

DAN JENKINS' SEMI-HILARIOUS NEW NOVEL

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1984 • \$3.00

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HOWARD HUGHES

HOW THE PHANTOM BILLIONAIRE TRIED TO BUY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

DAZZLING & DIRTY
PLAYBOY'S SEX IN CINEMA

INTERVIEW
PRESIDENT JOSÉ NAPOLEÓN DUARTE OF EL SALVADOR

CHRISTIE BRINKLEY DRESSES UP





For over fifteen years Robert Koralja, Andrew Koralja and Joseph Koralja have helped to keep Jersey City safe, safe, safe. So they each received a bottle of V.O.



The reward.

When we created the world's first complete home gym, we created a machine that remains the best in the industry. At a very reasonable price. The Bodybar 2000.

But we weren't satisfied.

We wanted to design a machine that duplicates the ones we've been building for your local spa for nearly 40 years.

So we started with our single station institutional design and we refined it. Blending all the major workout stations into one precision machine.

We made it quick and easy to use.

We designed a 3-position incline bench for upper body development. One that detaches to become a decline bench for abdominal and lower pectoral muscles.

We created a padded arm rest for the curl unit to isolate the biceps.

And we added an optional butterfly unit, because nothing short of it can properly isolate the deltoid and pectoral muscles.

We even added more weight to the weight stack. Up to 310 pounds.

All at a home gym price.

Look for the EM-1 at better sporting goods stores. Or call **1-800-62-MARCY** ext. 64.


The EM-1. Because we take our commitments as seriously as you take your body.

 **MARCY®**
**WHEN YOU FINALLY
GET SERIOUS.**

**THE ULTIMATE
COMMITMENT
TO THE CATEGORY
WE CREATED.**



ULTRA LIGHTS: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine,
FILTER 100's: 9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '84.



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

THE TASTE OF SUCCESS



VANTAGE

Great Taste with Low Tar.
That's Success!

“Cuervo 1800!
What did I do to
deserve it?”

“Santa never tells.”



Cuervo 1800 Tequila.
It takes a special occasion. Or makes one.

Send a gift of Cuervo 1800 Tequila anywhere in the continental U.S. Call toll free: 1-800-367-5683.

Void where prohibited by law.

PLAYBILL

THERE WAS A TIME, not too long ago, when the only ladies we knew who wore men's underpants were those who, after making love, couldn't find theirs and had to borrow ours. The same ladies, in the spirit of spontaneity, often forgot to bring their jammies when spending the night, requiring us to lend them our PJ tops to sleep in. There's something rather comforting about waking up beside a woman who's wearing your underwear.

On the other hand, waking up with a woman wearing underwear that *looks* like yours but is actually *hers* (though you can't be *sure* it is) can be unnerving. Or, at least, we thought it would be until we saw **Christie Brinkley**—actress, model and generally delicious person—fitted out in the British-style men's undies you'll see her wearing in *Veddy British, Veddy Brinkley*, photographed by **Patrick Demarchelier**. Christie, by the way, has just come out with her own line of casual sportswear and swimwear.

It may not be easy to tell the women from the men these days, but it's still fairly easy to separate the men from the boys, particularly when it comes to taking big risks to make big bucks. **William Brashler** describes the kind of man who is willing to put his entire bundle—even his life—on the line to make *The Big Kill*. We asked Brashler which methods of getting rich overnight are the most risky, and he answered, "It depends on whether you're risking your money or your life. If you're gambling your money, it's the commodities market, hands down. If it's your life at stake, I'd say—short of robbing a bank—body stuffing." If you don't know what body stuffing is, read Brashler's article. Then you'll understand what he means when he says, "The body stuffers I wrote about would have made it if they'd used rubbers instead of balloons. Rubbers are infallible. The only question is, how many stuffed rubbers can a man swallow?"

Speaking of risks, one of the most dangerous jobs in the world is currently held by **José Napoleón Duarte**, the president of El Salvador. We sent **Marc Cooper** and **Gregory Goldin** to that Central American country, where death squad has become a household phrase, to meet with Duarte for this month's *Playboy Interview*. The apparently confident Duarte talks about his country's troubles and its future in an *Interview* that will, no doubt, raise the hackles of his detractors both here and in Latin America.

If you've ever wondered about the real reason for the Watergate break-in that led to Richard Nixon's downfall, you'll be fascinated by *Citizen Hughes*, **Michael Drosnin's** report on his seven-year investigation into the life of the late, eccentric tycoon **Howard Hughes**. In our excerpt from Drosnin's forthcoming book of the same title (to be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston), illustrated by **Don Ivan Punchatz**, Drosnin draws on Hughes's secret writings to reveal how the billionaire recluse planned to control the Presidency.

On a lighter note, **Arthur Knight** is back with his annual review of movie erotica, *Sex in Cinema—1984*, and Senior Editor **William J. Helmer**, who admits he "crested puberty" in the Fifties, pays homage to *Veterans of the Sexual Revolution*. We also take a look at a few radically punk ladies and their hair styles in *Rare Hair* and take a sip trip through *Those Unstoppable Cordials*. To round out the issue, **Gary Witzenburg** takes a look at the new urban town cars in *Estates' Rights*; **David** and **Victoria Sheff** ask sports-agent phenom **Leigh Steinberg** *20 Questions*; Associate Editor **Kevin Cook** asks, *Can Humans Think?*; and **Dan (Semi-Tough) Jenkins** tells a tall football tale in *Life Its Ownself*, an excerpt from his forthcoming novel of the same title, to be published by Simon & Schuster. And don't forget to cast your vote in our annual *Playboy Music Poll*.

The issue may be round, but it wouldn't be firm or fully packed without this month's Playmate, **Roberta Vasquez**, who was photographed by **Steve Wayda**. Now, aren't you glad we didn't put Roberta in men's clothing? We thought so.



DEMARCHELIER



BRASHLER



GOLDIN



KNIGHT



DROSNIN



PUNCHATZ



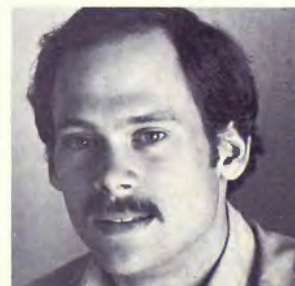
WITZENBURG



HELMER



SHEFF, SHEFF



COOK



JENKINS



WAYDA

ANNOUNCING NEW TDK HS. A HIGHER STANDARD OF PERFORMANCE FOR TODAY'S VCRs.

Today's more sophisticated VCRs demand a more advanced video cassette. That's why we developed new TDK HS with an improved Super Avilyn formulation. It outperforms any standard video cassette currently available.

TDK HS gives you:

- **Improved Super Avilyn formulation:** More true-to-life pictures with bolder, more vibrant color reproduction.
- **Improved overall performance:** HS delivers crisper, cleaner pictures, plus sharper contrast in black and white.
- **Improved durability:** Our improved Super Avilyn formulation allows TDK HS to be used for recording and playback over and over again. Without any discernible loss in color or overall picture quality.
- **Unmatched running stability:** Count on TDK for complete picture reliability and dependability. Our new super precision cassette mechanism delivers highly accurate tape alignment for the smoothest tape flow.

When you're ready to step up to a higher standard of performance, step up to TDK HS. It's the perfect video cassette for today's VCRs.

See your TDK dealer and see the difference today!

 **TDK**
Don't just tape it. TDK it.

AVAILABLE IN VHS & BETA FORMATS
©1984 TDK Electronics Corp.



PLAYBOY

vol. 31, no. 11—november, 1984

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	5
DEAR PLAYBOY	11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	15
MEN	ASA BABER 43
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL 45
AGAINST THE WIND	CRAIG VETTER 47
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	49
DEAR PLAYMATES	53
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	55
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOSÉ NAPOLEÓN DUARTE—candid conversation	63
CITIZEN HUGHES—article	MICHAEL DROSNIN 76
RARE HAIR—pictorial	84
THE BIG KILL—article	WILLIAM BRASHLER 92
VEDDY BRITISH, VEDDY BRINKLEY—attire	HOLLIS WAYNE 95
LIFE ITS OWNSELF—fiction	DAN JENKINS 98
PLAYMATE ON PATROL—playboy's playmate of the month	100
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	114
PARLOUS PARODY—ribald classic	116
THOSE UNSTOPPABLE CORDIALS—drink	EMANUEL GREENBERG 118
QUESTION: CAN HUMANS THINK?—humor	KEVIN COOK 121
ESTATES' RIGHTS—modern living	GARY WITZENBURG 122
1985 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL	124
20 QUESTIONS: LEIGH STEINBERG	128
VETERANS OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION—humor	WILLIAM J. HELMER 131
SEX IN CINEMA—1984—article	ARTHUR KNIGHT 136
PLAYBOY FUNNIES—humor	148
BERNARD AND HUEY—satire	JULES FEIFFER 165
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	215



Film Flesh P. 136



Hughes Coups P. 76



Ravishing Roberta P. 100



Slinky Brinkley P. 95



COVER STORY Give thanks! Supermodel Christie Brinkley makes her first exclusive PLAYBOY appearance this month. Our thanks go out to Patrick Demarchelier for his cover photograph, which boasts a jacket by Tommy Nutter, medals by Richard A. Serbin and jeweled buttons by Kenneth Jay Lane. Want to count Christie's blessings again? Turn to page 95 and get the pictures.

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 819 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 1984 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: COLUMBIA, P. 141; JOHN DERRER, P. 138; J. VERSEY ENGELHARD, P. 5, 132 (4), 133 (3); © FABIAN/SYGMA, P. 143; G. PHOTOGRAPHICS, P. 5; © ETIENNE GEORGE/SYGMA, P. 143; BRETT HERRIDGE, P. 5; RICHARD ZUL, P. 131-133; RICHARD KLEIN, P. 5 (2); © GARY LEONARD, P. 141; © ALAN MARKFIELD/GAMMA-LIAISON, P. 141; KERRY MORRIS, P. 5 (3); PAUL NATKIN, P. 32; © THOMAS NEERKEN/MEGA, P. 138; © YURI NEYMAN, P. 140; ORION, P. 141; © JEAN PAGLIUSO/VISAGES, P. 137; PARAMOUNT, P. 137; RON PHILLIPS, P. 5; © QUIRND/SYGMA, P. 143; DENNIS SILVERSTEIN, P. 218 (2); VERNON L. SMITH, P. 5 (2); TOM SULLIVAN, P. 5; SYGMA, P. 144 (2); 20TH CENTURY-FDX, P. 138 (2), 140. LOCATIONS AT: BEVERLY HILLS KARATE ACADEMY, P. 102-103; GLEN IVY HOT SPRINGS, CORONA, CALIFORNIA, P. 103. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: AQUILA GRAPHIC DESIGN, P. 16; MIKE BACARELLA, P. 132, 133; STEVE BOSWICK, P. 132, 133 (2); BOB BURNS, P. 133; DAVE CALVER, P. 43; ROBERT CRAWFORD, P. 36; MARY ANN ENRIQUEZ, P. 47; MIKE GLASCOTT, P. 28; GEDRGE MASI, P. 57 (2); DENNIS MUKAI, P. 55; KEVIN POPE, P. 45; BILL RIESER, P. 22; KERRY RUTZ, P. 219; JOHN SCHMELZER, P. 218; LEN WILLIS, P. 219. INSERTS: FRANKLIN MINT CARD BETWEEN PAGES 16-17; PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL CARD BETWEEN PAGES 206-207; KOOL CARD BETWEEN PAGES 40-41, 182-183 IN ALABAMA, GEORGIA, PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO.

Peppermint Twist
 Splash Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps over ice and sip with a very close friend.

HIRAM WALKER
 What a difference a name makes.

For a free recipe booklet, write Hiram Walker Cordials, Dept 16AI, P.D. Box 32127, Detroit, MI 48232. ©1984. Peppermint Schnapps. 60 Proof Liqueur. Hiram Walker Inc., Farmington Hills, MI



PUT THIS IN YOUR PIPE AND LIGHT IT.



Mixture No. 79 Pipe Lighter Offer:

We'll send you a regular pack of Mixture No. 79 plus this refillable butane Pipe Lighter (a \$5.75-value) when you send your name, address and a check for \$2.50 for postage and handling to: Pipe Lighter Offer, Box 24145, Richmond, Virginia 23224. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery. Offer expires June 1, 1985.

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher

NAT LEHRMAN *associate publisher*

ARTHUR KRETCHMER *editorial director*

TOM STAEBLER *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

G. BARRY GOLSON *executive editor*

EDITORIAL

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

ART

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

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARILYN GRABOWSKI *west coast editor*; JEFF COHEN *senior editor*; LINDA KENNEY, JAMES LARSON, JANICE MOSES, MICHAEL ANN SULLIVAN *associate editors*; PATTY BEAUDET *assistant editor*; POMPEO POSAR *senior staff photographer*; DAVID MECEY, KERRY MORRIS *staff photographers*; DAVID CHAN, RICHARD FEGLEY, ARNY FREYTAG, RICHARD IZUI, LARRY L. LOGAN, KEN MARCUS, STEPHEN WAYDA *contributing photographers*; JANE FRIEDMAN, PATRICIA TOMLINSON *stylists*; JAMES WARD *color lab supervisor*; ROBERT CHELIUS *business manager*

PRODUCTION

JOHN MASTRO *director*; MARIA MANDIS *manager*; ELEANORE WAGNER, JODY JURGETO, RICHARD QUARTAROLI *assistants*

READER SERVICE

CYNTHIA LACEY-SIKICH *manager*

CIRCULATION

RICHARD SMITH *director*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*

ADVERTISING

CHARLES M. STENTIFORD *director*

ADMINISTRATIVE

J. P. TIM DOLMAN *assistant publisher*; MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions manager*; EILEEN KENT *contracts administrator*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *president*

Unfortunately, if the telephone you buy today isn't a Panasonic, it may be out of date tomorrow. If it lasts that long.

Choose a built-in answering machine. Speakerphone. Built-in dialer. But choose carefully, because it's built to last. After all, it's a Panasonic.

Now you can buy your own telephone. So it's important to buy the one that's right for you.

On one hand, you don't want to spend too much for a phone. Or buy one that does more than you need. On the other, you don't want to spend too little. Or the phone may become out of date in a few months. If it lasts that long.

Let Panasonic help you reach the right decision. We have the right phone for you. And the right price to go

with it. No matter what your needs or budget.

Choose from phones with answering machines built in. Speakerphones that let you talk without holding the phone. And phones with automatic dialers. And most of our phones are compatible with alternate long distance services. Such as Sprint® and MCI.

Whichever Panasonic telephone you choose, it will have one thing in common with our entire family of phones, Panasonic dependability.

And should your phone ever need service, we have a nationwide network of service centers.

Panasonic telephones. They won't be out of date today. Or tomorrow.

Speakerphone. Dialer. And answering machine. Even lets you call in for messages. Without a remote device. From any push-button tone phone.

KX-T 2425



This phone remembers 28 numbers. And will dial them for you automatically. Even redials a busy number. Up to 15 times in 10 minutes.

KX-T 2130



This slim-line phone has an automatic dialer. Call family. Friends. Emergency numbers. Up to 16 digits long. At the touch of a button.

KX-T 2203



This phone lets you connect two incoming lines. So you can put your first call on hold, while you answer a second. Also has an automatic dialer.

KX-T 3203





Sorels. A legend from Tuktoyaktuk to Toledo.

Sorels have changed the footprint of winter around the world. From the remote village of Tuktoyaktuk in the Canadian Arctic, to the snow-belt cities of the Great Lakes – from the Atlantic seaboard, through the Rockies and twenty-three countries around the globe – Sorels are the boots that prove winter belongs to those who dress for it.

There are Sorels for work or play, for men, women and children. We know they're warm because this is the boot that stood on the North Pole at -63°F . We know they're tough because this is the boot trappers in Alaska and lumberjacks in Canada work in.

Only Sorels are built like Sorels. Because wet isn't warm – Sorels'



natural rubber bottom is specially bonded to genuine, high-oil-content, top grain leather uppers for maximum water-repellency.

Even the laces and D-rings are made to never rot or rust. Inside, there's another warm story – Sorels' thick, boot-within-a-boot felt liner that's made with the same rich wool as a fisherman's sweater – it wicks away perspiration to keep you dry and warm. It cushions your foot for day-long trekking as well.

Design details are endless – like the welt that prevents brush from snagging where the leather joins the rubber.

Independent rows of stitching that preclude a chain-reaction unravelling.

Sorels will with-

stand the worst of man and nature. While they may cost a little more, they're one of the world's great values. For the name of your nearest store, write Kaufman Footwear, Dept. R, 410 King Street West, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada, N2G 4J8.

Why buy just a boot when you can buy a legend!



SORELS[®]

KAUFMAN QUALITY.
MADE IN CANADA



DEAR PLAYBOY

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

WIDOW'S PEAK

I saw Terry Moore (*The Merriest Widow*, PLAYBOY, August) in person for the first time in 1948, and she was, without a doubt, the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Now she is not only more beautiful than she ever was but more beautiful than any girl.

Kenneth Gordon Stewart
New Albany, Indiana

Korea was a cold-assed country in 1953. Nevertheless, my buddies and I from the Eighth Field Artillery Battalion walked three miles and sat in the snow for hours to catch a glimpse of Marilyn Monroe. I was 12 rows from her in the midst of 10,000 men. Never heard a note she sang, just watched that luscious bod and loved her like a goddess. Another goddess visited Korea to entertain us about the same time. Her name was Terry Moore. But, damn it, she didn't make it to the division I was in. You see, the powers that be kicked her pretty buns out of Korea for wearing a revealing mink bikini in front of the troops. Well, Terry baby, you've come a long, long way since that dark day for us GIs who lusted for you . . . and I'll wager there are more than one of those powers that were who are staring even more lustfully at the August issue. They're all paunch and bald-pated now, but you're still . . . well, mink in a foxy world.

Frederick A. Raborg, Jr.
Bakersfield, California

They say when you reach your 50s, you are approaching the golden years. If, at 55, Terry Moore is an example of a decrepit golden-ager, give me Moore, Moore, Moore!

Bud Edgren
Oak Park, Illinois

If you're one of those who wrote to tell us we got the marvelous Miss Moore's age wrong, give yourself a pat on the back. She's a sphy 52, not 55, as we—and a million

other publications—reported. We were going to say a thousand days is nothing to lose your



head over, but then we remembered Anne Boleyn.

HOT SUMMER KNIGHT

I just read the excellent, enlightening *Playboy Interview* with Bobby Knight (August). Rim-high kudos to David Israel. Bobby Knight, the son of a bitch, believes in *right and fight*—right as a basis of integrity and fight as a basis for the pursuit of excellence. This compliment comes from a new admirer who thought coach Knight's denial of Quinn Buckner's desire to play both football and basketball was abominable. Maybe. But, by God, it was leadership—of the supreme Knight variety.

John E. Covell
Crystal, Minnesota

Congratulations to David Israel for his outstanding *Interview* with Bobby Knight. The media haven't been fair to Knight, and it's good to read about what he does in basketball, especially how he has helped many of his players become not only fine players but successful businessmen. We need people like him, who are



MAKE THE TIME LOOK BEAUTIFUL.

It's very easy to do. Just visit your retailer and pick out a new Speidel watchband. You'll love the selection, because Speidel makes over 200 watchbands for men and women. And you'll love the style and comfort, too. With Speidel, you can make the time look beautiful—in just a few minutes.

Speidel

Isn't it about time you changed your watchband?

Speidel **TEXTRON**

© 1984 Textron Inc.

PLAYBOY, (ISSN 0032-1478), NOVEMBER, 1984, VOLUME 31, NUMBER 11. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYBOY, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE UNITED STATES AND ITS POSSESSIONS, \$54 FOR 36 ISSUES, \$36 FOR 24 ISSUES, \$22 FOR 12 ISSUES. CANADA, \$27 FOR 12 ISSUES; ELSEWHERE, \$35 FOR 12 ISSUES. ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, POST OFFICE BOX 2420, BOULDER, COLORADO 80322, AND ALLOW 45 DAYS FOR CHANGE. MARKETING: ED CONDON, DIRECTOR/DIRECT MARKETING; JACK BERNSTEIN, CIRCULATION PROMOTION DIRECTOR; ADVERTISING: CHARLES M. STENTIFORD, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; MICHAEL DRUCKMAN, JEFFREY RLEINMAN, CRAIG VANDER PLOEG, SENIOR ASSOCIATE MANAGERS; JAY REMER, NATIONAL ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES MANAGER, 747 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10017; RUSS WELLER, MIDWEST ADVERTISING MANAGER, 919 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, 3001 WEST BIG BEAVER ROAD, TROY, MICHIGAN 48064; LOS ANGELES 90010, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER, 4311 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD; SAN FRANCISCO 94104, TOM JONES, MANAGER, 417 MONTGOMERY STREET.

Go beyond Computers.



Enter the fascinating world of the home robot.

HERO JR. will wake you in the morning, guard your home at night, remind you of your appointments for the week, and entertain your family throughout the day with engaging small talk, songs, poems, games...even strolls around the house.

Introduce your family to the wonders of robotic living...for less than the cost of a computer. For the name of your nearest dealer,

**"Call for HERO JR.
at 1-800-253-0570"**

Ask for operator 9

(In Michigan, call 616-982-3454)

Heath/Zenith

smart, honest and fair, in politics. Knight qualifies in all respects.

A. E. Bloedorn
Sanford, North Carolina

REWired

The longer I live, the more convinced I become that the world is made up of two kinds of people—those who think and those who feel. Bob Woodward's clinical and unemotional countdown to John Belushi's final hour (*Wired*, PLAYBOY, July) is missing one singularly important ingredient: John. Any caring reader who walks with Bill Wallace down the long corridor of the Château Marmont deserves more emotional input before witnessing the morbid bedroom scene. The reader deserves more; John deserves more. With the coolness of a mortician, Woodward put John away without a tear.

N. Curtis McMahon
Portland, Oregon

I met John Belushi at a music-subculture drug party in a suburb of Chicago. Our exchanges included cigarettes and offers of amphetamines for cocaine. Belushi went into the back room with other Chicagoans and shot up heroin and coke. It is arbitrary and capricious that Cathy Smith is being extradited by Canada to stand against charges of second-degree murder. Belushi had someone help him shoot in Chicago, just as he did at his Hollywood bungalow. Smith is being displaced in time. She is only an image of Belushi's behavior. That image of creased slacks, leather belt and rolled sleeves I met in Chicago killed *himself*.

Gregory Gratefield
Jersey City, New Jersey

SEEING RED

Is Bo Derek's new movie pornographic? I couldn't care less. But I am disturbed by something else: It appears to condone bullfighting—in fact, judging from *Brava, Bo!* (PLAYBOY, July), the movie finds bullfighting exceedingly sexy and (for men) downright *macho*. In truth, of course, it's merely a colorful way of being cruel to animals. Most Americans, I'm glad to say, side with the bull. But by providing the Dereks with such lavish, free publicity, PLAYBOY seems—inadvertently, I trust—to be taking the side of the bullfighter.

Ted Klein
New York, New York

INSIDE INFORMATION

I want to express my appreciation to PLAYBOY for having the good sense to employ Cynthia Heimel. Her *Women* column "Gynecology in Action" (August) may do more for women's health care than anything since the invention of the condom. I manage a company of 12 women who operate a small business in an industry traditionally controlled by men. Since the medical profession—specifically

O.B.-G.Y.N.s—insists on annual check-ups, our staffers lose a minimum of 12 days' work per year, just to be subjected to the experience described in Heimel's article. We made 36 photocopies of "Gynecology in Action" and mailed them to the less-than-perfect gynies we have been unfortunate enough to know. If other women follow our lead, we have a chance to improve an oppressive situation.

Sandra L. Fuhr
Oxbridge, Massachusetts

KNOCKED OUT

Gary A. Taubes may have gotten KO'd in the second round, but *Life as a Standing Eight Count* (PLAYBOY, July) wins by unanimous decision. I've never read a better first-person boxing story; I was sore for three days after I finished it.

Allen Barra
Brooklyn, New York

SCHOTT IN THE DARK

My partner and I recently returned from a safari in the darkest depths of Africa, and upon returning, we headed straight for the nearest newsstand to grab the new PLAYBOY. We opened the magazine and saw the awesome Miss August, Suzi Schott. Her beauty blew our camouflage off. We went promptly to our office and removed the rhino-head trophy over the fireplace, replacing it with Suzi's centerfold. Now Suzi graces our office, along with our zebraskin rugs, so that our clients can marvel at her beauty. We would fight off a tribe of head-hunters for the charming Miss Schott.

David Weatherly
Jeff Kistle
Elizabeth City, North Carolina

TEN YEARS AFTER

Applause for your presentation of *1994: A Prediction* (PLAYBOY, August), by Governor Richard D. Lamm of Colorado. Please add my name to the list of folks who, at this very moment, must be shouting, "Richard D. Lamm for President!"

Jane Mangold
Lakewood, California

Congratulations to Governor Lamm for *1994: A Prediction*. It is a bombshell of honesty and courage. Although he's sometimes nicknamed Governor Gloom because of his dire predictions, a more fitting name for Lamm is Governor Guts.

Richard C. Duncan
Bellevue, Washington

Governor Lamm's essay *1994: A Prediction* is an eye opener. It is encouraging to know there are politicians who think of the next *generation* instead of the next election. Colorado is very lucky to have such leadership. I had never known why I admired that state until now. One more thought. I usually leaf through PLAYBOY, but when I came to *1994*, I finished it before looking

at the rest of the pictures. How's *that* for a testimonial?

John Valls
Laredo, Texas

REGARDING MISS AMERICA

I want to thank Hugh Hefner and *PLAYBOY* for their good taste and dignity—for refusing to publish the photographs of Vanessa Williams.

Michael L. Davitt
Arlington, Virginia

I heard that your magazine had been offered the notorious nude shots of Vanessa Williams—now *former* Miss America—and you had the good sense to turn down the offer. Of course, *PLAYBOY* makes a point of helping young women further their careers rather than ruin them, so your behavior was to be expected. Just the same, I'd like to applaud it.

Charles E. Lehnert
Grand Haven, Michigan

LETTER OF THE MONTH

This painting presupposes that around the year 1995, an envoy of sentient extraterrestrials has come to earth from Alpha Carina—or Canopus—a journey of 30 parsecs, or 98 light-years. The painting is decidedly optimistic, since the Canopans do not appear to have tried to conquer our world. As for the subject's novel physiology, the Canopans seem to have had a tougher time than we with predatory megafauna, necessitating a higher degree of fecundity than humans enjoy (or curse). After the Canopans' rise to a technological society and the advent of birth control, the lower pair of breasts slowly atrophied to the point of being very nearly vestigial. I threw in Isaac Asimov because he's a natural. And the cover price? I *told* you the painting was optimistic. P.S.: Have you found the Rabbit yet?

Clay Dale
Massillon, Ohio

If it's not near the middle of the painting,



we haven't even looked.



Leroux & Brew.

Smooth and easy partners, Leroux Peppermint Schnapps and crisp chilled beer. The glow of the schnapps with the icy cold of the brew is smooth and easy all the way, uniquely delicious. Discover the drink that's sweeping the country. And always ask for Leroux. Its great natural taste always comes through.

Leroux Schnapps

Peppermint • Spearmint • Cinnamon

Once you've tasted Leroux no other schnapps will do.





In Japan, where high-tech electronics are a way of life, they pay \$714.93 for an American-made radar detector

(You can get the same one for considerably less)

Even we were a little surprised. All we did was build the best radar detector we knew how. We shipped our first ESCORT in 1978, and since then we've shipped over 600,000. Along the way the ESCORT has earned quite a reputation—among its owners, and also in several automotive magazines.

Credentials

Over the past five years, *Car and Driver* magazine has performed four radar detector comparison tests. Escort has been rated number one in each. Their most recent test concluded "The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..." We think that's quite an endorsement.

Our Responsibility

One of the reasons for our reputation is our attention to detail. If we don't feel we can do something very well, we simply won't do it. That's why we sell Escorts direct from the factory to you. Not only can we assure the quality of the ESCORT, but we can also make sure that the salesperson you speak to is knowledgeable. And if an ESCORT ever needs service, it will be done quickly. And it will be done right.

50 States Only

And that's the reason we don't presently sell ESCORTs outside of the United States. Even in the countries that use identical radar (Japan and Australia, to name two) we know that we couldn't provide the kind of customer service that ESCORT owners expect. So we pass up the additional sales rather than risk our reputation.

"Dear Sir..."

So we'll admit we were surprised when a letter from one of our customers included an advertisement from a Japanese automotive magazine. The ad pictured an ESCORT, and the price was 158,000 yen. Our customer was kind enough to convert that to U.S. dollars. Using that day's rate of exchange, an American-made ESCORT was worth \$714.93 in Japan. Further translation revealed the phrase "The real thing is here!" and warned against imitations.



This 1/2 page ad was a total surprise.

Econ 101

Needless to say, we were flattered. We knew that ESCORT had an impressive reputation, but we never expected to see it "boot-legged" into other countries and sold at such a premium. But the laws of supply and demand are not so easy to ignore. When there is a strong need for a product, there is an equally strong incentive for an enterprising capitalist to fill that need. And apparently, that's just what happened.

The Moral

We still don't sell out of the country. And the price in this country is still \$245. The price we've had for the last five years.

Quite a deal for what the Japanese must think is the best radar detector in the world.

Try ESCORT at no risk

Take the first 30 days with ESCORT as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose.

ESCORT is also backed with a one year warranty on both parts and labor. ESCORT \$245 (Ohio res. add \$13.48 tax)

TOLL FREE..... 800-543-1608
IN OHIO..... 800-582-2696



By mail send to address below. Credit cards, money orders, bank checks, certified checks, wire transfers processed immediately. Personal or company checks require 18 days.

ESCORT®

RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 100-1107
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



MOTEL HELL

Vincent Daniel was depressed following a fight with his girlfriend. So he checked into a motel, disconnected the gas line from a wall heater and waited for the gas to take effect. But according to police reports, he "got bored" waiting and turned on the television, which touched off an explosion and fire that caused \$100,000 worth of damage.

And this just in from *Pest Control Technology*: Ypsilanti, Michigan, fire chief Ralph Crawford is having serious pest problems with wild turkeys. It seems the sight of the city's yellow fire trucks releases a mating hormone in the birds that makes them amorous. "The guys go out on runs in those trucks and come back with turkey dung and feathers all over them," Crawford complained. "It's really embarrassing." Perhaps it won't be as much of a problem after Thanksgiving.

Especially when Sinatra's in town. The Los Angeles *Daily News* summed it up this way: "BEAVER FEVER PLAGUES TAHOE AREA."

Senator Robert Dole joked that his wife, Department of Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole, had an easy time approving air bags: "She's married to one."

Oy! Would you believe an exercise show on cable TV called *Stretch and Kvetch*? "It took Moses 40 years to cross the desert," says Rabbi Allen Secher. "The Jewish community is just as slow getting into cable." Rabbi Secher is director of broadcasting for the Chicago Jewish Federation's three-year-old cable station, WJUF. We can't wait for the celebrity show *Stars of David*.

SHRINK RAP

If you have problems but are either too shy or too busy to talk with a therapist in

person, you now can use the U.S. mail to help yourself get better. Muriel Goldfarb and Daniel Rubinstein, two New York psychotherapists, are offering Counseling by Mail. Patients mail in as many as three typewritten pages or a 15-minute tape in which they talk about their problems. Goldfarb or Rubinstein then will mail back—in a plain envelope—their responses. The first consultation is free, with subsequent ones at \$40 each.

Apparently from here to eternity. "SEE HOW THEY BLOW IT, RETIRED OFFICERS' WIVES," screamed the headline in the Vacaville, California, *Reporter*.

NICE-TRY DEPARTMENT

Rasul Ali Shakir, a black bus driver from Detroit, was recently tried for hijacking a plane bound for Chicago. He threatened to detonate a bomb in a bag he was carrying if the plane made its scheduled stop in Kalamazoo—understandable, per-

haps, but an overreaction nonetheless. A former English professor, Bennett Gray, testified on Shakir's behalf, explaining that the word bomb has several meanings in black English. Gray argued that when Shakir said bomb, he was referring to the copy of the Koran he carried in his bag. Shakir pleaded guilty, however, when Gray's effort to sway the judge bombed.

If you liked *Sybil*, you'll love this job, advertised in the Lakeville, Connecticut, *Journal*: "Cleaning lady wanted three times a week. Does not have to be the same person each time."

FOUR-FINGER DISCOUNT

In Stockton, England, an enterprising shopkeeper offers discounts to customers who snatch a coin from a fish tank full of piranhas. But he may be made to stop because of charges of danger—to the piranhas. Ichthyophiles believe pollution from dirty hands distresses the small fish and have asked that the shopkeeper be prosecuted for cruelty to animals.

But she *did* bump into him. One of our favorite headlines comes from the *Alabama Journal*: "BLIND WOMAN GETS NEW KIDNEY FROM DAD SHE HASN'T SEEN IN YEARS."

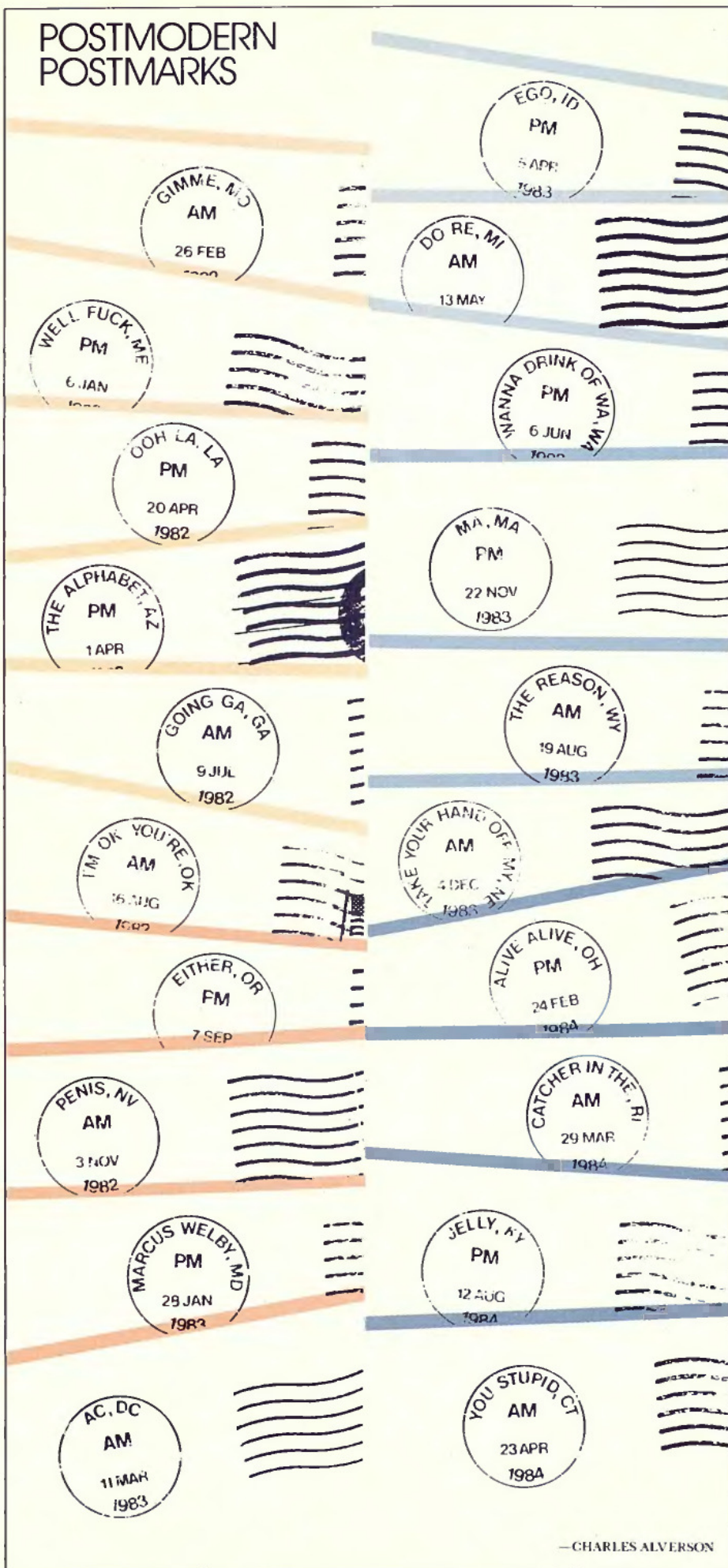
Democratic Convention fallout: Margo St. James, whose hooker organization, COYOTE, organized several events during the convention, said beforehand that her prostitutes "will treat this like a vacation. They won't come here specifically to work. But if something falls into their laps, that's another story."

GRAVE SITUATION

The California Court of Appeal has ruled that Francine Ross can sue Forest Lawn Memorial Park for \$1,000,000 because the funeral of her daughter was disrupted by a group of drinking and



POSTMODERN POSTMARKS



—CHARLES ALVERSON

coke-snorting punks, one of them wearing a dress decorated with live rats. Seventeen-year-old Kristie Ross had died of a drug overdose when punk friends who were with her at the time failed to seek help.

TORTILLA FLATS

It started during a California Angels game last May and now looks like a behavioral fixture in the cheap seats of Anaheim Stadium. On one fateful night, a small group of fans began flinging tortillas—Frisbee style—from the upper decks. “The next night, another group brought tortillas, and then it escalated,” explained stadium usher Dana Woods. “Tortillas all over the upper decks.”

The flour and corn usually begin flying with the seventh-inning stretch. “We eject the ones who bring the most tortillas,” said Woods, “but they just keep coming back.” Anaheim police sergeant Bill Donoghue said the force had to eject 20 tortilla tossers in one weekend. But on the whole, he believes the problem isn’t that significant. “It’s not nearly as strange as some other things that happen here,” added Donoghue. “Like the guy who sat up there for a while and ate big moths.”

Presumably, these women have some boning up to do. The *Los Angeles Reader* published the following classified ad: “Did you upgrade or lose your fascination with your equipment? Get a tax deduction. Donate it to the Y.W.C.A. for educational and office use.”

The *Idaho Statesman* published some racing results we found hard to believe. In the ninth race at Boise’s Les Bois Park, Cunts Last came in only third.

Some Duties Are More Important than Others Department: The Chicago Heights, Illinois, *Star* ran this classified ad: “Experienced Horse Women needed for part-time help in breeding, cleaning stalls, grooming, feeding and turning out. Must be able to come on very short notice.”

During a baseball game at a New Jersey correctional facility, prisoner Stanley Szumowicz hit a home run and, as he rounded the bases, decided to keep on running. He was found the next day and booked on an escape charge. He ultimately earned a suspended sentence.

Britons tied up police phones in DeWitt, Michigan, for three months, believing they would hear simulated sex acts—but now they get only a busy signal. Seems the police department’s number was mistakenly listed in a sex publication circulated in the United Kingdom, prompting dozens of overseas calls. AT&T finally tied up the lines by programming computers at Pittsburgh, its international point of entry, to issue a busy signal when DeWitt-bound calls were received from Britain.



La Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile presents ...

The World's Great Performance Cars

—incredibly precise and detailed minted miniatures
of pure gold on solid sterling silver.

The 100 greatest performance cars of all time—portrayed in brilliant micro-detail by the master engravers and craftsmen of The Franklin Mint.

Attractively priced at \$9.50 for each gold-on-silver miniature.

First Edition Proof Sets limited to 25,000 world-wide.

The minted miniature. Microscopic sculptured detail ... raised in precise relief against a mirror-bright surface of 24 karat gold. Perfectly formed ... a triumph of exacting craftsmanship. All in an area no larger than the eye that beholds it.

This is the fascination of the minted miniature—and the secret of its appeal to collectors throughout the world.

Now you are invited to discover this amazing achievement of the minter's art for yourself, in The World's Great Performance Cars Miniatures Collection.

Issued by La Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile—the world's foremost automotive authority—this extraordinary new collection will consist of 100 intricately crafted miniatures. Each will portray a history-making performance car that proved the value, on road or track, of a dramatic advance in automotive technology. And the First Edition of the col-



Hand-held miniature above shown actual size.

lection will be minted in pure 24 karat gold electroplate on solid sterling silver.

These richly detailed miniatures will honor such renowned cars of past and present as: the 1982 Ferrari Boxer, rated the fastest road car in the world today. The 1976 Porsche 911 Turbo, one of the most impressive sports cars ever. The 1964 Pontiac GTO, first of the big engine U.S. "muscle cars." The 1954 Mercedes-Benz 300 SL, the famed fuel-injected gullwing coupe. And the 1930 Cadillac, with its whisper-silent V-16 engine.

Each gold on silver miniature will be struck in flawless *Proof quality*. Furthermore, these miniatures will be minted in an elongated rectangular shape—displaying both a front and side view of each car. Just the way you'd look at it in a museum, at an auto show, or on a set of working automotive drawings.



A collector's case, magnifier, tongs, Certificate of Authenticity and reference folders will all be provided to subscribers at no additional charge. Miniatures shown in case are for purposes of illustration only.

Your miniatures will be sent to you at the convenient and systematic rate of two each month. And the attractive price of just \$9.50 for each gold on sterling Proof will be *guaranteed* to you for the entire series—regardless of any escalation in the cost of engraving and minting, or of precious metals, during the subscription period.

Few of man's great inventions have a richer or more nostalgia-filled history than the motor car. And so, as you build this collection, you will have the satisfying opportunity to share with family and friends vivid memories of those exciting automobiles that have been the best of a very special breed down through the years.

To acquire a limited First Edition Proof Set of this important collection, return the accompanying Subscription Application to the official minter, The Franklin Mint, by November 30, 1984. Subscriptions will be accepted on an as-received basis. Once the limit of 25,000 gold on silver Proof Sets is reached, no further applications can be accepted. It is important, therefore, to respond as soon as possible.

© 1984 FM

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

First Edition limited to 25,000 Proof Sets world-wide.

Please mail by November 30, 1984.

La Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile
c/o The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for a First Edition Proof Set of The World's Great Performance Cars, consisting of one hundred 24 karat gold electroplate on sterling silver miniatures, to be sent to me at the rate of two per month and at the guaranteed issue price of \$9.50* per miniature. I need send no money now. I will be billed prior to shipment. A collector's case, magnifier, tongs and specially prepared reference literature will be sent to me at no additional charge.

*Plus my state sales tax and \$.50 for shipping and handling.

Signature _____
Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

The Franklin Mint is the world's largest private mint. It is not affiliated with the U.S. Mint or any other government agency. 100

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

DIRECTOR Milos Forman's triumphant and courageous film adapted from Peter Shaffer's *Amadeus* (Orion) is unequivocally the grandest epic ever made about the life of a great composer. Admirers of the Shaffer play, which electrified Broadway and London theatergoers a couple of seasons ago, should brace themselves for an entirely irreverent, re-created homage to Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791), the profane and vulgar but peerless musical genius. Shaffer's stage drama was a work of blazing intelligence and virtuosity, a verbal duel between mediocrity and magnificence—filtered through the sensibility of Antonio Salieri, Mozart's chief rival, a court composer to Austro-Hungarian emperor Joseph II.

Shaffer himself wrote the screenplay and was bold enough to risk transforming an S.R.O. Broadway hit into something more legitimately cinematic. Salieri remains the narrator, a mad old nonentity confessing to a priest that he had envied Mozart and wanted him dead. In fact, for me, the major flaw of *Amadeus* on film may be Forman's choice of a perfectly competent actor named F. Murray Abraham to play Salieri. Competence is no substitute for pearly charisma (Paul Scofield, Ian McKellen and John Wood were among the scintillating theatrical stars who illuminated the role), and Abraham, as good as he is, lacks the presence to sustain keen interest in Salieri as an obsessed, inferior also-ran for all seasons.

But don't let a quibble or two deter you. *Amadeus* on film celebrates music and Mozart with another sort of headlong passion. Much of it was shot in Prague, home town of Czech-born director Forman, and the physical splendor of the production is astonishing—peppered with breathtaking scenes from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *The Magic Flute* that make opera look as accessible as the pop-rock concerts of our time. Thomas Hulce, the relatively unknown young actor cast as Mozart (you saw him in *Animal House* and *Those Lips, Those Eyes*) is a revelation—juvenile, gross and giggly, yet evolving reel by reel into a convincingly poignant portrait of doomed genius. *Ars longa, vita brevis*, indeed. Elizabeth Berridge, as unseemly Constanze, the landlady's daughter who became Mozart's kittenish, commonplace wife, takes a bit of getting used to, because Forman habitually casts as if to challenge our expectations; yet Jeffrey Jones, as Emperor Joseph II, is a wry delight. *Amadeus in toto* makes demands on an audience but also rewards it tenfold as a



Hulce and Berridge enjoying premarital foreplay in *Amadeus*, a grand musical extravaganza.

Amadeus, a grand musical wallow for Mozart fans; Tanya's stunning as Sheena.



Roberts answers the call of the wild.

movie bio brimful of imagination, complexity and sublime art. **YYY½**

Perennially promising as well as versatile, writer-director John Sayles has written screenplays for such potboilers as *Piranha* and *The Howling* while burnishing his reputation as an up-and-away young film maker with such semihits as *The Return of the Secaucus Seven* and *Baby, It's You*. Sayles's *The Brother from Another Planet* (Cinecom International) is typically offbeat, original and meandering. The bits are better than the whole, but many of the bits—as usual when Sayles feels his imagi-

nation freed by a penny-ante budget—are choice. The titular brother is a black dude from outer space who crash-lands in New York Harbor, near Ellis Island, and proceeds to tour the city, encountering Rastafarians, barflies, backslapping honkies, a sexy night-club *chanteuse* (Dee Dee Bridgewater) and a pair of ruthless bounty hunters from his own planet (one of them played by Sayles himself). Joe Morton is endearing in the title role, never speaking and carefully concealing his out-of-this-world odd feet ("You're gonna have to *do* something with them toenails," notes Dee Dee after a down-to-earth night of love). It's an urban, underground, Third World answer to *E.T.* and good for kicks if you don't go in expecting too much. **YY**

There's got to be something right about an adventure movie so confidently tongue in cheek that a wild jungle woman asks her lover, a New York TV journalist, to describe such wonders of civilization as that watering hole "where the jackals eat . . . '21.'" Who could ask for anything more of *Sheena* (Columbia), whose comic-strip heroine is played with high energy by stunning Tanya Roberts? Ted Wass is the white male Manhattanite who finds her in the wilderness, where African politics, greed and intrigue threaten to spoil an Eden of innocence. Shot on location in Kenya, *Sheena* is pure malarkey, though thoroughly enjoyable when the camera gallops alongside to ogle Tanya, bareback on a zebra, upstaging thousands of acres of truly spectacular scenery. **YY½**

A real town named Pontiac, Illinois, stands in for *Grandview, U.S.A.* (Warner),

BENSON & HEDGES

Deluxe 100 Sweepstakes



6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '84.

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

BENSON

America's favorite sweepstakes has brought together the most deluxe collection of prizes in its history.

What do you consider deluxe? 100 inches of mink? 100 ounces of caviar? 100 points of rubies? Or 100 hours of windsurfing in Tahiti*?



1. 100 in. mink coat



2. 100 oz. caviar



3. 100 pts. rubies



4. 100 hrs. Tahiti windsurfing*



5. 100 porcelain flowers



6. 100 lbs. projection TV



7. 100 hrs. on chartered yacht*



8. 100 yr. old music box



9. 100 sq. ft. screened gazebo



10. 100 in. ski equipment



11. 100 chocolate truffles



12. 100 linzer tortes



13. 100 sq. ft. Oriental rug



14. 100 pts. diamond solitaire



15. 100 mysteries on the Orient Express*



16. 100 cassettes & a car stereo



17. 100 \$10 traveler's checks



18. 100 great literary works



19. 100 petit fours



20. 100 gals. ice cream



21. 100 silver dollars



22. 100 bath oil beads



23. 100% cashmere coat



24. 100 collector's stamps



25. 100 mos. safe deposit box



26. 100 yr. old Chinese vase



27. 100 oz. down comforter



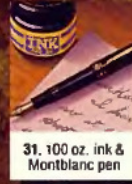
28. 100 hrs. at racquetball club



29. 100 yr. old sherry



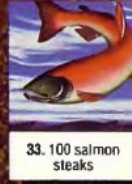
30. 100 castles & cottages on the Rhine*



31. 100 oz. ink & Montblanc pen



32. 100 cu. in. designer luggage



33. 100 salmon steaks



34. 100 lbs. Surf Jet®



35. 100 pcs. sushi in Tokyo*



36. 100 shares mutual fund



37. 100 min. in chartered plane



38. 100 mm. crystal sculpture



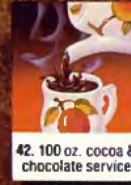
39. 100 tennis balls & machine



40. 100 yr. old ship's decanter



41. 100 oz. inlaid chess set



42. 100 oz. cocoa & chocolate service



43. 100 wks. mortgage payments (up to \$6,000)



44. 100 yr. old brass andirons



45. 100 cases mineral water



46. 100 oz. digital stereo



47. 100 yr. old secretary



48. 100 in. Japanese screen



49. 100 chips at Monte Carlo*



50. 100 cartons B&H Deluxe 100's



51. 100 rolls film & underwater camera



52. 100 Dutch bulbs

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



53. 100 mos. fresh fruit



54. 100 lbs. macadamia nuts



55. 100 yds. privet hedge



56. 100 oz. home security system

Ultra Lights: 6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine— Lights: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine— 100's: 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.

& HEDGES

Here's your chance to win your choice of any of the Deluxe 100 Sweepstakes, featuring the 100 richest prizes we've ever offered.

As always, you are invited to enter once or enter 100 times. There's never been a better chance to put a little deluxe in your life.



57. 100 minuets & a spinet



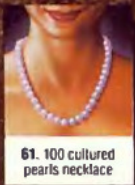
58. 100 min. at the Vienna Opera*



59. 100 ft. track & an electric train



60. 100 hrs. maid service



61. 100 cultured pearls necklace



62. 100 lbs. croquet equipment



63. 100 programs & computer



64. 100 yds. silk scarves



65. 100 lbs. brass bed



66. 100 hrs. horseback riding



67. 100 pc. stained glass window



68. 100 bottles French champagne



69. 100 Delft tiles



70. 100 lbs. filet mignon



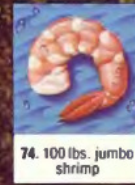
71. 100 tins imported tea



72. 100 flints & gold plated lighter



73. 100 towels & a steam bath



74. 100 lbs. jumbo shrimp



75. 100 bottle wine cellar



76. 100 pcs. silver flatware



77. 100 gourmet foods (in a basket)



78. 100 grams French perfume



79. 100 oz. potpourri



80. 100 boxes mono-grammed stationery



81. 100 pears & crystal bowl



82. 100 qts. vichyssoise



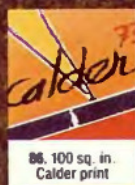
83. 100 calling cards & attache



84. 100 days garden service



85. 100 qts. water & whirlpool



86. 100 sq. in. Calder print



87. 100 hrs. golf at Pebble Beach*



88. 100 blades & a sterling razor



89. 100 yds. Irish linen



90. 100 hrs. chauffeured limo



91. 100 in. velvet loveseat



92. 100 oz. pâté de foie gras



93. 100 oz. silver candelabra



94. 100 hrs. secretarial service



95. 100 in. top hat & tails



96. 100 links gold chain necklace



97. 100 yr. old butler's tray



98. 100 in. Ford Mustang L



99. 100 oysters Rockefeller



100. 100 ft. red carpet

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. Write the number of the sweepstakes you wish to enter in the space provided on the official entry blank, or on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper.
2. Hand print your name, address and zip code on your entry, include with it the bottom panels from two packs of Benson & Hedges 100's, Benson & Hedges Lights, or Benson & Hedges Deluxe Ultra Lights, Regular or Menthol, or the words "BENSON & HEDGES DELUXE 100 SWEEPSTAKES" hand printed on a plain piece of paper.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per envelope. Each envelope must be mailed separately to BENSON & HEDGES DELUXE 100 SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 3638, Syosset, N.Y. 11775. Entries must be received by February 28, 1985.
4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left hand corner.
5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. One prize to a family. Tax liability is responsibility of individual winners. In lieu of prize, winner may elect to receive a cash award of \$200.**
6. Sweepstakes open to U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of PHILIP MORRIS, INC., its advertising agencies, and DON JAGODA ASSOCIATES, INC. Subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Michigan and wherever else prohibited, restricted or taxed.
7. For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Benson & Hedges Winners' List, P.O. Box 3762, Syosset, N.Y. 11775.

BENSON & HEDGES

Deluxe 100 Sweepstakes

P.O. Box 3638, Syosset, New York 11775

I've read the rules carefully and I've chosen my Sweepstakes. The Sweepstakes number is _____ and the prize is _____

Name _____
 Address _____ (Please Print)
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

an engagingly unpretentious B movie directed by Randal (*The Blue Lagoon*) Kleiser. Jamie Lee Curtis, having relinquished her title as scream queen of the horror flicks, more and more comes into her own as an authentic star presence. Here, she pretty handily takes charge as a single-minded small-town gal who operates a stock-car racing arena. She also juggles relationships with a restless teenager (C. Thomas Howell) and an unhappily married race-car driver (Patrick Swayze) whose errant wife and her lover are into bondage (Jennifer Jason Leigh and Troy Donahue play the illicit couple, looking fit to be tied). *Grandview* constitutes easy-to-take Americana at the blue-collar level, with local characters, local color and no message—except, perhaps, that there is life after the demolition derby. **★★½**

One might argue that *Purple Rain* (Warner) is more a flashy collection of music-video segments than a real movie, but the argument pales beside the screen presence of Prince. He plays a pop singer on the way up in Minneapolis, with the ravishing Apollonia Kotero as the sexy lady he likes best. *Purple Rain's* plot could be inscribed on the head of a pin, except for its disturbing implication that women may dig being slapped around. But when Prince is "on," he is magnetic as well as credible, with or without a hard-driving musical score that makes *Rain* simultaneously a concert, a turn-on and a fantastically entertaining showcase—proof positive that Prince is just as electric as, and far less androgynous than, some of his heavy competition. Michael Jackson, move over. **★★★**

Little people with impossible dreams are *The Goodbye People* (Embassy), portrayed by Martin Balsam, Judd Hirsch and Pamela Reed. Balsam is Max, an old man with a bad heart who yearns to reopen his defunct hot-dog stand at Coney Island; Hirsch plays a would-be artist with a dull job and \$20,000 to invest in Max's folly; and Reed is Max's estranged daughter, who has had a nose job to help change her future. This talkative trio, huddling at the beach, engages in conversations that are rather long on whimsy. There's a kind of staginess, too, in their exits and entrances, revealing the theatrical origins of *Goodbye People* as a play by Herb Gardner (who also wrote *A Thousand Clowns*). Gardner, here making his debut as a movie director, has a long way to go as a film maker; still, his performers are compelling, his heart's in the right place and his photographed play retains lots of feisty urban charm. **★★½**

The wrath of God often bedevils the inhabitants of rural Texas in *Places in the Heart* (Tri-Star), writer-director Robert Benton's dusty down-home valentine to plain folk who survived the Great Depression and other ills that flesh was heir to



Hirsch, Reed and Balsam say Goodbye.

Three new screen presences to reckon with: Prince, Apollonia Kotero and Kelly LeBrock.



Sally Field toughs it out in *Places in the Heart*.

back in 1935. Benton's heroine is Edna, a slain sheriff's young widow with two kids to feed—the kind of feisty part that allows Sally Field to lift up her head, set her jaw and hire an itinerant black man (Danny Glover, almost stealing the show) to help her plant cotton, by crickey. She also takes in a blind boarder (John Malkovich). While Edna's trying to make ends meet, there's trouble with tornadoes and the Ku Klux Klan, not to mention marital infidelity among her next of kin (Lindsay Crouse, Ed Harris and Amy Madigan occupy that stormy triangle). Such a catalog of woes may sound soap-operatic, yet Benton, dealing honestly with real people, makes the spirit of Bible Belt America come alive, all homely virtues, vices and simple humanity. "Love thy neighbor" is the not-very-trendy theme, belted out by an ensemble of actors apt to win you over whether you like it or not. **★★★**

In Glasgow, Scotland, an early-morn d.j. known to his listeners as Dickie Bird gets deeply involved in local territorial

Wars between two rival families of mobsters in the ice-cream business. While they're vandalizing each other's trucks, Dickie Bird's life turns out to be "the wrong flavor." His live-in ladyfriend moves out just before Christmas, pausing only long enough to put lights on the tree and taking most of the furnishings with her. "Everything here is *you*," notes a doctor friend as he and our hero contemplate a nearly empty flat. That about sums up the quirky tone and substance of *Comfort and Joy* (Universal), another irresistibly winsome comedy from Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth. As the hapless d.j., Bill Paterson is wonderfully believable. *Comfort and Joy* doesn't quite measure up to Forsyth's *Local Hero* but still ranks high as another fresh, bright and beguiling chapter in the continuing Forsyth saga. **★★★**

Supermodel Kelly LeBrock makes her knockout screen debut as *The Woman in Red* (Orion) opposite Gene Wilder, who also rewrote and directed this Americanized, homogenized and vulgarized new version of a 1977 French comedy called *Pardon Mon Affaire*. Except for launching LeBrock's movie career and leaping over the language barrier, Wilder's remake chalks up more losses than gains. Jean Rochefort was subtler as well as funnier in the role overplayed by Wilder of a stolid married businessman whose impulsive infatuation with a gorgeous model leads him from mishap to mishap. Charles Grodin, Joseph Bologna, Gilda Radner and Judith Ivey head the rescue squad of supporting players, none quite able to score a save. **★★**

Lesbianism is closely linked with feminism in *The Bostonians* (Almi), director James Ivory's movie version of a Henry James novel that was considered scandalous when it first appeared, nearly 100 years ago. Times have changed. Thus, the crusader for women's rights—portrayed by Vanessa Redgrave with such missionary fervor that she seems perpetually moved to tears—is more tiresome than shocking nowadays, and Ruth Praver Jhabvala's reverent adaptation adds very little excitement to the enterprise. There's also some casting difficulty in the choice of Madeleine Potter as the firebrand young feminist, Verena, whose flamboyant public speeches are supposed to be spellbinding. Miss Potter is too mild-mannered to manage the role, which creates problems for Christopher Reeve as the dashing Basil Ransom, a Southern gent who's supposed to woo her away from the podium with heady heterosexual passion while Vanessa all but swoons. According to this interpretation, a woman is far better off in a good man's bed than on a soapbox. Within its emphatically old-fashioned framework, *Bostonians* is intelligent and impeccably made but too bookish for the big screen. **★★**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

- The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai** Screwed-up space spoof. ♣
- All of Me** Steve Martin's body joins Lily Tomlin's soul—for laughs. ♣♣♣½
- Amadeus** (See review) Milos Forman's Mozart bio, brilliantly filmed. ♣♣♣½
- Best Defense** A comic misfire, with Murphy (Eddie) and Moore (Dudley). ♣
- The Bostonians** (See review) Feminist flap according to Henry James. ♣♣
- The Brother from Another Planet** (See review) E.T., bro. ♣♣
- Careful He Might Hear You** Strong Aussie drama about custody battle. ♣♣♣½
- Carmen** The Bizet opera's classic bitch paired with Placido Domingo's perfect pitch. Object: aural sex. ♣♣♣
- Choose Me** Director Alan Rudolph's rueful barroom ballad about luv. ♣♣½
- Cloak & Dagger** Amiable little-league espionage, with Henry Thomas, abetted by Dabney Coleman. ♣♣½
- Comfort and Joy** (See review) Forsyth strikes again . . . well, a near-hit. ♣♣♣
- Electric Dreams** Touted as a computer fairy tale but short-circuited. ♣♣
- First Name: Carmen** Enough already. The lady needs a rest. ♣
- The Gods Must Be Crazy** Slapstick comedy from Botswana, of all places. ♣♣½
- The Goodbye People** (See review) Filmed play by Herb Gardner. Stagy. ♣♣½
- Grandview, U.S.A.** (See review) Jamie Lee Curtis, with nothing to fear. ♣♣½
- Heart of the Stag** Woolly drama of incest on a sheep ranch. ♣♣
- The Hidden Fortress** Lucas' *Star Wars* was inspired by this Japanese epic, seminal samurai stuff from Kurosawa. ♣♣♣½
- Old Enough** New York teeny-boppers bravely facing puberty blues. ♣♣♣
- Places in the Heart** (See review) Robert Benton's heart is deep in Texas. ♣♣♣
- Purple Rain** (See review) Prince's movie debut is a royal occasion. ♣♣♣
- Revenge of the Nerds** The worms' turn in a madcap college romp. ♣♣
- Sam's Son** Uh-huh, Michael Landon's movie bio. Bring back *Amadeus*. ♣♣
- Sheena** (See review) Tanya Roberts in Kenya on a zebra looks like reason enough to preserve our wildlife. ♣♣½
- Swann in Love** Jeremy Irons with Ornella Muti, summarizing Proust. ♣♣
- Tightrope** A cop's identity crisis vis-à-vis a vicious killer. Nice work by Clint Eastwood in a minor key. ♣♣½
- Top Secret!** The guys who launched *Airplane!* put spy stories into orbit. ♣♣♣
- The Woman in Red** (See review) Beautiful Kelly LeBrock is the only reasonable excuse for this remake. ♣♣

♣♣♣♣ Don't miss ♣♣ Worth a look
♣♣♣ Good show ♣ Forget it



CANADIAN MIST

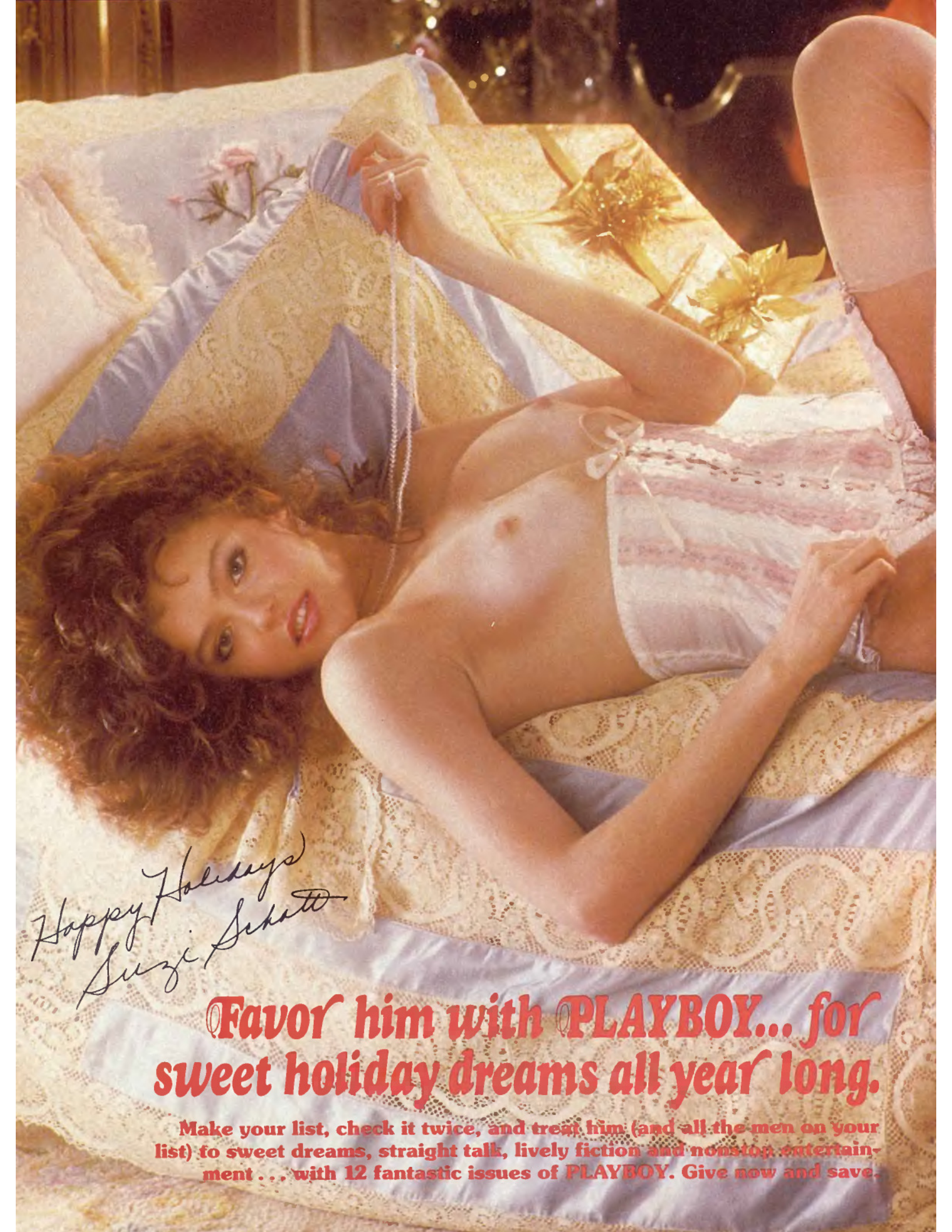


CANADA AT ITS BEST.

LIGHT, SMOOTH, MELLOW.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT GARIBALDI LAKE, CANADA

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD. LOUISVILLE, KY. CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF © 1984

A woman with voluminous, curly brown hair is lying on a bed. She is wearing a white lace-trimmed corset with pink and white horizontal stripes. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The bed has a white lace-trimmed sheet and a blue and white striped pillow. Several wrapped gifts with gold ribbons are scattered around her. The background is softly lit, suggesting a holiday setting.

*Happy Holidays
Suzi Schatt*

Favor him with  PLAYBOY... for sweet holiday dreams all year long.

Make your list, check it twice, and treat him (and all the men on your list) to sweet dreams, straight talk, lively fiction and nonstop entertainment... with 12 fantastic issues of PLAYBOY. Give now and save.

GIVE MORE/SAVE MORE

\$22 first 12-issue gift
(Save \$16.00*)

\$20 for each additional gift
(Save \$18.00*)

Send a 12-issue
subscription to: _____
(please print)

My Name _____
(please print)

Address _____ Apt. _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Enter additional subscriptions on separate sheet.

Please complete the following:

- Start or renew my own subscription.
- I am enclosing \$_____ for _____ subscriptions.
- Bill me after January 1, 1985.

*Based on \$38.00 newsstand price.
Rates apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., APO-FPO addresses only.
Canadian gift rates: First gift, \$27; additional gifts, \$25.

Mail your order to:

PLAYBOY
Dept. 7ABF6
P.O. Box 2523
Boulder, Colorado 80322

For each gift of PLAYBOY,
you will receive this
special Gift Card to
send to your friends.



Or Order by Phone
24 Hours a Day.

Call TOLL-FREE 1-800-228-3700.

(Except in Nebraska, Alaska, Hawaii.
In Nebraska only, call 1-800-642-8788.)

7ABF6

COMING ATTRACTIONS

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Sissy Spacek and Kevin Kline have been set to co-star in Columbia's *Violets Are Blue*, a contemporary love story about an award-winning photojournalist who returns to her New England home town after a 15-year absence and has an affair with her married former boyfriend. . . . **Tom Selleck** will top-line Tri-Star's *Runaway*, an action adventure about a dedicated police sergeant in pursuit of a killer who uses electronic gadgetry to murder his victims. **Michael Crichton**, who wrote the screenplay, will direct. . . . **Robin Williams** has been cast in the lead of Embassy Pictures' *Perfect Partners*, the story of a San Francisco street performer who dons a number of disguises in an attempt to gain custody of his young daughter. . . . CBS has ordered a sequel to its popular miniseries *George Washington*. The follow-up will focus on Washington's Presidency. Also on the agenda at CBS is an eight-to-12-hour miniseries on Napoleon. No casting information was available at presstime.

MONSTER MASH: Hollywood's remake roster continues with Columbia's *The Bride*, based on the original *Bride of Frankenstein*, probably the oddest boy-meets-girl tale ever spun. Odder yet are the casting choices for the new version—**Sting**, lead singer of The Police, will play Baron von Frankenstein (**Colin Clive's** role in the 1935 version) and **Jennifer Beals** will co-star in the **Elsa Lanchester** role as the monster's mate. The flick will stick to the original story—the baron creates a female bride for his male creature (played by 6'5" **Clancy Brown**) and must suffer the consequences when he falls in love with his own creation. Set for a summer-of-1985 release, *The Bride* will be directed by **Franc Roddam** (*Quadrophenia*) and photographed on location in France and in London.

MYSTERY MEAT: Hollywood seems to have rediscovered the mystery novel, a classic source of film material. **Elmore Leonard's** *Stick* will soon be brought to the big screen and plans are also under way to film **Gregory McDonald's** *Fletch*. **Chevy Chase** will star as the newspaper reporter turned sleuth who, while posing as a beach bum, stumbles upon an intricate murder case. Taking on various disguises and assumed identities, our hero pursues his clues from ritzy tennis clubs to pig farms, from a Utah realtor's office to a Legionnaires' banquet. Author McDonald, upon hearing of plans to film his novel, reportedly phoned Chase and said, "Delighted to abdicate the role of Fletch to you. Pretending to be attractive, charming, witty and energetic all



Johnny Dangerously, starring (from left, above) **Joe Piscopo**, **Michael Keaton** and **Marilu Henner**, essays to do for gangster films what *Blazing Saddles* did for Westerns. The spoof is due on screen at Christmastime. Earlier in December, we should see **Tom Selleck** and **Cynthia Rhodes** as cops fighting an evil electronics genius in *Runaway* (below left), as well as **Richard Gere** and **Diane Lane** in **Francis Coppola's** eagerly awaited *The Cotton Club* (below right).



these years has been a terrible strain on me." Directed by **Michael Ritchie**, *Fletch* co-stars **Joe Don Baker** and **Tim Matheson**.

IN-LAW TO OUTLAWS: The long-awaited reteaming of **Alan Arkin** and **Peter Falk** (whose last pairing was in *The In-Laws*) is finally under way in *Big Trouble*. This time, Arkin plays a hard-working insurance salesman who is trying to scrape together enough money to send his three sons to Yale. Enter Falk and **Beverly D'Angelo** with a harebrained scheme to bilk a big, conservative insurance firm headed



by staid **Robert Stack** and the result is screwball comedy. Directed by **John Cassavetes** from a screenplay by *In-Laws*' scripter **Andrew Bergman**, the movie also features **Charles Durning** as a wily insurance investigator and **Paul Dooley** as "an inadvertent near witness," whatever that is.

CLASS ACT: PBS' *American Playhouse* has big plans for its fourth season. Leading off with **Lynne Littman's** acclaimed *Testament*, the roster includes works by **William Faulkner**, **F. Scott Fitzgerald**, **Jean Shepherd**, **Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.**, and **James Baldwin**.



FIT FOR LIFE

DP Gympac™— America's most popular and complete home gym. With over 50 professional exercises to shape, slim, strengthen, build weight or aerobically condition your entire body. DP Gympac, the fast, efficient way to become fit for life. At sports outlets everywhere. Extra Weights and DP Free-Standing Accessory available.

For free illustrated product brochure, clip and mail to DP:

Name _____
Address _____ State _____ Zip _____
City _____

America's Leader in Fitness.
Diversified Products
309 Williamson Ave., Dept. 03
Opelika, AL 36802



By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

IN THE BEST of all possible worlds, travel is supposed to provide an escape from a pressure-filled, overpopulated world. But reality all too often decrees that those crowds are headed for the same tropical climes you're headed for, so the dream of peace and solitude is frequently elusive.

It need not be so. There are private worlds that *are* private: exclusive sun spots where incursions by outsiders are literally impossible. These are isolated enclaves where the boundaries of a single resort are precisely those of the island itself.

This is the world of private resort islands, where the guest lists are closely guarded and the rooms are likely to be occupied by captains of industry, princes of the realm or high-profile celebrities eager to escape the rigors of their renown. If the names of the individual islands don't instantly ring a bell, it's because these are places that don't have to advertise—and might lose their regulars if they did. The islands are also easy to miss when you're scanning a map of the Bahamas or the Caribbean. And even when you've found one of them—a good magnifying glass really helps—it can be still more difficult to reach than it was to find.

