroe pouts and snarls and curses at tennis judges twice his age, on television, and gets his wrist slapped occasionally and makes about \$75,000 a night for exhibitions. George Steinbrenner hires and fires Billy Martin over and over in a numbing drama of subordination and insubordination. That kind of thing is not fucking up. That kind of thing is jerking off.

There doesn't seem to be any real heart to public fucking up today. When was the last time anybody did anything outrageous that was also funny? Or even stimulating? When Richard Pryor fucked up free-basing, he found that "when you run down the street on fire, people get out of your way." But he also toned down his act. The last I heard, he was considering

not saying *motherfucker* anymore. And he was looking miserable on Oscar night, reading an unfunny, industry-prepared script. You hear people say now that Richard Pryor is yesterday's great black comedian, Eddie Murphy is today's. Eddie Murphy is upscale. He is on top of things. But he has yet to produce the kind of desperate, rallying exhilaration that Pryor snatched out of deep, beat-down, fucked-up blues.

Is there any bohemia anymore? Are there any crazy-poet, piss-in-the-fireplace characters like Maxwell Bodenheim? I'm not saying such characters are necessarily good poets. I'm saying we need such characters in the arts. To live in Greenwich Village or SoHo today, you've got to have two accountants. Artists are big businessmen. Remember when the pop-cultural scene was Jack Nicholson and the *Saturday Night Live* guys and Hunter Thompson and Kris Kristofferson and various British actor-rounders carousing? I guess John Belushi ran self-destructiveness into the ground. Belushi was a hell of a guy. What would a guy like that be doing speedballs for? He must have been kind of fucked up. That's chilling.

A man does not want to say, "Boy, am I fucked up!" to mean that there is something deeply wrong with him psychologically. Especially if there is. You never

hear John Hinckley, Jr., for instance, say, "Am I fucked up!" Why you ever hear John Hinckley, Jr., say anything is beyond me; but, at any rate, your basic assassin-nebbish is driven to fuck up, big, so he won't have to admit that he is just, ingloriously, fucked up.

When you say, "I am fucked up," the person you are talking to feels called upon to say, "Oh, no, you're not," in a nice way. Men resist saying such mollifying things to each other, because mollifying has "Molly" in it. Men like to say things like "Roger wilco" and "Jack Daniel's." Men may enjoy accusing each other of being fucked up, in an obliquely complimentary way, but they would rather hear each other say, "Boy, have I fucked up!" because then they know a story is coming.

For instance: "I wake up all of a sudden and jump off the train, and I'm already in the parking lot before I realize that Jo Beth and the kids were riding with me, and they were asleep, too, and they are probably now halfway to Wilmington, Delaware. I figure, I'm this close to the car, I'll go ahead and get a drink somewhere and figure out how to track them down. So I jump into the Firebird——"

"You've got a new car?"

"Yep. Wrote a check for the whole thing. Had \$320 in the bank. And I owe \$19,000 in back taxes. If somebody calls



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you looking for me and you hear banking or IRS noises in the background, don't tell him anything. Anyway, I figure I'll have a couple of pops and think about the train thing, because I remember Jo Beth doesn't have any money with her, because I took the cash out of her pocketbook after she went to sleep because I was a little short.

"Fortunately, I get stopped for going 95 on the beltway on my way to the bar. But when I give the cop my license, I ask him whether he can't read it a little faster, because I'm in a hurry to get a drink, which is not a good move, because it turns out my license is expired and he gives me some shit and I'm not in the mood for it, so I give him some shit and, the next thing I know, he's got me out with my hands on top of the car, frisking me, and he finds this illicit substance my lawyer's wife gave me and one thing leads to another and I'm running down the median strip, you know, and I hear warning shots and the whole deal.

"So I run down the on ramp there, where it comes in from Turlbut Boulevard, and jump down and grab a light stanchion and climb down onto the lower level and hitch a ride with this Italian woman named Donna in a leopardskin van who takes me to this joint where I use the phone to call my lawyer, figuring I might have some legal problems, but when

I get to the part about the illicit substance, he says 'Where'd you get that?' And I say, 'This broad I'm seeing, Ceci . . .' about to say, 'Cecily gave it to me,' but then it hits me Cecily is his wife and there's this awkward pause—I should've said 'Cecilia' or something right quick, but I had so much on my mind—and he hangs up on me. I think I've really fucked up this time."

Well, that kind of story doesn't go over as well as it used to. For one thing, people have come to realize that it is no wonder that Jo Beth and Donna and Cecily are depressed.

Why is it that I think of fucking up, in the flamboyant, exploratory sense, as mostly a male thing? It may be because women have that nicely balanced XX chromosome, whereas men have that wild-hair XY. Or it may just be because men have traditionally had more opportunity to fuck up. Women traditionally have been home taking care of hearth and kiddies so men could have the latitude to fuck up. When you fuck up in the oil business, it's kind of exciting and you can start over. When you fuck up raising children, it's just bad. One way women have been kept in their traditional place is that when women fuck up, men don't slap them on the back. Men fuck up; women go wrong.

That is changing. But modern women who take control of their own lives (and so on) aren't interested in fucking up. They are interested in proving that they can run a tight-ship software firm. They are looking for 20-year-old guys with nice pecs to have some fun with, and then for stable mates who do housework and can keep track of their own socks. One thing women are definitely not interested in is becoming characters in men's fuck-up stories.

I also think there is a deep feeling in the land that nobody wants to be a character in a Ronald Reagan fuck-up story.

Personally, I think that the President's great gift is for seeming to be less out to lunch than he looks. He can play unruffled well. And we feel that we have a stake in keeping him unruffled, because if he ever decides that being President is as messy a business as crime was in *The Killers*, he's also likely to decide that the whole world would be better off in heaven.

Reagan is very good at putting himself on the side of the angels. Whereas the patron saint of fucking up is Satan. Satan started out as an angel. But was he satisfied? No. He rebelled against the Almighty and, according to *Paradise Lost*,

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got himself

*Hurled headlong flaming from th'  
ethereal sky  
With hideous ruin and combustion  
down  
To bottomless perdition, there to  
dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire.*

"Headlong flaming." All right! It sounds so much more bracing than sitting around with nuns and Albert Schweitzer playing harps. Maybe nuns are completely different in heaven, but I wouldn't count on it. And Schweitzer is probably lost in hard-to-share nostalgias.

"You want to play some hoops for a change?" you ask Schweitzer, and he just mumbles "Ach"—not because in heaven the ball always goes in but because what he really wants is to be down putting poultices on the damned. And, hey, you've got to respect the guy. You've got to respect the nuns, too.

I seem to have written myself very nearly into an identification with the Prince of Darkness. (Milton did the same thing in *Paradise Lost*.) I want to back off from that. *Sympathy for the Devil* was a callow song (especially at Altamont, when The Rolling Stones were singing it while somebody was being stabbed to death by Hell's Angels). People who actually enter hell, prison, an asylum, the courts or delirium tremens invariably report that either heaven or workaday life is gravely preferable. I'll take their word for it. But isn't there some middle ground? Why do we have to draw back so far from the abyss?

Well, we've got this Nuclear Shadow problem. Not a devil-may-care issue. Let some general fuck up with the buttons and. . . Vietnam was coupled with anti-war high-jinks and consciousness expansion, Watergate with dashing journalism. People don't get psyched up when they contemplate the fucking up of the universe as a whole.

But, hey, come on. Nature's little building block is a wild and crazy thing. All those quarks and electrons bounding around. Here's the Ultimate Fuck-up story: Morning after the world exploded, right? Millions of souls, in no mood for levity, stand at one gate or the other. Saint Peter (vexed) and the Devil (impressed, in spite of himself) exclaim simultaneously to the multitudes, "You people are really something! Who'd've thought you'd fuck up the atom?"

The Creator, hovering over the new void, intones:

"Oh, It Figured.

"I Probably Should Have Used Something a Little Smaller.

"Maybe I'll Wrap It a Little Tighter Next Time.

"Or Looser.

"But There's Always Going to Be a Little Kicker in There."





*Bruce Brown*

*"I just hope Hef ain't allergic to cake; the last time I did this, everybody got sicker 'n hell!"*



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## IDEA KILLERS

(continued from page 122)

over barbed wire, drowning in water-filled shell holes, and so on.

Concerned citizens such as you and I were in an officers' club in a bomb shelter 200 miles behind the lines. Up at the front, the censors and the book burners were wearing spiked helmets and using dum-dums and mustard gas. They were yelling at the teachers and the librarians to surrender the First Amendment. The teachers and the librarians were yelling what General Anthony C. McAuliffe said to the Germans when they told him his situation was hopeless during the Battle of the Bulge. They were yelling, "Nuts! Nuts! Nuts!"

But the book burners and the censors are not, in fact, subhuman, maniacal enemies. They are ordinary, usually likable, usually honorable neighbors of yours and mine. There is trouble between them and people like us, which often reaches courtrooms, because they believe, honestly, that they fully understand two sorts of laws that are superior to the Constitution: the laws of nature—and, above those, the laws of God.

To them, the hierarchy of laws is like a deck of playing cards. Laws made by God are aces. Laws made by nature are kings. Laws made by men are queens. The law against double parking would be the deuce of clubs, I suppose.

So when a censor sees or hears an idea that is being freely circulated in this democracy, an idea that tremendously offends him and probably a lot of other people, too, he tries to get rid of whatever is carrying that idea—a book, a magazine, a movie or whatever—by means of vigilante action or with the help of the Government.

When somebody opposes him, saying that he is behaving in an unconstitutional manner, he replies that constitutional law is only a queen. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out four kings, natural laws that say that no real man will allow unpopular ideas to be expressed while he's around, and so on.

He lets that sink in, and then he pulls out four aces, which are God's laws. God Almighty Himself hates the idea that he wants squashed.

Does he win his case? Not in America. Maybe in Iran he could, but he had better know his Koran.

In this country, we do not play with a full deck of cards, which is what the censors find so hard to accept. We have agreed with one another, through the instrument of our Constitution, that we will not, when engaged in public business, behave as though the laws of God and nature were fully understood.

This agreement is not some newfangled contraption that came in with rock 'n' roll





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and frontal nudity. Censors commonly talk about getting back to good old American fundamentals. How can they disagree with us that, when we and they respect the First Amendment, no matter how troubling that amendment can be from time to time, we are being as fundamentally American as we can get?