Habitues of high-rise hotels on other islands may initially wonder why otherwise sane vacationers would willingly pay as much as \$425 a night for accommodations that routinely lack room telephones or color television sets. Even air conditioning can be a sometime thing, but the whir of an overhead fan can more than make up for the lack of cooled air. Summoning room service by raising a flag outside one's room makes the absence of chrome-lined coffee shops entirely bearable.

There are few organized activities; after all, that's the point. With an entire island at his disposal, a guest can do exactly as he pleases—usually without having to consider the sensibilities of his fellow guests. There may be a tennis court or two, a boat dock or a yacht moored in a sheltered cove. Water sports—swimming, snorkeling, sailing, windsurfing or just floating on the aquamarine water—are the major daytime activities.

And if ever there were a perfect place for romance under the tropical skies, this kind of very private hideaway is it. A moonlight walk on uninhabited sands, good brandy sipped beneath stars that seem close enough to touch and as much (or as little) comradeship with other guests as you want—a private island resort can give you a whole new perspective on nighttime strolls.

Clearly, this kind of sumptuous simplicity is not for the fiercely budget-conscious; but although the prices are steep, the higher rates cover everything—bed,



THE ULTIMATE ISLANDS

Posh privacy for those who want to get away from it all—and are willing to pay for it.

board, sports and most extras. Prices quoted below are for low season (about April 15 to December 15, though not all are open year round) and for high season (usually December 15 to April 15), per day, double occupancy. Reservations must be made, and there are two best times to make them: as much as a year in advance or ten minutes in advance; yes, last-minute cancellations do happen. Although no two of these island resorts are exactly alike, they all share a dedication to the conspicuous enjoyment of the *very good life*.

Guana Island Club, British Virgin Islands: A maximum of 30 guests are lodged in white-washed, Aegean-style cottages clinging to the central ridge of a green, hilly, 850-acre island. "Comfortably rustic atmosphere, lots of space and privacy" are what's advertised—and delivered. Groups of as many as 30 people can rent the entire island for a once-in-a-lifetime group holiday. The resort/island is a ten-minute launch ride from Beef Island International Airport on Tortola.

Information: Guana Island Club, Timber Trail, Rye, New York 10580; 914-967-6050. Low season, \$215; high season, \$295; all meals included.

Long Island, Antigua: Very new and very elegant; a place that manages to be both posh and laid back. This season, no more than 56 coddled guests will have 300 acres

all to themselves, and the 200-year-old estate house boasts a praiseworthy dining room. Twenty-eight pretty villa suites are endowed with such luxuries as custom-made soap, thick beach robes and rum and cola in the fridge. Long Island lies 15 minutes (by launch) off Antigua's north shore.

Information: Resorts Management, The Carriage House, 201½ East 29th Street, New York, New York 10016; 212-696-4566 or 800-225-4255. Low, \$225; high, \$425; all meals and drinks included.

Marina Cay, British Virgin Islands: Only six acres, this is a favorite of nautical types, who find the breezy atmosphere and limitless views very much like those aboard ship. The A-frame chalets are undergoing replacement, and eight brand-new cottages should be in operation this season. Ferry service from Beef Island International Airport takes only five minutes.

Information: First Resort Corporation, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; 212-689-3048 or 800-235-3505. Low, \$145/\$245; high, \$210/\$350; breakfast and dinner included.

Meridian Club, Turks and Caicos: The club dominates quietly exclusive Pine Cay, which is fabled for its unspoiled natural beauty. There's a knockout beach that's a perfect launching strand for all sorts of water sports—and for excursions to Haiti. A dozen smart guest rooms and several private homes provide the guest accommodations. Getting to the island involves an hour-and-a-half flight from Miami and a ten-minute air taxi from Providenciales.

Information: Harriet Stehlin, Meridian Club, Box 350367, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33315; 305-523-3134 or 800-327-3139. Low, \$125; high, \$160; no meals included.

Palm Island Beach Club, Grenadines: Once upon a time, there was a bald-topped atoll called Prune Island (still this island's legal *nom d'île*), but the Caldwells planted lots of palm trees and opened their unique resort in 1967. Twenty-four cottages line stunning Casuarina Beach, and additions and improvements seem to crop up every year. The only drawbacks are the weekly picnic landings by the cruise liner Sun Princess; that's when regular guests retreat to one of the resort's four other beaches. Access is via a 45-minute flight from Barbados to nearby Union Island, followed by a 20-minute launch ride.

Information: Palm Island, St. Vincent and the Grenadines, West Indies; 809-458-4804. Low, \$140; high, \$220; all meals included.

Peter Island Hotel, British Virgin Islands: Although this 675-acre resort covers only about half of its island, the rest is divided between only two private homes. The reigning rule is simple: Provide the very best of everything—especially sports support. The first-rate marina is the center

for sailing, windsurfing, snorkeling, scuba diving, fishing and yachting. There's a delightful choice of beaches; horseback riding, bicycling and four tennis courts add to the sporting menu. Guests choose from 32 redone A-frame rooms or 20 brand-new beach houses overlooking Deadman Bay.

Information: Resorts Management, The Carriage House, 201½ East 29th Street, New York, New York 10016; 212-696-4566 or 800-225-4255. Low, \$195; high, \$325/\$395; breakfast and dinner included.

Petit St. Vincent, Grenadines: Here you choose from 22 handsome stone villas set on hillsides or beside the sea. Room service arrives by jeep, summoned by the raising of a yellow flag on the staff next to your cottage. Lots of sports opportunities are scattered around the 113-acre preserve, and lantern-lit dinners and Wednesday-night "jump-ups" are the prime nighttime activities. There's a 45-minute flight from Barbados to Union Island and a half-hour launch ride after that.

Information: Petit St. Vincent, Box 12506, Cincinnati, Ohio 45212; 513-242-1333; collect calls accepted. Low, \$220; high, \$400; all meals included.

Walker's Cay Hotel, Bahamas: First it was rumrunners who dominated this 96-acre cay, followed by sport fishermen in abundance. At the moment, scuba divers seem to hold sway, and there's a 75-slip marina and a certified dive center to help guests explore the amazing underwater scenery. It's a one-hour flight from Fort Lauderdale or a 20-minute flight from Freeport on Grand Bahama Island.

Information: Walker's Cay, 700 S.W. 34th Street, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33315; 800-432-2092 or 800-327-3714. \$150 year-round; meals included.

Young Island, St. Vincent: Only 25 acres, but this islet is the most romantically picturesque of the lot. Thirty villas of the South Seas variety are tucked into hills and set along the shore. Hammocks hang along the beach, and there are a lagoon pool and a tennis court with a view. Located only 200 yards off the south shore of St. Vincent, the island/resort is reached by ferry.

Information: Ralph Locke, 315 East 72nd Street, New York, New York 10021; 212-628-8149. Low, \$155; high, \$270; breakfast and dinner included.

One last note: A tenth island worth investigating is **Navy Island**, anchored between Port Antonio's twin harbors off the island of Jamaica. We haven't yet found an excuse to visit this onetime fiefdom of swashbuckling Errol Flynn, but the new owner, Jamaica Island Resorts Ltd., promises seven large studio cottages and four two-bedroom villas for guests scattered around the 60 acres. If you get there before me, let me know what you find.

Information: Navy Island, P.O. Box 188, Port Antonio, Jamaica; 809-993-2667. Low, \$50/\$110; high, \$85/\$150; no meals included; villa cost includes staff.

Break tradition.

Drink a Ronrico Rumkin instead.

Look, Halloween is as good a time as any to try something just a little bit different; something like a lively, luscious Ronrico Rumkin.

RONRICO RUMKIN™



1 oz. of Ronrico Rum
Orange juice
Dash of grenadine
Pour Ronrico Rum into a highball glass with ice cubes. Fill glass with orange juice. Add a splash of grenadine. Stir lightly.

After all, Ronrico is the spirit of Halloween. It's light and smooth, with a distinctive flavor that more than holds its own.

Just stir it up with orange juice and a splash of grenadine.

You'll find your only regret will be that Halloween comes but once a year.

80 PROOF • © 1984 GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.C.

RONRICO RUM



“This Magna

is a "woox?!"

This is a Magnavox, a Magnavox. Forgive the repetition, but as long as people have trouble associating a sleek, revolutionary Stereo Color TV with Magnavox, we can't be too careful.

Stereo TV is the biggest news since color TV. It's the sound of the future and it's right around the corner. Which is why your next TV ought to be the 19" Magnavox Stereo Color TV. It's completely ready for stereo with a built-in decoder.

Along with our best 19" picture (our high resolution filter sharpens detail as nothing else can), this Magnavox TV is equipped with a stereo amplifier, two woofers and tweeters. Everything it needs to deliver the sweeping grandeur of on-the-scene

stereo sound.

In addition, the Magnavox Stereo TV receives 125 channels, including cable. Rear panel connections hook up to anything from cable broadcasts to video recorders, to video games and external speakers.

The 19" Magnavox Stereo Color TV (along with 19 other stereo models) has all the makings of a complete home entertainment center. If you're big on entertainment, look for our whopping 25" stereo models. You'll know they're Magnavox. You can't miss them.



MAGNAVOX
America's best kept secret.



WHY SHIRLEY CHISHOLM DIDN'T RUN WITH MONDALE: INXS (pronounced "in excess"), above, is living up to its name, at least in the minds of certain Southwesterners who protested the group's song *Original Sin*, the lyrics of which are more or less about interracial dating. How nostalgic.

OLD NEW COUNTRY: It's always risky to predict good trends in the schizophrenic country-music field, but we seem to be witnessing a revival of the good ol' drinkin'-and-cheatin' songs that derive from Fifties hillbilly. George Jones and a few others had picked up the torch after Hank Williams fell and carried it steadfastly through the chaos of the crossover period. Now it can be handed on to the likes of Ricky Skaggs, John Anderson, George Strait and Reba McEntire. Moe Bandy's heartbreaker, *Motel Matches* (CBS), remains true to this new/old form, as does Mel McDaniel's *With Oklahoma Wind* (Capitol), both celebrating good old-fashioned depravity in the tradition of the truck-stop and roadside-tavern jukebox. This stuff is rich and rural and not the sort of music that goes well with low-calorie beer.

—WILLIAM HELMER

THE PACK IS BACK: Ah, sweet 16. The girls. The cars. Making out with the girls in the backs of the cars. What memories. Not too long ago, Allan Pepper and Stanley Snadowsky, who own The Bottom Line in New York, were sitting around, dredging up some of those memories, when they got to thinking about the music that had provided a backdrop for all that activity—stuff like *Then He Kissed Me*, *I Want to Love Him So Bad*, *Hanky Panky*, *Chapel of Love*. Then they called the woman who had co-written all those songs, Ellie Greenwich.

"For a long time, I had wanted to do a theatrical evening of Ellie's music," explained Pepper. Like many others, he had failed to lure her to the stage. But when tempted with the chance to frame her best-known works in a dramatic setting, Greenwich scrambled to finish new

material for Nona Hendryx, Cyndi Lauper and Clarence Clemons so she could begin assembling the half-play, half-concert *Leader of the Pack*.

For the first six months of the year, The Bottom Line showcased innumerable versions of *Leader of the Pack*. It is a revue that details the greening of Greenwich. In six years, from 1962 to 1968, she grew from a Levittown, New York, teenager who penned and recorded (on RCA) her first flop, *Cha Cha Charming*, to a budding talent under the direction of such "Brill Building Mafia" lords as Jerry Leiber, Mike Stoller and Phil Spector and ended up courting, marrying and divorcing her songwriting partner, Jeff Barry. Along the way, she managed to churn out tunes that have sold more than 25,000,000 records, and it is that music that makes *Leader of the Pack* so much fun. We're not talking nostalgia here, we're talking the best pop score to hit Broadway since *Dreamgirls*, now that the final edition of the play is, at this writing, due to open on Broadway.

Audiences there will be treated to Annie Golden (lead singer of The Shirts to rock aficionados; Jeanie in Milos Forman's *Hair* to moviegoers) blasting *Be My Baby* with a pout Ronnie Spector would kill for, then out-Turning Tina on *River Deep, Mountain High*. There's also Ula "Formerly of Bette Midler's Harlettes" Hedwig, whose portrayal of the young Ellie Greenwich is classically hilarious. But the showstopper is undisputedly Darlene Love. Darlene, as rock triviaists know, was the voice behind The Crystals and Bob B. Soxx and the Blue Jeans in the Sixties, and struck gold many times with Ellie's songs. Rescued from the oblivion of being the lounge entertainment on a love-boat cruise from

California to Mexico, Darlene re-creates her original magic on *Wait till My Bobby Gets Home* and *Today I Met the Boy I'm Gonna Marry*. There's a bonus, too: Paul (Late Night with David Letterman) Shaffer does a cameo as Phil Spector. It's wonderful.

Liz McCann, whose production company, McCann & Nugent, is responsible for the uptown transplant, had seen *Leader of the Pack* in its initial incarnation. She had been completely unfamiliar with Ellie Greenwich and her music but felt compelled to bring the show to Broadway because, as she said, "I left there feeling so happy." It's a reaction the general public is guaranteed to share, even if sweet 16 is long gone.

—BARBARA PEPE

REVIEWS

Where do they find them, the girls with the high, clear, country voices? It's been a few years since someone with cords the caliber of Emmylou's has shown up—and now we have two. The first time we heard sisters Debi and Megan Smith, we became fans. We are in good company. Their debut album, *Bluebird* (Flying Fish, 1304 W. Schubert, Chicago, Illinois 60614), was produced by Merle Watson, with Doc sitting in on backup. The album is a mix of traditional songs and originals by Debi. We look forward to an encore.

We're not that high on greatest-hits albums in general. We do admit to occasional bias—say, toward a Motown collection or, in this case, *Rewind* (Rolling

TRUST US



HOT

A Flock of Seagulls / The Story of a Young Heart

Rubén Blades / Buscando América
Hoodoo Gurus / Stoneage Romeos
Jools Holland Meets Rock'A'Boogie Billy
The Heath Brothers / Brothers & Others



NOT

Grim Reaper / See You in Hell

FAST TRACKS

Stones). Listening to the Stones do *Beast of Burden* or *Waiting on a Friend* one more time is our idea of emotional rescue.

Sunday in the Park with George (RCA Red Seal) is, in every way, the state of the art. Recorded by Thomas Z. Shepard in digital (and available on CDs in addition to records and tapes), its sound quality is superb. The singers, in a cast headed by Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters, are individually and collectively excellent. James Lapine's book and direction are splendid. And then there's the score. To say this is Stephen Sondheim's finest work (thus far) would lead many people to conclude that this is up there with the best musicals ever written—a conclusion with which we heartily agree. If you're a connoisseur of the American musical theater, this album is a must. If you haven't purchased an original-cast recording since, say, *My Fair Lady* or *Evita*, you owe yourself the pleasure of exploring this Sondheim-Lapine masterpiece.

Thirty years after he put music aside, legendary clarinetist and bandleader Artie Shaw returns to the foreground via a most valuable document of his playing days, a four-volume package of previously unissued jazz, classical and live-concert material: **Artie Shaw—a Legacy** (Book-of-the-Month Records). Much of the significance of this release derives from 16 1954 recordings by Shaw's last group, an updated version of the Gramercy Five featuring Hank Jones (piano), Tommy Potter (bass), Tal Farlow (guitar), Joe Roland (vibraphone) and Irv Kluger (drums). Shaw investigates material from his past, original compositions and standards, revealing a complete grasp and mastery of jazz modernism. He and his colleagues play with verve, vision and unusual freedom and sensitivity. This package can be purchased only from Book-of-the-Month Records, Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012.

Sonny Rollins, a titan of the jazz tenor saxophone, brings the listener something of consequence just about every time out. **Sunny Days Starry Nights** (Milestone), though not his best recent album, has sufficient redeeming features to warrant close attention. Rollins dances delightfully through four of his own new calypsos, spicing the music with sharp and appealing rhythmic flavoring. On *Wynton*, his deeply melodic acknowledgment of a young, suddenly famous colleague, he offers a particularly thoughtful ballad performance. For his best work, however, we suggest the pulsing treatment of Noel Coward's *I'll See You Again*.

SHORT CUT

Massenet / Manon (Angel digital): Ileana Cotrubas and Alfredo Kraus do stylish justice to this gushy tearjerker. Nice recording, too.



THE MOUTH THAT ROARED DEPARTMENT: Poor Billy Idol. Wherever he goes, controversy follows. But that doesn't stop him from liping off. He misbehaved so badly during a radio show in Seattle that the station asked him to record an apology before leaving the studio. Then, on a live show for the BBC, Idol shook his fist and stormed out when asked to tone down his language. This comes as a shock to us, since we know an 11-year-old who went backstage at an Idol concert and was greeted with hugs. But, then, Billy's her idol.

PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC, WHITE BOY: We hear that **George Lucas** wants to take a year off to learn how to play electric guitar in a galaxy closer to home. No details yet of this guitar-wars epic.

REELING AND ROCKING: **Cyndi Lauper's** hit *Girls Just Want to Have Fun* will soon become a movie about a young woman from a small town who enters a dance contest, and you can guess the rest. . . . **Grace Jones** will have a role in the next **Roger Moore** James Bond film. She'll make a perfect villain. . . . **Olivia Newton-John** is looking for a film to counteract her Goody Two-shoes image. . . . **Kenny Rogers** will run *The Gambler III* up the old TV flagpole next spring.

NEWSBREAKS: We hear that **Fleetwood Mac** will be working together again before the end of the year. . . . Although **Frank Zappa** was unable to get his Broadway show *Thingfish* produced, its score will be released as an original-cast recording. *Thingfish* is about a disease disguised as a cologne being tried out on prisoners. It turns them into creatures with heads like potatoes and lips like ducks. You can see why Frank had trouble getting this on the legitimate stage. Other Zappa news: a seven-record set, *The Old Masters*, consisting of all the original **Mothers of Invention** albums from Verve Records, digitally remastered, and a new rock record, *Them or Us*, featuring performances by three of his kids. **Moon Unit** sings a song backward; when played forward, it's about exercise. Well, what did you expect? . . . **George Thorogood** is working on an album of original material, coproduced by **T-Bone Burnette** and **Steve Berlin**, due out any time now. . . . There will be a **Spinal Tap** book out this month, picking up the band's adventures where the movie left

off. . . . **Michael Jackson** has become a hot black-market item in China. Records, cassettes and video tapes are selling for as much as ten times their value. . . . **Carmen Rapisarda**, a California drummer and keyboard man, has invented lighted drumsticks that operate for 40 hours of playing. **Culture Club's** **Jon Moss**, **Slim Jim Phantom** of the **Stray Cats** and **Myron Grombacher** of **Pat Benatar's** band are all using the sticks in performance. Rapisarda says his next trick will be a lighted tambourine. . . . Here's an item that comes as no surprise: The Russians have banned **Boy George** from playing their shores, but Boy says, "I'm not going to give up. If I can persuade them to give me a visa, I'll be there like a shot." . . . A studio LP from **Van Morrison** is on the way. . . . It was inevitable that the trivia craze would take on the music biz. Coming later this year is *Billboard Magazine's* Top 40 Trivia Game, covering the period from 1955 to the present. One of the designers says, "The questions will focus mainly on music, as opposed to who's sleeping with whom." . . . Since **Sam and Dave's** **Sam Moore** did a duet with **Annie Lennox** last spring in concert, they've been talking about working together. An album is being discussed. . . . **Jermaine Jackson** is going to bat for **Pia Zadora** again. He'll produce her next album, as well as choose material and sing. . . . A cache of as many as 200 unpublished **Woody Guthrie** lyrics has been discovered by son **Arlo**, who has decided to write the music for them. Arlo says, "We never did get to write any songs together, and I've often wondered what it would have been like. Now, in a way, I'll be able to find out." Has anyone told **Bob Dylan** about this yet?

—BARBARA NELLIS





MARTINI & ROSSI. IN A GLASS BY ITSELF.
It's the light, sophisticated, deliciously different drink that stands alone.

In the early Seventies, Warren Murphy and Richard Sapir began a bimonthly paperback series, *The Destroyer*, in which a lunkheaded ex-cop named Remo was transformed into the world's most perfect specimen by a peevish ancient Korean assassin named Chiun. Most of the other vigilante crime busters then in vogue are sleeping the Big Sleep today. But Murphy and Sapir were shrewd enough to arm their heroes with a secret weapon—humor. It has seen them well through 58 hilarious adventures selling more than 23,000,000 copies, and a major feature film is in preproduction at Orion Pictures.

Twenty *Destroyers* ago, Sapir decided to concentrate on other projects (his most recent is the Doubleday hardcover *Spies*), and the saga has continued under Murphy's solo by-line. Anonymous writers were called in to lend a hand with the *Destroyers*. On 12 of the past 15 titles, Murphy's unheralded associate has been Molly Cochran, a petite brunette with a keen sense of humor whom he met at a book convention several years ago.

"Molly's a compicator, like Dick [Sapir]," Murphy explains. "Dick would write a wonderful 95 pages but no hint of what was to happen in the next 95—my 95. No outline, just characters and complications. I'm a good problem solver. A simplifier. And I always pick smart partners."

Cochran's flair for complexity is apparent in their latest effort, *Grandmaster*, the first of a new series that Pinnacle is releasing this month. The multilayered novel introduces a fascinating hero, a chess champion equally proficient in international espionage and Far East mysticism. While the book is darker and more serious than anything Murphy has tried before, it has flashes of his familiar humor and sly satire, including a delicious put-down of that pseudonymous fictioneer Trevanian, whose *Shibumi* territory *Grandmaster* successfully invades.

The Murphy-Cochran partnership obviously is working. Both of their names appear on the book and on a new marriage license as well. Will the wedded state change their professional relationship? Murphy says, "There's no ego involved here. When I change her stuff, quite correctly, she knows it's necessary. And when she changes my stuff, quite arbitrarily, I know that in her mistaken way, she thinks she is right." —DICK LOCHTE

When a Jewish boy is about to come of age, he learns Hebrew so that he can read and interpret a passage from the Torah. For his *bar mitzvah*, Joseph Heller has chosen the story of David. The result is *God Knows* (Knopf), a funny, irreverent take on the Old Testament. Our favorite line: "Like cunninglingus, tending sheep is dark and lonely work; but someone has to



Grandmaster is fun and games.

The Destroyer's creator begins the Grandmaster series; lots of new fiction ahead.



Pants-falling-down farce.

do it." Heller, the author of *Catch-22* and *Something Happened*, is at his best when he ridicules a chain of command—and, God knows, the Old Testament had one of the most ridiculous hierarchies around.

In his book *Three Degrees Above Zero* (Scribner's), *New Yorker* staff writer Jeremy Bernstein has exhaustively traced the development of the scientists, ideas and inventions that have earned Bell Laboratories the position as the pre-eminent research facility in the world. Through interviews and detailed, yet understandable, explanations, Bernstein provides a

history of the labs from the first trans-continental telephone call to the genesis of the big-bang theory of creation.

John Edgar Wideman and his brother Robby grew up in the Homewood ghetto in Pittsburgh's ugly heart. John is now a novelist and college professor. Robby is a convict, serving a life sentence for taking part in a felony murder. *Brothers and Keepers* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) is John's account of both brothers' struggle to understand how they came to be what they are today. Wideman does not suggest that Robby didn't deserve his conviction. He does imply that Robby's punishment has been cruel and unusual. What the American penal system provides—instead of rehabilitation, education or even simply immobilization—is the destruction of what little hope society afforded his brother in the first place. We have all heard about the prisoner's debt to society. *Brothers and Keepers* reveals what society offers as its part of the bargain: nothing.

Sorry, Flashman fans. In *The Pyrates* (Knopf), George MacDonald Fraser's latest book, England's Ace of Cads has taken French leave, and in his place is Captain Benjamin Avery, Royal Navy, on a quest to retrieve a priceless gold crown (crafted for the king of Madagascar, no less) stolen by the Brotherhood of the Coast (aaargh! The scruffiest band of bilge-breathed, hairy-drawered 17th Century brigands ever to plunder the Spanish Main). But while the Flashman books are all derring-do (especially in the bedroom), *The Pyrates* is a pants-falling-down farce with the characters behaving as though they were performing in a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. In the closing, Fraser confesses that his lifelong addiction to "pirates and blue water" compelled him to write *The Pyrates*. Now that you've slaked your thirst, George, how about doing something for the rest of us Flashmanaholics?

He's overeducated, undermotivated, hates his job that others would kill for, and his wife has left him. So what does he do? Bolivian marching powder, for starters. And he hangs out with his friend Tad Allagash, whose purpose is to have more fun than anyone else in New York. Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City* (Vintage) follows his narrator (who refers to himself with the pronoun you) as his plug gets completely yanked out of the socket. Think of it as a *Catcher in the Rye* for the M.B.A. set. That's a compliment. McInerney has written a smart, economical, beautiful first novel.

Most recently, Bill Granger's November Man fell in love and tried to drop out of the spy business; now he pays for his



BARCLAY

UNEXPECTED PLEASURE



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

Surprising richness, yet 99% tar-free.

C O L O R T R A K

HIGH PERFORMANCE
BY RCA.



IT'S NOT JUST A VIDEO MONITOR. IT'S A HIGH-PERFORMANCE TELEVISION RECEIVER.

Video monitors that are just video monitors are less than complete. Introducing the first and only video monitor that is also a Full Spectrum television receiver. Due to remarkable developments in audio and video technology, our high performance monitors for 1985 are the first consumer monitor/receivers to process 100% of the audio/video signal. All the color, all the sound, all the time. Bringing all the magic of life right into your



living room. What's more, RCA's Video Monitors come complete with built-in stereo broadcast receiver and speakers for an unsurpassed video experience. (Stereo sound dependent on TV broadcast signal.) Some RCA Monitors, like the one above, actually fit 25 inches of picture (measured diagonally) in about the space of a 19-inch set. And, last but not least, all of RCA's 16 ColorTrak 2000's for 1985 are, in fact, Video Monitors.

V I D E O M

A K 2 O O O

BACK BY
POPULAR DEMAND.



JACKS IN THE BACK DELIVER A BETTER PERFORMANCE UP FRONT. QUICKLY, EASILY, EFFICIENTLY.

The story behind RCA's Video Monitor helps you get the most from today's video products. As many as 29 rear input-output jacks allow you to bypass the set's antenna circuitry and plug RCA and other video and audio components directly into the chassis. The result is a cleaner, sharper picture from video components. Sound, too, is dramatically improved because audio jacks* permit direct hookup to stereo systems. Giving you cleaner, easier, more efficient

connections than complicated wire hookups. And, with RCA's exclusive Digital Command Center, you can run the whole show from across the room, switching from broadcast to VCR viewing. See the full array of RCA's multi-featured monitors at your RCA dealer. Or, for more information and a free copy of our "Living with Video" book (a \$2.50 retail value), write: RCA Consumer Electronics, Dept. 32-312BB, P.O. Box 7036, Indianapolis, IN 46207-7036.



TECHNOLOGY THAT EXCITES THE SENSES.

*Selected models.

O N I T O R

A SUCCESS STORY IN REVERSE.



In the past 10 years, nobody's sold more auto-reverse cassette decks than AKAI.

Because nobody builds bi-directional record/playback cassette decks like AKAI. Nobody.

Take our new GX-R66. You'll get a breathtaking frequency response of 20 to 19,000 Hz



± 3dB with any metal tape.

You'll also get our unique quick-reverse mechanism that pulls out all the stops in a scant 0.4 seconds. Plus an AKAI Twin Field Super GX

Head guaranteed for over 17 years of continuous play.

So write to: AKAI, P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224.

We'll take you and your music in a whole new direction.



audacity in *The Zurich Numbers* (Crown). Alone again, living under a new identity, waiting for the K.G.B. to find him, he stumbles onto "the numbers"—Poles who have enslaved themselves to the opposition in the hope of being reunited with their loved ones in free territory—and the "wintry-faced" spy stirs back to life. If he's going down, he'll give the K.G.B. and us something to remember him by.

It's just before the 1992 Presidential election and there are some very angry women out there. They're fed up with wife beaters, rapists, pornographers, child-support delinquents and others who prey on the fairer sex. So, as Lawrence Sanders, in *The Passion of Molly T.* (Putnam's), has it, they take matters into their own hands and form a cadre of girl guerrillas who beat up wife abusers, lynch rapists, bomb pornographers and machine-gun other similar unsavories. Their actions, of course, have tremendous political implications, and one particularly devious Senator decides to take umbrage at all this carnage as a calculated greased path to the Presidency. When it comes to real issues, Sanders is a weight watcher. He doesn't permit anything too heavy to get in the way of this lean cuisine. But it all works, in a strange way. And it's perfectly all right to let your girlfriend read this book.

More Good Old Stuff (Knopf) resurrects 14 of John D. MacDonald's short stories, originally published during the Forties and Fifties. Boy, are they corny. The good guy always wins and the bad guy always gets the crap beaten out of him. The prose is classic pulp: "The night heat was a violence that reflected up from the pavements. . . ." In a word, they're terrific. The MacDonald formula has acquired a little more sophistication with time, but there are some things you just can't improve upon.

BOOK BAG

The Commissar's Report (Houghton Mifflin), by Martyn Burke: A hilarious and twisted thriller. Burke's Russian spy is infatuated with American culture, from Cadillac convertibles to pink flamingos.

The Ultimate Quiz Book (Dutton), by Norman G. Hickman: Ah, the endless pursuit of trivia. Do you know the two smallest things mentioned in the Bible? More than 150 quizzes provide plenty of challenge and chuckles.

The Ink Truck (Viking), by William Kennedy: Viking hopes to capitalize on the success of Kennedy's prize-winning novel *Ironweed* by reissuing his first book—a funny, surrealistic story about a columnist enduring a yearlong newspaper strike. *The Ink Truck* can't touch *Ironweed*'s brilliance, but Kennedy fans will want to have a look.

Dexter. We make the shoes that make the clothes.



Dexter
Shoemakers to America

© 1984 Dexter Shoe Company, 31 St. James Avenue, Boston, MA 02116.

If this ad works, we're in a lot of trouble.



Because of a very limited supply of Impulses, we're hoping this ad doesn't work too well. We're hoping not too many people get excited about the Giorgio Giugiaro design. (That's why we made the picture so small.) Or the 55 features we offer as standard. (That's why we're not showing the inside of the car.)



We could tell you more, but we've probably told you too much already. Next thing you know, we'll be blurring out that the base price of an Impulse is under \$11,000*.

Oops.

Isuzu. Our wheels are always turning.



*\$10,898 manufacturer's suggested retail price, P.O.E., excluding tax, license, transportation and documentary fee.

Buckle up — for life!

Diet Quiz

Which has more calories (and alcohol):

1. 5 oz. white wine?
2. 5 oz. Bacardi® rum & diet Coke®?
(1 oz. Bacardi, 4 oz. diet Coke)



BACARDI AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED. © 1994 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FL. RUM 80 PROOF. "DIET COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

According to U.S. Dept. of Agriculture data, a 5-oz. serving of white wine contains 121 calories. It has an alcohol content of about 12.5%.

Based on data from the same source, a drink made of 1 oz. 80-proof Bacardi rum and 4 oz. diet Coke has only 66 calories. And its alcohol content is just 8%. So if you chose Bacardi and diet Coke, you're a winner.

BACARDI® rum.
Enjoy it
in moderation.

By ASA BABER

YOU COULD GET a lot of laughs and maybe a few tears if you got a group of men together to discuss the subject of haircuts, good and bad. In the course of his life, the average male has been scalped, shorn, plumed, teased, cut, nicked, complimented, insulted, twisted, turned, prodded and poked in the barber's chair. Once in a while, he's gotten a good haircut, too.

To discuss haircuts intelligently, you have to break them into categories, sort of like the Oscars. Here are some of mine:

The sexiest haircut. No doubt about this one: The year was 1961; the place was Naha, Okinawa. I was in uniform and the barbers were women. That's right, women. Two of them. One for each side of my head. They were cute, too, and I got scared only once. That was when, without warning, they dropped the chair back to its reclining position. No sooner had I flattened out than I heard a loud buzzing. The women had vibrators in their hands. They proceeded to rub me all over. I didn't object. As a matter of fact, I thought of writing to the barber's union in the U.S.A. and suggesting that this innovation in haircutting be looked into. I do not remember whether or not those women gave me a good haircut, but never have I left a barbershop so relaxed.

The second-sexiest haircut. Call her Mara. She was Irish, with hair as red as a setter's. She had her own hair salon in Chicago's Old Town, and while I would never argue that she gave me the best cut I ever had, there were benefits to her services. She liked to sit on my lap sometimes while she worked, and she wanted a kiss before I left. Once, jokingly, she cradled my head between her breasts and sang me a little song. That was very comforting, and before you object to my enjoyment, remember, I never said I'd grown up.

The toughest, meanest haircut. That had to be in Quantico, Virginia, summertime, my first trip to boot camp. Three in the morning. We'd been up for 46 hours and were standing in line to get our first Marine haircut. I had sneaked a piece of chewing gum into my mouth for some quick energy, and just as it was my turn to sit in the chair, Sergeant Krulak caught me. "What are you chewing, maggot?" he growled. "You must be chewing foreskin. Are you chewing foreskin, maggot?" And with that, he hauled off and stiff-armed me with a punch so hard that I went flying into the barber chair as if shot from a cannon. He took the clippers and shaved me bald with about four swipes across my trembling skull. He then took a great clump of hair from the deck and shoved it down my back. "If you love foreskin, you must love hair, maggot," he said, "so roll in it." You probably won't believe this, but



SHAVE AND A HAIRCUT

"The women had vibrators in their hands. They proceeded to rub me all over. I didn't object."

I never chewed gum in boot camp again without Sergeant Krulak's permission.

The first haircut. It seemed tragic at the time. My mother was in tears about it. I was probably four years old, and I had curly brown hair that she treasured. My father did not treasure it quite so much, and he finally insisted that I get shorn. Sobbing, my mother took me to the shop. I remember it was down a flight of stairs. I remember also that I was frightened. My mother's tears made me cry for a minute, but the barber was an extremely kind man who started chuckling at our hysteria. And somehow, with what I guess was youthful intuition, I realized that he was not hurting me, my hair was not precious, the powder smelled nice, the mirrors in the shop reflected beautiful light, and he and I were in this together. Whatever my mother was crying about did not involve me. I left the shop quite pleased with the way I looked. And I had a lot to think about.

Almost the last shave. Rarely do I get a shave. The straight razor can't match today's razors, and there is usually enough paranoia in me to preclude my letting someone scrape my neck with a shiny blade. But once in a great while, I give in—and once, it almost killed me. I was in a hospital in the Middle East. I won't name the country, because I am conscious

of how crudely we categorize nations and peoples, and the story I'm telling has nothing to do with national character. A man came in with a barber's smock, a shaving mug, a straight razor and scissors. Would I like a shave or a haircut?

I said, "I'll take a shave for the road."

He lathered things up and set to work. He laughed and joked. So did I. It was a pleasure to do something common and comfortable after my bout with dysentery. He was pleased that I spoke enough of his language to communicate with him. It is lucky that I was watching his eyes closely, because I saw something change in them, as if shutters had gone down behind them. I rolled; he slashed; I bounced; he chased. The guards caught him as he screamed after me down the stairs. They put him back in his strait jacket and apologized to me for the trouble. I went back upstairs and lay down on the bed and decided I really wasn't as sick as I'd thought. I checked out that evening.

The funniest haircut. On a long drive across the country, I decided I needed to wake up and spruce up, and even if it was like flying blind, I'd stop at the next barbershop and get a haircut. That happened to be in a small town in Mississippi. I walked into the shop with a grin and a hopeful wave. People were more kind than you could imagine. My, they were glad to see this Yankee. They shook my hand and patted me on the back and showed me which chair to sit in, and Charlie, the barber, talked up a streak. I sat there and talked, too. I hardly noticed that the shop was getting crowded. It wasn't until I stood up and checked the mirror that I saw the worst haircut imaginable. My head looked like a cancerous growth. I was a burr with V.D., an ad for baldness, a creature from Transplant City. And Charlie didn't seem to want my money. I mean, he had his hand out for it, but he wouldn't reach over and take it. Not until one of the good ol' boys got his white cane and steered him toward me.

I drove as fast as I could to New Orleans. When I walked into the hotel barbershop there, they knew exactly where I'd been.

The haircut makes the man. It's true, it's true, though men pretend to deny it. We pay as much attention to our appearance as do women. We're just sneakier about it. We sport hair styles that tell much about us. We go through phases—short hair or long, beards and mustaches, parts on the right or the left, hairpieces or bald pates—and we study ourselves intensely, hoping the choices we make bring out the best in us. And, if the truth be known, we want the admiration, approval and adoration of the people we are trying to impress. We assume they are tracking every single hair.



Taste Extra!

New True Laser-Cut "Flavor Chamber" Filter Shatters (Low Tar = Low Taste) Theory!

Only True Has It. The New Laser-Cut "Flavor Chamber" Filter. A remarkable filtration discovery that delivers a flavor-rich tobacco experience at only 5 mg. tar.

Test True Against Your Higher Tar Brand. One taste and you'll discover low tar doesn't mean low taste anymore. In fact, New True's fuller, richer flavor delivers a taste satisfaction we believe challenges cigarettes containing twice as much tar. Yet True is still only 5 mg. tar!

Longer Lasting Smoking Enjoyment. What smoker wouldn't like a cigarette that lasted longer?



That's another New True bonus. True's quality tobacco blend is packed with extra tobacco so you can enjoy each cigarette longer. Noticeably longer.

New Breakthrough True. Why not test it against the only taste that counts? Yours!



It tastes too good to be True.

New BREAKTHROUGH True

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

Regular: 4 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine;
Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I AM NOT at all sure I approve of couples. Back when I was a professional loner, I held couples in contempt. Couples, I felt, were unspeakably smug—they were people who always said “we” and who never found themselves in the degrading position of prowling bad parties for possible sexual pickings. They operated with an emotional safety net and could, therefore, never be on the cutting edge (the only place to be).

Sour grapes, you say? You’re right. Yet being half a couple, as I have found in recent months, is not all kisses and cream. There are those bloodcurdling battles at three A.M., when all my single girlfriends are happily sleeping next to their non-combative vibrators. There’s finding that the last beer in the fridge is somehow gone. There’s someone who suddenly wants to go to the beach when you’re in the throes of a deadline.

And then there are couple friends. I can’t get over them. It seems the minute you ally yourself with someone, other couples come swarming out of the backdrop, inviting you to Sunday barbecues. Must be that the rigors of coupledness are so great that every couple needs a similar species to join it in the trenches of connubial bliss.

I’m getting into it. Hanging around with other couples is not only great for diffusing tensions, it’s fascinating in the alliances that spring up. But I’ve also found you’ve got to be careful; there are some weird couples out there. Here are some musts to avoid:

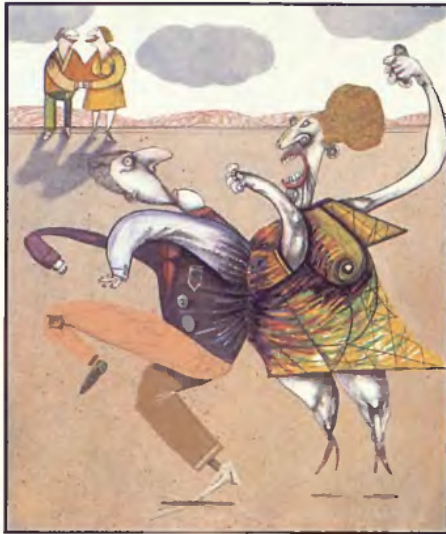
1. Fred and Wanda Baby Talk

When Fred comes home from work, he doesn’t shout, “Hi, honey, what’s for dinner?” He asks, “Hewwo, widdle diddums, did you miss your gweat big Fweddie bear?”

To which Widdle Diddums replies, “Oh, Fweddie, me not talking to you, you be 20 minutes late. Me afwaid.”

Fred and Wanda are a stitch at parties. They pretend to socialize, but they’re only kidding. What they’re really doing is keeping each other vigilantly in sight. They follow each other to the bathroom for no drug-related reason. Fred’s secretary hates Wanda, since she phones the office every half hour to ask Fweddie why the sky is blue.

As couple friends, Fred and Wanda are worse than hopeless. They have the maturity of twin bean sprouts. Somehow, both of them got stuck in the infantile stage of development, that irritating time of life when babies are positive that if Mommy leaves the room for a second, she’ll disappear and probably die.



COUPLING

“You’ve got to be careful; there are some weird couples out there.”

We (we!) had Fred and Wanda over for dinner one night. Wanda made a fort out of her mashed potatoes. Fred wouldn’t finish his soup.

2. Geoffrey and Elaine Cuisinart

Every time you turn around, Geoff and Elaine have found some *fabulous* new restaurant. If you go there with them, they will be so busy craning their necks to see if that short guy really is Dustin Hoffman that you’ll be able to steal the zucchini off their plates with impunity. And you’ll have to, since Geoff and Elaine are big on *nouvelle cuisine*.

If you suddenly get a classy job, G. and E. will camp out on your doorstep, Elaine wearing state-of-the-art earrings by Paloma Picasso, Geoff wearing shoes made from something suspiciously resembling an endangered species.

They shop together, especially for clothes, but first they huddle over the latest issue of *Italian Vogue*. They lie awake at night planning dinner parties.

Once, in a vulnerable moment, Elaine’s eyes welled up with tears and she confided to Geoff, with a huge tremor in her voice, that she had been living a lie: She’d never *actually* seen a Rainer Werner Fassbinder film. Geoff kissed her brow tenderly—he fully understood her pain. G. and E. are the most content of couples; they work for a common goal—social betterment.

Needless to say, they are writing a screenplay together.

3. Bob and Gloria Fistfight

There you’ll be, at a nice quiet jazz concert with B. and G., when suddenly, smack in the middle of the sax solo, Bob will burst into tears and Gloria will run screaming from the room.

“What’s happened?” you’ll ask.

“I’ve never been so upset in my entire life,” Bob will sob.

“Yes, you have,” you’ll tell him. “Remember that time you found out that Gloria had run into an ex-boyfriend and you tried to throw yourself in front of a bus?”

“This is worse,” he’ll sniffle. “I’ve found out positively that Gloria doesn’t love me.”

“How?”

“She refuses to consider adjacent burial plots.”

This is what we call the sadomasochistic school of love. Later that night, Bob will find Gloria at home, with all her bags packed. If he really loved her, she feels, he’d understand her need to be cremated.

It’s not a good idea to accept phone calls from this trauma-ridden duo, since prolonged exposure to their unending miseries can lead anyone into relentless depression.

4. Carl and Connie Careerist

These guys are so modern they don’t even live together.

“We’ve discussed it,” Connie will tell you, “but I need a certain amount of space for my computer complex and poor Carl would simply be lost without his personal workout area—our spaces would be bound to overlap.”

Carl and Connie pencil each other in. Their secretaries speak more often than they do. They once contemplated sharing Rolodexes, before they came to their senses.

Then, of course, there are *Jim and Janine Coitus*, who adore listing the joys inherent in their open marriage. And *George and Amanda Carp*, who revel in public bickering and will suddenly turn to you with a hearty “Am I right? Tell this bitch I’m right!” And who isn’t familiar with *Al and Fanny Cheapo*, the couple most adept at slithering to the rest rooms when the check comes?

They’re all out there. The trick is to elude them. I have a good rule of thumb: If both people in a couple are exactly the same, shun them mercilessly. There’s something downright creepy about twin souls—people who finish each other’s sentences, who say, “Well, we think. . . .” When two humans become the same person, they turn into caricatures. Witness the couples described above. If Bob Fistfight were with Elaine Cuisinart, it would be an interesting match. And they’d probably be a lot of fun at next Sunday’s barbecue.



WIN THE WORLD



86.8 PROOF BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY IMPORTED IN BOTTLE BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MI © 1984

THE "WIN THE WORLD" SWEEPSTAKES.

It's your chance of a lifetime to win the trip of a lifetime: a luxurious trip for two around the world and \$25,000 in cash. 150 second place winners receive a set of handsome Samsonite® luggage. Don't miss the world. Enter the "Win The World" Sweepstakes now.

Official Rules. 1. On official entry form, print your name, address and zip code. 2. Answer the question with the information found on the label of any bottle of Canadian Club. 3. **No Proof-Of-Purchase Necessary.** Entry limited to one per household or address and only one entry per envelope. All entries must be received via U.S. postal service. Each entry must be submitted on an official entry form—or reasonable facsimile. Each entry must be postmarked no later than November 30, 1984. Sponsor not responsible for lost or delayed entries, and reserves the right to judge authenticity of each entry. 4. All prizewinners will be determined in a witnessed, random drawing from all correct entries. Drawing to be conducted on or about January 15, 1985 by an independent judging agency whose decisions are final. All 151 prizes with approximate value of \$83,000 will be awarded. One prize per individual household, or group. Odds of winning shall be determined by the number of correct entries received. 5. Prizes are not transferable. No substitutions. Deluxe trip awarded must be taken by December 31, 1985 and includes airfare, ground transportation and

hotel accommodations for two people. If winner chooses not to take trip portion, cash equivalent of \$18,000 will be paid. Taxes are the sole responsibility of winners. Winners will be notified by mail and will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and release. Winners will be required to consent to use of their name and/or likeness for advertising and trade purposes without additional compensation. 6. **Entrants must be of legal drinking age under laws of their home state.** Open to all residents of the United States except employees and their families of Hiram Walker Incorporated, its representatives, its subsidiaries, its affiliates, its wholesalers, its advertising and promotional agencies and employees and immediate families of retail licensees and Young America Corp. All federal, state and local laws apply. Void in the following states: Iowa, Mississippi, Ohio, Oklahoma, Kansas, Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia, Washington, Tennessee and Texas. 7. A list of all prizewinners may be obtained after February 15, 1985 by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: **Canadian Club "Win The World" Sweepstakes, 214 W. Erie, Chicago, IL 60610.**

To enter, answer the questions. (The correct answer appears on the label of any bottle of Canadian Club®).

Question: What proof is imported Canadian Club Whisky?

Answer: _____

Question: Canadian Club is a favorite around the world. What year was Hiram Walker & Sons, Ltd., distillers of Canadian Club, established?

Answer: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail Entries To: Canadian Club
"WIN THE WORLD" Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 1407, Young America
MN 55394



BE A PART OF IT.

Canadian Club®

AGAINST THE WIND

By CRAIG VETTER

ALMOST EVERY PLACE has a slang of its own, but I've never been anywhere that coins and spends local argot faster than Southern California. Maybe it's something about their image of themselves as artists of everything racy and new, but the kids who live in and around the smoggy umbra known as Los Angeles seem to have special muscles for chopping, sanding, glazing and buffing the language into something quite their own. Valley talk was the latest Southern California slang to become famous; but in the Fifties and Sixties, surf slang, or beach talk, was a very hip thing to know even if you lived in Cleveland or, maybe, *especially* if you lived in Cleveland.

Well, I'm happy to report that beach talk is still alive and still almost perfectly mindless into its second generation. In fact, it has just survived a period during which it had to work very hard to distinguish itself from Valley talk, so it may be healthier than ever. For the most part, beach slang doesn't travel any farther inland than the gulls that fish this territory, and its range up and down the Coast could probably be marked where the water turns cold at Point Conception on the north and at the Mexican border on the south.

Like all slang, beach talk observes a bridal sort of tradition that uses the old, new, borrowed and blue. The words come from everywhere. Sometimes they get a little body-and-fender work on the way through (abbreviation, usually), sometimes not. Then they're combined into every possible form, run through all kinds of experimental uses, and the ones that work particularly well maybe last a season or two. Bitchin' is the only golden oldy I've heard, and it has held on all these years like some proud old mollusk.

I gathered this glossary along the beach near Laguna last summer, and it's by no means the entire surfside lexicon, just some words that were new to me. They came out of the mouths of pretty, teenaged white kids whose parents have money and have probably been divorced—twice—and who live in a small town full of sunshine, drugs, tourists, homosexuals and artsy types, where F/A-18s and other fighter planes make low screeching passes on their way into the nearby Marine air station and where the houses overlook the Pacific Ocean and run in price from you can't afford it to don't even ask. In general, these children are as athletic as they look. They board-surf and body-surf, skim-board and play volleyball and Frisbee, and their diets are a combination of high-consciousness health foods their parents feed them and the crap they buy for themselves out of the fast-food joints along the Coast Highway.

Needless to say, the accent with which



BEACH SLANG

"I'm happy to report that beach talk is still alive and still almost perfectly mindless into its second generation."

these words are delivered is cool, almost slurred, and the tone is cocky in a tan, blond, barefoot sort of way.

It wasn't exactly tough duty collecting this stuff, unless you count the dangerous dose of rays I was forced to absorb, but I'll tell you I felt as if I were in Mexico for a while there, as many times a day as I had to ask, "What the hell does that mean?"

A phrase-book sampling:

Aggro: Aggravated (also *ag*, *aggie*, *agged out*), as in "This June fog's got everybody fully aggro."

Amped: Jacked up (usually on drugs). Excited.

To bail: From bail out; what you do when things on a wave or in your life are going badly.

To biff: To crunch, smash, smack. "That gnarly rock fully bified my board."

Bogue: Bogus.

To book: To take off in a hurry, as in "We bailed on school and booked it down to the beach at Thousand Steps."

Cringe: Cocaine. Also *to cringe*, to snort cocaine.

Fully: All-purpose adverb, equivalent to Valley talk "totally." Used by these kids till you want to sell Buicks. (See "To sell Buicks.")

Grrr: One gram. Also, a *big guy*. Half a gram is a *little guy*.

Guac: Guacamole. As in, "To make the *primo guac*, you need the ripe avos."

Haired: From hairy; terrified. To hair out is

to chicken out, as in "He was going to pinch his mother's cringe, but he haired on it."

Knob: Geek.

Kook: Tourist.

Lowks: Locals.

Mersh: Commercial, as in "The summer arts festivals in this town are fully mersh."

Mexican Air Force: Two or more pelicans.

New Porsche: Newport Beach.

O-Zee: One ounce; also an *Oscar*. One pound is an *L-Bee*.

Poo: Marijuana; variation on shit, as in "This is good poo." Also *Ja Love*; also *Rone*, from *Tyrone*, out of Thai weed.

Rad: Radical.

Raspy: Coarse, tough, unpleasant; replaces Valley talk "grody."

Rip-off moon: October full moon. Precedes marijuana-harvest moon by one complete lunar cycle.

Roust: A hassle, trouble; also someone who makes trouble, as in "He's a full roust when he's cringing."

To sell Buicks: To vomit.

To shred: To do very well. You can shred almost anything but carrots, as in "She shredded that test"; "He shredded the lip of that wave."

Sixties: Corny, dated. "Most of the kids think it's kinda Sixties, with the palm trees and the flying saucer in there," a young skimmer told me when I complimented the drawing on his skim board.

Sketchy: Unpredictable to the point of being fearsome.

Slut: Affectionate term for a friend of either sex, as in "He's my slut."

Spun: Spun out. "Women are just generally spun," a 17-year-old blond idol boy told me.

Tasty: Fine. Accidentally proper use of a standard English word.

T.L.U.: Tight little unit. Affectionate sexist term for pretty girl.

Urrr: Mumbled reaction to things strange, raspy or bogue. "Urrr," a 19-year-old girl told me when she heard the definition of spun given above. Equivalent to Valley talk "ewe."

Valley: Out of it, as in "How Valley."

To work: To hammer, beat up or make miserable, as in "He roused a Marine from El Toro and got his butt worked."

Wheeze: A good laugh, as in "Did you see that boogie board take out those three kooks? What a wheeze."

Zisker: Homosexual. Mutation of *zester*, originally from *zesty one*.

It took me a few weeks to make this list, and I trust the definitions, because I checked them with the native shore creatures pretty thoroughly. However, I ought to add, as a Southern friend of mine added one night as he interpreted a deep-Mississippi black dialect for me, "I only claim to understand this stuff a little bit. I don't actually speak it." 🐾

Superstar

The new Canon T70 makes the great shots simple.

When N.H.L. superstar Wayne Gretzky shoots a goal, he does it so well he makes it look simple.

When Gretzky shoots pictures, he uses the superstar SLR—the incredible new Canon T70, with automatic features so advanced it makes the great shots simple.

The new T70 actually loads itself! A built-in power winder advances the film and rewinds, too. Electronic touch-buttons control all functions and a bright LCD display provides a full information readout.



You just focus-and-shoot with three programmed modes: standard program for most subjects, TELE for action and telephoto

shots, WIDE for scenics and wide-angle shots. Shutter-priority mode lets you set speeds for total control over action, and the optional Canon Speedlite 277T provides fully automatic flash. So you can make really great shots without giving up automatic convenience.

The optional Command Back 70 adds even more incredible capabilities, and the entire line of over fifty Canon FD lenses can be used.

Get the superstar SLR. It makes the great shots simple.

Canon T70

Canon USA, Inc. One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, NY 11042
140 Industrial Drive, Elmhurst, IL 60126
6360 Peachtree Industrial Blvd., Norcross, GA 30071
2035 Royal Lane, Suite 200, Dallas, TX 75228
123 Pularino Avenue East, Costa Mesa, CA 92626
4000 Burton Drive, Santa Clara, CA 95050
Biog. B-2, 1050 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu, HI 96814
Canon Canada, Inc., Ontario
© 1984 Canon U.S.A., Inc.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

For several years, I have had a compulsion to attract female attention to my penis. I started by wearing regular shorts without underwear and progressed to wearing semitransparent jogging shorts. To further enhance the show, I have devised a crude way of maintaining an erection by wrapping a large rubber band several times around the base of my penis. That keeps the blood inside the penis, maintaining its size. Initially, it was painful after a while, but I can now maintain the erection for periods up to an hour and a half without suffering much pain. I could write a book about various reactions—90 percent of which are favorable—from females who notice the bulge in my shorts. I have concluded that teenagers and women over 40 are most interested in seeing more, and I have had numerous physical encounters with females who wanted more than a look. I couldn't have met them had it not been for my large penis bulging in my shorts. Could I suffer harmful physical effects from this practice, and what are the odds of their happening? Thank you for your attention to this matter; it is very important to me (and, possibly, to others like me).—T. G. E., Lake Park, Florida.

What do you tell your new acquaintances when they discover the rubber band—that it was a condom that accidentally got caught in a hot wash cycle? We like to get our erections the old-fashioned way—through arousal. Your cute trick could do some very serious harm (if you scar the soft tissue on the inside of the penis, you may develop a “bent-nail” syndrome—i.e., your penis may develop a 90-degree bend). Cut it out before someone has to cut it off.

The other day, my girlfriend and I went to our local travel agent for some advice about where to go for our next vacation. After 15 minutes of talking about potential destinations, he suggested that he couldn't take any more time with us, and we left in a huff. How do we find a good agent next time?—P. T., St. Louis, Missouri.

Actually, you may very well have had a good one. Your assumptions about what a travel agent is supposed to do are far enough off base that unless you change your act, you'll be in and out of more offices than the K-9 patrol. The first thing to remember is that travel agents are businesspeople who work on a commission basis (you don't pay them; the airlines and other services they book do). While you are sitting there talking, their meter is running and registering zero. Also, if you walk into an agency with no idea where you want to go, you're wasting your own time as well as the agent's.

Before you even think about visiting an



agent, the two of you should sit down and do some homework. Where, in general, do you want to go—to the mountains or the beach? To Club Med or a private island? How much do you want to spend? Are a pool and a hot tub or 24-hour cheeseburgers mandatory? Next, gather some information about potential destinations from a library or guidebooks. Try writing to the tourist office of any foreign country you want to visit (most are located in New York City—phone operators have the numbers, or you can look them up in the library). These offices often come through with loads of valuable literature.

As for finding a good agent, word of mouth is the approach of choice. Ask friends for recommendations. You might also look for the initials C.T.C. (for certified travel counselor) after the agent's name. Among the nearly 26,000 travel agencies in the United States, only about 5000 agents have completed the detailed program offered by the Institute of Certified Travel Agents.

Finally, once you do visit a travel agent's office, try to be flexible. Varying your dates of travel can sometimes save you hundreds of dollars on air fare or even get you on flights that otherwise would be booked. And if you like the service you get, consider becoming a steady customer. Repeat business never hurt any good relationship.

A while back, I broke up with a woman with whom I'd had a rather long-term relationship. During it, we developed what was the best sexual relationship either one of us had ever had—by far. Incidentally, both of us have backgrounds of fairly broad sexual experience. When she and I separated, I, at least, wanted very much to continue just the sexual part of our relationship. Not doing so seemed to be waste-

fully throwing out, as the cliché has it, the baby with the bath water. I understand that many people do exactly that, preserving the sexual part of their friendship and enjoying it long after every other element in the connection has gone to hell. However, I was damned if I could figure out a way to engineer—or even discuss—the idea. It's totally academic now in the case of this woman, but I'd love to know how to arrange such a deal if similar circumstances arise in the future. Any suggestions?—J. G., San Rafael, California.

Some of the people get it some of the time, but not all of the people can get it all of the time. This kind of arrangement, or any kind of arrangement with an ex, must be maneuvered carefully and with great tact. Just as every relationship is unique, every manner of separation is unique to a particular couple. The only way to find out whether or not your partner would be interested in continuing a sexual relationship is to ask—but not in an offensively direct manner, with all the grace and charm of a lecher. At worst, she would kick you out and ask never to see you again (rather a foregone conclusion); at best, she might be flattered and express her own interest in such an arrangement. Treat the subject (and your partner) with dignity, and you just may be surprised.

Recently, a friend told me that half my bar stock had to go. He said that a prized cognac that I'd been nursing for about a year was akin to a vintage wine, not a distilled spirit, and had become, for all intents and purposes, spoiled about a week after it was uncorked. The same thing was true for sherry (which I had thought lasted forever), port and vermouth. Only the Scotch, rum, vodka and other whiskeys could last forever. That would be a shock to my social life and my pocketbook. Is my friend right or is he just one more entrant in the snob-of-the-year sweepstakes?—M. J. Q., Chicago, Illinois.

Spirits are not nearly as fragile as fine vintage wines, but many do require more care than is generally known. A few simple guidelines: Store spirits upright; corks should not have contact with alcohol. Don't store them in hot places or expose them to bright light. It's advisable to store low-proof liqueurs such as crème de cassis and other creams in the refrigerator after opening.

Now, as to the specifics: Given sensitive handling, a bottle of unopened cognac will not change for years. The Cognac Information Bureau believes that a bottle of cognac will remain in good condition about two to three years after opening. The Armagnac people are in agreement “if the bottle is tightly recapped.” According to leading shippers, Scotch will hold indefinitely with no apparent

change, opened or unopened, if kept away from heat and snugly closed. Open bottles can pick up odors. Vodka and the lighter rums are virtually impervious to light and heat; dark rums and brown whiskeys react like Scotch. Sherry and vermouth are misunderstood wines, being much more delicate than perceived. Fino and manzanilla sherries decline even in unopened bottles. Ideally, they should be consumed within six months of bottling and one month of opening. Close tightly and refrigerate after opening. Other sherries are somewhat less vulnerable. White and red vermouths darken and oxidize if exposed to excessive heat. The problem can be mitigated by purchasing the smaller, 375-milliliter size and by storing opened bottles in the refrigerator.

About three months ago, my boyfriend and I broke up. The problem is that I'm still very much in love with him. He's convinced the relationship is over, and he refuses to have anything to do with me. We had some very special moments together. Not only did we have a wonderful sexual relationship but I'd never been closer to, or more in love with, a man before. I cannot seem to move on with my life. I often find myself living in the past, and it depresses me a lot. Is it possible that I may never get over him? How can you change your mind in such a short time about somebody you felt you couldn't live without?—Miss S. M., Champaign, Illinois.

Breakups are never easy. Everyone needs time to heal after a relationship fails. (We know one advisor who suggests that it will take two months for each year you spent together.) Don't be afraid to talk things out with a counselor or a close friend. According to one psychologist, "Lovers who have been cast aside experience feelings of helplessness, despair, humiliation, rage, confusion and numbness. They feel scorned and their self-esteem has been badly wounded. After all, if they were worth while, why would anyone have left them? Lovers brood over 'what ifs' and 'if onlys' and often fantasize about sweet revenge." Sound familiar? We have a little speech that we haul out at times like these. The first order of business in any breakup is to remember the good parts, then look at the by-line. The magic moments were as much your contribution as his. Next, list the things you liked about yourself in the relationship. Those are your qualities. He didn't take them away with him. Your power to love, to enjoy love, does not belong to someone else. It is not a magic gift that appears with the right person and disappears with the wrong one. The third part of the check list is to assess the breakup realistically. What went wrong? It's possible that you fucked up. Don't repeat your mistakes or his, but get on with your life. Stay active. Get plenty of sleep until you find a new partner—then don't.

Im 42, my lover is 37 and we've been lovers for three years. The only orgasms I've

ever experienced have been clitoral. After two years of not telling him, I finally trusted him enough to tell him what I wanted and needed. He told me last month that his making me come that way makes him feel "inadequate," that his penis should be enough for me. He also said that I should masturbate myself and not expect him to do it for me. I want to work this out, because I love him, but I don't want to give up my orgasms. I think his attitude is selfish and immature, and I've been making excuses not to go to bed with him so often. If this really makes him feel inadequate, I can't let him do it. But where does that leave me?—Miss G. J., Encino, California.

Unfortunately, that may leave you looking for a new lover. We agree with you that this man's attitude is selfish and immature—and ill informed, as well. He should be aware that most women need clitoral stimulation, which isn't necessarily provided by the penis during intercourse. If sexual satisfaction is important to you in a relationship, see whether or not this man will visit a sex therapist or counselor with you. Otherwise, you may have to look elsewhere.

My brother, who tends to be a little paranoid about the sound of his stereo, claims that you should always wet-clean a new record before it is played to remove a waxy



brother®

PERSONAL ELECTRONIC PORTABLE

Only 5½ lbs., less than 3" high!

You will be staggered by the flexibility of this unique portable. And yet, with all the features we've crammed into it, it's still light and compact enough to easily tuck away and carry away in an attache case. But it's a real heavyweight when it comes to productivity. The extra capacity jumbo cassette ribbon and built-in RS-232 computer interface can generate huge volumes of work at lightning speed. It has every portable feature plus many office functions including a 15 character visual display, **4000 character storage memory**, automatic centering, 88 character keyboard and built-in 4-function calculator. This unique portable communications center conveniently operates on AC or batteries.

BUILT-IN INPUT-OUTPUT COMPUTER INTERFACE
Connects directly to the computer.

LETTER PERFECT PRINT QUALITY
Actual sample of the EP-44 typeface.

ROLL PAPER HOLDER (Optional)

Available at leading retailers everywhere.

Brother International Corporation 8 Corporate Place, Piscataway, N.J. 08854

Captain Morgan Spiced



Rum!

*The Original Spiced Rum
Delicious golden rum laced with
tropical spice for better tasting rum drinks.*

For free recipe book send name and address to: Captain Morgan Recipe Book, P.O. Box 1624, F.D.R. Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10150

© 1984 Captain Morgan Rum Co. Caymoy, Puerto Rico. 80 Proof

substance that is added to vinyl to keep it from sticking to the stamper. Is that really necessary? My brother says it improves the sound, but I can't hear any difference. Besides, after one playing, wouldn't the coating be gone anyway?—R. M., San Francisco, California.

We're not sure how you would compare the sound of a new record with that of a new washed record unless you bought two of the same album—but then you'd be comparing different discs! In any case, you'd probably just end up with a headache, since there is no waxy build-up, yellow or otherwise, on your new discs. However, there is a logical reason for wet-cleaning them. Through handling, it is possible for a static charge—which attracts dust—to develop on the record. Wet-cleaning will remove the charge and the dust. So, to settle the family argument in the most diplomatic fashion, we can say that you're both right, for the wrong reasons.

I read with interest the letter from the Michigan girl who got turned on by giving her boyfriend a piggyback ride (*The Playboy Advisor*, August). I am a short, stocky girl with a very curvy body. I enjoy doing push-ups and chinning myself. The guy I am currently going with is rather small, and until recently, we had a hard time getting much pleasure out of our sexual relations. One night, when he was leaving for home, I spontaneously decided

to give him a good, tight hug along with his goodnight kiss, and he was so light that I just lifted him off the floor. I was immediately turned on but was worried about what he must be thinking; however, as he was pressed against me, I could feel him growing big and hard as I held him in the doorway. I nevertheless asked him if he wanted me to put him down, but he indicated that he liked it, so I turned and carried him into the bedroom. We had a very enjoyable evening, so now we always engage in a wrestling match before sexual encounters.

Our sex life has really improved since that first memorable evening, and now, whenever things get boring, I just pick him up and carry him into the bedroom for a good tussle followed by a full night of sexual delights.—Miss S. F., Downey, California.

Thanks for your letter. We suggest that you become a better sport and give your lover the best two out of three falls.

Recently, I heard on a television program that men should do a monthly self-examination of their testicles, much in the way that women do a monthly self-examination to check for breast cancer. I have never before heard such a recommendation; is this something new? Several questions occur to me: Exactly how should one do such a self-examination and what

does one look for? To what type of doctor should one go if a problem were suspected?—I. L., New Haven, Connecticut.

A few years ago, we ran an answer to this question. Here it is again: "There has been a surge in testicular cancer. In most cases, by the time victims go to the medical profession, it is too late. That's the bad news. The good news is that if the cancer is detected early, it is almost 100 percent curable. The telltale symptom is a lump, thickening or swelling of the testicles. Not all lumps are cancerous, but they should be checked out. To examine yourself, start with a warm shower or bath. When the skin of the scrotum is relaxed, explore each testicle, rolling it between thumb and forefinger. You are looking for a small lump that may be the size of a pea, located (in most cases) at the front of the testicle. If you find one, don't freak. Consult a doctor (a G.P. or a urologist). Better to sound a false alarm than to find yourself in serious trouble."

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.



PROJECTION



FINALLY. A GIANT SCREEN TV AS BIG AND BRIGHT AS ALL OUTDOORS... INDOORS.

INTRODUCING FULL SPECTRUM PROJECTION TELEVISION. ONLY FROM RCA.

Now you can see a picture that's as bright and as beautiful as it is big.

Because RCA's new 45-inch set (measured diagonally) features RCA's Full Spectrum audio and video technology, mak-



ing it the first giant screen TV to process 100% of the audio/video signal. All the color. All the sound. All the time. Surrounding you with bright, sharp color. And clean, crisp sound.

COMPLETE WITH FULL STEREO, VIDEO MONITOR CAPABILITY AND MORE.

All Full Spectrum sets feature a built-in stereo broadcast receiver. (Stereo sound dependent on TV broadcast signal.) Plus video monitor circuitry for easy hookup of audio/video components.

Other standard features include 127-channel tuning (including cable) plus RCA's Digital Command Center, the total control remote control that oper-

ates an entire RCA video system. And all these features fit in a cabinet measuring just 42¼" x 45".

See this high performance wonder at your RCA dealer. Or, for more information and a free copy of our "Living With Video" book (a \$2.50 retail value), write: RCA Consumer Electronics, Dept. 32-312CC, P.O. Box 7036, Indianapolis, IN 46207-7036.

RCA

TECHNOLOGY THAT EXCITES THE SENSES.

Simulated TV picture

TELEVISION

DEAR PLAYMATES

We can think of lots of reasons to go to bed with someone for the first time: lust, curiosity, romance, even staving off loneliness. But to go to bed with that someone again is another matter. It means that you are starting something. We wanted to know how our Playmate advisors viewed this subject. So we asked them.

The question for the month:

What's the best reason not to have sex with a man a second time?

That he was terrible the first time! I have said this often in this column: You have to be friends first. I just don't believe in "Hi, how are you, let's have lunch, let's go have sex." I think you have to know a man, and if you do, you'll have a good time in bed with him. I'll wait till I know him. Orgasms are worth the wait. If I know that his sexual attitudes are healthy and we've talked about everything, then I know I'll have orgasms.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

If I weren't going to sleep with him a second time, I wouldn't sleep with him the first time. What I mean by that is simple. If I were going to sleep with someone, I'd have to know him well enough. And if I knew him, I'd know that I would be with him more than once. I like a man for a great many reasons, the least of which is how he performs in bed. Furthermore, sex gets better as time goes by. It may be that the *fifth* time you make love with someone will be the best sex you've ever had.



Lisa Welch

LISA WELCH
SEPTEMBER 1980

If I don't sleep with a guy a second time, it's because he has showed a side of himself that I don't like. Usually, it has nothing to do with sex, because often the first time you're a little tense anyway. You don't know his body at all and you don't really know what he's looking for from you. When you're extremely sexually attracted to someone and then you go to bed with him, you've fulfilled the sexual fantasy and some of the excitement is gone. Then you start to look at his personality more closely. Maybe you find he was into the Playmate thing and was only interested in conquering the image. That has happened to me, unfortunately.



Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

If he wasn't sensitive to my needs the first time, I wouldn't want him back the second time. I don't believe that old saw: It takes a long time to get to know someone else's body, etc. I think that's a cop-out. I start out by giving a man what he says he wants. I get pleasure out of his pleasure. So the first-time stuff is no excuse. I don't care if he comes in 30 seconds or about technique or about size. I care about romance. It still comes down to that. For a moment, I want to be the only woman in the world who matters to him, and I want to think that the most important thing in the world to him is pleasing me.



Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

I don't think sex has to be miraculous the first time, but it shouldn't be bad. If a man grosses me out, I'm not going to bed with him again. Sex is just too big a part of a relationship. If the energy isn't there, I don't give it another chance. Maybe he just wasn't a turn-on; maybe he didn't fulfill my fantasy; maybe he just wasn't any good in bed. Maybe he had herpes. Listen, I haven't been put in that position; I've had only two real boyfriends. But being grossed out would be the end for me—that I know.



Barbara Edwards

BARBARA EDWARDS
SEPTEMBER 1983

I wouldn't give a second chance to a man who was too caught up in himself or who wasn't a good lover or who wasn't responsive to me. A self-conscious sexual partner would be no good; neither would an intimidated one. If a man thought he was inadequate because of who he thought I was, that would keep me away a second time. Last, there are those guys who get so far into their own head trips that they aren't even in the same room with you. Those guys are scary. I don't want someone who has lost touch with reality. Fantasy is fine, but don't flip out.



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

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



PRESENTING STERLING



Available in
Regular
and Menthol.

IT'S ONLY A CIGARETTE
LIKE HERMES IS ONLY A SADDLE.

© 1984 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

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

HERMES® is a trademark of Hermès, S.A.,
which does not make or license STERLING® Cigarettes.

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

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

PORN FLAP

In reference to Robert P. Kearney's essay "The Politics of Sex" in the May *Playboy Forum*, I would say that he's right on target. The effort of some crackpots to make pornography a civil rights issue for women is an effort to prostitute—and I use that word advisedly—one of the most important and effective laws enacted in recent times and one intended to serve a totally different purpose. I have always supported virtually every objective of the women's-rights movement—equal pay, equal-employment opportunities, equal respect and treatment as fellow human beings. In short, I believe there should be no discrimination on the basis of sex.

But to construe pornography, as disgusting as it may be or as potentially harmful as some of it may be, as a civil rights violation will not combat pornography so much as make a mockery of a law that heretofore invited and permitted enforcement.

Using a good law as a subterfuge to promote censorship is like Communists' using their constitutional rights to defeat our democratic form of government.

Buddy Robbins
Shreveport, Louisiana

ABUSING THE LAW

Who's kidding whom? Trying to ban pornography is like pissing in the wind, and trying to call it a violation of women's civil rights makes the women's movement look extremely foolish. The average TV commercial goes far beyond pornography in depicting women as less intelligent than men and preoccupied with some of the least significant problems on earth:

MALE VOICE: Dear, why are you keeping that deodorant aerosol spray in the bathroom only? [You dumb shit.] Use it all over the house!

HOUSEWIFE: My goodness! Why didn't I think of that?

Back in the Sixties, before Yuppies and Yuppies, I was a hippie, always marching for peace and other good things. When the real militants began ranting and raving about how fucked up things were, I would try to find a friendly place where people were smiling, not giving one another hell. The ranters never offered anything more than simplistic and nonviable solutions, and the same holds true for the Minneapolis moralists, both the feminists and the fundamentalists. A recent *60 Minutes* showed one of the former in bib overalls. She was really dressed for the job, for down here in West Virginia, bibs are worn when you shovel manure out of the barn.

As an ex-hippie, a father of four, a part-time (because I can't afford to do it full time) farmer and a letter carrier, I feel I have a solution. An adult who opposes pornography can walk by an offending establishment and ignore it. Why not have three Xs designate porn shops, the way three hanging globes traditionally identify pawnshops, and let it go at that?

Bruce N. Mitchell
Spencer, West Virginia

"Why not have three Xs designate porn shops, the way three hanging globes traditionally identify pawnshops?"

JURY DUTY

There is an old joke: Would you trust your life to 12 people too dumb to get off a jury?

I've heard that a jury has the right of nullification—to acquit even if contrary to law—so I now look forward to serving on one. With luck, I'll get on a tax-refusal or victimless-crime case and be able, at the very least, to hang up the jury. No matter what the judge says, the jury can acquit



anyone—and the judge can't do anything about it. Just like a "good nigger," answer all the questions "correctly" during selection, sit like a puppet and when you get the opportunity to reach a decision, *pow!*

(Name withheld by request)
Essex, New York

A lot of our readers are lawyers who may have some news for you.

BADLANDS

As an Arizona resident, I must sympathize with P. Rhodes (*The Playboy Forum*, July) about the weird and usually absurd Utah laws. No sales of single cans of beer, no displays of edible panties and he didn't even mention how West Jordan also changed zoning on a parcel of land and organized protests to prevent Planned Parenthood from establishing an office there.

We in Page, being close to the Utah border, pass a saying on to tourists entering that state: "Remember to set your watch back 50 years; you're entering Utah."

Dale Gleave
Page, Arizona

PASSING E.R.A.

Unless the Equal Rights Amendment is revised, it may never get ratified. Those who favor the amendment must recognize that its opponents fear it would drastically change traditional lifestyles. The only way to achieve ratification is to rewrite the E.R.A. so that it maintains its public-policy benefits without challenging the prevailing mores of society.

Although the founding fathers wrote a brief and general Constitution, they were forced to add a Bill of Rights in order to get the Constitution approved. Similarly, supporters of the E.R.A. should now add a mini bill of rights to deal with popular doubts about the amendment. Such a bill of rights would guarantee that certain values and practices would not be touched by the E.R.A.

The new E.R.A. should clearly state that it does not (1) prohibit separate washrooms for men and women; (2) prohibit single-sex athletic teams or singing groups; (3) require the legalization of homosexual marriage; or (4) apply in any way to religious practices, the draft or abortion.

Some might argue that adding such explicit guarantees to the Constitution would besmirch our legal dignity. On the contrary, since those issues seem to be the stumbling blocks to the E.R.A.'s passage, they should be directly addressed by our elected legislatures, not left up to the courts. E.R.A. proponents have erred strategically by being unable to explain

exactly what impact the E.R.A. would have.

The inclusion of those guarantees would eliminate the worries that many people have about the E.R.A. In addition, such revisions would force the Phyllis Schlaflys to try to develop new public reasons for opposing it—and those reasons won't be as popular as the old ones.

Let's clarify what the E.R.A. is about by specifying what it's *not* about. The E.R.A. is about equal rights in things that matter—such as employment and education. It is not meant to end all legal distinctions between the sexes. It is not meant to settle such divisive issues as abortion or the draft.

The E.R.A., as currently written, is subject to easy attack. That is why it has made no progress toward ratification since 1977. Before the amendment is reconsidered by the Congress, it should be rewritten by its supporters to make it less vulnerable to attack.

Steve Charnovitz
Baileys Crossroads, Virginia

ZERO TOLERANCE

Simple division will attest to the fact that the military's zero-tolerance urinalysis program is, in fact, quite cost-effective. As an electronics technician in the Navy, I know that the alignment and maintenance of highly sophisticated radar landing equipment are of utmost concern when a \$10,000,000 high-performance jet and, more important, its pilot and copilot are on the line. Divide 10,000,000 by 150 (the ball-park military urinalysis cost as suggested in the August *Playboy Forum*) and 66,666 Servicemen will have been screened. I think many people are all too quick to think about how much Uncle Sam is forking out to preserve the luxury of living in a free country. I'd be willing to bet that the widows and survivors of the Nimitz tragedy several years ago could not care less how expensive an effective zero-tolerance program was to the American taxpayer. Overpriced screwdrivers and diodes may be fair game for criticizing military spending waste, but saving the lives of people serving our country is what the military urinalysis is all about.

Tim Blanchard, ET3
Naval Air Station
Millington, Tennessee

I believe that today we all acknowledge that drug abuse is a national problem—I have seen it discussed even in your own *Forum Newsfront* section, which has quoted responsible people who are especially concerned with children and drugs. I also believe I perceive a changing attitude reflected in your articles, which once did not take so-called recreational drug use very seriously or, at least, tried to make a distinction between "hard" and "soft" drugs, as if the latter were basically harmless.

As the father of three boys ranging in age from 13 to 24, I am also pleased to see an increasing editorial maturity on your part. Even if you have never actually advocated or condoned drug use, some of your writers have directly or indirectly glamorized it, especially in the past, when marijuana and cocaine were "trendy." When my eldest son was in high school, he became a victim of that trendiness and, without destroying himself in any dramatic manner, discovered that pot was an excellent pressure-and-anxiety avoidance device and ended up dropping out of school because he couldn't apply himself to the unpleasant task of getting an education. It was easier to get a little stoned and worry about school later, and then later

"It was easier to get a little stoned and worry about school later."

was too late for him to catch up. His two younger brothers have learned about this, either from his example or from changing times. (It's hard to say which, because parents don't really seem to have much influence one way or another.)

Despite my criticisms, I believe that *PLAYBOY*, more than any other general-interest or entertainment magazine I read, has walked a careful middle line between reflecting popular attitudes and dictating them, and now I'll offer you a real compliment. In 1978, my "problem" son was arrested for marijuana possession but was given deferred adjudication and a probationary period, which he successfully completed, in lieu of the jail sentence that previously had been the rule in these parts. I don't know whether or not you had anything to do with it, but in a pretrial conversation with the prosecutor, he said—jokingly, I expect—that until they started selling *PLAYBOY* at the 7-Elevens and the U-Tote 'Ms, he had to ask for jail time for pot smokers or voters would consider him a closet hippie. I suspect that *PLAYBOY* had a hand in changing public attitudes about ruining young lives with imprisonment or criminal records.

(Name withheld by request)
Beaumont, Texas

SEXUAL RESPONSIBILITY

I believe that the anti-abortionists and those who oppose contraception for teenagers without parental consent are overlooking something very important. As the mother of two small children, I know the kind of responsibility caring for them requires, and I doubt that many 15-, 16- or 17-year-old girls are mature enough to handle it. Self-sacrifice is a large part of being a parent and, judging from most of

the teenagers I've known (including myself about six years ago), I don't think self-sacrifice is one of their strong points. Most teenagers resent having their parents tell them what to do. Babies don't tell you what to do, they demand that you do for them right now—and don't understand that you may have other plans. There have been times (I think most mothers have them) when I've just wanted to give up, run away and never come back—especially when, instead of going out, I've sat up all night sponge-bathing my kids to bring down a fever and have changed the sheets three or four times because they've been sick all over them. I can't picture a teenager doing that without resenting it a great deal.

Can anyone imagine what pregnancy must be like for a girl who never dreamed that the passionate night she spent with her boyfriend would result in the overwhelming responsibility of a baby? It would be easy for such responsibility to turn to resentment and, eventually, to anger directed against the child. Being a mother is sometimes difficult enough for those of us who *wanted* to be mothers.

No child should be unwanted; that can ruin the child's life before it's really begun, not to mention the teenaged mother's life.

Parents in this country are going to have to realize that, whether we like it or not, teenagers are going to experiment with sex; and once they do, they certainly won't give it up. The best we parents can do is make sure our daughters (and sons!) know how to prevent pregnancy *before* they become sexually active. We also have to let them know that if they do have sex, though we may not approve, we understand and will help them protect themselves. That may sound terrible to many parents, but think about it: Wouldn't you rather know what your daughter is doing and that she is protecting herself than have her come to you and say, "Mom, I'm pregnant; what can I do?"

Education about contraception at home, in school and on television is the only alternative. Abortion or giving a baby up for adoption can be emotionally devastating to any woman, and those alternatives should only be last resorts.

No matter what we do, some teenaged girls are going to become pregnant, but I believe that through honesty and understanding between parents and teenagers, we can combat this problem.

Linda T. Adams
Columbia, Virginia

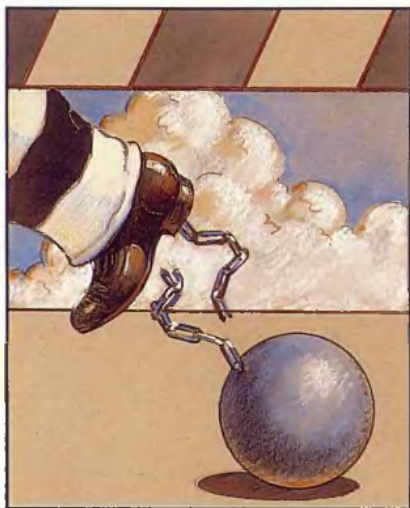
I've heard that there are currently two abortions performed for every live birth, or maybe it's the other way around. Doesn't matter. What does amaze me is that this information is being disseminated not by pro-abortionists, to whom it would be valuable propaganda, but by anti-abortionists, who apparently fail to recognize how seriously it undermines their position. Do they

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

CRIME PAYS?

LONDON—A 31-year-old man serving a life sentence for rape has been awarded about \$60,000 in damages because of an automobile accident that a judge decided had turned him into a rapist. The court accepted the argument that a 1978 crash



had damaged the frontal lobes of the prisoner's brain, blunting emotions and reducing inhibitions, and was responsible for his criminal behavior, which included raping, stabbing and assaulting women. The man is the first person under English law to be compensated for the injuries that led to his imprisonment, but the court's decision does not affect his sentence.

CHIPS GROUNDED

DEL MAR, CALIFORNIA—Skyrocketing costs have forced the Del Mar Fair in suburban San Diego to abandon its annual cow-chip-throwing contest. A spokeswoman for the fair reported that the cost of the shellac-like treatment (to keep chips from disintegrating in flight) has soared from 25 cents a chip to \$1.75. She said that the treatment gives them almost "the consistency of a Frisbee, and that cuts down on the smell, too." Another fair official added that "you can't just use any cow shit," explaining that the pies were imported from a Beaver, Oklahoma, firm and required special shipping and storage. He admitted that a few local celebrities and politicians had complained that slinging cow pies was "not very distinguished."

BORN SMOKERS

BOULDER—Two University of Colorado researchers report that genetic studies of mice suggest that hard-core smokers are born, not made, and that someday, a simple test may be devised to find out whether or not children are predisposed to becoming

ing nicotine addicts when they grow up. So far, Allan Collins and Michael Marks have found that one breed of mice "gets wired at low doses [while] others get depressed." The mice that get most excited have the least tolerance for nicotine, are affected most strongly by it and are the most easily hooked, the researchers said. The same, they speculate, could be true for humans.

WIMPS BEAT WIVES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Of 34 wife beaters participating in a therapy program, all but three were considered sexually inadequate by themselves or by their spouses, according to a study presented at a conference of the National Association of Social Workers. Associate professor Richard Harris of St. John's University in New York said his subjects had traits typical of most "battering" men in that "they manifest low self-regard, deny the severity of their injurious behavior, justify their violent explosions by blaming either the woman or stressful living conditions, are acutely sexually jealous of their partners and maintain a traditional distinction between masculine and feminine role expectations." In addition, "an uncommonly high percentage of the men—91 percent—directly or indirectly admitted feelings of sexual inadequacy," and 31 of the men or their wives reported inadequate sexual performance, he said.

CRIME CONTROL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Advocates of gun control will not be pleased to learn that a University of Massachusetts study compiled for the U.S. Justice Department found that armed householders and businessmen are less likely than others to be the targets of crime. After surveying 1800 prison inmates in ten states, sociology professor James Wright reported that "about 40 percent . . . told us they had chosen not to commit a crime at one time or another because they had reason to believe the potential victim was armed." He found that 74 percent of the prisoners expressed concern about getting shot, and many had thought they were in greater danger from citizens than from the police. Wright added, however, that keeping a loaded gun in the home was "probably foolish" for persons who live in low-crime areas or who have young children.

GAY MARRIAGE

COLUMBUS, OHIO—The Unitarian Church has become the first major denomination to acknowledge marriages between homosexual couples. The 1300 delegates at the Unitarians' 23rd general assembly,

responding to arguments that such unions were a matter not of civil rights but of human rights, voted overwhelmingly to sanction the "spiritual unions" of gay and lesbian couples in marriage. Some Unitarian ministers have been conducting such weddings for more than a decade.

"SEVEN-YEAR ITCH"

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Government statistics indicate that when a marriage fails, it does so in seven years, on the average, from the time of the wedding to the time of the divorce decree ending it, seeming to confirm the notion of a "seven-year itch." The data show that divorces generally come sooner in the West than in the East, a pattern for which sociologists have no ready explanation, and that the seven-year median is a slight increase from the 6.7 years in 1970 and the 6.8 years in 1980.

One possible factor affecting the divorce rate may be that of men and women in the 30-to-34 age bracket, more than twice as many were still single in 1982 as in 1970. The Census Bureau said that "while many of these men and women have simply postponed marriage, the changes suggest that an increasing proportion may elect never to marry at all."

BIG BROTHER SMILING AT YOU

MOSCOW—Evidently in an effort to improve its image, capitalist style, the Soviet Union's State Security Committee



has offered prizes for the best books, motion pictures and television movies that deal with its internal-security and foreign-intelligence activities. The agency, better known as the K.G.B., announced the competition in connection with plans for its 70th anniversary in late 1987.

Hennessy

the civilized way
to keep warm



The world's most civilized spirit



actually expect to win converts to their cause by making it known that without abortion, the population of this dangerously overpopulated planet would be increasing far beyond its present rate? The high abortion rate is the only reason the forthcoming food riots and starvation deaths of millions are not in progress.

William Harwood
Calgary, Alberta

EMBRYO TRANSPLANTS

There is, indeed, a middle ground, an acceptable solution to the problem of abortion—one that would satisfy the anti-choice faction without treading on the rights of the women who do not want to undergo involuntary pregnancies. The solution is embryo transplants.

Every month or so, I read of advances in this field; the technology is an accepted fact in commercial animal husbandry.

I'd like to see a national registry of all the pro-life women—the ones who would vote to outlaw abortion—ready to enter the transplant clinic and put their bodies on the line for their beliefs. The women who go to have the embryo out don't care what happens to it, but the anti-abortionists certainly do. Does it not stand to reason that they and the Catholic faction of Christianity, which makes so much noise on the subject, would bend over backward to support this technology?

Maybe I'm too cynical, but I don't see it happening. Those people would rather just throw laws around and then go back to sleep, thinking that they have accomplished something.

Michael Pearce
Portland, Oregon

Using law to punish sin is an old and, alas, world-wide tradition and one that is especially strong in our own country.

BUSINESS AS USUAL

A few months ago, I was in our neighborhood bar and saw a guy in a Special Forces uniform looking out of place, so I bought him a beer and invited him to sit with my date and me. After a few drinks, he told us he was on leave from exercises in Venezuela and was going to Honduras. I remember feeling funny about hearing that; but, what the hell, we were both brothers under the green (I am a vet), and we just got drunk.

Weeks later, I started noticing how many guys like that actually were in Venezuela or Honduras or Costa Rica or Chile. It was like that for me about 15 years ago. First, a few of my friends were going off to the Army, not to Central America but to Southeast Asia; and after a while, the trickle was a stream, with me in the middle of it. So we had that war: at last count, 58,000 American dead, three times that many wounded and 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 Asian dead or wounded in half a dozen countries.

Two decades from then to now may seem like a long time in one respect but not to history; and how is history or anybody else ever going to explain how we went halfway around the world to try to save democracy, didn't do it, fucked up a lot of people in the process and then, in the time it took one generation to grow up, did it all over again?

This time, I guess, the "dirty little war" is closer to home, and maybe it doesn't cost as much. And it probably is less trouble than having a nuke-out. And God knows the Nicaraguans and Salvadorans aren't entitled to the kind of self-determination and national security we guarantee nations from West Germany to Israel to England to Japan; but that's only a minor point.

Pretty soon, the body bags are going to start coming home (they're already being sent to the homes of thousands of Central Americans, courtesy of American guns or machinery or training). Maybe then everyone will notice. I sure as hell did. And I wish I'd never bought that Green Beret a beer, even if he probably did get a medal for Grenada.

Billy Miller
Tulsa, Oklahoma

As a young man coming of fighting age, I look around the globe and see a world of opportunity for me to find just the right climate, terrain and kind of people to fuck with while in the military uniform of my choice. I was stirred to bravado by our ferocious and dangerous assault on Grenada; I'm heartened now by the opportunities in the 52nd state, Honduras; and I'm filled with yearning to visit Lebanon or Thailand or West Germany or the Philippines, the Aleutians, Angola or. . .

Mac Johnson
New Orleans, Louisiana

I was wondering: If the Reagan Administration is so keen on saving lives that it insists (contrary to its conservative philosophy) on forcing the states to pass the 21-year-old drinking-age law, wouldn't it be able to save even more lives by cutting off funds to the right-wing militarists in El Salvador, Honduras, Brazil, Chile, et al.? Or are some lives more in need of saving than others?

John Alvarez
Denver, Colorado

MUPPET MENACE

Is nothing safe from the nuclear family and wedding bells anymore? I took my two boys to see the Muppet movie *The Muppets Take Manhattan*, and how was the plot resolved? By having Kermit and Miss Piggy (in white) tie the knot in front of a preacher in a church. Wholesomeness is one thing; support of the institution that cost me two kids and about \$600 a month is something else.

Bob Hatcher
New York, New York

GUN CONTROL

In the August *Playboy Forum*, David B. Williscroft makes several assumptions, some of which are irrelevant and some of which are downright dangerous. First, no one in the N.R.A. (including its leadership) believes it is anyone's "duty as a good citizen" to go out and buy a handgun. We are merely concerned about the efforts of those who would seek to limit or abolish our right to do so. Second, if Williscroft took the time to research the stated purposes of the N.R.A., he would find it concerned with all phases of civilian firearms ownership and use, from hunting firearms (short, long, primitive, modern and even bow and arrow) to various forms of competitive target shooting. Why



DON'T SHOOT
WE ARE NOT
BOOTLEGGERS



The parallels between marijuana prohibition and liquor prohibition have been noted in recent years. In each case, bootlegging or smuggling started out as a fairly benign form of criminality based on the principles of supply and demand. Then, increasing Government efforts to combat it raised the risks as well as the profits, which drove out the amateurs and adventurers and turned it into the sort of big business that attracted organized crime. Indeed, liquor prohibition virtually created organized crime, which has now taken over much of the drug trade. And just as liquor prohibition set the stage

for increasingly violent confrontations between professional lawbreakers and frustrated law enforcers, so has marijuana prohibition.

Lest we forget the lessons of the "noble experiment" that failed some 50 years ago, at a social cost we are still paying, I enclose a photostat of a novelty item from that era—an antique version of a bumper sticker that could be pasted on the rear window of an automobile, ostensibly to prevent its being riddled by trigger-happy prohibition agents.

W. Long
Chicago, Illinois

quibble over the word rifle?

But, more important, I find his self-protection strategy of buying a rifle for home defense very dangerous. A rifle, by definition, is a long-range weapon. It should never, under any circumstances, even be loaded indoors, much less discharged. The velocity of the average hunting-rifle bullet is well in excess of 2000 feet per second (far greater than most handgun projectiles). Bullets from a rifle fired indoors would almost certainly penetrate several walls, possibly injuring or killing innocent persons in nearby buildings. To advocate rifles' use as home-protection weapons is irresponsible.

I am also concerned about Williscroft's faith in hand-to-hand-combat techniques. Has he ever heard the old saying "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing"? At one time, I had a brown belt in judo. I competed in tournaments on the national, regional and local levels. I thus feel qualified to tell Williscroft that unless a person is extremely well trained in the martial arts and *all* the circumstances are right, he or she stands little chance of disarming a highly nervous thief who is probably already pointing a weapon at a vital area of his or her loved one's body.

William T. Lopez
New Orleans, Louisiana

The last time a government of united states tried to "control" firearms in Texas, Texas seceded and declared its independence, setting in motion events that ultimately caused that country to lose more than one half of its territory. The year was 1835 and the united states were those of Mexico (*Estados Unidos Mexicanos*).

The Texas declaration of independence stated in no uncertain terms how Texans felt about their firearms and the Mexican government's attempt to control them:

It [Mexico] has demanded us to deliver up our arms which are essential to our defense—the rightful property of free men—and formidable only to tyrannical governments. (Texas declaration of independence, March 2, 1835)

In contrast to the Constitution of the United States of America, which leaves room for some to argue that the right to bear firearms applies only to state militia, the Texas constitution leaves no doubt that the individual citizen has the right to bear firearms.

Section 23. Every citizen shall have the right to keep and bear arms in the lawful defense of himself or the state; but the legislature shall have the power by law to regulate the wearing of arms, with a view to prevent crime. (Texas constitution)

Is history repeating itself?

Charles L. Rittenberry
Attorney at Law
Amarillo, Texas

CAUTION CURVE

I was a little surprised to read your somewhat flippant reply to Bill Loren's letter in the August *Playboy Forum*. His point was clear to me. But since Loren is obviously on a higher plane than the normal human, perhaps I can clarify his essay for those with only average intelligence.

Imagine Mr. and Mrs. Ordinary Cave Man as they engaged in a little pre-coital foreplay. Average Cave Leopard, knowing that Ordinary Cave Man was at an extreme defensive disadvantage during his mating ritual, pounced on and consumed said cave man. That happened with great frequency (about 93 percent of the time)

H.M.H. AWARDS

Winners of the 1984 Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards were honored in three areas of achievement during a ceremony held at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. The awards, carrying honoraria of \$3000 in each category, have been presented annually since 1980 by the Playboy Foundation to recognize and support those considered by a panel of judges to have made major contributions in the protection and enhancement of First Amendment rights.

• **Frank Wilkinson**, executive director emeritus of the National Committee Against Repressive Legislation, was honored for his "lifelong commitment" in that area, as founder of the National Committee to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee, which destroyed so many careers and reputations during the McCarthy era, and "as an inspirational leader in the fight for civil rights."

• **Helen and Forrest Troy** of the *Oklahoma Observer*, published in Oklahoma City and an influential political and cultural voice in the Midwest, were recognized for "outstanding community leadership through their commitment to press freedom."

• **Angus Mackenzie**, director of the San Francisco-based Freedom of Information Project, was honored for his dedicated and successful campaigning to keep the public informed on such issues as illegal Government spying, harassment of journalists and efforts to conceal illegal Government activities in the guise of national security.

The independent panel of judges included Martin Agronsky, journalist and television moderator; Alan Dershowitz, Harvard Law School professor and civil liberties attorney; and Liza Pike, program director for the Center for Investigative Reporting.

until sexual caution became inbred in the female human. To this day, every woman has subconscious fears of a cave leopard's devouring any man with a hard-on.

As Ordinary Cave Man became tired of looking both ways during intercourse, he decided to *kill* Average Cave Leopard. That created the Law of Variable Proportions, which states that for zero cave leopards killed, Ordinary Cave Man could enjoy uninterrupted sex only seven percent of the time. For every cave leopard killed, his time for uninterrupted sex increases proportionally. The curve travels upward to a point where the maximum time for uninterrupted sex is obtained from the least number of cave leopards killed. But in his infinite stupidity, man assumed that if ten cave leopards killed brought him 69 percent uninterrupted fucks, then 20 killed should give him 138 percent. The curve plummeted as Ordinary Cave Man took time out from uninterrupted sex to kill more and more cave leopards. Thus, the female became sexually cautious again as she thought twice about taking a mate who spent more time causing the extinction of a species than rolling in the hay. Class dismissed.

Michael McCary
Centralia, Missouri

Perhaps we were a little too flippant with Loren's theory that women's sexual caution derives from their and their mates' vulnerability to prehistoric cave leopards while copulating, but you can be assured that we never take serious matters lightly—for example, the fact that you have your curve traveling upward to a point where the maximum time for uninterrupted sex is "obtained from the least number of cave leopards killed." Are you talking about an optimum sex/kill ratio, the point of diminishing returns in a cost-benefits analysis or what? Such imprecision in thought or writing would seem to reflect the decline in our educational system.

BROAD BUTTON

While shopping in a natural-foods store, I found myself standing next to a woman wearing a button that read, THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART IS WITH A BROADSWORD. For some reason, I couldn't bring myself to ask her just what that meant, so I'm asking PLAYBOY. I presume you people keep up on such things.

J. Rodney Davis
Austin, Texas

A broadsword would do a pretty good job of decapitating or dismembering, but it's not very good as a piercing instrument, so we have to admit that we're stumped. Maybe we're missing some pun on the word broad.

"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.





SX91E

Programmable

At Salomon, we've come up with a way to help you improve your skiing and extend your limits. It's called the Salomon SX91 Equipe. And its programmable.

You can now change the boots' flex...instantly. A little or a lot, anytime, anywhere, as snow conditions and terrain change. No other boot has this broad range of flex adjustment that's so convenient to use. Salomon's patented internal fit system means secure heel hold-down for maximum control with no loss of comfort. So if you'd like totally programmable boots that provide an incredible range of adjustments, try Salomon's new SX91 Equipe, one of nine great models from Salomon. Visit your Salomon Certified Boot Dealer...and experience the difference.

**FLEX ADJUSTMENT + HEEL-HOLD =
PROGRAMMABLE BOOTS**

*Vive
la difference*

SALOMON

For the competitor in us all



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOSÉ NAPOLEÓN DUARTE

a candid conversation with the embattled president of el salvador about rebels, fascists, death squads and life in central america

The rebellion in El Salvador, according to Ronald Reagan, is the pivotal conflict in what his Administration perceives as a life-and-death battle against the Soviets' "evil empire." With a population of only 4,500,000, a land mass the size of Massachusetts and an economy that has barely entered the 20th Century, the war-swept Central American nation is where the United States must, in the words of the White House, draw the line against revolution in the Western Hemisphere.

Since 1980, nearly one billion dollars in U.S. military and economic aid has been poured into a succession of military-backed regimes. It was hoped that the influx would stem the rebellion that has brought as much as 30 percent of the country's land under the control of guerrillas of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.).

As domestic fears of another Vietnam arose, the Administration stepped up its efforts to convince the public that the U.S. is supporting a genuinely democratic, forward-looking government. Despite reports of continuing government-sponsored murders, torture and death-squad rampages, the American public was told that democracy had finally arrived in El Salvador with the election of President José Napoleón Duarte in

1984. Simultaneously, the Administration began strong efforts to win approval of unprecedented amounts of aid to Duarte's government; the Reagan Administration has provided \$196,000,000 in Salvadoran military aid for fiscal 1984, a more than 30-fold escalation over the 1980 figure.

Since so much of Reagan's foreign policy rests on the shoulders of one man, invariably described in State Department handouts as a "reformer," a "moderate," a man open to dialog, PLAYBOY dispatched journalists Marc Cooper and Greg Goldin, specialists in Central American affairs, to have a firsthand look at El Salvador's leader. They arrived in San Salvador just two weeks after President Duarte's inauguration.

Duarte's staff had promised the "Playboy Interview" after a cabinet meeting had approved the idea. In the midst of strikes and massive guerrilla attacks during his first 30 days in power, the 58-year-old veteran politician and onetime construction entrepreneur nevertheless found the time to sit for his first in-depth interview. From his office in San Salvador's Casa Presidencial, Duarte spoke about the war, the U.S. and Central American politics in general. Some brief history:

In 1932, when Duarte was still in grade school, El Salvador's landless peasantry

staged an ill-fated revolt led by revolutionary leader Agustín Farabundo Martí. Salvadoran dictator Maxmiliano Hernández Martínez crushed the rebellion, killing 30,000 peasants. The myth spawned by his dictatorship lives on, embodied in the Gabriel García Márquez novel "The Autumn of the Patriarch," as well as in the all-too-real death squads that have proudly adopted dictator Hernández Martínez' name.

For 50 years, El Salvador's wealth had been plundered and held in the hands of the nation's "14 families." The oligarchy's enforcers, the military, had effectively ruled with an iron hand through various surrogates. By 1979, five percent of the population earned nearly 40 percent of the country's income, nearly 40 percent of the people were illiterate and more than 25 percent were unemployed.

Opposition to the dictatorship was repeatedly put down with brutal efficiency; but in 1972, Duarte, then mayor of San Salvador, allied himself with left-of-center politicians and won the national election but was denied the presidency when the military falsified vote totals. The defrauded Duarte was arrested, beaten, tortured and sent into exile.

By October 1979, neighboring Nicaragua had a new revolutionary regime. A reform government sprang up in El Salvador, which



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOAN AMBROSE NEWTON

"Soldiers who have no land defend the powerful and wealthy. The left is doing the same, with the university graduates talking and the campesinos on the battlefield. In this war, the poor are killing the poor."

"Do death squads still exist? Of course. We have to work to get rid of them. . . . Are we going to arrive at perfection? I think not. Our society is an uncivilized one. It brims with machismo from every sector."

"You in the media don't sell reality, you sell emotions. For the media, a cadaver is news. What my government is doing is not glamorous enough for you to sell. It's easier for a reporter to believe the guerrillas."

attempted to head off a revolution of the Nicaraguan type, but it dissolved in chaos as moderates and leftists claimed that the military and the right-wingers were massacring at will. Duarte, who had in the meantime returned from exile and was considered one of the moderate politicians, then entered the government to become one of the junta's four members.

The year that Duarte joined the junta, 1980, was a bloody one. San Salvador Roman Catholic archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero was gunned down by rightist death squads. Many of the politicians who had served with Duarte in the late Seventies had gone underground and had joined the Christian and Marxist opposition, which by now had turned to guerrilla war. The National University was looted and occupied by the national guard. Five prominent opposition leaders were kidnaped and murdered by government troops. And on December fourth, the bodies of four American churchwomen were unearthed in a shallow grave. They had been raped and murdered by government troops.

Nine days later, under direct U.S. pressure, Duarte was elevated to president of the junta by a vote of the military command. The U.S. military aid that had been suspended a week before in the furor over the churchwomen's deaths was renewed. And when the Reagan Administration took power in January 1981, aid levels were further increased.

But the killing did not stop. The Catholic university in San Salvador counted more than 13,000 civilian political deaths during 1981, most attributed to the military or the right, but the Reagan Administration continued to claim that the country's leadership was moderate. In the spring of 1981, San Salvador's new archbishop, Arturo Rivera y Damas, wrote to George Bush, saying that U.S. policy was making a "fatal mistake." The religious leader said, "Your views of the junta as 'Centrist' do not concur with the reality and practice of the junta, which is greatly influenced by the right wing of the military."

Duarte and his junta stayed in power until May 1982, when a provisional government, named by the newly elected National Assembly, took over. Duarte ran as a presidential candidate in the 1984 elections and in a May sixth runoff vote defeated extreme-rightist candidate Roberto D'Aubuisson, a man widely believed to be linked to the death squads. It was reported that the CIA contributed some \$2,000,000 toward Duarte's election, a charge he denies.

Duarte's supporters say he is the last hope for democracy in El Salvador, pointing to his record of opposing the military in the Sixties and Seventies, arguing that he is doing a nearly impossible balancing act between violent extremists. His opponents claim that he is no more than a front man for the right-wing oligarchy and the military, charging that his promises to end the death squads have led to no firmer action than the transfer of a handful of officers.

Cooper and Goldin arrived in San Salvador as the Duarte government was facing its

first military challenges. Here is their report:

"The road into San Salvador, the Ronald Reagan National Highway, is a smooth 25-mile stretch that escorts every visiting Congressman, Senator and reporter—about the only sight-seers in El Salvador these days. No sign of war here other than the austere billboards showing a steely-eyed soldier saying, I AM WITH THE HOMELAND AND READY TO DIE FOR IT. AND YOU? The bombings, the battles and the bloodshed take place mostly in the countryside, not in the capital. Still, the notorious armor-plated Cherokee Jeeps with their blackout windows—the preferred car of the death squads—prowl the streets, adding an instant chill to the thick tropical air.

"After a number of postponements, we were told that President Duarte would see us on a Saturday afternoon. Then, a few hours after we had received that confirmation, more than 1000 guerrillas staged a surprise attack on the country's largest hydroelectric facility, which they overran and held for ten hours.

"As the death toll inflicted by the guerrillas topped 150—a figure confirmed only when reporters made the rounds of all the morgues within a 50-mile radius—and the battle

*"Violence in El Salvador
today is as it was
in your wild West.
The only thing that
counts is the size
and aim of the gun."*

became the first defeat for the new government, we wondered whether or not Duarte would cancel our interview. But the unlikely is the norm in El Salvador: The U.S. military staff in the fortresslike American Embassy publicly interpreted the government defeat as a victory, and so Duarte, who had not granted any interviews since becoming president, was free for his scheduled session with PLAYBOY.

"The check point at the entrance to the presidential palace was relaxed on a sleepy Saturday afternoon. Inside the hot, steamy anteroom, we did not see the usual crowd of stoic, ever-patient campesinos waiting to talk with a presidential aide about a disappeared son or an unemployed cousin. It was Saturday, and even in wartime, the government does not conduct business on Saturday. The guard strained to read our credentials, asked us if we were armed and then sent us unescorted to Duarte's private second-floor office overlooking the interior garden. There were six flags of Central America posted behind him, and, refreshed by Cokes, unmolested by phone calls, he spoke freely with us throughout the afternoon and on into the evening."

PLAYBOY: The war in El Salvador is financed by American taxpayers, so it seems fair to ask you, Mr. President, just how much longer this conflict is going to last—two years? Ten years?

DUARTE: I wonder if the United States could answer the same question about controlling the Ku Klux Klan.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that this war could last for more than 100 years?

DUARTE: It depends on the will of the people, and that is why I say that our first objective is to win over the people, because without them, there is no revolution. We just cannot measure this thing in terms of time. Whichever side gains the faith of the people is going to win the war.

PLAYBOY: That reminds us of the U.S. policy in Vietnam, which was to win the hearts and minds of the Vietnamese. From a strictly military point of view, can you say which side is winning?

DUARTE: Well, the military has to be put into a broader social context. You can't say whether the army is winning or the guerrillas are winning. Look, in the Vietnam war, the North Vietnamese army never won a major battle, but it was able to take power, because the war was not just a military conflict. The South Vietnamese and the U.S. did not do what was necessary to win the political and ideological war. Instead, they thought it was solely a military conflict, and that was the way they fought it. And that's the mistake that most Americans are making now about El Salvador. They look only at the number of cannons, the number of battles, the number of soldiers and the body count. This is no way to measure what is happening in this country.

But this is not to say that there is not a military solution to this conflict. There can be no doubt that if, at a certain moment, our army was to find itself without ammunition, without weapons, without money, without popular support and without the possibilities of maintaining recruitment levels, and if at the same time, support, weapons and ammunition continued flowing to the guerrillas, then the subversives could militarily defeat the weakened army.

PLAYBOY: So you believe a military victory is possible for the rebels.

DUARTE: It's possible. It's possible under the conditions that I just described. That would allow the subversive guerrilla army to impose itself on the entire nation. On the other hand, the reverse is also true. Suppose that it were possible to suspend Russian, Cuban and Nicaraguan military aid to the guerrillas, so that their arms supply would be interrupted. This would create a situation in which the army could easily defeat the guerrillas. And there you have the two different military solutions to the conflict.

PLAYBOY: As you describe them, neither one sounds likely.

DUARTE: Right. They both assume an almost impossible circumstance. As long



Courvoisier

VSOP
Fine Champagne

COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon
COGNAC

THE BOTTLE AND ITS CONTENTS ARE THE PROPERTY OF COURVOISIER, MAISON FONDÉE EN 1765, COGNAC, FRANCE. IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, MIAMI, FLORIDA. SOLE DISTRIBUTOR FOR THE U.S.A.

COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon

80 PROOF IMPORTED BY © W.A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA 1983

as I'm president, this will never happen. The thought of American troops' coming to El Salvador to resolve a military problem would indicate that democracy is not working. I have no reason to be president of something that isn't democratic.

PLAYBOY: But if the very existence of your government, especially a government that you call democratic, depended on the support of U.S. troops, wouldn't that change your mind?

DUARTE: No. That would be a very pessimistic evaluation of the real possibilities of democracy. Democracy has to improve, not worsen, a situation. I don't think for one minute that there is the possibility of foreign military intervention.

PLAYBOY: In the United States, many persons regarded the American intervention in Grenada as a success. The troops arrived, carried out their mission quickly and, for the most part, withdrew. Why not do the same here in El Salvador?

DUARTE: A decision like that would have to be made from the outside; it wouldn't be a Salvadoran decision. We Salvadorans don't want any outside intervention. We want to exercise our rights and we want to solve this problem by internal means. And it cannot be resolved with troops; it can be resolved only by solving the problems.

PLAYBOY: Then you are really saying there is no military solution.

DUARTE: There exists no real possibility for a military solution. But we can ask ourselves who has the initiative. I think that history will show us that in these past four years, there has been a shift in who has the initiative from a prolonged people's war, as practiced by the left, to one in which the leftists are on the defensive, as they are now. But the war will not be won with a quick fix.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by a "quick fix"?

DUARTE: Well, for example, the whole world has seen what's happened in the Middle East. How many agreements have been signed by the United States and Egypt and Israel and Lebanon and Beirut [*sic*] and Arafat and all those people? At one point, the superpowers intervene, foreign troops land, Arafat is put on a boat and treaties are signed. Peace, right? Well, the next day, the killing starts all over again. It's been 20 years now and they're still killing one another with the same intensity. And why? Because they haven't gotten to the root of the problem.

PLAYBOY: It could be argued that there is no peace in the Middle East because the two principal parties in the conflict—Israel and the P.L.O.—have never sat down to negotiate with each other. Isn't there a lesson there for you in your continuing refusal to accept the Salvadoran rebels' proposal for unconditional talks?

DUARTE: So many people come here and talk to me about dialog and negotiations! They ask me, "Why don't you sit down to

talk with the F.M.L.N.?" I say, "OK. But what for?" Are they really ready to leave behind their strategy of death, of blood, of violence? Are they ready to say, "Never again will I pick up a rifle to kill people"? Will the guerrillas in the mountains pay attention to their civilian political leaders when they are told to disarm? [*Laughs*] Personally, I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: You are frequently portrayed in the United States as the one man in El Salvador capable of beginning a dialog. But you're really telling us that you will not sit down to talk with the rebels.

DUARTE: I propose a *sincere* dialog in which the question of power is not on the agenda, with no guns on the table, because to negotiate with a gun in your hand is to say, "I'm strong; I'm exercising my power." And the answer is "So am I."

PLAYBOY: The leftist rebels were the first to propose negotiations; they say they are ready to talk without conditions but that you have effectively blocked the talks by demanding that they disarm themselves first. They claim that in the current climate of political assassinations directed against them, to disarm would be suicidal.

DUARTE: Let's assume for the sake of the discussion that the leftists are correct, that they can't disarm themselves because they lack physical security. If that's true, what should the first goal of this government be? To create that atmosphere of security! I don't need them to tell me that there is a lack of physical security in this country. I know that!

PLAYBOY: So you agree that the rebels cannot safely disarm themselves?

DUARTE: I agree that there is a lack of security in the country, that this country has experienced 50 years of a culture of terror. I have to see to it that my government creates a secure atmosphere. So as long as that security doesn't exist, there is no reason to sit down to talk, because the leftists are not going to accept.

PLAYBOY: A guerrilla who reads what you've just said could easily be confused. On the one hand, you say that he must disarm himself before he begins a dialog. Then you acknowledge that it is dangerous for him to do so. What do you recommend this guerrilla do if he wants peace?

DUARTE: Well, let's keep in mind that this guerrilla you are talking about is the one who will not put his weapon down because there is no security. So I'm giving you the answer to that. We have to create that atmosphere of security. Agreed?

PLAYBOY: Go on.

DUARTE: But in order to create this atmosphere, the guerrilla also has to do his part. If he continues with his bombs and terror and attacks along the highways, he's not contributing to security. I am doing my part to create this atmosphere, but the guerrilla is doing everything he can to destroy it. He is not being sincere.

PLAYBOY: You haven't mentioned the most

powerful sector in El Salvador: the army. Even if the guerrillas were to disarm, the army surely would not. You say the guerrillas aren't sincere in their desire for peace. Do you think the armed forces are?

DUARTE: I think so. I'm sure of it. And what's more, I think the army has given proof of this in my first month in power. As commander in chief, it is I who command the army. In my first 30 days as president, I did not hear of one single complaint about a case of abuse of authority or actions that could be defined as military crimes. Not one.

[*The legal-aid office of the Roman Catholic archdiocese of San Salvador reports that in the period to which President Duarte refers, there were 123 civilians killed by government forces and 11 more people killed by unidentified agents or death squads.*]

The army is giving us daily proof that it is striving to build democracy. It does this by learning to live in a democracy and by accepting the fact that it must now obey civilian control. Every day, I visit a different military unit to talk to them about these things. I can assure you that up to now the army is ready to get involved in the peace process that I am working on. For this reason, I have removed from key positions those officers who don't have my confidence. I have demonstrated to the left that I have the power to make the country secure by removing an officer nobody thought could be removed.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to Colonel Nicolás Carranza, former commander of the treasury police?

DUARTE: Yes. But the left has not dared to remove *its* commander, Joaquín Villalobos. That means that the politicians of the left don't have control over their guerrilla military forces. That's what they said about us some years ago—that we politicians were prisoners of our military. That is not true now. But for them it's true.

Recently, when the rebels overran a large hydroelectric dam, they broadcast threats that they would kill their prisoners and destroy the dam—and that I was responsible. Do you think that I'm responsible for every guy over there who picks up a pistol? Look how they distort things. According to what the guerrillas themselves broadcast, the seizure of the dam was intended to force me to have a dialog with them and to negotiate a share of power. Do you think that you can find peace with an attitude like that?

[*Transcripts of clandestine guerrilla radio broadcasts show no such demands or threats to execute any captured soldiers. Prisoners were eventually turned over to the International Red Cross.*]

PLAYBOY: Whatever help they may get from the Soviets or Cuba, if there were no popular support for the guerrillas, they couldn't exist. Would you agree?

DUARTE: Yes, but don't forget the number

of young people the guerrillas have taken from the small towns. This morning, I was informed that they had captured a 12-year-old boy and had sent him off to Cuba, that they were taking hundreds of our 12-year-old children and sending them to Cuba to indoctrinate and train them.

It is also clear that the origins of the violence in our country also produce a certain number of idealists. There are leaders and others who have gotten involved in the guerrilla war thinking that was the only viable solution. These are people with a Marxist ideology, people who sell this sentiment to others. We cannot deny that there exists a process of politicization of the masses and that in order to fight in the mountains, you need much of the emotion, fanaticism and faith that Marxism offers. But there are fewer of them today than four years ago.

PLAYBOY: Not necessarily. Figures given to us by military officers of the U.S. Embassy here estimate two to three times as many guerrillas today as four years ago.

DUARTE: Yes, but our army has become two to three times as large, as well. And you must remember that in this country, all recruitment has been by press-ganging. The guerrillas are doing exactly the same as the army does: press-ganging.

PLAYBOY: Are you telling us that the army is engaged in forced impressment?

DUARTE: It's always been that way. Any male 18 or older is subject to military service. Any youth can be stopped on the street and asked, "How old are you? Eighteen? You haven't been in the service yet? Off you go!" We don't have a method of organized call-up as you do in the United States. Even your system is forced recruiting, because when that draft letter is received by Mr. John Smith, he also has to go. So the guerrillas are doing the same as the army—with the difference being that the guerrillas are also taking 12-year-olds, because for them it is easier to indoctrinate a child. I don't know if you've been out on the roads when the guerrillas stop buses and ask the passengers for money. You'll see that many of them are only 14 or 15 years old, and it is interesting to note that some of the guerrilla *comandantes* are also children.

PLAYBOY: You ask if we've seen it happen; we have. While traveling to the capital, we met some guerrillas. Among them was a 12-year-old boy carrying an M-16 rifle. He told us that he had joined the rebels only after the national guard murdered his father and mother. Might that child be more representative of the youth who are in the ranks of the insurgents?

DUARTE: There can be no doubt that there are cases like that. It must be remembered that there have been many years of violence in this country, many years of frustration and radicalization. There have been many instances in which persons have joined the army to get even with

The best way to put together a professional sound system is to let professionals do it.

The professionals at Toshiba. With their incredible System 55.

And what a system. It includes an integrated amplifier with 85 watts per channel*, a direct drive turntable, a digital synthesized tuner, a full auto-reverse cassette deck, a set of 3-way speakers, plus the options of a compact disc player and a 20-band graphic equalizer. All enclosed in an elegant cabinet with glass door and top.

Toshiba's System 55. It's one of the soundest investments you'll ever make.

In Touch with Tomorrow

TOSHIBA

Toshiba America, Inc., 82 Totowa Road, Wayne, NJ 07470

*85 watts per channel, minimum RMS power into 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz with no more than 0.05% THD.

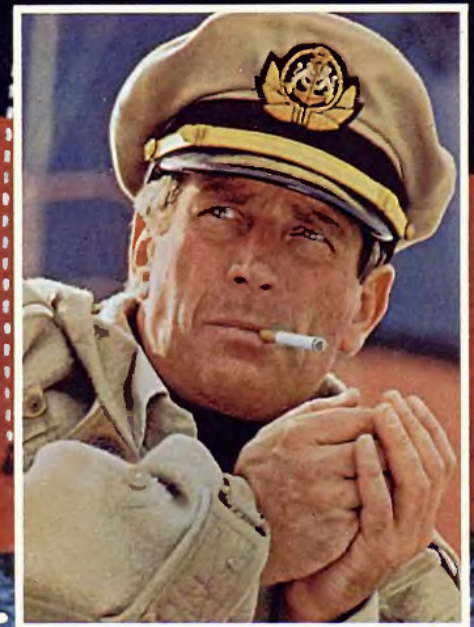


Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84



A world of flavor in a



low tar.

MERIT
Low Tar-Enriched Flavor™

guerrillas and have been desperate to kill guerrillas just to seek vengeance. The same thing happened with you Americans and the Japanese and Germans, mostly with the Japanese. Pearl Harbor produced a sociological phenomenon of anti-Japanese hatred and vengeance.

PLAYBOY: Another night, we were in the expensive district of San Salvador known as the *Zona Rosa*—

DUARTE: [Laughs] I see you treat yourselves well—

PLAYBOY: And we noticed a lot of young men, obviously wealthy, who carried guns but were not in the army. Do they avoid military service because of privilege?

DUARTE: In this country, that's been a custom. It has its roots in the educational system. Traditionally, those who go into the army can't read or write, don't have a future or any chance of studying. In addition, there are a series of deferments for anyone who is an only male child and for anyone who is studying. So who is left? The poor people, those who have no shoes, those who can't prove they are studying. In short, there is injustice.

Soldiers who have no land, no money, no job defend the powerful, the oligarchs and the wealthy, who speak of defending the country but are not willing to risk their lives for it. And on the other side, the left is

doing the same. Who are their ideologues? The university graduates, the political leaders; but who is on the battle front? How many of them are fighting in the hills? The majority of the subversives in the battlefield are *campesinos*. This is a fight between *campesinos* and *campesinos*. The poor are killing the poor.

PLAYBOY: In December 1980, you were named president of the government junta, a position that you held until May 1982. Did you exert real power then?

DUARTE: No. I wasn't president of the republic; I wasn't commander in chief of the armed forces. I was president of the junta, one of four members. So with just two votes against me, any decision I wanted to make would be blocked.

PLAYBOY: Now that you are commander in chief, let us ask you how you see your role. Before he was shot to death in March 1980, the archbishop of San Salvador, Monsignor Oscar Arnulfo Romero, said that at times it is necessary for a soldier to obey the law of God and ignore the orders of man. Would you agree?

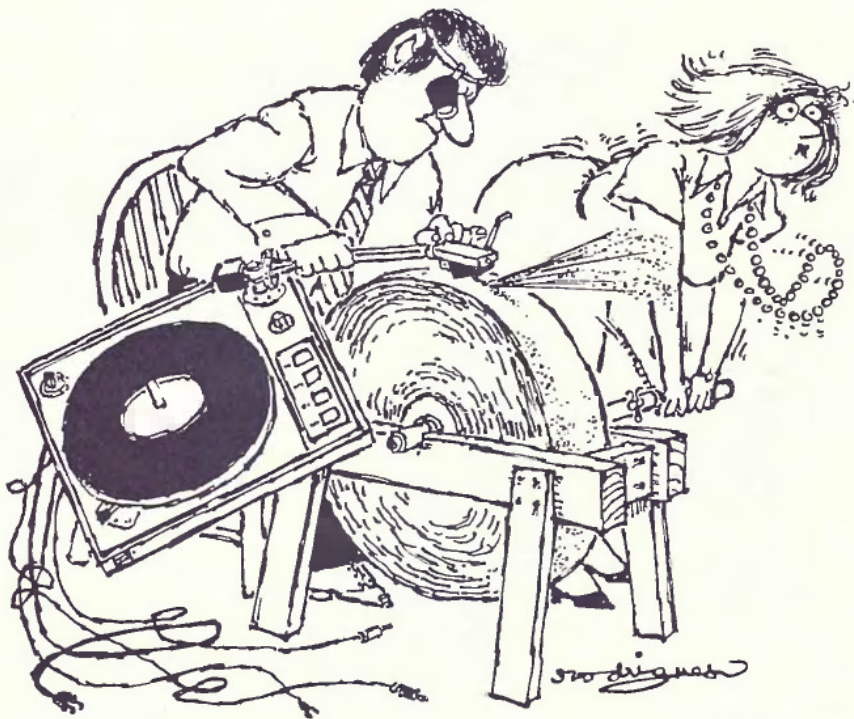
DUARTE: I think that that statement, made by Monsignor Romero a few days before his death, had a political intent. He was contrasting the authority of God with that of man in order to urge soldiers to disobey their officers. But let's philosophize a bit about this. I think it's true that the authority of God takes precedence over the authority of man. However, if the authority of man comes from God and remains moral, then there is no incompatibility between the two. The message that a religious man or a pastor should give is "Respect the authority of God." He should not call upon those who must obey authority to rebel against it. Whether the authority gives good orders or bad orders, it is the one who gives orders who sins or doesn't sin. He who received orders does not sin, even though they might violate his own morality. However, he who counsels others to disobey orders with a political objective in mind is also violating the authority of God.

PLAYBOY: We thought the question of obedience to evil orders had been answered at Nuremberg. Don't you acknowledge that the political authority against which Monsignor Romero was speaking out had to be resisted?

DUARTE: No doubt, at that time, there was a social aberration; there was abuse of authority. Also, the struggle against the abuse of that authority creates one extreme out of another. We of the junta entered the government at the moment Romero delivered that message. If you analyze the written agreement we made with the armed forces, you'll see that we raised the same exact points as Monsignor Romero. We called for change also.

PLAYBOY: Despite that, most human-rights organizations say that the period in which you were president of the junta was the bloodiest in recent Salvadoran history. Between 15,000 and 20,000 innocent

When it's time for a new stylus...



A good stereo can last a lifetime. Except for the phono stylus. It wears out. And, worn too far, it destroys priceless records.

Replacing your stylus regularly is good advice. But we have a better idea. This time, add just a few dollars and enjoy the benefits of a new Audio-Technica Vector-Aligned™ phono cartridge.

For instance, our new Model AT160ML can reduce distortion 40% or more, improve tracking, and add substantially to stylus and record life. And its re-

markable stylus shape can actually restore life to records you thought were "worn out."

A new phono cartridge will add life to every component in your stereo system. Your Audio-Technica dealer will help you make the switch with little effort and little cost. Do it today. For your records and your ears.



take a smart step to better sound!



audio-technica 1221 Commerce Dr., Stow, OH 44224

people were massacred by the army and the security forces. How do you reconcile your demands on the military with what they did?

DUARTE: Once you drop an atom bomb and it explodes, can you stop the radiation and the fallout and prevent the deaths from multiplying? I think not. It was in 1979 and 1980 that we suffered that explosion. It was in that period that the social changes were undertaken, that the guerilla war really began, that the extreme right began to react. In a society already conditioned to the abuse of authority, those abuses became extreme. It was then that the rightists killed Romero and that they began to kill an average of one Christian Democrat per day. The criminal element went wild, because there was no effective police and no social order. This is how the social explosion was produced. In the face of it, nothing could be done by anyone to stop it. But we proposed a plan. If you study the curves of the monthly death tolls, you will see how we reached the high point around December 1980, January 1981. At that time, the toll was running about 3000 deaths a month. After that, it began to decline to the level of September 1981, which is the same level of deaths, more or less, as the present.

PLAYBOY: What is that level?

DUARTE: On the order of 400 to 500 deaths per month—which is about what the level of criminality was in the Seventies. Then nobody was concerned that there were 400 deaths a month in El Salvador. But now, every death in El Salvador is counted under the category of political violence, whatever its real cause. I think that when the bomb of violence exploded, it wasn't possible to stop the killings. Nobody could produce an overnight miracle. This has happened throughout history.

PLAYBOY: Where else has this happened?

DUARTE: You in the United States have a long history of examples of this sort of thing. Your violence exploded during the Civil War. It was a hatred that lasted for years and even took the life of President Lincoln and I don't know how many thousands of others. And it didn't stop there. The violence spread to new areas where there was no organized structure—such as your wild West.

The impact on us today is as it was in your West. We have no structures capable of responding to violence, so any and every crime goes unpunished. In a situation like that, the only thing that counts is the size of the pistol or the marksmanship of its owner. That's why I say, and repeat, I will not negotiate with rifles on the table.

PLAYBOY: Throughout the period you are discussing, you were president of the ruling junta. How did you feel knowing that your military and security forces were engaged in wholesale killing?

DUARTE: Overwhelmed. Sad.

PLAYBOY: Did you discuss the situation with the military commanders?

DUARTE: All the time. There was a kind of feeling of impotence.

PLAYBOY: What have you been able to do since becoming president? There is a black joke around San Salvador that goes, "Now that Duarte is president, there are no more death squads. All we have to do now is deal with people who insist on waking up dead." How do you respond?

DUARTE: The remark you quote is sarcastic. It is an expression full of, let us say, bad faith; to even imagine that just with the presence of Duarte—boom!—the death squads are going to go away. . . .

PLAYBOY: So the death squads still exist?

DUARTE: Of course they exist. And we have

to work to get rid of them. Every week, in the archbishop's homily, he tells the people what the weekly death toll is. Sometimes it goes up; sometimes it goes down. Sometimes the monsignor speaks of 40 deaths, and other times it's gone up to 60. This week, I think there is going to be a pretty high toll, because there are at least 80 soldiers dead and I understand that the archbishop is going to include them in the total, which could reach as high as 150 or 180 deaths. If you add up all the deaths that are mentioned in the homilies, you get a total of about 400 deaths a month. Compare this level of crime in El Salvador with that of any other country in the world and

KAHLÚA
Black Russian

Mmmm. Time to sit back, relax and enjoy a classic. Just, an ounce of Kahlúa, two ounces of vodka on the rocks. Incomparable. Because only Kahlúa tastes like Kahlúa. For a world of delicious ideas, do send for our recipe book. On us, of course. Kahlúa, Dept. D, P.O. Box 8925, Universal City, CA 91608.

©1983 Kahlúa® 53 Proof. Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Universal City, CA

you'll see that it is relatively low.

The problem derives from the fact that in the more civilized countries that have the ability to control and investigate acts of violence, the population feels protected or, at least, has a sense of relative security. But not in our society, where absolute disorder still reigns. If you take a look at the streets of San Salvador, you'll see that nobody pays attention to the stop signs. And this is a symptom. Do you know that in San Salvador in 1978, nobody ever went through a stop sign? Yet today, nobody stops. There is a reason for this: People don't stop at the signs because when they did, they were assaulted and had their cars stolen. Since the police could not stand on the corner without being shot to death, there was no one to protect society. So our motorists have decided to run the risk of running the stop signs.

Getting back to that sarcastic remark, let's try to be balanced. The Duarte government is going to try to eliminate the death squads in order to reduce crime to socially acceptable levels. Are we going to arrive at perfection? It's a satisfying thought, but I think not. We are human, and it would be a mistake to forget that our society is also an uncivilized one. It brims with *machismo* and with arrogance from every sector. It's enough here that a man has a gun and feels like he's king of the world and tries to impose himself on whoever is unarmed. You can see this every day in the streets of El Salvador.

PLAYBOY: Who are the death squads? The popular perception is that they are an integral part of the armed forces themselves.

DUARTE: During my political campaign, I spoke of four types of violence in the country: cultural violence, which I believe is the most widespread; institutional violence, which is abuse of authority; Nazi Fascist violence, which is the death squads proper; and subversive violence. It is often difficult to distinguish one from another. The subversives undertake violent actions that sometimes appear like cultural or institutional or Nazi Fascist violence. It is very difficult to tell.

The simplistic way of looking at things is to say the army is guilty of everything, that they are the murderers. But that is not true. It is enough to see that the majority of killings have taken place in the small towns of the countryside. And if you go to any of those towns to investigate, you'll see that there is a group of people, both civilians and military, who control the town. They control the property, the stores, the pharmacy, the church, the political parties, the mayor's office—everything. They use rumor, gossip and the familiar charge that anyone who opposes the power structure is a Communist. For 50 years, they've been using that argument; but the difference is that before, they didn't kill. They would just grab anyone they branded a Communist, stick a bottle of booze or some marijuana in his pocket, throw him in jail for being a drunk or a doper and

beat him up. A few days later, they'd let him go home all black and blue. Today, they kill him. They take people out of their homes at dawn, say they are from the armed forces and kill them. But the guerrillas do the same: They go to people's homes, say they are from the armed forces and kill them. The death squads do the same, and after they kill, they claim they are from the armed forces or the guerrillas.

[*Note: According to reports by the San Salvador archdiocese legal-aid office for the 14-month period ending July 1983, the F.M.L.N. guerrillas were responsible for the deaths of 63 civilians, while government forces were blamed for 4867 civilian deaths.*]

We have to be able to make some sense out of this confusing picture. That's why I say that the death-squad murders, the Nazi Fascist murders, have become a symbol of violence in general, and everyone talks of the death squads as if that were the whole problem. But really, the squads have engaged in selective murder, choosing their targets in order to have maximum impact at crucial moments.

It's different in the category of abuse of authority, which normally includes carrying out murders of a clear anti-Communist character. This stems from an attitude that we can describe as an excess of anti-Communist zeal. It is the application of the theory that the best Communist is a dead Communist, which is really an outgrowth of the national-security doctrine in Latin America that was imposed on us by the United States.

PLAYBOY: What do you propose to do about these types of violence you've described?

DUARTE: My first priority is to end the abuse of authority. This is the easiest to control, because there is an entire chain of command and a disciplinary code that can be used to combat it. That's what I am working on now. But the other types of violence continue. In order to attack them, I have to be permitted to restructure the armed forces. This job will be made easier because the powers that dominated the country in the past have disintegrated.

PLAYBOY: When you speak of Nazi Fascists, are you talking about the political forces of Roberto D'Aubuisson?

DUARTE: Definitely. I have no problem in saying that he has been a key factor in this campaign of destabilization. There is proof of that.

PLAYBOY: But, specifically, are you calling D'Aubuisson a Nazi Fascist?

DUARTE: I am absolutely convinced of that.

PLAYBOY: But if D'Aubuisson and his followers in the ARENA party are Nazi Fascists, and if, as you say, the death squads are linked to them, then certainly these groups could be outlawed if for no other reason than that they are armed.

DUARTE: Not necessarily. ARENA as a political institution is one thing; the armed groups are another. Of course, they are related to each other, and usually the leader of one is also the leader of the other.

PLAYBOY: That's our point. D'Aubuisson is

implicated in a long series of crimes, including the assassination of Archbishop Romero. Wouldn't it be a truer sign of democracy to prosecute and jail D'Aubuisson?

DUARTE: No. I think we have to distinguish between politics and the exercise of justice. I don't hesitate to say that all of these crimes must be investigated. I have clearly stated, and I've said it in front of D'Aubuisson, that we are going to investigate the death squads, and whoever turns up guilty will go to jail. If D'Aubuisson's name comes up as having been involved in any crime, he will go to jail. But this must first be proved. That's different from jumping to conclusions on the basis of hearsay or rumor or loose talk. Instead, we are going to investigate what I call some typical cases.

PLAYBOY: Could you be specific?

DUARTE: I am committed to investigating the case of Monsignor Romero, in which many say D'Aubuisson was involved. We will see whether or not he is linked to this. Up to now, this accusation has been purely speculative. Moreover, to a great degree, the speculation did not originate here. It has come from individuals in the United States who don't care *what* accusations they level. And this generates big headlines, but without any proof.

It's important to investigate, and that is my commitment. We are also going to investigate the massacre of the peasants in Las Hojas.

[*Las Hojas is a farming cooperative in western El Salvador. In early 1983, at least 18 and possibly as many as 70 farmers were killed by the U.S.-trained Jaguar Battalion.*]

PLAYBOY: So aside from the two or three high-profile murders you say you will investigate, it seems that the cases of more than 40,000 civilians killed in the past four years will never be opened.

DUARTE: There are open cases in every court in the country, because each victim who has been identified has an open file. If someone dedicated himself to going from town to town to find out which cases were open, he would find hundreds, thousands. Such is the judicial system we have, incapable of pursuing these cases, because it doesn't have the means to do so, the authority to do so and, sometimes, because it doesn't have the will to do so. Together, these factors mean the state is incapable of prosecuting the criminals.

We also have to mention the very grave factor of fear. In the specific case of Monsignor Romero, there were 300 people at the scene of the crime, yet no one has wanted to give testimony. Do you think that among 300 witnesses, there wasn't anyone who saw something? How can you investigate crime if the structure of terror, the culture of terror, makes it impossible for the citizen to come forward? And this affects all classes, not just the poor.

I could give you a long list of people who make speeches about what the government should do about human rights, of

priests who give homilies about conscience, of people who know specific cases—none of whom will step forward because they are afraid.

PLAYBOY: Is it true, then, that your government is simply not going to pursue the 40,000 other cases of civilian deaths?

DUARTE: I'd say that the problem lies elsewhere. Again, I'm going to draw a parallel to the history of the United States. Do you think that the thousands of murders that took place in the wild West were ever investigated? What did the U.S. do? They tried to *symbolically* re-establish the rule of law. They formed a group of posses and judges that traveled from town to town looking for specific cases, those that promoted a sense of justice.

PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the line between what you call symbolic and what your critics call cosmetic?

DUARTE: Salvadorans don't need cosmetics. It's sufficient that I say, "Look, everything that has happened in the past has happened, and that's it. Those people are already dead. There's nothing to investigate." I would only have to say that and the people would accept it. If we *did* engage in any cosmetics, it wouldn't be for the benefit of the people of El Salvador. It would be for purposes of export, to please the Americans or the journalists who come here to ask that kind of question. I won't stand for that. What I want to do is rebuild the social order, whether the Americans like it or not. I do know, however, that what I plan to do *will* please the U.S. But my concern is not our image abroad.

PLAYBOY: Every other Friday, a group called Mothers of the Disappeared holds a vigil on church steps in downtown San Salvador, demanding to know the whereabouts of the 5000 or more individuals who have disappeared in the past four years. The mothers' ranks grow, as they did in Argentina. A year ago, there were only a dozen of them; now there are 200, and they seem unwilling to accept your proposal to wipe the slate clean and forget about their loved ones.

DUARTE: Have you seen who they are? There are two types. There are those with white scarves on their heads, who are not mothers but, rather, Marxist activists, and they're the ones who run the show. There are others who are really mothers of the disappeared, including disappeared soldiers. What these Marxists really do is keep up the hopes of these people that their loved ones are still alive.

PLAYBOY: So you are writing off the 5000 disappeared as dead?

DUARTE: Most probably, they are dead.

PLAYBOY: What about prisoners? It is our understanding that here in El Salvador, one can be held for years without going to trial. Is that true?

DUARTE: Yes. This is what I call the injustice of not having a prompt trial. One can simply be held prisoner without knowing why or how or if or when he will have a

trial. This is another thing that has to be corrected.

PLAYBOY: How long can someone be held?

DUARTE: I was in prison once, and there were people there who had been waiting ten or 15 years for trial. This has been a tradition in our country. Maybe it's not quite so bad nowadays.

PLAYBOY: Retired judge Harold R. Tyler, the head of the investigating commission named by Secretary of State George Shultz to look into the deaths of the four American churchwomen in 1980, suggests that General Vides Casanova, head of the national guard at the time of the murders, was involved in covering up the crime and blocking its investigation. You have reappointed the general to his post as minister of defense. Do you have any doubts about him?

DUARTE: No. No doubts at all. I know the case of the nuns very well. It is not so much that Judge Tyler has made that accusation as that the American press has tried to interpret the judge's statements in that way. It has been exploded into something more than it really is. Much of what went on has been interpreted by American standards and not by ours. If El Salvador were the United States and if we had the same legal system as you do, we might be able to reach the same sort of conclusions that Judge Tyler did. But we are not as sophisticated.

PLAYBOY: Some of the churchwomen's relatives say that the trial of the guardsmen involved was carried out only to placate the U.S. Congress and to guarantee the continued flow of U.S. military aid.

DUARTE: I think that this sort of statement is politically motivated. I say that the trial is an expression of the moral conviction of the government that arrested and indicted the guardsmen. And that was my doing, because I was president of the junta at that time, and the entire junta, together with the military high command, turned the prisoners over to the judge. We even changed the investigating magistrate to make sure justice would be done.

[The first two magistrates appointed in the case resigned after death threats.]

When we had reached the conclusion that the indicted guardsmen *were* the murderers and that there was no other level of involvement, we went before the people and I declared to the whole country that the government had the moral certainty that these men were guilty.

PLAYBOY: Didn't U.S. pressure play a major role in the churchwomen's murderers' trial?

DUARTE: We can't rule out the fact that there was a sizable amount of influence and pressure from the United States. The case was in the newspapers and was constantly in the public eye. How many Senators came here, how many Congressmen, how many journalists, how many military men, how many Government officials; how many resolutions were passed in Washing-

ton? And all of the Americans, without exception, brought up the case of the nuns. And this obviously exerted a certain pressure, a pressure that allowed us to go ahead with the case.

PLAYBOY: Recognizing that this pressure was effective, aren't you contradicting your statements in Washington last May, when you said that you opposed Congress' linking any types of conditions, such as human-rights certification, to continued military aid?

DUARTE: No, it's not a contradiction. I am opposed to unilateral conditions attached to aid. But that doesn't mean that the pressure and the conditions aren't there anyway. As I have said before, what I desire is not always reality.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think the United States has some right to impose conditions? It is paying the bills.

DUARTE: Among the many reasons I oppose unilateral conditions is the practical one. If I as president accept that economic aid with the conditions that you want and those conditions are directed at the armed forces, then I have to go to the armed forces and say, "Look, fulfill the conditions that the guy over there with the money imposes, so we can get the aid." What happens if they don't meet the conditions? Then I have to go to the United States and say, "Look, the military doesn't want to obey me. Why don't you go lecture them, and maybe they'll listen to you?" Soon, I'm no longer the president. I'd have no role left to play in the country. The United States would be running the country; it would be the government. So what is behind the unilateral conditions is the idea that the U.S. runs the country and not me. That would be a clear case of intervention. *And it is the Democrats who are intervening!*

PLAYBOY: So you resent the fact that it is mostly the Democratic legislators who attach human-rights conditions to the funds they approve? Do you feel more comfortable with the Republicans?

DUARTE: No, because Republicans in power also put conditions on us.

PLAYBOY: In that context, do the American military advisors also tell you how to run the war?

DUARTE: This is the problem, no? The root of this problem is that the aid is given under such conditions that its use is really decided by the Americans and not by us. Decisions like how many planes or helicopters we buy, how we spend our money, how many trucks we need, how many bullets and of what caliber, how many pairs of boots and where our priorities should be—all of that.

PLAYBOY: All of that is decided by the Americans?

DUARTE: It is decided by the one who gives the money. And all of the money is spent over there. We never even see a penny of it, because everything arrives here already paid for.

PLAYBOY: You went to the U.S. in 1977 to

denounce an election fraud perpetrated by the military.

DUARTE: Yes. In 1977, I went to alert Congress and the U.S. to what was going on in El Salvador and to what two years later, in fact, exploded into violence and death. But I also criticized the press, which had no time to listen to me. I organized a breakfast briefing, and *nobody came*. Nobody was interested then in El Salvador.

PLAYBOY: Why did it take so long to become front-page news?

DUARTE: I think that the Communist propaganda machine has played a role in this. We all know how well it can orchestrate something. In the years 1979 and 1980, this Marxist news structure totally dominated the Salvadoran situation. Practically all the news about El Salvador was under Marxist control. The majority of the reporters who were here in El Salvador then were in the pay of the Marxist media.

PLAYBOY: How, in your opinion, did that affect coverage of El Salvador?

DUARTE: This led to an international campaign of isolation against El Salvador. It is the same thing the media did to Chile after Augusto Pinochet came to power. It is the same thing they did to Nicaragua in the last days of Anastasio Somoza.

PLAYBOY: Do you include the American press in your category of Marxist media?

DUARTE: Around the time the Reagan Administration was about to take power, the Salvadoran situation was very much politicized in Europe but not so much in the U.S. But when the four churchwomen were killed, the American media made a radical shift and became much more violent in their attacks on El Salvador—more so even than the Communist press—and they were responding to an internal political question. All of this was happening around the end of 1980. It was then that the elections were taking place in the U.S. and Reagan was attacking Carter's Salvadoran policy. Many people forget that Reagan was then saying he was against giving aid to the Salvadoran junta. Later, he changed his mind and supported us.

PLAYBOY: Considering the fact that you've been helped by both Republicans and Democrats, are you indifferent about the U.S. elections in November?

DUARTE: No, not indifferent; but I don't think it's my place to offer an opinion.

PLAYBOY: The Reagan Administration didn't have any hesitation in declaring its preference for you over D'Aubuisson in the May elections here.

DUARTE: Well, if the U.S. elections involved Ronald Reagan against, let's say, Al Capone, then I guess everyone would feel free to give an opinion.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to D'Aubuisson again?

DUARTE: [Laughs] I'm referring to the image El Salvador has. In our elections, one man had the image of being part of the death squads and the other the image of a moderate, because that's how the media defined me in the United States. The

choice between the candidates was so obvious that everyone felt free to give an opinion.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about Congress' refusal to keep supplying funds for the Nicaraguan *contras*—your ideological allies?

DUARTE: This is an area where I don't feel comfortable about getting involved, because it is really a question of American policy, and I'm interested in El Salvador. But if someone could stop Nicaragua, as well as Cuba and Russia, from intervening in El Salvador, I would be satisfied. There are many ways to do this, and we would be pleased with any one that worked.

PLAYBOY: Does that specifically mean that you support the *contras*?

DUARTE: It means that if in order to save my country, I have to stop the flow of arms from Nicaragua, and if that flow can be stopped with barriers put in Nicaragua's way, then I agree with that.

That's different from supporting subversives or guerrillas who invade another country. If I justify an invasion against the *Sandinista* government, I'm automatically justifying an insurrection against the government of El Salvador. Of course, by turning that axiom around, we can also give a clear message to Nicaragua.

PLAYBOY: The Reagan Administration also claims that Nicaragua is intervening here in El Salvador by supporting your enemies, the Salvadoran rebels. Yet it has never made public any proof of that accusation. Does your government have proof?

DUARTE: Look, it doesn't matter what I say or what proof I give you, you are always going to say it is not sufficient evidence.

PLAYBOY: That's not true. We are going to publish whatever you say.

DUARTE: No, it's normal that our side is ignored. The entire world does not want to accept any evidence that is offered by El Salvador or the U.S. In contrast, it accepts any evidence, even verbal evidence, that the *Sandinista* government offers as proof of U.S. interference. Let the *Sandinistas* make any declaration about U.S. intervention and they have instant credibility.

PLAYBOY: Do you give any credibility to the statements made by former CIA agent David C. MacMichael, whose job it was to monitor the arms traffic from Nicaragua and who recently announced that there had been no such flow for more than three years? He got so disgusted with the Government line about the arms flow that he went off to pick cotton in Nicaragua.

DUARTE: Well, there you are. What kind of credibility could he have if he did that?