Perhaps the censors will agree with us, too, that the most disgraceful episodes in our treatment of human beings within our borders have taken place when some people's ideas of God's law or natural law

have been allowed to supersede our Constitution. I refer to human slavery, which so many Americans believed to be natural and even ordained by God only the day before yesterday, in my great-grandfather's time. It was finally the enforcement of mere man's law that made slavery illegal.

During the first half of my own lifetime, lynchings were shockingly common and always had been. Not many people said that lynchings were in accordance with God's law, but it seems likely that

a majority felt them to be in harmony with natural law. What could be more natural, after all, than that a community came to hate somebody so much that its members strung him up or burned him alive? (Castrating the offenders, incidentally, was a natural preliminary to those natural rites. What better way to protect the family?)

Fifty years ago, then, we might have been protesting the lynchings of human beings. How much less we have to complain of today—the lynchings of mere ideas, which cannot scream in pain.

## THE DIRTY THIRTY

*idea killers have hit lists, too*

The books being attacked in high schools across America have an amazing range of subject matter, from the classics to the occult to the *Dictionary of American Slang*. Following is a list of the 30 most frequently censored titles, based on six surveys of challenged books taken between 1965 and 1982 and collated by Dr. Lee Burress of the University of Wisconsin at Stevens Point, a noted expert on censorship activity. "The most frequently stated objection is to alleged obscenity," says Dr. Burress. "That charge probably hides an objection to the *ideas* in the books. For example, a banker called *The Grapes of Wrath* obscene; an important theme in the book is criticism of . . . bankers." The list is arranged in the order of the frequency of attack.

1. *The Catcher in the Rye*—J. D. Salinger
2. *Go Ask Alice*—Anonymous
3. *Of Mice and Men*—John Steinbeck
4. *1984*—George Orwell
5. *The Grapes of Wrath*—John Steinbeck
6. *Lord of the Flies*—William Golding
7. *Forever . . .*—Judy Blume
8. *Our Bodies, Ourselves*—The Boston Women's Health Book Collective
9. *My Darling, My Hamburger*—Paul Zindel
10. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*—Mark Twain
11. *To Kill a Mockingbird*—Harper Lee
12. *Brave New World*—Aldous Huxley
13. *Manchild in the Promised Land*—Claude Brown
14. *Slaughterhouse-Five*—Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

15. *The Learning Tree*—Gordon Parks
16. *Black Like Me*—John Howard Griffin
17. *The Lottery*—Shirley Jackson
18. *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*—Alexander Solzhenitsyn
19. *The Scarlet Letter*—Nathaniel Hawthorne
20. *A Separate Peace*—John Knowles
21. *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*—Ken Kesey
22. *Johnny Got His Gun*—Dalton Trumbo
23. *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl*
24. *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*—Maya Angelou
25. *Deliverance*—James Dickey
26. *The Good Earth*—Pearl Buck
27. *A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich*—Alice Childress
28. *The Exorcist*—William Peter Blatty
29. *A Farewell to Arms*—Ernest Hemingway
30. *It's OK if You Don't Love Me*—Norma Klein

About Vonnegut in particular, Burress reports, "*Slaughterhouse-Five* was burned at Drake, North Dakota, in 1973 and was also involved in a court case in Levittown, New York. *Cat's Cradle* was taken to court in Strongsville, Ohio, and a teacher in Bloomington, Minnesota, was fired when she refused to stop teaching *Welcome to the Monkey House*. A court had to reverse the school-board decision. Other Vonnegut titles have also been challenged."

Francis Bacon said that "reading maketh a full man." We can only wonder about those who prefer to be hungry.

—BARBARA NELLIS

Still, the issue remains the same: Can the Constitution of the United States be made a scrap of paper by appeals to what sincere persons believe the laws of God and nature to be? If we let that happen, I see no reason why we can't get back to the good old American practices of lynchings and even slavery again. What better way to fight crime?

If we did get back to slavery, then ideas might become truly dangerous, which they are not now. Just imagine what slaves might do if they got hold of a copy of the Constitution, for instance, and learned that all people, regardless of their opinions or their color or whatever, should be allowed to say whatever they like and to be otherwise free and equal.

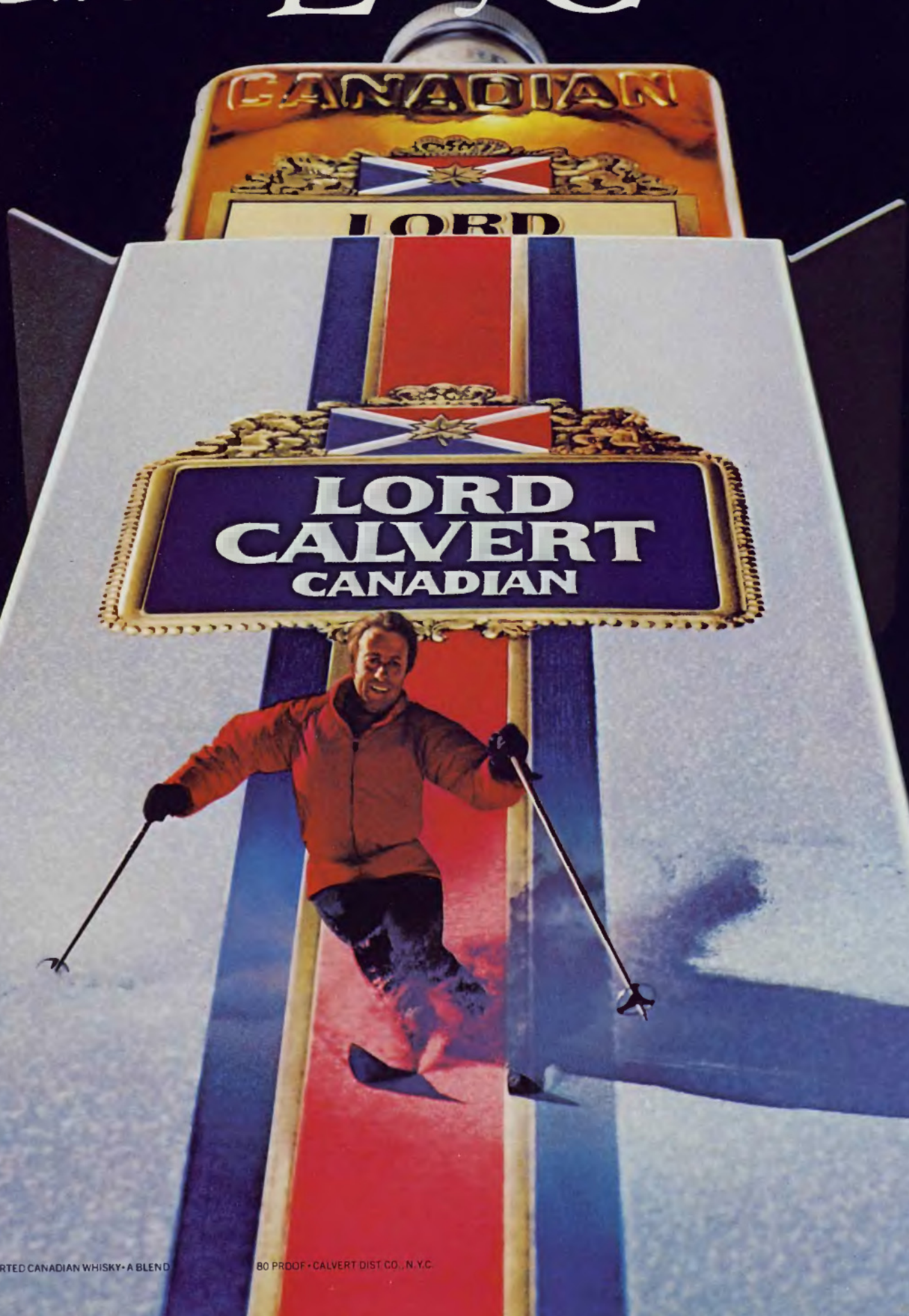
I have alluded to the pain, the screams emitted by a lynched person. I will mention pain yet again. It is very often real pain that censors feel when they see this idea or that one, this image or that one, freely circulated for all to contemplate. I myself often feel that pain. New York's 42nd Street makes me want to die. There can't be many thoughtful Americans who were not sickened by the beliefs that the American Nazi party proposed to celebrate in Skokie, Illinois, a few years ago. We endured that Skokie pain in order that we ourselves might have the right to speak our minds, no matter how unpopular some of our views might be.

Our founding fathers never promised us that this would be a painless form of Government, that adhering to the Bill of Rights would invariably be delightful. Nor are Americans proud of avoiding pain at all costs. On patriotic holidays, in fact, we boast of how much pain Americans have stood in order to protect their freedoms—draped over barbed wire, drowning in water-filled shell holes, and so on.

So it is not too much to ask of Americans that they not be censors, that they run the risk of being deeply wounded by ideas so that we may all be free. If we are wounded by an ugly idea, we must count it as part of the cost of freedom and, like American heroes in days gone by, bravely carry on.



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*"In Texas in my time and place, nobody cared what your degrees were or what your résumé was."*

**PLAYBOY:** Did you break any of the big Watergate stories?

**RATHER:** I broke some stories, but was I breaking as many as *The Washington Post*? Absolutely not. Neither was anybody else. And I wish I had been better.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your contribution?

**RATHER:** Well, at a time when it wasn't easy to do, we kept trying to put the story in some perspective and reported it on a national basis. *The Washington Post*, for all of its greatness, which I think is considerable, does not have a wide national distribution. CBS News does. I thought it was an important story, and I told my bureau chief that, regularly and constantly. We continued to pursue it and to say to our audience, "This is an important story that is developing."

Anybody around during that period can sour-grapes all he wants about how well we did it. But we were the only people in broadcasting who were consistently trying, and in the end, we were right. Thank God, I wasn't wrong about this, because if I had been, I would be selling insurance.

**PLAYBOY:** It was during that same period—1973, to be precise—that your fellow Washington correspondents, including Dan Schorr and Roger Mudd, drafted a letter protesting a decision by William S. Paley, chairman of CBS, to ban the practice of "instant analysis" following President Nixon's speeches. Nixon had complained about the practice. At first, you declined to sign the letter. Later, when Richard Salant, president of CBS News, let it be known he approved the letter, you offered to sign. That created a certain controversy in the bureau.