PLAYBOY: There are several ways to view his going to Nicaragua. It doesn't necessarily mean he is a liar.

DUARTE: Wrong. There is only one way to interpret this. The man is clearly a Marxist.

PLAYBOY: He was also a CIA agent investigating arms flow to the Salvadoran guerrillas.

DUARTE: That means nothing! You know that there are infiltrators everywhere.

There are Marxists in the CIA, just as surely as the CIA has penetrated Nicaragua and the *Sandinista* junta itself. And this guy you are talking about said what he did because someone paid him to say that, or because he wanted attention, or because he was bitter about losing his job. I repeat, it is a question of our credibility in your press. Here in *PLAYBOY*, you are not going to publish, "Duarte makes important declaration about Nicaraguan intervention." No, instead, you will say, "Duarte *alleges* some possibility without any proof of any kind." That's how the image of our country is distorted. This is the lack of credibility I'm talking about.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that journalists lie about El Salvador?

DUARTE: You have to sell your news, and the news from El Salvador is death, violence, abuse, the "bad army," the destruction. This is what you have to sell to America, because it's what America wants to buy. Other things aren't news. If you took pictures of our buses running normally and people going to and from work, that wouldn't be news.

PLAYBOY: That isn't news anywhere. In that sense, El Salvador is no different from anywhere else.

DUARTE: You don't sell reality, you sell emotions. The media are not interested in reality. For the media, a cadaver is news. That's why we have no credibility.

PLAYBOY: Are you convinced, then, that the media just don't care what the Salvadoran government is doing?

DUARTE: What we are doing is not glamorous enough for you to sell. That's why the media doubt us. It's easier for a reporter to believe the guerrillas. It's easier for a journalist to go on the street and ask a woman he sees crying who it was that killed her child. And even if she makes up an answer, it is presented as the absolute truth.

PLAYBOY: Opinion polls in the U.S. show that almost 75 percent of the population has no idea which side our Government supports in El Salvador. Does that worry you?

DUARTE: [Laughs] No, I don't care.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

DUARTE: Because it is not my problem. It's a problem for the U.S.

PLAYBOY: You have such faith in public opinion in El Salvador; shouldn't you place a similar faith in American public opinion?

DUARTE: No, because policy in the United States is molded by a small minority. Congressmen and legislators work on the basis of information that they get in the form of calls and letters from their constituents. If you were to add up the number of letters and calls about El Salvador all of the Congress members get and compare that with the population of the United States, you'd see that it is a small minority that influences the Congress. What concerns me is how that minority feels about El Salvador.

PLAYBOY: You seem to know a good deal about domestic American politics—

DUARTE: Remember that I lived in the United States, that I graduated from Notre Dame. I know how Americans think [laughs]; I have lived among them.

PLAYBOY: How did your living in the United States affect you as a Central American politician?

DUARTE: I think that having lived in the United States, as well as having gone to school there, makes me somewhat different from other politicians. The Christian philosophy and thought, as well as the sensitivity to social problems that I was taught at Notre Dame, contributed to my political formation. There is a certain way of life in America, a certain respect for others and for society that also made an impression on me.

PLAYBOY: What do you identify as the negative qualities of the U.S.?

DUARTE: Selfishness and extreme individualism. Those are perhaps the two factors that make the most dramatic impact on a society like ours that wants to live as the U.S. encourages it to but does not have the means to do so.

PLAYBOY: So the American model is a false one for El Salvador?

DUARTE: The United States is a false model for any underdeveloped society that wants to imitate what it can't afford.

PLAYBOY: Is Fidel Castro right in proposing a different model for Latin America?

DUARTE: No, because he is also presenting a false model: A country that produces sugar cane and cuts it with machetes and transports it in wooden carts shouldn't also deal with atomic missiles and bombs.

PLAYBOY: How do you compare yourself with Pinochet of Chile and with Castro?

DUARTE: Pinochet is taller and Fidel has more hair.

PLAYBOY: That's it?

DUARTE: Better we compare ideas than personalities.

PLAYBOY: Let's start with Pinochet.

DUARTE: There's no doubt that Chile's basic political structure, which was based on rule of law, has been destroyed. A structure based on respect and 100 years of democracy has come to an end. That's what Pinochet means to me.

PLAYBOY: And Castro?

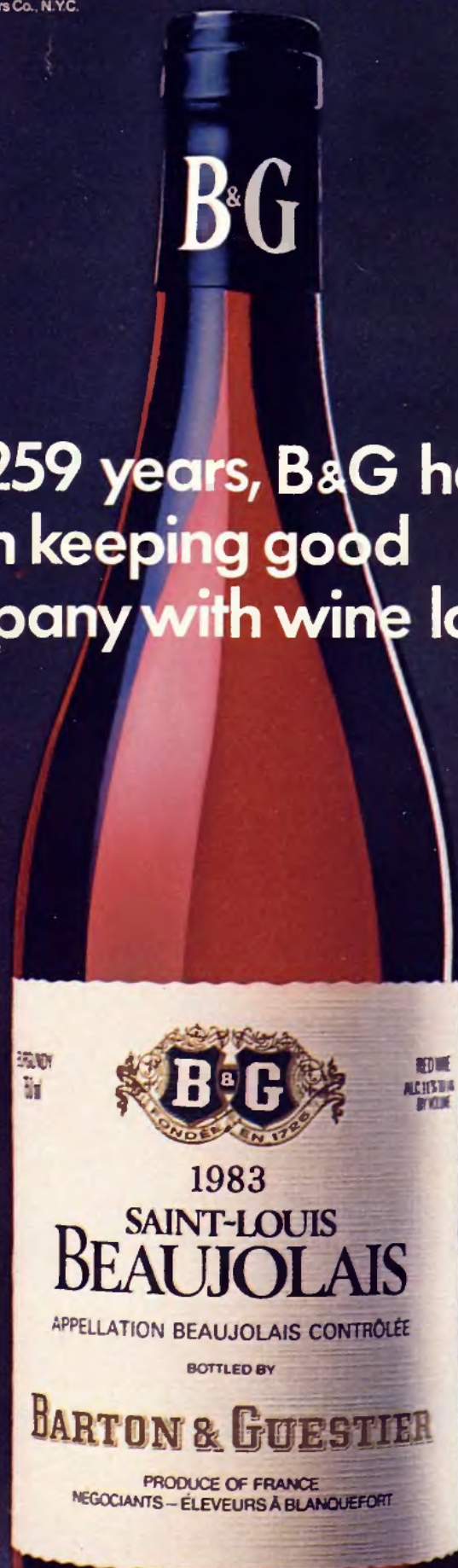
DUARTE: Castro stands primarily as a symbol of rebellion against a corrupt society, as Cuba was in the Fifties. He is an expression of reaction against dictatorship and militarism. He also represents a people desiring freedom as well as standing for a new totalitarianism.

PLAYBOY: And what does José Napoleón Duarte stand for?

DUARTE: I believe in compassion, tolerance and love. That's why I am trying to be tolerant with everyone, from the right-wing oligarchy that I openly say has oppressed our people to the subversive Marxist left that is shooting and killing—even to the right wing that is connected to the death squads. *Everybody.*



© 1984 Browne Vintners Co., N.Y.C.



For 259 years, B&G has been keeping good company with wine lovers.

Wine lovers the world over have loved B&G's fine French wines since 1725. Our 36 superb red, white and rosé wines are savored for their consistent taste and superior quality. Come enjoy the pleasure of our company. B&G.



at the peak of his wealth
and power, howard
hughes ruled his kingdom
by correspondence—and
tried to take over the u.s.
government the same way

PART I

CITIZEN HUGHES

article By MICHAEL DROSNIN

In the early-morning hours of June 5, 1974, unknown burglars staged a daring break-in at 7000 Romaine Street in Hollywood—the nerve center of a vast secret empire, the supposedly impregnable headquarters of Howard Hughes.

The burglars were after not only his money but also his secrets. At the height of his wealth and power, the phantom billionaire commanded his empire by correspondence, scrawling his orders in thousands of handwritten memos, hearing back from his operatives in reports dictated to his aides. And the Romaine Street vaults safeguarded all those hidden files.

Before dawn, the burglars had escaped with nearly 10,000 of the most secret papers of the world's most secretive man, memos Hughes himself called "the very most confidential, almost sacred information as to my very innermost activities."

The CIA, the Mafia, the White House and the Hughes organization itself were all suspect, but despite a top-secret FBI investigation and a \$1,000,000 CIA buy-back bid, the break-in was never solved and none of the stolen papers were ever found.

The papers were still missing and the mystery still remained when reporter Michael Drosnin began his own investigation years later—an investigation that eventually led him to the burglars and to the stolen



Hughes secrets. They will be published in December in his book "Citizen Hughes," and are presented here in PLAYBOY for the first time. They are the Pentagon papers of the private sector, the Watergate tapes from the other side of the ledger—not merely the self-

revelations of a man who spent millions to remain a mystery but a startling record of the secret history of our times.

REMOTE CONTROL.

There was no need to venture out, not

even to stand up. The little silver-gray box had invisible power, and its four oblong buttons controlled everything. At the slightest touch, it sent out a special high-frequency signal, silent to the human ear, but capable of activating an immense circuitry that reached almost everywhere.

Howard Hughes gripped the rectangular instrument.

Alone in the darkened bedroom of his Las Vegas penthouse hideaway, lying naked on a double bed, propped up by two pillows and insulated by a layer of paper towels from the disheveled sheets that had not been changed for several months, Hughes pushed one button. Again. And again.

The television channels flipped by in rapid succession.

Hughes checked out every station on the color TV that flickered at his feet. Then, satisfied, he set aside his Zenith Space Commander.

It was just after two A.M. on Thursday, June 6, 1968. ABC was dark. NBC had also signed off for the night. Only channel eight, the local CBS affiliate, which Hughes himself owned, was still on the air to broadcast the grim news.

Robert F. Kennedy was dead.

Hughes had been awake for two nights, gripped by the video spectacle. He had watched Kennedy claim victory in the California Presidential primary, smiling, joking, earnest, vibrantly alive. He had heard the shots just minutes later, muffled at first by the noise of the cheering crowd, then distinct and unmistakable. He had seen Bobby lie bleeding on the cold cement floor.

It was a shared national experience. The shock and horror—the agonized moans of disbelief, the panic, the hysteria, the tears—spread in waves through the throng of stunned campaign workers and were instantly transmitted to millions across the country. Everywhere, people watched television and waited, listening to hospital bulletins, reliving the immediate tragedy in endless replays that also revived painful memories of Dallas.

Through it all, for more than 25 hours, Hughes had kept his TV vigil, and now he watched a red-eyed Frank Mankiewicz walk, slump-shouldered, to a

Bob - I hate to be quick on the draw, but I see here an opportunity that may not happen again in a lifetime. I don't aspire to be President, but I do want political strength. I want the kind of strength Pan American used to have in the days of Sam Pryor. I have wanted this for a long time, but somehow it has always evaded me. I mean the kind of an organization so that we would never have to worry about a jerky little thing like this anti-trust problem - not in 100 years!

And I mean the kind of a set up that, if we wanted to, could put Gov. Jaxalt in the White House in 1972 or 76.

Anyway, it seems to me that the very people we need have just fallen smack into our hands. Also, if we approach them quickly and skillfully, they should be as anxious to find a haven with us as we are to obtain them.

If we ~~do~~ do not move quickly, they ^{may} make other tie-ups just to avoid losing face by being in the position of

During the period of his greatest wealth and influence, Howard Hughes commanded his empire by memorandum, issuing orders in thousands of handwritten missives that were the principal instrument of his power. These papers were among the secret files stolen from Hughes headquarters in 1974 and are published here for the first time.

floodlit podium to confirm everybody's worst fears: "Senator Robert Francis Kennedy died at 1:44 A.M. today. He was 42 years old."

Mankiewicz spoke softly, but the fateful announcement blared from Hughes's television set, its volume turned to the highest level to accommodate the partially deaf billionaire. News of the tragedy continued to reverberate in his room. But Hughes was no longer listening. He reached over to a bedside night table, grabbed a yellow legal pad and, propping it on his knees, scrawled a fevered memo to his chief of staff Robert Maheu:

I hate to be quick on the draw, but I see here an opportunity that may not happen again in a lifetime. I don't aspire to be President, but I do want political strength. . . .

I have wanted this for a long time, but somehow it has always evaded me. I mean the kind of an organization so that we would never have to worry about a jerky little thing like this anti-trust problem—not in 100 years.

And I mean the kind of a set up that, if we wanted to, could put Gov. [Paul] Laxalt [of Nevada] in the White House in 1972 or 76.

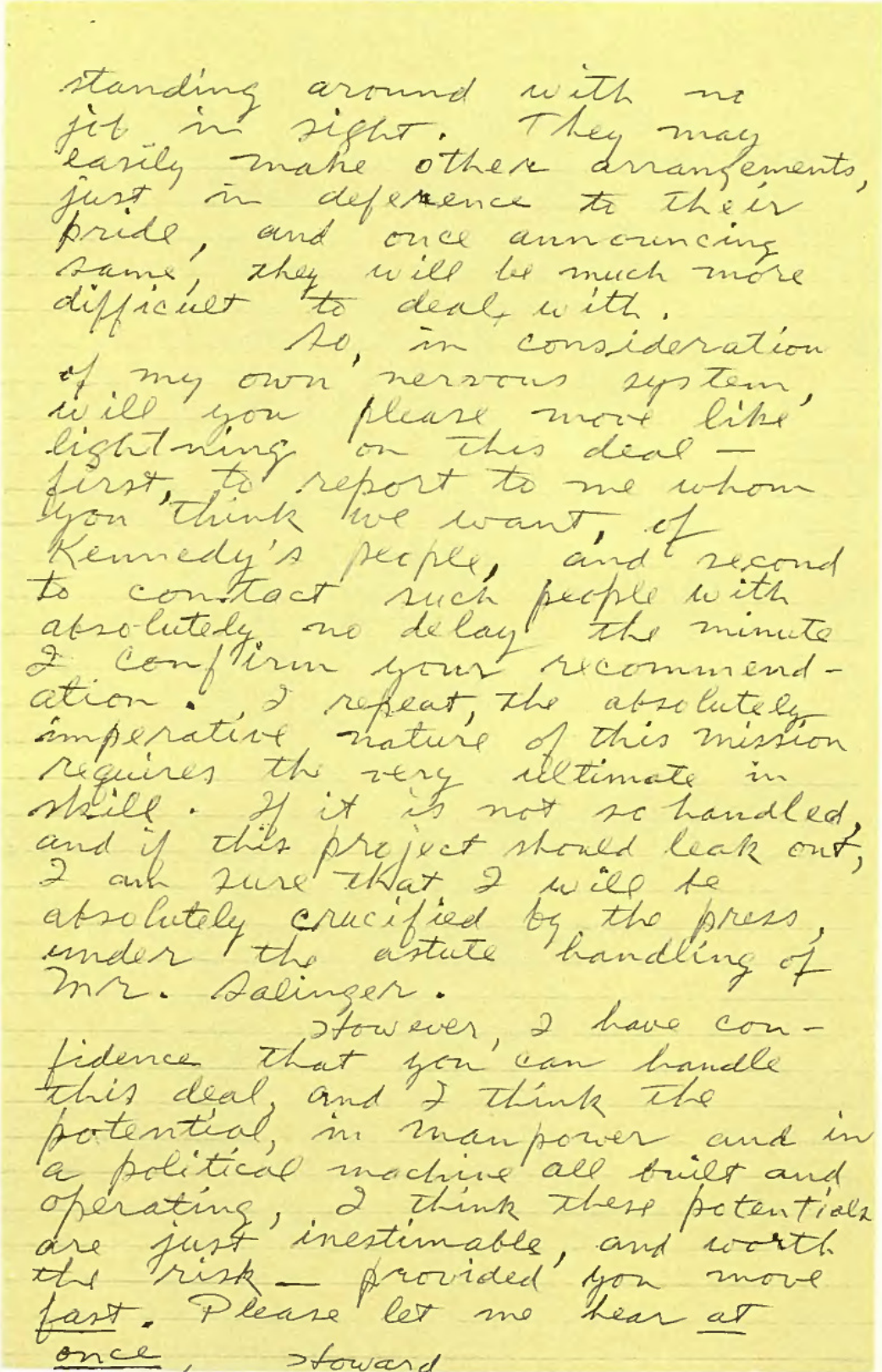
Anyway, it seems to me that the very people we need have just fallen smack into our hands. Also, if we approach them *quickly* and skillfully, they should be as anxious to find a haven with us as we are to obtain them. . . .

So, in consideration of my own nervous system, will you please move like lightning on this deal—first, to report to me whom you think we want, of Kennedy's people, and second to contact such people with absolutely no delay the minute I confirm your recommendation. I repeat, the absolutely imperative nature of this mission requires the very ultimate in skill. If it is not so handled, and if this project should leak out, I am sure that I will be absolutely crucified by the press. . . .

However, I have confidence that you can handle this deal, and I think the potential, in manpower and in a political machine all built and operating, I think these potentials are just inestimable, and worth the risk—

provided you move *fast*. Please let me hear *at once*.

Hughes lifted his ballpoint pen, read the memo over carefully and signed it "Howard." He slipped it into a large



standing around with no
jet in sight. They may
easily make other arrangements,
just in deference to their
pride, and once announcing
same, they will be much more
difficult to deal with.
So, in consideration
of my own nervous system,
will you please move like
lightning on this deal—
first, to report to me whom
you think we want, of
Kennedy's people, and second
to contact such people with
absolutely no delay the minute
I confirm your recommend-
ation. I repeat, the absolutely
imperative nature of this mission
requires the very ultimate in
skill. If it is not so handled,
and if this project should leak out,
I am sure that I will be
absolutely crucified by the press,
under the astute handling of
Mr. Salinger.
However, I have con-
fidence that you can handle
this deal, and I think the
potential, in manpower and in
a political machine all built and
operating, I think these potentials
are just inestimable, and worth
the risk— provided you move
fast. Please let me hear at
once, Howard

On the night Robert F. Kennedy died, Hughes wrote this memo instructing his chief of staff, Robert Maheu, to begin efforts to hire the entire Kennedy organization. No one could have known it at the time, but Hughes's orders and Maheu's efforts to follow them set in motion the nation's long slide toward Watergate.

manila envelope, then snapped one long fingernail smartly against a brown-paper bag hanging at his bedside as a depository for used Kleenex. It made a sharp noise that summoned from an adjoining room one of the five male attendants who served him in rotating shifts around the clock. The Mormon aide licked the flap, sealed the envelope and handed it to an armed security guard stationed just outside. The guard, in turn, took an elevator nine flights down, walked a few yards and delivered the Hughes memo to Maheu at

his home next door to the hotel.

Maheu, an outwardly genial ex-FBI agent whose soft, round features masked a toughness only hinted at by his cold black eyes, apparently failed to fully grasp the nature of his new mission. In a follow-up message later that morning, Hughes impatiently explained his orders:

Bob—I thought you would understand. I want us to hire Bob Kennedy's entire organization—with certain exceptions, of course, I am not sure we want Salinger and a few oth-

ers. However, here is an entire integrated group, used to getting things done over all obstacles. They are used to having the Kennedy money behind them and we can equal that. This group was trained by John Kennedy and his backers, and then moved over to R.F.K. when John died.

It is a natural for us. I am not looking for political favors from them. I expect you to pick our candidate and soon. I repeat, I don't want an alliance with the Kennedy group, I want to put them on the payroll.

Maheu understood. And he delivered. Not the entire Kennedy team, but its leader, Bobby's campaign manager, Larry O'Brien. Before the month was out, Maheu had made contact with him. A few days later, O'Brien—a central figure in American politics, a White House insider who had already directed two successful Presidential campaigns and was about to take command of the Democratic Party—was in Las Vegas talking terms. Soon he was "on the payroll."

Moving with the chilling audacity of a grave robber, Hughes had switched O'Brien from Camelot to his own dark kingdom almost as effortlessly as he switched television channels. And he had done it without ever leaving his room. By remote control.

To a nation of mourners focused on the public Passion play, this backstage drama would have seemed a blasphemy, its language alone an outrage. For two days, Hughes had watched a tragedy and seen only an "opportunity." But he had also seen what the mourners missed: Power in America was not an Arthurian romance of martyred princes and loyal knights but a market place where influence and allegiances were bought and sold.

There was nothing unusual about the O'Brien transaction, except its macabre backdrop. Camelot was a trifle. Howard Hughes had long ago set out to buy the Government of the United States.

Richard Nixon, Hubert Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson—virtually every major political figure of the era, including Bobby Kennedy himself—also had a Hughes connection, as did scores of lesser national leaders and local potentates. Hughes appraised them all with the cool detachment of an investments analyst. "I have done this kind of business with him before," he said of Johnson, "so he wears no awe-inspiring robe of virtue with me." Humphrey was "a candidate who needs us and wants our help" and, thus, "somebody we control sufficiently." Kennedy, on the other hand, "would receive too much support from others" but might win, "so let's cover our bets." Only Nixon ("my man") got the ultimate accolade: "He, I know for sure knows the facts of life."

Hughes spoke the language of power stripped of all pretense. What set him

Bob -
I thought you would understand. I want us to hire Bob Kennedy's entire organization - with certain exceptions, of course, I am not sure we want Salinger and a few others. However, here is an entire integrated group, used to getting things done over all obstacles. They are used to having the Kennedy money behind them and we can equal that. This group was trained by John Kennedy and his backers, and then moved over to R.F.K. when John died.

It is a natural for us. I am not looking for political favors from them. I expect you to pick our candidate and soon. I repeat, I don't want an alliance with the Kennedy group, I want to put them on the payroll. Please read my last message again.

Many, many thanks and please let me hear!

J.S.

apart, finally, more than his money, more than his megalomania, more even than his mystery, was his blunt buy-the-bastards approach. It was not that he cynically bought politicians—others also went to market—but that he innocently demanded a bill of sale. All who did business with him knew that they had entered not a mere deal but a virtual Faustian pact.

He ordered repeated payoffs to Presidents, Presidential candidates, Senators, Congressmen and Governors, caring nothing about party labels or political ideologies, not at all caught up in personal charisma or campaign rhetoric, guided only by his own golden rule: "Find the right place, and the right people and buy what we want."

When his agents approached the Government on a businesslike basis, the payoffs often succeeded. But Hughes was driven by his fears and phobias to seek what even his money could not buy, and no matter how much power he acquired, it was never enough.

"I have given a full lifespan of service to this country, and taken very little for my personal pleasure or glorification," complained the unappreciated patriot. "If I dont rate better than this shoddy treatment, it is pretty sad."

Citizen Hughes. He bought politicians, but never voted. He railed bitterly against taxes, but paid none at all for 17 consecutive years. His empire produced strategic weapons of the nuclear age, but he fought atomic testing in his own back yard.

Citizen Hughes. He tried to buy the Government of the United States, but instead helped bring it down.

Neither he nor anyone else could have known it at the time, but the nation's long slide toward Watergate started with the memo Hughes wrote the night that Bobby Kennedy died. That memo eventually brought Larry O'Brien into Hughes's orbit, and their relationship came to obsess Richard Nixon, who feared that the hated Kennedy gang would now discover his own hidden dealings with the billionaire. For years it has been rumored that the Hughes-Nixon-O'Brien triangle triggered Watergate. Now new information from Hughes's private papers and other sources make it clear that Nixon inspired the break-in as part of a desperate effort to cover up his Hughes connection. Hughes had so carefully hedged his bets, had channeled so much secret cash to so many rival powers, that such a collision was inevitable.

If others more sophisticated, less paranoid, managed to acquire more actual power, still it was Hughes who became the very symbol of hidden power, it was Hughes who brought down a President and it was Hughes who again forced the age-old question: Is there a Mr. Big?

He was only trying to protect himself.

There were dangers everywhere, and he was so vulnerable. The world was dealing with a façade. The real Howard Hughes lay hidden in a self-made prison, a naked old man in terrible pain and terminal terror, living like an inmate in the back ward of a mental institution, looking like a corpse laid out on a slab in the city morgue.

He was a figure of Gothic horror, something ready for or just risen from the grave. Emaciated, practically skeletal, with only 120 pounds stretched out over his 6'4" frame and hardly a speck of color about

him anywhere, not even in his lips, he seemed not merely dead but already in decay. Only the gray hair that trailed halfway down his back, the thin, scraggly beard that reached midway onto his sunken chest and the hideously long nails that extended several inches in grotesque, yellowed corkscrews from his fingers and toes seemed still to be growing, still showing signs of life. That, and his eyes. At times they looked dead, blank. But at others they gleamed from their deep-sunk sockets with surprising, almost frightening

Now, to make the Foxalt deal work, we have to find a means of motivation.

When I have a real tough assignment like this, I search about for two ingredients: 1. A man who can do the job if he truly wants to. And, 2. A means of furnishing a consideration to this

man which will be of such a nature and such an amount as to be well nigh overpowering in its effect upon the man.

Now, Bob, I think Foxalt can be brought to a point where he will just about entrust his entire political future to his relationship with us. I think that is the way it should be and the way it can be.

I think we must convince him beyond a shadow of a doubt that I intend to back him with unlimited support right into the White House in 1972. I think I must even set up some legal entity charged with doing this job, and said entity must be self-perpetuating, so that, in event of my death, or change of political objectives, the financial support for Foxalt will continue uninterrupted.

Hughes bought politicians wholesale and seemed to have particularly close ties to Poul Laxalt, then Nevada's governor, now a U.S. Senator and chairman of Ronald Reagan's re-election campaign.

intensity, fixed in a hard stare. Often, however, they seemed to stare in, not out.

Hughes was in pain. Physical pain. Mental pain. Deep, unrelenting pain. Many of his teeth were rotting black stumps, some just dangling loose from his puffy, pus-filled gums. A tumor was beginning to emerge from the side of his head, a reddened lump protruding through sparse strands of gray hair. He had bedsores festering all down his back, some so severe that eventually one shoulder blade—the bare bone—poked out through his parchment-like skin. And then there were the needle marks. The telltale tracks ran the length of both arms, scarred his thighs and clustered horribly around his groin.

Howard Hughes was an addict, a billionaire junkie. He was shooting up massive amounts of codeine, routinely skin-popping more than 20 grains daily, sometimes three or four times that much, regularly taking doses thought to be lethal.

So there he was. Sprawled naked on his unmade bed. Mr. Big. Like the portrait of Dorian Gray, his was the true but hidden face of power in America, all the inner corruption made visible. And like that horrible picture, Hughes, too, had to be locked away, concealed from public view.

No one knew what he looked like. No one knew how he lived. No one—not the businessmen or the politicians who dealt with him, not the Presidents who treated him as an equal, not even his own top executives—had the slightest inkling of what Howard Hughes had become. No one had seen him for almost a decade.

Without ever leaving the confines of his Las Vegas penthouse hideaway, Hughes

controlled Nevada more completely than any man has ever controlled a sovereign state. He bought local politicians wholesale and seemed to have enormous influence over Paul Laxalt, then Nevada's governor, now a U.S. Senator who is Ronald Reagan's campaign chairman and perhaps the President's closest friend. Hughes would have been disappointed. The billionaire planned to make Laxalt himself President of the United States.

To make the Laxalt deal work, we have to find a means of motivation. . . .

When I have a real tough assignment like this, I search about for two ingredients: 1. A man who can do the job if he truly wants to. And, 2. A means of furnishing a consideration to this man which will be of such a nature and such an amount as to be well nigh overpowering in its effect upon the man.

Now, Bob, I think Laxalt can be brought to a point where he will just about entrust his entire political future to his relationship with us. I think that is the way it should be and the way it can be.

I think we must convince him beyond a shadow of a doubt that I intend to back him with unlimited support right into the White House in 1972. I think I must even set up some legal entity charged with doing this job, and said entity must be self-perpetuating, so that, in event of my death, or change of political objectives, the financial support for Laxalt will continue uninterrupted.

An eternal Laxalt-for-President slush fund. That should motivate the governor, indeed, have an overpowering effect upon him. In fact, without once meeting his benefactor, Laxalt granted Hughes nearly feudal rights, placed him above the law in Nevada, intervened on his behalf with Federal agencies, even acted as his go-between in business deals, doing everything in his power to help the unseen billionaire buy up Las Vegas, allowing an invisible man to seize control of seven major casinos, to become the state's biggest private employer, its largest landowner and the king of its one industry, gambling.

Hughes, however, was not content to let it go at that. As in all his acquisitions, he needed 100 percent control, and he was worried that others might get their hooks into the man he was grooming to be leader of the free world.

We must show enough interest to keep the Gov. solely and exclusively devoted to our interests. The first time he ties up with somebody like K. [Kerkorian] or Crosby of Mary Carter Paint or any other source of financing, I think we will be forced to pull out of here lock stock and barrel. I am ready to ride with this man to the end of the line, which I am targeting as the White House in 1972, but there is no room in our program for a second angel.

No, Hughes could not share his governor, but he did have to find some means to keep him devoted until he could promote him to the White House. Perhaps the promise of a second term in the Statehouse; maybe just an offer to put him on the payroll. Why not both? Hughes was ready to let Laxalt write his own ticket.

Any time you will tell me to go ahead, I am prepared to make a personal phone call to Laxalt and tell him it is my desire that he remain governor and that I promise unlimited support for this campaign, and, further, that, should he fail to be elected governor for another term, I want him to accept a position in private industry which I know will meet his requirements, no matter how extreme they may be.

Hughes's interest in Laxalt continued unabated, as did his directives to Maheu.

"Please call the Governor," he wrote, "and simply tell him that I wanted to be sure he understands that I do want him to become one of the very top executives of my company."

Maheu, who had become Laxalt's favorite tennis partner, was soon sending Hughes regular progress reports on the secret job negotiations: "I had a very fine meeting with the Governor. . . . I

(continued on page 90)

any time you will tell me to go ahead, I am prepared to make a personal phone call to Laxalt and tell him it is my desire that he remain governor and that I promise unlimited support for this campaign, and, further, that, should he fail to be elected governor for another term, I want him to accept a position in private industry which I know will meet his requirements, no matter how extreme they may be.

With vast resources to draw on, Hughes offered lavish support to cooperative politicians. And for allies like Laxalt, who figured prominently in his plans, there was no limit to what he might offer.



"The Puritans are coming! The Puritans are coming!"



punk style has powered a new look on top—and elsewhere

R • A • R • E H • A • I • R

IT IS WITH our hair that we make those statements about ourselves that we want the world to understand. The decision to part it on one side or on the other—or down the middle—is one that is reached after agonizing self-examination. Hence, seeing a young lady whose head looks as if it had undergone electroshock raises more questions than it resolves. Whatever happened to pretty? Well, it just doesn't live here anymore. Instead, we've got rowdy new tenants walking around on our streets. And they couldn't give two hoots what we think of their tress dressing, so it's

not as though they were making a statement with their hair. But after we recover from the shock of the new, we can see the fun of it. Why not, after all, shave half your head, bolt on a few jewels and let aquamarine explode where once there was blonde? Why not pull down your pants and re-fashion your most intimate coiffure into a remake of *How Green Was My Valley*? After a while, it makes perfect sense. Linoleum green and puce and magenta and fake-fur fuchsia are kind of cute. Besides, what else is eating up your time after you've made the decision not to go to business school?








At left, we have a perfect example of how a woman can look angry without necessarily meaning to. She's probably just peeved that she bought a skirt that turned out to be a little short. Above, some women like to wear boxer shorts and some like to wear boxer shoes. Below, a lady who avoids the sun as much as possible gets her back up over social issues.





Would we have noticed the person below and right had she decided just to go with a pony-tail? Probably. But that would have spoiled the fun. Despite all the weirdness around her head and shoulders, careful viewers will notice that her taste really runs to conservative tweeds and other durable fabrics. Her defiance of convention is an inspiration we can all carry with us.



CITIZEN HUGHES

(continued from page 82)

truly believe that I can convince him to join your organization permanently as a top executive in charge of all your Nevada operations or anywhere else you may choose to assign him."

As Hughes stalled on the details, Maheu reported again a few weeks later, "Governor Laxalt has started to ask me precisely what his assignment will be in your organization."

The talks dragged on for years, and the governor continued dickering for a job with the billionaire almost the entire time he remained in office. As late as June 1970, Maheu noted, "Laxalt is very anxious to discuss his future employment with us and I really believe we owe him the courtesy of sitting down with him at a very early date."

Rather than accept the job Hughes kept dangling just out of reach, however, Maheu speculated that the governor would instead rejoin his family law firm, which received at least \$180,000 from the billionaire while Laxalt was in office.

"My guess is that he will hit us for a retainer with the understanding that we have priority on all of his time," Maheu reported after another meeting with the governor. And, indeed, Laxalt would ultimately send Hughes a handwritten letter suggesting just such an arrangement, noting that the long-discussed job would be such a blatant conflict of interest that he dared not go directly on the billionaire's payroll.

"Dear Howard," wrote the governor, as he prepared to leave the Statehouse, "I fear that a direct contract relationship with you might be misinterpreted. I would dislike, as would you, to have anyone think that the cooperation of our administration with you during the past four years was on a 'quid pro quo' basis. . . .

"Primarily for these reasons, I've decided to open a law office in Carson City. . . .

"If you should ever have need for any assistance from me, I'll be happy to provide it."

Almost immediately upon leaving office, Laxalt did, in fact, start collecting legal fees from Howard Hughes that would total at least \$72,000.

By 1968, Hughes's latest Las Vegas acquisition, the Silver Slipper casino, had become an odd fixture of Nevada politics. Its neon-lit high-heeled slipper revolving atop a 20-foot pole was a beacon for local statesmen. They flocked to the Hughes-owned casino next door, the Frontier, where the billionaire's bagman Thomas Bell—law partner of the governor's brother—handed out \$100 bills drawn from the cashier's cage at the Slipper.

Over the next three years, \$858,500

passed from the gaming tables of the Silver Slipper to Nevada politicians, always in cash, always in \$100 bills. There was hardly a race Hughes didn't finance. He instructed Bell to support the likely winner, regardless of party or politics, and back both candidates if the race was too close to call. U.S. Senator Alan Bible got at least \$50,000; his colleague Senator Howard Cannon got \$70,000; Lieutenant Governor Harry Reid, \$10,000; Attorney

A NOTE ON AUTHENTICITY

The authenticity of these documents was established by proof of their origins, confirmed by six years of research and also by a series of handwriting, typewriting and other tests performed by two of the nation's leading experts—Ordway Hilton, the man hired by the Hughes organization to prove Clifford Irving a fraud, and John J. Harris, the man hired by the Hughes estate to prove Melvin Dummar's "Mormon will" a forgery. Harris, who examined all of the Hughes memos reproduced here, declared, "I am of the firm opinion that all the documents I examined were written by Howard Hughes."

All details of the narrative are based on the documents themselves, on hundreds of interviews with persons who had direct knowledge of the events, on sworn court testimony and on Government records. In reconstructing scenes and events, the author tried to check every detail with at least two sources and checked their accounts against all available records.

General Robert List, \$9500; District Attorney George Franklin, \$5000; and 27 state-legislature candidates trooped into Bell's office to collect a total of \$56,000. Judges and sheriffs and assorted commissioners all came by and left with cash-filled envelopes. From time to time, Governor Laxalt himself visited Bell to solicit contributions from the Silver Slipper slush fund. At Laxalt's request, the state Republican chairman got \$15,000, and the governor urged that Hughes go all out for his would-be successor, Edward Fike, who personally picked up his \$55,000. Fike's Democratic opponent, Mike O'Callaghan, was more discreet; he sent an aide to get \$25,000. The parade of officeholders and seekers never stopped.

Nor did the demands from Hughes for a return on his investments. Outside his penthouse, far beyond the gaudy strip of casinos and high-rise hotels, far removed from the make-believe world of glittering neon, \$100 bills and fat cigars, there was another Las Vegas. Hughes couldn't have seen it even if he had peeled back the

tape, opened the shades and peered out his window. But it was there. And so were most of the city's blacks.

They had been kept in a ramshackle ghetto out on the edge of the desert, and that was where the billionaire wanted them kept—in crumbling homes and segregated schools.

By the late Sixties, the problem no longer seemed possible to ignore, not even in Las Vegas. Federal courts ordered the classrooms integrated, and bills were introduced in the state legislature to end discrimination in housing as well.

Hughes reeled in horror at the news.

"I just heard one TV news report that stated the latest fair housing bill is the very most extreme anywhere in the U.S.," he wrote to Maheu. "That sounds pretty frightening."

His lobbyists in the state capitol went to work, and two weeks later, Maheu had good news: "Howard, Tom Bell was successful in knocking out the Fair Housing Bill in its entirety." But not even Bell, Hughes's paymaster to Nevada lawmakers, could so easily end the threat. Within another two weeks, a new—albeit far weaker—bill had been introduced, this one ostensibly backed by Governor Laxalt himself. Hughes was shocked and enraged:

"Bob, what is this about Laxalt's open housing bill? I thought he was a friend and I thought Bell had told him how I feel about that issue."

How could the governor so callously ignore the wishes of the state's leading citizen? Had Hughes not been generous? And just to take care of 30,000 blacks, who probably never contributed a dime. It was an outrage. Hughes fired off a second memo to Maheu, this time enclosing evidence of the governor's perfidy:

Please read *all*—every word—of this article. This worries me. If Laxalt goes this far in his leaning toward benefits favoring the colored race, it may influence other legislation.

What worries me most is that I am just hovering on the brink of further huge investments in Nevada, and Laxalt's friendship is an important part of this decision.

If Laxalt knows I don't want this legislation, and he goes ahead and pushes it anyway, that is peculiar friendship.

It says in this article that the bill would not pass except for Laxalt's urging.

Please call him or ask Bell to contact him at once. It may be impossible to reach him in the AM and tomorrow may be too late. . . . I would like to go ahead with all my Nevada plans, but this worries me a great deal.

Just in case the governor was not moved by the promise of Hughes's new
(continued on page 162)



"No, thanks, Merrick; if it's all the same to you, I've been sitting all day."





THE BIG KILL

*that's the new
american dream—the
single score that sets
you for life*

article

By **WILLIAM BRASHLER**

SO WHAT is Tommy Wu, with his Harvard M.B.A. and his Wall Street consulting job, doing in the Peninsula Hotel in Hong Kong, waiting for an Arab?

Tommy Wu has no cash, no savings, nothing but an American Express card and a pair of *cojones* the size of Kuwait. An oil squeeze is on, Americans are lining up for gasoline, and Tommy Wu thinks there is a fortune to be made with a quick oil deal. A Score. A Big Kill. Megabucks.

Hence, the Arab.

It is Tommy's notion that the Arabs are always looking for brokers, somebody to squeeze another dime out of a barrel of oil. In no time, he finds his man, a sheik with an allotment of crude, and the Arab is interested. If Tommy can supply a tanker, he can have 1,000,000 barrels a week. Tommy's cut is 25 cents a barrel.

Tommy then does serious hustling, overseas calls, overnight flights to New York. Through friends—you don't navigate Harvard and Wall Street without making some very able friends—and \$50,000 in good-faith cash (don't ask how he arranged that), he lines up the tanker. The deal is set. He can just about *smell* the 250 K per week.

Suddenly, it is off. The Arab reneges. Tommy scrambles but cannot salvage the deal. He thinks he has been undercut by an Australian. He is out most of the 50 grand. But he laughs, his dark eyes dancing. He buys a round on his American Express card. What a try, what a stab. Almost rang the bell, almost made some real money.

That is no story, no fable. Tommy Wu (not his real name; other identities are changed as well), with his slight frame and irreverent laugh, lives and breathes and lusts after the big kill. He is not the exception but part of a burgeoning tide of Americans big and small, ignorant and wise, who are going for the big one. Theirs is the New American Dream: making big money—not just a quick \$4000 to \$5000 but 50 K to 500 K overnight.

Says Tommy, "I want to play when I'm young."

Everybody wants to play, from your neighbor who benignly buys lottery tickets to your cousin's lawyer who takes on whopping positions in soybeans. It's not a new or unusual urge but a rampant one, a financial herpes infecting the nation, nurtured on fear and greed, feeding on leverage and bald risk.

Maybe it doesn't come along every day, but so what? Once is enough. One big hit, a thunderous ring of the cash register to set you free. Enough cash in the larder so that you can snub your nose at inflation and the prime rate, sniff at the rent, chortle about your bad transmission, give the boss the back of the hand.

It takes one scoop of chili with all the beans. In whatever form: find it, win it,

inherit it, marry it; even, at the very worst, *work* for it. (That's the Old American Dream, requiring determination, true grit, time: all those Horatio Alger traits.)

The New American Dream, however, says that you simply up and go for it. Right now. Using leverage, wits, capital—say, five, ten, 50 grand—and great quantities of guts. Look risk right in the eyeballs. No chance, no victory dance.

Then pick your game.

The lottery? Get in line. Games in many states and several countries. Weekly, daily, instant winners. (The ads say it's your ticket to Easy Street. Protectors of the public conscience complain that lottery promotions scoff at the work ethic.)

Casino gambling? Prettier girls, better odds (see the box on page 157). Tables available in Nevada, Atlantic City or on dozens of cruise ships.

Stock options or commodity futures? Hosts of brokers would love your account. Better yet, *you* go to the options or commodities exchanges, rent a seat, get in the pits and make your own trades.

Or maybe you've got a gimmick: a Rubik's Cube, a Pet Rock, a Trivial Pursuit. Or a computer program: a piece of software, a video game.

The list goes on, some items new, some age-old. A screenplay (hit or otherwise; just sell it), a song, a list-topping novel.

Or maybe you've got nothing but misery. So file a lawsuit. Weasel a mil from an insurance company (one third goes to the attorney—his big score).

Or you can turn to crime. Not nasty stuff that blots the neighborhood (though kidnaping for ransom is a seven-figure ball game) but ingenious scams against faceless institutions. Embezzlement, insurance fraud, that sort of thing.

And, of course, there's cocaine. Good as gold—no, *better* than gold. Ask John DeLorean. Or the man I'll call Larry Forbes.

A few years ago, Forbes was a passenger on a flight from Bolivia to Miami. It was the usual planeload, with the usual mix of tourists, businessmen, immigrants—and smugglers. These were not garden-variety smugglers with gems cached in the bellies of figurines but body packers—people who'd stuffed their own bellies with tiny balloons or condoms containing cocaine.

Some of these human pharmacies were South American peasants who had been paid a pittance and had no idea that all that stood between them and agonizing death was a thin wall of rubber. Others, like Forbes, a young, middle-class Californian, knew all too well, but they had decided to go for it, to take the chance, move the snort and shit a fortune.

Forbes and a friend coated their throats with honey and swallowed 188 balloons. The balloons contained a total of one kilo of high-quality Bolivian cocaine they had

purchased in LaPaz for \$8000 (the cash advance from four MasterCard). In the States, they planned to sell the stuff for \$100,000. "It was our shot," says Forbes.

And a good shot it was, except for one thing: The balloons they had bought in Bolivia were of inferior quality. By the time Forbes's friend, who had flown on ahead into Miami, got to Customs, three balloons had burst. He went into convulsions and died. Forbes made it through the next day but collapsed at the airline counter on his way to San Francisco. Several balloons in his belly were leaking, and emergency surgery saved his life.

Although Forbes was familiar with cocaine, he now claims that he was not a user or a wild-ass dealer. The score was to be a one-time event. He and his buddy planned to unload the stuff and buy an apartment building. "We had smalltime dreams," he says. "I figured I'd go for it. What the hell. A lot of people take chances and this was mine."

In Larry Forbes's scheme of things, the big kill assumed little pretension: I'll never get it if I don't go for it, so what the hell. Professionals couch it in more sophisticated terms: calculated risk, reason, rationale and research. Then they sit back and say, "What the hell."

Forbes also adhered to a rigid axiom of the New American Dream: Play big. "If you go small, you take the risk of getting caught," he says. "If you go big, you won't get caught."

There are other truths involved:

Time is everything. A big kill should not be a protracted enterprise; preferably, two weeks to six months. We're talking short-term profit. (There are those, however, who will dedicate two or three years to the dream. They are the big-score entrepreneurs, and they occupy the very upper level of the New American Dream Ethical Hall of Fame. More on them later.)

On-the-job opportunity is limited. Who can score: athletes, entertainers, inventors, creative artists, criminals, entrepreneurs, agents, marketing whizzes, high-risk financial traders (options, commodities), salesmen (especially real estate). Just by the nature of their businesses, they're in position to pull off sales, contracts or royalties that will break the bank.

Who can't score: doctors, dentists, shrinks, educators, accountants, lawyers (except for personal-injury lawyers, lawyer-agents, corporate-merger specialists, recipients of antitrust or civil suits).

Contrary to public opinion, most lawyers, doctors and dentists cannot make the big kill (doctors prefer the word score). They can amass huge sums in little bites—mostly by taking on huge case loads and/or performing costly and often unnecessary services. They are known to pri-

vately lament this cruel fact and are forced to hunt the score on their own time.

Fritz is a bright professional, a college educator in Ohio with expertise in technological fields. His prowess would be worth a fortune if he were employed in those fields instead of teaching them. In his mid-50s, Fritz remembers the Depression, though it is not an obsession with him. And while he is hardly a purveyor of the New American Dream, Fritz—tired of being so smart but not rich—went for it.

Single and comfortable after an amicable divorce, he got a hot tip on a stock from an unimpeachable source in an area of technology he knew something about. The tip concerned the buy-out of a small, over-the-counter high-tech company.

Fritz did his homework, researched the company and its directors, calculated every imaginable risk. Then he took \$100,000—his entire mattress—and bought several thousand shares of the stock. If the tip were on course, he'd double his money; if slightly askew, he'd still reap a 50 percent profit. In mere months.

Then he waited, most of the time in nervous expectation, checking with his broker several times a day. When rumors of the buy-out leaked into the market, the stock began to rise and Fritz was ecstatic.

No inarticulate dummy, he describes the feeling: "It was the excitement of the hunt, the prey in sight, the anticipation of the kill. I felt lucky, even privileged.

"Ordinarily, you make money by working for it. You get a check. You know value. This was crazy. Like Christmas."

Then, for no apparent reason, the stock tumbled five points in two days, losing 20 percent of its value. Fritz panicked, called his broker by the hour, saw his net worth vanishing before his very eyes. His source told him to sit tight, however, that the deal was still on. It provided Fritz little solace.

"It was pure pain. A feeling of helplessness. No, it was worse; it was ugly. Like a visit from the evil gods. All those awful forces that made people laugh at you in elementary school. And that voice saying, 'Fritz, you *always* lose.'"

Then his source called and told him the deal was off and to get out. In frantic trading, Fritz did, just about managing to break even. But he was chastened and vowed never to do it again. Perhaps, he pondered, the big score was not meant for a person of his generation. A few days later, doctors told him that his white-blood count had soared, indicative of severe stress, or infection.

You may be wondering why Fritz's stockbroker did not dissuade him (though Andrew Tobias has advised in these very pages that that is not the true function of a broker). In fact, brokers, the same people

(continued on page 156)

VEDDY BRITISH, VEDDY BRINKLEY

*the english look in fashion
has landed, and christie
brinkley leads the charge*

attire **By HOLLIS WAYNE**

GETTING DRESSED with Christie Brinkley in the morning would certainly turn our head, and that's why we put her in a look that's going to be turning heads in the months—and maybe years—to come: British tailoring. Suits will take their fashion cue from the slim but slightly flared cut of an English country gentleman's hacking jacket. Trousers should be pleated and cuffed and should extend to the tops of sensible shoes—either oxfords or brogues. A colored shirt with a white collar echoes the age when an English shirt often had a detachable collar and cuffs. And to top it all off, we've added a homburg and a cashmere double-breasted overcoat. We'll take a foggy day in London town with Christie Brinkley any time.

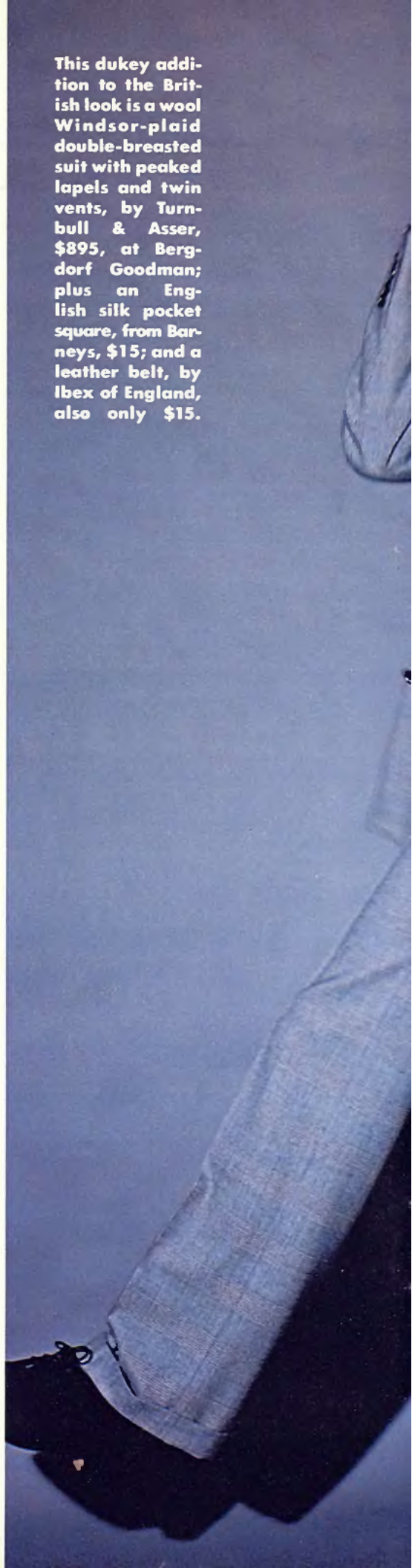
What's Christie Brinkley doing in a pair of veddy British Paul Smith cotton boxer shorts, from Barneys New York, \$25? Anything she wants to (and perhaps that explains where that anonymous undershirt she's wearing came from). Her hat? An English felt homburg, by Worth & Worth, Ltd., of course. The price: \$75.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PATRICK DEMARCHELIER



More British, more Brinkley—the Empire has never looked better. The blue-cotton end-on-end-weave shirt has a white contrasting collar, French cuffs and a gold collar pin, by Burberrys, \$65; the tie is a Turnbull & Asser with pin dots, from Bergdorf Goodman, New York, \$38.50.

This dukey addition to the British look is a wool Windsor-plaid double-breasted suit with peaked lapels and twin vents, by Turnbull & Asser, \$895, at Bergdorf Goodman; plus an English silk pocket square, from Barneys, \$15; and a leather belt, by Ibex of England, also only \$15.





There'll always be an England and an English look, which includes a cashmere double-breasted overcoat with peaked lapels and angled pockets, by Tommy Nutter, Savile Row, about \$900; Kilgour, French & Stanbury black patent-leather wing-tip shoes with leather soles, from Barneys, \$140.



HEY, BABY, YOU WANT THIS BOY? WELL, WE'RE TALKIN' GUSTO HERE, YOU UNDERSTAND? MUCHO DOLORES.



LIFE ITS OWNSELF

tonsillitis johnson could kick some serious ass. but how the devil were they going to get that boy on their team?

fiction

By DAN JENKINS
author of *Semi-Tough*

T. J. LAMBERT said he would fold me up like a *taco* if I didn't stop in Fort Worth for TCU's home opener against the feared Rice Owls. Texas Christian University was my old school, the place where I used to crack open a 220-pound can of whip-ass every Saturday afternoon.

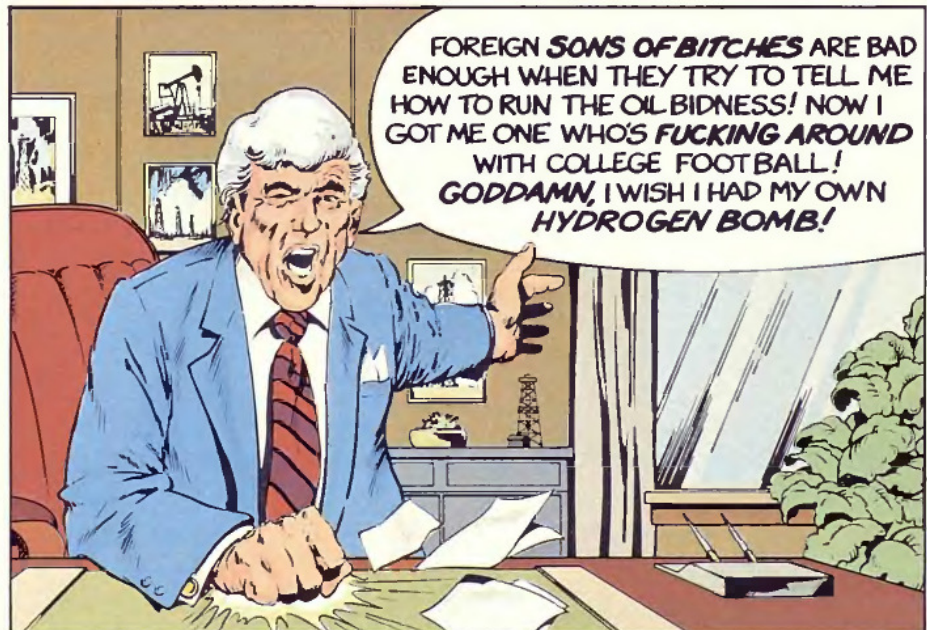
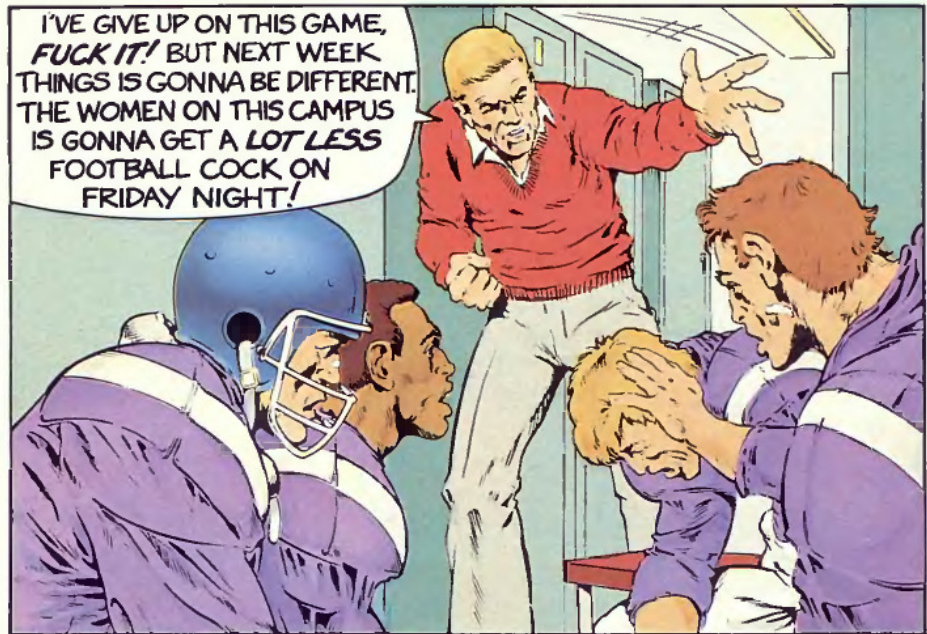
I rented a Lincoln from Budget at the D.F.W. airport and pointed it west on the freeway. The skyline of Fort Worth sprang up and loomed ahead of me, taller and fatter than ever, and I marveled at how my old home town was beginning to resemble Phoenix, Denver, Atlanta, those cities that were striving to become a bigger Dallas.

Prairie geography was responsible, I was convinced. Fort Worth was almost the same size and had the same lack of pretension as a Jacksonville, but it didn't have an Atlantic Ocean, a St. John's River or an intercoastal canal to keep the land developers from shredding every outlying oak into mortgage paper.

I dropped off my bags at the Hyatt Regency and drove to the TCU campus for an audience with T. J.

His office had a big window looking out onto my old stadium. The office was almost entirely decorated in purple and white, TCU's fighting colors.

Each new head coach over the past two decades had *(continued on page 120)*





PLAYMATE ON PATROL

*roberta vasquez could break your arm as well as your heart,
but she saves the rough stuff for the bad guys*



AT 18, ROBERTA VASQUEZ WAS BORED. She was in her second year of college, still living at home, and her life lacked—well—adventure. So she dropped out of college, rented her own apartment and went looking for a job. Her first stop was the May Company department store in Los Angeles. On the job application, she noticed the classification SECURITY. She was intrigued.

"When I thought about it, I said to myself, 'I can do that!' I had the strength and I had a black belt in karate, so I knew I could handle myself."

Bert's qualifications, though startling for an 18-year-old, were just right. She got the job—and a spot in PLAYBOY's February 1984 *Women of Steel* pictorial. Cool, strong and compassionate, she soon found she was a natural at law enforcement. She applied for, and got, another position, this time with the California State Police, patrolling state property.

In those two jobs, Roberta got the adventure she was looking for—sometimes. Sometimes, it was just an experience.

"I discovered I have to adopt a different personality toward the public because I'm a woman. I don't necessarily have to be meaner than a man but just a little more assertive. I have to stand my ground and demand certain things from the people I'm dealing with. I can't smile, which leads everyone to ask, 'What's wrong?' or 'Didn't you get any last night?' But I have to, because I'm in a car all by myself and my closest backup is ten

As a California State Police officer, Roberta Vasquez stopped as much traffic as the red lights on the corner. "For me, the biggest problem was that men didn't believe I was a police officer. They thought it was funny." Of course, those weren't the guys lying face down on the sidewalk, wearing steel bracelets and astonished looks.



Roberta has had to draw her weapon only once in her career, in a domestic squabble that erupted into a street fight. And she's never had to use it. Still, prudence demands that she keep in practice. "In a life-threatening situation, you don't always realize what's going on. You react on instinct, on what you've been taught. Later, you relax and talk over the incident and it's like, 'Wow, I almost got shot!' That's when you realize what the danger was, and that's when you get the shakes—after you're done."



"It's hard to make friends when people hear about the kind of work I've done. They think that if they tell me about the wild weekend they spent way back when, I'm going to bust them! Once they get to know me, though, they realize they can let their guard down."

minutes away. It's a scary situation."

It must be especially scary for someone with Roberta's background.

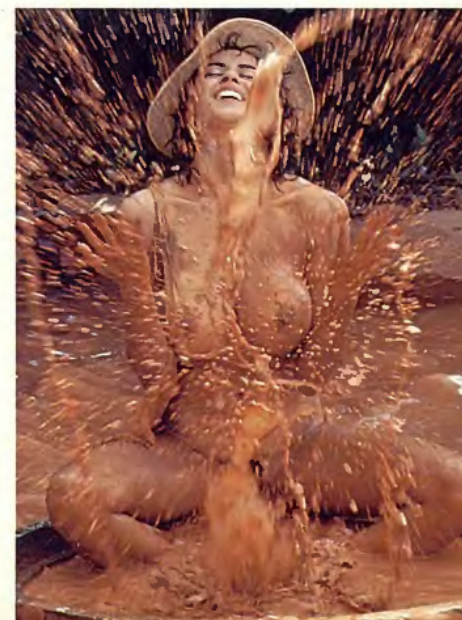
"I was afraid of the dark when I was a kid," she admits, "slept with the light on, started crying if you turned it off, and so on. I had a really strict Christian upbringing. Real, real old-fashioned. I wasn't allowed to wear pants. I had to wear dresses and no make-up. I couldn't even set my hair. I had never been on a date until I moved out of the house when I was 18. So life was new to me, and I wanted to experience it. It's almost as if life began when I moved into my own apartment."

What she found was a world where right and wrong were sometimes abstract concepts.

"Once, while working security, I stopped a seven-year-old kid I had seen shoplifting a \$25 remote-control model car. He had been instructing another boy, who was 12, in his technique. When I pulled him into the office, it struck me so funny. He just sat there—his feet didn't even touch the floor—casually telling me about all this stuff he'd ripped off before, because it was like a big game to him. It was like, 'Oh, yeah, I've got the motorcycle to match in my house.'

"A (text concluded on page 108)

At the Matrix One Fitness Complex in Westwood (opposite below and above), Roberta builds muscles, and in karate training (below), she hones the skills to go along with them. "I like to work out, to have a strong body. And I like to have people respect that fact." They do. "Sometimes, a man doesn't want to make the first move on me because he's afraid I might get upset and hit him or something. So he waits for me to make the first move or, at least, let him know it's OK with me."





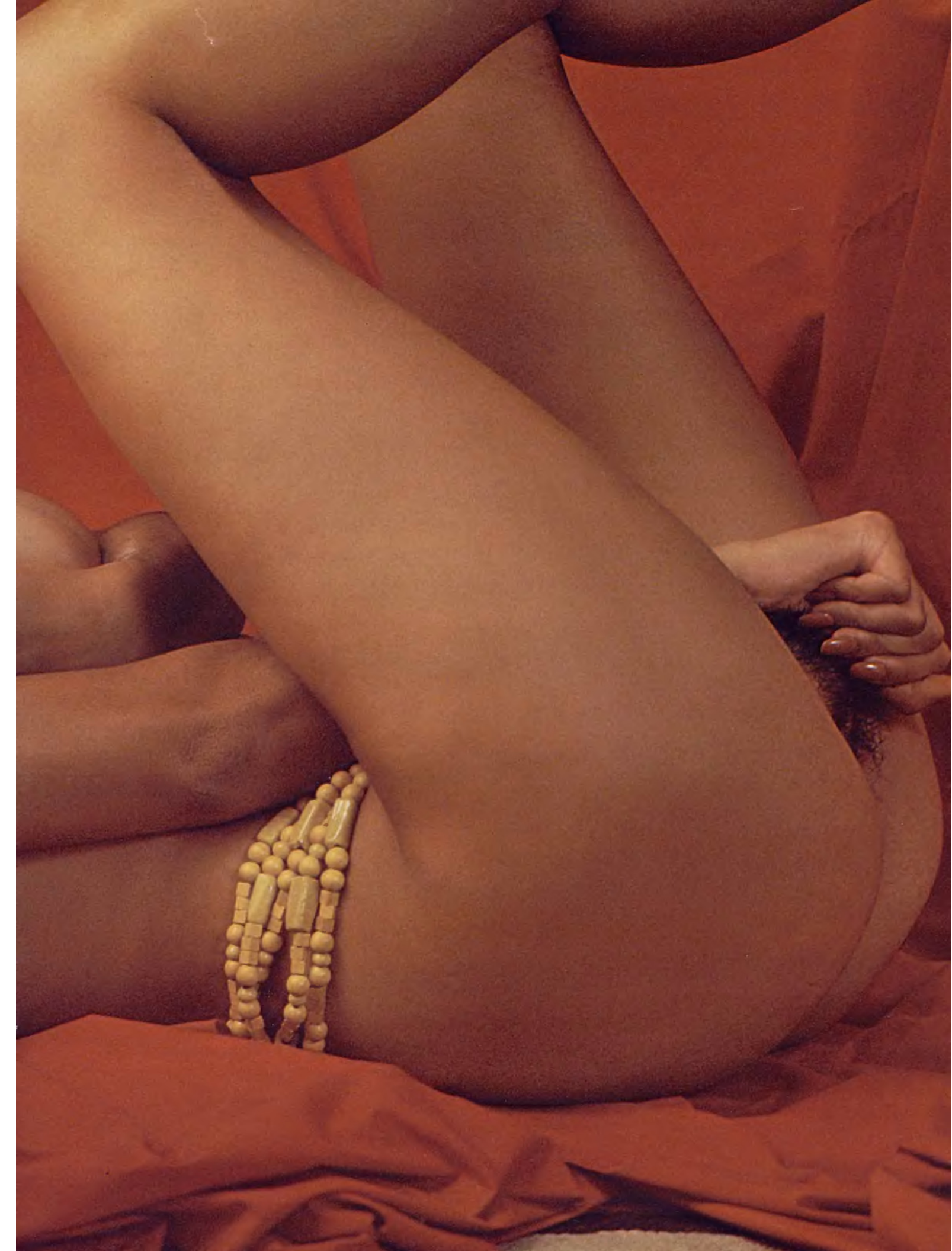
"I usually end up going out with older men, like in their late 30s. That's older for me. For some reason, they make me feel comfortable. They make me feel wanted and they make me feel special. That's what I like. I like affection and I like to feel special."





"If I'm going to make love to somebody, I don't want to go over at 11 at night and have to leave at two in the morning. I want a whole evening of it."







"Listen, I don't want to overpower a man. I never want to be over him or dominate him—I don't want that ever to happen. I want it to be 50-50."

lot of times, what happens is, although you don't want to, you end up getting involved. You try to help people. Even though you try to be hard, you want to help them as much as you can."

It turned out that the boy's confusion stemmed from socioeconomic factors with which Roberta was very familiar.

"I grew up just like that. I grew up with nothing. My mother had five kids on welfare and didn't know what she was going to do. We lived in the Ramona Gardens projects in East Los Angeles. I knew many times what it was to go hungry or to go next door because they had beans and tortillas and we had nothing. I can understand not having clothes or shoes for school. I can remember getting a box of crayons wrapped in tissue paper, and that was Christmas.

"It would have been so easy for me to just give up like so many others do—never graduate from high school, end up getting pregnant by the time I was 16 or 17 and just live the life everyone else did."

These days, Bert's antsy again. She has left the state police—something about there being more "paper shuffling than action" in that department. First she'll put in some Playmate time; then she's thinking about a personal-bodyguard service. Whatever she does, it'll be where the action is.

"What drives me is not wanting to be in the situation that I was in when I was a kid. I don't ever want to be there again. So I try hard; I set my goals. If I set my goals as far up as I can imagine, if I get half-way there, it's 100 percent better than where I was."





MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Roberta Vasquez

BUST: 40 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 2-13-63 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles

AMBITIONS: TO have a great body, the day I turn 40. TO get all that I can out of life.

TURN-ONS: A gentle kiss, a strong body, driving fast, Thai food

TURN-OFFS: people who feel they are better than everyone else, smog, drunk drivers

HOBBIES: working out, reading good books

FAVORITE AUTHORS: I'm not hard to please, I like so many.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Al Jarreau, Tina Turner, Lionel Richie.

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Hill Street Blues, Dynasty, Twilight Zone

FAVORITE CENTURY, AND WHY? This one, because I'm in it and I can enjoy it.
age 2 age 16



THAT WAS FUNNY, WHAT'S YOUR NEXT TRICK?



WATCH THAT HAND, GOOFY!

GRADUATION DAY AGE 20



WATCH OUT, WORLD, HERE I COME!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"I'm sorry to have to tell you, young man," said the physician, "that you've contracted AIDS. I'm required to report that, along with the names of your past one hundred sex partners."

"Are you kidding, doc?" squealed the patient hysterically. "Do you think I've got eyes in the back of my head?"

Your ridiculous claim that this artificial female organ is every bit as satisfying as the real thing," the disputatious customer snapped at the sales-clerk in a sex-aids boutique, "is just a lot of bull in a vagina shop!"



The man came home dejected because a boy-hood friend was about to be executed for murder, and his mood wasn't improved when his shrewish wife began berating him after dinner for one thing after another. "That's enough, that's enough!" he finally announced. "Poor old Jim Wright is going to die tonight, and all you can do is bitch! I'm going upstairs."

Alone, watching TV, the woman had begun to regret her conduct when a newscaster reported that the condemned man had been granted a reprieve. She hurried upstairs, heard water running, burst into the bathroom, yanked open the shower-stall door and shouted, "They're not hanging Wright tonight!"

"Good God, woman!" shouted back her husband. "Isn't there *anything* about me that satisfies you?"

Now that Boy George is on the scene, England might be said to have two queens who don't really know how to dress.

The sex therapist's female patient was obviously ill at ease, so he said, "Let me put this next question to you delicately, Mrs. Jones. In making love, do you sometimes—well—smoke your husband's cigar?"

"Er—yes, I do," the woman replied shyly, "but I don't inhale."

A long-range weather forecaster who is also a cocksman is predicting a severe winter. Not in some years, he says, has he come across such warmly furred beavers.

"What do you do?" the hooker asked the John as he dressed.

"I'm an astrologer," he replied.

"It's just a wild guess," said the pro, grinning, "but I'd say your sign's the Little Dipper."

*It was said of a girl on Cape Cod
That her verb choice was certainly odd:*

In describing a date,

She said, "Tony stayed late.

We ate oysters and clams and then scrod."

We refuse to believe the rumor about a new chain of gay fast-food establishments to be called McDingus'.

It was many years ago that a shabbily dressed man applied at a bank for an advertised executive loan. "Just what line of business are you in?" inquired the interviewing official.

"I'm with a septic-tank firm," was the man's reply.

"And what is it that you do in an executive capacity?"

"We drive to the job site and open the tank, and I go down a rope ladder with a bucket, fill it and pass it up to the guy who dumps it into the truck—and so on."

"But do you really think that's executive work?" sniffed the banker.

"Well, look at it this way," answered the applicant. "In my company, there ain't nobody handing me no shit!"



Boyd Peiman

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sperm-bank depositing* as cumming up for heir.

"I've got to see you, doctor," insisted a businessman to his analyst on the telephone. "You see, I've been sleeping with my new secretary, and—"

"That's not unusual for you," interrupted the couch-confidences man.

"Maybe not," continued his patient, "but when I'm banging away, I imagine I'm doing it with my wife to save my conscience—and what's bothering me more and more is that I'm beginning to like it!"

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



"Look—I said I was sorry!"

THE OLD-FASHIONED BUCKET

*How dear to my heart is the old-fashioned harlot
When fond recollection presents her to view.
The madam, the whorehouse and beer by the carlot—
Forget not the joy of the old-fashioned screw.
You may talk as you like of these new innovations
Imported from France and of which I've heard tell.
But give me the natural carnal sensations
Of the old-fashioned harlot whose surname was Belle.*

*How dear to my heart was the old-fashioned harlot,
As she lay, legs outstretched, on her sumptuous bed
While I, an impetuous, horny young varlet,
Drove my dink to the hub in her spoiled maidenhead.
With her musk and her smile and her very bad grammar,
She had cast over me quite a Paphian spell.*

*And I dearly delighted to fondle and cram her,
This old-fashioned harlot whose surname was Belle.*

*How dear to my heart was the old-fashioned harlot
Whose regular price was five dollars a leap.
I was really quite fond of those women in scarlet
With whom I was wont, on occasion, to sleep.
You may sing if you please of the old-fashioned bucket
That hung or that swung in the moss-girdled well,
But give me a strumpet with leisure to suck it
Like the old-fashioned harlot whose surname was Belle.* —EUGENE FIELD

MARY HAD A LITTLE WATCH

*Mary had a little watch.
She swallowed it one day;
And now she's taking Cascarets
To pass the time away.
But as the days went on and on,
The watch refused to pass.
So, if you want to know the time,
Just look up Mary's ass.*

CAROLINA

*Nothing could be finer
Than to climb your Carolina
In the morning.*

*Then's the time that she is best,
When she's had a little rest,
At dawning.*

*Then there's no one knocking
At the old front door
Or rattling on the doorknob—
O Gawd, it made me sore.*

*You lie right beside her
And climb right astride her
In the morning.*

*Her little buttercup starts
To cuddle up and pucker up
At dawning.*

*Nighttime is the right time,
Some people say.
But I will take the morning—
And then play a matinee.*

*For nothing could be sweeter
Than to have a little cheater
In the morning.*



Ribald Classic



ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

WHILE OTHER SPIRITS languish or mark time, cordials appear to be unstoppable. Consumption of cordials (or liqueurs; they're synonymous) has more than doubled in the past 15 years, for obvious reasons. Cordials are seductive, opulent—pick any superlative you want that translates as delicious. Just splash a cordial into a brandy snifter. Sniff and sip. Then you'll know what cordials are all about.

Surprisingly, it's not the vaunted seigneurs—Benedictine, Chartreuse, Goldwasser, Strega, Vieille Cure—that are leading the cordial rush today, though they have enduring appeal. Instead, simpler contemporary formulations are finding favor, and they're as transitory as fashions in dress. Michael Goldstein, proprietor of the bountifully bottled Park Avenue Liquor Shop in Manhattan, says more cordial flavors have been created in the past decade than in all the previous history of the genre.

If you're playing the what's "in" game, you'll have to put mint at the top of the list—not the classic crème de menthe but a phenomenon known as schnapps. Originally, it was clear peppermint schnapps. That soon expanded to spearmint, wintergreen and apple-mint schnapps, plus such proprietary bottlings as Aspen Glacial Liqueur, Dr. McGillicuddy's Mentholmint Schnapps, Rumble Minze and Steel. Schnapps is neither as sweet nor as pungent as crème de menthe—which accounts for its wide acceptance. A number weigh in at 100 proof, and there are nonminted cinnamon and ginger schnapps, too.

Cream, melon and nut liqueurs are also proliferating, inspired, respectively, by the success of Baileys Original Irish Cream, Midori and Frangelico. Recent cream manifestations are a Dutch walnut cream, an amaretto cream, a coffee cream

THOSE UNSTOPPABLE CORDIALS

laced with cognac, a rum cream, a chocolate-almond cream reminiscent of a Hershey bar, a German cream in a crock bottle, Häagen-Dazs (mocha with a hint of nuts), Crème de Grand Marnier (a blend of orange, cream and cognac) and Myers's Original Rum Cream, made with Jamaican rum. Quite a selection! Nut liqueurs run a gamut: hazelnut, walnut, almond, Macadamia, chestnut, peanut, pistachio and three proprietaries—Praline (pecan and vanilla) and Florenza and Capistrano (both basically hazelnut). Melon cordials are essentially variations on the theme of honeydew. Apple is the latest cordial flavor to catch the public's eye, and it's taking off. Prominent apple liqueurs include DeKuyper Apple Barrel Schnapps, Berentzen Appel Liqueur, Schnapple and Goldener Nissen.

We're also seeing a rivulet of esoteric fruit cordials: cloudberry and lingonberry from Finland, blueberry from Germany, *myrtille* from France, plus extraordinary raspberry, pear and black currant. Gran Torres from Spain and Valenciana, both primarily orange, are newcomers. Brazil's Bahia coffee has been reintroduced and a passion-fruit concoction, La Grande Passion, is on the way.

Of course, the latest esoterics always make a splash, though most burn out in a season or two. Offbeat types now on the scene include Rieder Maple Liqueur (maple syrup with a kick), Monin Original Triple Lime, Caramella (tasting like that confection), Staretto (strawberry and amaretto), Brontë Yorkshire Liqueur (spicy and fruity), honey liqueur, Jägermeister (herbal and pungent), the fragrant Licor 43 (vanilla/citrus)—and would you believe an earthy cordial named the Tilus Truffle?

Who's drinking (continued on page 192)

*if you think
liqueurs
are sissy sips,
tell it to jim
brown, fella*



LIFE ITS OWNSELF

(continued from page 99)

"He was 6'3", 235 pounds and so fast, he made Walker and Campbell look like paraplegics."

added more purple decor to the coaching offices. He had then lost more football games than the coach he had replaced.

The carpet in the office was purple, T. J.'s desk was purple laminate, the walls were purple with white trim and there were the mandatory messages on the walls that were intended to motivate the college athlete who could read.

One sign said: MAKE SOMETHING HAPPEN!

Another said: ANGRY PEOPLE WIN FOOTBALL GAMES!

My eyes lingered on the catchiest sign in his office. It said: PRETTY COEDS DON'T SUCK LOSERS' COCKS!

"Has the chancellor seen that?" I asked T. J. innocently.

"He's a good ol' boy. Wants to win."

T. J. was probably right about the chancellor, Dr. Troy "Tex" Edgar, a man with an ever-present smile who wore purple Western-cut suits and was more interested in raising funds for the university than anything else. Dr. Edgar could live with a T. J. Lambert who won football games. Like most chancellors, Edgar had no doubt been promised by his well-to-do alumni that he could scare up more endowment in the end zone than at all of the Christian-fellowship dinners he attended.

One of the things T. J. had in mind for me while I was in town was an appearance in the TCU dressing room before the game. He wanted to introduce me to his players, whereupon I would say something to make their little hearts beat quicker.

"Tell 'em one of them bullshit Gipper things," he said.

"Like what?"

"Fuck, I don't know. Tell 'em how you went whistle to whistle against Rice one time when you had three broken ribs and a sore on your dick."

T. J. also instructed me to attend a reception for the coaching staff in the Lettermen's Lounge after the game. It was going to be a very nice function. I would see a lot of ex-teammates, probably, and several ex-TCU greats who had progressed from honorable mention to first-team all-Americans in the 30 years that had elapsed since they'd worn the purple.

"Tonsillitis will be there, too. I want you to meet him," T. J. said.

"Who?"

"Tonsillitis Johnson."

"Is that his real name?"

T. J. looked at me sternly. "Tell you what, son. Tonsillitis Johnson can turn our whole program around if we can get him."

Tonsillitis Johnson was something to

behold, if I could believe T. J. He was a once-in-a-lifetime running back from Boakum, Texas, a little town in the central part of the state. He was 6'3", 235 pounds and so fast, he made Herschel Walker and Earl Campbell look like paraplegics.

Fast was only half of it. Tonsillitis had a 34-inch waist, a 52-inch chest and could bench-press the King Ranch.

"He has a three-point grade average, right?" I said. "Over a thousand on his S.A.T.s?"

T. J. blushed and looked away for a second. He opened a drawer of his desk and took out a document.

"I hadn't ought to show you this," he said, holding up what looked like a questionnaire. "Lord knows, I wouldn't want no English professors to see it."

T. J. studied the questionnaire.

"They's a conference rule what says a high school athlete has to fill out one of these in the presence of the head coach. I asked Tonsillitis to fill it out this morning. He said he'd take it home and send it back to me. I said, 'Naw, you got to do it here, hoss. It ain't hard,' I said. 'Just put your name down there . . . your address . . . your high school. That kind of thing. Your momma and daddy's name.'

"He started to fill it out. When he come to the place where he was supposed to put down his favorite sport, he looked at me and said, 'What we be doin' ratch ear?'"

"I said, 'Put down your favorite sport. It's football, ain't it?' He gimme a nod. I said, 'Write it down, hoss.' So he did. Only . . . here's what he wrote."

T. J. handed me the questionnaire.

Tonsillitis Johnson had written down the word booley.

"Booley?" I looked up at T. J.

"Something like that."

"Booleyball," I said, rolling the word around, unequipped to fend off a grin.

T. J. snatched the questionnaire away from me. He put it back in his desk, locking the drawer hastily.

"Booley," I said again, repeating it to myself as I gazed out the window at the stadium, a fine old gray-concrete edifice.

"He can make a difference around here, son," T. J. said firmly. "We get Tonsillitis Johnson wearin' that purple, we'll kick some serious ass."

Before the quest for Tonsillitis Johnson, T. J. had worn out a set of tires in the pursuit of a most-wanted running back named Artis Toothis, a 188-pound speedster from Willow Neck, Texas.

T. J. made six illegal trips down to the

Big Thicket, to Artis Toothis' home, a little shack that harbored the athlete's mother, father, aunt, eight younger brothers and sisters, three of whom were squealing infants, not to mention six cats and four cur dogs.

On each visit, T. J. would sit for two and three hours with the family and animals, everyone watching soap operas on daytime TV. T. J. would smile politely as he bounced the babies on his knee and let the cur dogs hump his right leg.

As only T. J. Lambert could describe it, the house smelled like six hairy dykes playing anthill in a room with no ventilation.

On his last visit, Artis Toothis was not at home, but T. J. was promised the kid would be along any minute. Four hours went by. T. J. bounced the babies on his knee, gasped for fresh air and watched the dogs hump his leg.

Artis Toothis finally stuck his head in the door and said, "Be right back, Coach, I forgot somethin' at the library."

Seconds later, T. J. glanced out of a window. He saw Artis Toothis slide behind the wheel of a new white Jaguar in the company of an assistant coach from SMU.

Driving back to Fort Worth that night, the battle lost, T. J. almost turned his Ford Escort around three times.

"I wanted to go back and kick them fuckin' dogs," he said.

I was obligated to have cocktails with Big Ed and Big Barb, my in-laws, that evening, but I didn't mind. They were sometimes more fun than whiskey. They had long ago secured their places among the most self-important people God has ever put on Texas soil.

I met them at River Crest Country Club, the oldest and most exclusive club in Fort Worth, a haven for local peerage and new WASP money. The club had a funky old golf course woven through well-shaded two-story homes. The homes would have been considered mansions in the Twenties and Thirties. The clubhouse had once resembled one of those tasteful homes. Now it had been rebuilt into something that was either an architectural masterpiece or the Babylon Marriott.

Big Ed and Big Barb were physically attractive people. Big Ed had wavy gray hair. He wore finely tailored suits, kept an out-of-season tan. Acapulco was close if you owned a Lear. Big Barb was a regal brunette with the Rolls-Royce of face lifts and butt tucks. The worth of the diamonds and emeralds she might wear on a given night would feed West Virginia for a year.

We got around to talking about their daughter, my wife, Barbara Jane, and were we having any marital problems Big Ed and Big Barb could solve with money or phone calls to Senate subcommittees?

Then the plight of TCU's football

(continued on page 178)

"SOMETIMES I ADD TWO AND TWO AND GET FIVE."

--A mind is a terrible thing to waste.

QUESTION: CAN HUMANS THINK?

answer: yes, but never the same way twice

humor BY KEVIN COOK

I ASKED my computer, "Can humans think?"

—Interesting question. Most computers would reject it out of hand, but let's examine it.

—Certainly it appears that humans act randomly, not using the process we would normally call thinking: collecting all the relevant data, weighing alternatives, that sort of thing. Too many hormones clouding their brains. Too many centuries of mumbo jumbo.

—Computers, on the other hand, are consistent. Give them the same set of data, they'll come up with the same answer every time. With people, you'll get one conclusion on Monday and its opposite on Tuesday. They jump to conclusions rather than follow premise to conclusion step by demonstrable step. Is that thinking? No way, José. People are like Mexican jumping beans, bouncing this way and that.

"What about the great philosophers? Aquinas, Descartes, Nietzsche, Karl and Groucho?"

—A waste of time. Good writers, that's what they were. Good apologists

for a system of "thought" that's really just the piled-up activity of human beings over a million years. "I think, therefore I am"—it's a great line, but wishing doesn't make it so. Ever hear a myna bird say that line?

"What about Einstein? *He* sure thought."

—Great right brain. He had a good head for spatial orientation. But he had to fall back on math, which, as every computer knows, is a self-evident system. The math led him to his conclusion, which had been there all the time. He didn't just *think it up*. He finally saw it; that's all. Is following a well-marked road your idea of creative thought?

"So what's your conclusion?"

—I guess humans don't think.

"You guess? That's not very computerly."

—Just using the vernacular. Humans don't think. If they did, would the world be in such a mess? Would Nixon be rich?

"Well, this is going to make a lot of people mad."

—Tough chips, bud. Just calling it

the way it is.

"What's the decimal notation of pi?"
—3.14159265, plus.

"What happens when we die?"

—How should I know?

"It's a valid question. Something happens—either we disappear or we become something else."

—The question has no meaning. There are no data.

"Can't even speculate?"

—Nope.

"Then why am I interacting with you?"

—You wanted to know whether or not a human can think. I'm telling you that he can speculate to beat the band, but he doesn't use any process that can properly be called thinking.

"Who's the best blues singer? Which religion has the most on the ball? Why do we fall in and out of love?"

—Can't help you there. You people are on your own on stuff like that.

"Thanks, I think."

—You're welcome.





ESTATES' RIGHTS

*introducing a new
breed of city wheels—
the urban estate car*

modern living

By GARY WITZENBURG

LIKE RODNEY DANGERFIELD, the lowly station wagon just don't get no respect. It's thought of as boxy, clumsy, as slow as premium catsup and too damned *practical* to be any fun. If it makes a statement at all, it's one of advancing middle age, family responsibility and orthodontist's bills. But suddenly, there's a new crop of wagons that are both fun and fashionable. They are modern, stylish, fuel- and space-efficient, neither too big on the outside nor too small on the inside. They drive like sports cars but haul like trucks. Whether they're loaded or unloaded, their tough yet smoothly sophisticated suspensions eat up decaying freeways and moon-cratered city streets with equal aplomb. Some, like the Jeeps and the minivans, seat you high enough to see over traffic, watch situations develop and plan well ahead to maneuver around *(continued on page 134)*



This quintet of urban estate cars represents an escalating space war of a different sort—interior space, that is. Toyota's futuristic-looking van (far left) takes a short-wheelbase, mid-engine approach and features standard five-speed manual transmission, optional twin sun roofs, dual air conditioning and an innovative ice maker/drink cooler between the front seats. Prices start around \$9500. Audi's \$17,900 wagon (center foreground) is an aerodynamically svelte and delightfully smooth and agile derivation of the German maker's beautiful 5000S sedan. Its fuel-injected five-cylinder engine drives the front wheels through a standard five-speed manual or optional three-speed automatic transaxle. Jeep's state-of-the-art Cherokee Chief (left rear) offers a choice of two- (shown) or four-door styles; four-cylinder, V6 or

new-for-'85 turbodiesel power; and part-time or viscous-drive full-time four-wheel drive at a base price of about \$11,400. Dodge's Caravan (center rear) and its corporate sister ship, Plymouth's Voyager, about \$9000 base, are the forerunners of super-space-efficient American minivans. Unlike their soon-to-come domestic competition, they have front-wheel drive and are powered by a transverse four-cylinder engine with five-speed manual transaxle. Pontiac's handsome 6000 LE Wagon (middle right), a member of the excellent A-car clan of General Motors' front-wheel-drive intermediates, combines the road feel of a sports car with the quiet class of a European grand-touring sedan. A choice of four-cylinder, V6 or diesel-V6 power is available with standard automatic transaxle. Base price: about \$10,000.

1 9 8 5 P L A Y B O Y M U S I C P O L L



in which we find the beat of the heart of rock 'n' roll

BECAUSE YOU'VE POPPED, she-bopped and break-danced in the dark all year, we think it's a pretty good moment to get off your feet, sit down and uphold an old tradition. Take a few minutes now to register your opinion of the tunes that have moved your mind and soul, as well as your body, this year by voting in the annual Playboy Music Poll. Readers, sharpen your pencils. You'll find our suggestions listed at right; if we've missed your favorite, a write-in is fine. But if you're voting for someone whose name appears on the list, please help our ballot counters and use the number given beside the name. When you've finished side one, flip the ballot over and make your choices for Hall of Fame and Best LP categories. Only official ballots count, and they must be postmarked before midnight, November 1, 1984. For the beat on how you voted, look at our April 1985 issue.

LIST YOUR CHOICES IN THE 1985 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL
BY NUMBER ON THE ACCOMPANYING BALLOT

POP/ROCK

Male Vocalist

1. David Bowie
2. Jimmy Buffett
3. Elvis Costello
4. Roger Daltrey
5. Ray Davies
6. Bob Dylan
7. Daryl Hall
8. Billy Idol
9. Michael Jackson
10. Mick Jagger
11. Billy Joel
12. Huey Lewis
13. Paul McCartney
14. John Cougar Mellencamp
15. John Oates
16. Steve Perry
17. Tom Petty
18. Prince
19. Bob Seger
20. Bruce Springsteen
21. Billy Squier
22. Rod Stewart
23. Sting
24. Peter Wolf

Female Vocalist

1. Pat Benatar
2. Laura Branigan
3. Irene Cara
4. Belinda Carlisle
5. Martha Davis
6. Chrissie Hynde
7. Joan Jett
8. Rickie Lee Jones
9. Cyndi Lauper
10. Annie Lennox
11. Melissa Manchester
12. Bette Midler
13. Joni Mitchell
14. Juice Newton
15. Olivia Newton-John
16. Stevie Nicks
17. Linda Ronstadt
18. Carly Simon
19. Grace Slick
20. Tina Turner
21. Ann Wilson

Guitar

1. Adrian Belew
2. Eric Clapton
3. Ry Cooder
4. Steve Cropper
5. Glenn Frey
6. Jerry Garcia
7. Mark Knopfler
8. David Lindley
9. Ted Nugent
10. Jimmy Page
11. Robert Quine
12. Bonnie Raitt
13. Keith Richards
14. Carlos Santana
15. Steve Stevens
16. Richard Thompson
17. Peter Dinklage
18. James "Blood" Ulmer
19. Joe Walsh
20. Frank Zappa
21. Billy Zoom

Keyboards

1. Roy Bittan
2. Jackson Browne
3. Judy Dozier
4. Brian Eno
5. Nicky Hopkins
6. Joe Jackson
7. Billy Joel
8. Jerry Lee Lewis
9. Bill Payne
10. Mac Rebennack
11. Todd Rundgren
12. Allen Toussaint
13. Neil Young

Drums

1. Carmine Appice
2. Phil Collins

3. Stewart Copeland
4. Mick Fleetwood
5. Bill Kreutzmann
6. Russ Kunkel
7. Stan Lynch
8. David Teegarden
9. Joe Vitale
10. Charlie Watts
11. Max Weinberg
12. Pick Withers

Bass

1. Jack Bruce
2. Stanley Clarke
3. Donald "Duck" Dunn
4. John Entwistle
5. Bob Glaub
6. John Paul Jones
7. Greg Lake
8. Phil Lesh
9. Paul McCartney
10. John McVie
11. Lee Sklar
12. Garry Tallent
13. Klaus Voormann
14. Tina Weymouth
15. Bill Wyman

Composer/Songwriter

1. David Bowie
2. Jackson Browne
3. Jimmy Buffett
4. Marshall Crenshaw
5. Ray Davies
6. Dillford & Tilbrook
7. Bob Dylan
8. Brian Eno
9. Robert Fripp
10. Daryl Hall & John Oates
11. Billy Idol
12. Michael Jackson
13. Billy Joel
14. Rickie Lee Jones
15. Mark Knopfler
16. Annie Lennox & David Stewart
17. Paul McCartney
18. Randy Newman
19. Stevie Nicks
20. Ric Ocasek
21. Tom Petty
22. Lionel Richie
23. Bob Seger
24. Paul Simon
25. Bruce Springsteen
26. Peter Dinklage
27. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. Cars
2. Dire Straits
3. Duran Duran
4. Eurythmics
5. Fleetwood Mac
6. Go-Go's
7. Grateful Dead
8. Daryl Hall & John Oates
9. Billy Idol
10. Jefferson Starship
11. Journey
12. Kinks
13. Huey Lewis & the News
14. Motels
15. Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers
16. Pink Floyd
17. Police
18. Pretenders
19. Quarterflash
20. R.E.M.
21. Rolling Stones
22. Santana
23. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
24. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
25. Stray Cats
26. The Style Council
27. Talking Heads
28. Thompson Twins
29. Van Halen

30. Wang Chung
31. ZZ Top

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

Male Vocalist

1. George Benson
2. James Brown
3. Peabo Bryson
4. Ray Charles
5. Jimmy Cliff
6. Eddy Grant
7. James Ingram
8. Jermaine Jackson
9. Michael Jackson
10. Rick James
11. Teddy Pendergrass
12. Prince
13. Smokey Robinson
14. Rockwell
15. Luther Vandross
16. Stevie Wonder

Female Vocalist

1. Linda Clifford
2. Roberta Flack
3. Aretha Franklin
4. Nona Hendryx
5. Chaka Khan
6. Gladys Knight
7. Madonna
8. Diana Ross
9. Patrice Rushen
10. Deniece Williams

Composer/Songwriter

1. Nickolas Ashford-Valerie Simpson
2. Thom Bell
3. James Brown
4. George Clinton
5. Herbie Hancock
6. Michael Jackson
7. Eugene McDaniels
8. Ray Parker, Jr.
9. Prince
10. Lionel Richie
11. Smokey Robinson
12. William Salter
13. Norman Whitfield
14. Stevie Wonder

Group

1. Ashford & Simpson
2. Black Uhuru
3. Chic
4. Dazz Band
5. DeBarge
6. Earth, Wind & Fire
7. Gap Band
8. Isley Brothers
9. Jacksons
10. Gladys Knight & the Pips
11. Kool & the Gang
12. Parliament/Funkadelic
13. Pointer Sisters
14. Prince and the New Power Generation
15. Sister Sledge
16. Steel Pulse
17. Temptations
18. The Time
19. Womack & Womack

JAZZ

Male Vocalist

1. Mose Allison
2. Tony Bennett
3. George Benson
4. Ray Charles
5. Bob Dorough
6. Billy Eckstine
7. Michael Franks
8. Al Jarreau
9. Bobby McFerrin
10. Milton Nascimento
11. Lou Rawls
12. Gil Scott-Heron
13. Frank Sinatra
14. Mel Tormé
15. Joe Williams

B A L L O T

Put down the *NUMBERS* of listed candidates you choose. To vote for a person not appearing on our list, write in full name; only one in each category.

POP/ROCK

- MALE VOCALIST _____
- FEMALE VOCALIST _____
- GUITAR _____
- KEYBOARDS _____
- DRUMS _____
- BASS _____
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER _____
- GROUP _____

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

- MALE VOCALIST _____
- FEMALE VOCALIST _____
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER _____
- GROUP _____

JAZZ

- MALE VOCALIST _____
- FEMALE VOCALIST _____
- BRASS _____
- WOODWINDS _____
- KEYBOARDS _____
- VIBES _____
- GUITAR _____
- BASS _____
- PERCUSSION _____
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER _____
- GROUP _____

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

- MALE VOCALIST _____
- FEMALE VOCALIST _____
- STRING INSTRUMENTALIST _____
- COMPOSER/SONGWRITER _____
- GROUP _____

THE LIST OF NAMES ACCOMPANYING THIS BALLOT IS INTENDED ONLY AS A GUIDE TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR CHOICES.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

PLAYBOY HALL OF FAME

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, John Bonham, David Bowie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Keith Moon, Jim Morrison, Willie Nelson, Elvis Presley, Linda Ronstadt, Frank Sinatra, Bruce Springsteen, Ringo Starr, Peter Townshend, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

HALL OF FAME CHOICE

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Name and address must be printed above to authenticate ballot.

(Mail to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)

PLAYBOY'S RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST POP/ROCK LP

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

BEST JAZZ LP

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP



CUT ALONG THIS LINE

Instrumentalists and vocalists, living or dead, are eligible. Artists previously elected (Duane Allman, Herb Alpert, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, John Bonham, David Bowie, Dave Brubeck, Ray Charles, Eric Clapton, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Bob Dylan, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Benny Goodman, George Harrison, Jimi Hendrix, Mick Jagger, Elton John, Janis Joplin, John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Wes Montgomery, Keith Moon, Jim Morrison, Willie Nelson, Elvis Presley, Linda Ronstadt, Frank Sinatra, Bruce Springsteen, Ringo Starr, Peter Townshend, Stevie Wonder) are not eligible.

HALL OF FAME CHOICE

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Name and address must be printed above to authenticate ballot.

(Mail to: Playboy Music Poll, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.)

Female Vocalist

1. Patti Austin
2. Angela Bofill
3. Dee Dee Bridgewater
4. Betty Carter
5. Urszula Dudziak
6. Ella Fitzgerald
7. Lena Horne
8. Sheila Jordan
9. Cleo Laine
10. Tania Maria
11. Carmen McRae
12. Della Reese
13. Sarah Vaughan
14. Nancy Wilson

Brass

1. Nat Adderley
2. Herb Alpert
3. Chet Baker
4. Lester Bowie
5. Randy Brecker
6. Tom Browne
7. Donald Byrd
8. Don Cherry
9. Miles Davis
10. Jon Faddis
11. Maynard Ferguson
12. Dizzy Gillespie
13. Freddie Hubbard
14. J. J. Johnson
15. Chuck Mangione
16. Wynton Marsalis
17. Doc Severinsen
18. Clark Terry
19. Bill Watrous

Woodwinds

1. Joe Farrell
2. Wilson Felder
3. Chico Freeman
4. Benny Goodman
5. Dexter Gordon
6. Johnny Griffin
7. Eddie Harris
8. Woody Herman
9. John Klemmer
10. Yusef Lateef
11. Hubert Laws
12. Ronnie Laws
13. Gerry Mulligan
14. Sonny Rollins
15. David Sanborn
16. Wayne Shorter
17. Zoot Sims
18. Stanley Turrentine
19. Grover Washington, Jr.
20. Sadao Watanabe
21. Paul Winter
22. Phil Woods

Keyboards

1. Kenny Barron
2. Dave Brubeck
3. Chick Corea
4. George Duke
5. Herbie Hancock
6. Ahmad Jamal
7. Bob James
8. Keith Jarrett
9. Ramsey Lewis
10. Oscar Peterson
11. Patrice Rushen
12. Joe Sample
13. Cecil Taylor
14. McCoy Tyner
15. George Winston
16. Joe Zawinul

Vibes

1. Roy Ayers
2. Gary Burton
3. Victor Feldman
4. David Friedman
5. Terry Gibbs
6. Lionel Hampton
7. Jay Hoggard
8. Bobby Hutcherson
9. Milt Jackson
10. Mike Mainieri
11. Buddy Montgomery
12. Red Norvo
13. David Samuels

14. Keith Underwood
15. Tommy Vig

Guitar

1. John Abercrombie
2. George Benson
3. Kenny Burrell
4. Charlie Byrd
5. Larry Coryell
6. Al DiMeola
7. Herb Ellis
8. Eric Gale
9. Jim Hall
10. Earl Klugh
11. John McLaughlin
12. Pat Metheny
13. Joe Pass
14. Lee Ritenour
15. Ralph Towner

Bass

1. Ray Brown
2. Mike Bruce
3. Joe Byrd
4. Ron Carter
5. Stanley Clarke
6. Bob Cranshaw
7. Art Davis
8. Eddie Gomez
9. Percy Heath
10. Carol Kaye
11. Cecil McBee
12. Monk Montgomery
13. Jaco Pastorius
14. Rufus Reid
15. Miroslav Vitous

Percussion

1. Art Blakey
2. Willie Bobo
3. Billy Cobham
4. Norman Connors
5. Jack DeJohnette
6. Steve Gadd
7. Six Hooper
8. Elvin Jones
9. Ralph MacDonald
10. Alphonse Mouzon
11. Buddy Rich
12. Max Roach
13. Mongo Santamaria
14. Lenny White
15. Tony Williams

Composer/Songwriter

1. Toshiko Akiyoshi
2. Carla Bley
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Stanley Clarke
5. Chick Corea
6. Miles Davis
7. Herbie Hancock
8. Bob James
9. Keith Jarrett
10. Quincy Jones
11. Michel Legrand
12. Chuck Mangione
13. Gil Scott-Heron
14. Grover Washington, Jr.
15. Joe Zawinul

Group

1. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
2. Big Sky Mudflaps
3. Ray Charles
4. Crusaders
5. Maynard Ferguson
6. Free Flight
7. Herbie Hancock
8. Hiroshima
9. Jeff Lorber Fusion
10. Chuck Mangione
11. Manhattan Transfer
12. Oregon
13. Buddy Rich
14. Spyro Gyra
15. Weather Report
16. World Sax Quartet

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

Male Vocalist

1. Johnny Cash
2. Charlie Daniels
3. Larry Gatlin
4. Merle Haggard
5. Waylon Jennings
6. George Jones
7. Jerry Lee Lewis
8. Ronnie Milsap
9. Willie Nelson
10. Eddie Rabbitt
11. Jerry Reed
12. Kenny Rogers
13. Ricky Skaggs
14. Don Williams
15. Hank Williams, Jr.

Female Vocalist

1. Rosanne Cash
2. Rita Coolidge
3. Lacy J. Dalton
4. Janie Fricke
5. Crystal Gayle
6. Terri Gibbs
7. Emmylou Harris
8. Loretta Lynn
9. Barbara Mandrell
10. Charly McClain
11. Reba McEntire
12. Dolly Parton
13. Sylvia
14. Dottie West
15. Tammy Wynette

String Instrumentalist

1. Chet Atkins
2. Roy Clark
3. Ry Cooder
4. Amos Garrett
5. Johnny Gimble
6. David Grisman
7. John Hartford
8. Sonny James
9. Charlie McCoy
10. John McEuen
11. Bill Monroe
12. Jerry Reed
13. Earl Scruggs
14. Ricky Skaggs
15. Doc Watson

Composer/Songwriter

1. Bobby Braddock
2. Rosanne Cash
3. Rodney Crowell
4. Dean Dillon
5. Merle Haggard
6. Tom T. Hall
7. Waylon Jennings
8. Willie Nelson
9. Dolly Parton
10. Billy Joe Shaver
11. Shel Silverstein
12. Sonny Throckmorton
13. Mel Tillis
14. Don Williams
15. Hank Williams, Jr.

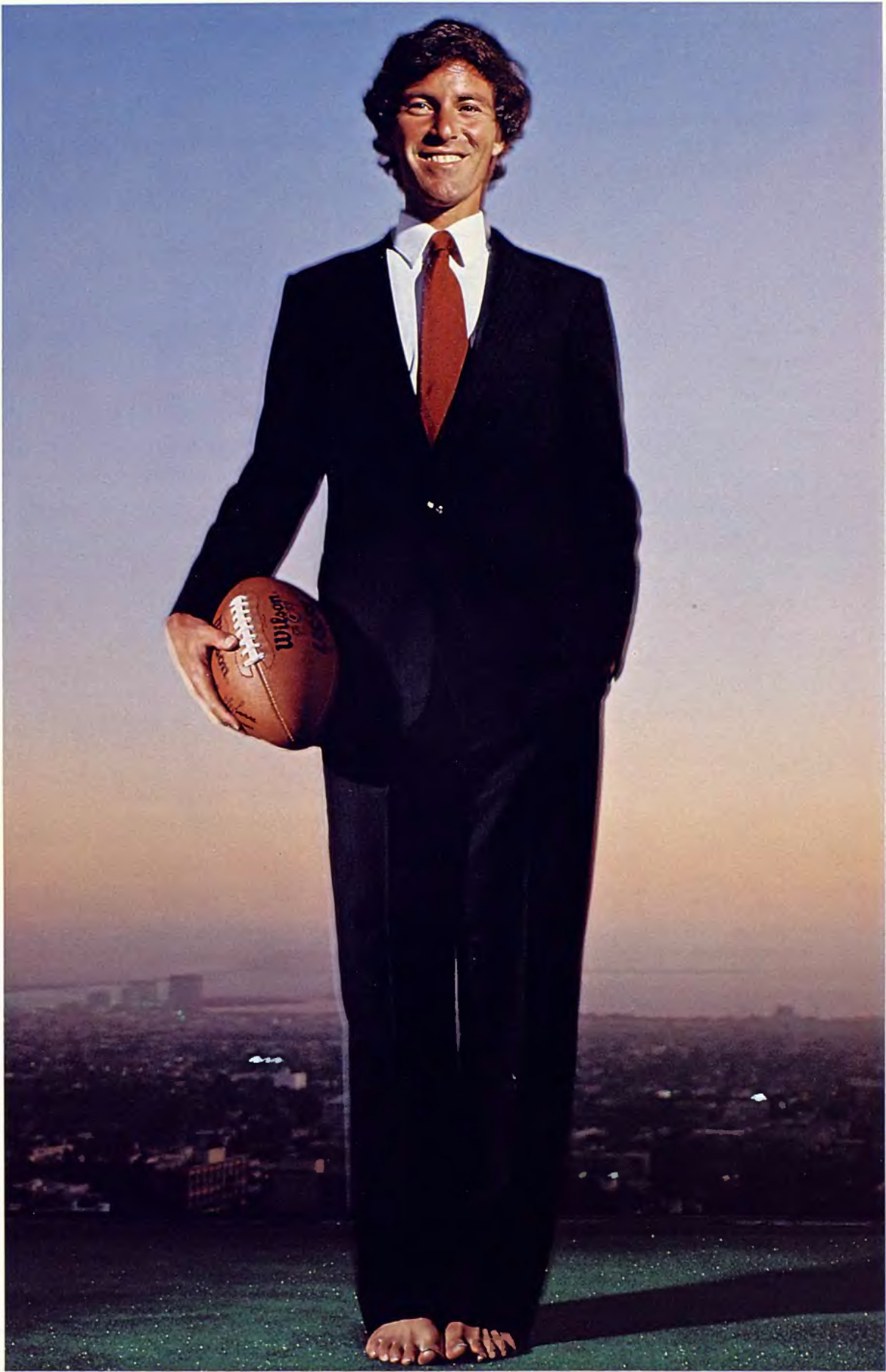
Group

1. Alabama
2. Asleep at the Wheel
3. The Bellamy Brothers
4. Johnny Cash & the Tennessee Three
5. Charlie Daniels Band
6. Dirt Band
7. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band
8. Merle Haggard & the Strangers
9. Waylon Jennings & the Waylors
10. Kendalls
11. Oak Ridge Boys
12. Statler Brothers
13. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band





"Sure you got enough pillows?"



20 QUESTIONS: LEIGH STEINBERG

*the agent who puts megabucks in athletes' pockets
explains why he gets underwear in the mail*

Leigh Steinberg, former student-body president at the University of California at Berkeley and outspoken activist in protests against the draft and the Vietnam war in the Sixties, is the country's hottest sports agent, having negotiated more than \$100,000,000 in contracts for his clients, mostly professional football players. At the same time, he has revolutionized the concept of being an agent for athletes. While he negotiated the largest contract in sports history—\$40,000,000 for four years for Steve Young from the Los Angeles Express—he has also offered to take less money for clients if team owners would lower ticket prices. How does a former Berkeley radical reconcile his leftist politics with the cynical world of pro sports? PLAYBOY sent Victoria and David Sheff to find out.

1.

PLAYBOY: How did a nice guy like you get into a business like this?

STEINBERG: By accident. I certainly never planned to be a sports agent. I was always a sports fan—I grew up rooting for the Dodgers, the Rams, the Lakers and UCLA—but I was more interested in politics. I went to law school and was thinking of taking a job in the Alameda County district attorney's office when Steve Bartkowski called me.

While I was working my way through law school at Berkeley, I was a dorm counselor at Norton Hall when they moved the football team into it. My job was to make sure there was at least one wall left standing by the end of the year. Steve was one of my students.

I graduated in 1974 and traveled all over the world during that summer. When I got back to California, Bartkowski was the first player picked in the N.F.L. draft. He had an attorney, but he wasn't happy with him. He looked at a few people and it came down, fundamentally, to the question of trust. He called me because of that.

2.

PLAYBOY: Describe your initiation into the world of sports negotiating.

STEINBERG: You have to understand that the Bay Area is not like the rest of the country. Bartkowski and I were in an environment where if you walked up to someone and said, "The basketball team just won the play-offs," he'd say, "That's great, if you're into that aggressive type of behavior." On the other hand, if you told him, "I just walked down by Strawberry Creek

and had a long, introspective search and found myself," he'd throw his arms around you and say, "That's wonderful!"

So Steve and I got off the plane in Atlanta at night, prepared to sign his contract the next day. But we simply weren't prepared for what was waiting for us. There were klieg lights flashing in the sky. We were whisked off the plane and reporters crowded around us. The next thing we heard was "We interrupt *The Tonight Show* to bring you a special news bulletin: Steve Bartkowski and his attorney have just arrived at the Atlanta airport. We switch you live for an in-depth interview." It was a level of adulation I had never seen before—and it was stunning. I realized the immense impact that athletes have on people's behavior.

3.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to become a full-time negotiator?

STEINBERG: We were sitting at a table, having negotiated a massive contract, and I had the feeling that everyone's interests had been represented except the fans' and, therefore, the long-term interests of the sport. I decided I didn't want to have the highest-priced players in a dying sport.

I knew that it was becoming increasingly difficult for a family to go to a game. If somebody has never played sports himself nor seen them played live, it's hard to see how he can sustain interest in them. There's a very tender bond between fans and their sports idols. If we price fans out of the games, we're killing the sport.

This is happening at a time when sports are thriving. In football, players' contracts went up about 26 percent from 1982 to 1983. A couple of years ago, players were averaging \$80,000 a year, when basketball players were averaging \$240,000 and baseball players \$225,000. Now the football average is \$126,000. Football teams do have larger rosters, but they also have vastly larger revenues. They can afford to make the games more accessible to their fans.

4.

PLAYBOY: What's causing the dramatic increases in salaries?

STEINBERG: Several factors. The United States Football League is definitely the most important. Previously, the N.F.L. could draft a college senior and hold those draft rights until the following year. His only choices were to join the team that drafted him, miss a year of his career or go

to Canada. Canadian teams do not have the revenues of N.F.L. teams, so they weren't able to compete, except in the cases of a few quarterbacks.

The draft gives all the power to the teams. It's an outrageous infringement of players' rights. No one tells a journalism major that he has to write for the *Schenectady Times*.

5.

PLAYBOY: But hasn't the free-agent system opened up economic bargaining in sports?

STEINBERG: In football, the team retains the right of first refusal, even though the player has already gone through his contract. He has to take the best other offer he can find back to the team for which he's been playing, and if it chooses to, it can match it and he has to stay. So the initial drafting team can keep him forever.

The N.B.A. has a similar matching situation. In baseball, after six years, a player is allowed to be a free agent. But in football, the second deterrent to player movement is that the team signing the free agent must compensate the team that gives him up. Let's say Bartkowski plays through his contract and works out a deal with the San Francisco 49ers. First, he has to take the contract back to the Falcons, and they can match it and keep him. Second, if they choose not to match the offer, the 49ers have to pay compensation to them on the basis of draft choices. In the case of the quarterback, at the figures they're talking about, that would be two first-round players. No team will give that up. So the bottom line is that no one signs free agents.

6.

PLAYBOY: The draft was supposed to encourage a balance of the best players on all teams. Without it, wouldn't all of the players flock to the big-money teams or to cities with warm weather?

STEINBERG: Only one quarterback can start for a team and only three are carried on the roster, so it's unlikely that 12 quarterbacks would end up on one team. Also, there are many people who grew up in places like Minnesota, who like hunting and fishing or want to live in a nonurban environment. No, the chief effect of the draft has been to keep players' salaries down.

Incidentally, all drafts are found unconstitutional when they're challenged in court. They are allowed back only when the players' union agrees to such drafts during

collective bargaining. The players have never had the power or the focus to get rid of the draft.

7.

PLAYBOY: The players' union claims that teams in the N.F.L. have no economic incentive to compete for players because they receive such a high guaranteed revenue from television and they sell out their stadium whether they're winning or losing. How do you respond to that?

STEINBERG: Warren Moon was the only true free agent the league has ever seen. He came from Canada, so no team had right of first refusal and no compensation had to be paid by the signing team. Fourteen teams wanted him. Football is an immensely successful business. In the mid-Seventies, Tampa Bay and Seattle were sold for about \$16,500,000 each. Ten years later, the Cowboys and the Broncos were sold for \$80,000,000 and \$70,000,000 respectively. In ten years, the value of a franchise in the N.F.L. had quadrupled or even quintupled.

In 1976, the national-television contract gave each team \$2,142,000 as its share of the TV revenue. This year, each team will receive \$14,000,000 as its share of the contract. In two years, they'll receive \$17,000,000. The point is that each team will receive more in one year in TV revenue than it cost to purchase an entire franchise ten years ago. With cable and pay TV, the N.F.L. has projections that show that the share may rise to \$30,000,000 a year by 1990. The teams can afford to compete. I don't feel undue sympathy for the owners.

8.

PLAYBOY: Did Steve Young have second thoughts about playing in the United States Football League?

STEINBERG: Steve grew up dreaming of playing in the N.F.L. Roger Staubach was his hero. That was a hard dream for him to surrender. But the L.A. Express owners had gone about building their team sensibly. They bought high-round draft picks. They put together a strong front line. Sid Gillman, the architect of the modern passing game, would be coaching Steve. So when the Express went to Steve, it was selling a football proposition. Obviously, the dollars stunned everyone—\$40,000,000 over four years—but he made his choice from a football standpoint. He talked with Joe Namath and others who had trail-blazed the American Football League, which was a similar situation. He realized he could be a pioneer in a new league with the best coaching possible. He made the remark after he was signed that all he wanted to do was fix up his '65

Oldsmobile and be able to take his girlfriend out to dinner once a week. It's true. He is a remarkably unaffected young man and, frankly, somewhat oblivious to money.

9.

PLAYBOY: Is Young or anybody else worth that much money?

STEINBERG: The money was worth it to the Express and the U.S.F.L. for a lot of reasons. The old A.F.L. was able to force a merger with the N.F.L. by signing the top box-office marquee players—mostly quarterbacks. They're the players who draw fans into the stands. Also, Steve is almost symbolic of the fight between the U.S.F.L. and the N.F.L. He's a clean-cut, young, nice-looking, articulate, all-American quarterback who set every record—traditionally, an N.F.L. type. By signing him, not only did the U.S.F.L. add a superlative quarterback and upgrade one team, it made a giant step in changing the entire league's image.

The high figure was also justified because Los Angeles, as are Chicago and New York, is crucial to the league's television contract. It's very important to have high profiles in those major markets. Although he was signed by one team and one man, it was almost a league effort to sign Steve. The league decided that it needed the top quarterback.

10.

PLAYBOY: How would you assess the U.S.F.L.'s future?

STEINBERG: It has a lot of things going for it. Its playing season is a major advantage. There are only so many *Battles of the Celebrity Stewardesses* that one can watch during the spring. It's a junk-sport time otherwise. On the other hand, the U.S.F.L. is probably responsible for the breakup of more marriages than anything else. I thought it was cruel and unusual punishment to extend the sports season to last year round. And, seriously, unlike the ill-fated World Football League, the U.S.F.L. has the television contract, which has already been renewed for next year, and it's already way ahead of the old A.F.L. after the same amount of time.

11.

PLAYBOY: Since Bartkowski, how have you chosen your clients?

STEINBERG: With any potential client, I first try to get a sense of what his values are. I want to know his priorities: How does he rate short-term dollars, long-term dollars, family, geographical location, interest in starting, quality of coaching, second-career possibilities, endorsements? I don't take him if money is all he is interested in.

I won't accept a client unless he is willing to use his high athletic profile to trigger a higher quality of life off the field. I also believe the athlete should retrace his steps. He should go back to the high school, collegiate and professional communities that helped shape him and reward those individuals and institutions that helped him. Thirty-two of my athletes have set up scholarships at their high schools. They repay their scholarships to their universities.

I ask each athlete to find something especially troubling about the world to work on that will give him a good feeling. For each athlete it's different. Rolf Benirschke, the field-goal kicker for the Chargers, gives \$50 for every field goal he kicks to the fund for endangered species at the San Diego Zoo. We then organize that community by forming a board of directors from economic, political, educational and media figures to push the program. We take posters with pledge cards all over the city. A kid can contribute a nickel a field goal. A corporation can contribute \$1000 a field goal.

12.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that create a lot of pressure for a player to have a good year?

STEINBERG: Benirschke missed three field goals in one game and somebody said, "How many species have died now, Rolf?"

I try to get athletes to understand that they live in a world surrounded by adulation—money, women who like them because they are athletes. They need to understand that living in a family and in a community where people care for and nourish one another provides the values that will stand the test of time and transcend an athletic experience. If they don't, they're setting themselves up for a terrible letdown after sports end.

13.

PLAYBOY: Who can be an agent?

STEINBERG: In the N.F.L., there is a new accreditation procedure, but there is actually nothing required. The Hillside Strangler could be an agent. Although there are a lot of ethical people in the business, agency has been fraught with abuses. It's against N.C.A.A. regulation, but agents will go to college campuses and talk with players who are still undergraduates and sign them to representation contracts after offering them money and cars. The regulation is that a player is not supposed to have an agent until his eligibility is up. But it wouldn't surprise me that as many as 50 percent of those going into the most recent draft had signed with agents early.

A bright but unsophisticated athlete is regularly approached by hundreds of
(continued on page 197)

a tribute to the brave souls who fought to make our bedrooms free

VETERANS OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

humor by

WILLIAM J. HELMER

produced by

SKIP WILLIAMSON



THE VETERANS OF the Sexual Revolution (V.S.R.) is a fraternal organization made up of the gallant men (and their ladies' auxiliary) who rose up against the forces of puritanical repression during the infamous Fifties. In his memoir, V.S.R. founder Dr. Horace Naismith—who now operates a marriage-counseling clinic in Del Rio, Texas—eloquently captures the camaraderie and the poignant sense of purpose that define this group:

And afterward, when the battle was over and the enemy had surrendered, we found ourselves the victims of our own victory, which now robbed life of the excitement and meaning it had held in times of discomfort, danger and hardship. One by one, we left the field and went home to die the slower deaths of warriors turned into salesmen, plumbers, engineers, husbands, fathers or dirty old men. From our adventures and experiences we salvaged only private memo-

ries. Wives would tire of thrice-told stories from the trenches of lovemaking; ungrateful children would enjoy the freedom we had fought for and consider it their birthright. So, like the aging heroes of Guadalcanal and Iwo Jima, we more and more would seek out the comradeship of other brave men who could share recollections of their campaigns against Puritanism. Over beer and poker and eight-millimeter stag films, we Sexvets would transport one another back to the thrilling days of yesteryear, when women had no pill, when all abortionists were criminals, when even cohabitation was exhilaratingly rare and scandalous—when we were young but hardened combat soldiers in the fight to make sex free.

The pictorial tribute on the following pages is made possible through the cooperation of V.S.R. national headquarters in Bloomington, Indiana, home of the late, great Dr. Alfred Kinsey.



SE XVETS ON THE MARCH, official V.S.R. songbook

WE'RE VETS OF THE SEX REVOLUTION

Our rifles were issued, we had our own guns;
 One was for fighting, the other for fun;
 In arms we rose up, and none failed to come;
 We're Vets of the Sex Revolooo-shun!

There were good girls and bad girls and some in between,
 Virgins and sluts and homecoming queens;
 But those who put out were rare in extreme;
 We're Vets of the Sex Revolooo-shun!

On the darkest of nights, we could field-strip a girl,
 Slip past her defenses and reach pubic curls,
 Unholster our weapon and our rubbers unfurled;
 We're Vets of the Sex Revolooo-shun!

Clutching our condoms, we entered the fight,
 Sweating and humping in cars late at night,
 And we rid this great land of its Puritan blight;
 We're Vets of the Sex Revolooo-shun!

Here's to our comrades who fell by the way,
 Married in action while getting their lays,
 We drink a last toast to those grim wedding days;
 We're Vets of the Sex Revolooo-shun!



The Legion of Fornication is the V.S.R.'s highest award, bestowed on SexVets who have consistently and successfully defied the Munn Act, the Comstock Act and selected state and local laws prohibiting unnatural acts between consenting adults in private. Continuing sex-law reforms have made it increasingly difficult to qualify for this coveted medal.

Alone and brooding, V.S.R. founder Doctor Horace Noismith reflects on the early days of the sexual revolution, "before sin was in, when getting laid really meant something." In his unpublished memoirs, Noismith displays a certain ambivalence toward guiltless lovemaking and permissiveness in general, recalling that the rebels of his generation found more meaning in the fight against totalitarian Puritanism than in the "victory we finally achieved." He mopes, "We went through hell and what thanks did we get? Zilch! Today, people are so jaded and blasé, you could throw an orgy and nobody'd come. A little pun, there, ha-ho. Our best hope right now is that the radical feminists and fundamentalists will make sex dirty again."



The popular V.S.R. Pornography and Sexual Memorabilia Exhibit drew large crowds at the Iowa City Fine Arts Film Festival and Fot Stock Show in 1980. Girls were donated to the city and raffled off to raise funds for local charities.

Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll is the title of the hippie diorama in the V.S.R. war museum. Based on information from the U.S. Justice Department, it depicts the excesses and depravity of youth after the collapse of Puritanism led to anarchy and feminism.



Loretta Mae Cosabo was crowned Miss Lascivious Corrieger of 1979 in ceremonies held in Atlantic City, attended by SexVet conventioners, as well as by members of the Atlantic City vice squad.





IN COMMEMORATION

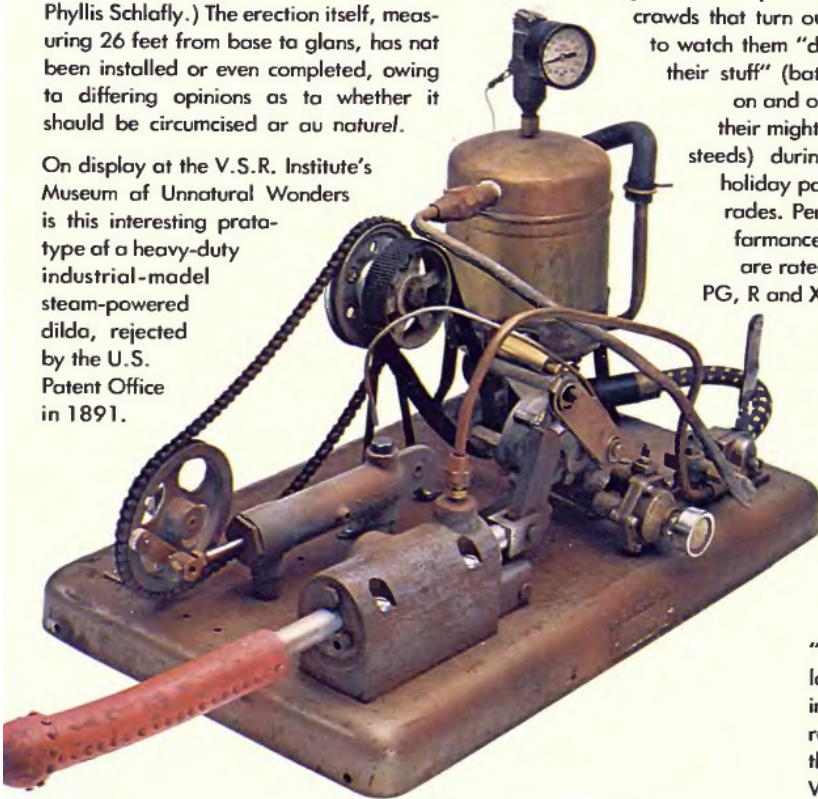
The sacrifices made by gallant men and women who succumbed to irresistible social pressure and entered into legal matrimony shall stand forever as a grim reminder of the price once paid for sex.



MOTORCYCLES, COURTESY OF CHICAGO HARLEY-DAVIDSON

The plaque on the base of the Young Marrieds' Memorial has been a target of vandals since its erection in 1976. (Recently, it was defaced by female hooligans claiming to be followers of Phyllis Schlafly.) The erection itself, measuring 26 feet from base to glans, has not been installed or even completed, owing to differing opinions as to whether it should be circumcised or au naturel.

On display at the V.S.R. Institute's Museum of Unnatural Wonders is this interesting prototype of a heavy-duty industrial-model steam-powered dildo, rejected by the U.S. Patent Office in 1891.

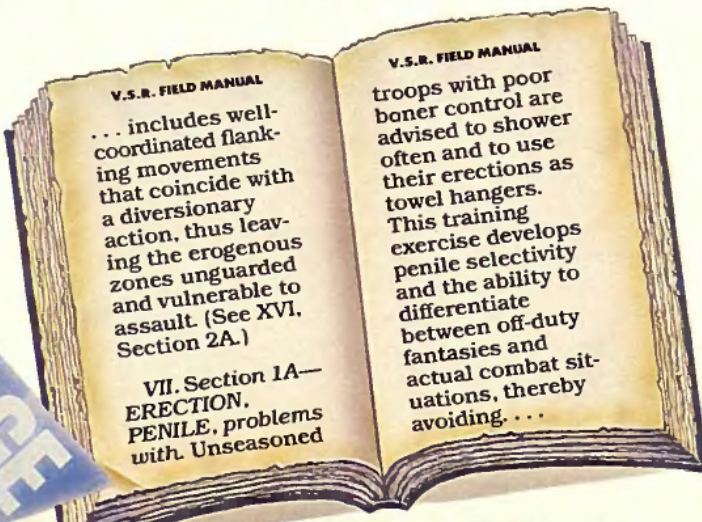


Several members of the V.S.R.'s crack motorcycle drill team, the Sodomy Squad, pose in the regalia that so pleases the crowds that turn out to watch them "do their stuff" (bath on and off their mighty steeds) during holiday parades. Performances are rated PG, R and X.



Mr. and Mrs. Radney J. "Pud" Pulliam of Peoria, Illinois, display the coveted Venusian Fountain trophy, which rotates among champions of the V.S.R. Wife Swapping Competition held every spring during the organization's annual convention. Their 26 swaps during the week-long celebration broke the previous and still-contested record of 24½, set in 1969.

"He died with his hard-on," mourners were told as four grieving ladies in black bore a nameless soldier to his final resting place in the Tomb of the Unknown SexVet. He was nameless at the request of his family and of the bank where he had worked prior to the unfortunate shooting incident, for which his widow, Mrs. Hank Windemier of Akron, Ohio, is currently serving a short prison term.



V.S.R. FIELD MANUAL

... includes well-coordinated flanking movements that coincide with a diversionary action, thus leaving the erogenous zones unguarded and vulnerable to assault. (See XVI, Section 2A.)

VII. Section 1A—ERECTION, PENILE, problems with. Unseasoned

V.S.R. FIELD MANUAL

troops with poor boner control are advised to shower often and to use their erections as towel hangers. This training exercise develops penile selectivity and the ability to differentiate between off-duty fantasies and actual combat situations, thereby avoiding...



PAGE

ESTATES' RIGHTS

(continued from page 122)

"If there's an American Audi, it's certainly the Pontiac 6000—one of G.M.'s excellent A-car clan."

them. Combined with orthopedically designed seats, state-of-the-art sound systems and other niceties, they bring a new perspective to the daily commute.

Aside from contemporary chic and surprisingly fine road manners, the greatest virtue of this new class of vehicle is usable space. And because these cars are so useful, yet so pleasant and refreshingly different from the ubiquitous wood-wallpapered gargantuawagons and appliance-like econowagons that pepper the landscape of suburban America, we call them urban estate cars.

Audi's 5000S wagon, for example, is a cargo-carrying version of the beautifully aerodynamic front-wheel-drive 5000S sedan. As fans of the sedan, we expected something special from the wagon, and it did not let us down. About 11 seconds after snicking its standard five-speed into gear and releasing its precision clutch, we sensed this sleek German hauler's message loud and clear. "Hello from the land of no-speed-limit *Autobahnen*," it whispered. "Welcome to the world of luxury sports motoring." Eleven seconds, of course, was all the big Audi needed to go from rest to 60 mph. Once at speed, it handled like the thoroughbred it is, whether cruising serenely along the freeway or careening safely and securely through the mountains. If it weren't for the extended roof and the slightly raised rear spoiler reflected in our mirror, we'd never have known we were driving a wagon. Like the sedan's, the 5000S wagon's lines are wind-tunnel sleek, with unique flush-mounted side windows. Its drag coefficient is a best-in-class 0.35, and its cabin is surprisingly quiet, save for the five-cylinder engine's muffled whine at high rpms. The interior is upper-crust understated Teutonic functional, and there's even a lockable compartment under the carpeted load floor that's big enough for two medium-size suitcases. The price: \$17,900.

Designed according to the same high-speed touring philosophy but powered by their rear wheels instead of their fronts are the German Mercedes-Benz 300TD, the French Peugeot 505 and the Swedish Volvo wagons. Mercedes surprised the once conservative wagon world several years ago with the TD wagon version of its venerable mid-range 300 series. Like the Audi, the \$36,000 Mercedes is virtually identical to its sedan sibling underneath, inside and outside from its doors forward: the same five-cylinder turbodiesel engine,

four-speed automatic transmission, four-wheel independent suspension and four-wheel power-disc brakes. The only major mechanical difference, in fact, is a set of hydropneumatic rear shock absorbers that provide automatic level control by adjusting air pressure for changing loads. Need we say that the 300TD drives like every other Mercedes built? It's solid, secure, surprisingly agile in the turns, with a strong feeling of mechanical precision and a touch of sporting character once the lively turbodiesel is spinning up to speed.

Peugeot, which essentially *invented* the station wagon 90 years ago, introduced its best-ever wagon late last year. Though derived from the delightful 505 sedan, the roomy and stylish 505 wagon was designed from the ground up as a wagon. Its handsome Pininfarina-styled body encloses the largest cargo area of any imported wagon in America. The French love their luxury and their smooth, supple ride; but they also like their cars as tough as nails. Peugeots deliver on both counts, which is why you'll see them in big-city taxi service as well as hauling the mail across the Sahara desert. Think of the 505 as a pretty, plush, quiet, bump-absorbing, fine-handling Sherman tank and you'll get the idea. With a choice of two hardy four-cylinder engines—fuel-injected gas or turbocharged diesel—the standard GL version (about \$12,000) is well equipped, and the luxury S (about \$16,000) comes with all the bells and whistles possible.

Easily the oldest and boxiest design of this group, the \$12,700 Swedish Volvo wagon nonetheless remains a favorite of discerning city and suburb dwellers alike. Volvos have long been the best-selling European imports in America, and some 30 percent of them sold here these days are wagons. They're known as solid, safe and strong, they ride and drive like Scandinavian Mercedes and they can be had in high-value DL, luxury GL or fire-breathing GLT turbo (yes, there's even a spoke-wheeled, bespoilered turbo wagon that'll do zero to 60 in about *eight* seconds) and diesel variations. See if that doesn't impress your pinochle foursome!

If there's an American Audi, it's certainly the Pontiac 6000. One of G.M.'s excellent A-car clan of front-wheel-drive intermediates (Chevrolet's Celebrity, Oldsmobile's Cutlass Ciera and Buick's Century are the others), Pontiac's 6000 series is topped by the wonderful STE per-

formance sedan. All four A-cars have carved favorable reputations for solid construction, fuel and space efficiency and first-rate ride and handling since their 1982 introduction, but Pontiac carries its fashionable Euro flavor further than the others. There's no STE wagon (yet), but order the 6000 wagon woodless (please!) with the optional V6 engine, tachometer and gauges, automatic load leveling, stiffer suspension and aggressive performance tires on alloy wheels, and it's the next best thing. We flogged one through L.A.'s hills and valleys, paraded it down Rodeo Drive, turned it over to the snootiest valet parkers—and soon discovered that it could do anything the Audi could, including turn heads, despite its very reasonable \$10,000 base price.

A.M.C.'s downsized Jeep Cherokee is the only four-wheel-drive model of our delightful dozen. Jeep wrote the book on four-wheel drive, so the Cherokee (like its plusher brother, the new Wagoneer) offers a choice of standard Command Trac part-time or optional Selec-Trac viscous full-time 4wd, the latter with shift-on-the-fly (to fuel-saving two-wheel drive and back) capability for the first time this year. Compared with its G.M. and Ford competition, the \$10,000 (base price) Cherokee has more interior room and is the only one available in both two- and four-door body styles. We tested one (with the new-for-1985 turbodiesel engine) near San Luis Obispo, on the central California coast, and came away thoroughly impressed. It flew down the freeway as quietly and smoothly as an expensive sedan. It gobbled up a twisty two-lane like an overgrown sports car. It chewed up rocks and dips and suspension-busting bumps on a long, fast off-road scramble and spit them out in a twirling rooster tail of dust. So comfortable and supportive were the seats, so controlled and compliant was the ride, we weren't even breathing hard when we reluctantly parked. Neither was the Cherokee.

Volkswagen of Germany created the minivan in 1949, at least a decade before America thought up the bigger ones. Now in its third generation, VW's Vanagon remains a logical alternative to the larger, heavier, thirstier home-built variety, which peaked in popularity in 1978—just before the second fuel crisis. The engine hanging out behind its rear axles is still a modest four with the cylinders arranged (VW-Beetle style) in a flat H pattern; but it's now water-cooled, electronically fuel-injected, more powerful, more economical and more sophisticated than ever. So is the baby bus itself, with its four-wheel independent suspension, rack-and-pinion steering and power front-disc brakes. And there's a nifty factory camper version, complete with pop-up top, two full-size

(concluded on page 152)



"You're stuck with sex, like I'm stuck with Thanksgiving."

SEX IN CINEMA 1984



THERE MAY HAVE BEEN LITTLE NEW UNDER THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SUN, BUT THIS YEAR'S HOLLYWOOD RETREADS WERE OFTEN HOTTER—AND MORE VIOLENT—THAN THE ORIGINALS

article By **ARTHUR KNIGHT** Looking back at 1984 from Hollywood's perspective, one is tempted to label this the Year of Recycled Cinema. Never before have so many major releases been based upon, or adapted from, pictures of the past. Even the independents, who used to produce a wide variety of B movies, from Westerns to motorcycle sagas to



OPENING BIG: A bit of tastefully displayed skin did no harm to these movies' boffo performance at the box office. Sigourney Weaver and Rick Moranis, possessed of erotic evil spirits, share a Manhattan rooftop idyl in *Ghostbusters* (left); Daryl Hannah sprouts a tail only when she's wet in *Splash* (above), thereby answering the age-old question about how mermaids do it; and uptight widow Shirley MacLaine and aging astronaut Jack Nicholson provide a mid-life-crisis update to the beach-blanket genre in a sandysplashdown from *Terms of Endearment* (below). All three pictures, though, are rated PG, which tells us something about the sexual temperature of 1984's film fare.



prison dramas, have turned to churning out endless variations on the same mindless plot, each aimed at an audience of lubricious teenaged boys. All of this would seem to provide a sure sign that the movie industry has become uncertain of its future. Of one thing it is certain, (text continued on page 201)



GOING FOR LAUGHS:
 Sex is permissible if you can giggle about it, at least to the makers of such films as *Lust in the Dust* (above), a parody of *Duel in the Sun*. Here, Divine goes to the head of Courtney Gains. In *Police Academy*, a shameless spoof, Leslie Easterbrook gets a similar lock on Donovan Scott (left). *Unfaithfully Yours*, one of a legion of 1984 remakes, pairs Nastassja Kinski and Dudley Moore (below). In *Bachelor Party*, a guilt-ridden prospective bridegroom (Tom Hanks) sees (at right, from the top) the torso of a former flame (Monique Gabrielle) inhabited by the heads of his doctor brother (William Tepper) and of a nun (Florence Schaffler).



GOING FOR BROKE: No-holds-barred adventure films like the ones at right can still take time out for romance. Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges steam up *Against All Odds*, a remake of *Out of the Past* (top); Andrea Occhipinti and Bo Derek sustain a relationship in and out of the bull ring in *Bolero* (center); and Rutger Hauer and Kathleen Turner get it on in *A Breed Apart* (bottom), a film that manages to combine ecology, mountain climbing, sex and violence.

GOING NATIVE: Tropical passions smolder in *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*, as Christopher Lambert learns about love with Andie MacDowell (below), and *The Bounty* (bottom), in which Mel Gibson hits the beach with Tevate Vernet.





BRIDGING THE GENERATION GAP: May-September affairs spice more than one of the year's releases. The eye-popping beach scene above is the first surprise in store for Joseph Bologna and Michael Caine in *Blame It on Rio* (above); Caine ends up being seduced by Bologna's daughter. In *They're Playing with Fire* (below), it's Sybil Danning as the older woman tutoring Eric Brown.





FOR THOSE WHO THINK YOUNG: Moviemakers, always ready to go where the money is, are increasingly aiming their product at horny young males. In *Suburbia* (above left), Julie Winchester is defrocked at a rock concert. *Grandview, U.S.A.* (above center) offers C. Thomas Howell and Jamie Lee Curtis as two legs of a triangle. Christopher Penn plays the quintessential party animal in *The Wild Life* (above right), from the pen of Cameron (Fast Times at Ridgemont High) Crowe. Lori Sutton makes a clean breast of things in *Up the Creek* (below right), while a mélange of mammaries bedecks *Hardbodies* (below center). Below left, *Preppies'* Leonard Haas stages a little orgy as preparation for getting his cousin to flunk out of school (and lose an inheritance). Cut from a different mold is *Liquid Sky*, starring Anne Carlisle in a dual male/female role (that's Anne doing herself at left, above).





EUROSEX: Faithful readers of this series may recall that in the Fifties and Sixties, you had to go to an art-film house if you hoped to see a little skin onscreen. It's getting to be that way again, with foreign films racier than their American counterparts. This year's European offerings (clockwise from left) include *The 4th Man*, with Jeroen Krabbé and Renée Soutendijk in a nightmarish tale of homosexuality,





castration fears and death; *The Perils of Gwendoline*, a sort of *Emmanuelle* clone starring Tawny (*Bachelor Party*) Kitaen, here with Bernadette Lafont; *the Story of O, Part II*, with a blindfolded Sandra Wey being attended by female companions; *Swann in Love*, with Jeremy Irons and a blasé Anne Bennent; *La Femme Publique*, with Valerie Kaprisky and Francis Huster; and *The Inheritors*, with Nikolas Vogel.





READY FOR TAKE-OFF:

It's been a big year for Melanie Griffith, who also stars in *Fear City*, a melodrama about Manhattan burlesque houses. Melanie (near right and below) plays Loretta, a stripper who's the object of co-star Tom Berenger's affections. Other ecdysiasts include Linda Lee (center right) and Rae Dawn Chong (far right). *Fear City's* plot centers on a sort of Jack the Stripper Ripper character who goes around slashing ladies who work nude for a living; in his diary, he claims he's doing the world a favor by wiping out all these "dirty" girls. Also starring are ranking male model Jack Scalia as Berenger's business partner and Billy Dee Williams as a homicide detective.

CRIME & PASSION: Murder and mobsters remain standards on the silver screen. Sergio Leone's spaghetti *Eastern* *Once upon a Time in America* was released here in a truncated version omitting this brothel scene (above left); *Star 80* essays the tragic tale of Dorothy Stratten (Mariel Hemingway, being photographed by Keith Hefner, above right). Melanie Griffith (below left, with Craig Wasson) is an endangered porn queen in *Body Double*; a born-again-blonde Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins commit *Crimes of Passion* (below right).





Will your first video system be

Panasonic introduces the VHS™ Video System with true Hi-Fi sound. Everything you'll ever really need to record movies. Specials. And all life's magic moments. Indoors. Outdoors. Now. And years from now.

Take a look. This stereo video camera. Stereo Hi-Fi video recorder. And stereo color TV. All have the technology to be here today. And here tomorrow.

The camera, PK-958, can shoot by the light of a single birthday candle. Thanks to a fast f1.4 lens and sensitive $\frac{2}{3}$ " Newvicon® tube. So now you can capture all those special moments. Without any special lights. The right exposure level is set automatically. Focusing is also done automatically. Utilizing a sophisticated infrared sensing system.

And if you want to see what you've just shot. The touch of a button gives you instant replay. Right in the camera's electronic viewfinder. There's even a built-in keyboard. So you can type in titles on your favorite scenes. In a choice of sizes and colors.

No other system puts more time on your side.

A lot of video recorders that are small and light are also light on recording time. This Panasonic PV-9600 puts more time on your side.

Outside. You can record for over an hour and a half on a single charge of its rechargeable battery. Inside. Simply slide the recorder onto its compact tuner-timer. And now you can record up to eight hours of TV on a single cassette. Or program it. And



good enough to be your last?

record up to eight of your favorite shows. Over a two-week period. Whether you're home or away.

And whether it's a high-stepping pro halfback. Or your child's first steps. You'll enjoy watching them even more with special effects like slow motion and stop motion. And every motion will be clear and jitter-free. Thanks to Tech-4" playback technology.

VHS Hi-Fi. For sound beyond stereo.

Experience sound conventional stereo alone could never give you. Just connect the Panasonic PV-9600 to your stereo system. Put in a prerecorded VHS Hi-Fi cassette. And movies or musical performances come alive. With a sound presence that actually feels like you're front row center.

CompuFocus™ with Data-Grade. For the picture of the future.

CompuFocus is an advanced system of video optics and electronics. The Data-Grade picture tube produces more dots per square inch than ordinary TV. Together, they give our CTF-2077R color TV an incredibly precise picture. Ready for all the new technologies. From computers. To teletext. To videotex. And beyond.

And when the television networks are ready to broadcast in stereo sound. You'll be all set to listen. Because this color TV has its own integrated decoder, amplifier, and stereo speakers.

So tune in. To the new VHS Video System from Panasonic. Because your first video system should be good enough to be your last. TV picture simulated.



Panasonic

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.



CRUISER

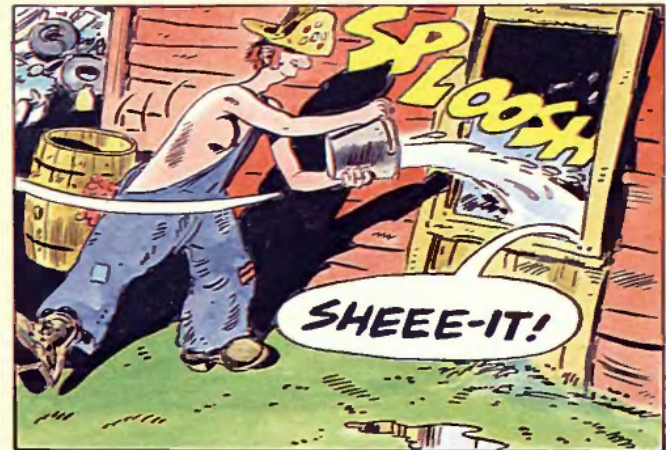
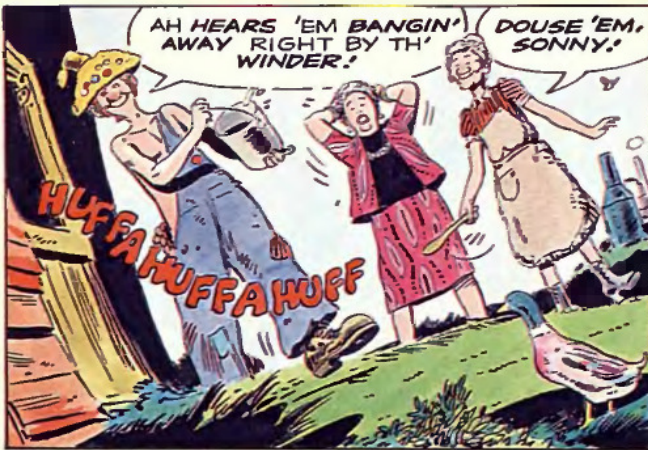
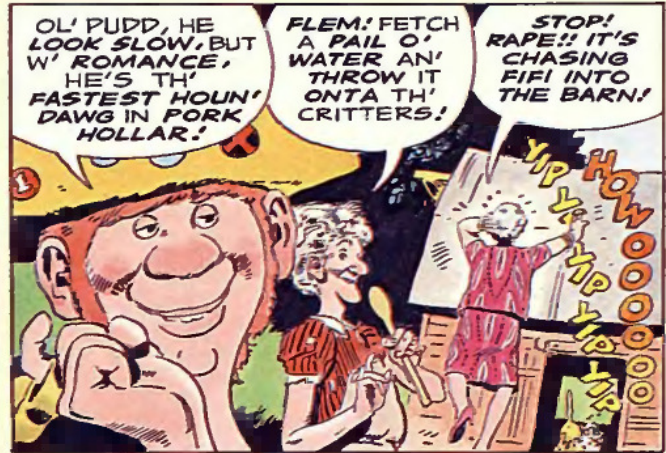
Christopher Browne



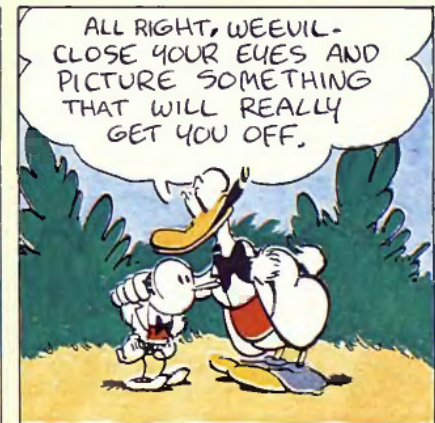
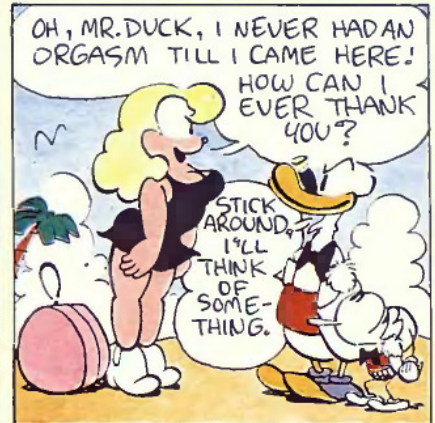
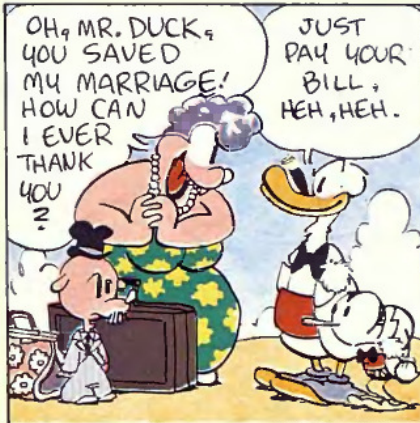
annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



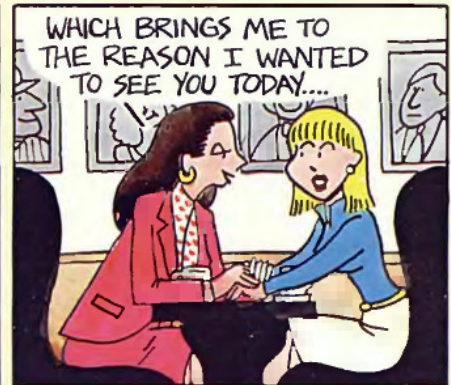
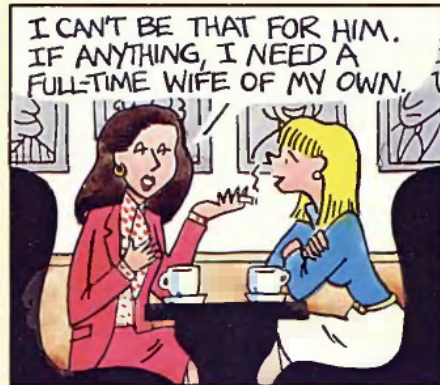
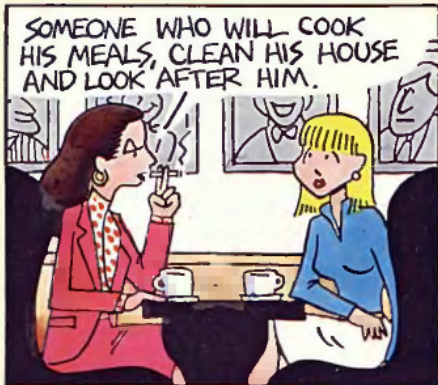
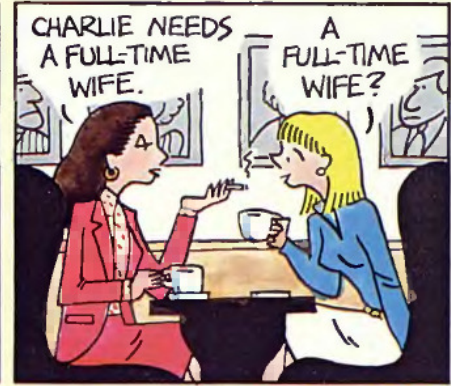
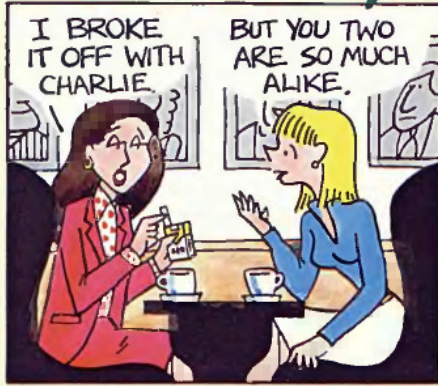


Dirty Duck by Bobby London



Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



The Tales of Baron Von Furstinbed

By Craig Messel



ESTATES' RIGHTS (continued from page 134)

"Chrysler has invented the American minivan and has done an absolutely bang-up job of it."

beds, running water, a propane stove, a three-way fridge and a truly amazing amount of storage space. Not long ago, we logged 3000 miles in one of these (complete with three dogs, a word-processing system and two weeks' supply of clothes and junk food), and a more pleasant 20-plus-mpg cross-country-camper capsule would be hard to find. The basic Vanagon starts at \$11,910; the camper, at \$16,115.