**RATHER:** Naturally, I think too much has been made of that. I make mistakes, and that was unquestionably one of them. I will try to explain as quickly and succinctly as I can what happened. But it requires some background.

Mudd and Schorr were not always pulling for me during that period. There are any number of examples of that. I considered it, and still do, a fairly natural consequence of competition. My sense of it, looking back, is that they wanted me to succeed but maybe not *too* much. It happens all the time in the business.

**PLAYBOY:** That reminds us of that aphorism "Every time a friend succeeds, I die a little."

**RATHER:** Anyway, I knew that I was on to a terrific story in Watergate. I also knew that covering the story entailed some risks. Roger thought I was wrong about it. Schorr thought I was right about it, but he wanted a larger piece of the story for himself. The first thing that happened was that Schorr and Mudd came to me

and said, "Don't you think we ought to talk about the consequences of this new policy on postspeech analysis?" My answer was yes. The next thing was, I was brought a letter they had written—I hadn't been asked anything about its drafting—and it had a "sign this or we'll tear your ass off" attitude that I didn't like. I said to myself, "Wait a minute—I thought I was going to be in on writing this letter." So I read it. I had no major objections, but it didn't accurately reflect my own feelings in every detail. My instinct also told me that Schorr and Mudd did not necessarily have my best interests at heart. I wish I had been more thoughtful and said, "The principle is what's important here," but I didn't, and I was very suspicious of what others were trying to get me into.

It's true that Dick Salant's feelings were not known at the time and that sometime later, he let it be known he would not be displeased if such a letter went out. Now, Salant was one of only two people—Bill Small was the other—who were backing me in my coverage of Watergate against a lot of criticism inside and outside the bureau. And I came to believe that if Salant thought it was a good idea for me to sign the letter, I should gulp down my reservations and sign it.

**PLAYBOY:** So you did offer to sign?

**RATHER:** Yes. At that point, Mr. Mudd and Mr. Schorr rightly figured that they had me by the short hairs, and they pulled—which is to say, they refused. [*In an irritated tone*] I am mildly resentful of the fact that this moment has been singled out and concentrated on. It was not my best, but there were moments when Mr. Schorr was not at his best during that period, and I'm *darned* sure Mr. Mudd was not at his best.

**PLAYBOY:** Of course, your colleagues claimed you were kissing up to your boss, that your offer to sign was purely careerist.

**RATHER:** I think that is clearly, obviously and demonstrably bullshit! If I had had that in mind, I wouldn't have gone anywhere near the Watergate story, as was the case with some others who pride themselves on the reputation of being among Washington's best correspondents. They ran from that story like the high explosive they knew it to be.

Now, if the first thing I had in my mind was, What is good for me from the career standpoint? I would have done what some of those other people did; that is, say, "God deliver me from any story that has any controversy," because the way you make it in broadcast journalism is to stay in the middle, not to make anybody mad.

Which is exactly what some CBS correspondents did on the Watergate story.

**PLAYBOY:** But you do have a reputation within CBS as someone who goes to extraordinary lengths to be polite.

**RATHER:** My mother taught me politeness. The least I can do is stick to that. I can see her turning over in her grave if she heard, "Dan Rather, the rap on you is you're too polite." There are people who have written about my politeness and have concluded that it's false. Well, this much about me you can believe: With me, it's real. It's the way I want to behave. If the worst thing that anybody can say is that I try too hard to please people and I have good manners, I'll take that.

**PLAYBOY:** The rap goes a little deeper—that you have a need to please and be loved by everyone. Do you think that's true?

**RATHER:** No. Which may be one reason I'm not liked by everyone. This sort of thinking is what I call psychological bullshit—and I think that's exactly what it is—and it won't stand scrutiny. The same people who talk about my need to be loved will say in the next paragraph or the next chapter that Rather is feisty or overly aggressive or he grates on people. He worked on Watergate, did those *60 Minutes* stories, investigating crooked doctors and crooked lawyers, and wasn't he terrible out in that parking lot pursuing that story? Those things don't match. It is one or the other, maybe, but it can't be both!

**PLAYBOY:** But it *can* be both: You can do one thing as a reporter and another in your personal relationships. As you've just said, you do try hard to please. Do you ever worry about the consequences?

**RATHER:** I guess it's true that in my desire to get along, I sometimes wonder how far I can go without risking compromising my principles. I do want to get along, to be well liked by my bosses, by my colleagues. I think F. Scott Fitzgerald called it the American disease, wanting to be well liked. I have to watch out for that.

**PLAYBOY:** Do your small-town Texas roots still have a big hold on you?

**RATHER:** I am not from Texas. I am *of* Texas. One of the advantages of growing up in a place such as Texas is that you evolve a strong sense of place, of who you are and where you're from. I've never grown away from it. Someone else might say, "He never outgrew it." Either way, it's true.

**PLAYBOY:** What does it mean to be "of" Texas?

**RATHER:** A lot of things. One is learning to judge a person not on the basis of what he is but of who he is, being taught to judge a man—or, for that matter, a woman—from the look in his or her eye. In Texas in my time and place, nobody cared what your degrees were or what your résumé was. People wanted to shake your hand, look you in the eye and take your measure.

The other thing about Texas is the land. Every Texan, in my time and place, was tied very directly to the land. The two

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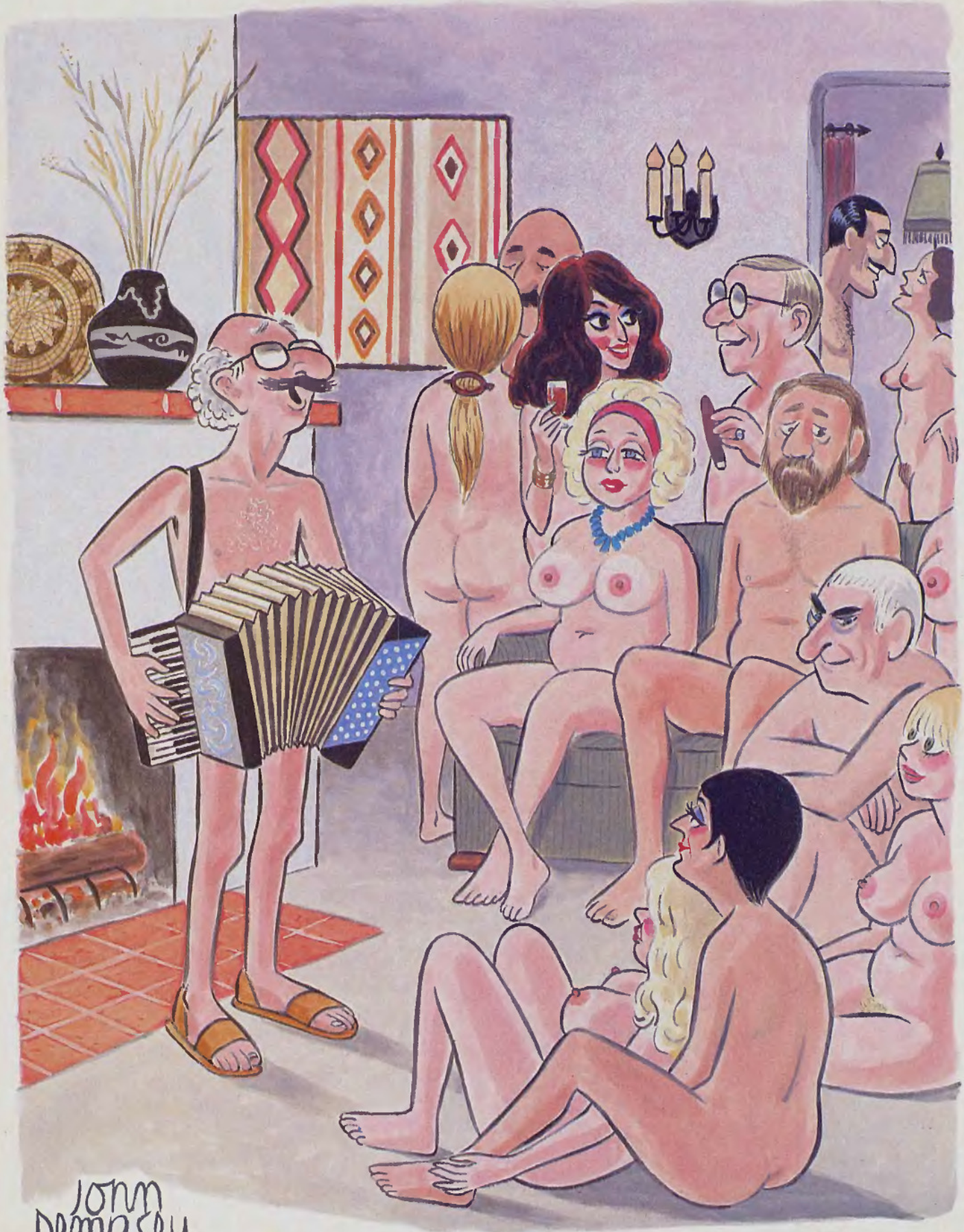
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overwhelming physical things in Texas are the immense blue sky—my first memory in life is of a seemingly endless blue sky—and the rich, flat, productive land. Almost a mystical thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you a serious student?

**RATHER:** No. I thought I was. But it turned out that I didn't really know how to study. And I didn't even learn that in college. It was only when I went to law school that I realized I'd been kidding myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Later, when you moved from local television to the network, did you feel at a disadvantage?

**RATHER:** It was a bigger jump than I'd imagined it to be, intellectually. I had the tools, and I had the training to do most, if not all, that was required. But if I wanted to be really good, I quickly realized I had to get a lot smarter than I was pretty fast. I had to deepen myself intellectually. And at one point, early on, I went to Severeid for advice. He said, "You ought to start by reading more than you do."

**PLAYBOY:** What did he tell you to read?

**RATHER:** Montaigne's essays. *All the King's Men*. *The Elements of Style*, by E. B. White. He told me to commit that to memory, and I nearly did.