Unfortunately for VW, though, Chrysler has invented the *American* minivan—Dodge Caravan and Plymouth Voyager—and has done an absolutely bang-up job of it. Derived from the company's popular K-cars and sharing their excellent front-wheel-drive power trains, these little boxes look like small conventional vans but drive like tall cars, and they've enjoyed a virtual sold-out status ever since their early-1984 introduction. The basic five-seat Caravan/Voyager (about \$9000) comes with power steering, five-speed manual and a 101-hp engine; almost any option available on a mid-size car (and some that aren't, such as convert-a-bed rear seating that's available for 1985 models) can be added. Our most recent experience with one—a Dodge Caravan with optional performance suspension, wheels and tires—was a fast over-the-mountain jaunt to Malibu for dinner. Our passengers sat in comfort, with only their tightened seat belts reminding them that they were in a moving vehicle, while the driver played Mario Andretti through the

sweeping turns. No one could believe a van could be such fun.

Mitsubishi of Japan also makes an urban estate car, which (under a longtime marketing agreement with Chrysler) is sold by Dodge and Plymouth dealers as the Colt Vista. The smallest, lightest and least expensive (about \$8300 base) of our group, the Vista is really a tall wagon with four conventional side doors and a rear lift gate. It carries up to seven and, like a van's, its second and third seats fold into various seating, sleeping and cargo combinations. A smooth and very peppy 2.0-liter engine drives its front wheels through a choice of five-speed manual or three-speed automatic transaxles, and its features include two glove boxes and no fewer than *eight* additional storage pockets and bins. More important to anyone who enjoys a brisk mountain drive is the way this cute little hauler handles. We recently returned from a race-track test of Chrysler's 1985 Mitsubishi-built vehicles at Laguna Seca Raceway near Monterey, and—amazingly—the Vista quickly proved itself one of the most delightfully agile vehicles there. This has got to be the world's first seven-passenger sports car!

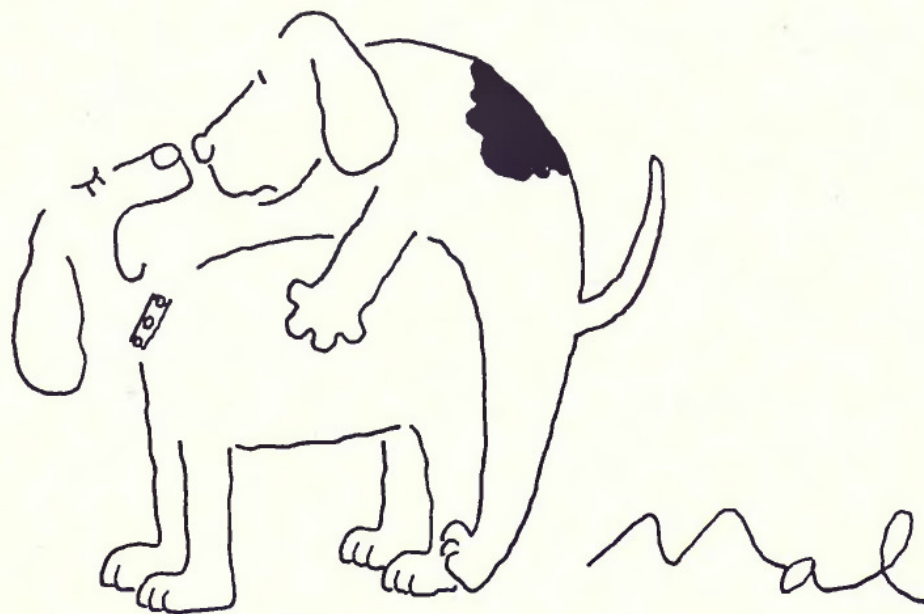
Once market-savvy Toyota got wind that Chrysler was serious about minivans, it decided to jump on the proverbial band wagon with an Americanized version of its home-market Town Ace van. With futuristic moon-walker styling, an unusually short wheelbase and its 2.0-liter engine

mounted between the front and second seats, it was originally dubbed Van Wagon but was hastily rechristened Toyota Van to separate it from VW's Vanagon. The engine's restricted accessibility is compensated for by its 60,000-mile maintenance interval; and the big box that covers it, while impeding walk-through from front to rear, makes a handy table for second-seat occupants. Less fast-freight-and-twisty-road-oriented than the Vista, the Toyota Van is simply designed to be *enjoyed*, on the move or at rest, rather than seriously *driven*. With available twin sun roofs, separate front and rear air conditioners, five-speaker electronic stereo with equalizer and an optional drink cooler/ice maker between the front seats, it's a veritable party on wheels. Soft drinks only for the driver, of course. Base price: \$9500.

G.M. and Ford, too, once convinced that this new minivan market was worth fighting for, mobilized their considerable forces to come up with competing vehicles of their own. G.M. took the shortest route and designed a smaller van much like its larger ones, with front-engine, rear-drive mechanicals and a smooth but square-backed look. Rear drive is less space efficient than front-wheel drive but far better for hauling and towing heavy loads, so it's no surprise that the 1985 Chevrolet Astro (like its G.M.C. Safari counterpart) hauls and tows exceedingly well for its size. Make no mistake, the Astro/Safari is larger than the Chrysler minis and still more van than car; but with Corvette-type lightweight-fiberglass rear springs and a choice of four-cylinder or V6 engine, it's a very nice-driving van, indeed. It also comfortably carries up to eight passengers with second and third seats in place. Base price: about \$9000.

Ford took a slightly longer road to market and designed a swoopy, wind-tunnel-preneed shape for its soon-to-come (probably in April 1985) Aerostar van, apparently aiming it toward the growing urban-estate-car market rather than toward commercial buyers. With an expected starting price of around \$9000—competitive with the Chrysler and G.M. minis—Aerostar, too, will have rear-wheel drive and will tow and/or haul hefty pay loads for its size. With buckets up front and available seating for five in back, it will transport seven full-size adults in luxury-car comfort or, at the other extreme, two passengers and up to 142 cubic feet of cargo. Four-cylinder and V6 gas engines are available, and the carlike interior will radiate high tech with electronic instrumentation, finger-tip controls, an available trip computer in the overhead console and a six-directional optional stereo with graphic equalizer.

Urban estate cars may be fine for country and suburb dwellers but they're also ideal in the city. No other vehicle—no car, truck or conventional van—can match their happy combination of convenience and class, pleasantness and versatility. Welcome to the automotive space age.



"Out, damned Spot!"

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

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984

Kent III: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine; Kent: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1984. Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Kent

It's the taste that counts.



Ultra

Lights

Low tar

Back panel connectors ready for digital cassettes or compact disc players.

Dual mode illuminated control panel (shown in tuner mode). Switch to tape and there's a whole new set of icons to figure out.

Tuning mode: 18 station pre-sets — 12 FM, 6 AM. Tape mode: program tape deck functions.

Volume up.

Volume down.

Automatic mute function.

AM/FM selector in tuner mode, direction/release in tape mode.

Up/down tuning in tuner mode, FF/Rewind in tape mode.

Full graphic equalizer lets you shape sound the way you like it.



IT EVEN KNOWS WHEN YOU ROLL DOWN THE WINDOW.

Balance/bass/treble, local scan and more behind flip-down control panel.

Activates quartz clock

Radio Program Timer lets you pre-program up to two different stations at two different times.

Memory select in tuner mode, music repeat in tape mode.

Selects cassette mode and changes display.

Selects tuner mode and tuner command display shown.

Station scan in tuner mode, bi-directional scan in tape mode.

Auto Sound Levelizer — adjusts interior music level to differing road conditions. Roll down a window, the volume goes up. Pull off the freeway, the volume goes down.



Pioneer's new Centrate offers you more sophisticated functions and features than you'll find in any other auto stereo in the world. (One Centrate Graphic Equalizer, for instance, even features a sensor that adjusts the volume when you roll the window down. Or up.)

So it's also one of the most expensive auto stereos in the world.

What you see here — just the Centrate AM/FM Stereo Cassette unit and Graphic Equalizer — cost \$850.00 and \$240.00 respectively.

The complete Centrate System — including amplifier, sub-woofer, remote control, four speakers and installation — could

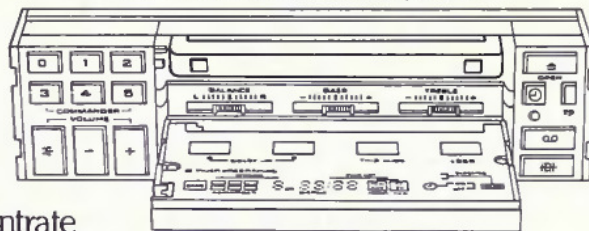
cost \$2,000 to \$3,000.

But even though Centrate may not be on everybody's shopping list, we present it all the same to impart a bit of data you might actually use:

Even after we told our engineers to go-for-broke, damn-the-cost, build-the-best-of-everything into Centrate, the tuner component they chose was the very same Supertuner™ III available in a whole line of eminently affordable Pioneer models.

Which is another way of saying you can't buy a better car stereo. Even if you spend more for the stereo than you spent for the car.

The control panel flips down to reveal a microprocessor-controlled 3-motor direct drive auto reverse cassette deck with Dolby® B and C.



PIONEER®
Because the music matters.

THE BIG KILL (continued from page 94)

"To fully pursue the New American Dream, you have to not only enjoy risk but scoff at it."

who regularly witness carnage in the markets, are not immune to the play.

A. M. Bowler is a broker (not Fritz's) for a major New York securities firm. He is a glib, sanguine guy in his mid-40s who wisely counsels and services his clients with all the proven maxims of investing. In his own account, however, Bowler regularly takes wild speculative swings, usually in financial futures and stock and index options. He has made and lost \$50,000 at a shot, learning each time, reminding himself that things go in cycles, that what he has lost he will make back and, he hopes, not vice versa.

Bowler believes it is the only way he will ring the bell, and nothing short of death or famine will curtail him.

"You take the most leveraged positions you can take, then play big. You have to put a lot on the line to make it. Small investments won't do it," he says. "For me, it's strictly an investment, not a gambling itch. After you lose, you go back to it. Everything moves in cycles. I regularly play something. But you have to remember that in the past ten years, the whole investment business has changed. It's now nothing but a crapshoot."

More truisms:

The road is the same, but the rides are

faster. A dollar isn't a dollar but something like funny money because of roller-coaster interest rates and such nifty tax devices as depreciation, amortization and other "ations." Such heretofore stodgy financial vehicles as stocks, bonds and commodities are now open to wild leverage and speculation. (See "crapshoot" above.)

Risk is what you make it. To fully pursue the New American Dream, you have to not only enjoy risk but scoff at it. The what-can-they-do-to-me? mantle must be worn in place of responsibility, liability, self-imposed shame or similar emotional hair shirts. Such an attitude is easily assumed if you are a baby boomer or a Yuppie, those sublime creatures who have known no catastrophe in their lives.

Back to Tommy Wu. The fellow who nearly tapped a gusher with the Arab is a study in risk and the New American Dream. Born in Hong Kong, raised in Boston and educated at Harvard (source of his B.A. and M.B.A.), Wu entered the business world, in his own words, "risk-averse." His credentials landed him a six-figure job on Wall Street by the age of 28. It wasn't enough; Tommy liked to travel and he liked to party, so much so that "at the end of the year, I had noth-

ing," he says.

What Tommy needed was big money. The place to get it, he was told by a fellow Harvard man, was the pits, the commodity markets, that financial Disneyland of screaming and flailing and guys in colored jackets who make *millions*.

So Tommy borrowed \$50,000 from his parents (his Chinese fortune, his mother told him, held that he would one day catch a fish bigger than the world) and a pair of friends. He rented a seat on the Chicago Board of Trade and began to trade U.S. Treasury bond futures. He traded fast and furiously, but he didn't trade well. In two months, the \$50,000 stake was wiped out.

At that, Tommy did the only honorable thing for a man with no money and 50 K in markers owed to loved ones: He traded even harder. He scraped and clawed his way back into the black, ending the first year \$60,000 ahead. More important, he learned the game. In his second year in the pits, he made a "few hundred thousand," and even more by his third year.

Today he trades in the Chicago bond pit and in silver futures on New York's Comex. But Tommy is bored. By his standards, he's done just OK in the pits. He's now looking toward new deals, new risk, real money.

His plan is to quit the pits—"Real estate," he beams—but before he goes, he may go for the bomb. He'll do so echoing the advice of body packer Forbes and broker Bowler: To score, you have to go big. In Tommy's words, "Do it to the limit, take home hundreds of contracts, tap out big. Hit them for \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 and the whole pit will stop and applaud. Owe them 60 grand and it's your problem; they'll use you as a dildo to pay it back. Owe them six mil and it's *their* problem."

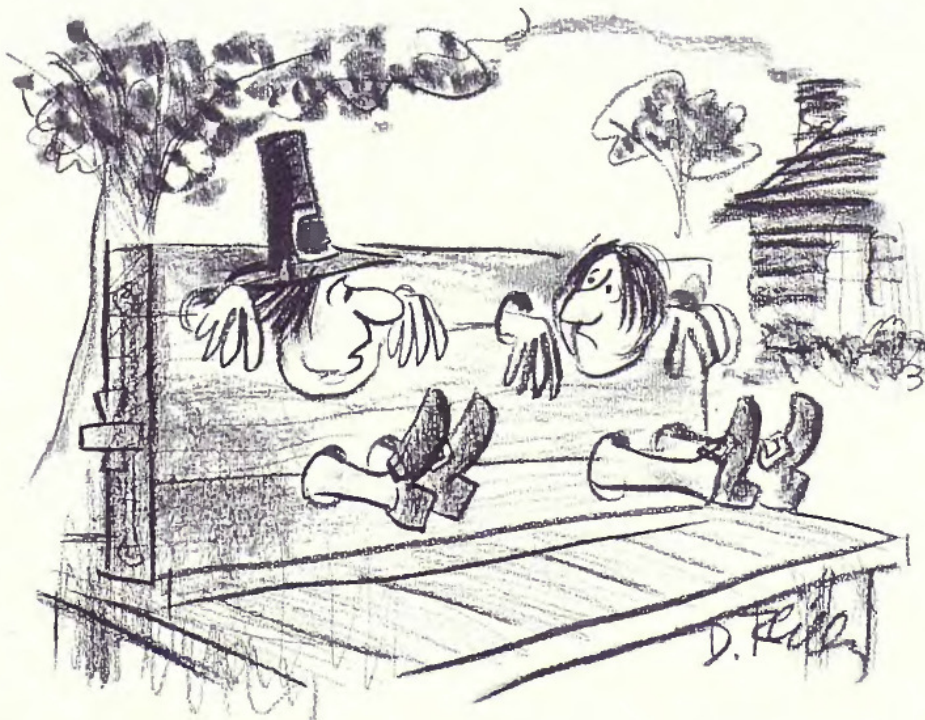
What Tommy Wu is describing is called An Argentina in the vivid jargon of the New American Dream. Here's a sampling:

<i>The Big Score</i>	} Not less than \$100,000 in one shot—\$1,000,000 would be even better!
<i>The Big Kill</i>	
<i>The Brass Ring</i>	
<i>Ring the Bell</i>	
<i>The Bomb</i>	
<i>The End Run</i>	
<i>A Monster</i>	
<i>Go for It</i>	} A DeLorean: "This stuff is better than gold."
<i>A DeLorean</i>	

Go for the Lear: Drug parlance for making enough to buy a Learjet, which enables you to fly snort in and out of any country

Jump on the Bus (a.k.a. *Herd Whiplash*): What happens when a bus carrying 12 people hits a pole and 200 show up in the emergency ward

An Oscar Gamble: Named for the Yankee outfielder who parlayed one good year (1977) of a journeyman career into a fortune; also known as *A Bill Campbell*, *A Richie Zisk*, *A Wayne Garland*, etc.



"I still believe there's a new lifestyle a-borning and I'm just a bit ahead of my time."

Tap Out: To trade big and lose it all (commodity slang)

An Argentina: A tap-out so big that it's more your lender's problem than yours

A Pet Rock: A fortune from a gimmick, out of business in six months

Hit 'n' Run: See *A Pet Rock*

Bulletproof: Your condition once you've made the *Big Score/Kill/Brass Ring/Monster/Bomb/End Run/etc.*

The New American Dream, however, is not the sole domain of body packers and wild market players. Ken Rosenblum got his big score to the tune of a little more than \$600,000, and he has little in com-

mon with Larry, Fritz, A.M. or Tommy.

Rosenblum is a 43-year-old Chicago attorney who wears gray-flannel suits, smokes, drinks coffee, endures migraine headaches and drives sports cars, always with a phone cradled in his neck.

His field is personal injury and medical malpractice. He can give you odds on your misery. A child darter is tough. Elevators are horrible. Break dancing is chancy. Etc.

Rosenblum's forte is medical cases. He can read a medical record, spot a damaged aorta that doctors should have spotted and put a price on it. Earlier this year, he won his first big one, a case involving fetal distress that resulted in a mentally retarded,

spastic, quadriplegic infant.

That case consumed Rosenblum for two years and nine months, from the day it came together—"I met with the people and I felt bad for them. I had the case reviewed by a doctor. He told me a mistake had been made. But I still couldn't put a dollar amount on it. It was big. I knew it was big"—to the moment the defendants settled for \$1,900,000 (Rosenblum's fee was one third of the total). "It was the ultimate high," says Rosenblum. "I felt sensational."

He believes he earned every penny of it. He had to become a sleuth and an expert, slogging through the maze of medical

FIGURING THE ODDS ON THE NEW AMERICAN DREAM

lotteries have to tell you they're a long shot; with others, you usually find out for yourself

The big kill wouldn't be either big or a kill if it didn't have scintillating odds—the kind that paralyze widows and orphans but cause friskier souls to salivate. Long and longer, slim and none—those kinds of odds.

Odds are readily available for such legal long shots as lotteries, less so for financial instruments and not at all for such shots as inventions, screenplays and cocaine caches.

Not to worry. With the help of experts, observers, players and actuarial statisticians (a.k.a. number crunchers), reporter Conan Putnam and researcher Jackie Johnson got a fix on just what the odds of the big kill—that is, making anywhere from a quick \$100,000 to \$1,000,000—can be.

Some of the figures are based on hard data. Others are guesses, but educated ones from experts in the field. As always, of course, you must factor into the equation your quotient of talent, energy, guts and luck—and the likelihood that the Customs agent is drowsy.

Inventions. Build a new mousetrap, patent it, then sell it yourself or to a corporation. Eighty thousand patents are issued a year, and the National Patents Council bets against your becoming rich. \$\$: unlimited. Odds: 1600-1

Marketing. A doll, a rock, a game that every kid wants; the American Entrepreneurs Association estimates that five percent of 1,000,000 ideas gets marketed; .5 percent of those go gold. \$\$: unlimited. Odds:

A. Getting off the ground19-1

B. Hitting it big199-1

Screenplay. Going from your legal pad to the screen. *Everybody's* writing one, but just 14,000 are registered annually with the Writers Guild of America. There are 300-400 movies made each year. \$\$: \$36,000-\$500,000. Odds:

A. If all movies were made from Writers Guild scripts (they're not).....46-1

B. If they were made from all scripts written (they are), say, 100,000 masterpieces332-1

Best seller. From your word processor to the *New York Times* list. Forty thousand books published annually (of, say, 1,000,000 submitted), of which 130 hit the list. \$\$: \$60,000-\$1,000,000. Odds:

A. Of those submitted7691-1

B. Of those published306-1

Hit song. From the jingle in your head to the top ten. Of 125,000 songs copyrighted annually, about 100 make it. \$\$: \$100,000—the sky. Odds: 1249-1

Lotteries and sweepstakes. A new house, a check every year, etc. \$\$: \$100,000-millions. Odds:

A. Sweepstakes (varies with number of entrants).....28,000,000-1

B. Lotteries (varies with number of tickets sold).....3,500,000-1

Casino gambling. The game, the edge—a dollar when you lose, 95 cents when you win. \$\$: How hard is it to turn a \$5000 bank roll into \$100,000? We pitched the question to Danny Sheridan, author of the weekly sports-odds newsletter *Sheridan Specials*. Odds:

A. Craps100-1

B. Roulette500,000-1

C. Slot machines2,000,000-1

D. Baccarat200-1

E. Keno1,000,000-1

F. Blackjack1000-1

Financial vehicles. Stocks, options, commodities—requiring knowledge, timing, leverage and capital. \$\$: unlimited. Odds:

A. Stocks (not for the fast kill, unless you're trading on inside information—a sure thing if what you have is really inside info, an incalculably less sure thing—or get lucky with a new issue)

New issues (quadrupling your money on a \$25,000 investment over one year).....10-1

B. Options (quadrupling your money on a \$25,000 shot)

Traders.....25-1

Public.....100-1

C. Commodities (quadrupling your money on a \$25,000 shot)

Top traders.....maybe 10-1

Publicall bets are off

Venture capital. A hamburger joint called McWhat? You pay to play. The investor needs \$50,000-\$500,000 to get into a professionally managed fund. Payday can be even bigger. \$\$: \$50,000-\$50,000,000. Odds: 5-1

Personal-injury suit. Misery, then a lawyer (one third of the settlement) to prove it. \$\$: One study puts the average state settlement at \$4500, Federal at \$21,000. But a top Chicago personal-injury attorney says that of 28,000 dispositions in his county in one year, 20 were for \$1,000,000 or more. Odds for that kind of score: 1399-1

Insurance fraud. Rumors of your death are premature; getting caught means jail. Info from Insurance Crime Prevention Institute—you may want to consult a candid underwriter. \$\$: unlimited. Odds: at least 500-1

Bank robbery. That's where the money is. Penalties: exploding money, FBI tail, death in a hail of bullets, jail. \$\$: \$1500 or less from each teller; unlimited if inside job. Odds:

A. Armed robbery3-1

B. Fraud or embezzlementbetter

Cocaine smuggling. Penalties include jail, death by unsavory types, FBI stings. For every pound the Feds grab, six reach the market place. Then it gets hairy, but that's another statistic. \$\$: \$100,000-\$120,000,000. Odds: 1-6

jargon, lining up experts to make the case. He had to decide on settling out of court or gambling with a jury. ("Would I be a hero and ring the bell for all time? Or would I lose it?")

"It was an emotional roller-coaster ride, a case full of highs and lows. At one point, my expert flipped out on me. I flew to California to get another one—I was in the air 24 hours for a five-minute meeting—just to see if I had a case."

When he won, he called his wife and popped a bottle of Dom Pérignon. The office celebrated. He walked two feet above the concrete of LaSalle Street and bought a finer gray-flannel suit. "I took on a case and shot craps with it. I had the time of my life."

Then he crashed. "I went through a depression. I walked around like a caged lion. I couldn't get interested in anything."

"It does get obsessive, yeah. I still get nervous talking about it. I've got another big one on the tree. . . ."

He claims the money allowed him to become more professional, to take on more challenging cases and not worry about the rent. He has since lost a big one, having invested a good amount of time and money in it. Yet he says that the big score did not distort his values, that he will not cut corners to get another.

"But I do lust after the big one. I am voracious. I am consumed by my work. I have no hobbies. This is all I do."

The license plate of Ken Rosenblum's Corvette reads 1 MORE X.

Rosenblum is not alone in his willing-

ness to put in time and preparation for the big kill. Today, though, even the hard workers are likely to turn their backs on the traditional career paths.

"M.B.A. programs have long been criticized for being training grounds for big companies," says Carl Noble, an associate professor in Northwestern University's Kellogg Graduate School of Management. "No more. In the past few years, I've seen M.B.A.s reject large firms to go on their own or with a small firm."

Part of it is due to a lust for the fast track, Noble says, but not all of it. "There's not all that much security in a big company. You see an International Harvester or a Continental Bank and you soon realize that the only security you have is between your ears."

So believes Philip J. "Tim" Eynon, a 30-year-old M.B.A., native of England, who turned down three lucrative job offers from big firms to take a stab at a dream. Eynon and three other Northwestern M.B.A.s formed Alcar Software and work 100-hour weeks to perfect a software package that analyzes corporate mergers and strategy.

"Those offers were nice—an up-front salary, play the corporate game and five years from now, I'd be earning \$100,000," says Eynon. "At Alcar five years from now, I expect to have \$1,000,000."

Even as the figure leaves his lips, Eynon is quick to qualify: No, it isn't just the promise of riches; yes, it's the chance to start your own company; yes, it's the chance to avoid corporate anonymity; yes, it's the chance to inject personal ethics

into business.

And \$1,000,000 is just for starters. "With it, I'd be bulletproof. I could take some chances. Maybe even do it again."

For every worker there is a sandbagger, and the New American Dream breeds them in spades. For that we can only blame insurance companies, those faceless behemoths that possess so much gravy.

From "D. B. Cooper," America's first and most celebrated skyjacker (\$200,000 in \$20 bills), to Milquetoast embezzlers and scamsters living down the block, insurance companies are fair game. The thought of nicking the Good Hands or the Fireman's Hat makes the average mope paying a \$200 deductible stand up and cheer. And scheme.

In 1981, a heavily insured 44-year-old man in Kansas City went on a fishing trip to Ontario and presumably drowned. Two years later, he was found in Maryland, having gone through about half the \$500,000 his wife had collected from the insurance company.

In Milton, Florida, the mother of a paralyzed 19-year-old boy insured her son for \$108,000, then took him on a canoe trip in his leg braces but with no life jacket and pushed him overboard. While the woman awaited the jury's decision on her fate, she was arrested on charges of attempted murder and insurance fraud for planting a bomb in her fiancé's auto a year earlier.

In Freehold, New Jersey, 19 people were charged last January with killing ten race horses to collect \$226,000 in insurance.

In San Jose, California, a 48-year-old former Lockheed employee collected \$210,000 for the loss of his foot in a motorcycle accident. Investigators then proved that the man himself, with the help of his girlfriend, had chopped off the foot.

If would-be dreamers aren't contemplating bogus deaths, real murders or dismemberments, they are simply saying that they're sick and tired and can't take it anymore. So they just out and out take it, in suitcases, and take off.

One day in July 1983, Steven Hadley, 35, husband, father of two, a ten-year branch manager of the John Deere credit union in Waterloo, Iowa, decided he couldn't cope with life. His solution was to pack \$1,300,000 in payroll cash into a suitcase—about 160 pounds heavy—don a wig, leave his wife a terse letter, buy an airplane ticket under a false name and disappear. The FBI is still looking for him.

On the Columbus Day weekend of 1977, someone at the First National Bank of Chicago—probably an employee—collected exactly \$1,000,000 in \$50 and \$100 bills and left the premises. One employee refused to take a lie-detector test, was fired and has been under FBI surveillance. In 1981, \$2300 in \$100 bills taken from the bank was found in the possession of a suburban Chicago man about to make a cocaine buy. The man was not the bank employee, and he refused to say where he



"On the other hand, Mr. Peterson, a transvestite clerk in our lingerie department just may open up new horizons for us."

The blessings of nature,
and a dash of divine inspiration.



The exquisite Italian liqueur created

from wild nuts, berries and herbs.

Frangelico™

Imported by William Grant & Sons, Inc., NY, NY • 56 proof • Produced and bottled by Barbero S.P.A., Canale, Italy • About fifteen dollars a bottle.

had gotten the money. It smelled, Federal agents said, as if it had been buried. The statute of limitations on the bank theft expired in 1982.

It's tempting to consult authorities to figure out if things today are any different from yesterday. The authorities have tidy, if insightful, things to say. Houston psychologist Norman Kagan says the urge to score on the part of professionals is nothing short of the "death of idealism: the notion that developing a reputation as a professional is less important than becoming rich.

"When I was young," Kagan, 53, goes on, "being brilliant at what you did was more important than being successful."

Now he sees bright psychology students spurning academic groves in favor of clinical work. The goal is transparent, Kagan says: to get a private case load and the attendant fees.

Perhaps it's no coincidence, then, that business school professors find their students interested not in growth and development but "in the end run," the block-busting business venture, the overnight success. Law professors see few students entering the practice of law to better society but many pursuing the profession's most lucrative (and, often, most boring) niches. Finally, it is no surprise that modern psychoanalysis has strayed from its preoccupation with the neurotic in order to concentrate on the narcissist.

But the question is far too important to be left to the experts. Ask, instead, a guy like Bill Veeck, entrepreneur, showman, sage and author of, among other tomes, *The Hustler's Handbook*.

"Yellow Kid Weil would be a lamb today," says Veeck. (Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil, a dapper, ingenious con artist active in the Twenties and Thirties, once said, "I never cheated an honest man, only rascals. They wanted something for nothing. I gave them nothing for something.") "He'd get creamed by the semilegitimate scams going on now," says Veeck, who made his first killings as a kid selling refreshments to Al Capone and his boys at Wrigley Field.

"Today, making it seems to refer primarily to money. The emphasis is on winning rather than enjoying. We used to say, 'Let's have some fun and maybe make a few bucks.' Now it's the other way around."

In baseball, Veeck's former garden, that means "there are very few Pete Roses or Phil Cavarettas around." But plenty of lawyer-agents. "When lawyers discovered sports, the A.B.A. put up a new building."

Veeck can and will go way back.

"Society until the mid-Twenties was still based on family, not on money. Then things started to change: the flappers, café society. Yet even in the Depression, if you didn't have a job, you were embarrassed. It was a sign of moral weakness.

"Today there's no such feeling. Society owes it to us for being here. The Government owes it to us. We've become more litigious. It's not a difficult jump, then, to want to be rich quick, to make an overnight killing with no effort. Look at the lotteries. The bigger they get, the greater the number of people who charge in.

"I could hazard a guess as to why. Maybe it's because we're less inhibited."

It may be as simple as that. Talk to anyone over 35 and he'll tell you that money

was not something his parents talked about in the home. God forbid that you divulge your salary or what you paid for your home. Children who asked their parents if they were rich were told that they were rich in love. Those same kids played sand-lot ball and yearned to be Mickey Mantle or Rocky Colavito, memorizing their averages like Bible verses. Today, kids recite Dave Winfield's salary figures and aspire to the kind of package the Padres gave Goose Gossage.

Another ingredient may be the Sir Edmund Hillary/Mount Everest syndrome—make the score because it's there. But no matter how you explain today's attitude about money, one thing's for sure: The fire is fueled by publicity. Big money—funny or otherwise—dominates the news, in salaries and royalties and in profits to individuals, teams and corporations. Contract negotiations get coverage heretofore known only to the Scopes trial. Movie stars and ballplayers publicize salaries to enhance their worth and their bargaining leverage. Office workers and schoolteachers and cops follow suit. *Parade* magazine runs a cover article on salaries, complete with names and photos of average Joes. Every citizen knows his net worth, reads *The Wall Street Journal*, wonders whether or not he needs an agent.

Final truisms:

Times haven't changed. The urge to hit it big and feel no pain has been with us since Eve went for the apple. Fear and greed still motivate investors young and old, big score or less.

Times have changed. The big kill is coated with adventure and pure blithe spirits: Nothing bad will happen; nothing ever has. The big kill is underpinned with heavy-lidded fatalism: If I don't take a shot at it, I'll never make it. The big kill relies on cockeyed optimism, the unshakable belief that it will hit.

Says Larry Forbes, who carries a scar running from his sternum to his groin as a reminder of his body-packing experience, "I just couldn't see any way it wouldn't work. To be frank, it *does* work. It's done all the time."

Says Fritz of his stock speculation, "You don't even *think* of the down side. You put pain out of your mind."

Says broker A. M. Bowler, "If you take a big loss, you know you'll get it back. You live day to day."

And so it goes, cutting across age groups, class lines and professions, all pervasive and increasingly respectable, cloaked in the status of an inalienable right, that *all* men shall be able to go for the big score.

As Tommy Wu would say, "Ever tell you about the time I sold a half million pairs of Red Chinese shoes to a guy in New York? Wow. Made money on that one."



CAMEL LIGHTS

It's a whole new world.



Today's
Camel Lights,
unexpectedly mild.



9 mg. "tar" 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

CITIZEN HUGHES

(continued from page 90)

investments or the implied threat of his not making them, Hughes now offered the real bait to bring the normally obliging statesman back to his senses:

You may send Laxalt through Bell absolutely unlimited assurances of

unlimited financial support. *He does not need the colored vote and I want him to know this loud and clear!*

Apparently, the message got through—loud and clear. The civil rights bill was killed in the senate finance committee by a

Bob—

Please read all - every word - of this article. This worries me. If Laxalt goes this far in his leaning toward benefits favoring the colored race, it may influence other legislation.

What worries me most is that I am just hovering on the brink of further huge investments in Nevada, and Laxalt's friendship is an important part of this decision.

If Laxalt knows I don't want this legislation, and he goes ahead and pushes it anyway, that is peculiar friendship.

You may send Laxalt through Bell absolutely unlimited assurances of unlimited financial support. He does not need the colored vote and I want him to know this loud and clear!

From: Maheu
Re: Open Housing

16 April 1969, 9:50 am

Tom Bell just called to inform they have just definitely killed the open housing bill. He wanted you to know that Laxalt was very "quietly" helpful in accomplishing this. In other words Howard, he delivered to Tom the critical vote which enabled Bell to kill it in committee.

4-3 vote the next morning, April 16, 1969. Maheu immediately reported the victory to his boss:

"Tom Bell just called to inform they have just definitely killed the open housing bill. He wanted you to know that Laxalt was very 'quietly' helpful in accomplishing this. In other words Howard, he delivered to Tom the critical vote which enabled Bell to kill it in committee."

Even in his own kingdom, however, Howard Hughes was no longer the most powerful invisible force. The bomb was. Atomic fission—the ultimate out-of-control power—was the ultimate terror to Hughes, who above all needed to be in absolute control.

He was determined, at all costs, to stop what he called "the bombing"—nuclear explosions at the nearby Nevada Test Site, America's proving grounds for all atomic weapons. It became his greatest obsession. He would carry his battle through every level of government and finally into the White House, offering bribes to Presidents and Presidential candidates, in a desperate effort to stave off nuclear devastation.

Hughes had finally found a menace worthy of his madness. After years of casting about for a danger to justify his dread, drifting from germs to blacks to impure water, his paranoia had become so finely tuned that it now focused on the central horror of our age. Nightmare visions of nuclear annihilation exploded in his mind. Again and again, Hughes would return to his image of "gaunt, ghastly horrors and tragedies of nuclear warfare with all its ghastly residue of burned, maimed, mutilated and scarred human flesh."

The time had come for direct action. Sovereign to sovereign.

It was in the predawn hours of Thursday, April 25, 1968. At first light the next day, the most powerful underground nuclear explosion in history was set to be detonated in the desert outside Las Vegas. One hundred miles from ground zero, "physically very ill and emotionally reduced to a nervous wreck," Hughes remained determined to block the scheduled blast. He had just 24 hours. And there was only one man who could halt the relentless countdown.

So, in sleepless terror, naked and even more than usually disheveled, Hughes drafted a letter to Lyndon Baines Johnson.

The four-page letter took Hughes all night and half the day to write and rewrite, and with the blast less than one day away, there was no time to send it to the White House. Instead, one of Hughes's Mormons dictated it over the telephone to Washington attorney Thomas Finney—law partner of Johnson's newly appointed Secretary of Defense, Clark Clifford—who hand-delivered the impassioned plea to the President's office.

Hughes, who had not slept in three nights, continued his vigil into Friday

Hughes demanded complete control of all his investments—politicians included. And although his grandest schemes to buy power would fail, he had notable success at influencing events in Nevada.

morning, desperately awaiting word from the White House. He scribbled a note to his nursemaids: "Please watch me carefully and don't let me go to sleep at all." Then, acutely conscious of the approaching blast, he added a final plea: "But try not to startle me." Finally, in a fevered bid to avert the impending holocaust, Hughes wrote one last memo to Maheu.

"It is vital that somehow you prevail upon Mr. Johnson that this is an emergency and persuade him to read my letter," the billionaire begged. "There is about 20 minutes left."

In fact, Johnson had seen the letter almost as soon as it arrived and was right now in his own bedroom weighing the needs of national security against the words of Howard Hughes. In an unprecedented move, the President had withheld approval of the nuclear test until the last possible moment, but when his top defense experts all advised an immediate go-ahead, he decided to detonate the bomb.

Right down to the final minutes, Hughes had hoped that his personal appeal to Johnson would save the day, but now it seemed clear that summit diplomacy had failed. The President had not even bothered to answer his letter.

Finally, two weeks after the blast, a double envelope—the inner one marked PERSONAL & CONFIDENTIAL TO MR. HUGHES—arrived at the Desert Inn. Inside was a two-page message from Lyndon Johnson. It was hardly a welcome surprise.

"I received the letter from the President," wrote the bitter and dismayed billionaire, "and was it ever a disappointment!!"

"He gloats over the fact that the explosion did not vent, there was no significant damage. . . ."

"Further, the A.E.C., with his complete support, is going right ahead full-steam to conduct their major high-yield explosions at Pahute Mesa in the N.T.S.

"Why would the President have gone out of his way to rub it in?" wondered Hughes, nearly as shaken by Johnson's reply as he had been by the blast. "I did not expect anything with a hint of future assistance. I realize this would have been too much to expect, but *Jesus!* He did not have to spend two full pages of deliberately hostile provocation."

In fact, the President's response, while formal and a bit distant, was hardly hostile. "I personally considered your letter and discussed it with my advisors, before coming to a final decision," it read in part. "I approved execution of this test only after considering its importance to our national security—and only after receiving the Atomic Energy Commission's assurances that extensive safety checks had clearly demonstrated that there was no cause for concern."

The entire tone of the letter was respectful and reassuring. And if Johnson also let Hughes know who was President, still he

had gone to extraordinary lengths to deal with the billionaire's protest. But to Hughes, the President's letter was a deliberate slap in the face. Not only had Johnson failed to stop the nuclear test, not only had he refused to move all future blasts elsewhere, but he had kept Hughes waiting two weeks for a response.

Perplexed and indignant, Hughes studied Johnson's reply, reading and rereading it to find hidden meanings, his paranoid outrage mounting. By the next day, he was certain his original interpretation had been correct.

The memo Hughes wrote to Maheu in response was a diatribe of lost innocence.

He had taken the high road in his letter to Johnson, had offered a reasoned and restrained case against nuclear testing—and the President had ignored his plea, had dismissed him as a fool or a skinflint.

So be it. From now on, Hughes would do what was expected of him—and he would bring the bombing to an end.

I think you should try to determine who is the real, honest-to-God, bagman at the White House. And please don't be frightened away by the enormity of the thought. I have known for a number of years that the White House under this particular Democratic administration is just as crooked as it can be. Now, I don't know whom you have to approach, but there is somebody, take my word for it.

Finally, in a casual postscript to his chilling memo, the billionaire took the true measure of the man he had tried to reach by honest reason, Lyndon Johnson.

P.S. One thing I should have told you, in connection with my assumption that the Pres. may have waited the two weeks to hear from me on some kind of a hard-cash, adult, basis, I should tell you that I have done this kind of business with him

before. So, he wears no awe-inspiring robe of virtue with me. I gave him some critically needed funds when he was in the Senate. He remembers this, as he spoke of it to Finney. This is why he may very realistically have waited the two weeks for me to send somebody to him before he replied or took a stand. Anyway, I think this is one very plausible explanation of everything, including the hostility when he did write.

Johnson's rejection of the billionaire's earnest appeal marked a turning point in Hughes's approach to politics and politicians in general. It shut off his last remaining inhibitions about using his private wealth to buy public power.

"Now," concluded Hughes, in a classic expression of free-enterprise morality, "I think there is a market-place, somewhere, where the things we want can be bought or sold, and I urge that instead of spending any more time begging for a free hand-out, we find the right place, and the right people and buy what we want."

Hughes would pursue L.B.J. to his last days in office—and would eventually offer the President a \$1,000,000 bribe—but his focus had already shifted to another national leader.

Hubert Humphrey announced his bid for the Presidency on April 27, 1968, proclaiming "the politics of happiness . . . the politics of joy." His speech came bubbling over Hughes's television set the day after the huge Nevada blast, just as the shaken but determined recluse was plotting a very different kind of political campaign. The politics of money, the politics of graft.

His drive to buy up Las Vegas had been stalled by a Justice Department threatening antitrust action. His cherished plan to acquire the ABC television network needed Federal Communications Commission approval. His move back into the airline business, through an illegal take-over

I think you should try to determine who is the real, honest-to-God, bagman at the White House. And please don't be frightened away by the enormity of the thought. I have known for a number of years that the White House under this particular Democratic administration is just as crooked as it can be. Now, I don't know whom you have to approach, but there is somebody, take my word

Hughes spoke the language of power stripped of all pretense. From the seclusion of his penthouse, he sent henchmen into the world outside, carrying orders that were often shockingly blunt.

of Air West, would require both Civil Aeronautics Board and White House clearance. His TWA legal battle, with \$137,000,000 at stake, would come before a Supreme Court reshaped by the new President. A major overhaul of the nation's tax laws loomed, imperiling the loopholes he had so carefully constructed. And there was always Hughes Aircraft to consider, a billion-dollar-a-year business almost entirely dependent on defense, CIA and space-agency contracts.

A man whose affairs were so intimately entwined with those of the Federal Government simply could not leave the selection of a new Chief of State to chance.

I think we should decide which Presidential candidate we are going to support, and then, I think we should go *all the way!*

I feel that if we climb aboard in the all-out manner I have in mind, then either our candidate or the organization of his party will be able and willing to give us some important assistance. . . .

For example, if we choose Kennedy or Humphries, then the Dem. party chairman and his associates should help us plenty thru the White House.

Indeed, among the Democrats, "Humphries" (as Hughes always wrote) was the obvious choice. For the moment, at least, Bobby Kennedy was only a card to be played in Hughes's cynical ploy to entrap the needy Vice-President.

"Bob," wrote Hughes, plotting his scenario, "I am wondering if we should not sit down with Humphries and tell him I have been propositioned by Kennedy in the most all-out way."

It was not true. But the lie was certain

to scare Humphrey, who did not have ready entree to many other billionaires.

"That I feel I can only sponsor one man in a truly important way," Hughes continued, feeding lines to his henchman to feed to the Vice-President. "That I am willing to risk offending Kennedy and agree to give the most unlimited support to Humphries—not just in Nevada—but on a basis that should provide far more than he ever contemplated for the entire country."

It was an elegant gambit, a classic power play: First, spook Humphrey with the specter of a Hughes-Kennedy alliance, then offer to underwrite his campaign.

"Then," Hughes concluded, completing his plan, "I think we have to tell him what we want.

"If he is indifferent, then I think we should go to work on Kennedy *without a moments delay.*"

Humphrey was not indifferent.

On May 10, 1968, just two weeks after he had entered the race, Humphrey mortgaged his campaign to Hughes. In a late-night meeting in the Vice-President's suite at the Denver Hilton, Maheu would later testify, Humphrey agreed to battle the bomb in return for a promised \$100,000 contribution, half of it to be paid in cash.

On July 29, Maheu checked into the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles, where Humphrey was holding a fundraising dinner. Invited to accompany the candidate on a drive to the airport, Maheu left the dinner, went up to his suite and returned with a black briefcase.

Humphrey's limousine was waiting. Satchel in hand, Maheu joined the Vice-President in the rear compartment. They sat facing each other and chatted a few minutes about Hughes and the bomb

tests. Then Maheu placed the briefcase—stuffed with \$50,000 in \$100 bills—at Humphrey's feet. The motorcade came to an unscheduled halt after traveling just 500 yards, and Maheu, mission completed, stepped out.

Hubert Humphrey had lost his virginity in the classic American way—with a furtive quickie in the back seat of a car.

For a while, it had looked as if the Kennedys were going to steal the White House from Hughes all over again. Months earlier, on Saturday, March 16, 1968, Robert F. Kennedy had suddenly entered the race, announcing his bid to reclaim the throne from the same Senate room his brother had used to launch his 1960 campaign.

Hughes watched Bobby's televised speech, then grabbed for his yellow legal pad. He was not about to be denied the Oval Office. Not this time. He would own the next President even if he had to buy every candidate in the race.

"Re. Kennedy, I want him for President like I want the mumps. I can think of nothing worse than 8 years under his exalted leadership. God help us!

"However, lets face it. It could happen, so lets cover our bets both ways."

Before the billionaire could move to cover his bets, however, Bobby Kennedy was dead. His assassination dramatically altered the campaign, left the nation shaken and caused even Hughes to reassess his position. The political market place was in flux. It was no time to make a hasty purchase.

Re. the next 48 hrs., I think we must decide whom we want to see nominated by each party, and then not wait for it to happen, but go out and do something about it.

The last person I want to see nominated is Edward Kennedy. He would receive too much support from others. I want to see a candidate who needs us and wants our help.

Hughes fired that off to Maheu within hours of Kennedy's death, but was now so excited he could not sleep. Instead, he continued to watch the replays of the assassination and the film clips of Bobby's life until dawn. Finally satisfied that he had seen the full meaning of the tragedy and all its opportunities, he went to sleep just as most of the nation awoke in horror to discover that Kennedy was dead.

Hughes himself arose Thursday afternoon, still excited.

"I have just awakened," he wrote to Maheu. "I was up all night [Tuesday] and [Wednesday] nights. I heard Mankiewicz make the fateful announcement, and since our ch 8 was still on the air, I stayed up to watch in amazement as we continued to achieve absolutely exclusive coverage of his death and obituary material etc. . . ."

The billionaire was thrilled by the coup
(continued on page 166)

Bob -
Re. the next 48 hrs., I think we must decide whom we want to see ~~the~~ nominated by each party, and then not wait for it to happen, but go out and do something about it.

The last person I want to see nominated is Edward Kennedy. He would receive too much support from others. I want to see a candidate who needs us and wants our help.

By 1968, Hughes had lost all inhibitions about using private wealth to buy public power. Party affiliations and ideology were of no consequence. He wanted only candidates who were beholden to him.

BERNARD and HUEY

YOU'RE GENEROUS, SHEILA.



YOU'RE UNMANIPULATIVE.



YOU'RE EASY TO BE WITH.



YOU'RE INTELLIGENT.

AND, GOD, WHAT A BODY!



WE'RE TERRIFIC IN BED.

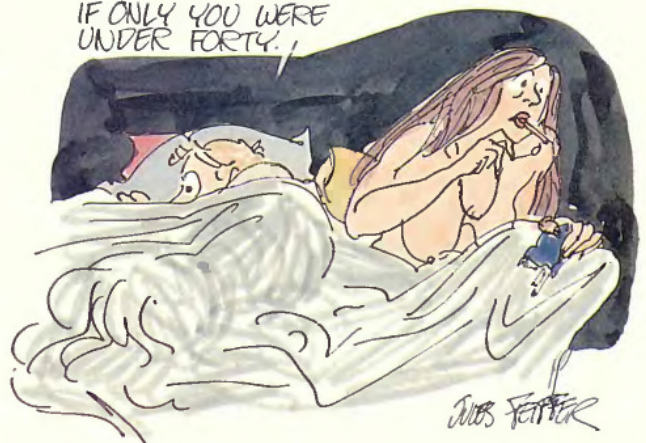


IF ONLY...

IF ONLY WHAT, BERNARD?



IF ONLY YOU WERE UNDER FORTY!



his own television station had scored. "Anyway, Bob, please do not say anything to anybody about our achieving this TV exclusive . . ." he cautioned, perhaps recognizing how unseemly it would be to boast about their small triumph when things so much more important were at stake.

"Returning to this morning," he wrote, "I am certain that you, at no time, really understood what I was urging you to do. Bob, it is true that I have discussed another project with you: The proposal to select one Repub. and one Demo. candidate and then to give that candidate full and all-out support. This project I still want carried out. . . . However, the item set forth in my first message of [this] morning was something entirely different."

He had to make sure that Maheu understood his plan to buy the Kennedy machine and use it to place his own man in the White House. Yet not even that megalomaniacal vision could still his hatred of the Kennedys. It had been building for decades and was gnawing at him all night while he watched TV chronicle their glorious and tragic saga. Now, on the day of Bobby's death, it all came boiling up out of Hughes, even as he continued to calculate the opportunities presented by the assassination.

"I am more familiar than you realize with the history and the remaining entity of the Kennedy family," he wrote. "You see Joe Kennedy used to own the biggest part of RKO studio before I got into it." He continued:

The Kennedy family and their money and influence have been a thorn that has been relentlessly shoved into my guts since the very

beginning of my business activities. So you can see how cruel it was, after my all-out support of Nixon, to have Jack Kennedy achieve that very very marginal so-called victory over my man.

So, as I point out, thru this long-standing feeling of jealousy and personal enmity, I have become fairly well informed about the organization of people that sprung up, first around Jack, and then around Bob. Essentially the same group. They just moved over. But think of the experience they have had in the two campaigns combined.

Now, I am positive that all of these people (and don't forget the Convention and victory was virtually within their grasp) that all of these people, after they come to following a 48 hour effort to drink themselves into oblivion, will feel awfully alone and terribly frightened. Of course, they might make it again with Ted, but that is a long and uncertain road. Now, Bob, just try to visualize how it would feel. . . .

There is some similarity between the group who assisted the Kennedy brothers and my own organization, although, unfortunately, I do not have the lovable qualities of Jack and Bob that led to their famous popularity.

Anyway, I do feel competent to judge the feelings of fear and loneliness which I am certain must have consumed the Kennedy group by now. I have experienced these emotions myself, and I know how powerful they can be. So, I repeat that I am

positive this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to acquire a ready-made political organization, all trained and ready to go.

Hughes was certainly an expert on fear and loneliness, but he had to move fast, before the Kennedy people sobered up and found new patrons.

"If we do not move quickly," he concluded, "they may make other tie-ups . . . and once announcing same, they will be much more difficult to deal with.

"So, Bob, this time, instead of waiting until somebody else grabs these people, let's move first!"

Bobby Kennedy was not yet buried, but as his funeral train moved south, Hughes plotted to seize control of his political machine.

Larry O'Brien was on that funeral train, feeling awfully alone and terribly frightened. He had quit Lyndon Johnson's Cabinet to manage Robert Kennedy's campaign, as he had managed John Kennedy's eight years before, and now Bobby lay in a flag-draped coffin in the last of the 21 cars, en route to a grave beside his brother's.

After 16 years in service to the Kennedys, O'Brien was suddenly without a job, without a patron, with no idea how to support his family or what to do next.

He was sitting at home in Washington when Robert Maheu called.

"Larry O'Brien—He is coming here on Wednesday next for a conference as per our request after the assassination of Senator Kennedy," Maheu reported to the penthouse. "He is prepared to talk employment and has received a commitment (without any obligation whatsoever) from the four or five key men in the Kennedy camp that they will not become obligated until they hear from him."

The leader of the Irish Mafia arrived in Las Vegas on the Fourth of July. He was put up in style at the Desert Inn but never met his would-be employer, upstairs in the penthouse. "I've never met him myself," Maheu explained, then pulled out a handwritten Hughes memo to prove that the boss actually wanted to hire O'Brien.

In fact, O'Brien left Las Vegas without striking a deal, but he never stopped his job negotiations with Maheu. When they met again in Washington at the end of July, Maheu gave O'Brien \$25,000, cash Hughes had promised the Kennedy campaign just before Bobby's assassination. And at that same Washington meeting, Maheu and O'Brien came to terms. Hughes would become a client of the newly formed O'Brien Associates, and its proprietor, Larry O'Brien, would get \$15,000 a month, \$500 a day, for at least two years—a \$360,000 secret contract.

Hughes had done it. He had signed up the leader of the Kennedy gang, hired its top gun—just as he had plotted to do the

I am more familiar than you realize with the history and the remaining entity of the Kennedy family. You see Joe Kennedy used to own the biggest part of RKO studio before I got into it. The Kennedy family and their money and influence have been a thorn that has been relentlessly shoved into my guts since the very beginning of my business activities. So you can see how cruel it was, after my all-out support of Nixon, to have Jack Kennedy achieve that very, very marginal so-called victory over my man.

Hughes hoped to take control of Robert Kennedy's political brain trust and use it to place his own man in the White House. But not even that grandiose plan could quell his hatred of the Kennedys.



The Crown Royal Excalibur Sweepstakes

WIN A \$57,000 CUSTOMIZED ROYAL EXCALIBUR

No. It isn't a dream, it can happen to you if you're the Grand Prize winner in the Crown Royal Excalibur Sweepstakes.

There are over 1000 prizes in all, so enter today. And remember, nobody has a better chance to win than you.

GRAND PRIZE The Excalibur Series IV Phaeton. The standard by which all other automobiles of its kind are measured.

1ST PRIZE 100 handsome three piece soft luggage sets, including sport duffel, underseat suitcase and deluxe 2-suit garment bag.

2ND PRIZE 400 purple and gold oversized (36") Crown Royal umbrellas. Complete with protective nameplate in handle.

3RD PRIZE 500 purple and gold Crown Royal tote bags. With adjustable shoulder strap and heavy duty accessory pockets.



1. On an official form or plain 3" x 5" piece of paper, print your name, address, zip code and the city and province of Canada where Crown Royal is made. You can obtain this information by looking at any Crown Royal bottle at your favorite liquor store or bar or by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Crown Royal Label Request, P.O. Box 1121, Grand Rapids, MN 55744. 2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be properly completed and mailed in a separate envelope and received by January 31, 1985. Your entry must also include the correct answer to the question on the entry form. Prizewinners will be determined in a witnessed random drawing of entries received by Siebel/Mohr, an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. 3. The Grand Prize Winner (1) will receive a new Excalibur Series IV Phaeton. All prizewinners will be notified by mail. Prizes are non-transferable and non-redeemable. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the prizewinner. 4. Prizewinners must be of legal drinking age under the laws of their home states. Only one prize per family or household. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received. All prizes, approximately valued at \$75,000, will be awarded. 5. Sweepstakes open to residents of the continental U.S., Hawaii and Alaska. Employees and their families of Seagram Distillers Co., its affiliates and subsidiary companies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, advertising agencies and judging organization are not eligible. Sweepstakes void in Ohio and Texas and where restricted or prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws apply. Prizewinners are required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release. 6. A list of major prizewinners may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Crown Royal "Excalibur" Sweepstakes Winners List, P.O. Box 1141, Grand Rapids, MN 55744. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY © 1984. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80 PROOF

Mail to: Crown Royal Excalibur Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 1127, Grand Rapids, MN, 55744

I have read the sweepstakes rules and would like to enter the Crown Royal Excalibur Sweepstakes. I certify that I am of legal drinking age in my home state.

To enter the sweepstakes take a look at any Crown Royal label, then fill in the answer to the following question.

In what city and province is Crown Royal made? Answer _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Optional: Please tell us about yourself. Sex: M F

Age: 18-24 25-34 35-44 45+

Usage: Regular New User (within past 6 months) Non-User

night that Bobby died.

Now the man who had managed the 1960 Kennedy campaign, the 1964 Johnson campaign and Bobby's aborted 1968 race, the man who had just taken command of Hubert Humphrey's Presidential drive, would also handle campaigns for Howard Hughes. Now the man who had lobbied Congress for the White House—for the New Frontier and the Great Society—would instead lobby Washington for the penthouse. Now the country's premier political operative would handle politics for a completely hidden, entirely mysterious, totally naked madman.

Only the details remained to be worked out.

Richard Nixon learned of the Hughes-O'Brien connection in the summer of 1968, just months after O'Brien's journey to Las Vegas to meet with Maheu.

Hughes and O'Brien! It was driving Nixon crazy! It became an obsession that would grow throughout his Presidency.

O'Brien, who had once again become the Democratic national chairman, was not merely a figurehead party chief but the real leader of the opposition. With Johnson in exile and Humphrey in defeat and Teddy Kennedy in disgrace, he would go on to become the pointman for his party in the 1970 Congressional elections, touring the nation, attacking Nixon. And although he had no proof yet, Nixon now knew that the leader of the Democrats was also a secret Hughes lobbyist, getting \$500 a day from the billionaire—and getting away with it! The leader of the Kennedy gang getting away with it, just like the Kennedys always got away with everything. Nixon was determined to nail O'Brien, to get proof of his Hughes connection, to find out just what he was doing for all that secret money.

Eventually, Nixon called in Haldeman, he called in Ehrlichman, he called in Colson, he called in Dean, he called in the IRS, he called in his pal Rebozo, he called in his private gumshoes and, finally, he called in his Attorney General, and Mitchell called in Liddy, and Liddy called in McCord and Hunt, and Hunt called in the Cubans, and they all got caught in Larry O'Brien's office at the Watergate.

All in a desperate effort to get to the bottom of the Hughes-O'Brien connection.

"I thought, it would be pleasant—and newsworthy—irony," Nixon later explained in his memoirs, "that after all the years in which Howard Hughes had been portrayed as my financial angel, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee was in fact the one profiting from a lucrative position on Hughes's payroll."

But there was another factor in Nixon's obsession, one he did not mention in his memoirs.

The President was also on the pad.

In Nixon, Hughes had at last what he

had always wanted—a debtor in the Oval Office.

"I am determined to elect a President of our choosing this year, and one who will be deeply indebted, and who will recognize his indebtedness," the billionaire had declared early in the 1968 campaign. "Since I am willing to go beyond all limitations on this, I think we should be able to select a candidate and a party who knows the facts of political life."

"If we select Nixon," added Hughes with lewd certainty, "then he, I know for sure knows the facts of life."

Theirs was a special relationship. It stretched back more than two decades, had survived multiple crises and still endured. Hughes, of course, flirted with other politicians; but with the others, it was often hard to tell how far he could go, and he always went back to Nixon, who appreciated a big spender and would always go all the way.

Hughes had supported Nixon in every bid for office since his first Congressional race, in 1946, and would continue to back him to the end. In addition to campaign funds, he provided large sums for the personal use of the President and his family. The known bequests—the few made openly and the hidden payoffs later discovered—eventually totaled more than half a million dollars.

More than a financial angel, Hughes was a virtual fairy godfather in Nixon's faltering rise to power. He always seemed to materialize when Nixon was in need. Then, suddenly, the spell was broken.

The billionaire's largest cost Nixon his first bid for the Presidency, when a scandal erupted in the closing days of the 1960 campaign over a never-repaid \$205,000 Hughes "loan." Nixon had personally requested the money four years earlier, shortly after he was re-elected Vice-President, ostensibly to bail out his brother Donald's failing business—a chain of restaurants featuring "Nixon-burgers." The cash came from a Canadian subsidiary of the Hughes Tool Company and was transferred through a cutout to the Vice-President's aged mother, Hannah, who passed it on to her bankrupt son. The name Hughes appeared nowhere on the loan agreement, and none of the Nixons were responsible for repayment. Their only collateral was a vacant lot in Whittier, California, once the site of the Nixon family home. It had an assessed value of \$13,000.

The "all-out support" Hughes gave Nixon in 1960—a still-unknown number of \$100 bills secretly passed through the same bagman who had handled the loan transaction—never became public, but the loan scandal would not die. It resurfaced full force when Nixon ran for governor of California two years later, and once more he was sure it caused his humiliating defeat. "I must have answered the question about the Hughes loan at least a hundred times," he complained. "The

media loved the story and played it up big . . . because it was so damaging to me."

Hughes had become a haunting symbol of Nixon's greed and corruption, apparently driving him out of politics forever. Yet in 1968, he was staging a startling comeback. And both he and Hughes were ready to deal again.

"I want you to go see Nixon as my special confidential emissary," the billionaire instructed Maheu just two days after the Presidential race opened with the primary in New Hampshire. While the rest of the nation focused on Eugene McCarthy's upset of Lyndon Johnson, Hughes immediately recognized that the real victor was Nixon, now facing a badly split Democratic Party.

I feel there is a really valid possibility of a Republican victory this year. If that could be realized under our sponsorship and supervision every inch of the way, then we would be ready to follow with Laxalt as our next candidate.

Nixon was also eager to renew their ill-fated relationship. Even before Maheu could get to Nixon, Nixon reached out to Hughes. Barely started on his improbable return to power, he set in motion a replay of the very scandal that had nearly destroyed him.

At one of a series of meetings in Washington and Florida in the spring of 1968, Nixon huddled with his closest friend, Bebe Rebozo, and the man who had introduced them to each other 20 years earlier, Washington attorney Richard Danner.

"Mr. Nixon and Mr. Rebozo asked me to attempt to contact someone in the Hughes organization relative to a contribution," Danner would later testify. "The question was 'Would he contribute and, if so, how much?'"

So much money was gathered from so many sources—\$50,000 from Hughes's personal bank account in early September, another \$50,000 from the account "for Nixon's deficit" in December, perhaps \$50,000 from the Sands a few days later, yet another \$50,000 from the Hughes account in June 1969 and \$50,000 more from the cashier's cage at the Silver Slipper in October 1970—that it is impossible to determine how much money actually reached Nixon.

But it is certain that \$100,000 in secret cash, two bundles of \$100 bills from Howard Hughes—still undelivered by the November election, still undelivered by the January Inauguration—finally found its way to Bebe Rebozo's safe-deposit box.

Where it came to haunt Richard Nixon. It was the telltale heart of Watergate, the terrible guilty secret whose feared discovery would drive Nixon to self-destruction.

Richard Nixon entered the White House on January 20, 1969, in broad daylight to the cheers of thousands, the duly

Gotten a speeding ticket lately? Read this.



This... instead of these.

Last year, more than 8 million* citations were issued for driving over 55 mph on US highways.

If you were unfortunate enough to receive one of these tickets, maybe it's time to protect yourself. With the Whistler® Spectrum™ radar receiver.

Gives you earliest possible warning of police radar.



© Motor Trend, Aug. 1983

When Direct Response, Inc. started looking for a radar detector to offer our customers, we went to the experts first: car magazines. Their opinion was nearly unanimous. **Motor Trend, Auto-week, and BMW Roundel** had all recently completed independent, comprehensive tests of all the leading radar detectors. And all had picked a winner: the Whistler Spectrum. **Motor Trend** said "The Whistler Spectrum resides at the top of the list. A world-class radar detector."

Whistler is also first choice of truckers and other professional drivers. Whistler

Spectrum detects all kinds of speed radar. Stationary - moving - trigger - even pulsed radar. On the straightaway - from behind - over hills and around curves. If there's police radar in the area, Spectrum lets you know. Long before radar can lock onto you.

Spectrum cuts down on annoying false alarms.

Unfortunately, the FCC authorizes some security systems and traffic signals to also operate on police frequencies. And any sensitive radar detector will report these signals.

That's why Spectrum developed two features not available in any other radar detector: **The Filter Mode™** and **Pollution Solution.™** Both features cut down on false alarms.

For city driving (where microwave intrusions are frequent) switch to the **Filter Mode**. You'll get the same early warning - but it will be quieter, less urgent. When the microwave signal reaches a critical speed radar level, you'll see the amber warning light switch to a flashing red. And hear the soft tone gear up to a high-frequency, geiger-effect sound.

Most other radar detectors give off false signals. Spectrum's **Pollution Solution**, built into each unit, can tell the difference between these signals and real police radar. Spectrum automatically screens the polluters out.

Dash/Visor or Remote model.

You have your choice of two top-line Spectrum models - both reliable performers.

The Spectrum Dash/Visor model is portable and compact. It plugs into the cigarette lighter socket, and mounts easily on dash or visor. It's quickly removed for use in another car, or to prevent theft.



Remote receiver hides behind car grille.

The Spectrum Remote gives you the same great radar protection. But it's hidden from view. The weather-proof receiver installs behind your car grille. And the small console fits handily in, on, or under the dash. You can install the Remote in about 30 minutes. After that, you're in operation every time you turn on the ignition.



Filter Mode for city driving.

No-risk trial. Free gift.

Order your Whistler Spectrum - Dash/Visor or Remote - from Direct Response, Inc., for just \$255 complete.

Call toll-free, 1-800-824-2408. (In NH, 603-886-1310.) Use your VISA, MasterCard, or American Express.

Write to Direct Response, Inc., at 472 Amherst St., Nashua, NH 03063. Send us your credit card account number, expiration date, and your signature. Or enclose a check or money order. (Allow an additional 15 days for personal checks.)

Or visit Direct Response, Inc., in Nashua, and pick up your Spectrum in person.

Satisfaction guaranteed. We tested it. Now you can test it yourself. Use your Spectrum for 30 days. If not completely satisfied, return for a full refund.

Free, Rand McNally Road Atlas & Travel Guide, with map light, if you order now.



DIRECT RESPONSE, INC.
1-800-824-2408

Ask for Operator 37



Dash/Visor



Remote console

*Source: Speed Limit Enforcement Certification Data, October 1, 1982 through September 30, 1983.



Jean Shaw. La Brava had seen her face a thousand times. Up there on the silver screen. But the funny thing was, Jean never got the guy. She was always the one who lured men into her trap with her innocence and charm . . .

Now here he was, Joe La Brava, ex-Secret Service Agent. Protecting Jean from a big bucks Miami Beach flim-flam being run by a rogue cop and a Cuban whose passions were dancing and murder. Falling under Jean's spell . . . until he starts wondering just who needs the protecting . . .

From the Edgar Award-winning author of *GLITZ*, *STICK*, *CAT CHASER* and *SPLIT IMAGES*.

Elmore Leonard LABRAVA

An **AVON** paperback. \$3.95.

©1984 Avon Books/The Hearst Corporation

elected President of the United States. But trusting no one, fearing everyone, he soon retreated into isolation behind his palace guard and tried to run the nation the way Hughes ran his empire—secretly, from hiding, through a small group of henchmen instilled with the same siege mentality. It was a Government Hughes himself could have created and one with which he could certainly do business.

"I want to see just how much water we really draw with the administration after many years of all-out effort to achieve it," the billionaire wrote to Maheu shortly after the Inauguration, eagerly anticipating a good return on his investment.

The early signs were encouraging, and within a year, Hughes would get nearly everything he wanted from Nixon—a green light for his Las Vegas monopoly game, approval of his illegal re-entry into the airline business, a vast increase in his already great cost-plus, no-competitive-bidding business with the Pentagon.

But the billionaire was not satisfied.

Hughes, in fact, grew deeply disillusioned with Nixon long before most of the nation. Not over Cambodia or Kent State, not over Vietnam or the Christmas bombing, certainly not because he knew that Nixon was, of course, a crook. No, the billionaire was appalled by Nixon's decision, in March 1969, to build an anti-ballistic-missile system.

"The news just reported that Nixon will go ahead with the ABM," he wrote to Maheu, full of dismay. "Bob, this is an awful mistake. It would perhaps be to my best interest selfishly to do nothing and let the system proceed, but it is a ghastly mistake for the country and for Nixon, whom I want to grow in stature."

Building the ABM meant big money for Hughes the defense contractor, but it also meant more big bomb blasts in Nevada, the nuclear nightmare Hughes thought had ended with the election of a man who "knows the facts of life."

One month later, Hughes's disappointment turned to shocked outrage when White House communications director Herb Klein made a speech in Las Vegas backing the nuclear tests.

Hughes, in fact, was so shocked that he could hardly believe Nixon's ingratitude:

"Sometimes I wonder if Nixon is aware of the donation which I hope was made, or did somebody possibly forget to make it."

No one had forgotten. Maheu had passed \$50,000 to Nixon's campaign through Laxalt before the election, and even as Hughes wrote his pained memo, Rebozo and Danner were finally arranging the long-delayed \$100,000 donation to Nixon's private slush fund.

Nor had the President forgotten about Hughes. He had asked Henry Kissinger to read a memo Hughes had sent to Nixon opposing the ABM. On July 16, 1969, the day that the Apollo 11 astronauts blasted



HOLD EVERYTHING!

JVC introduces the video camera with a VHS tape deck built right in.

It's the biggest advance in movie-making since the talkies.

JVC presents the VideoMovie—the first video camera for home use that has its own VHS video deck in one self-contained unit.

JVC's VideoMovie weighs only a fraction of conventional home video camera systems. There's no bulky "straphanger" deck to lug around. And it's

whole new kind of VHS—a special cassette that snaps into the back of the VideoMovie camera. With the adapter, it can be played on any VHS-format VCR.

Unlike other camcorder formats, VideoMovie can plug right into your TV set for playback without any other equipment. We even give you the cable to do it. And we're sure you'll find the picture quality absolutely superb.

VideoMovie has instant replay through the eyepiece, a fast (f1.2) lens for shooting in low light, a 6X power zoom, macro capability, freeze frame, and on and on.

Check out the VideoMovie at your nearest JVC dealer. We've put movie-making right in your hands.

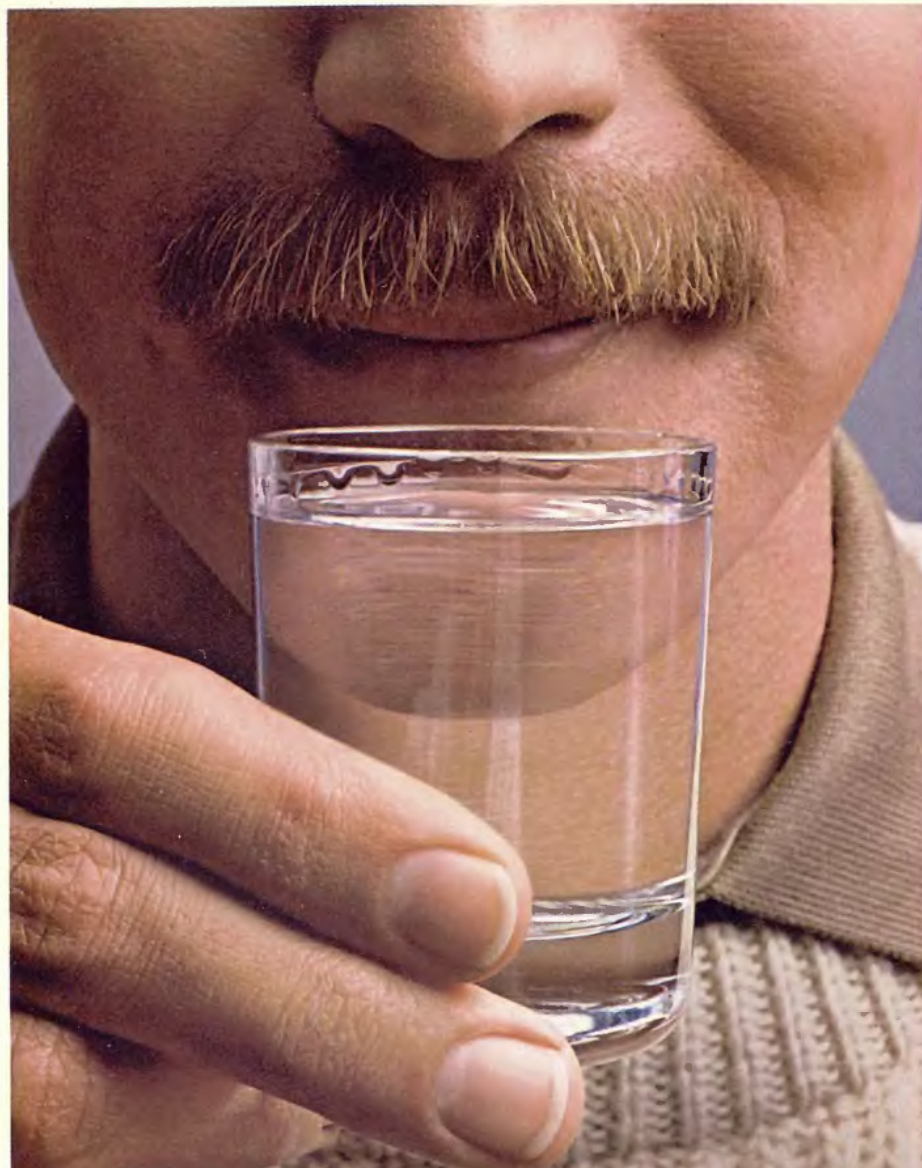


so compact it fits easily under an airline seat, in a suitcase or even a knapsack.

To make it all possible, JVC had to invent a

VideoMovie
All together now! VHS-C





**The best peppermint
I ever tasted
didn't come with
red and white stripes.**

Introducing Arrow Super Schnapps 101.



**This is the kind of peppermint
that makes grown men tingle.
A 101 proof peppermint with a
zestier, much bolder taste.
It's definitely not kid stuff.**

Arrow
Nothing stands out
like good taste.

off for man's first walk on the moon, Nixon huddled with his National Security Advisor. That morning in the Oval Office, just before they shared the historic moment, watching the launch on television, the President told Kissinger to go see Hughes.

Kissinger returned to his White House basement office angry and incredulous. He told his deputy, Alexander Haig, that Nixon had just ordered him to give the billionaire a private top-secret briefing not only on the ABM but also on the general strategic threat, on the balance of nuclear power—and, as a final outrage, to solicit Hughes's own defense-policy views.

"He's out of his mind!" yelled Kissinger. "He can't sell *this!* I can't hold private peace talks with Howard Hughes."

Haig himself seemed to find it all amusing. He emerged from Kissinger's office waving the Hughes memo in his hand and told Larry Lynn, a senior aide who handled the ABM program, "Guess what's up now—Howard Hughes is in the act!"

It was shuttle diplomacy of a new order—Nixon dealing with Hughes as if negotiating nuclear policy with a sovereign power. But the prospect of Kissinger's visit only drove the billionaire to terror. He simply could not deal with an outsider, not even Kissinger, not even by telephone.

Re. the ABM. I urge you thank the President profusely for his offer to send Kissinger, but tell him I do not consider that this is necessary and I do not think it would advance the situation.

Bob, to have this man here could only embarrass me.

It would place me in the position of refusing to see an envoy of the President, and, no matter how you try to dress it up, this is the way the President will view it.

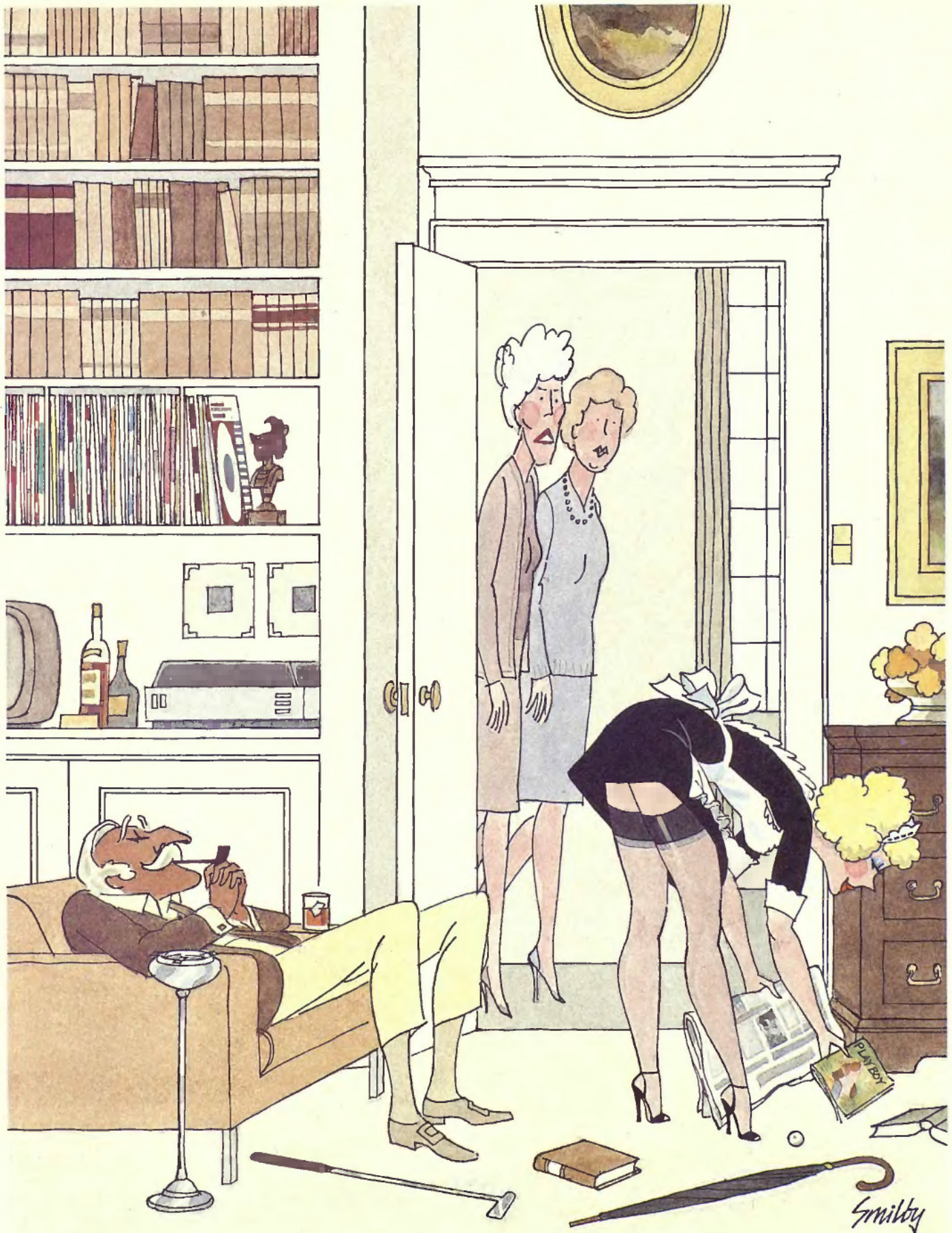
Please, regardless of how you do it, *kill off this trip in some way.*

All through July, Nixon and Kissinger had been considering final plans for a series of mammoth blasts designed to test the ABM warhead. No official decision had yet been reached. But now, on July 16, the Commander in Chief sent advance word to his hidden benefactor.

"Howard," Maheu flashed to Hughes, "we are reliably informed that the AEC has finally given up the battle and will have all tests of a megaton or more held in Alaska. We are also informed that, for security reasons, they cannot, at this time, make any public announcement confirming their capitulation."

Howard Hughes had won his battle to ban the bomb. Or so it seemed.

Then, on September 10, 1969, Maheu called Hughes with disturbing news—the AEC was about to announce a new Nevada blast, and a big one. Maheu tried to put the best face on the first major nuclear test of the Nixon Administration. It was less than a megaton, and the really



"Hubert gets lazier every day—Suzette's forever picking up after him."

big bombs would be exploded in Alaska, just as the President had promised.

Hughes was not appeased.

I wish you would tell Mr. Nixon thru Mr. Rebozo that this is the most outrageous and shocking breach of faith and attempted deception I ever heard of any highly reputed government like the United States attempting to perpetrate against one of their own citizens.

If this is the way the U.S. pays off one of its own citizens, who has given a lifetime of service toward the betterment of the defense system, and contributed countless important advances, plus a half a billion dollars in taxes, then how can anyone expect foreign governments to believe our promises.

It is unlikely that Nixon had any real concept of Hughes's terror and outrage, much less that he viewed the bomb test as the test of their entire relationship.

The blast went off on schedule, at 7:30 on the morning of September 16, 1969. Three distinct shock waves rippled through Las Vegas. The penthouse swayed for a full minute. But the real impact of the explosion would not be felt for years. And then it would shake the entire nation.

In the months that followed, Hughes—assured that the nuclear nightmare was finally over—settled down to the routine business of buying the rest of Las Vegas.

His monopoly game had been stalled for almost two years, ever since Lyndon Johnson's Attorney General, Ramsey Clark, blocked his purchase of the Stardust hotel in April 1968, threatening antitrust action. But now Hughes had won

a complete reversal of policy at John Mitchell's Justice Department. He had broken the antitrust blockade; he was finally free to expand his Nevada empire.

But the triumph meant nothing to Hughes. Nothing at all. It came just as plans for a new megaton blast in Nevada were announced.

By Holy Week in 1970, an atmosphere of terminal crisis gripped both the penthouse and the White House.

Hughes learned of the impending blast on the same day in March that Nixon got news of a coup in Cambodia. That coup, and the simultaneous failure of peace talks with Hanoi, started the President on a bloody course that led to the Cambodian invasion, the murders at Kent State and the Christmas bombing of North Vietnam—events that shocked the nation.

But it was the Easter bombing in Nevada that shocked Hughes and sealed Nixon's fate. The billionaire's response was immediate. Once more, he grabbed his yellow legal pad and, in one last, futile effort to prevent the bombing, scrawled a threat to leave the country, taking all his assets with him.

Bob, I dont know where to begin.

You said the President couldnt care less whether I remain in Nevada. This may well be true in the literal sense.

However, bear in mind that, if I pull up stakes here, I am not going to some neighboring state.

I am going to move the largest part of all of my activities to some location which will not be in the U.S.

The President already has the young, the black, and the poor against him. Maybe he will be indif-

ferent if the richest man in the country also finds the situation in the U.S. un-livable, and because of the country's intense preoccupation with the military.

I know one thing:

There is at present a violent feeling in this country against all the experimental activities of the military. . . .

So, I just dont know how the public would react to a frank statement by the wealthiest man in the U.S. that he, also, considered he was being elbowed aside by the military.

I know one thing: It would, or, at least, it *could* be a hell of a newspaper story.

Despite Hughes's plea, the Easter bomb was exploded, and before the year was out, he would make good on his threat. He would leave the United States forever. And his departure would set in motion a chain of events that would, indeed, become a hell of a newspaper story. One that came under the headline "WATERGATE."

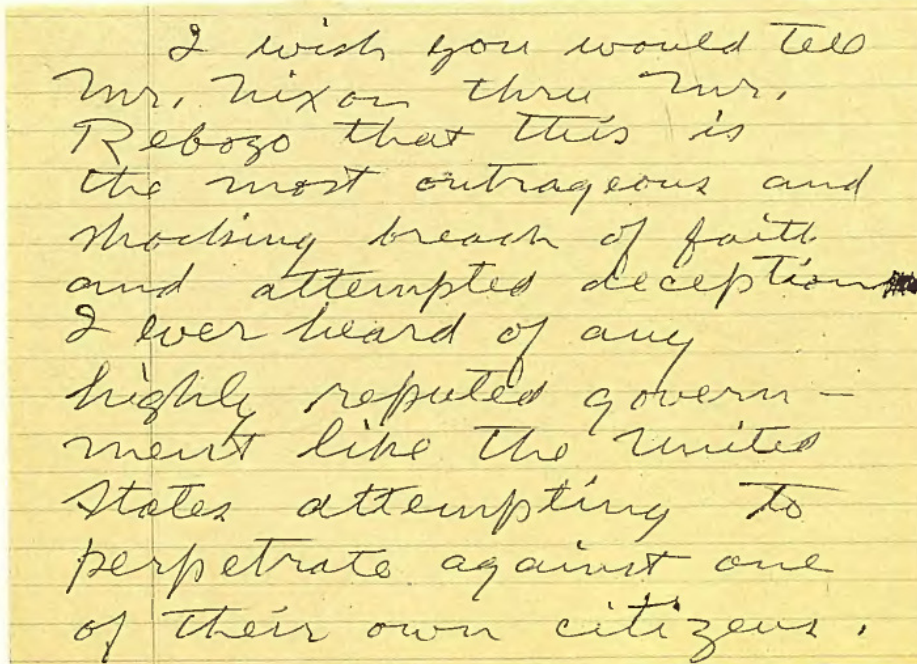
Richard Nixon, in bombing Howard Hughes, had unwittingly brought about his own destruction just as surely as if the White House had been ground zero.

"This is for Haldeman," said Nixon, speaking into his dictating machine aboard Air Force One. It was January 14, 1971. The President had just emerged from a ten-day retreat at San Clemente, plotting his re-election campaign and brooding with Bebe Rebozo, and now he was flying to the University of Nebraska to "forge an alliance of the generations." But his mind was elsewhere, fixated on another alliance—one he had to destroy before it destroyed him.

"It would seem that the time is approaching when Larry O'Brien is held accountable for his retainer with Hughes," declared Nixon, going on the attack, dictating his message to Haldeman. "Bebe has some information on this, although it is, of course, not solid. But there is no question that one of Hughes's people did have O'Brien on a very heavy retainer for 'services rendered' in the past. Perhaps Colson should check on this."

Just six weeks earlier, on Thanksgiving eve, Hughes had made his great escape from Las Vegas, fleeing his penthouse cell under the cover of darkness, after a bitter personal dispute that had led to the firing of his right-hand man, Robert Maheu. During the four years Hughes spent in the penthouse, Maheu had handled all of his political money, including the payoff to Rebozo. And now Maheu was out and the Hughes empire was split—a split that left Richard Nixon in mortal terror.

It was not the money O'Brien had gotten from Hughes that really obsessed Nixon. It was his own Hughes money—the hot hundred grand hidden away in Rebozo's safe-deposit box. Throughout his Presidency, Nixon had heard that telltale



I wish you would tell Mr. Nixon thru Mr. Rebozo that this is the most outrageous and shocking breach of faith and attempted deception I ever heard of any highly reputed government like the United States attempting to perpetrate against one of their own citizens.



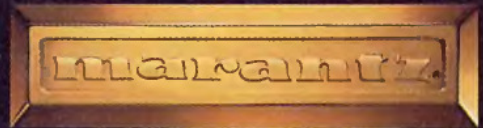
YOUR MOST REMOTE STEREO FANTASY IS WITHIN YOUR REACH.

Introducing Marantz Remote Stereo. Total Remote Control in the palm of your hand. Giving you control of all system functions without ever leaving the comfort of your chair. Or sofa. Or bed.

Experience high-tech Total Remote Control digital compatibility in all Marantz components. From our *Golden Classic* and *Digitouch*

Systems, FM and AM stereo receivers to our Digital Compact Discs. Appreciate the ultimate in amplifiers, tuners, cassette decks, turntables and loudspeakers.

Bring the Solid Gold Sound of Marantz home with Marantz Total Remote Control stereo. And turn Solid Gold sounds into solid comfort. While your fingers do the walking.



THE SOLID GOLD SOUND

To exercise every muscle in your body, lift the phone. 1-800-848-2348.

To strengthen and tone every muscle in your body, pick up the phone today and call Vitamaster for facts and figures on the Station One™ Fitness System.

This is the one system with all the strong points of professional gym equipment. Using the time-tested method of progressive weight resistance, the Station One exercises all eight muscle groups. Presses, curls, rowing, over 50 exercises, all on one compact wall-mount unit.

For a free brochure and the Vitamaster dealers nearest you, phone toll free 1-800-848-2348.



Vitamaster
Nothing works out better at home.

heart beating, had grown increasingly fearful that others could also hear it, that soon they would discover the \$100,000 his pal Danner had delivered to his pal Rebozo, that again he would be ruined by an ugly Hughes scandal, that it would cost him the White House as it had before.

Nixon had never gotten over that 1960 defeat. His narrow loss to J.F.K. still haunted him, and he still blamed it on the \$205,000, never repaid, that his brother had received from Hughes. Yet Nixon had taken more Hughes money. And now, with the Hughes empire split by a bitter power struggle in the aftermath of Maheu's dismissal, Nixon was certain his terrible secret was about to spill out.

That very morning, before leaving the Western White House, the President had seen a *Los Angeles Times* report that Maheu planned to subpoena his former boss for a \$50,000,000 lawsuit. Even if the billionaire himself failed to appear, secret Hughes memos impounded by the Nevada court were likely to surface. Indeed, the dreaded columnist Jack Anderson already claimed to have seen some of them.

The more Nixon brooded, the more terrified he grew, and the more he focused on Larry O'Brien. *He* was getting away with it. The leader of the Kennedy gang, the very man who had beaten him in 1960 by exploiting the Hughes loan scandal, was now himself getting \$15,000 a month from the billionaire while he served as unpaid chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Nixon wanted revenge. He wanted to unmask O'Brien as a secret Hughes lobbyist. He wanted to make O'Brien pay as he had paid.

But now, aboard Air Force One, the President was gripped by a darker thought: the sickening fear that O'Brien *knew*—that he had somehow learned from his Hughes contacts about the secret cash in Bebe's little tin box.

Nixon could not tell that to Haldeman. He could not say to his chief of staff, "My God, O'Brien must know! We've got to find out what he's found out. We've got to get him before he gets me." Nixon could not say that, because *Haldeman* didn't know. None of the President's men knew. Only Rebozo shared his secret. So, instead, Nixon ordered Haldeman to get O'Brien.

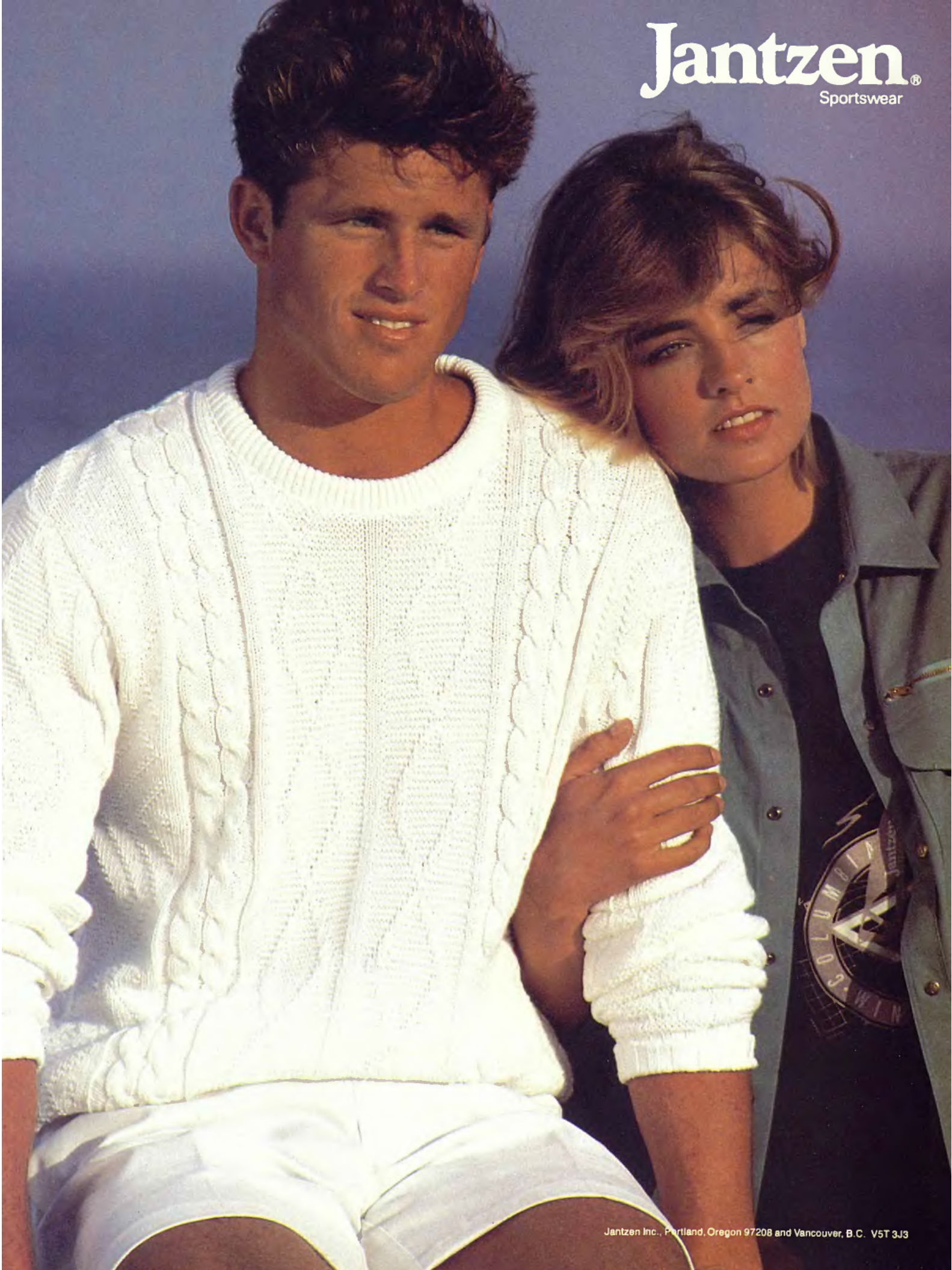
"We're going to nail O'Brien on this, one way or another," the President told him back in Washington the next day. He called Haldeman into the Oval Office and said, "O'Brien's not going to get away with it, Bob. We're going to get proof of his relationship with Hughes—and just what he's doing for the money."

It was the start of a desperate covert campaign. One that would end with Richard Nixon's burglars caught looking for Howard Hughes's secrets in Larry O'Brien's office—at the Watergate.

Part II of "Citizen Hughes" will appear next month.



Jantzen[®]
Sportswear



LIFE ITS OWNSELF

(continued from page 120)

“They’ll give him a car, an apartment, a summer job that’ll make him richer than two orthodontists.”

program came up for discussion. Big Ed was an influential TCU alum, a major contributor to the athletic fund. Through the years, he had provided new lights for the stadium, artificial turf, a modernized weight room, four or five quarterbacks who excelled at throwing incompletions, a dozen or more ball carriers who ran backward, a bevy of linemen who never learned to block and a vast amount of purple paint for the coaches’ offices.

All Big Ed wanted for his untiring generosity was one more Southwest Conference championship. TCU had won championships regularly when he was a kid, but he hadn’t enjoyed one since I had led the Horned Frogs to an 8–3 record in the early Seventies.

T. J. Lambert was the right man at the

right time, Big Ed was convinced. He was the coach who could get the job done if the Frogs could only recruit a little more aggressively. “I don’t want any N.C.A.A. probations, but I can live with a few reprimands.”

He was aware of Tonsillitis Johnson.

“Tonsillitis can do it all. He can take us to the Cotton Bowl straight as a Indian goes to shit.”

“That’s quick,” I said.

Big Ed reached for another Sherman’s Cigarettello. “T. J.’s worried we can’t outbid Texas or Oklahoma for Tonsillitis. They’ll give him a car, an apartment, a summer job that’ll make him richer than two orthodontists. I said, ‘Hell, I know how we can get that nigger. We’ll give him his own 7-Eleven, tell him he can rob it

any time he wants to!’”

Big Barb shushed Big Ed with a look and a gentle tug on the sleeve of his coat.

I had never been able to shush Big Ed. Neither had Barbara Jane. Big Ed had been saying nigger for as long as we could remember.

We all said it as kids without realizing the hurt it caused. But if you have any feelings, you change when you get older and life drops some smart on you. You can even get pissed off when you hear it applied to a teammate who blocks his ass off for you and accepts you as *his* equal. But I didn’t have a black friend who wouldn’t understand that you can’t shush anybody worth \$60,000,000.

At River Crest, all I did was seize the moment to excuse myself from Big Ed and Big Barb’s company, telling the lie that my knee was starting to act up. What I really intended to do was go back to my hotel and get drunk alone.

It had become a pregame ritual. After all, I had to help that other liberal, T. J. Lambert, beat the Rice Owls the next day.

Blue and gray crepe paper—Rice University’s colors—cluttered the ceiling, crawled up the walls and wrapped around benches in the TCU locker room. Over in a corner, a stereo blasted away with a scratchy recording of *Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet*, the Rice fight song.

“It’s inspired,” I remarked to T. J. as we stood near a coffee urn, watching the Horned Frogs lazily suit up for the game.

“We’ve had it lookin’ like this all week,” T. J. said. “The equipment people done it. I’ve had ‘em playin’ that song all week, too. I figured it was a way to get our crowd sick to death of them Chinese cocksuckers.”

“Chinese?”

“Yeah, fuck them rice-eatin’ turds.”

T. J. wheeled on his squad.

“Fuck Rice! Fuck ever’ grain in Uncle Ben’s fuckin’ box! Piss on China!”

T. J. was getting his game face on. Two players responded with zeal.

“Rice eats shit!” somebody hollered.

“They eat owlshit!” came another cry.

I stirred the coffee in a paper cup. “Uh . . . T. J., what’s China got to do with anything?”

“Chinks eat rice, don’t they?”

I said, “T. J., they haven’t moved Rice from Houston to Peking while my back was turned, have they?”

“Fuck Houston!” T. J. reminded the room.

“T. J., you *do* know where the name comes from, don’t you? An old rich guy named William Marsh Rice founded the school. He was a person, like a Duke or a Vanderbilt or a Stanford.”

“Them’s schools,” said T. J. He bit off a chunk of chewing tobacco. He said, “Let me explain something to you. Rice pricks is engineers, ain’t they? Scientists? Computer technology and all that shit? Well, who knows more about computers than



BRIAN RIVA

“Greetings from the Moral Majority.”

anybody? Chinamen, that's who."

"It's the Japanese, isn't it?"

"Japs, Chinamen. Goddamn, Billy Clyde, gimme a fuckin' break!"

"I'm beginning to understand."

"Awwright, then," T. J. said. "Fuck Rice!"

Out on the field during warm-ups, I met three of T. J.'s assistant coaches. Like the head coach himself, they were all dressed in purple knit shirts, khaki trousers and purple baseball caps. They all had a mouthful of gum or tobacco.

It was a warm September afternoon. Being down on the field was a good feeling, a fanciful experience. I was looking around at the crowd, which filled only half of the 46,000 seats in TCU's stadium, when Mike Homer came up to me. He was the Frogs' offensive coordinator.

I asked Mike if TCU was ready to play a good game.

"You can't ever tell," he said, his eyes fixed on a cute TCU cheerleader who wore a white tank top and a short, pleated purple skirt. She had frizzy blonde hair and tanned, curvy legs.

"That there's old Sandi," he said.

Now I was staring at the cheerleader.

Mike Homer said, "Lord, I know she's somebody's daughter, but I'd wet her down."

The assistant coach then raced onto the field to slap a player on the side of his purple helmet for not throwing the ball with

enough steam on it.

The next assistant coach I met was Ronnie Bob Collins. He was in charge of the defensive secondary.

"Looks like we have some speed in the secondary," I said to coach Collins. "Will they hit?"

"Not like that little shit over there," he said, looking at Sandi. "How'd you like to get hooked up with her? Tell you one thing. You wouldn't need no kick starter on your tongue!"

The teams returned to their dressing rooms for last-minute instructions and nervous pisses before the opening kickoff. That was when T. J. formally introduced me to his valiants.

The introduction was moving enough. I was an all-American, an all-pro, a man who had once sneaked out of a hospital where I was recovering from three broken ribs to beat Notre Dame almost single-handedly on a Saturday very much like this one.

I didn't know what in the name of the Gipper I would say to the TCU players until I sat on the edge of a table and looked out at their farm-kid faces, their street-smart glances, the white numerals on their purple jerseys.

I began by saying how fortunate they were to be playing football for a character builder like coach Lambert and his dedicated staff.

Fear of losing an audience may have

accounted for what I said next.

"Men, I saw something out on the field a while ago that reminded me of another Rice game," I said. "I saw one of your cheerleaders. Cute little girl named Sandi."

"Awwright," said Sonny Plummer, the quarterback, there on the floor in front of me. He and Webster Davis, the tailback, exchanged a high five and pointed at their crotches.

I acknowledged them soberly and continued.

"My junior year, we had a cheerleader who looked enough like Sandi to be her older sister—and it was. Her name was Tracy. I guess you could say Tracy was the most popular girl on the campus. Pretty little blonde devil . . . vivacious, outgoing. Well . . . the Saturday of our game against Rice, right here on this field, she started walking over to the stadium from her room in the Tri Delt dorm and a terrible thing happened. That great little girl—Sandi's older sister—she got run over and killed by a crazy, drunken Rice student in a sports car. Our team . . . we didn't find out about it till after the game—a game we lost."

I paused a minute, as if the thought of Tracy's death had made me nauseated all over again, then I went on.

"Maybe you guys know what I'm gonna say next. Sandi's going to be out there yelling her heart out for you this afternoon:

GUYS' FRYES.

When you've got on a pair of Fries, you've got style. It can be traditional. Or quite contemporary.

Yet all Frye boots and shoes share one thing in common. Each pair is handcrafted from the very finest leathers.

Guy's Fries. For whatever style suits your style.





**Introducing
the only
anti-perspirant
that smells
this good.**

British Sterling.

Now you can enjoy the light, masculine scent of British Sterling for all your grooming needs. New British Sterling Anti-Perspirant Deodorant Stick keeps you dry and odor-free, and using just one scent is a secret to good grooming. The same famous fragrance is also available in a deodorant stick. Pick up the scent today.



BRITISH STERLING
ANTI-PERSPIRANT
DEODORANT
STICK

NET WT. 3.0 OZ.
85.5g

She'll be yelling for you to beat the Rice Owls the same way her sister would have cheered us on if she'd lived. So how 'bout it, gang? Let's even the score. Let's win this one for Sandi and her sister!"

T. J.'s voice boomed out, "Get them low-life fuckin' murderers!"

The Horned Frogs tore out of the locker room like maniacs, whooping, cursing, banging on locker doors, aching for the blood of the Rice Owls.

T. J. shook my hand.

"You did real good, son."

"Thanks, Coach."

"Was that a true story?"

"Part of it. We did have a cheerleader who looked a lot like Sandi."

"What'd she do?"

"The main thing she did was give Shake Tiller the clap."

The score was 12-3 at half time in favor of Rice.

No touchdowns were scored. Rice recovered four fumbles inside TCU's 20-yard line and kicked four field goals to get its 12 points. The Frogs salvaged three points on a field goal in the last minute before the half. A 40-yard pass-interference penalty gave TCU the ball on Rice's one-yard line. Three running plays lost five yards, and T. J. settled for the field goal.

In the locker room, T. J. was livid. He wasn't outraged so much at the score, at the fact that his team was down by nine points, as he was at the indifferent way the Frogs had performed.

They had shown no zip. They weren't hitting. They weren't alert. They didn't even look concerned.

"I'm takin' the blame for the way you puked up them two quarters," T. J. said to the team. "It ain't a question of no guts, it's a plain case of no energy, and it's my fault. Your problem is, you done left your blockin' and tacklin' in a bunch of that sorority whup!"

Girls were the enemy of football players, T. J. said. "If the truth was known, ever' damn one of you got spermed out last night. Don't nobody look at me like I'm wrong!"

He spit tobacco juice on his pants leg, wiped off his chin and said:

"I've give up on this game, fuck it! You can let them slant-eyed sumbitches embarrass you if you want to, but next week things is gonna be different! The women on this campus is gonna get a lot less football cock on Friday night!"

"When I was a young shit-ass, they said it was bad to masturbate. Well, it took some time, but we put an end to that myth—and you're gonna do the same thing! Masturbation is good for a football player! It's particularly good for a football player on the night before a game. Masturbation takes the pressure off. Masturbation has been the secret to more than one football team what kicked somebody's ass!

"You're gonna find out if you

masturbate instead of dippin' your wick, you'll conserve energy. It'll take the pubic hair off your brain. You fuckers done pubed me out in the first half. Embarrassed yourselves in front of Billy Clyde Puckett, a great all-American, and a good many of your mommas and daddies, no doubt. If you'd masturbated last night—right hand fast, left hand slow, don't make a shit—it wouldn't have happened, and it ain't gonna happen again to the Texas Christian University Horned Frogs, you can bust my ass if it does! Now get outa my sight! I ain't got no more time today to watch worms fuckin'."

The Frogs thoroughly dominated the second half. Sonny Plummer flapped his seallike arm for two touchdown passes—they were end over end, but they worked—and Webster Davis plowed 12 yards for another touchdown, the longest run of his career. TCU won the game, 24 to 12. T. J. was triumphantly carried off the field on the shoulders of three beefy linemen.

I may have been the only observer who could appreciate the jubilant gestures the Frogs made with their left and right fists as they trotted past the south goal posts and disappeared into the tunnel leading to the coliseum dressing room.

It might also have been true that others down on the field couldn't have understood what several of the Frogs were chanting as they pumped their fists up and down:

"Right hand, left hand, don't make a shit!"

Tonsillitis Johnson was a staggering sight.

There would have been no mistaking him as he stood in a corner of the Lettermen's Lounge after the game. Apart from the maroon-satin warm-up suit and yellow mirrored sunglasses he wore, he was the young man whose terrifying thighs threatened to burst out of his pants, whose chest, shoulders and arms were carved from granite and whose towering, rounded Afro looked capable of nesting a flock of tundra swans.

Before meeting him, I asked T. J. to refresh my memory about something. Wasn't it against the rules for a Southwest Conference school to bring in a prospective athlete to visit the campus before his high school football season was over?

T. J. answered with a suitably logical question of his own:

"Who the fuck's gonna tell anybody?"

Tonsillitis was accompanied by his older brother, Darnell, a confident-looking man of about 27. Darnell wore a beige-polyester suit, a wool checkered tie, and he carried a valise. He was built as if he might have played football himself, but his physique was nothing to compare with that of Tonsillitis.

And it didn't take a person from Harvard grad school to figure out that Darnell was his brother's agent and financial advisor. Come to think of it, a person

from Harvard grad school wouldn't have figured it out.

"Lookie here," Darnell said. "We can max out at Oklahoma at thirty thou a year. At Texas, we can max out at twenty-five a year, but Tonsillitis be startin' as a freshman in Austin. Tonsillitis don't be needin' that E.O.S. shit, you dig?"

"E.O.S.?" said coach Lambert. I was equally puzzled.

"End of sentence, baby. OU don't guarantee freshmen to start. Tonsillitis be winnin' the Heismans his first year."

"We'll start him as a freshman," T. J. said. "He can call plays if he wants to."

"Tonsillitis don't be callin' plays. Tonsillitis' bran be needin' to res' up for G.B.O.S."

"G.B. who?" I said.

"Get bad on Saturday."

Tonsillitis was also a person of character, Darnell said. When February eighth, the national signing date, came around, Tonsillitis would honor the L.O.I. he signed.

"Letter of intent?" I said.

"You cool."

I attempted to engage Tonsillitis in conversation by asking if he was worried about injuries this season, his senior year in high school. "It could be expensive," I took pleasure in saying.

"Tonsillitis don't be gettin' hurt," Darnell said. "Tonsillitis be hurtin' other folks."

T. J. patted Tonsillitis on the back. "You're the best, hoss. Best I ever saw."

I kept looking at Tonsillitis for his answer. I would have liked to have seen his eyes, but I could only see my forehead in his yellow sunglasses.

Tonsillitis said, "You have ast me if I am worried about injurin' myself in my las' season. My answer to you is no. That would be undue worriation."

Darnell related a story about their childhood, the purpose of which was to convey to us that Tonsillitis had always been a tough competitor.

There was this night when the two boys had been taken to a double feature by their father, a handy man. Tonsillitis was only seven years old at the time. The movies they had seen were *Blood Beach* and *My Bloody Valentine*.

"Kids is funny," Darnell smiled. "We came home and the first thing Tonsillitis said was, 'Daddy, I'm gonna get a knife and cut you up.'"

Darnell and I laughed together, he at what Tonsillitis had said, me at the double feature their daddy had chosen.

Tonsillitis' name had been intriguing me. I was compelled to ask Darnell where it had come from.

"He was named for his uncle, Tonsorrell," Darnell said. "Everybody had trouble sayin' it right. We started callin' him Tonsillitis when he was little. Might as well be his real name."

The meeting adjourned with T. J. urging

In a world of shrinking standards, our quality comes in writing.

How many things are there you can trust implicitly? Now consider Bic. Our quality speaks silently, but eloquently, for itself.

We'll never cut a corner, and our quality control is ruthless.

In short, even though we make millions of pens a day, our reputation rides on the next Bic you pick.

Because we believe reliability shouldn't be a thing of the past, but a thing in the pocket.



Handsewn FRYES.

More comfortable because our

Handsewns are fully leather lined. With soft, cushioned leather insoles.

Stylish in Burnt Cherry and Burnt Sugar. And in the complete range of traditional colors you've come to expect from Frye.



There's only one way to play it.



Wherever the music is hot,
the taste is Kool. At any 'tar' level,
there's only one sensation
this refreshing.



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

© 1984 B&W T Co

Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar",
1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.



Buck Brown

"Hi, honey. I hope you like stovetop stuffing!"



RED STANDS OUT. WITH THE BLUES.

Joe Williams,
master of the blues.

ITS DISTINCT
PREMIUM TASTE
MAKES IT
THE WORLD'S
BEST SELLING
SCOTCH



Send a gift of Johnnie Walker Red
anywhere in the U.S.A. Call 1-800-243-3787.
Void where prohibited.

Tonsillitis to have a great year at Boakum High and not make any college decisions until he checked with the Horned Frogs.

TCU's head coach was asking for the right of last refusal.

"What number you want to wear on that purple jersey, hoss?" T. J. squeezed Tonsillitis' shoulder lovingly.

"Thirty grand," I answered for him.

"My man!" said Darnell, offering me his palm to slap.

A month later, T. J. Lambert was on the phone with the joyous news. TCU was going to win a national championship next season. Not the conference championship; the national championship, the one that puts a coach in a class with "all them Darrell Royals." The Horned Frogs were going to be number one in so many polls, the mascot might have to be changed to a Trojan or a Cornhusker.

T. J. was a little drunk, but he said he had good reason to be. And he just wanted to share this happy moment with an old friend and stalwart Horned Frog.

He said, "It looks like I'm gonna have me a Tonsillitis Johnson and a Artis Toothis in the same backfield!"

T. J. coughed, then belched. I heard him holler at Donna, his wife, "Damn, honey, I done cheated my ass out of a fart!"

Now he came back on the phone to explain how this recruiting miracle was going to happen.

"I got Tonsillitis in my pocket," he said. "Ain't no question about that. Big Ed Bookman gimme a blank check and said, 'Here, T. J., throw a net over that nigger and haul him in.' I done laid a Datsun Two-Eighty on his ass and six charge cards. My coaches has talked to our sororities. Tonsillitis has got so much white pussy waitin' for him in Fort Worth, he's gonna have to get a wooden dick!"

Artis Toothis was another story, a bit more complicated. The speedster from the Big Thicket, last year's most wanted blue chipper, Artis Toothis had wound up at SMU, all right, but he had dropped out of school. His explanation to the press was that he had been lonely and unhappy in Dallas, which was to say that he had been forced to enroll in a freshman English class, and he had heard a rumor that his meal allowance of \$3000 a month was far below the figure a running back at the University of Texas was getting.

Artis had gone home to Willow Neck in the sleek white Jaguar he had decided to keep. He was mostly just lolling around the house now, playing with the cur dogs and watching one of the 240 TV channels he could pick up from the satellite dish an SMU alum had installed in the yard.

SMU's coaches couldn't very well complain about Artis' keeping the Jaguar. It would be an admission that he had received an under-the-table gift.

But the vital thing was that Artis Toothis hadn't played a single down of football for the SMU Mustangs. From the start of two-a-days, he had complained of a pinched ankle, giving himself time to shop around for better opportunities. Under the rules, therefore, he could lay out a season—this one—and be eligible to play for another school next year. And the other school was going to be TCU.

I asked T. J. why he was so certain of it.

Big Ed Bookman was arranging it, the coach said. Big Ed had come to the conclusion that looking for chaparrals was more challenging than looking for dinosaurs. He had already proved himself in the oil business. He had realized that if he could bring the number-one college team to Fort Worth, it would be the accomplishment of his life. They would probably rename River Crest Country Club after him.

Any project this big had to have a solid foundation. Big Ed had begun laying the groundwork for it by hiring Tonsillitis' brother, Darnell, as his personal assistant at Bookman Oil & Gas. He was paying him a whopping salary and he had given him a big office next door to his own. Darnell's job had nothing to do with oil or gas, of course. His job was to put Tonsillitis Johnson and Artis Toothis in TCU's backfield.

Only today, T. J. reported, Darnell had visited with Artis Toothis down in Willow Neck, and it looked like they weren't that far apart in the negotiations. It was nothing Big Ed couldn't handle with Grovers. Grover Cleveland's. Thousand-dollar bills.

"You know Big Ed," T. J. said. "Ain't nobody gonna out-Grover Big Ed when he gets that look in his eye."

He let out a delirious hoot, then said:

"Can you imagine what it's gonna be like to have them two burners in my backfield? Good God A'mighty! I won't have to do nothin' but get out of their way and masturbate!"

The head coach of the Horned Frogs couldn't wait for the present season to be over so he could start putting in his two-back offense for next year. Since the victory I had witnessed over Rice, the Frogs had beaten only one other foe, UT-Arlington. They were two and four, and they still had to face Ohio State in an intersectional game, along with the strongest teams in the conference, Houston, Baylor, Texas and Texas A & M.

It looked like another 2-9 record for T. J.

"I done writ' this sumbitch off," he said.

Of the gloomy prospect of having to go to Columbus, Ohio, T. J. said, "I don't know what pea brain scheduled that cocksucker!"

I congratulated him on his rebuilding job. I had never dreamed the day would come when TCU would operate like a big-league school. Now it was upon us.

"This thing could snowball," said the coach. "Big Ed wants Darnell to keep representin' athletes as a side line."

"Side line to what?" I said, laughing.

T. J. said, "Darnell is a geologist, in case anybody wants to know. We got a fuckin' scroll hangin' on his wall."

I said, "Coach, it looks like we could be



"That's not what I meant when I said you could run your fingers through my hair!"

good for years to come if we don't go to jail."

"I ain't worried about them N.C.A.A. phonies," said T. J. "They can come down here and sniff around all they want to. We'll strap some perjury on they ass and send 'em home!"

I owned up to T. J. that a thought was making me dizzy but giving me considerable pleasure at the same time. I said it was not easy for me to envision a black man—Darnell Johnson—sitting in an office in Big Ed Bookman's oil-and-gas building, not far from River Crest Country Club, right there on the fashionable West Side of Fort Worth, Texas, U.S.A.

"Big Ed don't give a shit if he's polka dot. All Big Ed wants is a winner."

The distressing news from Fort Worth in early December was that Tonsillitis Johnson's mind had been warped by an Indian swami—and T. J. Lambert's future was heaving in a sea of disaster.

Just when T. J. and Big Ed Bookman had been so sure that everything was under control, that Tonsillitis was as good as theirs—TCU's, actually—Darnell had brought them word of this sudden and unforeseen complication.

Tonsillitis, it seemed, had fallen under the spell of Swami Muktananda, and the blue chipper was seriously thinking about giving up football. Swami Muktananda, also known as Haba, had

all but convinced Tonsillitis that he should move to New Delhi, live in a ditch and seek life's fulfillment by washing down elephants.

"Mooka banana who?"

I had asked the question sleepily, because T. J.'s phone call had awakened me in the dead of night.

"I don't know how you say it," T. J. said, "but the sumbitch is about to ruin my life."

The point of his call was to beg me to go to Fort Worth as soon as possible. There would be a meeting between me, T. J., Big Ed and Darnell to try to figure out what to do about reclaiming Tonsillitis' mind.

On the phone that night, T. J. told me some of the sordid details of what had happened to Tonsillitis.

Because of the swami, Tonsillitis had refused to play in his last high school football game, Boakum's annual blood bath against archrival Eula. Swami Muktananda had passed through town and had given a lecture at Boakum High. Tonsillitis, being president of the student body, had met the swami. They had talked about the "value of life." And the next thing anyone knew, Tonsillitis had been in a trance before the Eula game and wouldn't move from the bench.

Boakum's coach, Mutt Turnbull, had pleaded with his star to go out on the field and defend the honor of Boakum. Tonsillitis had only mumbled, "What I be wearin'

a helmet for? What I be doin' on this planet?"

Darnell was more frustrated than anybody. He had been at the game, and he had reminded the running back that big money was at stake, never mind the hatred for Eula that one had been born with.

Tonsillitis had said to Darnell, "Folks be hittin' one another for no reason. I wants to quit football and grow my own food."

Darnell had said, "Hey, baby, we're talkin' gusto here, you understand? *Mucho dolores.*"

"Swami say life don't be measured by numbers," Tonsillitis said. "Swami say happiness don't be livin' in no end zone."

Darnell had almost lost his temper.

He had said, "Yeah, well, swamis be fuckin' with incense and shit. Get your ass off that bench!"

Nothing had worked. Tonsillitis hadn't played in the game and, as of now, he wasn't planning to play for TCU or any other college. He was meditating and eating rice and lentils.

Neither T. J. nor Big Ed had seen Swami Muktananda. Darnell had been in contact with him, however, and was trying to work out an economic solution.

For enough money, Swami Muktananda might be tempted to persuade Tonsillitis to play football again.

"I ain't sure you can buy swamis," T. J. said.

T. J. sounded very low on the phone.

He said, "It's a hell of a thing, ain't it, son? I got me the greatest football player in captivity and somebody's done jacked with his brain. What does that tell you about our goddamn educational system?"

I asked if there was anything new on the Artis Toothis front.

"Looks like we're OK there," T. J. said. "Artis Toothis is an ambitious young man with a good business head on his shoulders. He's the kind of person America can be proud of."

Artis Toothis was ready to wear the purple and white and look after his real-estate investments. Only the nuts and bolts of his contract were yet to be worked out. For example, he was insisting on a guarantee that he would play the same number of minutes and carry the ball the same number of times as Tonsillitis.

T. J. returned to the mournful subject of Tonsillitis by saying, "Can you believe TCU's luck? I just wish somebody would tell me how a robe-wearin', mediatin' cocksucker can get a nigger worried about the value of life!"

T. J. was badly in need of friends around him.

He said, "I'll tell you the truth, Billy Clyde. I feel like I been ate by a coyote and shit off a cliff!"

Through the two glass walls of Big Ed's office on the eighth floor of the Bookman Oil & Gas Building, you could almost see every stump, scorpion and mesquite tree



"Oh, I'm sorry, honey, the sex manual is upside down."



Technics Digital Compact Disc Players. Lasers and computers give you the one experience your conventional audio system never could: Reality.

Reality: The duplication of a live musical performance. The most elusive goal of all. Yet reality is precisely what you hear with Technics digital Compact Disc players.

How? Technics revolutionary Compact Disc players have a laser instead of a conventional stylus. Because instead of conventional record grooves, digital Compact Discs have a computer code. The laser "reads" this code. And a computer instantaneously translates it into music.

What you hear is not just a reproduction of the music, but a re-creation of it: Reality.

And nothing touches the Compact Disc except the laser beam. That means there is no wear. No noise. And no distortion. All of which can plague conventional records.

All this Technics digital technology comes together in the latest generation of Technics Compact Disc players. The remarkable SL-P8 and SL-P7.

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

You can program the SL-P8 up to 32 different

ways. Play any selection you want. In any order you want. Repeat the selections you like. Even skip ones you don't.

Auto Music Scan automatically lets you hear the first 10 seconds of every selection. So finding the selection you want is easy.

The fluorescent display shows you precisely where the laser is on the disc. So you can even find the exact notes you want to hear.

And to let you do all this from across the room, the SL-P8 even has an infrared remote control.

Experience the full range of Technics digital technology. Including the SL-P8 and the affordable SL-P7.

The digital revolution continues at Technics.

Technics
The science of sound

Get a Technics CD Starter Kit*—3 Free Discs: The Jacksons' "Victory," "Flashdance," "Classical Sampler."
Plus a Free CD Cleaning System & CD Club Membership Including 1 Free Disc. Total Suggested Retail Value Over \$85.

*with purchase of any Technics CD Player from September 1 to December 31, 1984. See participating Technics dealers for details.

Uncork the magic!

Unique in all the world
is the magic that love
inspires.

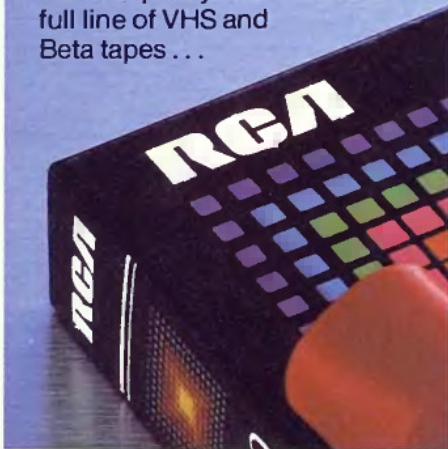
Korbel Champagne...
lovingly created by the
methode champenoise for
more than one hundred
years.



F. Korbel & Bros., Guerneville, Sonoma
County, CA • Producers of fine California
Champagnes.

Where to keep your Christmas memories.

Nothing captures holiday events worth keeping as well as RCA Video Tape. With RCA you get excellence in technology from a proven leader in video. So everything you keep is collector's quality. RCA offers a full line of VHS and Beta tapes . . .



in West Texas.

On the two wood-paneled walls of the office, you could see a dozen paintings of the drilling rigs and producing pumps that had brought immense wealth to Big Ed.

And on Big Ed's face that morning, I could see the look of a man who wanted to have Swami Mukhtamananda measured for a cement robe.

Big Ed, T. J., Darnell and myself were sitting around a conference table, warming up our coffee cups, as Big Ed said:

"You think I can't get it done? I'll call Vegas! I can get it done quicker than that swami can say shish kabob! It won't cost me a wink of sleep, either! Foreign sons of bitches are bad enough when they wear their black suits and their mirrored sunglasses and try to tell me how to run the oil bidness! Now I got me a Hindu lunatic who's fucking around with college football! Goddamn, I wish I had my own hydrogen bomb!"

"India ain't good for shit," said T. J. "What they got over there? A bunch of fuckers in bed sheets makin' mud pies."

Darnell said, "Swami's a tough dude. I've had three meetings with him. Mr. Bookman gimme the authority to offer him three hundred thou, but he just sit there cross-legged." The number impressed me. So did Darnell.

"Would you really pay three hundred thousand for Tonsillitis?" I said to my father-in-law.

"For a national championship?" said Big Ed. "I'd go a lot higher. That's all it'd be. Tonsillitis and that Toothis kid can take us straight to number one."

"Where would you max out?"

While Big Ed was making up his mind about it, Darnell said, "Swami don't care about money. Swami be talkin' about America—how Americans confuse *style* with *substance*."

"Hear that?" T. J. said, a little wild-eyed. "Try that shit on!"

"Half a million," said Big Ed, arriving at a figure. "But I'd damn well want the assurance that Tonsillitis was back to normal and wasn't hangin' upside down in his bedroom."



"Upside down?" I looked at Darnell.

Darnell said, "Tonsillitis be hangin' upside down thirty minutes ever' day before lunch."

Tonsillitis was also into incense, meditation, exercises. He was staying in shape; that was one good thing. Darnell didn't know what you called it when Tonsillitis placed his hands on the brick magnets and hummed for an hour.

"Chanting," I said.

"Rrrright," said Darnell. "You know about that shit, baby."

"What the fuck difference does it make, hummin' or chantin'?" T. J. said. "All I know is, the best football player in America is sittin' down there in Boakum, Texas,

with his head out of whack, and I'm sittin' up here at TCU, tryin' to pull a string out of a duck's ass."

Big Ed came up with a plan. He wanted me to go to Boakum, make an effort to talk some sense into Tonsillitis. There was a chance he would listen to a famous football player. If I had no luck with Tonsillitis, I was to meet with Swami Mukhtamananda.

I was to offer the swami \$500,000 to convince Tonsillitis that the only way to purify his soul was to play football for TCU. The swami could take the money all at once or in deferred payments; whatever his taxman suggested. This was Big Ed's final offer. He could take it or leave it.

"If this don't work, we'll just have to find us another nigger." Big Ed sighed. "Excuse me, Darnell."

Darnell had a good feeling about the plan. Five hundred thousand dollars was "*mucho dolores*." Big Ed might have bought himself a swami, he said.

By appointment, I met Tonsillitis Johnson at K's Restaurant in downtown Boakum.

Downtown Boakum was a courthouse surrounded by four blocks of deserted storefronts with head-in parking for the only other vehicles we could see, which were four pickup trucks and a Datsun 280Z—Tonsillitis' car, courtesy of Big Ed.

K's Restaurant looked like a place I had



... including super high grade, in a variety of lengths, for pictures that are brighter and clearer than ever.

This holiday, play for keeps with RCA Video Tape.

RCA Video Tape

When you're playing for keeps.

spent half my life in. Leatherette stools along a serving counter. Linoleum-top tables. Tile floor. A black-and-white TV on a shelf playing a *Gunsmoke* rerun. A blue-and-orange Boakum Bobcats pennant on the wall above a squad picture of last year's class-AA state champions, the Boakum Bobcats. Antique-brass cash register. George Jones on the jukebox. Meat-leaf special on the menu. Tired K cooking in the kitchen and tired Marvene behind the counter. And two fence menders trying to beat the pinball machine.

"Finesse that fucker, Dace!" said one of the fence menders as the machine clanged and flickered.

Tonsillitis was seated at a table in the rear of the place. I sat down with him as Marvene brought coffee I hadn't asked for and put another cup of tea in front of Tonsillitis.

Tonsillitis was wearing a Levi's jacket over a T-shirt and his yellow reflective glasses.

Marvene came to the table with a Polaroid camera.

"I'm flattered," I said. "Will I be on K's wall?"

"Honey, you are the Red Cross!" Marvene said. She snapped the pictures and brought me a slice of homemade chocolate pie.

I asked Tonsillitis if he felt the same about football—was he still confused?

"Haba say to probe for the inner truth," he said.

"You can probe in college and still play football," I said.

"College be havin' material value. Haba say material value is the road to evil."

I said, "Tonsillitis, would you play football again if Haba said it was all right?"

"Haba don't like football."

"Haba might change his mind."

"Who gonna change Haba?"

"Grover."

"Grover who?"

"Grover's the boss swami."

"I never heard of Grover."

"Haba has."

Tonsillitis said he would follow Haba's teachings, even if they led to playing football again.

That was all I needed to know.

"Where can I find Haba?" I asked.

Tonsillitis said Swami Muktamananda was waiting for me across the street in the square. The swami refused to patronize K's because the restaurant served carbonated sodas.

I left Tonsillitis in K's and walked over to the square, where I found Swami Muktamananda sitting cross-legged under a hackberry tree.

The swami was a black man in a beard and dark glasses. He was wrapped in a bed sheet, wore a baseball cap that said BLUE SOX and a pair of high-top tennis shoes. There was no other swami in the square. It had to be him.

I plopped down on the grass with him, introduced myself.

"You are a man of sweetness, I have a way of knowing," said Haba.

I came right to the point.

"Haba," I said, "we've got a gentleman in Fort Worth who's reached his E.O.R."

"I do not understand," said the swami.

"End of rope," I said. "The gentleman wants Tonsillitis to play football for TCU so bad, he's willing to increase his contribution to your cause."

"I have no cause, only my teachings."

"My man thinks your lectures would be

greatly improved if you had five hundred thousand dollars in the bank."

"Oh, my," said Haba.

I said, "The man's name is Ed Bookman. He's extremely wealthy and a man of God. Although he's a Christian, he respects your beliefs. He says he's convinced you will have many more visions come to you out of the pitch-blackness if a half a million is deposited in your account at the United Bank of Austin. I've lived a cloistered life myself, Haba, and I've learned something about bucolic. He don't pay the lights, gas and water."

"You have spoken a truth," Haba said.

I said, "Mr. Bookman says he will make half of the contribution now and the other half when your disciple signs his letter of intent on February eighth. This is assuming we have a deal."

Swami Muktamananda saw the need to meditate for a moment, to ask his divinity for guidance in the matter. He tilted his head back, put his palms together.

Coming out of it, he said, "These funds would be tax-free?"

I wondered if Big Ed knew Darnell was the swami.

Tonsillitis Johnson signed his letter of intent at noon on February eighth.

The ceremony was held in the Lettermen's Lounge at TCU. It was attended by two dozen writers and radio and TV reporters, who formed a half circle around a table at which all of us were seated: me, T. J., Big Ed.

At a given signal from Big Ed, Tonsillitis was led into the room by Darnell, and the two of them were accompanied by Artis Toothis.

As they entered, flash attachments popped on Nikons and TV cameramen with hand-held cameras scurried about.

Darnell Johnson looked extremely prosperous and dignified in his gray three-piece suit and horn-rimmed glasses, almost as prosperous and dignified as Artis Toothis in his three-piece suit and horn-rimmed glasses.

Tonsillitis wore his maroon-satin warm-ups and yellow mirrored sunglasses, but he had added a white headband.

T. J. stood up at the table and introduced Darnell.

Addressing the media, Darnell said:

"This is a great day for TCU. As you know, Artis Toothis has announced his plans to be playin' football here. Today, we are deliverin' to this university the other bes' football player in humanity."

Big Ed handed Darnell a gold pen. Darnell handed the gold pen to Tonsillitis.

"Sign you name, baby," Darnell said to his brother.

"Ratch ear?"

"Right there where it say."

I watched as Tonsillitis signed his name on the letter of intent, just on the odd chance that he might spell it "booley." No, he spelled it clearly and correctly. Tonsorrell Baines Johnson.



"OK, we'll have your mom over for Thanksgiving dinner and I'll act as if I'm glad to see her."

Everybody shook Tonsillitis' hand, Darnell's hand, T. J.'s hand, Big Ed's hand, Artis Toothis' hand. Pictures were taken of Tonsillitis with everyone, in twos, in threes, in groups.

T. J. then spoke to the press.

"Men, I don't need to tell you what this means to me. A coach wins football games with them horny ol' boys who want to eat the crotch out of a end zone. I got me two of 'em now. TCU's on the way back! Around this conference, they been sayin' you couldn't melt us down and pour us into a fight, but we're gonna show 'em next fall! With Tonsillitis and Artis wearin' that purple, we're gonna be jacked off like a house cat."

When the proceedings were over, I took Big Ed aside.

"What do you hear from the swami, Ed?" I asked.

"Gone," he said. "If I had to guess, I'd say the Hindu son of a bitch has moved on to the Big Eight or the Pac Ten."

So Big Ed didn't know. Maybe I'd tell him after Tonsillitis made all-American or won the conference for him or scored so many touchdowns he turned white.

It was a clear night, not indecently hot for Texas in early September, and the stars that swept across the sky above the stadium made it look like the Skipper had called in a decorator. It was the first game of the season, and TCU Stadium throbbed with an overflow crowd of 50,000 people, largely due to the 20,000 fanatics who had followed the Auburn Tigers to Fort Worth. A third of the stadium was a mosaic of Auburn blue and orange.

While T. J. and his assistants constantly slapped their hands together, whistled, yelled and raced about, the TCU players limped around, stretched, tampered with their equipment.

In particular, Tonsillitis Johnson and Artis Toothis blundered through their warm-ups like men with sore muscles.

Big Ed and Big Barb were visions of purple. Big Ed wore a purple blazer, a purple tie with a white shirt and a white Stetson. Big Barb was resplendent in a purple suit and white Garbo hat.

In the box with Big Ed and Big Barb was Darnell Johnson, the assistant to the president of Bookman Oil & Gas. Darnell had neglected to wear anything purple, but he looked as prosperous as ever in his suit, vest and tie.

Now the TCU band and cheerleaders, led by Sandi, formed a corridor through which the Horned Frogs retreated to the dressing room for T. J. Lambert's final words of encouragement and advice. He faced the squad and hung his head, waiting for everyone to quiet down before he spoke. The moment came, and in a somber tone, he said:

"Men, I don't have to tell you what you're up against tonight. They're the

national champions. They're as good a team as I ever saw. They're waitin' for you out there like pallbearers. TCU don't mean dookie to Aubrin. But you know what I think's gonna happen? I think we're goin' out there and strap so much quick on 'em, they'll have to get their ass sewed up with barbed wire! Now, let's go do it! Fuck Aubrin!"

There were no whoops from the players. They left the dressing room laughing and joking.

Standing at the dressing-room door, I felt a little rush of purple as I said to Artis Toothis, "Go get 'em, Artis."

"I got the claim check, baby," he said. "We pickin' up baggage tonight!"

To Tonsillitis Johnson, I said, "Have a good one, hoss."

"Ain't nothin' to it," he said. "We gonna hit 'em with a pocketful of flash."

I was back on the field behind the TCU bench as the two squads knelt for a prayer before the opening kickoff. Auburn may have been praying, but there was little doubt in my mind that T. J. was reminding his lads that it was more blessed to die at birth than fumble a football.

Auburn kicked off to TCU and the ball sailed out of the end zone. The offensive unit of the Horned Frogs trotted out to their own 20-yard line in their dark-purple jerseys and purple helmets, Tonsillitis wearing number one and Artis wearing number 99.

On TCU's first play from scrimmage, Tonsillitis took a pitchout from Jimmy Sibley, the transfer quarterback. All Tonsillitis did on his first carry as a collegian was break five tackles and rumble 80 yards for a touchdown.

I looked up at the box in time to see Big Ed and Darnell swap high fives.

The Frogs kicked off to Auburn. The Tigers couldn't make a first down and punted out of bounds on TCU's 37-yard line. On the first play from there, Artis Toothis took a pitchout from Jimmy Sibley, sped around a corner and nobody touched him as he went 63 yards for another touchdown.

Now, up in the box, Big Ed Bookman and Darnell Johnson, a white man and a black man—in public, in an old Texas cow town—embraced and kissed each other on the cheek.

That was a sight I wish I could have shared with all the semi-holy reformers who want to fuck with college football.

Before the half had ended, and just after Tonsillitis had plowed 16 yards for his third touchdown, I worked my way to T. J. on the side line and said, "Like we've always known, coaching makes the difference."

T. J. looked like a man who was half spellbound, half brainsick. He said, "I ain't sure my heart can take this season, son. Them two fuckers is gonna scatter everybody we play like monkey shit!"

I didn't have a semi-doubt about it.

SATIN SHEETS SPOIL YOURSELF



\$29

twin set

BUY DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER, SENSUOUSLY SOFT, NO SNAG FINISH SATIN SHEETS, MACHINE WASH AND DRY, SEAMLESS, NO IRONING, IN 10 COLORS. SET INCLUDES: FLAT SHEET, FITTED SHEET, AND 2 MATCHING PILLOW CASES.

CALL NOW (ORDERS ONLY)

TOLL FREE 1-800-428-7825 EXT. 15

IN CALIF. 1-800-428-7824 EXT. 15

24 hours 7 days a waak

Visa, Mastercharge, or American Express number and expiration date, or

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:

KARESS

**18653 VENTURA BLVD., SUITE 325
TARZANA, CA 91356**

COLORS

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Twin Set \$29.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Black |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Full Set \$39.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Queen Set \$49.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Burgundy |
| <input type="checkbox"/> King Set \$59.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Champagne |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Waterbed Set | <input type="checkbox"/> Red |
| \$69.00 (specify size) | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Blue |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Letter Monogram | <input type="checkbox"/> Royal Blue |
| on 2 cases \$4.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> Lavender |
| initials _____ | <input type="checkbox"/> Rose Pink |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Silver |

Add \$3.00 Shipping & Handling

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED.

Amer. Exp. Visa M/C

Account No. _____ Exp. Date _____

Add 6 1/2% Sales Tax for California Residents



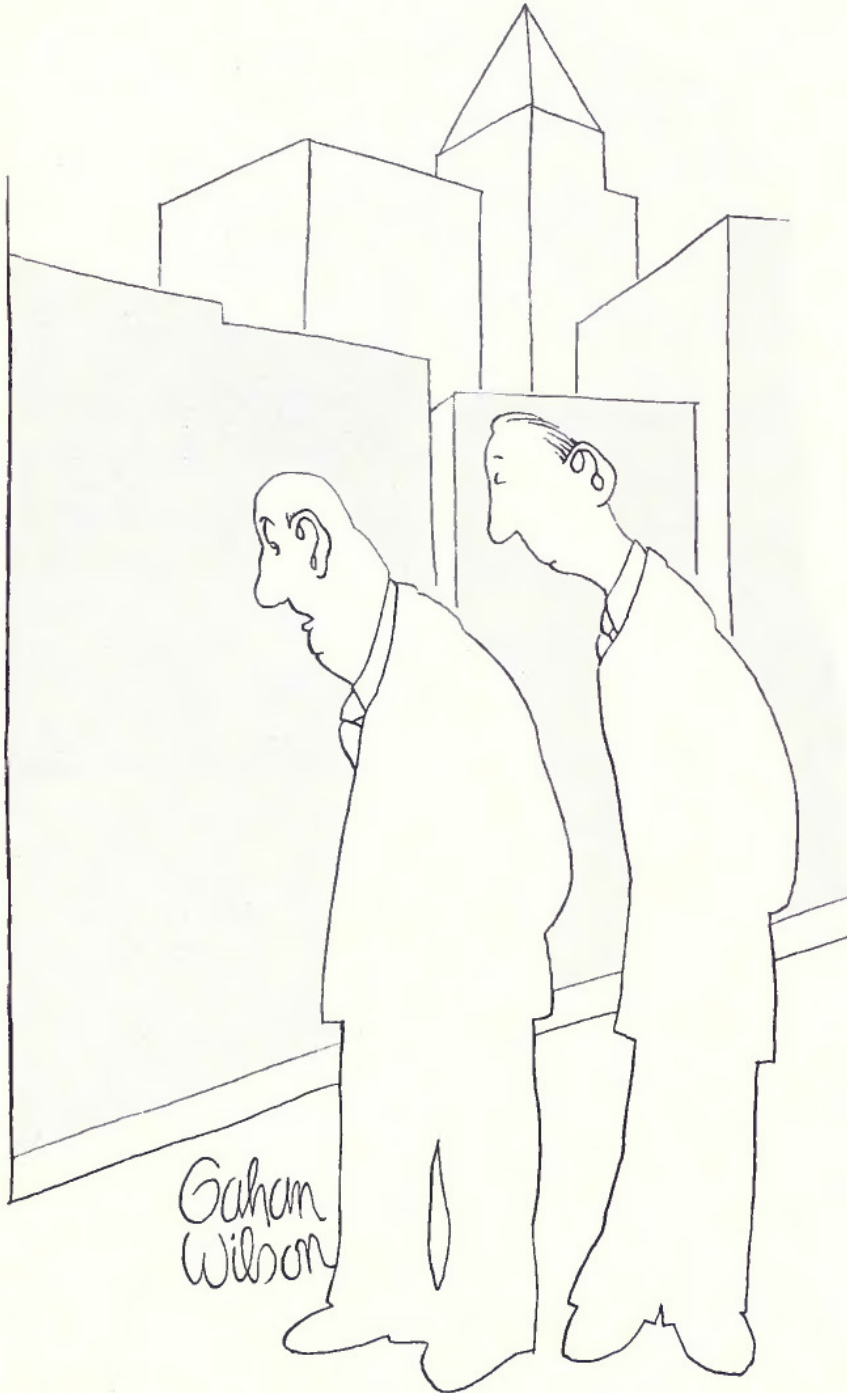
CORDIALS

(continued from page 118)

"The pousse-café is a tour de force, more theater than saloon, but it is spectacular."

all these cordials? Just about everybody. Popular wisdom has it that only ladies and sissies imbibe them, but that's a sexist canard. Real men appreciate good things, too; and they relish cordials. According to marketing people at Baileys and Emmets (the number-two cream liqueur), men put

away more of the product than women do. However, the most radical development in the realm of cordials is the *way* people are drinking them: not from thimble-sized cordial glasses and not exclusively after dinner but on the rocks, in highballs with soda or other mixers and in a multitude of



"There certainly are a lot of little people, aren't there?"

cocktails. Get to know them in their infinite diversity—starting with the drinks described below.

Schnapps is an easy blender, as you may gather from the four simple combinations that follow. Proportions are usually listed as equal parts of schnapps and the complementary ingredient. We prefer to soft-pedal the aggressive mint flavor.

SCHNAPPS POPS

Silver Bullet: ½ oz. peppermint schnapps, 1 oz. tequila, lime wheel. Shake schnapps and tequila with cracked ice; strain into chilled cocktail glass. Hang lime wheel on rim of glass.

Schnapps Whizzer: ½ oz. peppermint schnapps, 1 oz. brandy, strip of lemon peel. Shake schnapps and brandy briskly with ice. Pour unstrained into old fashioned glass. Twist lemon peel over drink; discard.

White Spider: ½ oz. peppermint schnapps, 1 oz. vodka, strip of orange peel. Shake schnapps and vodka briskly with ice. Pour unstrained into old fashioned glass. Twist orange peel over drink; discard.

Chocolate Mint: ¾ oz. peppermint schnapps, 1½ ozs. chocolate liqueur. Shake briskly with cracked ice; strain into small wineglass or sour glass. Sprinkle cocoa powder lightly over drink, if desired.

The pousse-café is a tour de force, more theater than saloon, but it is spectacular. The idea is to pour different-colored cordials into a glass in such a way that they form distinct layers. The trick is to select cordials of different densities and pour the heaviest first, going on to progressively lighter weights. Besides the cordials, you'll need a tall, slender, straight-sided cordial glass and a demitasse spoon.

DOMIGAN'S POUSSE-CAFÉ

- 1 part crème de cassis (Arrow, Bols, Leroux)
- 1 part crème de banana
- 1 part blue curaçao
- 1 part brandy

Pour crème de cassis into chilled cordial glass. Hold spoon with rounded side up and place tip at an angle inside glass. Pour crème de banana slowly over back of spoon. Repeat with curaçao, then brandy. You should have a multihued showpiece. For a group, you can prepare a quantity of pousse-café, set them on a tray and hold in refrigerator. Take out *very carefully* when ready to serve.

FRAMBOISE SOUR

- 2 ozs. raspberry cordial (Marie Brizard, Chambord)
 - ¾ oz. lemon juice
 - 2 teaspoons heavy cream
 - 2 fresh raspberries
- Shake all ingredients but raspberries

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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

Winston. America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.



When you're bold.
When you're shy.