**PLAYBOY:** What have you read lately?

**RATHER:** Well, I read *Megatrends*. I read *Ancient Evenings*, Mailer's new book. I read a book about feminists of the 20th Century, because my daughter, Robin, happened to have it around the house.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think of yourself as a feminist?

**RATHER:** I can't honestly say that. My mind doesn't work that way. If the thrust of the question is, "Why did you pick up that book?" it was just my mind at play.

**PLAYBOY:** No, the question was meant to refer to your attitude toward women in your profession.

**RATHER:** Women are the underdogs here, and I tend to pull for underdogs. CBS is better than most places. Having said that, I'd also say that women *aren't* treated equally here. It's harder for a woman to get a job as a correspondent than it is for a man. It's harder for a woman to *stay* a correspondent—to come here at a reasonably young age and make it all the way to retirement age as a correspondent. The same can be said of executives. There's no joy in saying that. But I know it to be true. And I can be guilty of stereotyping, too.

**PLAYBOY:** How?

**RATHER:** Well, I'll give you an example. Somebody will say, "Hey, there's a pretty good reporter in Oshkosh; can you look at her tapes?" Now, I don't like to look at tapes as a way to judge people, but it's become a part of the business. So the tape will come in, and I'll look, and I'll find myself saying, "She's pretty good, but I don't like her voice." Now, if I'm not careful, I won't like her voice because it's a female voice, a feminine voice, instead of the deep male one I'm used to hearing. That's a tiny example but one that sticks in mind.

**PLAYBOY:** Does your wife work?

**RATHER:** She works like hell. She works harder than I do. If your question is, "Does she work outside the home?" yes, she paints. She has a studio and she paints professionally.

**PLAYBOY:** Early in your marriage, did your career come first in terms of where you would live and who would have the opportunity to work late?

**RATHER:** Yes, and I'm sorry that's true. The decision to move from one place to another was based on what I wanted to do, what was best for me professionally. I wish I had been smarter earlier, because if I had been, I don't think we always would have made the decision on that basis. It takes my breath away sometimes how dumb I was, how insensitive, and how little I've considered those questions the way that we do now. Many of them did not occur to me as we were making the decisions. Jean has always had difficulty in getting me to stop what I'm doing and think. If she can do that, she knows she has a reasonably good chance of getting me to make a rational decision. Otherwise, I tend to off-hand it.

**PLAYBOY:** What would you have done differently?

**RATHER:** Well, one will never know, but I think Jean would be a better painter than she is. She's very good, but any reasonable person, looking back on our 26 years together, would have to say she'd be better today if she hadn't moved around so much and had painted more. We both regret moving around as much as we did for a lot of reasons, another of which is the effect on our children. They got through it; but looking back, in some ways, it was close. I shouldn't have put their education at risk, for example. And I should have spent more time at home with them instead of running around the world. Don't get me wrong. I'm not racked with guilt. But I would do some things differently now.

**PLAYBOY:** But could you have really reached for the top of your profession—as you did—and still have been an involved husband and father? Could you have gotten where you are if your wife had also worked full time? That's the question your own children and other young people are facing today.

**RATHER:** Honestly, I don't know. Is it possible to be a good person, a good friend, a good husband and an accomplished professional *and* go for the top? I believe in trying. I think you ought to go for it. But I haven't always stopped to really think those things out.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been tempted to get some help in thinking things through, perhaps by talking with a psychiatrist?

**RATHER:** No. I don't think people from my time and place in Texas would consider doing that. I don't say that with any pride, mind you. But I think that's the truth.

**PLAYBOY:** What is your attitude toward psychiatry?

**RATHER:** I just don't know a great deal about it. Until I was well into adulthood, I didn't even know what a psychiatrist was, nor had I ever known anyone who'd been to a psychiatrist. Certainly, I now know people who go. But frankly, I don't know what to make of it. It's not something that I could ever see myself doing.

I recognize this is probably a vast oversimplification, but I think that if one has friends one can talk with, really talk with, they probably fill the role a psychiatrist does. Now, I suspect that psychiatrists reading this are going to throw down the magazine and say, "This man doesn't understand psychiatry." And I would have to say, "You're right, I don't." I just have this sense—where I came from, people had problems, real problems. What did they do? They talked with friends, with relatives. They might go see the preacher. Or a high school teacher. I haven't thought much about it. If I felt the need to talk with a psychiatrist, I would do it. But that hasn't happened.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you see yourself as a man of action rather than one of reflection and introspection?

**RATHER:** I once read something someone wrote about Bobby Jones, the golfer. The writer said, "I came to realize that one of the things that was different about Jones was that he always seemed to be looking up and looking forward." I think of myself that way. I like to think of myself as a doer. When it gets down to the choice of action or reflection, I'll probably take the action. I am from a school, professionally, that says, "Damn it, grab a pencil and get out of the office." It worked for me. I'm not saying it works for everyone. Maybe the next fellow ought to stay in the office, drum a pencil on his table and think.

**PLAYBOY:** Does daily journalism lend itself to reflection, to deep thinking?

**RATHER:** It certainly requires curiosity. But journalism is not a haven for philosophers, intellectuals, academics. The reality is that the deadline is there. It's always there. And you'd better make it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever find yourself wondering about what else you might have done—or could do—besides journalism?

**RATHER:** I don't recall ever asking myself that question in the sense of "Should I be doing reporting?" I've asked it a number of times about specific assignments. When I went to Afghanistan for *60 Minutes*, I said a number of times to myself, "This is a foolish thing to do."

**PLAYBOY:** But that's in the realm of an immediate danger rather than a broader self-doubt.

**RATHER:** I know what you're saying. I work with a lot of people here who ask themselves with some regularity, "Should I be doing what I'm doing? Should I be working for a company such as CBS? Should I be in news? Should I be in the Peace Corps instead or working full time for the nuclear-freeze movement or for a political candidate? Wouldn't that be a better use



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of my life? Have I lost my idealism by working in this place for X number of dollars a week and being a sort of glorified factory worker?”

Now, if you’re asking, “Have you asked yourself those questions with any regularity?” the answer is, I haven’t. Really haven’t. When I do ask, the thing that comes back to me is, “Reporting is the only thing I remember wanting to do.”

When you’re young—this may be the point—when you’re young and trying to figure out what to do, I think if you’re lucky, a number of things appeal to you. There weren’t a number of things that appealed to me at what you might call the critical time. I just had in my head that I was going to be a reporter without really knowing what the hell that was. It just hit me: I want to be a reporter.

**PLAYBOY:** And from the start, you went to great lengths to get a good story. For example, in your Texas reporting days, you took heroin as part of your research for a story about its effects. Today, you’re reluctant to discuss it. Why?

**RATHER:** Because it comes back to haunt you when it can’t be seen in its pure context. After the controversy it created when I spoke about it several years ago, I realized that any time one talks about drugs, one has a responsibility to make sure people fully understand that drugs are dangerous as hell. I took that heroin in the presence of the police, for the purpose of doing a story on what it was and what the effects of it were. But what got the attention was that I’d tried heroin, not the context in which I’d tried it.

**PLAYBOY:** All right, let’s shift the focus to those who write about you—the critics.

**RATHER:** I am *very* happy to change the subject.

**PLAYBOY:** What is your feeling about television criticism?

**RATHER:** The quality of criticism has gotten a hell of a lot better. The critics underestimate their influence on television. If they write something about the *CBS Evening News*, you can damn well bet I’ll read it. I am not proud of that. My other point is that my bosses get a steady stream of this stuff and read it. And it affects *them*.

My lament is that critics do not often enough accentuate the positive. When they see something wrong, unethical or unclear, they ought to light into us, and that’s a service. But then they go and publish the ratings every week, just like the football top ten. On the one hand, thoughtful press critics say television is consumed with ratings, and they’re right. But the same newspapers will publish the ratings every Wednesday. And one of the many reasons television executives are consumed with the ratings is that they have to read how they’ve done every week in the newspapers.

**PLAYBOY:** You’ve written blurbs for at least two books written by television critics—one by Tom Shales of *The Washington Post*, the other by Ron Powers, who used

to be with the *Chicago Tribune*. Why?

**RATHER:** Well, maybe I shouldn’t do that. Here’s why I do it: I know books are precious things to people who write them. And if anyone I know writes a book and asks me to read it, I do. And if I can in good conscience say something positive or write a blurb, I do.

**PLAYBOY:** The Shales book includes a piece about you that is not entirely flattering.

**RATHER:** Yeah, the most charitable thing I can say is that it’s scathing. I don’t say it’s wrong; I think he picked out the things about me that I worry about. I found myself saying, in some cases, “Well, unpleasant as it is, it’s true.”

**PLAYBOY:** He referred to your penchant for sprinkling your descriptions of serious news events with sports metaphors.

**RATHER:** I tend to do that, it’s true. I think it’s because I was around sports and coaches a lot in my youth. Admittedly, it’s not the best intellectual environment. The problem with talking a lot about winning and losing is that I have tended to define them too narrowly. I don’t always have a broad enough definition of what it means to win and to lose.

**PLAYBOY:** How about your portrayal in *The Evening Stars*, a book that was published recently and discusses the role of television anchor men—including you?

**RATHER:** I’m not going to complain about the book. It is uncomfortable, painful for me to read things that I deeply believe to be untrue. To read in black and white that Dan Rather has not given a flip about his family, has cared only about his work . . . I can only say that anybody who knows me well knows that is not true. I *have* made mistakes; I’ve acknowledged them to you. But this is the kind of thing that can be misunderstood. Each time it comes up, it’s uncomfortable.

**PLAYBOY:** You were also apparently unhappy about the impression you felt the book left that you were driven, obsessed with work.

**RATHER:** Well, yeah. It’s going to be written on my tombstone, HE WAS DUMB BUT DRIVEN, AND HE DID ALL RIGHT. I *do* work hard. I was taught to work hard. But then it’s described not as working hard but as being driven. As for being dumb, how can anybody deal with that sort of thing? You can’t spend your life trying to go around trying to set the record straight.

**PLAYBOY:** Nothing in the book suggests you’re dumb.

**RATHER:** No, I guess not. But it does set up a contrast between the thoughtful Roger Mudd and the driven Dan Rather. Maybe it’s a true picture, but I don’t *think* it is.

**PLAYBOY:** Let’s talk a bit about *60 Minutes*; which is the most popular of all news programs—and, increasingly, the subject of criticism. You yourself were one of the defendants in a suit brought against it by Carl Galloway, a doctor who believed that he had been slandered in the course of a story *60 Minutes* did on insurance fraud. You and CBS were found not guilty, but

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some interesting issues were raised. One of them is the notion that *60 Minutes* has, to some extent, become a parody of itself—that, as former CBS News president Fred Friendly has said, it has become an entertainment show in which the avenging angels descend, throw a net around the bad guys and leave in a blaze of glory.

**RATHER:** Untrue. Let me put in parentheses that I like Friendly. He’s a tough critic and he and I have often disagreed, and we disagree about this. But I appreciate his criticism, even when I think it’s wrong, because I know that he’s pleased that *60 Minutes* is on the air. One of the lessons of this trial—at 51, I thought there weren’t that many left to learn, but I was wrong—was how few people are going to stick by you when the heat is on. Fred was one of those people. Now close parentheses. As to what he said: I believe that *60 Minutes* is one of the few places in American journalism that will still take on gutsy, tough stuff. It may be the only place in broadcast journalism that does that consistently. It’s a risk to do it at all. One reason is that you know you can’t do it perfectly, and so some of it is going to blow up in your face. Management doesn’t like it; people you work around don’t like it. You get bad publicity out of it, even when you do it reasonably well, and others in your own profession are going to be jealous and will try to pull it apart. Journalistically, it’s a dangerous line of work.

Mistakes *have* been made—including, in some cases, its becoming what Friendly and others call a parody of itself. But I deeply believe that this is a case of looking through the wrong end of the telescope. The proper end is the one through which you see that *60 Minutes* is one broadcast that has guts. It has encouraged, even forced, other networks to experiment with the same kind of material. It has even encouraged some of the better local stations to try it. Now, certainly, some of the imitators have compounded some of the mistakes that *60 Minutes* made and have done awful things. But as for *60 Minutes*, if it’s not a national treasure, it’s certainly a national asset.

**PLAYBOY:** We’d still like to address some of the specific criticisms that have been made of the show. One is that the program too often oversimplifies or trivializes subjects by framing stories in very bold tones—good and evil, black and white—and by playing the prosecutor’s role, rather than that of a dispassionate journalist, in trying to prove its case.

**RATHER:** I reject that argument. Respectfully reject it. In the 15 years *60 Minutes* has been on, it has probably made nearly every mistake that a journalist can make. It’s in the nature of journalism to do that. Has *The New York Times* made the same kinds of mistakes? Yes. Has *The Washington Post*? Yes.

There are a limited number of words and pictures in a story. *60 Minutes* does

not broadcast books. But it’s less limited and superficial than nearly anything else in broadcast journalism, and it compares very favorably with most newspapers. As for the prosecutorial thing, that’s bullshit. Yes, we confront people with evidence that contradicts what they’ve told us. But nobody in *60 Minutes* has the power of subpoena. Give me the power of subpoena and the penalties against perjury, and I’ll produce *60 Minutes* pieces that are a hell of a lot better than the ones we’ve had.

**PLAYBOY:** But would you agree that *60 Minutes* is exceptionally popular at least in part because it’s entertaining?

**RATHER:** I wouldn’t deny that the audience watches partly because it’s interesting. You said entertaining; I prefer the word interesting. The same audiences that watch other shows to escape, to be entertained, will watch *60 Minutes* because they want to be informed, to know about what’s really going on.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the motive for *60 Minutes*’ investigative reporting really as high-minded and as pure as you suggest? Isn’t it true that the dramatic way the show presents its investigative reporting is crucial to the show’s success?

**RATHER:** I’m not sure you’re right about that. Certainly, when *60 Minutes* started, that was not the belief.

**PLAYBOY:** No, and it wasn’t a popular show, either.

**RATHER:** Well, fair enough. But even to this day, there is a strong school of thought at CBS that *60 Minutes* would be a lot better off if it didn’t do the strong investigative pieces, period. Any number of its imitators seem to believe that: They’ll do just enough investigative pieces to have the appearance of being in that business, and then they’ll go out and interview starlets and rock stars and do softer, glitzier pieces. If *60 Minutes* stopped doing the investigative pieces, I argue that it would remain very popular.

Before I went to *60 Minutes*, Mike Wallace had to fight to get his investigative pieces into the broadcast. At the time, he was the only person over there that I’m aware of who wanted to do them. Not for ratings reasons but because it was the kind of journalism he wanted to do and that he felt met the responsibilities of the trust that an hour of prime-time television with a journalistic imprint on it bears. It’s very popular now to take Wallace apart, but that’s the fact about his role.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any pieces you did on *60 Minutes* that you regret?

**RATHER:** I’ve done any number of interviews that I didn’t think were tough enough. I didn’t bore in hard enough on George Bush during the 1980 campaign, for example. It was a mistake not to be tougher. We did a story once—I can’t remember which one—in which we said that someone had been charged with a crime and, indeed, he had; but at the time we broadcast the story, the charge had been dropped. That was a mistake in

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WILLIAM HURT · LEE MARVIN in a KOCH/KIRKWOOD Production "GORKY PARK"

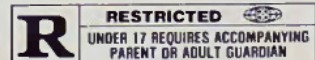
Starring BRIAN DENNEHY · IAN BANNEN and Introducing JOANNA PACULA Music by JAMES HORNER

Screenplay by DENNIS POTTER Based on the novel by MARTIN CRUZ SMITH Director of Photography RALF D. BODE, A.S.C.

Production Designer PAUL SYLBERT Associate Producers EFREM HARKHAM and URI HARKHAM Executive Producer BOB LARSON

Produced by GENE KIRKWOOD and HOWARD W. KOCH, JR. Directed by MICHAEL APTED

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accuracy. And that shouldn't happen.

**PLAYBOY:** You were criticized a great deal for a piece you did titled "The Kissinger-Shah Connection?" in which you suggested, in essence, that there had been a collusion between the shah of Iran and Henry Kissinger, acting on behalf of the Nixon Administration, that effectively resulted in higher oil prices. The criticism was that you simply didn't have the evidence to prove your case.

**RATHER:** I don't believe we used the word collusion, but with the exception of that word, I stand by the story. Kissinger disagrees. We've discussed it, believe me, at great length, because in the wake of that story, the Kissinger network of friends and supporters gave us a very hard time. Kissinger and I agreed to disagree about that. Within reason, we now get along, and that's taken some nurturing on his part and on mine.

**PLAYBOY:** Why? Do you now have a friendship with him?

**RATHER:** We are not close and dear friends. Probably my loss, but we are not.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the Galloway case? Do you have any regrets about that one?

**RATHER:** The Galloway story is one that the overwhelming majority of journalistic enterprises in this country would not have tackled. It was about widespread corruption in the insurance business. We spent months on it. Most others would have spent less time and probably would have settled the thing out of court if they had been sued.

**PLAYBOY:** There were stories suggesting that CBS *did* make an offer to settle—and that Galloway's side rejected it.

**RATHER:** Galloway planted the story that CBS offered to settle. We didn't, even though a lot of people advised us to do just that. Including, of course, the plaintiff's attorney, who said, at least implicitly, "We're going to drag you through court, you're going to get all kinds of bad publicity out of it—why not settle for a half million dollars?" I'm everlastingly grateful to CBS for not doing that.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**RATHER:** The dynamics in the courtroom itself. Everything from the fact that the other side had a designated curser, whose job it was to pass by me as many times as possible during the day and mutter some obscenity—in the hope that I'd react, or overreact—to its designated starrer, whose job it was to stare at me *every second*. I was unprepared for that kind of dynamics. I was glad when it ended.

**PLAYBOY:** A recent article in the television magazine *Channels* by former Cable News Network president Reese Schonfeld takes the *CBS Evening News* to task. He claims that your news program has been more entertainment oriented since you took over. He claims there is "more crime, less international news, more light stories, fewer think pieces." Since that's been a fairly lively topic of discussion in this interview, do you want to take the oppor-

tunity once and for all to answer that criticism?

**RATHER:** You'll pardon me if I don't take too seriously the criticism of a man who was recently one of our competitors. I haven't read his article, but from what you tell me, his criticism is typical. He clearly hasn't watched our broadcasts or read the transcripts. More crime? No. Less international news? No. Fewer think pieces? No. More light pieces? No. It's just horsefeathers! And the reason I use only that word is in deference to my grandmother.

**PLAYBOY:** Dan, you've used considerably blunter language in this interview.

**RATHER:** I have? Hmm. Then I trust my grandmother will understand.

*[As we were going to press, a minor furor erupted in the press, ironically enough, about the use of Rather's language. In response to a syndicated TV reporter's request for an interview in late September, Rather asked if the reporter's camera was on and his tape rolling and, receiving an affirmative answer, said, "Fuck you."]*

**PLAYBOY:** In light of our comments about blunt language, what provoked you to reply to reporter Steve Wilson's request by saying, "Fuck you"?

**RATHER:** I mistook who he was. I thought I was being harassed again by people connected with the *60 Minutes* Galloway case, as I described to you earlier. As soon as I realized he was legitimate, I apologized to him and offered to do the interview with him. What I feel worst about is having mistreated a fellow reporter. While I don't excuse the language I used, you know it's hardly uncommon among reporters.

What got all of this started is that the producers of the show Wilson worked for tried to use the incident as a way to generate some publicity. Fair enough. At first, nobody bit—not even the gossip columnists. Then *The New York Times* ran it, and once that happened, the other media picked it up. It's funny: The *Times* gave more space to a story about Dan Rather's using profanity than it did to a story about CBS' announcing a new prime-time news broadcast a few days earlier. It makes you think, Aha, is somebody trying to do us in?

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds a little conspiratorial, doesn't it?

**RATHER:** Well, maybe after the Galloway trial and this incident, I'm a little shell shocked.

**PLAYBOY:** When we last spoke, you said you hoped your grandmother would understand your language in this interview. How do you think she'll react to the Wilson incident?

**RATHER:** Oh, I've already heard from her, you can be sure of that. *[Laughs]* She didn't castigate me. She just said she'd already heard I said it was a dumb thing to have done. She wanted me to know that she agreed with me—it *was* dumb.



## COCKTAIL CONSTRUCTION

*(continued from page 187)*

connoisseur of that particular call will perceive a difference. So give the following formulas your personal best—and serve up 1984 in style.

### WHISKEY SOUR

1½ ozs. whiskey  
1 oz. lemon juice  
1 teaspoon superfine sugar  
Orange slice and cherry with stem  
Shake whiskey, lemon juice and sugar briskly with cracked ice. Strain into sour glass or smallish wineglass. Decorate with orange slice and cherry.

*Option:* Use the spirit of your choice—bourbon, Scotch, American blend or Irish whiskey, brandy, gin, tequila, vodka, rum. They all work well in this recipe.

### OLD FASHIONED

½ teaspoon superfine sugar, or to taste  
2 dashes Angostura bitters  
2 teaspoons club soda  
2 ozs. bourbon or other whiskey  
½ slice orange, lemon slice, cherry with stem

Add sugar, bitters and soda to heavy-bottomed old fashioned glass. Mix with wooden muddler until sugar is completely dissolved; take the time to do a thorough job or the drink will finish sweet. Add ice cubes to glass, then pour in whiskey. Stir well to chill. Decorate with orange, lemon and cherry or fresh fruit in season.

*Option:* To modify the bitters accent, use only one dash or substitute Peychaud's bitters for the Angostura.

### GIN AND TONIC

2 ozs. gin  
Lime wedge  
4 ozs. chilled tonic, or to taste

Place ice cubes in highball glass, add gin, squeeze in juice of lime wedge and add wedge to glass. Stir well. Pour in tonic, to your pleasure; stir quickly. Be attentive when adding mixer. This drink is often made with too much tonic.

*Option:* Use vodka instead of gin to make a vodka and tonic.

### SCREWDRIVER

1½ ozs. vodka  
4 ozs. chilled orange juice, or to taste  
½ slice orange

Place ice cubes in 8-oz. wineglass. Add vodka and orange juice, to your pleasure. Stir well to chill. Hang orange slice on rim of glass.

*Option:* Add 2 teaspoons Grand Marnier, Cointreau or other orange liqueur to deepen orange taste.

### DAIQUIRI

1½ ozs. white rum  
½ oz. lime juice  
Scant teaspoon superfine sugar  
Shake ingredients briskly with cracked ice to chill and dissolve sugar. Strain



*Alana Soaris*



*Marianne Shavette*



*Marlene Janssen*



*Kimberly Herren*



*Charlotte Kemp*



*Melinda Mays*



*Lynda Wisniewski*



*Jane Fonda*



*Kimberly McArthur*



*Shannon Tweed*



*Jane Tomasi*



*Heidi Sorenson*



# 1984 PLAYBOY PLAYMATE CALENDAR

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8½" x 12½"

Desk Size  
5½" x 7¼"



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into chilled cocktail glass or over fresh ice in old fashioned glass.

*Option:* For a frozen daiquiri, buzz all ingredients, with ½ cup finely crushed ice, in blender until slushy. Pour into chilled wineglass.

## MARGARITA

Table salt  
1½ ozs. tequila  
½ oz. triple sec  
¾ oz. lime juice

To frost rim of cocktail glass with salt, moisten *outside* surface of glass at the very top with lime juice, no more than ¼ in. wide. Sprinkle shallow layer of salt onto flat plate. Invert glass and set straight down in salt; don't turn glass. Lift and tap lightly to remove excess salt. Set aside. Shake remaining ingredients briskly with cracked ice, to chill. Strain into glass.

*Option:* Superfine or coarse salt is sometimes used, but neither is recommended.

## BLOODY MARY

1½ ozs. vodka  
3 ozs. thick tomato juice, chilled  
1 dash Worcestershire sauce, or to taste  
2 dashes Tabasco, or to taste  
Pepper and salt (if desired), to taste  
Lemon wedge  
Cherry tomatoes

Chill footed goblet or 6-oz. tumbler. Stir vodka, tomato juice and seasonings with cracked ice in chilled container. Strain into prepared glass. Taste and correct seasonings if necessary. Squeeze in juice of lemon wedge, add wedge to glass. Stir once. Impale two cherry tomatoes on bamboo pick and plant in glass.

*Option:* Use vegetable juice instead of tomato juice for a tangier cocktail.

## MARTINI

2 ozs. English gin  
¼ oz. dry vermouth  
Pitted olive, rinsed

Chill ingredients, utensils and cocktail glass. Stir gin and vermouth with cracked ice until well chilled. Strain into glass. Spear olive on pick and place in glass.

*Option:* Substitute strip of lemon peel for olive. Twist strip sharply, directly over glass, so lemon oils spray surface of drink. Rub moist side of peel around rim of glass and discard.

## MANHATTAN

1½ ozs. bourbon or American blended whiskey  
¼ oz. sweet vermouth  
Dash of bitters  
Cherry with stem

Chill cocktail glass. Stir whiskey, vermouth and bitters with cracked ice until well chilled. Strain into glass; drop in cherry.

*Option:* To make a rob roy, substitute Scotch for bourbon or American blended whiskey.

## TOM COLLINS

2 ozs. gin  
1 oz. fresh lemon juice  
1 teaspoon superfine sugar  
Club soda, chilled  
Lemon slice or cherry

Shake gin, lemon juice and sugar briskly with cracked ice. Strain over ice cubes in collins glass. Add club soda to taste. Stir quickly. Add lemon slice or cherry or both. Insert straws if you wish.

*Option:* Substitute long strip of cucumber peel for lemon/cherry garnish.

## BLACK RUSSIAN

1½ ozs. vodka  
¾ oz. Kahlúa or other coffee liqueur

Add ice cubes to roly-poly glass; pour in vodka and coffee liqueur. Stir well to chill.

*Option:* Pack glass with finely crushed ice. Combine spirits and pour into glass. Serve with short straws.

## SCOTCH HIGHBALL

2 ozs. Scotch whisky  
Chilled club soda  
Lemon slice

Pack highball glass with ice cubes. Pour in whisky; stir. Add soda; stir quickly. Hang lemon on rim of glass.

*Option:* Use ice water, mineral water or ginger ale instead of club soda.

All kinds of seasonal drinks, from mulls and glöggs to wassails and eggnogs, surface at holiday fetes. Some folks enjoy them, some don't. But the classic cocktails detailed above are bound to please the gamut of tastes. After all, that's why they're classics!



"I asked her  
what a nice girl was doing  
in a place like this. She told me and said  
it would cost fifty bucks."



9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '83.



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# Taste The World Of Cinzano



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# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

**A**NNIE ACTS THE HEROINE IN "RAIDERS OF THE TEMPLE OF VOOM"--IF YOU CAN CALL WHAT ANNIE DOES ACTING. BUT IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER. WITH ALL THE RUNNING AND JUMPING AND FLYING IN MOVIES OF THE GENRE, IF THE STUNT PERSON DOESN'T TAKE CARE OF IT, SPECIAL EFFECTS WILL. IN THIS HIGH-ADVENTURE ERA OF 1984, WHO NEEDS ACTING?

A STAR LIKE MOI NEEDS STAND-INS!

BUT WHY SO MANY, MR. FURD?

HARRISON FURD STAND-IN FOR THE BOULDER-RESCUE SCENE!

YOUR TURN TO STAND IN!

YOURS!

YOURS!

STAND-FURD III

CROUCH-IN

IN MEMORIAM OF FURD I



STAND-IN... DON'T FORGET TO THROW ANNIE INTO THE NOOK IN THE WALL!

GLORY-OSKY!

ACTION! CAMERA!

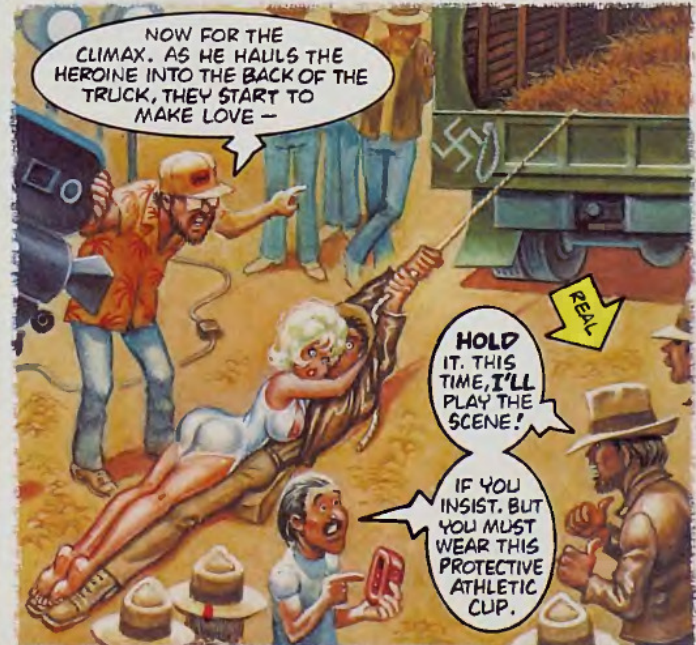
RUN! FASTER!

TELL ME ABOUT IT!

REAL FURD

I LIKE HER STYLE ... BOTH OF THEM. MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE PLAYED THIS SCENE MYSELF!

LIE-IN FURD VII





*J&B. It whispers  
happy holidays.*

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# PLAYBOY

## ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### WHEELS

## AUDI 5000S (AS IN SLIPPERY)

Ever since Audi introduced its front-wheel-drive 5000 six years ago, other auto makers have been using it as a yardstick to measure their own similarly priced competitive cars. It was nimble, quick, comfortable, easy on the eye and amazingly roomy. And ever since Audi introduced it, the company has been working diligently on its successor—the 5000S, a machine that has been stretched over the same 106-inch wheelbase and fitted with one of the world's most aerodynamic bodies. At \$16,480, with a five-

speed transmission (\$16,905 with automatic), the new 5000S is faster than the 5000 (0 to 60 in 11 seconds; top speed is 109 mph) and more fuel efficient (22 mpg EPA city; 35 on the highway) with the same 100-hp, fuel-injected five-cylinder engine. While a first-rate road burner, it still tips its hat to Audi's other new car, the 140-hp Audi 5000 Turbo, which eases on down the road with beefier suspension and such luxuries as a trip computer and climate control. Check your bank balance and make your choice. —GARY WITZENBURG

Right: One look at the 1984 Audi 5000S tells why it's one of the world's most slippery sedans. The stunning new shape is a wind-cheating rounded wedge with a laid-back profile, lipless wheel openings and flush side glass riding on pins instead of tracks in the doors. (For all you tech freaks, its drag coefficient is a wind-punching 0.33. Ferraris, Lotuses and Corvettes aren't much slicker.) Whoosh!



The 5000S boasts the industry's only five-cylinder gasoline engine, an overhead-cam 2.1-liter that pumps out a healthy 100 horses at 5500 rpm. For \$16,480, it comes with a computerized warning and check system, cruise control, power windows and door locks, climate control, headphone outlets for rear passengers, a 21-gallon gas tank and a large trunk. Anyone for the Cannonball Run?



# HABITAT

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## PERSONAL BEST

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*luxurious and  
stylish accouterments  
for the man of taste*

**C**lockwise from 12: In the top drawer of the desk: Quartz calendar wrist watch that has an anodized black-chrome finish over bronze, from Tiffany & Co., \$450; and a leather-and-brass key holder, from Peter Barton's Closet, New York, \$30. In the second drawer: Lizardskin checkbook, by Les Must de Cartier, \$460; and a four-piece crystal-and-sterling-silver traveling dresser set that includes a jar, the matching cologne flasks in the drawer just below and the toothbrush container just in front of them, all from the Sentimento Collection for Bergdorf Goodman, New York, \$250. (In the toothbrush container is a malachite-handled toothbrush with a gold band, from Alfred Dunhill of London, \$325, including three replacement brushes.) In the right-hand corner of the second drawer: Sterling-silver corkscrew, by Cartier, \$225. In the third drawer: Sterling-silver butane lighter, from Bulgari, New York, \$750. To the right of the drawers: Sterling-silver cigarette container, also from Bulgari, \$550. Proceeding clockwise: Stainless-steel-and-gold double cigar case that's made in Paris, by Bernard Richards, from Perspective, New York, \$432. Teakwood hairbrush, from Paul Stuart, New York, \$115. Leather shoehorn with brass band and woven strap, from Peter Barton's Closet, \$60. Sterling-silver pipe tool, from Fortunoff, New York, \$105. Staghorn-and-pewter magnifying glass, from the Sentimento Collection for Bergdorf Goodman, \$180. Black-steel butane pocket lighter, from Mark Cross, Chicago, \$65, including a suede pouch (not shown). Sterling-silver champagne opener, by Cartier, \$250. Chartreuse 24-kt.-gold cuff links that are replicas of the seal of the French Carthusian monks, from Cellini Jewelers, New York, \$2400. Horn snuffbox, with silver mounts, that was made in England circa 1860, from James II Galleries, \$365. Set of 18-kt.-gold studs, \$750, and for thirsty, well-heeled travelers, a sterling-silver collapsible cup, both from Bulgari, \$980. To the left of the cup: Velvet-lined mahogany chest, with six crystal decanters, that was made in England circa 1800, by Cartier, \$1600. In the drawer up front: Cut-crystal electroquartz table lighter, by Colibri, \$36.95. Sterling-silver-and-crystal art-deco-period flask with attached cap and removable drinking cup, from the Sentimento Collection for Bergdorf Goodman, \$300. Eelskin tobacco pouch, from Britches of Georgetowne, Alexandria, Virginia, \$25. Hand-carved billiard-shaped meerschaum pipe, from Alfred Dunhill of London, about \$125, including a leather-covered case.



RICHARD IZUI





**AN ORWELLIAN CALENDAR, BY GEORGE!**

Suddenly, it's 1984, and we still haven't been wired to Central Control—at least not the last time we looked. The history of how other traditional liberties *have* eroded is collected in *The 1984 Big Brother Calendar*—a 32" x 48" poster available from Price/Stern/Sloan Publishers, 410 North La Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles 90048, for \$5.95, postpaid—which chronicles 244 dates in our nation's recent history that support Orwell's political predictions for 1984 and, more important, document civil and human rights violations. Read it and weep. And learn.



**THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME**

Instead of Parcheesi by this fire, try *Danger Island*, a classic board game that puts a motley crew ashore on an island where Blackbeard's treasure is reportedly buried. Come away with it and you're the winner—if you don't get done in by killer apes, quicksand and other unpleasant things. *Danger Island* costs \$18.95, postpaid, sent to Literary Games, P.O. Box 416, Lake Bluff, Illinois 60044. Incidentally, somewhere on the island is a Malay Mancatcher that can leave you "dangling from a large tree." Watch it!



**GLOVE STORY**

We're not suggesting, of course, that you read the newspaper on Sunday morning (or any morning) undressed the way the young lady is above. But anybody who has picked up his favorite daily fresh off the press and then spent the next two hours trying to get printer's ink off his hands will appreciate *Gloves for the Times*: a pair of one-size-fits-all, washable white gloves available from *Gloves for the Times, Inc.*, P.O. Box 22019, Newark, New Jersey 07101, for \$6.95, postpaid. We save ours for *Screw*.



**UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU**

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen, insert just one thin quarter in the slot, squeeze Uncle Sam's hand and he will tell you the strength of your personality on the clicking dial. (And if you believe that, we've got some shares in a hockey-puck mine that you can have cheap.) Anyway, Uncle Sam is a 77"-tall, cast-aluminum-and-oak reproduction of a classic carnival diversion that used to wow local rustics at the annual county fair. If you think he's a grabber, the price is \$1895 F.O.B. the factory sent to Mechanical Antiques and Amusements Co. Office, R.R. Two, Bateman Circle South, Barrington Hills, Illinois 60010. We shook hands three times with Uncle Sam and he came up **EXPERT ON EVERYTHING, HOT STUFF and TAX CHEAT.**

## DIGIT WIDGET

If you're the type who gives sweat sports the finger, you might like to come to grips with thumb wrestling, a little-known activity that has been getting the thumbs-up signal since Workman Publishing released *The Official Book of Thumb Wrestling*. Available for \$3.95 in bookstores, it includes a game board, a portable gym and rules for four games, including Power Thumb. Middle fingers don't count.



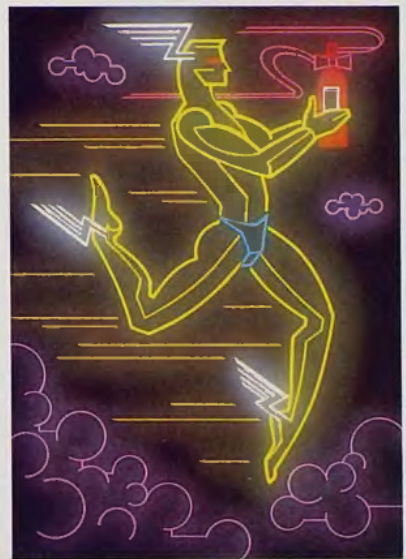
## HOT ROCKS IN YOUR HEAD

Searching for an elusive LP or cassette, old or new? Dial 1-800-HOT ROCK and let the sound sleuths at the other end uncover it for you. Hot Rock's ability to ferret out an obscure platter is impressive, and if you buy five albums or tapes, you get a sixth one free. Delivery is within a week, and charges can go onto a credit card. The lines are open 24 hours, so if you wake at three A.M. with a yen for The Hollywood Argyles singing *Alley-Oop*, call!



## AS THE SPIRITS MOVE YOU

"If you can't be there in person, be there in spirit" is the motto of 800 Spirits, a wine-and-liquor-by-wire service that whisks bottles of your favorite brands to a recipient almost as fast as it takes to dial 1-800-BE THERE. A minimum charge for items on its in-house selection list is \$25; if you want to send something more alcoholically exotic, the tariff can jump to about \$100. All charges go onto plastic, and 800 Spirits claims to be able to deliver anywhere in the United States and 20 foreign countries. If that's true, the service should be a smashing success.



## BEAR MARKET

Meet Abiner Smoothie, heir to generations of aristocrat bear-dom, in *The Last Elegant Bear*, a just-published Simon & Schuster whimsical tale of the life and times of a lovable blue-blood bruin that's destined to become an instant classic and make the author, Dennis Kyte, the heir to generations of lovely reprint checks. And since Abiner is often portrayed in his favorite monogrammed dressing gown, a line of plush, robed Abiners in various sizes and prices, plus adult Abiner blazers, rugby sweaters and, of course, dressing gowns, will soon be on the market. Growl!



## TURNING 30 WITH CLASS

You're all familiar with the work of Patrick Nagel, the award-winning artist who turns out stylish paintings for *The Playboy Advisor* each month when he's not winning praise with one-man shows in New York or Los Angeles. For our 30th Anniversary, Nagel has created the classy 24" x 36" 11-color hand-printed serigraph poster pictured here. It's available in either a hand-signed-and-numbered limited edition of 250, for \$255, postpaid, or a signed-in-the-screen edition of 2500, for \$55, postpaid. Mirage Editions, 1662 12th Street, Santa Monica, California 90404, is where you send the check.



THE BEST OF  
CELEBRITY BREASTS

This one's for you, faithful reader. In keeping with the festive spirit of PLAYBOY's 30th Anniversary, we reprise seven of our favorite celebrity-breast-of-the-month photos. For the historians among you, *Grapevine* was seven years old last fall. So gaze upon our pix hits once again, and remember we're working day and night to maintain our high standards. You probably thought this job was easy. Happy New Year!



HOLZ / AMBELEN

Devil's Food

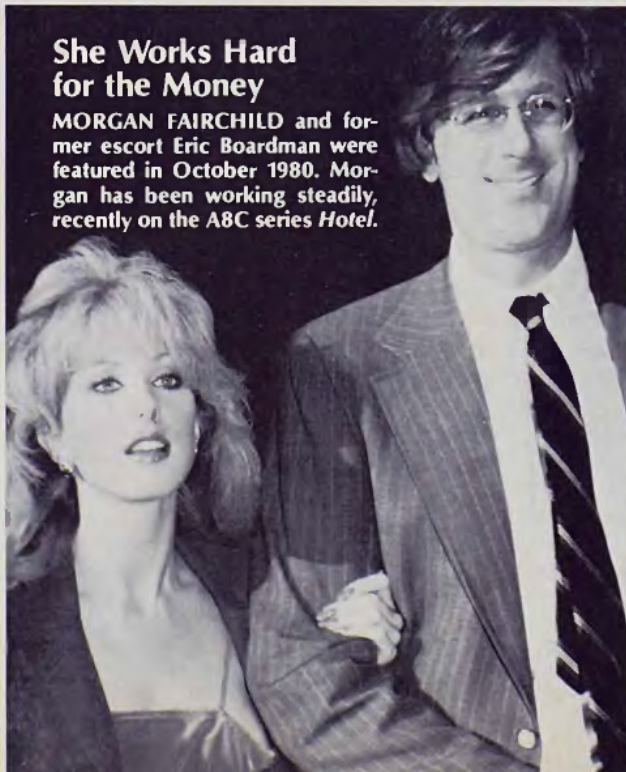
We first published this photo of LINDA BLAIR in March 1978. Since then, she exercised her muscles on everything from TV's *Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes* to her latest movie, *Chained Heat*.



SAN VAUGHAN

Picture Perfect

We like MARGOT KIDDER. She's beautiful, outspoken and she went all the way with Superman. This photo ran in November 1980. *Louisiana* is her new film, and its director, Philippe de Broca, is her new spouse.



She Works Hard  
for the Money

MORGAN FAIRCHILD and former escort Eric Boardman were featured in October 1980. Morgan has been working steadily, recently on the A&C series *Hotel*.

© TONY PAUL LIMAR



OUTLINE / AMBELEN

Tiptop Shape

ELSA MARTINELLI first appeared in PLAYBOY 21 years ago. We ran this photo in February 1982. As Freddie Prinze used to say, "Lookin' goooooood."



### A Little Ray

Remember ELIZABETH RAY? We published this in February 1980. Washington is more somber now, but we'd rather think about warm sex than Cold War.



### Vintage Margaux

That's MARGAUX HEMINGWAY getting a percussion lesson from Tito Puente in a July 1979 shot. We don't know if she tuned his bells, but she rang ours.

### Chart Busters

This photo ran in September 1981, when singer TINA TURNER was proving to her fans that there was life—and music—after Ike. We believed her. No woman ever held a microphone with greater skill and delicacy.



© 1981 L. WERNER CO. DORLAND/LLP

## THE NATURAL ERECTION, OR "LOOK MA, NO HANDS"

Biosonics, Incorporated, a Philadelphia-based medical-electronics company, has invented a new mechanism for overcoming male impotence. A man who suffers from chronic impotence has had these choices: If his doctor finds the impotence to have psychological causes, he can undergo counseling; if the cause is physical, he can receive drug treatment, vascular surgery or an implant that will make his penis stand erect at the push of a button. It is important to determine whether the impotence is organic or psychogenic, because an implant permanently removes all possibility of a natural erection. Now Biosonics is testing a device called MEGS (male electronic genital stimulator) that requires no surgery and provides a natural erec-

tion through electrical stimulation of nerves near the prostate for most men with psychological impotence and some men with organic impotence.

Shortly before a sexual encounter, the 7/8" x 3" plastic device is inserted into the rectum, to which it has been custom-fitted. It is controlled by a short-range, low-power FM transmitter and sends out electronic signals to nerve groups that stimulate the natural erectile process. From an independent unit housed in a wrist watch, a ring or another accessory, the owner can set the controls for immediate tumescence or for a two-minute delay.

The inventors claim that the pneumatic pump-up devices now being implanted are "the equivalent of a Mack truck pushing a tricycle." While we're sure there are men out there who insist that their equipment requires a Mack truck, we'll be interested to see whether or not the microelectronics of the MEGS will do the job.

Until recently, a number of well-disposed male rhesus monkeys have been the only beneficiaries of the invention. Human tests were begun last fall, and if they prove successful, the results will be presented to the U.S. Food and Drug Administration for approval before marketing can begin. Dare we say we think users will get a charge out of this?

## TESTING HERPES: GET IT RIGHT

We wish we had a nickel for every time information pertaining to herpes has been exaggerated, misreported or, sometimes, underreported. Continuing that trend is the "four-and-a-half-minute test" for herpes. First reported in *The Washington Post*, it was later described in *Sexual Medicine Today*. Because previous tests couldn't be completed in less than 24 hours, a four-and-a-half-minute test sounded like news—in fact, revolutionary news. But when we called the National Institute of Neurological and Communicative Disorders and Stroke, the National In-

stitutes of Health subsidiary where the test was developed, a spokesperson informed us that the new test actually took four and a half hours—not minutes.




**Wetting solution:** Don't those women in wet-T-shirt contests catch colds? Here for the influenza season, The Wetlook T-shirt. It's \$15 from Zyne Design, P.O. Box 874, Taos, New Mexico 87571.



Everyone's heard of sexy French postcards, but German postcards? We figure these date from the Weimar Republic. Weimarers, perhaps, but not a dog in a pack of ten cards that's sold for \$6 by Kunstverlag Michel & Company, Bertramstrasse 73, 6000 Frankfurt am Main, West Germany.



Researchers are continuing to pare down test time until results are available almost instantly. Minutes, hours—at any rate, the test is still news. Here's the scoop in undistorted form: The test is not yet available from clinics or private doctors, because it is still in the experimental stages. It will likely become available within the next year. Essentially, it consists of a technical refinement on the 24-hour method that is currently in use. Both methods require submitting a specimen taken from the site of the infection and placing it in a chemical solution. By analyzing chemical changes, clinicians judge whether or not the patient has herpes.

Anyone can appreciate the advantages of an earlier diagnosis, but pregnant women should rejoice. Herpes is a special threat to infants at birth. More than 50 percent of babies who have been delivered normally through a herpes-infected birth canal have died. Therefore, when doctors suspect that herpes exists in a woman in labor, they deliver the baby via caesarean, because they can't wait 24 hours for test results. With a speedier detection process, not only will babies be protected from infection but uninfected mothers will be protected from unnecessary caesareans. 

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"THE DANCING BEARS"—IN REAL LIFE, CHICAGO'S FOOTBALL PLAYERS HAVE HAD THEIR PROBLEMS MAKING THE PLAY-OFFS. IN THIS FICTIONAL ACCOUNT, THEY LEARN TO BE LIGHTER ON THEIR FEET . . . LIKE BALLE-RINAS, YET—BY ASA BABER

"FISHING FOR MEANING WITH WILLIAM HURT"—A LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT WITH THE ACTOR WHO SIZZLED IN *BODY HEAT* AND GAVE US GOOSE FLESH IN *THE BIG CHILL*. THIS TIME, HE'S CLOSER TO CENTRAL PARK THAN TO *GORKY PARK*—BY E. JEAN CARROLL

"MATINEE LADY"—FOR YEARS, CAROL WAYNE HAS BEEN A FIXTURE OF THE JOHNNY CARSON REPERTORY COMPANY. WE OFFER A MUCH, MUCH BETTER LOOK AT HER

"HAVE YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO BE AN ENTREPRENEUR?"—TAKE THIS QUIZ AND YOU MAY FIND OUT (HINTS: IT MATTERS WHETHER OR NOT YOU'RE OF IMMIGRANT STOCK AND HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT THE DAILY DOUBLE)—BY JOSEPH R. MANCUSO

"FORKY"—HE'S FINALLY OUT OF STIR, HE FINDS A WILLING WOMAN, BUT HE CAN'T QUITE SHAKE THE SEARING MEMORIES OF PRISON. A SHOCKING SHORT STORY BY ANDRE DUBUS III

"MACHO SUSHI"—HERE'S THE PLATTER THAT SEPARATES THE MEN FROM THE BOYS. FOR STARTERS, TRY THE PIRANHA LIPS—BY JIM MORGAN

"THE SNOW GODS"—WORLD WAR ONE GOT ITS START IN A MOUNTAIN TOWN IN WHAT IS NOW YUGOSLAVIA. THIS MONTH, THE U.S. SKI TEAM WAGES ITS OWN WAR IN SARAJEVO AT THE WINTER OLYMPICS. A REPORT FROM THE SLOPES BY HERBERT BURKHOLZ

"TOUGH COOKIES"—THESE LADIES MAY BE STRONGER THAN YOU, BUT THEIR BODIES ARE BEAUTIFUL, AND OUR PICTORIAL WILL PROVE IT

SHELLEY LONG, THE DARLING OF TV'S *CHEERS*, TALKS ABOUT THE TOYS ON HER BEDSIDE TABLE IN A CHEERFUL "20 QUESTIONS"

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS WITH MOSES MALONE, DAVID LETTERMAN AND PAUL SIMON; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF "THE GIRLS OF THE HEALTH CLUB" AND ALL-TIME FAVORITE "PLAYMATES OF THE YEAR"; AN EXCLUSIVE PORTFOLIO BY LORD LICHFIELD, PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE ROYAL WEDDING; A VISIT WITH SYLVIA KRISTEL'S SUCCESSOR AS EMMANUELLE IV, MIA NIGRIA; HARRY CREWS WRESTLES WITH A SUBJECT CLOSE TO HIS MANLY HEART, "THE VIOLENCE THAT FINDS YOU"; CHARLES M. YOUNG TAKES US TO PUNK-ROCK CLUBS FOR A ROUND OF SLAM DANCING IN "SKANKING WITH THE DEAD KENNEDYS"; VANCE BOURJAILY ORBITS THE NATION WITH PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFUL JOHN GLENN; E. JEAN CARROLL WARMS UP TO THE SUBJECT OF "FRIGID WOMEN"; ROY SCHEIDER TELLS WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO SUIT UP WITH THE DETROIT TIGERS FOR A NEW MOVIE; PETER NELSON SCRIPTS AN IMAGINARY TV RERUN IN WHICH BEAVER CLEAVER, DOBIE GILLIS AND DENNIS THE MENACE TURN UP IN THE SAME PLATOON IN 'NAM, "GI PLAYHOUSE"; REG POTTERTON TELLS WHY HE CHUCKED THE BEST JOB IN PUBLISHING TO GO SAILING, IN "WHAT I LEARNED AT SEA"; HARVARD GRAD GARY A. TAUBES SHARES WHAT HE CAN REMEMBER ABOUT "FIGHTING THE GOLDEN GLOVES"; JOHN TIERNEY TAKES US TO THE WACKY WORLD "BEYOND THE POWER LUNCH."



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