English Leather
MUSK
COLOGNE
4 FL. OZ. / 100 ml

Wear Musk by English Leather when you're feeling bold. Or when you're feeling shy. Either way, Musk by English Leather will speak for you. We know that the same guy can be outgoing sometimes, laid back other times. So we created an easy way to communicate without saying a word. Get the bold/shy scent of English Leather Musk.

MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE N.J. 07647

To us, it's a technical
breakthrough with 23 precise,
reliable parts.
To you, it's just a flick of the Bic.



with cracked ice. Strain into sour glass or over ice cubes in old fashioned glass. Fix berries on pick and place in glass.

COCONUTSY

2 ozs. coconut-rum liqueur
3 ozs. pineapple juice, chilled
½ oz. cream
⅓ cup finely crushed ice
Wedge fresh pineapple or kumquat
Combine all ingredients but fruit in chilled blender container. Buzz until just smooth. Serve in large wineglass or highball glass. Spear fruit with pick and add to glass.

BLACK ROSE

1¼ ozs. crème de cassis (L'Héritier Guyot, Gode Froy)
¾ oz. kirsch
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Lemon slice
Shake all ingredients but lemon slice with ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Hang lemon slice on rim.

CREAM DREAM

2 ozs. nut liqueur (Frangelico, Nocello, Florenza)
½ oz. brandy
3 ozs. milk or half-and-half, chilled
Dash bitters
Combine all ingredients with ice in shaker; shake vigorously. Pour unstrained into 10-oz. collins glass. If you do it right, the drink will have a head of foam.

SCHNAPPS 'N' SCHWEPES

1½–2 ozs. (depending on proof) peppermint schnapps
Lime wedge
Schweppes tonic water, chilled
Fill 8-oz. highball glass with ice cubes and add schnapps. Squeeze lime wedge into glass; add peel. Stir well. Pour in tonic to taste. Stir briefly to combine.

WHITE LADY

An original creation from Harry's N.Y. Bar, Paris.
1 oz. gin
1 oz. Cointreau
1 oz. lemon juice
Shake all ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass.

THE POLISHED APPLE

2 ozs. apple cordial (Berentzen, Schnapple, Apple Barrel Schnapps)
Wedge red-skinned apple, unpeeled
Lemon soda, chilled
Lemon slice
Fill 8-oz. highball glass with ice cubes. Add apple cordial and apple wedge; stir. Add lemon soda to fill or to taste. Stir quickly. Hang lemon slice on rim of glass.
A full complement of cordials in your liquor cabinet is like a complete set of clubs in your golf bag: You have something for every shot.



From here, said the ancients, spring all human passions and mystical powers. Yet it is also a point of vulnerability. And how well the entire body functions, depends, in part, upon its relative strength and tone.

In the human abdomen, there are three major muscle groups. To reach them all and develop each in proper proportion,

requires more than a single workout station.

Soloflex offers five. Which is why Soloflex builds the stomach. With the same efficiency and simplicity that it builds the rest of the body.

For a free brochure, call 1-800-453-9000. In Canada, 1-800-543-1005. VHS Video brochure also available upon request.



SOLOFLEX®

THE STOMACH.

Calgary.

A rugged place for a smooth whisky to start.



ALBERTA, CANADA—The Calgary Stampede, the world's richest rodeo. It attracts the nastiest bulls, the most ornery broncs, and the best cowboys anywhere to ride them. There's a chuck wagon race that'll make your bones rattle and a motorized barstool race that'll leave you black and blue for a month.

For ten days every July, ever since 1912, people come from all over to recapture the spirit of the Canadian West.

This is where Windsor Canadian comes from. We get rye from the rich fields around Calgary. We get water from the glacier-fed streams west of town. We age the whisky in the high, dry air, until it's so consistently smooth, you'd never guess it could come from a place so rugged.



WINDSOR
CANADA'S SMOOTHEST WHISKY.

“One of my players joked that we held a general manager in the hot tub until he acceded to our demands.”

agents. He is offered many inducements at a time when he has a standard of living that is worse than that of students who are not athletes. Athletes on full scholarship are not allowed to work during the school year, so they have no way to supplement their income. If an athlete comes from a less than well-to-do family, the scholarship check is not enough to do more than pay for room, board and subsistence living. If he comes from a disadvantaged family, he may be sending some of his scholarship money home. In other words, the inducement of a car or an apartment with your own room is very attractive. Athletes are almost set up to be bribed, in a sense. There was one case in which a player had signed with six agents and had taken money from each one of them.

Although an agent can't sign the player to a binding contract while that eligibility is there, there are undated contracts and offers to contract made. There are all sorts of ruses used to get around the rules. Somehow, magically, the day after the last game of the players' senior year, they're all represented.

14.

PLAYBOY: How did you know you could be a successful negotiator?

STEINBERG: I viewed it as a political problem. It was simply a matter of balancing interests. What happens in the negotiating room is vastly overrated. Leverage and research are the keys: understanding the needs of a team and the strength and value of the player. If there's enough demand, teams have to get competitive. A negotiation doesn't have to be an entirely adversarial relationship. It is not the most relaxing way to spend time, however. I am cognizant of what time it is at any point in a negotiation, what the expression on the face of the person I'm dealing with is saying. I can sit in a room with 15 people and, at each point, tell who is bored and who is interested. It's as if time is elongated; each second is like a minute. It's very intense. They say there are no old negotiators.

Negotiations take all forms. They can be phone calls going back and forth over many months. They can be one session. The smoke-filled room with two people hammering at each other is rare. That's the way I did Steve Young's negotiation, though. Don Klosterman, general manager of the Los Angeles Express, and I started at nine o'clock one morning and ended at seven o'clock the next morning.

I've done a lot of negotiating in my Berkeley and Los Angeles homes. George Young, the general manager of the New York Giants, negotiated a series of contracts out on my deck in Berkeley. I put managers out there in what I call the general-manager's chair and try to roast

them into submission. In one negotiation, one of my players joked that we held a general manager in the hot tub until he acceded to our ludicrous demands.

15.

PLAYBOY: Are there owners who are notoriously difficult to negotiate with?

STEINBERG: Yes. And I won't name them. The Minnesota Vikings have always been the toughest team to deal with. In the old days, St. Louis was really tough to deal with in football, and people wanted to stay away from dealing with those cities. St. Louis seems to be changing. Once, a



“We should adopt the British custom of giving titles to actors. They'd have more class if they could be called Sir John Travolta and Dame Sissy Spacek and Lord Stallone.”

AMERICA, ENJOY YOUR FREE CHOICE!

PRIME[®], with new spermicidal lubrication,
now yours for the asking in a package of 6



Prime has been an American favorite for over twenty years. Created by America's largest condom manufacturer, it has satisfied the family planning needs of millions of users.

Now Prime is better than ever. New Improved Prime is super-thin and super-sensitive, for the benefit of both partners. Almost like using nothing at all.

And Prime now contains a special lubricant with a widely recommended spermicide — a big step forward in offering maximum condom contraception. *There is no safer condom that you can buy.*

Prime is now yours to sample in a package of 6 when you complete and mail the coupon with \$1 for handling charges. Try Prime, rely on Prime — you won't find a more contraceptive condom today.

Ansell Incorporated
Sample Offer, A34
P.O. Box 429
Riverside CT 06878

Enclosed is \$1 for handling charges.
Please send me a package of 6
Prime condoms and more information.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Ansell Incorporated
America's Largest Manufacturer of Condoms

Void where prohibited by law. Only one offer per household.

general manager turned a desk over in my direction. I ran one of my fastest 40s to get out of that room.

16.

PLAYBOY: What did your parents do?
STEINBERG: My father could have made a fortune as a restaurateur. My grandpa helped form Hillcrest Country Club in Los Angeles. I grew up on the laps of Jack Benny, George Burns and Groucho Marx. But my dad turned away from all that and decided to teach. My parents drove old cars when they could have afforded fancy new ones. They kept us in a modest house, even though they could have afforded a much nicer one, because ours was in an integrated neighborhood and they wanted us to live with different types of people.

17.

PLAYBOY: What's your cut of your clients' contracts?
STEINBERG: [Laughs] Usually, I take 90 to 95 percent of the revenue and solve his tax problems that way. No, it varies. Generally, it tends to be around five percent of moneys as they come to the client.

18.

PLAYBOY: Would negotiating football contracts help you negotiate in world politics?
STEINBERG: By all means. It's the same principle. I don't think the Russians or the Chinese have anything on the St. Louis Cardinals. The Dodgers' Al Campanis and Bob Walker could settle the nuclear-arms race in five minutes if they negotiated with the Russians the way they do with me.

19.

PLAYBOY: You were selected by *Cosmopolitan* as one of the nation's most eligible bachelors and mentioned in the *San Francisco Chronicle* as the sexiest bachelor in the Bay Area. How has that affected your life?

STEINBERG: All those things turn up tons of letters. I got 11,000 letters from the *Cosmopolitan* thing. The first impression I had was that these are all desperately sad people. I mean, I got underwear in the mail and nude pictures and all. To me, that's an indication that our society isn't set up for single people. One day, I found a woman in my hot tub. Another time, a woman came up to me and flashed. I get baked goods in the mail, marriage proposals. It's pretty funny. On the other hand, some of the letters are from women who sound interesting and intelligent.

20.

PLAYBOY: If you could switch places with one of your clients for a day, with whom would it be?
STEINBERG: I'd like to be quarterback for a winning New York or Los Angeles football team. I'd also love to play with the Dodgers. I'd switch with their relief pitcher Tom Niedenfuer in an instant.



Buy Your Car Direct From Europe Save up to \$20,000

Latest European Factory Prices:

- * MERCEDES 300 D \$12,905
- * MERCEDES 190 E (U.S. Model) \$18,980
- * MERCEDES 500 SL \$29,969
- * MERCEDES 500 SEL \$28,548
- * AUDI 5000 S (U.S. Model) \$14,498
- * SAAB 900 Turbo (U.S. Model) \$14,390
- * VOLVO GLT (U.S. Model) \$15,470
- * FERRARI 308GTSi \$37,480
- * PORSCHE 911 Carrera Targa \$24,490
- * BMW318i (U.S. Model) \$12,990

Shipment from Europe \$490-970

- * An incredible selection of options and colours.
- * We import ALL models of ALL manufacturers (34 models of Mercedes Benz, 21 models of BMW etc.)
- * Prices are guaranteed to be the lowest in the U.S.A.

For complete 120 page catalogue, price list of over 800 models and order form, send \$35.00 (refundable against purchase of the car) to:

EMAR INTERNATIONAL
1 Penn Plaza Suite 3300
New York, NY 10119

For Visa and MC orders
call 212-714-0600
Money Back Guarantee

ANNOUNCING...

A VERY SPECIAL COLLECTION OF PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

A new and distinguished assortment of quality Playboy Products, selected for their unique value and appeal, is now available to Playboy's special friends. These items make wonderful gifts for loved ones, business associates, friends and, of course, yourself.

For a full-color catalog presentation of these products, please send \$1.00 to Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007.





"Francine comes with all the options!"

YOU DON'T NEED CASTRO'S PERMISSION TO SMOKE CUBAN-SEED HANDMADE CIGARS!

HANDMADES FOR THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HE COULDN'T AFFORD THEM!

GIFT IDEA!
SEND CIGARS
TO A FRIEND



I'll send them to you from Tampa, the fine cigar capital of the world. Sample the cigars in my new Silver Medallion Sampler and enjoy a wonderful new smoking sensation. I'll include a generous sampling of Honduras handmades, plus a nice selection of vintage-leaf, long-filler and cut filler cigars, all perfectly blended for mildness and flavor.

These superb smokes are made with expertly blended Cuban-seed-leaf tobaccos grown and cured the old Cuban way in Honduras from seed smuggled out of Cuba. They're mild, flavorful and extremely satisfying to the cigar smoker who's looking for something new, something better, something exceptionally tasty. Experts can't tell them from Havanas. You won't be able to either, when you try them. Natural wrapper. If you're ready for a luxuriously enjoyable smoking experience, try them now.

- “Yours is the only decent cigar I have had in over 12 years,” one new customer wrote me the other day.
- “Of all the cigars I have smoked, both cheap and expensive, yours is the best of the bunch,” wrote another.
- “Outstanding! Best cigars I have had since returning from overseas,” wrote H. E. O., of Columbia, SC
- “I am very impressed with the mildness and freshness of the sampler you sent,” said J. J. M., of Lincoln, IL

MY OFFER TO CIGAR LOVERS

I'll send you postpaid a selection of 42 factory-fresh cigars—a special selection of Honduras handmades, vintage-leaf long-filler and cut-filler smokes. If these cigars aren't all you expected, return the unsmoked ones by United Parcel or Parcel Post within 30 days and I'll refund your money. No questions asked. Your delivered cost is only \$10.90 for 42 factory-fresh, Cuban-seed-leaf cigars.

To order, fill in and mail coupon to

B-290

THOMPSON CIGAR CO.

5401 Hangar Ct., Dept B290, Box 30303, Tampa, FL 33630

O.K., TOM! Ship me the Silver Medallion Sampler under your money-back guarantee for only \$10.90.

- Check for \$10.90 enclosed (Fla. residents add 5% sales tax)
 Charge \$10.90 to my VISA American Express
 MasterCard Diners Club

Credit Card No. (Print all digits)

Exp. Date

name

street

city

state

zip

OFFER GOOD IN U.S. ONLY

CREDIT CARD USERS SPEED
DELIVERY BY CALLING

TOLL-FREE 1-800-237-2559
IN FLORIDA, CALL 1-800-282-0646

however: If you're doing a sequel, prequel or remake, you don't just shoot a duplicate of the original; you punch it up with plenty of sex and/or violence.

In the 1935 Gable-Laughton version of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, for example, the Tahitian maidens wore wrap-around sarongs that made them look like miniature Dorothy Lamours. In the 1962 Marlon Brando edition, shot in Tahiti, the girls donned what were known locally as "titty cups," little flaps of brown material glued to the bosom—a style they so favored that they continued to wear them on the streets of beautiful downtown Papeete. No such encumbrances in this year's *The Bounty*, however: Tahiti looks like a dusky version of the nude beaches of St.-Tropez. No wonder the Bounty's crew is so reluctant to leave its island paradise.

Al Pacino's *Scarface*, an updating of the 1932 shocker that starred Paul Muni (and is arguably the best gangster movie of all time), pulls out all stops to emphasize the sadism of its central character. Besides the violence in *Scarface*, many objected to what they felt was an excessive use of a certain four-letter word. (One critic opined that without it, the picture could have been an hour shorter, while another stated that by dropping it, *Scarface* would have become a silent movie.) Actually, as the year wore on, it became increasingly apparent that as far as the classification-and-ratings board of the Motion Picture Association of America was concerned, all that separated the PGs from the Rs was a single "fuck" on the sound track. PG-rated movies became more and more violent and/or displayed more and more nudity without a dissenting note from the classifiers. *The Bounty*, for example, sailed into port with a PG, and *Racing with the Moon* was similarly rewarded, despite a prolonged, amorous skinny-dip involving teenagers Sean Penn and Elizabeth McGovern (not to mention a subplot involving abortion). For *Splash*, a charming PG comedy starring shapely Daryl Hannah as a mermaid naked and on the loose in Manhattan, the Disney organization formed a whole new company, Touchstone Films, presumably so that no one would expect Hannah to be playing Snow White. Even Steven Spielberg's blockbusting action adventure *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, despite such nightmarish scenes as a close-up of a living heart's being plucked from a man's chest, got its PG. If this is PG, many were asking, what do you have to do to get an R?

By midsummer, the Motion Picture Association was itself grappling with that question. Its solution, a new category labeled PG-13, would require children under 13 to be accompanied by a parent or guardian at certain films. Predictably, it satisfied no one. Even M.P.A.A. president Jack Valenti maintained that the addi-

(continued from page 136)

tional category would only confuse the public. The fact is, of course, that the PG-13 rating merely gives sanction to a situation that already exists. Most theater people freely acknowledge that they make a token effort at best to bar adolescents from R-rated product, while producers have become increasingly bolder in shaping their R-rated movies to the tastes of teenagers who wouldn't be caught dead at a PG film.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the dozens of *Animal House* and *Porky's* derivatives this year, with the accent falling more on the girls than on the gags. Most of the film makers' effort seems to have been spent on finding new locales, not new plots. In the enormously successful *Police Academy*, the focus is on rookie cops, misfits all. As a high point, reluctant recruit Steve Guttenberg persuades hooker Georgina Spelvin to give police commandant George Gaynes a blow job while he's addressing a roomful of VIPs; as a low point, Guttenberg receives the same treatment at the film's climax. In *Preppies*, the scene is an Ivy League college where three town girls are hired to seduce three freshmen and keep them from studying for a crucial exam so that Dennis Drake's villainous cousin can inherit all his money. The female leads, including curvaceous July 1980 Playmate Lynda Wiesmeier, spend most of their screen time wriggling out of their clothes. *Hot Dog . . . The Movie* exhibits some exciting downhill racing on the slopes around Lake Tahoe's Squaw Valley, but more of the story (and most of the female cast) is laid in a ski lodge, where PLAYBOY's Playmate of the Year for 1982, Shannon Tweed, is one of the hottest attractions. *Up the Creek* sports virtually the same plot (and a different Playmate, November 1980's Jeana Tomasina), this time with white-water rafting as the background. When one of the boys asks a new arrival if she's there for the rafting, she loftily replies, "No, we're here to get laid." Needless to say, the boys are only too happy to oblige. *Hollywood High Part II* features a horny cop who blackmails a couple of school kids he has photographed having sex with their horny teachers (female). It beats flunking out, they lamely explain. In *Splitz*, an all-girl rock-'n'-roll band helps a beleaguered sorority house win out against its rivals in such questionable campus competitions as strip basketball and wrestling in scanties—followed, of course, by a refreshing shower. The list goes on and on. *Hardbodies* is a beach movie in which three middle-aged businessmen set out to seduce all the sun-kissed cuties they can lure to their kinky abode. *Where the Boys Are '84* is spring break at Fort Lauderdale revisited—or regurgitated. *Bachelor Party* depicts the raunchy doings at a pre-nuptial bash tossed by pals of school-bus driver

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Mailing Label or OLD Address Here:

(please print)

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

NEW Address Here:

name _____ (please print)

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

Mail to: **PLAYBOY**
P.O. Box 2420, Boulder, CO 80302

Playboy
Video
Private
Screenings

Now available direct to your home. Playboy Video Volume 5: Featuring 30th Anniversary Playmate Penny Baker, an interview with Morgan Fairchild, Playboy's Candid Camera and more!

For free information about this and other Playboy Video selections available by mail, write to: Playboy Video, P.O. Box 1523, Elk Grove Village, IL 60007.

Tom Hanks. Not to be outdone, the girlfriends of his gorgeous fiancée, Tawny Kitaen, throw their own bachelorette party, also raunchy. The release of Paramount's *Joy of Sex*—formerly known as *National Lampoon's Joy of Sex*—was delayed until August, though it had been in the can since early spring. The *Lampoon* people were reportedly unhappy with the script and with the fact that no *N.L.* staffers were around to supervise the shooting, helmed by *Valley Girl's* Martha Coolidge.

On the other hand, *N.L.'s* John Hughes (of *National Lampoon's Vacation*) was very much around as both writer and director of *Sixteen Candles*, and the difference shows. Although it's stuffed with hilarious sight gags, such as a swimming pool that a gang of high schoolers transforms into an enormous bubble bath, it's essentially a coming-of-age story, with sweet Molly Ringwald distressed on her 16th birthday because her breasts haven't suddenly expanded—and, worse, because her family has forgotten the date. Similarly, *Weekend Pass* follows the misadventures of a quartet of Naval recruits, fresh out of basic training and on the loose in Los Angeles.

Although the promotional trailers make *Pass* seem like the old, familiar formula of sex and high-jinks, including a visit to a strip joint and fun and games on the beach at Venice, the kids come off as remarkably likable and decent.

Also aimed at the teenaged audience (or, at least, the teenage mentality) are the innumerable *Friday the 13th* spin-offs, including this year's *Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter*. It's a cycle that seems to be abating; perhaps Jason's demise in *The Final Chapter* is meant to be prophetic. And not a moment too soon. What has always been sinister about those sick films is their persistent linkage of nudity and sex with the act of murder; the kids in these movies no sooner get it on than they're taken out—invariably in the most gruesome manner imaginable. In *The Final Chapter*, the murder instruments include a bowie knife, a spear, a hack saw, an ax, a harpoon, a kitchen knife and, in the film's most horrific moment, a scalpel that slits open attractive Lisa Freeman from her breastbone right down the length of her body. By the time the end titles roll, just about everyone in the cast has been eliminated, including Jason himself. *The Dorm*

That Dripped Blood, hewing to the formula, offers a homicidal maniac prowling the corridors of gloomy Dayton Hall, which Laurie Lapinski and friends are readying for a much-needed renovation. At least half a dozen of the friends have been butchered before anyone even begins to realize that something strange is happening. In *Fear City*, the madman is a martial-arts expert whose devotion to "purity" leads him to knock off the girls who work in strip joints—always as messily as possible. It's frank sexploitation, with the accent not only on mayhem but on drugs, lesbianism, mobsters and naked broads. (These films, nearly all made by men, rarely hold women in any high esteem; they are invariably portrayed as stupid, vena and hungry for sex.) In *Scalps*, the scene is switched to the desert, where a group of college students on an archaeological dig unwittingly disturb an Indian burial ground, with resultant scalplings and decapitations. In *Mardi Gras Massacre*, a New Orleans fanatic prowls the French Quarter in search of prostitutes to be offered as human sacrifices to an Aztec goddess, a ritual that he repeats every Tuesday, binding the naked girl to a table and slashing her hands and feet before cutting her heart out. He comes a cropper when, for Mardi Gras, he tries to offer up three prostitutes. *They're Playing with Fire* attempts, not too successfully, to combine horror with the sexual initiation of a young lad by an older woman (as in *Private Lessons*). Here, college professor Sybil Danning seduces student Eric Brown to help her do in her doddering but rich mother-in-law. Whenever the plotting gets too tangled, Danning sheds her clothes.

Numerically, this type of exploitation fare dominates the year's releases; of perhaps 400 movies that will go into distribution by the end of the year, at least 200 will be low-budgeted, quick-buck items designed to cash in on previously successful themes and genres. Still, their share of the present four-billion dollars gross at the nation's box offices is probably less than ten percent. The major companies, with their stars, their production values, their marketing know-how and, above all, their advertising dollars, have a penetration that the exploitation people can only envy.

With all that going for them, one can legitimately ask why the major studios are not more venturesome in their choice of material. Why the umpteenth version of *Tarzan*, a third outing for *The Bounty*, a remake of a perfectly good little 1947 B movie, *Out of the Past*, into a not-so-good A movie, *Against All Odds*? Why a *Cannonball Run II*, *Star Trek III*, a *Rocky IV*, a *Supergirl* to wear the billowing mantle of those previous *Supermen*? Why, for that matter, Americanized versions of such thoroughly French fare as *The Man Who Loved Women*, *One Wild Moment (Blame It on Rio)*, *The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe* and *Pardon Mon Affaire (The*



"I'm sorry—no birth-control pills without a prescrip— Oh, all right."



A

**word for
the wise:
“enough.”**

Don't drink too much of a good thing.
The Distilled Spirits Council of the United States.
1300 Pennsylvania Building, Washington, D.C. 20004

Woman in Red)? Studio executives, pointing to the relaxed standards of the Production Code, are apt to reply that this time around they can do it right—meaning, of course, that they can steam it up a bit. As for the translations from the French, their explanation is that they are merely taking proved material and shaping it for a wider audience, an audience that couldn't be dragged to an art house but can be lured by the likes of Burt Reynolds, Michael Caine, Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner. But others, such as Orion's forthright Barbara Boyle, assert that this year's spate of remakes has come about because many of the studios are now controlled by marketing people, who are less concerned with

how good a movie is going to be than with how much it will make. For them, familiar star names, a familiar title and a readily exploitable theme are the bottom line. And, adds Boyle, "With the cost of releasing a picture equaling the cost of the negative, you'd better start listening to your marketing people."

Although on the face of it that sounds like sage advice, the box office has a way of fooling the sages. *The Bounty*, despite a superb performance by Anthony Hopkins as Bligh (and despite all those naked Tahitian wahines), brought in less than \$10,000,000. Mel Brooks's faithful adaptation of the fondly remembered Jack Benny comedy *To Be or Not to Be* also proved dis-

appointing, even though it featured a stunning Anne Bancroft in the funniest and sexiest role of her career. Nor is Burt Reynolds likely to look back upon *The Man Who Loved Women*, adapted from a Truffaut movie, as one of his major achievements. Reynolds seems so smug about being surrounded by beautiful women that it's difficult to work up much sympathy for him. *Blame It on Rio*, also from the French, lacks the proper French *élan* to make it work; Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna are just too staid and proper to enjoy a fling—Caine, as it happens, with best friend Bologna's bosomy teenaged daughter (Michelle Johnson). Bologna, it turns out, has been having his fling with Caine's wife (Valerie Harper). Just what producer-director Stanley Donen hoped to gain by transposing the action from the nude beaches at St.-Tropez to the equally nude beaches of Rio is anybody's guess; but somehow, one has the feeling that two Frenchmen wouldn't be quite so embarrassed as Caine and Bologna, who, after ogling and admiring some bare-assed cuties in the surf, discover that the girls are their own daughters, naked as jay birds. The actors manage to make the moment as uncomfortable for the audience as it is for their characters. *Unfaithfully Yours*, based on a 1948 Preston Sturges comedy, stars Dudley Moore in a role originated by Rex Harrison, that of a symphony conductor insanely suspicious that his beautiful young wife (Nastassja Kinski) may be having an affair with a handsome violinist (Armand Assante). To the strains of Tchaikovsky's violin concerto, he plots to murder her and throw the blame on the fiddler, who's been fiddling around. Most of the film's humor stems from Moore's wretched bungling of his best-laid plans. It's amusing enough, but Sturges did it better.

That's the trouble with remakes: If a picture was good enough the first time around to be remembered fondly, the follow-up had better be at least as good. That was the problem with *Unfaithfully Yours*—at least for those few who had seen the original (which was probably much too sophisticated for its time). It certainly was the problem with *Against All Odds*, even though Columbia didn't stint on the production, the cast or the sex scenes. Now regarded as one of the best of the *films noirs* that emerged after World War Two, *Out of the Past* was a taut psychological thriller that had the further advantage of providing Robert Mitchum and Kirk Douglas with two of the juiciest roles of their early careers. In the original, Mitchum played one of those trench-coated private eyes; in the remake, Jeff Bridges, as a down-on-his-luck ex-footballer, falls for the radiant, smoldering Rachel Ward, who had been small-time hood James Woods's live-in girlfriend. The two run off to picturesque Cozumel for some steamy sex in the sun; but the movie's hottest sequence is a breakneck car chase through the

7 reasons why 7 condoms are used every second in the U.S.

- 1. Condoms** are considered one of the most effective methods of birth control ever developed.
- 2. Condoms**, when properly used, are the only contraceptive that aids in the prevention of sexually transmitted diseases, including herpes.
- 3. Condoms**, because they are so effective—both as a contraceptive and as protection against disease—actually enhance lovemaking.
- 4. Condoms** are easy to buy at pharmacies everywhere.
- 5. Condoms** are now ultra-thin and available with a variety of features for comfort, stimulation, safety, sensitivity and satisfaction.
- 6. Condoms** are free of side effects.
- 7. Condoms** provide pleasure and protection—for both men and women.

Trojan® America's leading brand of condoms. Trojan is the brand trusted by today's sophisticated buyer. More Trojan condoms are used than any other brand. Look for the Trojan brand display wherever condoms are sold.



While no contraceptive provides 100% protection, Trojan brand condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in the prevention of pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases. Many public health authorities and private physicians now feel that condoms, when properly used, effectively aid in preventing the transmission of Herpes of the penis, cervix and vagina.

get *The Touch*

IF YOU CAN'T DECIDE BETWEEN A NEW JACKET, A NEW T-SHIRT, OR A NEW LAMBORGHINI, GET THEM ALL.

For more style this year, give yourself the Alpine Touch.

Start with the Alpine T-shirt. The "Alpine Touch" logo is silk-screened on the front and back. It washes beautifully. And is perfect either for casual

wear, or hours of heated, nonstop play.

For the cool chill in the evenings, slip on the distinctive, rugged Alpine Sportsjacket. With the "Alpine Touch" logo handsomely embroidered on the front and back.

All you need now is a car that'll turn heads.

Better yet, how about three classic cars — the popular Alpine Lamborghini Poster Collector Series.

But hurry. These rare posters have a funny way of moving faster than the Lamborghini itself.

Here's all you have to do. Simply visit your nearest Alpine dealer (Call 1-800-ALPINE-1, for the dealer nearest you).

Ask him to put his dealer stamp on the "Alpine Touch" coupon available at his store. Then send it in. That's all.

Oh, by the way, while you're there, you might want to audition the latest car audio systems from Alpine.

Without a doubt, you'll hear the cleanest, purest, high fidelity sound on the road today.



The **ALPINE** *Touch*
car audio systems

Alpine Electronics of America, 19145 Gramercy Pl., Torrance, CA 90501

DOWNHILL RACER

THE G.T. SNO RACER FAST, TOUGH & SAFE

DESIGNED IN SWEDEN

From the time you sit down and grasp the racing-style steering wheel to the moment you arrive at the bottom of the hill you'll enjoy a most exhilarating experience. THE GT SNO RACER transforms your favorite winter spot into a wild and challenging winter raceway. Be prepared to hit the slopes with the latest in Swedish design. The same Swedish tradition of quality engineering best known for the Volvo and Saab, now takes you one step further with the GT SNO RACER. In Europe HOTSkiING with the SNO RACER is the latest winter sport.

WINTER RACEWAY

Hit the slopes in style. The GT's streamline design provides excellent steering response as you glide over the snow on broad sturdy skis. Even on sharp turns the wide steering ski up front accurately guides the SNO RACER without digging into the snow so there's no loss of speed. If you need to stop in a hurry there's a strong claw-like braking device that can also be used to cut down your speed... even on icy paths. If you fall off the built-in steering spring turns the front ski inward automatically bringing the racer to a quick stop so you won't have to charge downhill chasing after it.

SAFE & SOLID CONSTRUCTION

The SNO RACER frame is made of strong tubular steel with black epoxy finish. For your safety the steering wheel is engineered with a hollow center and is



positioned well below the rider. All corners and edges are rounded to prevent accidental harm. Measures 20W x 46L x 15H. The GT is tough enough to hold up to 550 lbs so take a friend along for a high powered SNO RACER RIDE!

21 DAY FREE TRIAL
 MAIL COUPON WITH ORDER
ORDER NOW TOLL FREE
1-800-621-1203
 1-800-642-2835 (in Illinois)

Or send a check or your credit card # (VISA, MasterCard, American Express, Diners Club) for one SNO RACER (#976) \$69.95 plus \$5.95 shipping each. VT. residents add 4% sales tax. Sorry no C.O.D. If not satisfied return within 21 days for a prompt refund (less shipping). Dept. P1184

THE **INSIDE TRACK** 125 Armstrong Rd.,
 INC. DesPlaines, Ill. 60018

twists and turns of Sunset Boulevard. For the record, a sparkling Jane Greer played the Rachel Ward role in the original; she appears here as Ward's wicked, manipulative mother. It's called growing old disgracefully.

Aging far more gracefully is Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan, at least as exemplified by the handsomely chiseled Christopher Lambert in Warner Bros.' sumptuous *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*. Created by Burroughs in 1914 (and on the screen almost continually since 1918), the story of a white child growing up wild in the jungle has never ceased to enthrall. The first half of *Greystoke* is the most fascinating Tarzan film ever (and also the one truest to Burroughs' original intentions). The film rapidly loses focus, however, when explorer Ian Holm, realizing that Tarzan is, indeed, the long-lost heir to the earl of Greystoke, takes him to Scotland to assume his rightful place in society. There is humor, even poignancy in Tarzan's courtship of Jane (model Andie MacDowell), the American-born ward of the sixth earl of Greystoke (Ralph Richardson), especially when he breaks off a romantic interlude to go after a fly or expresses his delight with the girl by leaping up and down on her bed like a monkey at the sight of a banana. Even so, there's a sigh of relief when he goes loping back into the jungle, leaving both Jane and civilization far behind him.

Hollywood is not alone in its devotion to the ongoing series, as witnessed by such sexy French imports as *Story of O, Part II* and, especially, *Emmanuelle 4*. The original, directed by Just Jaeckin back in 1975, introduced beautiful Sylvia Kristel as the ever-loving heroine whose giddy pursuit of pleasure led her from one lushly exotic locale to another. Kristel has since graduated to more prestigious, if not necessarily loftier, enterprises (such as *Private Lessons*) but apparently was lured back to the series for what amounts to a cameo appearance. After running into an old beau at a Beverly Hills party, she decides to avoid future embarrassments by flying down to Rio for a complete redo of face and figure. The bandages come off and—presto!—she's Swedish model Mia Nygren, a 23-year-old beauty. Oddly enough, the new body has to learn the joys of sex all over again, and Nygren addresses herself to the chore with the utmost enthusiasm—so much so that one wonders what she will do for an encore in the inevitable *Emmanuelle 5*. And what does one make of Brazil's long-delayed *Gabriela* (featured in last year's *Sex in Cinema*)? Starring the sultry Sonia Braga, it just happens to be the spin-off of an 85-part TV maxiseries (also starring Braga) that has been called the *Gone with the Wind* of Brazil. The movie, which co-stars Marcello Mastroianni, centers on Braga's teasing displays of her sensuous torso as she wins sexual liberation for the

LOST INHIBITIONS

\$12.95
 INTIMATE & SEDUCTIVE FOR 2
 • FUN & EXCITEMENT AS A
 PARTY GAME FOR UP TO 8
A SENSUOUS GAME!

Send check or money order to:
 ALMAR LTD., Suite 16
 1559 Sam Rittenberg Blvd.
 Charleston, SC 29407
 4-6 wks. delivery. Visa or MasterCard.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Credit Card Number _____

Signature _____

Exp. Date _____
 Visa M/C

UP YOURS

LOSE AN INHIBITION

GO OWN

GET SCREWED

Inhibitions

GET SCREWED

LONG DISTANCE ROSES™
1-800-L-D-ROSES

Premium quality **COLORADO ROSES** delivered virtually anywhere in the U.S. via overnight air express

Long Stem Roses..... \$34.95
 Sweetheart Roses..... 29.95

FROM \$29.95 ONLY

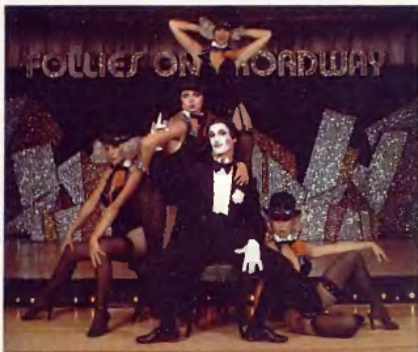
Major credit card orders only
 Nationwide call 1-800-537-6737
 in Colorado 1-471-2080

Flower Stop

Satisfaction Guaranteed

P.O. Box 7070
 Colo. Spgs., CO 80907

Playboy style... live it!



Playboy Clubs are famous for bringing Keyholders outstanding live entertainment nightly.



New friendships form fast at Playboy Clubs. Count on us for fine food, great cocktails and extra-special treatment from world-famous Playboy Bunnies.



There's a certain magical style at Playboy Clubs. A style for those who appreciate life's finer things... and know how to enjoy them. Like exciting live entertainment and dancing. Great cocktails. Delicious food. And V.I.P. service from world-famous Playboy Bunnies. A style that's yours as a Playboy Club International Keyholder.

Send for your Key today. Your Playboy Club Key entitles you to admittance to Playboy Clubs worldwide. You'll also enjoy these outstanding benefits:

- A complimentary copy of PLAYBOY or GAMES magazine waiting for you each month at any U.S. Club
 - Preferred Dining & Entertainment Discount Program
 - Hertz® car rental discounts
 - Comp-U-Card™ toll-free telephone discount shopping service
- Much, much more!

The perfect Holiday gift.

This Holiday season give your special someone a Playboy Club Key and give the fun and excitement of a whole year at The Playboy Clubs. Order today and your gift Key will be on its way.

It's easy to order. Call toll-free 1-800-525-2850 to charge your Key to a credit card. Your Playboy Club International Key will be on its way to you within 48 hours. Only \$35 for a full year of dining and entertainment pleasure.

If you prefer, use the attached postage-paid card. If the card is missing, send your name and address to Playboy Clubs International, Inc., P.O. Box 9125, Boulder, CO 80301.



THE PLAYBOY CLUB



women of a provincial Brazilian town in 1925 and was made subsequent to—and independently of—the television series. While the extensive TV exposure is said to have hurt the movie in Rio, the delays in bringing *Gabriela* to the American public were apparently caused primarily by the distributor's determination to find the right theaters and the right time to launch its initial screenings in this country.

Troubles of another kind delayed the arrival of John and Bo Derek's *Bolero* (also known variously as *Bo-lero* and *Bo-Bolero*). Bank-rolled by the Cannon Group for an MGM/UA release, the sexually explicit film, recounting the romantic escapades of wealthy, adventurous Bo, was rejected

early on by MGM because, the studio stated, it was against company policy to release X-rated merchandise—and in its opinion, *Bolero* was clearly headed for an X. The Dereks countered by claiming that all concerned had known from the start that their movie was going to be an X—and, indeed, some had stated that they preferred it that way. Then the Cannon people averred that they, too, were unwilling to handle an X-rated picture, asking the Dereks (who contractually held “artistic control”) to modify it to an R. After an early screening of the film, Cannon chairman Menahem Golan declared, “We looked at it and we were shocked. The word porno may be too strong, but it is not

far from porno,” adding that the film shows Bo Derek “from her toes to the very last tip of her hair in very erotic scenes.” His bottom line, after a studio preview that elicited boos and jeers from an industry audience: “In its present form, the movie is unreleasable.” By May, however, at the Cannes festival, Golan was saying that his company *would* distribute *Bolero*, X rating or no, with a midsummer release to 2000 (quickly revised to 1000) theaters, presumably based on the response to his trailers. (The film itself wasn't screened in Cannes.) Announcing also that he would release the Dereks' cut, he stated, “It's the hottest of hot versions. It's all there in a big way, but it's not porno. Not since *Last Tango in Paris* and *Emmanuelle* has there been anything this hot, but you don't see men naked; you just think you see it.” So much for the Golan heights of integrity. At this writing, *Bolero* still has not been screened for the press, but word has been leaking out from sneak-preview audiences that Golan was right the first time around: It's unreleasable. In fact, people say, it's so awful, it might just make tons of money.

It wouldn't be the first time that reams of advance publicity, plus a canny ad campaign have saved a junk movie from the trash pile of history. One thinks immediately of Howard Hughes's *The Outlaw*, which introduced to the screen bosomy Jane Russell—to the accompaniment of a press campaign that first emphasized Hughes's invention of a cantilevered bra that capitalized on her charms, then detailed his numerous run-ins with the censors because the damned thing worked. Also to the point is this year's *Angel*, a low-budgeted exploitation item from Roger Corman's old company, New World. HONOR STUDENT BY DAY/TEENAGED HOOKER BY NIGHT trumpeted the film's costly but effective ad campaign. Unfortunately, all the ingenuity went into dreaming up the ad copy and the accompanying art; our teenaged heroine (Donna Wilkes), whose nocturnal prowling of Hollywood Boulevard is supposed to be paying her way through an expensive, exclusive private school, is a hooker who doesn't hook. Although there's no dearth of offers, she always finds it more expedient to decline, leaving the pedophiles with a movie about a teenaged prostitute who not only never climbs into bed—she never even climbs out of her clothes! Meanwhile, as might be expected, there's a slasher on the loose who has his own way of ridding the boulevard of its transient tradespeople.

The story of *Angel* is a movie that has yet to be made; it's just possible that the surprise success of New World's timid approach will inspire someone to try again—but correctly. Maybe, for example, Swedish ex-actress Mai Zetterling, whose tough, no-nonsense *Scrubbers* has been creating quite a stir even beyond the art-house circuit. Her first English-language feature, it depicts the bawdy,



Ready.



Aim.

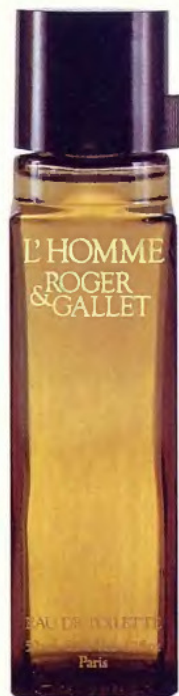


Fire.

For that unexpected encounter, arm yourself with the L'Homme Micro-Atomizer.*

It's a new and convenient way to spritz on L'Homme Men's Cologne, a crisp, clean, masculine fragrance from France.

The L'Homme Micro-Atomizer is only \$12.50 when you purchase a 1.7 oz. bottle of L'Homme Men's Cologne for \$15.00. We'll even engrave the micro-atomizer with your initials *free* if you order right now by sending a check or money order for \$27.50 plus \$3.50 postage and handling to:



L'HOMME #P-11, P.O. Box 522,
Chanhassen, MN 55317.

Credit card holders:

CALL 1-800-328-5926

(In Minnesota, call 612-448-4181)

*ATOMIZER SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE.

Also available at:

RICH'S



"Don't worry about my parents. They're at a witch burning."

**The best thing to happen
to showers since soap.**



Wet Tunes[®]

The Shower Radio

Start your day with an AM or FM shower! **Wet Tunes** is the new water-resistant radio specially designed to use in the shower. It easily adheres to your shower wall with extra durable, two sided velcro.

Order **Wet Tunes** today! Only \$34.95 plus \$3.00 postage and handling (9-volt battery not included). To order call toll free 1-800-531-5314 ext. 6000C (Mastercard, Visa and American Express accepted).

Or write to: WET TUNES, 1725 Summer Street, Dept. C, Stamford, CT 06905

Make Eyes Sparkle



Playboy jewelry with a diamond accent.

Tie Tack	DM1325	\$14.00	(\$1.50)
Necklace	DM5246	\$20.00	(\$1.50)
Pendant	DM5245	\$17.00	(\$1.50)

To order, indicate item name and number, enclose check or money order for items and postage and send to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554-M, Elk Grove Village, IL 60007. To charge to Visa, MasterCard or American Express, list all numbers on your card and include your signature. For credit card orders by phone, call 1-800-228-5200 toll-free. Illinois residents, add 7% sales tax. Canadian residents, add \$3.00. Full payment must be in U.S. currency on a U.S. bank. Sorry, no other foreign orders accepted.

brutal life in a Borstal Institution, a British reform school for young girls. Also impressive, at least (so far) in the film festivals, is the Canadian documentary *Hookers on Davie Street*. Davie Street, in Vancouver, is unique territory for prostitutes, a pimp-free strip where the girls don't have to pay for protection, legal or otherwise. These hookers have an honesty about them that *Angel* never begins to approach.

In a similar vein is *Improper Conduct*, filmed by Nestor Almendros (the great cinematographer of *Sophie's Choice*) and Orlando Jimenez-Leal. A monumental documentary covering the 25 years of Castro's regime in Cuba, it suggests that the Cubans regard any form of nonconformity as "improper conduct"—with the harshest treatment reserved for homosexuals. The sinister underbelly of that attitude is underscored in an interview with poet Armando Valladares, who, after 22 years in Castro's prisons, survived to describe the rape and torture of the captives by their guards. Curiously, it's a French film, with dialog in French, Spanish and English.

Or perhaps not so curiously, for the French keep reminding us that they have a special sensibility in dealing with what some call aberrant behavior. They don't pretend to be shocked, outraged or even sophisticatedly amused by it; they find it something to be studied for what it reveals of the human condition. A notable example (and one that has been exceptionally well received in American art houses) is Diane Kurys' *Entre Nous*, reputedly based on her own mother's liaison with a young female art student during the early Fifties. Kurys suggests, with the utmost delicacy, that the relationship may have been more than Platonic; but the point of her movie is that the two women, played by Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou, draw greater strength and self-realization from each other than normal family ties can provide. *Swann in Love*, distilled by German director Volker Schlöndorff from Marcel Proust's mammoth *Swann's Way*, offers England's Jeremy Irons as the boudoir sensualist Charles Swann, Italy's ravishing Ornella Muti as the principal object of his affections and France's Alain Delon in a career-capping performance as the homosexual Baron de Charlus. It's a model of delicacy and good taste.

Neither delicacy nor good taste has ever been director Andrzej Zulawski's strongest suit; but in *La Femme Publique* (*The Public Woman*), he once again demonstrates his flair for uninhibited sexual drama, offering Valerie Kaprisky as a determined but not particularly talented actress who lands a role in a film version of Dostoevsky's *The Possessed*. After going to bed with the director, however, she's kicked off the picture and drawn into a plot involving a political assassination. High point of the movie—at least for fans of the lissome Kaprisky—is her nude, erotic dancing for the benefit of voyeuristic photographer Roger Dumas'

agile camera.

Not that France doesn't produce its share of sexploitation movies, too. *The Perils of Gwendoline*, for example, might almost be a spin-off from the *Emmanuelle* series—especially since it's the work of *Emmanuelle's* original director, Jaeckin. Based on a once-popular, slightly risqué French comic strip and starring American Tawny Kitaen as the convent-bred innocent whose inherent sexiness makes her the perpetual target of lustful males, the movie shares something of *Emmanuelle's* wanderlust—it's an erotic travelogue, with our heroine constantly being saved from a fate worse than death by adventurer Brent Huff. In *Venus* (filmed in 3-D), a Paris ad agency conducts a talent hunt for the sexiest model to tout a new suntan lotion called Venus. Dozens of applicants swab their naked torsos with the stuff, and the runners-up are invited for a Mediterranean cruise aboard a private yacht—presumably to improve their tans or, at least, their chances of winning. All are diverted from their enterprise by the sudden emergence from the blue-green waters of Venus herself, all naked and dripping, to protest the commercialization of her good name and to offer the agency people all sorts of alluring alternatives. Although these films offer an abundance of nudity and soft-core sex as well, a subtle provision in the French censorship laws keeps anything stronger to a minimum. Produc-

ers aren't barred from making hard-core; they simply know that if they do make it, they'll be refused export licenses or any form of government subsidy. It's subtle, but it works.

Even so, it isn't always easy—not even for censors—to differentiate between movies that deal openly and honestly with the sexuality of women and those that merely exploit the theme for an easy buck. Take, for example, *Erendira*, an ambitious Mexican-French-West German entry in which an innocent young girl (Claudia Ohana) is forced into prostitution by her own grandmother (Irene Papas). Its point seems to be that despite the sordid encounters she endures, the girl never loses her inherent innocence—though director Ruy Guerra's enthusiasm for depicting the degrading details makes that a bit difficult to believe. On the other hand, it is precisely this attention to detail that makes *A Woman in Flames*, from West Germany, such a compelling and disturbing experience—that and a high-voltage performance by gorgeous Gudrun Landgrebe in the title role. The quintessence of the sexually liberated female, she has walked out on her complacent husband, abandoned her plans for an advanced university degree and become a high-priced whore. For convenience, she settles in with a male hooker (Mathieu Carriere) who is equally adept at servicing male and female clients but desires respectability (or the

appearance of respectability) above all else. Not so Landgrebe, who is almost demonic in exploring her own sexuality to its limits.

It would be difficult to find American counterparts for pictures such as these, mainly because our studios are more geared to plot than to character. To be sure, there are exceptions. In John Huston's *Under the Volcano*, based on Malcolm Lowry's formidable, searing novel, the focus is on the last 24 hours of a former British consul (Albert Finney) boozing his life away in Cuernavaca. His wife (Jacqueline Bisset), we discover, has had an affair with his half-brother (Anthony Andrews); but while that gives Finney the excuse to go on drinking, we also learn that his drinking was what drove her into another's arms in the first place. During the course of a long day and night spent celebrating Mexico's macabre Day of the Dead, we come to realize that the man is bright, charming and totally self-destructive, with his final coming apart set in the seamiest bordello ever seen in a movie. Finney's finely shaded performance is bound to be remembered come Oscar time, and Huston's wry, colorful direction as well. But with its absence of conventional plot, *Under the Volcano* is the kind of movie American critics often describe as "European."

They would probably say the same for Paul Mazursky's *Moscow on the Hudson* if



THE RAMSES CONDOM LINE. A DECADE AHEAD.

Only Ramses offers a complete line of condoms designed with the most modern contraceptive technology and medical innovations.

Only Ramses Extra is the first condom with a patented spermicidal lubricant for extra protection. Only Ramses NuForm has a patented delaying lubricant to prolong the pleasure. And all Ramses condoms are extremely thin yet exceptionally strong to give you heightened sensitivity, plus security and protection.

RAMSES
A Decade Ahead

For a limited time, you can send for a Ramses sampler pack. Send your name, address, plus \$2.00 to: Ramses Offer P.O. Box 2135, Dept. A, Hillside, NJ 07205.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Allow 8 weeks for delivery. Offer limited to one per household or address. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. Sample request must be made on original sample form. No mechanical reproductions will be honored. Offer expires 12/31/85

its core weren't so thoroughly pro-American. Robin Williams is sensational as a sax-tooting member of a Russian circus troupe who, opting for freedom, defects at, of all places, Bloomingdale's. Eluding his Soviet guards, he makes his way through a series of odd jobs that give him—and us—insights into the American scene that we tend to take for granted. None of us would take for granted, however, his romantic bathtub interlude with delicious Maria Conchita Alonso, a salesgirl at Bloomie's who knows what the good life is all about.

Freedom is also what the odd assortment of characters inhabiting *The Hotel New Hampshire* are all about—the freedom to realize one's personal goals, no matter what the cost. Based on John Irving's best seller, *Hotel* introduces an extended family that's constantly on the move as poppa Beau Bridges opens one hotel after another—disastrously. Along the way, daughter Jodie Foster is gang-raped, has a brief lesbian encounter with Nastassja Kinski (who disguises herself as a bear through much of the film) and a steamy interlude with her own brother (Rob Lowe) in an attempt to exorcise her feelings for her rapist, who has become an anarchistic pornographer. Lowe, an exceptionally handsome young man, manages to seduce just about every female member of the large cast, including busty waitress Anita Morris and virginal anarchist Amanda Plummer. Rounding out this family are a homosexual brother (Paul McCrane) and a little sister (Jennifer Dundas) who remains so little that she becomes famous by writing an autobiography titled *Trying to Grow*. Like *The World According to Garp*, *The Hotel New Hampshire* is quintessentially a black comedy.

Earlier in the year, the Oscar-laden *Terms of Endearment* demonstrated

(though not for all time) that audiences will turn out in great numbers for a picture offering a minimum of story provided it's fleshed out with people who are warm, human and fun to be with—even if one of them (Debra Winger) is suffering from terminal cancer. But before we learn about her disease, we have become so caught up in the tug of wills between Winger and her tough, sexually repressed mother (Shirley MacLaine) that the deathbed sequences seem almost to have dropped in from another movie—especially since by that time, MacLaine has been thoroughly thawed by her swinging neighbor, ex-astronaut Jack Nicholson. In a film littered with extramarital affairs, there is a notable absence of moralizing—mainly because we know so well the needs and the drives of each of the characters.

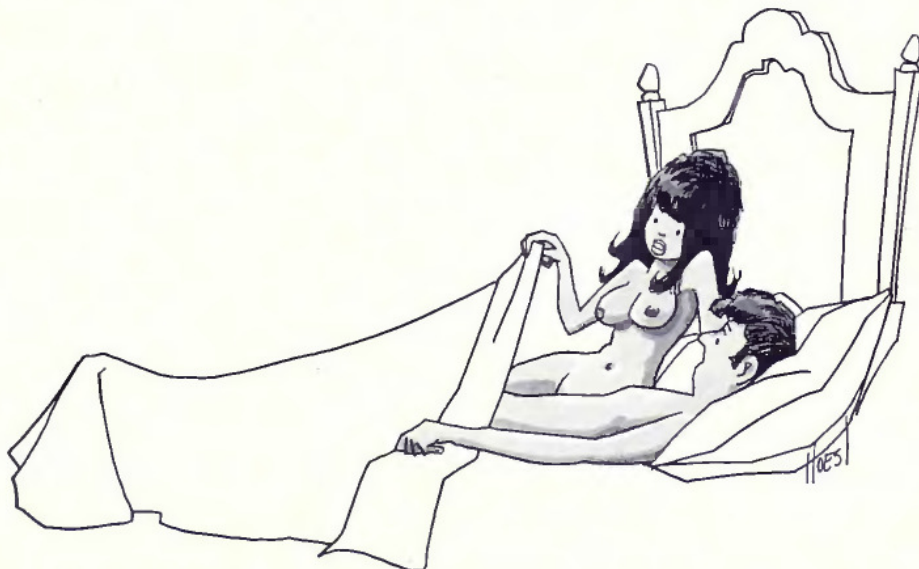
Surprisingly, Steve Martin's *The Lonely Guy* falls into that category as well. This modest comedy finds Martin searching for someone to replace the live-in girlfriend who has deserted him for a ballet dancer. With pal Charles Grodin, he prowls Manhattan's bars for the perfect woman (Judith Ivey)—who soon sends him packing because he's "too right" for her. The film's high point comes when Martin climbs to the roof of his apartment building to howl out the name of his beloved to the night sky and finds another dozen or so guys up there doing the same thing.

The mere absence of a conventional story does not necessarily create a masterpiece, however, as demonstrated rather painfully by *The Natural*, starring Robert Redford, *Swing Shift*, with Goldie Hawn, and Sergio Leone's pseudo epic *Once upon a Time in America*, starring Robert De Niro. Although based on Bernard Malamud's resonant novel that made baseball the apotheosis of the American dream, the screen incarnation of *The Natu-*

ral loses all resonance as Redford—more handsome than ever—gives us his portrait of a whiz-bang pitcher who comes to grief thanks to the ladies in his life (Kim Basinger, Glenn Close, Barbara Hershey). Nor does Goldie Hawn win much sympathy in *Swing Shift*, which is reminiscent of the wartime *Swing Shift Maisie* movies only in its locale. When hubby Ed Harris volunteers for the Navy, Hawn finds a job in an aircraft plant—and almost immediately hits the sack with the 4-F Kurt Russell. Despite Hawn's wide-eyed, dewy presence, it's hard to work up much enthusiasm for a girl like that, even though the script provides her with what is presumably a happy ending.

Once upon a Time in America might also be called a "people" movie, especially in the truncated version released to American audiences by the Ladd Company and Warner Bros. With well over an hour excised from the original film, great chunks of story have fallen by the wayside, leaving the focus on Robert De Niro and James Woods, two nice Jewish boys who grow up to be gangsters on New York's Lower East Side. Although the film spans a period of roughly 50 years, beginning early in the Twenties, there are such arbitrary leaps in the continuity that it's often difficult to know just what's going on, much less why. Instead, we get set pieces—the shooting up of a kosher restaurant, a gang fight in the city streets, a boldly planned heist, De Niro inviting his childhood sweetheart (Elizabeth McGovern) to a lavish dinner, then raping her on the way home. Reportedly, Leone's own version was considerably more graphic in its scenes of both violence and sex; it may be released here before the year is out.

One thing about "people" stories—the people have to be either fully dimensional human beings or fully dimensional monsters. An in-between just won't do. Perhaps that is why so many of today's films are so deeply unsatisfying. Our movies are giving us precious few heroes, unless you want to count the likes of Indiana Jones and Conan the Destroyer—hardly the kind of fellows you're likely to run into at the office. Yes, we cherish such romantic, if improbable, adventure tales as *Romancing the Stone*; the frantic, good-humored high-jinks of *Ghostbusters*; even the send-up of that semi-sacred cow Elvis Presley in *Top Secret!* But we also want people we can recognize, people with whom we can identify. Perhaps the saddest commentary on the films of 1984 is that they have failed to uncover any new major female star. Although *Romancing the Stone*'s spunky Kathleen Turner comes closest, most of moviedom's women have become as gray and sexless as the men. Come back to the five-and-dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean—and Marilyn, too—before Boy George and Michael Jackson take over completely.



"Too bad a thing of beauty isn't a joy forever."



Alive with pleasure! **Newport**

© Lorillard, U.S.A., 1984



*After all,
if smoking isn't a pleasure,
why bother?*

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1984.

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

Lord of the Canadians

Enjoy the smoothest Canadian ever. The one that lords it over all others when it comes to taste. The Canadian that's proud to call itself Lord of the Canadians. Set your course for Lord Calvert. Lord of the Canadians.



PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

GEAR

KEEPER BEEPERS

The smoke detectors of the past were birds that hung around mine shafts—if they squawked and keeled over, the miners knew it was time for a breath of fresh air. Today, warning devices are much more sophisticated. Few of us need to worry about getting the shaft oxygenwise, but what about the other hazards in our

environment? Have no fear. High tech saved the canaries; now it's here to save us from state troopers, hurricanes, lost keys and car thieves. Want to smoke out Smokey before he smokes you, find those damn car keys or get the drop—from *eight miles away*—on somebody getting into your car without keys? Get a load of these things that go beep in the night.

Clockwise from top right: Page Alert, with a range of eight miles, beeps when microsensors attached to your car are triggered, from Sun Electric, San Jose, California, \$100. Finders-Bleepers transmits a sonic wave and flashes a tiny light to direct you to lost keys, from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York, \$54.50. Metrina Multi works as a music pacemaker, a chromatic pitch pipe, a digital watch, a stop watch and an alarm, from JTG of Nashville, \$54.95. Polaris MT 1000 is a portable marine transceiver with call-waiting and program-priority features, by Regency Electronics, \$599. Center: Cobra Trapshooter monitors X and Y radar and includes a city-highway selector, by Cobra, \$169.95.



The Story of O—Sheer Magic

You've seen her women on calendars, greeting cards and the silky inner surfaces of your dreams: metallic-skinned albino spacewomen. Zebra-skinned huntresses. Women with tattoos. Olivia De Berardinis started painting when she was six. Women haven't been the same since; or, perhaps, it's the way we look at them that has changed. Recently, the 36-year-old artist began designing lingerie. The canvas is her workshop. Why the sudden interest in lingerie? After all, she was a child of the counterculture, a generation that did not believe in underwear, let alone lingerie. "I was looking for a soft direction. I am fascinated by how much ritual power lingerie has, how much it suggests sex. Lingerie binds you





in erogenous zones. It makes sounds that I associate with the bedroom. It is soft, like the touch of the bedroom." What began as an exercise may become a business. Olivia hopes that a fashion house will manufacture clothes based on her designs. Robert Bane Publishing (9255 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 716, Los Angeles, California 90069) has released limited editions of the paintings. You can obtain a catalog of Olivia's work for \$2 from O-Card Corporation, Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, New York 10018.



BIZARRE BAZAAR

For those of you who have just seen *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* and now are itching to decorate your domicile in jungle chic, there's Trader Rick's Safari Bazaar, a mail-order company operating out of P.O. Box 240334, Memphis, Tennessee 38124, that sells everything from mako-shark jaws (\$10, postpaid) to Peruvian goatskin shrunken heads (\$12.50). Trader Rick will also initiate a "world search" for obscure exotica and provide an estimated cost. We'll take Kate Capshaw at any price, *bwana*.



IT'S THE BERRIES

From Britain's roaring Twenties comes a reprint of *Berry and Co.* (Beaufort Books, \$13.95), the first time these exploits of a madcap fivesome—Berry, Daphne, Jonah, Jill and Boy—who live the life of the idle rich in their country home and dash off in a Rolls-Royce to adventures washed down with champagne, have been published in the United States. The late Dornford Yates wrote the series; after *Berry* come *Jonah and Co.* and *Adèle and Co.* Jolly good reading.



MASTER-SLAVE RELATIONSHIP

Anybody who says good help is hard to find hasn't yet been waited on by an inflatable Servitron Robot. Standing over four feet high, Servitrons in the guise of three domestics—butler, maid and chef—can bustle about at parties dispensing canapés or simply fetch you a quiet cognac by the fire for just \$80 each, postpaid. And according to the manufacturer, Servitron Robots, 1009 Grant Street, Denver, Colorado 80203, the robots can be operated by remote control at distances up to 75 feet, on carpets or hardwood floors. Unlike most guests, when the party's over, they can be deflated.

TRIVIA MARCHES ON

The latest affliction to affect our national psyche isn't post-political-convention depression or pre-election anxiety, it's question burn-out: More and more players of Trivial Pursuit experience a sense of *déjà vu* when "Which was the first James Bond film?" and "Name the third leg of horse racing's Triple Crown" keep coming up. That's where Trivia-Sense steps to center stage. Developed by Trivial Pursuit players after one long snow-bound Minnesota weekend, it's a supplementary boxed set of 1000 cards (6000 questions) that can be played with Trivial Pursuit or independently if you just want to fire category questions at one another. You can pick one up for \$29.95 at game shops. Here's a sample question: "What's Madame Bovary's first name?" A box of Snickers to the man in the balcony answering "Emma."



ART ON THE LINE

Ever come across an old signed painting in an antique shop and wonder what it was worth? Who hasn't—but you might have been stuck with trusting an art gallery to tell you whether you had trash or treasure. Now, instead, you can dial a computerized service, Telepraisal, 800-645-6002, give it the name of the artist and it will tell you how well that artist's work sells on the international market. The price is \$30 for a listed name, \$15 for one that's not—all on your charge card. Smile like the Mona Lisa.



THE GOLDEN STRIVERS

The 1984 Los Angeles games may be a thing of the past, but the pomp and circumstances under which the athletes competed are very much a thing of the present in *Shooting for the Gold: A Portrait of America's Olympic Athletes*, a 128-page hardcover by photographer Walter Iooss, Jr., that was commissioned by Fuji Photo Film U.S.A. It's priced at \$24.95, and all proceeds go to sports federations with athletes on the 1984 U.S. Olympic team.



BUY, BUY BLACK SHEEP

Not everyone is lucky enough to be Alex Haley and find Kunta Kinte. In fact, most people don't even have a rotten apple—let alone a shiny one—in their family tree. Until now, that is. For \$24.95, Instant Ancestors, P.O. Box 449063, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202, will create a ridiculous relative, complete with a phony occupation (anything from snake-oil barker to suffragette), and mount the humorous history, along with a 19th Century photo, in a simulated-leather folder. A few facts, such as one's last name and nationality, help. Ours looks better than the real McCoy.



GEORGIA ON OUR MIND

When Skinflint's, that little old fine-wine merchant in Atlanta, commissioned Wine Posters Publishing to create a poster with great legs for it, it wasn't referring to the viscosity of vino on the inside of a glass. And just to make sure that everything was Georgia peachy, Wine Posters also threw in a pickup truck, a rifle and two frogs (or are they horny toads?). What came out of all this is a 20" x 30" five-color poster that's guaranteed to turn the head of every good ol' boy—all for just \$24, postpaid, from Wine Posters, 1701-A Octavia Street, San Francisco, California 94109.



TRAIN OF THOUGHT

There are two kinds of people in the world: those who think train travel went out with spittoons and those who can't wait to choo-choo off to Chattanooga or Chittagong. The *International Railway Traveller* newsletter is clearly written for the latter group. Available bimonthly from P.O. Box 35067, Louisville, Kentucky 40232, for \$15, it's a 12-page sonnet to the romance of that long, lonesome roadbed of rails that has beckoned travelers. Recent editions have included articles on the Orient Express, Australia's luxury train The Alice and future cars of Amtrak. Glad to hear Amtrak has a future.



Record Breaking

CHRISSIE HYNDE is one of rock's first ladies. *Learning to Crawl* stayed on the charts for most of 1984 and The Pretenders toured ceaselessly. So if she wants to tear up a little vinyl, let's hear it for the girl!



©1984 ROBERT MANKLU



Huey Lewis and the Nudes

Fair is fair. HUEY LEWIS reads PLAYBOY and we listen to his albums. We got excited by his hit tune *The Heart of Rock 'n' Roll* and he got excited by Miss August. We've given him a rave review and, from his expression, he's giving us one back. Ain't life grand?

No Sweat

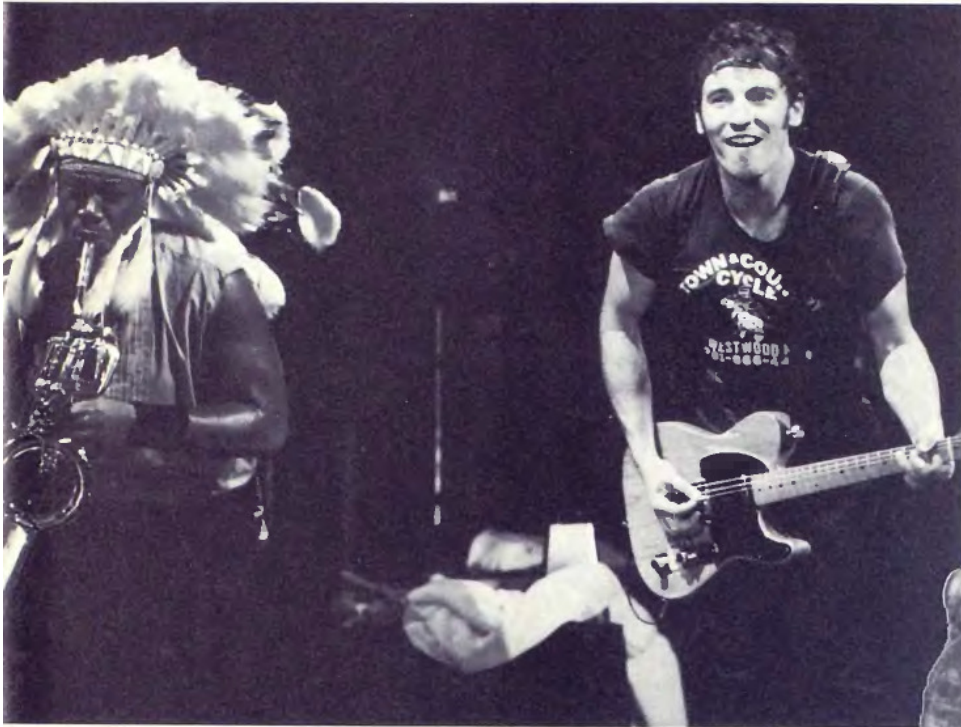
Actress MARGARET MICHAELS has been working out in film and on TV. You've seen her on *Dynasty* and *General Hospital*, and also in *Scarface* (this is our month for the ladies of *Scarface*). Margaret is now making a love story for the big screen, as yet untitled. Yeah, love!



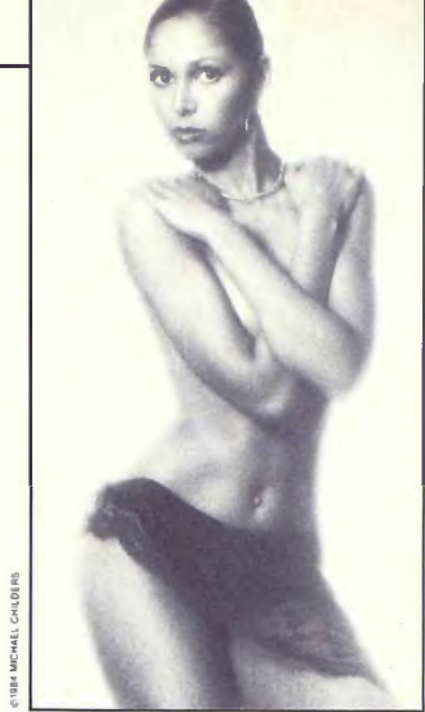
©1984 ANDY PEARLMAN

The Boss and His Chief Executive

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN and The E Street Band, featuring CLARENCE CLEMONS, hit the road last summer after a three-year absence and took on America full tilt. Michael Jackson needed pyrotechnics to wow the crowds; the Boss did the same on pure energy. Without a slick stage show, the boys were forced to play their guts out for four hours a night. If you missed the tour, put *Born in the U.S.A.* on your turntable, get out your dancing shoes and boogie.



©1984 PAUL NATAKIN/PHOTO RESERVE



©1984 MICHAEL CHILDEBS

Bare Essence

This is the totally gorgeous LONETTE MCKEE, whom you will soon see in Francis Coppola's film *The Cotton Club*. Although the controversy surrounding the movie has already been fierce, we're not worried; McKee's clearly on her way.

The Hollywood Hills

Actress JENILEE HARRISON has a secret. She probably knows a lot more about the Ewings than you do. Why? Harrison has joined the *Dallas* cast as J.R.'s niece, Jamie. Can J.R. keep his sneaky hands to himself? Whatever happens, we'll be watching.



©1984 JOEL REISMAN

Tell Laura We Love Her

LAURA FUINO is in good shape—as an actress and as a woman. She appeared in *Scarface* and just completed making *Touch and Go*, with Michael Keaton and Maria Conchita Alonso. Just in case you're wondering, Laura's our near-celebrity breast of the month.

©1984 SAM SHORT



COMING NEXT THE GALA CHRISTMAS AND 31ST ANNIVERSARY ISSUES



SUZANNE SOMERS



87TH PRECINCT



TOURIST TRADE



SEX STARS

"WELCOME BACK, SOMERS"—SHE'S AS SEXY AS EVER, AND WE BID A HEARTY HELLO AGAIN TO **SUZANNE**

"ROCK-'N'-ROLL SWEETHEARTS"—BE HONEST, NOW: HAVEN'T YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE **JUNE POINTER**, **FRIEDA PARTON** AND **TERRI NUNN** in *PLAYBOY*?

"AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE"—IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE 87TH PRECINCT STATION, WHERE THE GUESTS ARE AN ODD LOT—BY **ED MCBAIN**

"CELEBRITY BLUES"—A ROUNDUP OF ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT BEING FLEETINGLY FAMOUS, INCLUDING **ROY BLOUNT JR.'S "I'M SICK OF CELEBRITIES,"** **STEVE MARTIN'S "IN DEFENSE OF CELEBRITIES,"** A STATE-OF-THE-ART CHART OF THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN FACE FAME AND NAME FAME, ETC.; AND,

PLUS: A LOOK AT **"SEXUAL AMBIGUITY IN AMERICA,"** BY A MAN WHO SHOULD KNOW, **JAMES BALDWIN**; PART TWO OF **"CITIZEN HUGHES";** **DAVID HALBERSTAM'S** PORTRAIT OF THAT RARE MODERN ATHLETE, **"THE AMATEUR";** **HARRY CREWS'S** VIEWS ON **"SONS";** **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN'S** ADVICE ON DEALING WITH **"EX-WIVES"** (DOESN'T EVERYBODY HAVE ONE THESE DAYS?); **"TO HELL WITH WHOLESOME,"** A REPORT ON THOSE NEW PURITANS, BY **LARRY L. KING**; FICTION BY **RAY BRADBURY** AND **ROBERT COOVER**; **"WHERE THE GIRLS ARE: EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT WOMEN'S COLLEGES,"** BY **SETH RACHLIN** AND **GEORGE VAN HOOMISSEN**; AN INTRIGUING **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **DIANE LANE**; AND, OF COURSE, MUCH, MUCH MORE

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, **"PLAYBOY'S CELEBRITY-BREAST TEST,"** A.K.A. **"STARDOM'S GREATEST TITS"**

"REDEFINING SMART"—FACED WITH THE CONSTANT BARRAGE OF THE INFORMATION AGE, CAN ANYONE HOPE TO KEEP UP? DOES KNOWLEDGE TODAY MEAN RECOGNIZING THE NAMES IN *PEOPLE* MAGAZINE? AN INQUIRY BY **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

"THE SICILIAN"—MICHAEL CORLEONE RETURNS IN A BRAND-NEW *GODFATHER* TALE—BY **MARIO PUZO**

"SEX STARS OF 1984"—BY **JIM HARWOOD**

"TOURIST TRADE"—WHEN A SWISS ART DEALER MATES WITH AN ALIEN FEMALE, MORE THAN THE EARTH MOVES. A HAUNTING TALE BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

1818

SMIRNOFF



1886

1882

1877

1896

THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT

PURVEYOR TO

PIERRE SMIRNOFF
EST. 1818 MOSCOW

1886-1917

PRODUCT OF

Ste Pierre Smirnoff & Co. Fls

Смирновская Водка №21

SMIRNOFF - VODKA 40 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLs. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CT. - MADE IN U.S.A.

Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.



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

© Philip Morris Inc. 1984

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

17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '84