

INTERVIEW: BASKETBALL'S MIGHTY MOSES MALONE

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

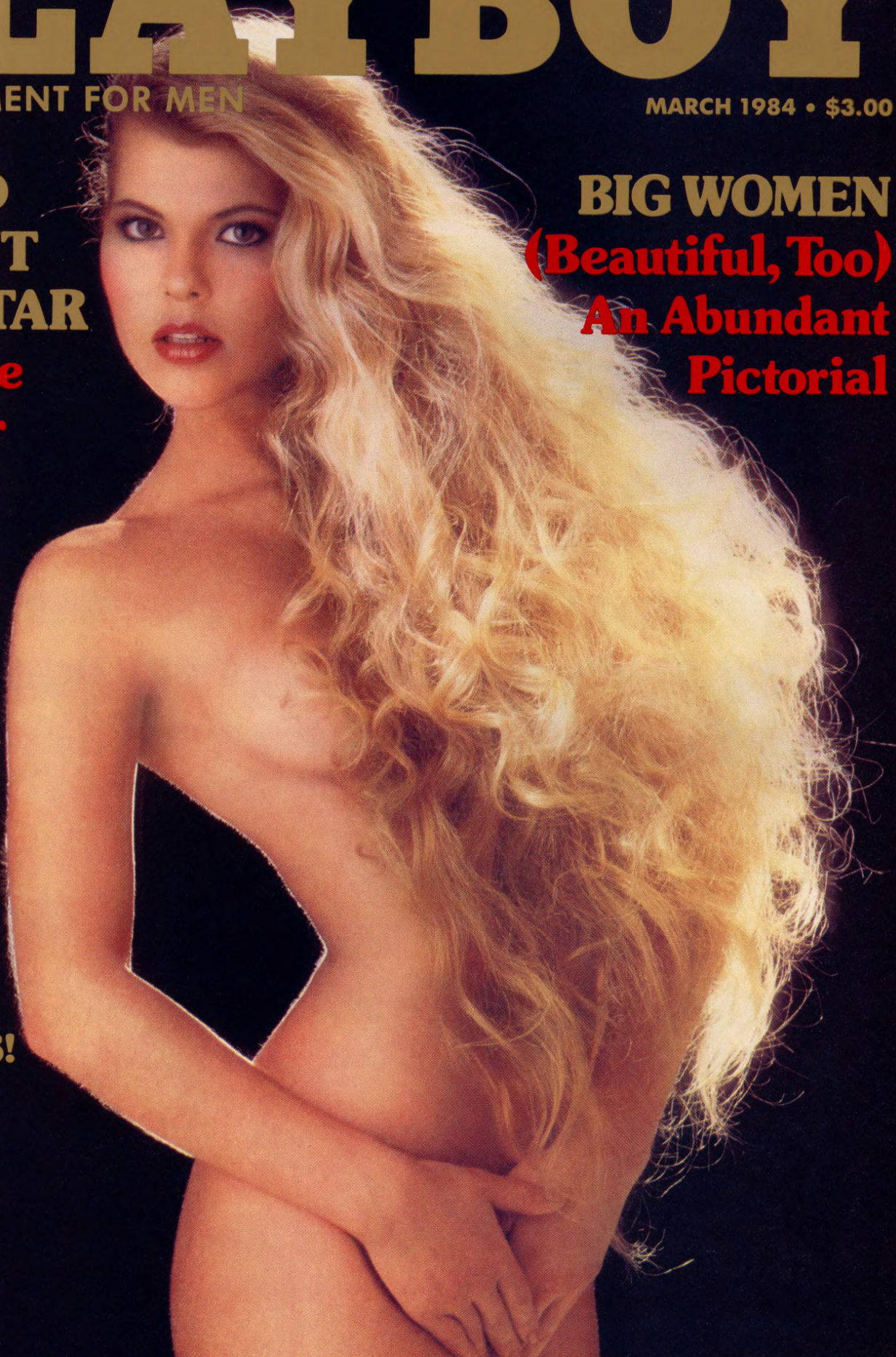
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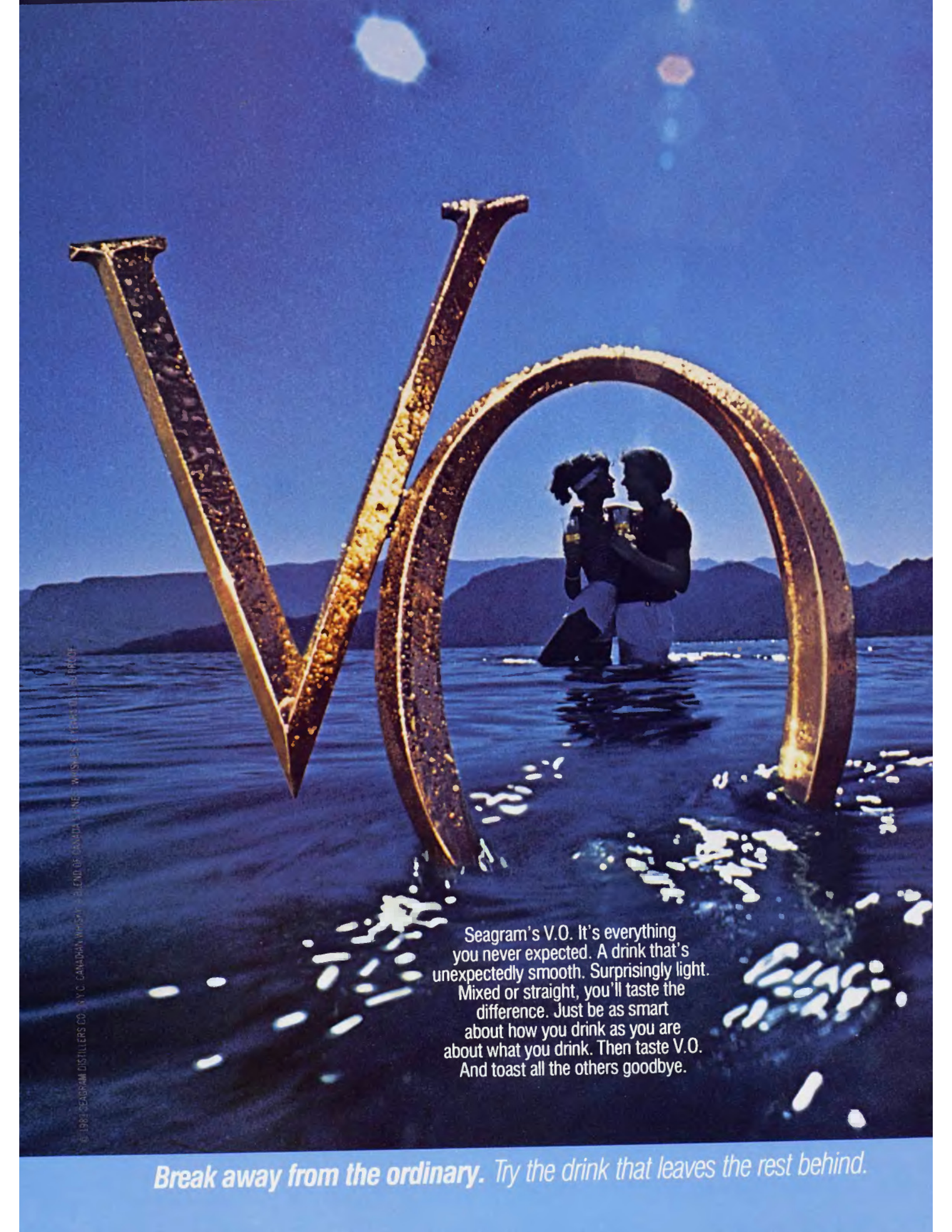
BIG WOMEN
(Beautiful, Too)
**An Abundant
Pictorial**

**RIPPING
OFF
JOHN
LENNON**
**A SPECIAL
REPORT**

**SEXY CARS!
HOT CYCLES!
PLAYBOY'S
GUIDE
TO WHEELS**



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PLAYBILL

NEARLY FOUR YEARS AGO, we assigned **David Sheff** to interview the reclusive ex-Beatle **John Lennon** and his wife, **Yoko Ono**. Sheff turned in his interview at the end of September 1980, and on December eighth, Lennon was assassinated. The *Interview*, which appeared in our January 1981 issue, took on new meaning: It was Lennon's last for publication.

Sheff and his wife and writing partner, **Victoria Sheff**, spent more than a year investigating the ghoulish aftermath of Lennon's death; during that time, says David, "our phone would ring and somebody would hang up; our hotel room was broken into; we were noticeably trailed several times." Then the most chilling moment: "Victoria took a cab across town with a friend and was talking about the story. When she arrived at her destination, the driver turned around and smiled slyly, and it was Fred Seaman—one of the people we'd been investigating. Vicky got out of that cab *fast*." The result of the Sheffs' odyssey through a world of nightmares is *The Betrayal of John Lennon*.

Contributing Editor **Asa Baber** is certainly having bad dreams after considering the circumstances surrounding the downing of K.A.L. flight 007 last August over Soviet territory in his *Reporter's Notebook: Killing Us Softly with Their Song*. The thought that the Government may be stonewalling something doesn't upset Baber as much as the apparent complicity of the mass media with such a cover-up.

Life becomes an exercise in optimism when you're 6'10" and earning more than \$2,000,000 a year as the dominating center in professional basketball. It feels good to be Philadelphia 76er **Moses Malone**, the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, by **Lawrence Linderman**. The man who slam-dunks like a howitzer talks about playing rough, drugs in the N.B.A., the pressures of the play-offs and his toughest foes on the court.

And while we're on the subject of men in their prime, Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright **Sam Shepard**, 40, is certainly in his. Shepard is a musician, a poet and a cowboy who played Chuck Yeager in the movie *The Right Stuff* (which is to say he's also a hell of an actor). **Robert Goldberg** defines the man and his moods in *Sam Shepard, American Original*, illustrated by **Thomas Ingham**.

D. Keith Mano, another writer in his prime, has never been known to be self-effacing (except for money), but he certainly knows the score on being a man and proves it in *The Manly Arts*, illustrated by **Boris Vallejo**. One of the Manly Arts, as Mano points out, is an appreciation of automobiles. Whether you're a past master or still a novice, you'll want to look through our *Playboy's Guide to Wheels*, featuring *The Return of the Sexy Car*, by **Gary Witzenburg**, and a not-so-fond backward glance at vintage sports cars, by **P. J. O'Rourke**. Every auto fact was checked by PLAYBOY's corps of Researchers: **Nancy Banks**, **Carolyn Browne**, **Jackie Johnson**, **Marcy Marchi**, **Bari Nash** and **Mary Zion**.

To take stock of cars or almost anything valuable, you may need advice from **Andrew Tobias**, whose financial *Quarterly Reports: Going for Brokers* tells you how to pick a broker instead of letting him pick you (clean). And then there are some manly qualities that even money can't buy; consult **Lenny Kleinfeld's** short story, *The 16th Summer of Daq Jaddarra*.

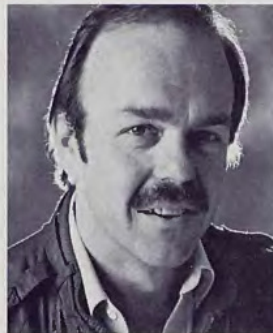
To round out the issue (literally), we pay overdue homage to Rubensian women in *Big & Beautiful*, photographed by **Palma Kolansky**; we show you the best of the latest raincoats for spring, modeled by **Pierce Brosnan** (a.k.a. **Remington Steele**) and photographed by Contributing Photographer **Mario Casilli**; we bring you a behind-the-scenes look at porn princess **Bridgette Monet** (who has a surprising alter ego); we aim a backward glance at one of the screen's hottest properties, **Rachel Ward**, in the role that gave her her first film exposure, that of a professor's assistant in *Night School*. Finally, there's Miss March, **Dona Speir**; Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** is the lucky stiff who covered her visit to Cancun. Now, *she's* got the right stuff.



SHEFF, SHEFF



BABER



LINDERMAN



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TOBIAS



BROWNE, JOHNSON, NASH, BANKS, ZION, MARCHI



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vol. 31, no. 3—march, 1984

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COVER STORY

When computer enthusiast Susie Scott appeared as Miss May 1983, we dubbed her pictorial *Love at First Byte*. This month's cover, shot by Contributing Photographer Steve Wayda, proves Susie's second byte is equally lovable. Good luck locating the Rabbit Head she's hiding. It's just a hair difficult to find.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



JOHNNY WITH A DRY MARTINA

The rich man's Alan Thicke joined Martina Navratilova recently to raise a racket for charity at Playboy Mansion West. Carson was looking for help by day's end (above); Martina never broke a sweat.

A PLAYBOY FAMILY REUNION

Mark Wilson (below right) called the Mansion West late last fall, politely asking if he could meet Hugh Hefner. He said he was Hef's son. A ten-page letter from his mother verified it. Hef never knew she had borne his child. Now Mark is frequently at Hef's side. Thrilled over the turn of events, Hef slew the fatted cake to celebrate Mark's 26th birthday.



SAM LOVES KYM A BUSHEL AND A PECK

In the Las Vegas Hilton recently, two American symbols—Playmate and eagle—got to know each other better. Kym Malin and Sam the Olympic Eagle, mascot of the summer Olympics, kissed for good luck as cries of "Coochie, coochie" rang out from behind them. Kym was in town to brighten up the California Grocers' Association Convention. She avoided real-life Mr. Whipples who wanted to squeeze the charmin' (evidence below) Miss May of 1982.



TRACY DOES LEGWORK

Blake Edwards found the most beautiful legs in the world—attached to our own Tracy Vaccaro (right), Miss October 1983. Tracy had two legs (below) up on the competition (above) for the role of the legs that obsess Burt Reynolds in *The Man Who Loved Women*. For Tracy in toto, see last October's issue.



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	11-15	Bob Hope Classic	Palm Springs, CA
	19-22	Phoenix Open	Phoenix, AZ
	26-29	Isuzu-Andy Williams San Diego Open	San Diego, CA
Feb.	2-5	Bing Crosby National Pro-Am	Monterey, CA
	16-19	Los Angeles Open	Los Angeles, CA
Mar.	1-4	Honda Classic	Ft. Lauderdale, FL
	22-25	USF&G Classic	New Orleans, LA
	29-4/1	Tournament Players Championship	Jacksonville, FL
Apr.	5-8	Greater Greensboro Open	Greensboro, NC
	19-22	Sea Pines Heritage Golf Classic	Hilton Head, SC
May	3-6	MONY Tournament of Champions	Carlsbad, CA
	10-13	Byron Nelson Golf Classic	Dallas, TX
	17-20	Colonial National Invitation	Ft. Worth, TX
June	7-10	Manufacturers Hanover Westchester Classic	Westchester, NY
	21-24	Georgia-Pacific Atlanta Golf Classic	Atlanta, GA
	21-24	Senior Tournament Players Championship	Cleveland, OH
July	5-8	Western Open	Chicago, IL
	19-22	Miller High Life Quad Cities Open	Moline, IL
	26-29	Sammy Davis, Jr.—Greater Hartford Open	Hartford, CT
Aug.	9-12	Buick Open	Flint, MI
	16-19	PGA Championship	Birmingham, AL
	23-26	World Series of Golf	Akron, OH
	30-9/2	B. C. Open	Endicott, NY
Sept.	6-9	The Bank of Boston Classic	Boston, MA
	13-16	Greater Milwaukee Open	Milwaukee, WI
	19-23	Panasonic Las Vegas Classic	Las Vegas, NV
	27-30	LaJet Coors Classic	Abilene, TX
Oct.	4-7	Texas Open	San Antonio, TX
	11-14	Southern Open	Columbus, GA
	25-28	Pensacola Open	Pensacola, FL
Dec.	TBA	J.C. Penney Classic	Tampa, FL
	TBA	Chrysler Team Invitational	Boca Raton, FL

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MAGNUM, PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

I just finished reading December's *Playboy Interview* with Tom Selleck and am very glad someone finally took the time to find out what's inside the superstar. There is no doubt that Tom is very attractive, but the main reason I like him is that he's someone I would genuinely like to know as a friend. Your interview shows that he is not only great-looking on the outside but a pretty terrific guy inside, as well. Don't ever lose what you're made of, Tom. It's *nice stuff*.

Suzanne Borton
Collingswood, New Jersey

Before reading your interview with Tom Selleck, I thought of him as only another handsome man. My mother and many acquaintances have been infatuated with him, but a man must have more than good looks to interest me. Your interview is excellent. If Tom wants to meet an interesting woman, I am willing. My husband says that is fine with him, as long as he can meet Olivia Newton-John or Victoria Principal.

Nancy Perrault
Burlington, Vermont

Selleck has the potential to revive a lost genre of the movies—the Western. His TV movie *The Shadow Riders* was an earnest start. With his authentic masculinity, modest vulnerability and a smile that could stop an outlaw at 20 paces, he is a natural for an Eighties version of John Wayne or even Roy Rogers. One question remains: Can he sing?

Zell Malcolm
Atlanta, Georgia

CLASS ACT

Thank you a hundred thousand times for your cover and pictorial of a truly great star—*Joan Collins* (PLAYBOY, December). The best photographers photographed

her, and she deserves nothing less. For any woman to look that magnificent at her age is truly remarkable. More power to you, Joan! I love you.

Greg Wells
Hampden-Sydney, Virginia

Joan Collins was and is hot stuff. Thanks for the revelation.

Ted Richards
Dallas, Texas

Congratulations to the photographers and kudos to Joan Collins for one of the most tastefully done photo layouts of a contemporary woman I've ever seen.

Bob Mohs
Tacoma, Washington

Thank you so much for the pictorial on Joan Collins. You confirmed what I've always suspected. The lady has *no ass. Class*, but no ass.

Jane Curran
Redondo Beach, California

I have two serious problems. One, I have not received my December issue of your excellent magazine. Two, I am incarcerated. (The latter problem is not nearly as serious as the former!) Do you know how long I have waited for an exclusive PLAYBOY pictorial on Joan Collins? Needless to say, I have been out of my mind with anticipation. Please! Send me my December issue, and hurry!

(Name withheld by request)
London, Ohio

It's on its way, Name Withheld. Sit tight.

TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING

In the midst of all the maudlin media hype surrounding the 20th anniversary of President Kennedy's assassination, it was, indeed, refreshing, if saddening, to read William Manchester's *One Brief Shining Moment* in your December issue. My



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only complaint is that the excerpt, like the Kennedy Presidency, is far too short.

James B. Fulton
Evanston, Illinois

While acknowledging his polished writing skills, one must be somewhat saddened that William Manchester does not also possess the gift of objectivity. As a friend of Kennedy's, the sycophantic Manchester has penned all the obligatory, if phony, praises and panegyrics to an unworthy President. Do the facts that Kennedy accomplished virtually nothing as Commander in Chief and that his Presidency was characterized by puffery and nonachievement occur to Manchester? Obviously not; he has himself been hoodwinked by the Kennedy mystique.

Lanny R. Middings
San Ramon, California

SCARLET LETTER

Your great December cover shot of Joan Collins proves once and for all that scarlet is the color for passion, but I'm red in the face from looking for a photo credit. I'm sure not all of your readers pay as much attention to the men behind the camera as to the women in front of it, but some of us want to know the names of the guys we envy so much. Do all of us vicarious PLAYBOY photographers a favor and tell us who took the picture.

(Name withheld by request)
Sarasota, Florida

We're blushing, too, for having failed to tell you that Contributing Photographer Army Freytag captured Collins for our December cover. The real photo, of course, is much bigger than the one you see here; this is a look at our Lilliput edition.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Fear and loathing in Hawaii? Thank you for publishing *The Curse of Lono* (PLAYBOY, December). Hunter S. Thompson brings to life the true meaning of the fast lane. As a good ol' boy, I would like to commend your good ol' taste in writers.

John Brasfield
Birmingham, Alabama

Hunter S. Thompson, you vicious bastard! You gibbering, twisted freak! You presumptuous, blathering idiot! Your distortion and convolution of the basic precepts of sanity have exceeded even my limits of endurance. No more will you tempt me by presenting horribly deranged behavior with such romanticism that the heart and imagination of a poor Florida beach boy/student reel to the thrilling beat of unknown elixirs. To hell with your visions of psychopathic nirvana. I'll beat the social game and the goose-stepping

goons of conformity, too. But at their own game. If you're lucky, I'll let you ride in my Porsche.

Ric Hess
Tampa, Florida

NO ROTTEN APPLES

Peter A. McWilliams' articles about computers and how to deal with them (PLAYBOY, October, November and December) are long overdue. In a magazine like PLAYBOY, there must be room for a columnist to follow what happens in the field every month. I see McWilliams' series as a fine beginning.

Henrik Bentzen
Fredericia, Denmark

MILITARY EXERCISES

We, the troopers of the 1/505 Airborne Infantry, are here in Grenada and have just received the December PLAYBOY. We think the Government is trying to test our nerves. It's bad enough it can't decide when to send us home; now it's reminding us of the beautiful women back there. Now that the fighting is over, we would like nothing better than a personal look at the 1983 Playmates. Who could pass up a performance for the best battalion in the 82nd Airborne Division on a sunny Caribbean island?

The Men of the Recon Platoon
1/505 Airborne Infantry
82nd Airborne Division
APO Miami, Florida

Miss January to Miss December, inclusive. But they send their best wishes and hope that all of you are now home safely.

FATHER-AND-CHILD REUNION

Three cheers for Asa Baber! He says it straight in his *Men* column: Men can and do love their children as much as the women who carried them for nine months, and they are indispensable models for their children—both male and female. The superstate and women will learn not to fuck with the father-child relationship, because one of these days (soon, I hope), men are going to wake up to the injustice dealt them and come out fighting. And while I'm at it, let me add that it's time to try to make our marriages work, too—for our kids, our society and ourselves.

Judith Tuck
Tampico, Mexico

WHAT A FEELING

Congratulations to Marilyn Grabowski and Steve Wayda for their supersexy *Flashdancers* pictorial in the December issue. If Kim Arrow ever needs a partner for a *pas de deux*, place my name at the top of the list.

J. E. Pardo II
Englewood, New Jersey

NOT GUILTY

Regarding Craig Vetter's *The Desexing of America* (PLAYBOY, December): The importance of recent changes in sexual

attitudes lies not in being guilty over having sex or not having sex in a relationship but, rather, in having the freedom to choose between the two without guilt.

B. Kirkpatrick
Fort Whyte, Manitoba

WE'RE CRIMSON; BROOKE'S NOT

In *Sex Stars of 1983* (PLAYBOY, December), Jim Harwood says, "Brooke Shields . . . is concentrating on her upcoming collegiate career at Princeton, which she chose after Harvard refused Mom's demand that it promise to admit Brooke before she applied." Brooke never applied to, nor had any intention of attending, Harvard University. Therefore, any alleged demands on my part are totally without foundation.

Teri Shields
Haworth, New Jersey

While asking us to clear up the confusion over her daughter's choice of schools, Teri Shields mentioned that Brooke did well in her first-term grades, earning an A in psychology and a B-plus in French. In biology, though, we hear she keeps looking for Calvin Klein genes.

NIHEN'S A TEN

I have been a subscriber to PLAYBOY for many years and never thought I'd write a letter about a centerfold. But Richard Fegley's photographs of December Playmate Terry Nihen have me in orbit. They say good things come in small packages. Well, 100-pound Terry fills the bill. *Mucho* thanks.

John J. Evangelisti
Dover, New Jersey

Congratulations for Miss December, Terry Nihen. She seems to be a down-to-earth, natural and beautiful woman any man would fall head over heels for. I'm still picking my face off the sidewalk. She is a Venus. Who other than PLAYBOY could picture a female with such form, grace and symmetry? I need to see her one more time! I am on my knees!

Robert Gorham
Wake Forest University
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

So is Terry, Robert. She's really thankful to all who wrote in singing her praises, but you're the only one whose face attacks



sidewalks over her. She'd be there with a spatula, but she's all tied up with her bathing suit right now.





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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



IT MUST HAVE BEEN MURDER

The following is excerpted from *The Dallas Morning News*: "Mitchell's body was in the back of his daughter's Camaro hatchback. He had been shot once in the head and twice in the rear storage area."

Q. TRUE OR FALSE? A. YES

Our nominee for the Orwell That Ends Well Award for 1984 is press secretary Larry Speakes, declining to answer a question about White House infighting: "I'm not discussing that stuff. Whatever its history is history, be it fact or fiction."

The travel section of the *Chicago Sun-Times* has let itself be misled by dreams of imperial glory. "BRITISH VIRGINS ARE JEWELS OF THE CARIBBEAN," a headline proclaimed. "UNTAINTED BY COMMERCIALISM," boasted a subhead. But a second subhead gave away the game: "A MUST STOP FOR SAILORS." Oh—those Virgins. Hey, when an urchin brags about his sister, a real journalist checks out the facts personally.

TURNING THE CAR TRICK

Red-white-and-blue sheriff Joe Neaves didn't like all the pink on display inside San Antonio's X-rated Puss 'n Boots Theater. He decided to embarrass potential customers by having his men park right in front of the theater in a marked patrol car. The sheriff's plan backfired, though, when the theater's management put up a sign reading PARKING SECURITY BY SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES. Neaves admitted defeat but promised a return engagement.

SWAT TEAM UPDATE

In February, we told you about the latest techniques in bringing down our little airborne-insect friends. This month, we move on to mammals. A *Chemical & Engineering News* reader offered the magazine some advice on how to deal with bats. The reader armed himself with a

tennis racket and flailed at two bats in his lakeside home. But he was no match for their sophisticated radar. *C. & E. News* reports: "They dodged his forehand with ease and his backhand 'with disdain.'" But the batophobe developed a different technique: He waited until the bats had whizzed past him and then used his overhead smash. He won in quick, straight sets. Conclusion: "Bats do not have rearward-scanning radar."

A Hollywood director wanting to end his relationship with his live-in girlfriend told her that he was leaving on a business trip and that when he returned several days later, he wanted her and her belongings out of his house. Upon his return, he was pleased to see that she had moved out and that the house was in good order—except that the telephone was off the hook. When he put it back, he heard a strange language on the line: It turned out that he



was connected to the time number in Tokyo, which brought that month's bill to \$80,000.

An ad in a Toronto newspaper—"For Strippers Only. . . . Must be able to perform in dimly lit quarters"—brought 12 men and 70 women. No women were hired, but some men were. They had recognized the address as that of a print shop, and strippers is a term used in the trade.

Anne Pawelek of Cicero, Illinois, has filed a class-action suit in U.S. district court on behalf of all Polish-Americans. She is seeking to excise what she calls (and spells) "Pollock jokes" from last year's hit movie *Flashdance*. As far as we can tell, 20th Century abstract expressionists are not following suit.

England's *Westmoreland Gazette* published this cheery classified ad: "Lost—Cartmel area. Bald, one-eyed ginger tom. Crippled in both back legs, recently castrated, answering to the name of Lucky."

Romantic Evenings Take Careful Planning Department: A 53-year-old Bellflower, California, man was arrested at a Skaggs Drug Store after being accused of stealing a package of prophylactics, a desensitizing lubricating gel and a box of NoDoz tablets.

PERSIAN GOLF

The Wall Street Journal reports that one of Kuwait's four barren golf courses is landscaped with steel pipes twisted to look like trees. Players carry around square patches of artificial turf to hit from, but Astroturf is out of bounds—Monsanto does business with Israel. Fairways are covered with lizard holes (and the lizards run to more than a foot long), so if your ball goes into one, local rules allow you to



LESSER-KNOWN INVENTIONS

Unfair as it may seem, history tends to judge a person by one deed—or misdeed. Thus, Marco Polo is remembered only as the man who went to China, ignoring his substantial work in camel dentistry, Albert Einstein will be forever linked to his theory of relativity, even though his theory of spooky space monsters is well worth considering. Nowhere is this more evident than with the world's great inventors, whose lesser-known inventions have never shared the limelight. Until now:

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL:

- Yelling (1867)
- Very long megaphone (1869)
- Wires held up by big poles (1871)
- "Collect" brick through the window (1869)
- Cordless hat (1875)
- "Pretend" telephone (1874)
- Unlisted shirt size (1872)
- Obscene yodel (1876)
- Connecting ear muffs (1873)
- Talking plastic (1877)

ALFRED NOBEL:

- Exploding shoes (1861)
- Exploding telephone (1859)
- Exploding light bulb (1876)
- Exploding phonograph record (1892)
- The Alfred Prize (1888)
- Al's Prize (1889)
- The Nobel Door Prize (1890)
- Al's Suitcase o' Money (1867)
- The Exploding Nobel Prize (1878)

THOMAS EDISON:

- Campfire in a bottle (1869)
- Brightly painted tungsten (1879)
- Screw-in ceiling ornaments (1874)
- Lightning-bug leash (1878)
- Crown of candles (1875)

WILBUR AND ORVILLE WRIGHT:

- Extremely light locomotive (1901)
- Supersonic bicycle (1904)
- Comfortable cannon ball (1899)
- Film-ruining machine (1902)
- Very dark-brown box (1909)
- Deep, deep-purple box (1910)
- Opposite-of-white box (1910)
- Bicycle built for 260 (1906)

JACOB SCHICK:

- Electric face biter (1925)
- Electric false-beard applicator (1923)
- Giant wheat shaver (1930)
- Useless buzzing box (1926)
- Kerosene razor (1928)
- Exploding electric razor (with Nobel) (1896)

LEONARDO DA VINCI:

- Everything (1512)

ELI WHITNEY:

- Interchangeable cotton balls (1794)
- Seed-reinforced pants (1790)
- No-seed cotton candy (1802)
- Cotton rifle (1788)

ROBERT FULTON:

- Vapor boat (1805)
- Ice boat (1806)
- Scalding-water boat (1806)
- Steam flying saucer (1809)
- Exploding steamboat (with Nobel) (18??)

GUGLIELMO MARCONI:

- Talking mice in a box (1890)
- Long-distance ventriloquism (1894)

GABRIEL DANIEL FAHRENHEIT:

- Large glass toothpick (1713)
- Miniature anus flagpole (1716)
- Fund-raising graph (1724)
- Thing you shake (1714)

HENRY FORD:

- Horseless fancy dinner party (1892)
- Horseless Presidential campaign (1888)
- Ratless carriage (1895)
- Gasoline-powered horse (1890)
- Carriage, pulled by quiet, invisible horses (1895)
- Antique car of the future (1896)
- Dog face blower (1900)

J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER:

- Adam bomb (1943)
- "At 'em" bomb (1944)
- Extra-strength toupee glue (1946)
- S.P.F.-500 sun screen (1946)

JOSEPH GUILLOTIN:

- Unwieldy hedge trimmer (1786)
- Venetian blinds of death (1785)
- "Gag" peephole (1780)
- Dangerous bench press (1779)
- Blood-sprinkling system (1785)
- Brain surgery while-u-wait (1785)

—JACK HANDEY

"play a new ball from the opening without penalty." Kuwaitis apparently don't understand the integrity of the game. That's a stroke anywhere else.

The story was about poultry, but the headline in the Ventura, California, *Star Free Press* read: "FROZEN COCKS LEAVE LAWYER COLD."

Gorillas and orangutans at Washington's National Zoo have become football fans; they watch the Redskins play every Sunday on TV sets in their cages. "We did it to counteract the boredom," said Caldwell Graham, animal keeper at the great-ape house. The sets are paid for through donations, and the apes are given snacks—such as straw and pomegranate pieces—to munch on.

Here in Paris, an English-language weekly, described the program at a Mozart festival: "The Paris Orchestra, conducted by Daniel Barenboim, plays concert tunes by Dietrich Fischer and Dieskau"—the greatest singing duo since Sonny and Cher.

TAKE HIM, HE'S HERS

(1) Insert tab A into slot B. (2) Claim you spent the afternoon shopping around. That's the advice Los Angeles psychologist Cynthia Silverman is giving in a how-to workshop for married women who want to have an affair. Silverman is a firm believer that "a white lie is better than a black truth"—never, ever confess, she counsels her students. She also recommends explaining disappearances with alibis that can't be checked. And, above all, the well-adjusted adulteress does her wandering with a married man; he's got as much at stake in discretion as she does. Silverman's credentials consist of a frank admission that she personally conducted field tests on her theories. But she says she's no longer in the market for an affair—her third marriage is too happy. Of course, that's also what she'd say if she were busy screening applicants for husband number four.

THAT OR BAN KNEES

The *Chicago Sun-Times*, in its Sports People column, reported that five Toronto doctors had written to *The New England Journal of Medicine* that basketball players—especially leapers—should wear protective cups similar to those worn by football and hockey players.

They described "the rather unusual circumstances surrounding the case of a 19-year-old, normal, sexually active athletic man who . . . executed a perfect slam dunk and while descending suffered intimate contact with the opponent's knee."

And "despite normal libido," the doctors said, the Unknown Dunker couldn't function sexually for a year.

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Newport

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Don Fagenson (left), David Weiss.

THE BROTHERS WAS HERE: Don Fagenson was sitting in a Detroit steakhouse, absently mashing the remains of his baked potato, when a pretty blonde waitress minced up and put her hand on his shoulder.

"Don!" she said. "Great album."

"Oh, you heard it?"

"Oh, yes. Was (Not Was). Wow!"

That's what a lot of otherwise rational people have been saying about *Born to Laugh at Tornadoes* (Geffen), the second album by Fagenson and his partner/best friend, David Weiss. Fagenson and Weiss are a couple of 31-year-old Detroiters whose *nom de vinyl* is Was. Their brainchild is *Was (Not Was)*, already an accomplished and sometimes brilliant band. The name comes from a day two years back when Don's son, then just starting to talk, was "getting into the idea that things could be opposite."

Was (Not Was) is a warm ticket now, but until recently, things were just the opposite. "For 15 years, David and I made tapes for two or three friends," says Don, the musical force behind the band. "Our goal was to make a record once in a while and play college clubs, just making a living. Now, all of a sudden, we're playing in San Francisco and people are filling up the room, mouthing the words to our songs. And *we never met them before*. That's what amazes me."

The fans may know David's lyrics, but no one seems to know what kind of music he and Don represent. It is and isn't jazz, funk, electronic and rock 'n' roll. The Was Bros.—siblings in soul but not in blood—pick and choose from all of the above. Then they stir it up in their slightly crazed sensibilities and turn out a sound that slips through all the cracks but tends to stick between your ears.

"I don't see our music as rock or funk," Don says. "It's what David and I were doing when we were 16 years old, only we're better at it now. It's American popular music."

"The cool thing we've developed is the lack of a clear identity, a clear sound. All anybody expects of us is to keep doing different shit all the time. I would hate it if we were locked into being like Ted Nugent and had to be crazy game hunters all our lives, you know?"

One reason people can't get a handle on composer Fagenson and lyricist Weiss (the former plays bass and all things electric; the latter plays flute and sings) is that they keep giving the spotlight to guest stars. One reviewer, disarmed of his categories, threw up his hands and called them "ministers of eclecticism." *Born to Laugh at Tornadoes* offers Marshall Crenshaw crooning *Feelings* in the background of *The Party Broke Up*. Mitch Ryder sings *Bow Wow Wow Wow*. The Knack's Doug Fieger sings two songs. Ozzy Osbourne does one, and so does Mel Tormé. Mel Tormé?

Lyricist Weiss, then a *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* jazz critic, was the Was who persuaded Tormé to sing *Zaz Turned Blue*. "Mel's really from the old-pro network," he says. "He came in and did the song like a hit man. Bang, bang, bang and he was back out the door."

"It was a potentially embarrassing situation," Don recalls. "You can't ask Mel Tormé to 'sing it with a little more feeling.' But he studied the song and sang the piss out of it. On the way to the studio, he was saying, 'Tell me more about this fellow Zaz.' He really wanted to get it right."

David's lyrics are always darkly comic.

He compares his craft to playing the fool in motley, giggling at how seriously King Lear takes everything. Critics still call *Zaz Turned Blue* a joke, a parody. It is. And is not.

"In their own way," says Don, "our songs are dead serious. *Zaz* is a little obscure and gets covered by the irony of having Mel Tormé sing it, but I knew the real Zaz. I was there when he got choked. It's not a comedy."

The band is about to embark on a third album. It won't be a comedy, but there'll be plenty of jokes. Starting with the title.

"*Was (Not Was) Live at Budokan*—now you're talking," laughs David. "Actually, I already have a title for our next album. We'll call it *Has-Beens*."

"In the end," Don says of laughing at everything from tornadoes to betrayal to death, "I think it's just that we come from this long Jewish tradition of wise guys, of getting through school and life by being the wise guy. But instead of becoming the next generation of Shelley Bermans, we turned it into a musical thing."

Which may be the best possible description of what *Was (Not Was)* is. Or was last week, anyway. —KEVIN COOK

REVIEWS

While Genesis always sounds more synthetic than Phil Collins does alone, *Genesis* (Atlantic) is fine—another good performance by Collins, Tony Banks and Mike Rutherford. Strange, though, that all the good cuts are on side one and all the bad ones are on side two—for this record, you won't need autoreverse on the cassette

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HOT

Rolling Stones / *Undercover*

Big Country / *The Crossing*

Charlie Haden / *The Ballad of the Fallen*

Paul Simon / *Hearts and Bones*

Ray Parker, Jr. / *Woman Out of Control*



NOT

Mac Davis / *Who's Lovin' You*

deck. *That's All* and *Home by the Sea* make for excellent Genesis: tricky, unexpected melodies and compact, contrapuntal lyrics. But *Illegal Alien*, which opens side two, trivializes its subject throughout ("It's no fun being an illegal alien") with phony Mexican accents in both the music and the vocals. Genesis should not attempt the Tijuana sound.

It wouldn't be right to call John Cougar Mellencamp (the surname's back—he ought to write a song about *that*) a mature artist. He's still a real bad boy with enough sense to stay that way. But now Cougar has cut some of the swagger out of his songs and has hit upon a hack-saw simplicity that makes his one of the smartest voices in the land between Flatbush and the Basin. "Some people say I'm obnoxious and lazy," he sings in *Crumblin' Down*, "that I'm uneducated and my opinion means nothin'." But I know I'm a real good dancer." He's a real good writer and singer, too. *Uh-huh* (Riva Records) is a terrific album, and *Pink Houses* is a great song.

Windham Hill Records is a success. Its product—impressionistic instrumental music that eludes prompt categorization—seems to have caught on. This melodious, mood-provoking music puts you in touch with those deep and warm feelings that give pleasure in an unhurried way. Windham Hill artists—mostly acoustic guitarists, pianists and chamber groups—obviously fill a need. On October 9, 1982, ten of them gathered at the Berkeley Performance Center in Boston for two concerts. Contained on *An Evening with Windham Hill Live* are the best from that date, including solo performances by guitarists Michael Hedges and Alex deGrassi and pianist George Winston. A beautiful introduction to this innovative label.

If you saw The Temptations and the Four Tops face off on NBC's *Motown 25*, you knew two things were just a matter of time—a tour together and new Motown albums. Both events have come to pass. The Temps' album, *Back to Basics*, brings producer Norman Whitfield (among others) back to the group, and the results are pretty terrific. The music has a contemporary feel but maintains that famous mellow vocal blend. That's an achievement when you remember that The Temps are responsible for *My Girl*, probably the perfect Sixties ballad. You'll be glad to have this one.

A different situation exists on the Four Tops' *Back Where I Belong*. Side one reunites them with the famous songwriting team Holland, Dozier, Holland and should work like a dream. But it's too lush, too thick with sounds. Part of the Four Tops' considerable appeal is a certain roughness, a funk before there was funk, that is missing here. Side two fares much better and features, by the way, vocal assistance by

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FAST TRACKS



WHIPS AND CHAINS DEPARTMENT: We get our chuckles any way we can, and here's the latest one: We don't have to worry; Grace Jones has finally got someplace to wear all that leather she's been flashing the past few years. She's playing the female lead in *Conan the Barbarian, Part II*, opposite Arnold the Body. Her character, Zula, was a man in the original comic strip, but that's no sweat for Grace. She's got androgyny, well, locked up.

QUOTE OF THE MONTH: We asked Ivan Dorpschuk of *Men Without Hats* his opinion of the older generation: "God, I hope I'm not doing what they're doing 15 years on. Take Jagger and McCartney . . . they have millions and billions of people listening to them. They have such impact, and they're saying nothing. McCartney's just singing silly love songs, and Jagger's trying to make us believe he's still 25. He's going to be the Mae West of rock 'n' roll."

REELING AND ROCKING: The music of *Culture Club*, *Giorgio Moroder* and *Heaven 17* will be featured in *Electric Dreams*, a film about a girl who falls in love with a guy who makes music by computer. . . . *Eddy Grant* plans to make a feature-length movie. . . . *Keith Richards* is coordinating the music for a movie about legendary blues great *Robert Johnson*. . . . Another legend—a living one this time—promoter *Bill Graham* has a part in *Francis Ford Coppola's* upcoming *Cotton Club*. . . . A one-woman event: *Patti LaBelle* has landed a choice role for her film debut. She'll be the only female in the screen version of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *A Soldier's Play*.

NEWSBREAKS: *Jerry Hall* modeled maternity clothes for a cool \$100,000. . . . *Levon Helm* is playing opposite *Jane Fonda* in the TV movie *The Dollmaker*. . . . It now looks as if *Rod Stewart* has bowed out of his plans to supertour with *Elton*. *Elton's* pipped. . . . *The Waiters* have decided to reunite, make an album and tour. . . . Album notes: Look for new stuff from *Air Supply*, *Journey*, *Foreigner*, a *David Bowie-Iggy Pop* collection of the best of *Iggy* and *Ray Charles* and *Friends*—his second country

album—which includes such friends as *Willie Nelson*, *Merle Haggard*, *Rosanne Cash* and *Hank Williams, Jr.* . . . Under the heading of *It's All Illusion, Anyway*, we wanted you to know that the son of magician *Harry Blackstone, Jr.*, toured a few dates with *Van Halen*. *Blackstone III* and his band, *White Light*, open with the drummer levitating. That's what we call high. . . . *The Kinks' Dave Davies* has spoken out about his membership in the Aetherius Society. For those *not* in the know, it's a Hollywood-based (naturally!) cult that believes Jesus lives on Venus. The founder is a former London cabdriver (naturally, part two). . . . When singing's not enough: *Peabo Bryson* wants more than a Top 40 hit, he wants the best-dressed list. He wants designer *Giorgio Armani* to participate. Says Peabo: "I'd love to endorse him or become a spokesman for him." . . . *Cat Stevens* is leading a campaign against permissive sex education in the British schools and is mad at teachers for exposing kids to "wayward lifestyles." Say good night, Cat. . . . Here's a group we wouldn't mind breaking bread with: *James Brown* has been inducted into the Georgia Music Festival's Hall of Fame to take his place beside the likes of *Ray Charles*, *Otis Redding* and *Duane Allman*. . . . An interesting statistic: Of all the instruments and sheet music sold in 1982, 20 percent of the sales volume was in the area of synthesizers, according to the organizers of a conference held at New York University. Inventor *Robert Moog* was there and once again stressed that he's not afraid that musicians will ultimately be replaced by machines. Which is good news for us rockers. —BARBARA NELLIS

Aretha Franklin and The Temps (the Four Tops sing one with The Temptations on *Back to Basics*, too). For anyone who missed this music the first time around, we recommend going back and then going forward. Both groups have everything one looks for in pop—a good beat, catchy lyrics, something fine to dance to and, in the ballads, the right backdrop for going all the way. Remember *going all the way*?

Oregon is a quartet whose members, Paul McCandless, Ralph Towner, Collin Walcott and Glen Moore, play 50 instruments and a Prophet 5 synthesizer. *Oregon*, the foursome's initial album for ECM, mirrors the unit's collective concern with jazz, electronic music and African and Indian sources. The essentially cerebral result generally lacks the capacity to pique your interest consistently. But the musicianship is admirable and the album can be recommended on that basis alone.

Simon Le Bon's vocals are interesting on *Union of the Snake*, the best tune from Duran Duran's new *Seven and the Ragged Tiger* (Capitol). It's pretty much what you'd expect—good dancing stuff. But it also makes for tolerable listening if you don't happen to be dancing, a claim D.D. could not previously make.

There are too many echoes in the vocals, too much effort expended in leaning toward "significance" on ABC's *Beauty Stab* (Mercury/PolyGram), a follow-up to *Lexicon of Love*. Someone should tell ABC that relevance went out with the Sixties. ABC is one of the best new bands, but it ought to leave solving the world's problems to Maggie Thatcher. Or John Cougar.

SHORT CUTS

Toni Basil (Chrysalis): Toni gives video and dancing her best shot; music is merely method for her madness, much as a school song is to a cheerleader. But her great school spirit makes it to the record.

Jimmy Cliff / The Power and the Glory (Columbia): The reigning king of reggae sings, typically, with his soul exposed.

DeBarge / In a Special Way (Gordy): This bunch had to follow Michael Jackson on NBC's *Motown 25*, but since then, its luck has improved. If this is the new Motown, we like it.

.38 Special / Tour de Force (A&M): Solid rock from a solid band that hasn't quite lived up to its first hit single, *Hold on Loosely*. *.38 Special* kills decent music with banal words.

Girlschool / Play Dirty (Mercury/PolyGram): The Go-Go's try to do T. Rex.

Grace Slick / Software (RCA): This is halfhearted new music, but *Today I Think I'll Rearrange My Face* is excellent.

The Pointer Sisters / Break Out (Planet): They're hip, fast and funky, and they sure can sing. You'll be dancing.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VETERAN DIRECTOR Stanley Donen has managed to beat the odds against recycled cinema. He took a bland, all-but-forgotten French comedy titled *One Wild Moment* (by Claude Berri), commissioned a sprightly new screenplay by Charlie Peters and Larry Gelbart—Gelbart's laundry list of credits includes *Tootsie*—and came up with a winner in *Blame It on Rio* (Fox). This glib, Americanized high comedy about marital and parental transgressions is validated at every weak point by Michael Caine's finely frazzled performance as a vacationing businessman who's seduced by his best friend's daughter. Joseph Bologna runs a strong second as the anxious friend, a joker sweating out his divorce settlement during a Brazilian holiday. And movie newcomer Michelle Johnson—not yet a seasoned actress but a voluptuous screen presence on a par with Brooke Shields—does better than all right as Bologna's daughter, a precocious teenaged temptress with a crush on Caine. Demi Moore plays Caine's daughter (who goes hang gliding, which struck me as far more worrisome than her merely being interested in sex), while Valerie Harper pops in a few surprises as his disenchanted wife. Among the juicier comic bits is the happy consternation of Caine and Bologna as they tiptoe through a sea of bare breasts on Rio's famed Copacabana beach. "I hope I don't step on anything," says Caine. The enticingly erotic atmosphere of Rio itself is intrinsic to the movie's sex appeal as an emancipated ode to middle-aged amorality. Contrived and imperfect, to be sure, but more fun if you don't fight it. **★★**

Jamie Lee Curtis shows more skin in *Love Letters* (New World) than she did in *Trading Places*, but she also proves that she's an emphatic screen presence even when the odds are against her. As a troubled Los Angeles d.j. having an affair with a married man (James Keach, Stacy's brother), Curtis strives gamely to keep *Letters* from going astray. It's a no-win situation, however—sentimental, hackneyed, with negligible merit as a showcase for either Jamie Lee or James. **★**

During one of many dull moments in *Scandalous* (Orion), the camera dawdles, directing our attention across a street to the sign on a shop called Arabesque. Which can only be director Rob Cohen's wistful allusion to a similar but far superior 1966 comedy by Stanley Donen—back then, Gregory Peck and Sophia Loren flirted with intrigue, danger and each other. Now it's Robert Hays, whose flair for romantic film farce is probably surer than



Michael Caine, Michelle Johnson revel on the racks way down in *Rio*.

When it comes to
laughter, there's
nothing like raising Caine.



Keach, Curtis exchange *Love Letters*.



Hays, Gielgud in *Scandalous* waste.

Peck's ever was, playing a TV reporter in London, where his wife gets murdered while he's on the trail of a pair of con artists. This blackmailing duo is played by Pamela Stephenson (the buxom blonde villainess of *Superman III*, who's hardly a match for Sophia) and John Gielgud, who affects frequent disguises, none even a fraction as funny as his butler in *Arthur*. Except for some nice bits by Jim Dale as a Scotland Yard man feigning homosexual tendencies, the humor is strained, reason enough for Hays to look eternally perplexed. **★★**

The villainous title character of *Christine* (Columbia), as loyal Stephen King readers already know, is a wicked and willful 1958 Plymouth. John (Halloween) Carpenter directed this cunning adaptation of King's 1983 best seller and did a bang-up job on it, in every sense. With a little-known company of young actors, plus Harry Dean Stanton as the inevitable investigator who wonders how Christine survives all those fatal crashes, the movie has pop-rock music, edge-of-your-seat suspense and enough teen talk to captivate its target audience of wayward youth. Reel by reel, cheap thrills and dandy special effects soon overtake simple plausibility, but credibility is hardly an issue here. While I much prefer *Carrie* as a flesh-and-blood shocker, the chromium-plated *Christine* generates some satirical thrust as a semiclassic caricature of a young American male (Keith Gordon) whose beloved car holds the key to his sexual and social identity. The money they'll make on this baby ought to put everyone concerned in mint condition. **★★½**

The economic crunch in Glasgow moves one unemployed young lout (Robert Buchanan) to organize an ambitious

caper—the theft of 90 or so stainless-steel sinks from a warehouse full of plumbing supplies. Thus the title, *That Sinking Feeling* (Goldwyn), a capricious minor comedy made by Scottish-born writer-director Bill Forsyth in 1979, just before *Gregory's Girl* and the subsequent *Local Hero* lifted him from relative obscurity to international celebrity. This seminal work has the unexpectedness and the quirky good humor typical of Forsyth at his best, even though his best was yet to come. But Forsyth just warming up is still more relevant and more amusing than five out of ten film makers whose supercharged big-screen foolishness puts me right to sleep. ♫

The London stage production of *Privates on Parade* (Orion Classics) was a brilliantly zany and unique theatrical experience. Peter Nichols' award-winning black comedy, with director Michael Blakemore repeating his chores for the film version, is still very special—very English, very literate, yet full of broad satirical strokes about a British song-and-dance unit entertaining the troops in Communist-ridden Southeast Asia circa 1948. In the pivotal role, as an outrageous drag queen in charge of the show, Denis Quilley out-camps *La Cage aux Folles*, impersonating everyone from Carmen Miranda to one of the Andrews Sisters. When a fuzzy-cheeked young recruit named Sergeant Flowers (Patrick Pearson) announces that he's "going to be attached to your section," Quilley all but bursts into song. "Sounds heaven," he trills. With John Cleese of Monty Python as an uptight major in charge of the troupe, *Privates* also has Nicola Pagett, Simon Jones and an elite corps of clowns to belt out its message. There are some bitter pills about war, colonialism, greed and corruption mixed in with the showstoppers of a musical comedy that's sometimes unsteady, but it's as far out as a Beatles film (George Harrison is billed as one of the executive producers) and quite unlike anything that's gone before. ♫½

Why remake any movie that was done right the first time? The question persists even after one chuckles through parts of *To Be or Not to Be* (Fox), produced by Mel Brooks and co-starring Mel and his wife, Anne Bancroft. Like Jack Benny and Carole Lombard in director Ernst Lubitsch's scintillating and sophisticated wartime comedy (vintage 1942), they play a famous theatrical couple in Warsaw during the Nazi Occupation. Directed by Alan Johnson, the Brooksian *To Be or Not to Be* gets off to a swift, hilarious start with Mel and Anne onstage belting out *Sweet Georgia Brown* in Polish. All too soon, however, the movie becomes an obvious but overextended series of Polish jokes and recycled scenes—passably funny for audiences unable to tell the difference



Quilley (center) and fellow chorines.

Everything's getting recycled, from stage hit to screen classic.



Sutherland, Christine Baranski in *Crackers*.

between Brooks's brashness and the legendary Lubitsch touch. ♫

More a rehash than a remake, *Crackers* (Universal) is adapted almost too loosely from Mario Monicelli's 1958 *The Big Deal on Madonna Street*, a classic Italian caper comedy that starred Vittorio Gassman and Marcello Mastroianni. This Americanized version by French director

Louis Malle is reset in San Francisco's seedy Mission District, and Malle appears to be in love with his location, just as he was in *Atlantic City*. He doesn't approach anything like that picture's level of off-the-wall spontaneity, however, even with an easygoing, spirited company of actors headed by Donald Sutherland, Sean Penn and Wallace Shawn. Sutherland, Penn and a bunch of engagingly inept bad eggs decide to burglarize the safe in a pawnshop owned by a greedy friend (Jack Warden, dourly funny, as usual). Nothing goes right with the robbery, of course, but nothing quite clicks in the comedy, either. So many caper movies have been made for laughs in the past 25 years, I'm afraid that Malle's amiable secondhand spoof simply registers as a mis-Deal. ♫

While Louis Malle pursues success in the U.S.A. (see above), Bob Swaim is an American in Paris who has been making out like a bandit as writer and director of *La Balance* (International Spectrafilm). Winner of three 1983 César awards (France's answer to Oscar) for best film, best actress (Nathalie Baye) and best actor (Philippe Lèotard), the movie generates runaway excitement in a familiar cops-and-robbers format—all at such a headlong pace it's easy to forget the English subtitles and relish the expertise of a laid-back latter-day *French Connection*. The "balance" of the title is slang for an informer in the Parisian underworld, where Lèotard's character is a smalltime hood alleged to be a pimp because he lives with a prostitute named Nicole (Baye). Both are used by an inspector of the elite Territorial Brigade to get at a top mobster dealing in drugs and stolen works of art, among other things. As the tough cop, Palouzi, Richard Berry plays a new-breed gendarme—street-wise, snappy and quick-witted—in a gritty performance absolutely on a par with those of his award-winning co-stars. Don't let the Paris label scare you off. *La Balance* is a contemporary mean-streets melodrama made with a lot of moxie. ♫

Disarmingly eccentric, *Experience Preferred . . . but Not Essential* (Goldwyn) is a featherweight boy-meets-girl comedy from England, easy to take for those of us who savor such flyaway imported trifles. The activities offered are summer romance, boozing, bed hopping and kitchen duty at a country hotel in Wales, where a plucky student-waitress (Elizabeth Edmonds) experiences first love after some awkward preliminaries with a single-minded Scottish chef, drolly played by Ron Bain. Since the year is 1962, director Peter Duffell wrings some snickers from such sociological phenomena as provincial British birds, all sporting bouffant dresses and Kim Novak hairdos—plus a loutish local Lothario who performs the worst Elvis Presley imitation of all time. June Roberts



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concocted the screenplay, full of unexpected asides as well as acute observations. *Experience Preferred*, while not absolutely essential, is the kind of minor work that sends you home feelin' good. **YY½**

The revamped, overwrought *Scarface* (Universal), directed by Brian De Palma from a screenplay by Oliver Stone, is nearly twice as long but not half as good as Howard Hawks's 1932 classic with Paul Muni in an unforgettable performance as a gang lord rather like Al Capone. De Palma has Al Pacino gnashing the scenery as Tony Montana, one of those undesirables fleeing Castro's Cuba circa 1980. A vibrant actor, Pacino ignites the screen early on as an immigrant hustler-assassin whose meteoric rise and fall is all the plot you're gonna get. But by the time he winds up a multimillionaire dope impresario, marked for murder and falling nose first into a pile of cocaine, the movie has become a grotesque Grand Guignol of guts, gunshots and fiercely moralistic corn about the evils of drug use ("Don't get high on your own supply" is the operative slogan). It's impossible, at last, to take *Scarface* seriously, despite several stunning backup performances—by Steven Bauer as Pacino's closest *amigo*, by Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio as his sister, by Michelle Pfeiffer as the beautiful blonde cokehead he marries. Obviously, the intention here was to emulate the *Godfather* saga. Slim chance. The night I suffered through it, *Scarface* had half the audience in stitches as a pre-Christmas release heavily laden with slaphappy holiday color: plenty of red blood, greenbacks and white "snow." **YY**

Italian writer-director Marco Bellocchio's *The Eyes, the Mouth* (Triumph) is deep, moving and masterful, worth the sometimes stringent demands it makes on an audience. Bellocchio starts off with a wake and a funeral for a young man whose suicide has shaken up his mother (Emanuelle Riva), his twin brother (Lou Castel) and a former fiancée (Angela Molina), who doesn't seem to feel as guilty as she might about the fate of the man she jilted. Before he can make peace with himself, his mother and his own troubled past, the twin brother—an actor who has been pursuing his career in Rome—plunges into a torrid affair with the girl. Much later, he also shows up in his mother's bedroom in the wee hours, wearing ghostly make-up, trying to reassure her that her dead son's spirit is at rest. The scene is emotionally rending and beautifully played, as are Castel's passionate scenes opposite Molina. The price Bellocchio makes you pay for soaring along to the high points of his poignant psychodrama is a pervasive air of earnest intellectualism, plus an awful lot of subtitled dialog. There are specific references to Bellocchio's first film, the 1965 *Fists in*



Success spoils Al Pacino in *Scarface*.

Pacino sinks in still another rehash, but Truffaut's *hommage* scores.



Molina, Castel, Giampaolo Saccorola in *Eyes*.

the Pocket, which also starred Castel and concerned an Italian family afflicted with everything from murder to epilepsy to incest. Small wonder that Bellocchio movies almost never win wide popularity over here. The man's visions are dark, indeed; but this time, his undeniable talent cuts through the gloom like heat lightning. **YYY**

French director François Truffaut's *Confidentially Yours* (Int'l Spectrafilm), already a major hit in Paris, gets my vote of confidence to repeat its success Stateside. But probably not in the boondocks. The French are famously fond of the American *film noir*, those suspense melodramas of the Forties, characterized by dark passions and dark, wet streets. Here, in black-and-white photography by the masterful Nestor Almendros, Truffaut renders an *hommage* drenched in wry humor, style and sophistication, adopted with a piquant French touch from a Charles Williams novel. Celebrating the genre more than spoofing it, Truffaut plays every

cliché poker faced while spinning a yarn about a feisty secretary who turns amateur detective in order to clear her boss of murder charges. As a matter of fact, dead bodies keep piling up after the hero (Jean-Louis Trintignant) leaves the scene where his wife's former lover has just had his head blown off in a duck blind. Then the errant wife gets hers, and things look bad for Trintignant until the secretary he has recently fired starts to meddle. Of course, the indomitable Barbara (played with great class and assurance by Fanny Ardant, Truffaut's lady offscreen as well as on) is secretly in love with her boss—what else? Since the vintage originals still pop up regularly on TV, maybe it's crazy or pointless to create a reasonable facsimile of a good B movie of yesteryear. I'll argue for the defense that Truffaut makes *Confidentially Yours* a delicious game. Why quibble when it's such fun to play? **YYY**

The Spanish-language *Erendira* (Miramax) would be noteworthy if only because this quirky black comedy, directed by Ruy Guerra, has a screenplay by Nobel Prize-winning author Gabriel García Márquez. *Erendira* was initially a screenplay, then a story that García Márquez subsequently included as a mini anecdote in his landmark novel *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. Let me issue an up-front warning: This movie is more than a wee bit *strange*. In the title role, a lissome Brazilian nymphet named Claudia Ohana plays a 14-year-old waif whose grandmother forces her into a life of prostitution after she accidentally burns down their house. As the lunatic grandma, Greece's formidable Irene Papas almost literally chews the scenery—her outrageous attack on a poisoned birthday cake is a match for the memorable eating scene in *Tom Jones*—in a performance that's either unforgivable or unforgettable, or perhaps both. **YY**

The title *El Norte* (Cinecom International) signifies the hope of freedom and a better life to be gained by moving north to the U.S.A. In this overlong and often lugubrious drama, a brother and sister escape from Guatemala to Mexico and find their way as illegal immigrants into the barrio of L.A. "Where are all the gringos?" asks the innocent Rosa (Zaida Silvia Gutierrez), whose brother (David Villalpando) is nonetheless delighted to find even a menial job in the States. The unhappy lot of good people on such a hopeless odyssey, forever hounded by immigration agents, is movingly and sometimes amusingly dramatized—en route to the border, the inside word is "If you don't say fuck a lot, they'll know you're not Mexican." From a knowledgeable screenplay by Gregory Nava and Anna Thomas, directed by Nava, *El Norte* is the kind of well-intended movie that seems to beg for a pat on the back. Likable, yet I wish I had actually enjoyed it more. **YY**

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Blame It on Rio (Reviewed this month)
Caine's keen in Stanley Donen's May-December bedroom farce. **YYY**

Carmen From Spain—Bizet bodies dancing wild flamenco. **YYY**

Christine (Reviewed this month) Car-crazy youth, or vice versa, in a shocker by Carpenter out of S. King. **YY½**

Confidentially Yours (Reviewed this month) Forties crime flicks fondly hailed by Truffaut, in French. **YYY**

Crackers (Reviewed this month) An OK carnival of thieves. **YY**

The Dresser Stagy all-stops-out show-piece for Finney and Courtenay. **YYY**

El Norte (Reviewed this month) Illegal immigrants rough it in L.A. **YY**

Erendira (Reviewed this month) Kinky García Márquez on film. **YY**

Experience Preferred . . . but Not Essential (Reviewed this month) Offbeat youth comedy at a Welsh resort. **YY½**

The Eyes, the Mouth (Reviewed this month) Italian family skeletons. **YYY**

Gorky Park Terrific; maybe a mite less so if you loved the book. **YYYY**

La Balance (Reviewed this month) French-style cops and robbers. **YYY**

Love Letters (Reviewed this month) Jamie Lee puts her stamp on it. **YY**

Privates on Parade (Reviewed this month) Oddball British musical. **YY½**

The Right Stuff High, wide, exalting epic about the Mercury seven. **YYYY**

Scandalous (Reviewed this month) Another not-so-sprightly caper. **YY**

Scarface (Reviewed this month) Compared with Muni in his classic, Pacino and De Palma are punks. **YY**

Silkwood Meryl Streep's triumph as an antinuke Norma Rae. **YYY**

Star 80 Grueling recap of the Dorothy Stratten story, by Fosse. **YYY**

Streamers A long, hard night in an Army barracks. **YYY**

Sudden Impact Dirty Harry shoulda stood in bed. **Y**

Terms of Endearment MacLaine, Winger and Nicholson, heartbreakers all—and hilariously human. **YYY½**

Testament Days after in suburbia. **Y**

That Sinking Feeling (Reviewed this month) Scottish kitchen-sink caper. **YY**

To Be or Not to Be (Reviewed this month) Mel, make mine Lubitsch. **YY**

Yentl As a nice Jewish boy belting out big ballads in Eastern Europe circa 1904, Streisand sabotages Singer. **YY**

YYY Don't miss **YY** Worth a look

YYY Good show **Y** Forget it

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BY *Wm. J. Koelpin*

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BOOKS

The "hero" of *God's Pocket* (Random House), Pete Dexter's fine first novel, is the corpse of a jabbering psychopath named Leon Hubbard, whose life ends as the story begins. The attempt to dispose of Leon's body triggers a rollicking chain of events that seems bound to undo everyone who comes in contact with the corpse—the cops, the reporters, the Mobsters, the barflies and the relatives who hang, like bats, from Leon's family tree. These are the people of *God's Pocket*, a tough Philadelphia neighborhood that comes to life in these pages just as surely as Leon passes away. Dexter has a bone-deep feel for the street and an ear for the voices you hear there. Despite his popular column in the *Philadelphia Daily News*, Dexter is one of the best-kept secrets on the literary scene. *God's Pocket* should blow his cover.



Leon's dead, but he won't lie down.

It's been a good year for mysteries: We've read all of James Crumley and Elmore Leonard and Stephen Greenleaf. Into this banner year, unannounced, came *Tapping the Source* (Delacorte), a first novel by Kern Nunn. He is in a league with the masters. The novel captures life in a Southern California surfing town, complete with bikers, dope dealers, pornogra-

Mystery, Matthiessen, first novels and our last laugh with our imitators.

phers and runaway girls. Nunn's hero is an almost catatonic kid from the desert, come to the promised land in search of a lost sister. This belongs on your bookshelf.

If you're thinking of making *beaucoup* bucks by writing a best-selling novel that will be turned into a television miniseries, read Susan Isaacs' novel *Almost Paradise* (Harper & Row) for your prototype. She's got *everything* here: glamorous characters, incestuous relationships, opulent living, sordid affairs, mental illnesses, family squabbles. Trust us. This novel's a hot one.

Somewhere in the middle of this very fine book, you perceive a structure to each chapter of *Indian Country* (Viking), by Peter Matthiessen. In his descriptions of his visits to the far-flung lands of American Indians (the Miccosukee of Florida, the Hopi and the Navaho in the Southwest, the Eastern Cherokee, the Mohawk, the Lakota, the Western Shoshone, Paiute, Ute and others), Matthiessen gives us first a short history of the tribe and its territory, then a description of the lives of its members today—and finally a clear sense that so-called civilization is about to tear apart both the land itself and the Indians' way of life. First the Indians. Then the rest of us.

It's reassuring that someone as smart and stylish as Renata Adler is writing novels. In *Pitch Dark* (Knopf), Kate is leaving her married lover of many years. She also has a bizarre and paranoid escape from Ireland, driving in unfamiliar terrain in the pitch-dark of night. Kate has a perfect memory for stories and conversations with her friends and the cadences of their speech—to the reader's advantage. Adler keeps her distance, though. *Pitch Dark* is an ambivalent, wonderful book.

BOOK BAG

Out of the Blue (Crown), by James McManus: An almost flawless kidnaping snatches a child from her parents, but the kidnapers have made one mistake; they've taken the wrong child. This thriller shifts from place to place and person to person in a style that keeps you off balance and uncertain throughout. If ever a book put you solidly in the middle of a traumatic event, this one is it.

The Trimtab Factor (William Morrow), by Harold Willens: A successful California businessman, Willens has aimed this book about the nuclear-arms race straight at the business community. He proposes practical, pragmatic steps that businessmen can take to help end that deadly race.

Imitation being the sincerest form and all that, we at *PLAYBOY* have been flattered frequently over the years. No other magazine has come close to spawning so many parodies—and no, we're not talking about our regular imitators out there on the newsstands. *Punch*, *The Harvard Lampoon*; name the publication and it has probably taken a satirical shot at us.

But even we were a little dazed by the shoot-out last fall and winter between two competing parodies: *Playbore* and *Playboy, The Parody*. While we thought both were provocative, if

we have a vote, we'll cast it for *Playbore, The Parody*.

While *Playbore*, first on the newsstands, limited itself to inside jokes about the Hefners and some detestable jokes about murdered Playmates, *Playboy, The Parody* put us on a spit (see cover) and roasted us but did so in a way that suggested it understood the foibles of this magazine. From a Princess Di centerfold we wish we owned to a tasty spread on "Wife Tasting," it's terrific. Hats off to its ingenious staff.

We now return you to the real thing.



★ COMING ATTRACTIONS ★

By JOHN BLUMENTHAL

IDOL GOSSIP: Eddie Murphy and Dudley Moore have been set to team in Paramount's *Best Defense*, a comedy based on Robert Grossbach's novel *Easy and Hard Ways Out*. Moore plays a down-and-out industrial engineer developing the Army's newest war machine; Murphy portrays an Army lieutenant who, when assigned to field-test the weapon, stumbles upon an international incident. . . . Woody Allen has decided *not* to star in his next film, *The Purple Rose of Cairo*, but he will direct and has, of course, written the script. So far, Mia Farrow and Danny Aiello have been cast. As usual, no plot details are available. . . . Dolly Parton and Sylvester Stallone have been signed to co-star in 20th Century-Fox's *Rhinestone*, a romantic comedy with songs. Parton plays a singer who bets her boss she can make a country-and-western singer out of anybody; Stallone plays the anybody (a New York cabby). . . . David Keith, Drew Barrymore, George C. Scott, Martin Sheen, Art Carney, Louise Fletcher and Heather Locklear make up the



Moore Murphy

star-studded cast of Universal's *Firestarter*, based on the Stephen King best seller. . . . Director John Huston will bring to the screen adaptations of two great novels—Anatole France's *The Revolt of the Angels* and Nobel Prize winner Gabriel García Márquez' *The Autumn of the Patriarch*. . . . John (Return of the Secaucus Seven) Sayles will write the screenplays for Universal's film versions of both of Jean M. Auel's best-selling novels, *The Clan of the Cave Bear* and *The Valley of Horses*. . . . Burt Reynolds will star in and direct Universal's *Stick*, based on Elmore Leonard's novel about an ex-con who inadvertently gets hooked up with the Mob. George Segal, Candice Bergen, Charles Durning and José Pérez co-star.

CHANGE OF PACE: As earlier announced in this column, Bill Murray is undertaking his first serious dramatic role in Columbia's *The Razor's Edge*, based on the novel by W. Somerset Maugham. Murray plays Larry Darrell who, after witnessing the horrors of World War One, returns home to his fiancée (Catherine Hicks) and a job as a stockbroker. Although most men would be

content with this lot, Darrell is not. Somehow, wealth and security cannot quite fill the philosophical and spiritual gap in his life, so he sets out on a pilgrimage first to Paris, then to a monastery in the Tibetan



Hicks Murray

mountains. Ten years later, his life's purpose clearer, he returns to Paris to confront the people and the problems he left unresolved. Says director John (Heart Beat) Byrum, "Bill Murray and I are drawn to *The Razor's Edge* for the same reasons. We identify with Larry Darrell in his curiosity about a larger world beyond the one in which he was born." Theresa Russell, Denholm Elliott and James Keach co-star in the picture, which is set for an October release.

JUNGLE ROT: Sultry Kathleen (Body Heat) Turner heats up the screen alongside Michael Douglas in Fox's romantic comedy-adventure *Romancing the Stone*. Turner plays Joan Wilder, a writer of romance novels involving a beautiful heroine named Angelina and the usual swashbuckling adventurers; the authoress herself, however, lives in timid seclusion in a New York apartment. Her simple life behind the typewriter is rudely interrupted one day when she gets a call for help from her sister, who is being held captive in South



Turner Douglas

America. Next thing we know, our reluctant heroine is standing in the middle of the South American jungle in a three-piece Bergdorf Goodman ensemble and two-inch heels. Enter Jack Colton (Douglas), your basic strong, handsome soldier-of-fortune romantic-hero type, packing a 12-gauge Winchester pump and offering his assistance. Off they go to find Sis, and guess what happens along the way? Directed by Robert (Used Cars) Zemeckis,

Romancing the Stone co-stars Danny DeVito and Mary Ellen (The Stone Boy) Trainor.

MISS POPULARITY: In *Maria's Lovers*, small-town beauty Maria Bosc (Nastassia Kinski) is adored by three men—Clarence Butts (Keith Carradine), a handsome drifter with a mesmerizing effect on women; Al Griselli (Vincent Spano), an Air Force colonel; and Ivan Bibic (John Savage), a former GI recently returned home after years in a Japanese POW camp during World War Two. Of the three, Bibic is the most sensitive, having created a fantasy marriage to



Savage Kinski

Maria during his imprisonment. The question is, Whom will Maria choose? Tentatively set for a spring release, *Maria's Lovers* co-stars Robert Mitchum as Bibic's father.

DEBUT: The tentatively titled *Nat King Cole Story* is set to go before the cameras sometime this spring, with Al Jarreau, in his feature-film debut, starring as the late singer. (At presstime, no other cast members had been chosen, though word has it Ben Vereen has been approached.) The movie will highlight Cole's struggle against cancer, his efforts to finance the first black TV series and his experience as the first black Vegas lounge singer. (Cole's son, Kelly, has been hired as a research consultant.) Says Jarreau, "I'm really excited about trying my hand at film. To portray a legend, I'm going to have my hands full."

LOVE TRIANGLE: *Grandview, U.S.A.* is a bittersweet comedy about a love triangle involving young people in a small Midwestern town. Both C. Thomas (The Outsiders) Howell and Patrick (Missing in Action) Swayze have the hots for none other than Jamie Lee Curtis. (Howell is the high school valedictorian, Swayze is a married construction worker and Curtis is Mike Cody, the tough-talking, tow-truck-driving owner-operator of a demolition-driving track.) "Keep 'em guessing' is my motto," says Jamie Lee, who's not a bit sorry to be temporarily abandoning her sexy *Trading Places* image. "Mike Cody's a wonderful part. I don't have to take off my clothes and I don't have to look pretty." *Grandview, U.S.A.* is directed by Randal Kleiser.



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By ASA BABER

ONE OF my earliest childhood memories is of boxing with my father. I was about five years old when we started doing that. I remember that the gloves were brown and smelled like new leather. They were too large for my hands, and they were hot and heavy to tote around the living room. "Come on, Ace," my father would say as we circled each other. Jab, jab, jab, light punches into my face, nose-stinging, scary. There was no way I could reach him, but I tried. "That-a-boy, come on."

Understand that I loved my father and I honor him. But that image of the two of us sparring fits our history perfectly. In my heart, I am sure my father wanted to be my friend, but the role he assigned himself was that of master. Because I was the boy of the house, he often unleashed his aggression and anger directly at me, achieving obedience, yes, and possibly easing the frustration he felt from his failing career. But he set a way of being that was damaging to me: The first lesson I learned was that to be male, you must be angry. The second was that my fellow males were as likely to hurt me as they were to help me.

I wasn't alone in receiving those messages. At home, my childhood colleagues and I were whipped and spanked and hit, and then we went out into the street to do the same to one another. Fighting was a male rite of passage. Like all rites, it set a tone and left scars.

When I was eight, a kid named Jamie Hodkins used to beat the shit out of me every day before school. Jamie smelled like a garbage can and lived in a tenement. He was a couple of years older than me and was huge. I tried running and ducking, I tried hiding, I tried every dodge I could think of, but Jamie always caught me before I could get to the school door.

I took about a week of that crap. Then, on a morning I still clearly remember, something in me snapped. I didn't know it at the time, but what was breaking inside me was my last hope for innocence. Jamie had me pinned to the playground and was doing a tattoo on my face. The other kids were cheering the morning's entertainment. The teachers were looking the other way. "I don't like this," I told myself, "and if I don't do something about it, I'm going to end up with a busted skull."

That was the morning I discovered that I have very quick hands and no physical fear in certain situations. I rose up and smote Jamie with a number of well-placed punches. The sight of his nose splashed all over his face was not peaceful or wonderful to me, but better his nose than mine, I decided. And to keep the momentum, I



THE ROOTS OF AGGRESSION, PART ONE

"When I was eight, a kid named Jamie Hodkins used to beat the shit out of me every day before school."

turned the tables and ambushed him every day of the following week as he went to school. I even enjoyed my new status as bully. I hadn't yet learned that those whom the gods of aggression will destroy they first make victorious.

I can chart my youth in the Forties and Fifties by referring to specific fights. The culture itself reinforced the idea that aggression was OK. Movies and television taught me that you could kill Indians, Germans, Japanese and anybody else you defined as bad guys, and that was perfectly all right. As a matter of fact, it was rewarded.

Dying seemed to be mostly a male pre-occupation. Friends of mine died in the street, in the military, in prison. "Live fast, die young and have a good-looking corpse!" Willard Motley wrote. Most of us bought that concept, not because we weren't inwardly frightened but because we wanted approval. Aggression begat approval, especially from the men on whom we modeled ourselves.

I am saying that the male world is a unique world. The male consciousness is

exposed to excessive violence as it is forming, and it is no accident that most men can give you a list of rumbles, collisions and punishments from their youth that they remember vividly to this day. Aggression is drilled into us. In most cases, it is the *only* consistent standard of behavior held up to us as acceptable. At home, in school, in sports, in the culture, we learn that if we don't stay aggressive, terrible things may happen to us. Aggression is made central to our lives, and I submit that—whether tapped or not—it runs through us like a river. We spend much of each day trying to determine when to use it, when to react to it, when to control it.

So what's the problem?

It depends on whom you talk with, I guess, but I see major complications: (1) I believe that continuous aggression is taught to us, that it is not natural; (2) the river that runs through us wears on us and destroys us prematurely; (3) aggression as a pattern of behavior is essentially a loser's pattern, not a winner's (and, as a corollary to that, men who buy aggression as the way to function are buying the scam of the century).

I grew up in the house of a man who was extremely aggressive. A handsome man, always well groomed, graceful and compact, my father could lose his sense of humanity in a flash. Yet his anger never served him well. It hurt him with his family and it hurt him at work. His aggressiveness destroyed him. And still he held it out as one of the only things he could teach me. Much to my sorrow, I learned his lesson well, and controlling my temper has always been one of my basic struggles. I believe I have many brothers in that inherited struggle. It is primarily male. Thus, I maintain that the river that runs through us men is channeled there; it is not solely born in us.

Women, for example, handle aggression much differently from men, and for my money, they handle it better. Why is that? Because they are raised in another world and the signals they receive about aggression and anger are completely different from the ones we receive.

That's what I want to talk about next month: anger and aggression as learned emotions. And the fact that what is learned can be unlearned if we're willing to think clearly.

Those of us caught in aggression's trap can use our wits and our intelligence to get out of it, and we would be wise to be about it.



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By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I'M SITTING HERE praying he doesn't come in. Wherever he is, whatever he's doing, please, God, let him do it for just a few minutes longer. A couple of hours, say. All right, an hour will do, even half. Just a couple more minutes and I'll be fine.

What do you figure I'm doing? Boning up for my neurosurgery exam? Putting the finishing touches on a gelignite bomb? Constructing a complicated soufflé?

Nah, I'm just lying around, picking my nose. And when that gets tedious, I start fastidiously scraping the paint off every one of my toenails. For a treat, I light a few cigarettes and consider making toast.

But I don't want him here right now, even though he is the love of my life. What a guy. Tall, gorgeous and peppy. Smart, talented. Will give any and every bum on the street his last quarter. An intuitive streak as wide as the Nile. Can play my favorite songs not only on the guitar but on the saxophone, the bass, the clarinet and almost the flute. Will climb mountains, but will also take taxis. Has been known to bring me flowers. A devastating lover.

Ask me if I care about any of the above. No, I do not, not at the moment. What I care about is that this misbegotten toad of a man refuses to put caps on anything. I've got myself worked up into a fine lather over the uncapped shampoo, vitamins, ketchup, shaving cream. And he refuses to wrap up the bread after he uses it. And leaves wet towels on the sofa. Have I mentioned how he leaves his herb tea in the pot, so that I can't make my Earl Grey?

Don't tell me I'm an idiot. I know. A petty, insipid, Seventies cliché of an idiot.

I mean, what I'm talking about here is space. As in "I need my" or "Gimme some." I may be an idiot, but I'm no fool, and I know that the only reason I'm sitting here scraping at my toenails is that this dream man, this man I adore, is just too goddamned close. Tooth-paste caps, forsooth! What right-minded girl would give a flying fuck about tooth-paste caps?

Me, that's who, and I'm so humiliated. Space to me is a silly concept, redolent of encounter groups, self-improvement courses, hot-tub therapy and all those other cult-of-the-self things that I find so repugnant and banal. To me, soul-searching is the sort of thing you do when there's nothing on the *Late Show* or when you're 14 and don't know why you're horny. Loving others, that's the ticket. Feeling connected, warm-blooded, responsible yet irreverent, humble yet freewheeling—these are the things I hold dear.

But please don't let him come in right now. I'm feeling anxious; I can't breathe.

And it's not just me. My best friend reckons she has the perfect marriage because they live together only on week-



WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED SPACE?

"We postwar babies all seem to have been dropped on our heads. We fall madly in love, we fall madly out of love."

ends. Every Friday, they go to their country house; every Monday, they drive back to their separate apartments in the city. My other best friend just broke up with her live-in boyfriend of six years and wakes up in the morning feeling immense relief. She's in love with a musician in L.A. now—he's 3000 miles away—and she couldn't be more jolly. I phoned another friend tonight, asked him how his wife was. "She's out right now," he said. "We're getting along great, but I'm sitting here dreading her coming in."

"Me, too!" I crowed, delighted to find a soul brother. "What's the matter with us? People sometimes stay married for 20 years, or 30, or 40. Happily, I'm told."

"Our generation has the most trouble of all," he said sadly.

I think he's right. We postwar babies all seem to have been dropped on our heads. We fall madly in love, we fall madly out of love. We rush in where angels fear to tread, and then hotfoot it right out of there the instant the going gets weird. And we continue to blabber on about space. Space! Communists don't talk about space, and they're all living six to a bedroom. People during the London blitz

didn't talk about their space, they just passed the hot soup. And children love sleep-over parties, where eight or nine of them cram together on the floor in sleeping bags and giggle. Yet I, for one, can become a sniveling wimp if one stunning man comes into my territory.

Why? I have a theory. I think all of us inner-space seekers have missed an essential part of our development. Perhaps there is a virus in the air that arrests brain-cell growth.

I think we never got over being 14 and horny. Consider the 14-year-old, if you dare: pimply, gangly, gumchewing, constantly jerking off. Not child, not adult, a miasma of insecurity and hormones. The most distinguishing characteristic of the 14-year-old is that she (or he) has no distinguishing characteristic. They all say and think the same things, they all listen to the same ghastly rock 'n' roll, none of them would be caught dead without their regulation-cut Lacoste shirts. They buy anything TV tells them to. They make frenzied dashes toward independence, then get scared and rush, shivering, back under Mommy's wing. They're stubborn, wrongheaded, moody.

They act like that because they don't yet know who they are. Their personalities are still amorphous blobs. A 14-year-old may be dimly aware that she likes biology better than history, but that's about it. She (or he) is still molting.

I would like to propose that many of us are still like that. We're still wondering whether or not we like The Rolling Stones. If someone asks us to name our favorite color, we're baffled. It isn't space we need to achieve, it's definition.

That makes for plenty big trouble when we try to form relationships. We haven't a clue to who we are, but there is this person next to us who may be able to tell us.

My lover is gripped by the mysteries of the Pyramids, and I find myself equally gripped. He likes folk music and, suddenly, so do I. My personality, still searching for a shape, assumes his. I become dependent on him to tell me who I am.

Then I get mad, and panicky, and claustrophobic. My own dependence scares me. I cling closer and enjoy it less. His presence becomes overpowering, all-encompassing, and all I want to do is run screaming from the room.

Not a pretty picture. But I'm taking myself in hand. Whenever things get really strange, I read a Wodehouse novel. I like Wodehouse; he doesn't. I buy a pair of shoes, have lunch with a girlfriend, listen to Willie Nelson. Slowly but surely, I am building a personality for myself.

After all, if I have no personality, I have nothing to give. Nobody wants to come home every day to a girl picking her toenails. Does he?



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I read PLAYBOY monthly and enjoy its many fine articles, including *The Playboy Advisor*. I would like to call your attention to this situation: I have been married for three years now and am very much in love with my wife. She has a fantasy of my giving head to another guy while she watches. She claims that by doing that, she would be able to tell what I wanted her to do to me (she figures that I would know what I was doing, I guess). There isn't anything I wouldn't do for her, not even give a blow job if that's what she wanted. The problem is getting the other person. I have asked two very close friends of ours. One said no flat-out and the other said OK, but not with her watching. I told him no way. Do you have any suggestions on how we can get a consenting third party? I would appreciate your thoughts and comments.—R. A., Utica, New York.

Your wife wants to know what you like? Put her fingers into your mouth. Pretend they are a penis. Do unto her, etc. Forget about third parties, unless it's a party you want.

Last winter, I told myself that I wouldn't go through another summer in my overweight condition. I embarked on a fitness program that I gleaned from one of the fitness manuals now on the market. The result was two muscle pulls, a wrenched back and feet that ached constantly. I had to give up halfway through the program. A friend with whom I was working out had no such problems. OK, this year I vowed the same thing. How do I avoid the same result?—P. P., Seattle, Washington.

Remember the old joke: Man: Doc, it hurts when I do this. Doc: Don't do that! Well, there's a lot of fitness wisdom in that. It seems to us you're making at least two mistakes. The first is setting yourself an unrealistic goal. The second is turning your fitness program into a competitive exercise. If you've been overweight for some time, it's going to take a while for your body and your mind to get in line. If an exercise hurts when you do it, don't do it. Find a different way to exercise the same part of your body. Forget the masochists who tell you, "No pain, no gain." Pain is a sign that something is wrong! Expect a little soreness, a little fatigue, a slight ache because you are waking up muscles that haven't been used in some time. But don't push yourself to the point of incapacitation. That's not what a fitness program is all about. Start slowly. If you can't do the required 15 push-ups, do five. Don't feel you have to be able to run a marathon to be fit. Above all, don't try to compete with someone else to see who can become fit first. No two bodies are the



same. They differ in metabolism, fat content, structure and durability, not to mention tolerance for pain. Fitness training is not a blood sport. If you're not in peak shape by this summer, next summer will do fine, or the summer after that. This is one of the rare cases in which you get points, and results, for trying.

My husband is an avid subscriber to your magazine, and after thoroughly scrutinizing several issues, I have come to the conclusion that the people who do your research actually do know their business. So how about a bit of psychology? I know that all people fantasize to a certain degree. However, is there a right and a wrong way to do it? My fantasy is rape. I am usually watching from a hiding place while one or two men rape a woman or a young girl. It is always nonviolent and the victim always becomes terribly turned on as it proceeds. It usually ends up with anal intercourse, and sometimes I even fantasize about men raping another man.

I do enjoy anal sex on rare occasions, but it frightens me to realize that these fantasies are the only thing that will bring me to orgasm. The thought of an actual rape is appalling to me, so why do I obtain such enjoyment from thinking about it? I don't even like to be dominated.

I've never breathed a word of this to anyone, as I am so afraid that it is really a sicko thing to do and no one would understand. After many years of wondering whether or not I am normal, I feel as though I will pop if I don't find out. I am thanking you in advance for any help you can offer.—Mrs. H. G., Chicago, Illinois.

There is no right or wrong way to fanta-

size. We've mentioned this before: Many women report having a favorite fantasy that they rely on to precipitate orgasm. Researchers call such erotic scenarios "old friend" fantasies, even though the subjects may vary. That much is normal. However, when a technique becomes the only source of pleasure, or when it stops working, you have a problem. Besides, your fantasy is not that uncommon. More than 45 percent of the women included in "The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey" (January 1983) said they had fantasies of molestation or humiliation. It's not ready for prime-time TV, but it works.

A couple of years ago, I spent ten miserable months working for a guy I just couldn't get along with. He fired me about the same time I walked out. Since then, I've found a better job and my record here has been such that I am receiving offers of employment from a number of very good companies. Those companies always request that I send them a résumé. Frankly, I'd just as soon forget that one bad experience and I really don't want a prospective employer talking to my former boss. Do you think it would be all right to leave that off my résumé? What if they ask me about the missing ten months?—A. M., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Let's put things in perspective. You're not trying to cover up a felony, you're just trying to forget a simple personality conflict. We see no reason for your not taking the Fifth in this case. A résumé is not a confession. In the real world, it serves as an advertisement for yourself. You are your own product, and there's no way you can sell a product by telling people about the rare occasions when it doesn't work. That kind of information is usually relegated to what's called fine print. You will have the opportunity to add your fine print when you get a face-to-face meeting. If you add it to your résumé, you may not get that chance. Put those things in the résumé that you are proud of and that reflect your true accomplishments. Once you've got your foot in the door, that's soon enough to bring out the dirty laundry. Most employers will allow for one bad experience in a career; none of us is perfect. And your current record will show that it was, indeed, a fluke.

Re the letter from L.S. of St. Louis in November's *Advisor*: There may be one more factor at work in the gentleman's inability to have his mate achieve that "rapid and effortless" orgasm. L.S. may comfort himself with the fact that many women find sex with a man who no longer loves them to be highly exciting. This appears to be something of a phenomenon

among us old-fashioned, highly moral but highly passionate women.

Much to my own surprise, and after months of dreading and/or withholding sex, I began to seduce my soon-to-be-ex-husband. I derived a great deal of satisfaction from being irresistible to a man whom I no longer loved and who no longer loved me. I experienced a very heady sensation of power and also a conviction that I was finally doing something for *me*, getting in touch with my body again and, most important, proving I really didn't need the love of this once all-important man to be alive, desirable and loving. That renewed self-respect made those seductions unusually passionate and exciting. I have never quite decided whether or not my behavior was morally responsible, but I walked out of that man's life with my head high.

So please tell L.S. that the ex may be receiving the lady's favors but not her respect, and that a rapid and effortless orgasm may indicate that a woman is enjoying her own company—not that of the man in bed with her.—Mrs. B. G., Vancouver, British Columbia.

Thank you for sharing this experience. We're glad it ended well for you and hope you learned enough about yourself that the next time, love and great sex won't be mutually exclusive.

Even though I already have a credit card, I keep getting offerings in the mail to upgrade my card to a premium type. Most of their special privileges, however, are related to travel, which I simply don't do. Is it worth my while to upgrade my card, or is this just another way to get a few more bucks out of my wallet?—L. P., New York, New York.

While you can pretty well bet that the new upgrades aren't designed to save you money, they do offer increased services for the extra cost. Those generally include higher credit lines, cash advances, automatic travel insurance, personal-check-cashing services, guaranteed reservations and the like. While your present credit card may be sufficient for your needs now, there is no telling when you might find yourself destitute in Pago Pago. The point is, you are not only upgrading your card, you are upgrading your credit, too. That upgrade will follow you the same way your original credit rating did when you go to buy a house or a car, or even a toaster at a local department store. If you can pass muster for one of the premium cards, you are more likely to pass muster when you ask for credit in other places. Also, there is no denying the fact that the cards have a certain cachet. Carrying one tells strangers that you are a member in good standing of the "Haves" club. Whatever you think about status symbols, having one is better than not having one. So if you are entitled to one, why leave home without it?

About a year ago, the girl I am seeing now was wearing an Angora sweater. It

was very soft to the touch and feminine-looking. That night, while initiating foreplay, I slid my penis up under her sweater to get between her tits. I immediately noticed ultimate stimulation, as if the hairs in the sweater were tickling every nerve ending in my penis. She grabbed it and began to massage it. I was in ecstasy and soon came, and she swallowed it all. Then we made love—the best I ever had. She sometimes masturbates me with Angora sweaters, as she knows how much I like it. I've noticed that the softer ones, with 50 percent rabbit hair and 50 percent lamb's wool, feel the best. Now, whenever I see a girl in a sexy-looking Angora sweater, I get a hard-on. How can I get her to tease me more often with these sweaters without coming right out and asking? I have bought her three of them and want to buy her more. I thought some of your female readers might want to try this on their mates. It sure drives me wild; it seems to get me up no matter how many times I've already come.—C. B., Walnut Creek, California.

What's wrong with asking outright? As long as you pay for the Woolite, it's OK.

While shopping for a VCR, I've noticed that some of the sets have keypads and some have 13 preset push buttons for making channel changes. I've just about decided to get the presets, since they seem more convenient. Which do you think is better?—L. D., Morton Grove, Illinois.

In the new world of video, having 13 station presets is a lot like having an AM-only radio: What you get may be good, but what you're missing is another world. These days, when you buy electronics, you have to think system. If you don't have it now, eventually you will probably have a cable, pay-TV or earth-station (dish) system that can expand your viewing pleasure to 100 or more channels. With presets, you will have to choose the 13 most used of those, an impractical choice to have to make. A keypad setup will allow you to tune any of those 100 channels directly. The same logic holds for receivers. If you purchase a TV set that gets only 13 channels and your VCR gets 100 or more, a problem will arise when you try to tape from one channel and watch another: You will have to choose among the 13 channels that the TV receives, since only your VCR has access to the extra channels. We're in a transition period now in video electronics, on our way to multichannel capability, microprocessor control, high-fidelity stereo sound and high-resolution pictures. A lot of the equipment currently on the market is both limited and out of date. What looks like a convenience now can become an obstacle in the not-too-distant future.

In the December *Playboy Advisor*, in response to Mrs. A.C. in St. Louis, you asked women to write in about their

orgasmic experience. Here are my feelings on the subject.

It is my belief that throughout history, the clitoris has been a very elusive little critter to both men and women. You can't expect the penis to find the clit all by itself, then, can you? Not always, anyway—though I've read and heard it said that some women (a lucky few) are built with the clit closer to the vaginal opening than the rest of us (alas) "normally" built women. (Of course, who's to say what's normal in that respect?) That allows clitoral stimulation from penile penetration during intercourse, facilitating a true orgasm for an "unusually built" woman. (I wish I were built that way.)

I have experienced many minor orgasms through intercourse, but never the body-shaking, thigh-tingling, nipple-raising feeling I've had when I climaxed a full-throttle orgasm from oral sex. Don't get me wrong—intercourse is great. I love to feel a cock inside me. I could never do without it. I'm just not built with my clit close enough to my vaginal opening to allow it to be stimulated by a thrusting penis. I believe the majority of men do not know this about women.

In all of my two and a half decades, I have met only two men who are masterfully experienced in the manipulation of the clit. Needless to say, they are my favorite dates. Thanks to them and the minority of men who know (or even care) about clitoral stimulation, we women who are not built to be lucky can still get off.

My own advice to Mrs. A.C. is to stress the importance of clitoral stimulation/manipulation to her husband, if he wishes to please her.

Perhaps the *Advisor* should publish advice about the nature of this subject and its importance from time to time for those men who care to learn how to give pleasure to their women—maybe even directions for finding the clit. I've heard that some women don't know they have a clit or what it does! They may never have a beautiful, body-wrenching orgasm unless someone gets them educated.—Miss J. L., Atlantic City, New Jersey.

Thanks.

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.

If you want to read almost everything we know about sex, try "The Playboy Advisor on Love & Sex." It's available at bookstores or for \$10.95 from The Putnam Publishing Group, Department PBM-5, 200 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016.



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DEAR PLAYMATES

We know a lot of women who've gone out with married men—by accident. Maybe it was where they met or the way they met. Maybe the man didn't wear a ring. That can create one set of problems in a less-than-honest situation. But how about the other possibility, that the woman knows he's married right from the start? We checked in with our Playmates to get the straight stuff.

The question for the month:

Would you knowingly date a married man?

If I didn't have a boyfriend and if the man was separated, it's a possibility. It would have to be clear that his marriage had no future. I wouldn't want to ruin anything that still had a chance for success. He would have to live away from home, really be separated. None of this "My wife doesn't understand me" stuff. I guess the bottom line for me is that I don't like messing around on someone, married or single. It's that simple.



Marianne Gravatte

MARIANNE GRAVATTE
OCTOBER 1982

I have in the past, and I knew they were married. It's usually a dead-end street. It evolves into nothing. I'm the kind of person who always looks for growth—in life and in relationships. And I hate to go into something knowing in advance that it was never going to be anything. I'm the type who would find it hard to live just for the moment like that. I'd want more. I seriously doubt if I'd ever do it again.



Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

Oh, yeah, I have. I find married men the most interesting. They're more settled; they know what they want out of life. They've accepted responsibility and they deal with relationships differently. They are more sensitive. They respect your opinion. They are interested in what you have to say; they're turned on by your brain. They are more in tune with your needs and desires and are interested in pleasing you. A single man has things to prove—to himself and to a woman. Not married men. I have lots of married men-friends, too, whom I've never slept with. We enjoy each other's company. So I get the best of him. I'm not at home taking flak. When he comes to see me, he's ready to give me his best.



Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

It would depend on the circumstances. I wouldn't want to be the one who broke up another relationship or who interfered. But if we hit it off and he wanted to see me, there would have to be a reason, right? If he was getting a divorce, I'd go out with him. If he was unhappily married but still at home, I might go out with him. The responsibility lies in each person. If he was happy in his marriage, he wouldn't be coming on to me in the first place.



Kym Malin

KYM MALIN
MAY 1982

I would not go out with a married man. No way. And if I were interested in a man and found out he was married, I'd terminate the relationship. I used to work as a private investigator, and I followed married men and women. I wouldn't want that mess. I would want someone just for me, someone I didn't have to share with anyone else. And if he was doing that to his wife, what would stop him from eventually doing the same thing to me?



Denise McConnell

DENISE MC CONNELL
MARCH 1979

I wouldn't go on a date with a married man. I'd have a drink or lunch, something casual, something friendly, but no dates. I would try to judge the situation by how I would feel if I were the wife. Would I be upset? I believe there is a difference between dating and a casual circumstance. I would prefer it if his wife knew he was meeting me, so that if she were to walk into the room, she would trust us both and it wouldn't look like a date to her.



Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 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.



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

LANGUAGE BARRIER

After reading Mark W. Jones's letter in *The Playboy Forum* (November), I would like to make a small point that may prevent embarrassment. The word wank is common in England, but it is not a synonym for fuck. In fact, it means masturbate. I hope this spares your correspondent a serious faux pas.

On the subject, a common term in American slang also has a more specific meaning in colloquial English. The word is fanny. I believe you use it to refer to the posterior, or bottom; the English are referring to the female genitals when they employ the term. Hence, the expression "all that horseback riding has given me one hell of a sore fanny" should be avoided over here.

Michael Robinson
Cleveland, England

We can see where proposing masturbation could get a fellow off on the wrong foot with an English lady, especially if he patted her on the fanny.

TRY, TRY AGAIN

I read in *The Chattanooga Times* that a county judge declared a mistrial after more than half the prospective jurors admitted that they probably wouldn't return guilty verdicts against a couple of guys charged with possession of marijuana. A disc jockey/musician said he had cut a record extolling the virtues of pot; another man talked about a 90-year-old lady, presumably his grandmother, whose eyesight had improved remarkably from the marijuana he'd given her. The others simply said they had too many friends and relatives who smoked the killer weed. The judge said he had never encountered such a contrary group in his ten years on the bench and that he'd try, try again.

How long will it take people to figure out what's going on?

(Name withheld by request)
Chattanooga, Tennessee

ZERO TOLERANCE

I am a petty officer first class in the Navy and am in a position to assist in the enforcement of the Navy's zero-tolerance drug policy, which includes not only the urine testing that some of your readers complain about but also the counseling, education and rehabilitation programs aimed at combating the abuse of all drugs, including alcohol. The zero-tolerance policy is worth while and long overdue, and the time, effort and money being spent to attain a drug-free environment have proved quite cost effective.

Although unpopular with some, the program has significantly improved the discipline, morals and mission of the U.S. Navy and the Armed Forces in general. As military personnel and as representatives of the United States here and abroad, we cannot allow ourselves the questionable privilege of using chemicals that will affect our judgment, our decision-making ability

"The word wank is common in England, but it is not a synonym for fuck. In fact, it means masturbate. I hope this spares your correspondent a serious faux pas."

and our ability to carry out our primary mission—the defense of our country.

M. A. Clark, P.O. 1
U.S.S. Bagley
FPO San Francisco, California

Mothers Against Misuse and Abuse (MAMA) is a state-wide organization in Oregon, expanding to nationwide, that



believes that the *Chemical People* program promoted by the Reagan Administration and the National Federation of Parents for Drug Free Youth is inadequate and counterproductive. The program deals with illicit drug use by our youth, which we consider merely a symptom of much greater problems. Those problems, in our opinion, are the drug-oriented attitude of our entire society and the lack of current scientific education about the many dangers of improper use of any drug, legal or illegal.

MAMA is concerned about the emotional attitudes of those groups, and we question their motives. They appear to be more politically motivated than actually concerned with providing drug information. We believe the Reagan Administration is attempting to establish, through those parent groups, broad-base support for President Reagan's re-election.

This is a matter that we believe should be brought to the attention of your readers before the problem of drug abuse becomes politicized without regard for those it affects the most.

Sandee Burbank, Director
Mothers Against Misuse and Abuse
Mosier, Oregon

THE BOLLES CASE

About the time the November issue of *PLAYBOY* went on sale in Phoenix, the Arizona Supreme Court set the execution date of John Harvey Adamson, sentencing him to die in the state gas chamber on December 14, 1983. Had it not been for the efforts of the Max Dunlap Defense Committee, Dunlap and James Robison likely would have already been executed for a crime—the bombing murder of Don Bolles—that they did not commit ("Postscript to a Reporter's Murder," *Playboy Casebook*, November).

Of course, Adamson will undoubtedly carry his appeals to Federal courts; and should he ultimately go free because of the prosecution's bungling, Arizona will have no convictions at all in the most publicized murder case in state history. The great amount of taxpayers' money already expended will increase considerably if Dunlap rightfully prevails in his \$605,000,000 damage suit against those who would have wrongly put him to death.

Ironically, the one thing clearly established by the Phoenix police investigation of the Bolles homicide is that all the other persons involved in the killing of Bolles are not only still free but probably out of danger, perhaps by now even laughing as the Arizona officials, egg on their faces,

privately trade accusations of responsibility. Never in my 20 years of defense investigation has a case so clearly and bitterly condemned the death penalty itself.

PLAYBOY's clear and concise reporting of this convoluted case is greatly appreciated by those of us involved in the postconviction investigation, as was the financial support of the Playboy Foundation.

Lake Headley

Director of Investigation

Law Offices of Gentile & Massi, Ltd.
Las Vegas, Nevada

Your November "Playboy Casebook" recounting the Don Bolles murder case and its interesting aftermath has been received in our fair city—the site of that debacle—with the same deafening silence that must have greeted the first archaeologist to enter King Tut's tomb. This is not surprising. If our local authorities managed to teach the nation's police departments and judicial system a grand lesson in artless blundering, they did so aided and abetted every misstep of the way by our two newspapers, *The Arizona Republic* and *The Phoenix Gazette*. Both have ignored PLAYBOY's story even more thoroughly than they ignored the news of a former defendant's \$605,000,000 lawsuit against the city and its police—which begrudgingly received a few lines of type several days after the fact. The embarrassment over the Bolles case extends to the community as a whole, which I believe is now saying its prayers that the courts continue to function just well enough to put the confessed bomber into the gas chamber in order that the truth die with him.

As one who has some knowledge of the case and several of the principals involved, let me compliment you on making sense out of an extraordinarily complex murder mystery.

George P. Vlassis
Attorney at Law
Phoenix, Arizona

BABY SEALS

Paul E. Clark has misunderstood the social and economic dynamics underlying the Canadian slaughter of infant seals (*The Playboy Forum*, October), and his suggestion that animal protectionists help provide a living for seal hunters has already been tried with no success. Offers have been made by the Fund for Animals and other conservation organizations to substitute a tourist trade that would feature dog-sled trips to the ice so people could see the seals; to set up a large fake-fur factory to provide employment; and, simply, to give money to the Canadian fishermen or their government *not* to kill the seals.

In response to those offers, the Canadian Department of Fisheries and Oceans recently stated, "Such a form of welfare is unacceptable, since there is no conservation basis to stop the harvest."

Those who kill baby seals are not, in

fact, subsistence hunters. They are fishermen, and the seal slaughter provides only a small fraction of their total income.

Since those of us who work for animal rights cannot help the hunters, we must continue to condemn them as butchers and keep trying to stop them.

Gene B. Salinas
Valdez, Alaska

ENERGY CONSERVATION

I defy statistics on penis size to stand up in court. Data drawn from members outside the vaginal environment cannot be used as conclusive evidence in determining the success or failure of the coital outcome.

Forum Library

- *Human Sexuality: A Search for Understanding* (West, \$23.95), by Professor David Knox. This accurate, lucid, illustrated, comprehensive and just plain interesting 600-page book qualifies as state of the art on the complex topic of human sexuality. Developed as a college text, it's properly devoid of sexual politics and propaganda but thoroughly cognizant of today's sexual reality. Good glossaries at the end of each chapter; overall, an excellent repository of information useful to the layman and the scholar alike. If you can't find it locally, call West Publishing Company in St. Paul at 800-328-9424.

- *Journal of Popular Culture* has devoted its current issue (Volume 17, Number 2) to nine essays on eros and pornography, including learned treatments of such sexual curiosa as comic soft-core films at drive-ins, role realignment of male strippers, subliminal sexual advertising and pornography as political expression. Good for livening up dull parties. Seven dollars, postpaid, from *Journal of Popular Culture*, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43403.

- *Naughty Logs*. This entertaining mixture of parable and mock pornography worked as a consciousness-raising device for some concerned conservationists in Juneau trying to draw the attention of apathetic fellow Alaskans to deforestation and wilderness destruction by the logging industry. Witty and literate and eclectically illustrated, it got them into headlines and hot water that nicely served their purpose and could give other groups some lessons in strategy. Send \$3.85, plus one dollar for postage and handling, to Instabook Publishing Company, 137 Gastineau Avenue, Juneau, Alaska 99801.

It's partly the weather's fault. Listen, when the penis is outside the vagina, it cools and shrinks; when inside, it warms and expands. The coital withdrawal motion wastes energy unless the female labia extend over the penis during its backstroke. Then the penis remains warm, maintains its size and actually increases in size during its return stroke. Some women are uneasy lovers, so their partners may have to resort to the use of cunnilingus *desperatus* and train the pudenda to extend and contract at will. Those women will eventually learn to apply vaginal clutch to the penis long enough to extend their labia clear out to the jelly beans, regardless of where they happen to be at the time. This will result in a penile-vaginal contact of sufficient extent to trigger the most awesome event in recorded history, the megaorgasm, or megasm, in the language of physics. Megaorgasm is a form of energy similar to star building, with the potential dynamics of a binary star system, which consists primarily of two energy forms sharing an intense interest in each other.

All orgasms contribute to the earth's energy field and help stabilize it, thus stabilizing our solar, galaxian and universal systems.

Bill Loren

Rockville, Maryland

We like that. Stand by while we recalibrate our bullshit detector.

GUNS AGAIN

Let me support the observation of T. Garcia in the September *Playboy Forum* that the press, either by design or by instinct, completely missed the significance of the California vote on Proposition 15 that would have started controlling handguns right out of private possession. Our local rag, the *Hastings Daily Tribune*, has to be a tiny oasis for the liberals who live in this desert of conservatism called Nebraska.

Prior to the November elections, we were bombarded all the way out here with almost daily news that Prop 15 was on a roll, virtually ensured of passage. After it got knocked on its ass by roughly two to one, the coverage here was zilch. Our Bleeding Heart Bugle might have reported it, but if so, it carefully hid the item.

Thanks for the impartiality you have shown on the gun-control issue.

William R. Pearson
Hastings, Nebraska

We're not impartial on the need for effective and enforceable laws, but we'll try to handle the debate in that fashion and stick to our guns, so to speak, on the civil-liberties questions.

SEX EDUCATION

I was unfortunate enough to have parents who were unable to discuss sex, even with their children. I was terrified when I

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

HAWTHORNE, CALIFORNIA—Police officers seeking an outlaw motorcycle-club member, "Ruby Red" Malloy, in connection with an attempted murder raided some 43 homes in six weeks, according to the Los Angeles Times.



They still hadn't found Ruby Red but had managed to burst in on a pregnant woman about to give birth, a mentally handicapped girl, a licensed child-care operator tending five babies, several people sound asleep and a housewife stepping into her shower, plus quite a few other surprised citizens. Warrants had been based on a two-year-old roster of telephone numbers seized at a club member's home. A Hawthorne detective said it wasn't important that many of the homes had nothing to do with the motorcycle gang. "The thing is," he complained, "we didn't find Malloy."

PRICE TO PAY FOR SEX

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Faced with its first "wrongful birth" case, the U.S. Supreme Court rejected without comment the appeal of an Illinois couple seeking compensation for costs of rearing a child born after an unsuccessful sterilization. The Illinois Supreme Court had earlier held that "in the hierarchy of values, the benefit of life should not be outweighed by the expense of supporting it."

TEST TAMPERING

KNOXVILLE, IOWA—A man has been sentenced to 20 days in jail and fined \$500 for contempt of court because two years ago he persuaded a friend to take the blood test that got him off the hook as the legal father of his girlfriend's infant son. He admitted the deception

recently after an assistant county attorney noticed signature discrepancies, and his former girlfriend, miffed, is back on track with her paternity suit.

CHASTITY ACT CHALLENGE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Three Methodist ministers in Virginia have joined with the American Jewish Congress in filing a lawsuit challenging the constitutionality of a 1981 law—the so-called Chastity Act—providing Federal money to religious and other organizations that discourage premarital sex and abortion among persons under 19. The Government program specifically denies grants to any group that would "advocate, promote or encourage abortion." The plaintiffs, represented by the A.C.L.U., argue that the law's restrictions mean that only religious organizations that oppose abortion and formally advocate teenage celibacy qualify for funds and that they will use the money to promote their views.

STOMPER AND LICKER

NASHVILLE—Police say that a man arrested 40 times in 15 years for stomping on women's feet went back into business less than a month after his release from a four-year prison sentence. Nattily attired in a three-piece black pinstripe suit with a red rose in the lapel, the Foot Stomper injured the feet of three women in a bus-station lobby before a security guard chased and nabbed him. Remarkably the guard, "One day, he's going to pull that stunt on somebody's wife when her husband is standing nearby and he's going to kill him." According to the cops, the man has been out of jail only eight months during the past 13 years.

Meanwhile, in West Virginia, the Martinsburg Leg Licker has been charged with breaking into a home and lapping the limb of a sleeping woman while her husband and child were asleep in the same bed. The 21-year-old man was tracked by police to a nearby residence and was charged with trespassing and battery.

LAWYER SUIT

CHICAGO—A \$2,600,000 malpractice suit has been filed against two Chicago attorneys by a Highland Park woman who contends that while the divorce lawyers represented her in court, her husband frittered away a multimillion-dollar estate. Now she wants the lawyers to pay her the amount she would have received before the frittering. The suit, possibly the largest of its kind ever

filed in the U.S., "may prove that a divorce lawyer stands the same risk as a surgeon if he messes up," according to an unnamed source quoted in a local newspaper column. Several Chicago-area attorneys agreed that such a case could open up a fertile field for inter-lawyer litigation and the endless recycling of fees. Said one, "You could call it a 'perpetual motions' machine."

EXILED

SAN FRANCISCO—Living in Iowa does not constitute "cruel and unusual punishment," the Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals has ruled. The case involved conditions of parole that required a Seattle man accused of strangling his girlfriend's cat and convicted of illegally selling guns to live with his parents in Iowa and remain under court supervision in that state until 1994.

NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY

EVERETT, WASHINGTON—A 31-year-old woman who claimed her estranged husband infected her with herpes during an attempt at reconciliation has been awarded \$40,000 in a county court. Furthermore, she is now going through with the divorce proceedings.

PATERNAL RIGHTS

CHICAGO—In Illinois, mothers of illegitimate children can bring paternity suits against the fathers until the offspring reach the age of 18, the state's



appellate court has ruled. The three-judge panel unanimously struck down a state law's two-year statute of limitations on such suits, holding that it did not provide women adequate opportunity to locate vanished lovers and put in their rightful claims.

began menstruating and learned what was happening only from my older brother's girlfriend. In fact, everything I learned about sex was from schoolmates and "dirty books." There are many young people who don't know where to turn for sexual advice and help. As long as we pay taxes to support schools, why shouldn't they provide good information on such an important subject?

Barbara McCray
River Ridge, Louisiana

RIGHT TO ABORTION

The American principles of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are mocked—indeed, nullified—if woman's ability to become pregnant is determined by law to exceed a role in life she might choose for herself.

The New Right is attempting to reempower an old wrong; the concept that a woman's pregnancy is more important than her rights. This barbaric notion reduces a woman to a solely biological sta-

tus. She is more breeding stock than person if a baby to be takes legal precedence over a woman that is.

Americans have autonomy to choose their lives and directions. The Constitution specifies such protection to "all persons born." Yet Congress now dares to debate whether or not a woman's reproductive function outweighs her choices. It now dares to debate whether a woman is primarily a container for future persons or a person with inviolable rights of her own.

SEXUAL REVOLUTION—THE DAY AFTER

*surprise! quite a few more young people
have fornicated and survived than indicated by the administration's body count*

By ROD DAVIS

Just when American parents were adjusting to the idea that their teenaged daughters probably wouldn't survive both the sexual revolution and the Age of Permissiveness without getting knocked up, we received this disconcerting news: The birth rate for girls aged 15 to 19 has actually fallen by 45 percent since 1957. Put another way, the female children cresting puberty this side of the sexual revolution are about half as likely to end up accidental moms as were their own moms.

What accounts for this deplorable outbreak of wholesomeness? Not herpes; that crisis hadn't been invented yet. According to Jo Ann S. Putnam-Scholes in last July's issue of *The Atlantic*, the culprit is birth control. Correlating the drop in the pregnancy rate with the spread of birth-control information, she concludes that teaching kids about contraceptives doesn't inspire them to sexual frenzy but does teach them how to deal more intelligently with that universal youthful affliction, horniness.

This surely must have come as a disappointment to the Reagan Administration after its Department of Health and Human Services had worked so hard to manipulate the 1980 census data into a national impregnation peril. Seems the trouble with the Government's banner-headline report—"ONE IN SIX BABIES BORN TO HORNY TEENAGERS!"—was that it failed to take into account the over-all decline in the birth rate for women of all ages, especially 20 to 29. By ignoring that as well as simple demographics, the Minister of Morality could make it sound like teenaged girls were pumping out newborns like machine-gun bullets. In fact, Scholes's research shows, the birth rate among adolescents has steadily declined since its peak in 1957, of 96.3 births per 1000 (married and single) to



only 53 per 1000 in 1980.

There's worse. Not only are fewer teenagers having babies but at last report they were keeping them and rearing them at a rate of 96 percent. Among unmarried white mothers, the keeping percentage rose 15 points between 1971 and 1976, from 75 percent to 90 percent; among blacks, the percentage went from 94 to nearly 100 percent. Since only about one third of unwanted teenage pregnancies end in abortions, that means that more than ever before, the country is being littered with openly claimed evidence of young girls who *had* to have gotten laid. What we've got is not a problem with teenage pregnancy but with *public motherhood*.

No wonder the Administration and the Moral Majority are trying to plug the dike. You can have legal abortion available at safe and inexpensive clinics, or you can have welfare rolls bloated with enough babies to finance an entire MX missile. But you can't have both: That would be Government-subsidized sin and no missile. But you can't fault the present strategy. The attempt to force family-planning clinics to snitch on minors, coupled

with proposals to eliminate sex education from schools in favor of prayer, would have helped make unwanted teenage pregnancies a reality again—and a proper object lesson in misery to all those little fuckers who thought sex was nice. Yes, indeed. By recasting young motherhood as a dirty little secret, the guardian patriarchs of the sanctified nuclear family could still get those nubile and errant young mommas out of the shopping malls and into homes for unwed mothers; their babies could be removed from the sight of decent folk and returned to orphanages where they belong.

Despite the best efforts of the purveyors of perversity to corrupt the morals of American youth in the past three decades, it's become obvious that a modicum of good sense, coupled with knowledge of the pill and the condom, is prevailing and, yes, challenging the premises, prophecies and policies of the sin fighters. It's depressing. Not only has the opprobrium been taken out of adult sex, it's disappearing from its historic bastion, the psychic recesses of puberty. Is nothing sinful anymore? Is everyone wising up?

If you care about this country, if you care about keeping little bastards off the streets, if you care about scaring young girls shitless, you'll find little solace in the decline in the teenage pregnancy rate. You'll do what any red-blooded, God-fearing American would do—you'll write to your Congressman, demanding an end to legal abortions, more cutbacks in Aid to Families with Dependent Children and a defunding of family-planning services. Sex must not go unpunished.

Rod Davis is a former teenager, an English teacher at the University of Texas (Austin) and a founder of The Mad Dog Writers' Consortium.

This outrage is not unlike the medieval mentality that deliberated on whether or not a woman had a soul, whether or not she was a person.

Constance Robertson
Peoria, Illinois

"FAN CLUB" UNDER FIRE

Good God! I just finished reading that whining, pouty diatribe against women from that male-chauvinist piglet who so cutely signs himself Norman Bates Fan Club (*The Playboy Forum*, December). It came as quite a surprise. I didn't know my husband could write.

(Name withheld by request)
Birmingham, Alabama

I don't know whether or not the so-called Norman Bates Fan Club deserves a reply to such derogatory statements against women, but they struck a chord in my life.

My fiancée received a promotion and was relocated to Atlanta some months ago. I gave up a decent job and joined her. Since then, she has been pursuing a career while I stay home doing the housework.

In the past, I might have felt that taking care of a house was a piece of cake, but I have now changed my mind and haven't quite gotten the tan I thought I would. So this one's for you, ladies, from "just one of them good ol' boys."

Greg Goss
Atlanta, Georgia

To the president, or whatever he is, of the Norman Bates Fan Club in Birmingham: Bet you fit the description of a good ol' boy, all right. Bet you got a great big belt buckle and a *little-bitty peter*.

Sandi Hoffer
New York, New York

That's a cowboy, ma'am.

I have one thing to say to the Norman Bates Fan Club: Back up in a corner and use your free hand.

I've no doubt that some women do bitch about working all day and then going home to care for a family. I myself bitch about less. It's hard on us, and we need to get it off our chests. As a woman bartender, I hear plenty of bitching from men.

Sign me "one of them good ol' girls."

A. E. Moore
Owensboro, Kentucky

If we'd responded righteously to the truly disgusting ideas in the "Norman Bates" letter, we would have pre-empted the pleasure that countless readers, male and female, have had in straightening out our "good ol' boy."

COCK TALK

The main issue of circumcision is child development and the resultant effect during adolescent interchange with peers. Issues such as a noncircumcised male's response to an environment of circumcised peers can be critical during that period of

growth and development. Is the child seen as different in the locker room, for example? Are his parents supportive and understanding of these philosophical issues? Does the child's religion play a significant part?

These are issues that need to be studied and quantified objectively, not journalistically sensationalized. Allow the scientist to examine and deal with these various sensitive matters in the best interests of our younger generation.

Timothy J. Bray, M.D.
Assistant Professor
University of California, Davis
Medical Center
Sacramento, California

Twice damned am I, a circumcised urologist. Before I read the essay by Richard W. Morris in the December *Playboy Forum* on "child abuse by circumcision," my life was serene. I could take my dick in my hand and its naked head would seem to wink at me; I'd wink back: "Nice going, guy!" Now it leers at me as if to accuse, as if it were *my* fault that I was circumcised. I can remember that day when my sleep patterns became altered irrevocably. I can remember my last good night's sleep before I was fearfully trussed up on the circumcision board. I remember looking over at the kid next to me, thinking that he had a lot of balls, since he pissed on the doctor. He was lucky to be a C-section kid. I was born the usual way, and since I had just had my six-inch brains pushed through a four-inch hole, I was having trouble getting my shit together.

And no wonder my sex life is all screwed up. I used to associate penis manipulation with large breasts, and I used to think that was normal. Now I realize it is only sublimated child abuse. I will swear to a life of chastity. No longer will my cock be abused by anyone.

Attorney Morris reports that other people belong to tribes or groups that have many distinct prescriptions and proscriptions as to the disposal of circumcised foreskins. I lie awake at night wondering what happened to mine. Since I was born in Brooklyn and the hospital has been leveled into an asphalt playground, who knows what those people could have done with my precious part? Do you suppose they collected many foreskins and fashioned them into something like a basketball? I hate to think of my foreskin's being slam dunked.

Torn with guilt and worry, I called my mother and told her that I fully forgave her felonious complicity in my childhood assault. She hung up on me, and I understand she has canceled her SPRINT contract. Since then, I have even considered refusing to do circumcisions; but then, who would put my kids through college? And who would pay for my new sports car? PLAYBOY must share some of the blame, because that's where I saw the

advertisement for it. On second thought, my contribution does have its bounds.

But let us arise against this abuse. Down with those dens of iniquity, the hospitals. Down with the doctors (the ones who don't refer patients to me). Down with mothers—unless they're going down on fathers. But more important, down with litigious lawyers like my old friend Morris. I'm the guy who foolishly suggested that he submit his piece to PLAYBOY, because more of us organ grinders read your publication than the *Journal of Urology*.

Alan H. Walther, M.D.
San Diego, California

We had rather hoped the foreskin debate would fizzle out so we could get on to other matters, but we think Dr. Bray raises a valid point, even if he doesn't seem to quite understand the purpose of "The Playboy Forum" or have a sense of humor. But Dr. Walther provides that, so maybe we come out even.

MOUNTAINS FROM MOLEHILLS

Some people believe in an infallible God who created the world and all things in it. I would like to ask them one question: Why did He put nipples on men's breasts? Were they supposed to suckle the babies?

Edwin L. Tice
Rockford, Illinois

Well, now, Mr. Tice, that's a pretty weighty question, and we had to take it to our Great Issues expert, Dr. Horace Naismith, who responds: "Beats hell out of me. Maybe male nipples were part of a creationist backup plan in case Eve had to be scrapped. That would not be an indication of fallibility but merely good contingency planning. At the same time, male nipples strengthen the case of the evolutionists, who claim to have found them on all sorts of male animals that do not suckle their offspring. From that observation, we must assume either that male and female humans evolved from lower life forms in which there was a certain amount of sexual confusion or that the good Lord at some point exercised His omnipotent right to change His mind. There's one possible explanation that probably won't sit well with your average creationist: that the Creator decided to give males some erogenous zones that had less of a tendency to get hung up in bushes. Another is that God was engaging in a bit of whimsy to teach us all an object lesson against making mountains out of molehills. Even so, nipples on males have long served the illustrative purpose summed up in the old expression "Useless as tits on a boar hog."

"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.



KILLING US SOFTLY WITH THEIR SONG

why did ted koppel broadcast a false story? why didn't robert mac neil ask the obvious questions? why did the press let us down?

opinion **By ASA BABER**

PLAYBOY SENT ME TO Washington, D.C., in the fall of 1980 to profile a place called the Center for Defense Information, a politically moderate think tank run by retired admiral Gene La Rocque and other former military men. The idea that high-ranking officers would form an organization that was not right wing by definition was intriguing, and the article I wrote (*What You're Not Supposed to Know About the Arms Race*, PLAYBOY, June 1981) examined defense issues through the focus of those men's personalities and combat experiences.

The people at the center were cooperative, spoke frankly, answered all my questions. But when I tried to talk with members of the Washington and New York media to get their feedback on the subject, it was a different story: Suddenly, no one was home. It was "Don't call us and we won't call you."

It took me a few days to figure it out. What I was confronting was clannishness. I was being told that I was not part of the media pack. This rejection was not personal. The subject of arms control was a hot potato. The newly arriving Reagan Administration was not eager to discuss it, and the media did not push it. A conservative tide was washing through the capital, and the media pack was going to ride it for a time, few questions asked. I was learning firsthand that in the world of television and print journalism, there is an etiquette at work in all seasons. At certain times, certain questions are considered rude, bush league; in 1980, a moderate approach to arms control was one of those taboo subjects.

A few months ago—August 31, 1983, to be exact—I was reminded of that chilly lesson. That was the night it was announced on ABC's *Nightline* that Korean Air Lines flight 007 was in some kind of trouble in the Far East. You may remember that evening. Reports were sketchy. The word was that flight 007 had been forced down over Russian airspace and was sitting safely on Sakhalin Island. There were no casualties and it was expected that the aircraft would be released soon. There was a picture from Seoul of relatives and friends waiting for the arrival of flight 007. The people there looked apprehensive but hopeful. And that was the image America carried to bed that night: All was well, we were told; a little bit disorderly but well.

I had some immediate problems with the story we had been handed that evening. For one thing, I had trained as an air observer in the Marine Corps and had spent some limited time with Marine units on Okinawa, so I knew a little bit about Soviet forces in the Far East. I knew that anybody who flew over Kamchatka and Sakhalin was asking for trouble, that the submarine bases, missile sites and radar defense nets in the area were cosmically top secret in U.S.S.R. terms. I also knew that overflights were a common tactic on borders of important countries—a game of chicken played in the sky, usually in fairly civilized fashion, occasionally with civilian aircraft (that only makes the game more complex, you see)—but the K.A.L. airliner was definitely out of bounds, on a route akin in sensitivity to a detour from a corridor while flying into Berlin or an attempt to overfly the sub bases at Murmansk. If K.A.L. 007 had flown where it was said to have gone, there were some logical possibilities that I assumed the press would investigate: (1) that it had possibly been an intelligence flight carrying unwitting passengers; (2) that it was not sitting safely on the ground but had been shot down. I waited anxiously for the next day's news, naïvely hoping that some tough questions would be asked.

But on the evening of the second day, Ted Koppel opened *Nightline* with a statement that produced no further questions about our own Government's obviously misleading cover story. "Senior U.S. officials led us to believe, and we led you to believe, that the plane had landed safely on Soviet territory. Sadly, that was not true." As far as I can remember it, not once over the next evening did Koppel, a man whose work I usually admire, ask any of his guests why we were originally told the plane was safe. It was as if we were supposed to forget that first bedtime story we had been told on *Nightline*. I found that very hard to do.

"The evidence is clear. It leaves no doubt," President Reagan said later. What evidence? What clarity? No doubts?

The media asked few hard questions those days. What we got instead was the Richard Burt/Lawrence Eagleburger/Jeanne Kirkpatrick show, complete

with compliant newsmen who regularly served up simplistic queries and declined to follow up on hazy answers. The fourth estate waltzed with the Reagan Administration's version of events while the public sat and tried to make sense of it all. (Interestingly, the public seemed less inclined to dance than the media: Two weeks after the incident, a *New York Times*/CBS News poll showed that 61 percent of the sample thought that the U.S. Government was "holding back information that people ought to know.")

Indeed, our Government *was* holding back information. On the ninth of September, in an unprecedented news conference in Moscow, Marshal Nikolai V. Ogarkov reported that Soviet fighters had fired warning shots (four bursts, 120 rounds) to signal K.A.L. 007 that it should follow them down to a safe landing; three days *later*, we Americans finally had that fact confirmed in our own press: "A NEW U.S. TRANSCRIPT INDICATES SOVIET PILOT FIRED 'CANNON BURSTS' . . . COULD BACK CONTENTION OF RUSSIANS THEY TRIED TO WARN KOREAN JET," said *The New York Times* in its headlines that day. Why did we learn the truth about that critical question from the chief of the Soviet general staff before we learned it from our own Government?

To put it bluntly, during those first days in September, I felt as if I were living in a dictatorship. My own Government was passing out contradictory and incorrect information, yes, but what was even more frightening was the way in which the media cooperated with that exercise in news management.

"U.S. experts said the interception of signals around Japan is so wide ranging and automated that there was a good chance no human ears were actually listening for much of the time," *Newsweek* wrote in an article that was typical of the reporting we saw then and have seen since, "that the danger became apparent only in the final moments of flight 007—since other commercial planes have scrambled Soviet defense systems and flown on safely."

It is not American journalism's finest hour when a major news magazine leaves the reader with the false impression that K.A.L. 007 was not being closely monitored by human eyes and ears on both sides of the iron curtain.

You can take this much to the bank: The American RC-135 aircraft nearby and the Soviet defense networks on Sakhalin were watching K.A.L. 007 like a hawk. So were some satellites in space.

Why didn't our people who were watching it send out a warning to get the plane back on course? Tass, the Soviet news agency, asked the same question. I was appalled by my own Government's answer: "The United States was not aware that the Korean airliner was in jeopardy until after it was shot down," said Secretary of State George Shultz. Riiiiight. There were no human ears listening and we didn't know there were Soviet fighters closing in. Riiiiight.

Hard questions asked? Not for quite a while and not in any thorough fashion. Richard Burt almost got cornered once. He was on *The MacNeil/Lehrer News Hour*, usually one of the best news shows. Peter Shrag, editor of *The Sacramento Bee*, asked Burt a key question: Had other incidents such as this occurred in the past? Burt's answer was hazy: "There has not been a pattern of Soviet complaints. They have not come to us or other countries that we're aware of and warned that they were going to take action such as this. . . ." That was a critical moment. Burt was skirting a direct answer to a simple, tough question. But as I heard it, Robert MacNeil failed to follow up, and soon Shrag and his line of questioning were dismissed. MacNeil surely wasn't being a hard-nosed newsman at that moment.

I had quite a few questions I was hoping to hear asked during those first days, among them:

- Why were we first told the plane was OK and sitting safely on Sakhalin Island when for many hours our Government had known that it had been fired on, had fallen in a 12-minute descent to about 2000 feet and then had lost all control and crashed into the sea? The next of kin were lied to, but our Government had known all along what was happening; what was the reason for issuing a cover story?

- There must have been an American RC-135 on station during the entire episode; that aircraft has the capability of getting a message into the hands of the President of the United States in ten minutes from anywhere in the world; did that RC-135 simply not communicate what was happening for two and a half hours? Or did people high in the Government know, in fact, what was going on? Was the President informed?

- Was the many-hour delay in getting any news to the public connected with our Government's need to know whether or not the Russians had already obtained the black boxes from the wreckage of K.A.L. 007?

- How could the K.A.L. pilot report his position as southeast of Hokkaido when he was north of Hokkaido and not



be warned from the ground that he was many miles off course?

- How could a 747 encounter all the problems that this one did? Wrong coordinates on the computer? All radios dead? Radar transponder dead? Weather radar dead? Visual and celestial navigation unused? Cockpit blind to warning shots and the presence of waggling fighter aircraft fore and aft? Coordination with RC-135s a coincidence, as well as significant changes in flight direction during those two and a half hours that sent K.A.L. 007 over some of the most classified territory in the Soviet Union? Radio silence from our own observers another coincidence? Changes in K.A.L. 007's altitude as fighters closed in another coincidence?

The television and press people failed us. It's that simple. The pack ran with the official version of the story. I submit that in so doing, it made a terrible mistake. The polls show that we felt gypped by the reporters and editors who were waltzing so carefully. The newspeople

were in a position to give some form to our scattered fears, but the big names let us down. An earnest search for truth might have helped us understand earlier that the world is not an illogical place where an innocently straying aircraft can be shot down without warning or provocation just because Russians like to do that sort of thing. Whatever happened to flight 007, the story is a hell of a lot more complicated than that.

Don't tell me that we're living in a society that can be as controlled as Russia's during a crisis and that the control is voluntary, that the censorship is born inside the pack; don't tell me that the pack fears alienating its official sources more than it loves the truth, that it prefers to play the game sedately even when it knows it's being manipulated and lied to and that it sticks together in rough weather, never even asking the burning questions.

No, don't tell me that. I mean, you don't have to. I've seen the evidence of it.



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The world's most civilized spirit

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MOSES MALONE

a candid conversation with the intimidating, closemouthed basketball superstar about hard play, fast breaks and good money

Think about pro basketball's brightest stars for a moment and you'll probably picture oversize athletes endowed with astonishing grace. Julius Erving soars into the air and then rides a current before coming down with a slam dunk; Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's incomparable sky hook is the most beautiful basketball shot ever invented; Larry Bird, a stoic genius, obviously can achieve whatever he can conceive; and then there's the Magic show, in which one Earvin Johnson uncorks passes that seem impossible only until you realize that he can see out of his ears. Ever wonder what would happen if this land of sporting Nureyevs were attacked by Darth Vader? No need to ponder it further, for it has already happened. Unfortunately for his fellow pros, the invader is even tougher than Darth. We're referring, of course, to Moses Malone; and last year, the public finally picked up on something his colleagues had known for some time: Moses is numero uno in the National Basketball Association. The Man. The Force.

Consider the following: After leading the Philadelphia 76ers to their first world championship (finally!) last June, Malone was named the N.B.A.'s Most Valuable Player for the second straight year

(his third such award) and was also voted M.V.P. of the championship series, in which the 'Sixers demolished Los Angeles in four games. The last time a player won both the championship-series and the league M.V.P. awards, the year was 1971, and the player was a young fellow who then went by the name of Lew Alcindor. During the 1982-1983 season, Malone scored 24.5 points a game and led the league in rebounding for the third straight year, but his stats aren't nearly as imposing as his presence on the court. Although only a modest (by N.B.A. standards) 6'10" tall, Malone has become basketball's best big man, primarily because he's the N.B.A.'s most relentless competitor. After the 76ers blew out Los Angeles last year, Lakers forward Kurt Rambis described what it was like trying to cope with Malone: "There are certain forces in nature you can't stop, and he is one of them." The Phoenix Suns' Maurice Lucas, a superb rebounder in his own right, has been battling Malone on the boards for nearly a decade. "With Moses, there is never any break," he says. "He's always coming at you. Always coming at you! . . . I can't think of anyone who's ever been like that before."

Veteran Milwaukee Bucks center Bob Lanier puts it more succinctly: "Moses is a monster."

That, of course, is not the truth. Malone only plays like a monster. Once he ambles onto a court, he is all scowls, growls and effort. He believes he should come down with every errant shot thrown up by members of either team. When Moses doesn't get a particular rebound, he gets bothered. Riled. He will then try harder to snare the next missed shot. Malone has such apparently inexhaustible energy that by the fourth quarter of most games, he has already worn out at least two opposition players. At that point, he becomes positively lethal. "No one works as hard as Moses, and he is tireless," says Billy Cunningham, head coach of the 76ers. Cunningham has more bad news for the rest of the N.B.A.: He believes Malone has yet to reach his peak. If that's so, we're talking Mount Everest, sports fans.

Moses Eugene Malone, the object of all those encomiums, was born in Petersburg, Virginia, on March 23, 1955. His father left home when the boy was two years old, and Moses was raised by his mother, Mary Malone, a religious, strong-willed woman who worked as a nurse's aide and later as a



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"I'm not going to name names, but when people want the nation's number-one high school player, there's a lot they want to give you. Yeah, I had college coaches take care of me. They kept my pocket full."

"A lot of folks are probably looking to find out if Moses Malone is into drugs, but the closest I come is drinking a Coca-Cola. I never tried cocaine and I'm never gonna. Look at me: I'm 6'10"—high enough."

"Sometimes I think I am a fighter on the court. During the play-offs, there were games when I thought I should've brought boxing gloves, but that's the way the game is played: rough and tough."

supermarket meat packer. He grew up in modest comfort and, like most of his friends, spent a lot of time playing football and baseball at a nearby schoolyard.

In many ways, his childhood ended the first time he picked up a basketball: Before he turned 14, Malone was dominating taller, older boys who played for Petersburg High. When he became a student there, he proceeded to break virtually every Virginia schoolboy basketball record. In his senior year, he averaged 36 points, 26 rebounds and 12 blocked shots per game—and by then, scores of college basketball coaches from around the country were encamped at Petersburg.

Malone was probably the most sought-after high school basketball player in history, and it took him an inordinate amount of time to decide where he wanted to go to college. He finally settled on the University of Maryland, but a funny thing happened as soon as he got to College Park: He was immediately drafted by the Utah Stars of the American Basketball Association. No player had ever jumped directly from high school to pro basketball—and when Malone signed a contract reportedly worth several million dollars, the coaching fraternity was outraged. Tom Heinsohn, then the coach of the Boston Celtics, said, "It's utterly ridiculous to pay that kind of money to a kid like this. He may be great, but there's no way a 19-year-old kid is going to step into pro basketball and be great right off the bat."

Heinsohn was dead wrong. In his rookie season, Malone scored nearly 19 points a game and was his team's leading rebounder. It's hard to imagine that ever happening again to such a young player.

To interview the 29-year-old phenomenon, PLAYBOY sent Lawrence Linderman to meet with Malone during a recent visit to Petersburg. He reports:

"The first thing to remember about Moses Malone is that he goes his own way. After I flew to Richmond, he telephoned to say that he'd come over to the hotel for our interview; he was visiting his mother in Petersburg, a half hour away, and he didn't want me disturbing her privacy. Later on, when I saw him in Houston, where he and his family reside, he didn't want me disturbing the privacy of his wife, Alfreda, and their three-and-a-half-year-old son, Moses, Jr. Basically, Moses, Sr., keeps his distance.

"Before we met, the impression I'd formed of Malone wasn't particularly flattering. He's not fond of the press, approaches interviews the way he approaches a dentist's appointment and has been depicted by the media as a kind of hulking man-child. That last impression is formed only because it's hard to understand what he's saying the first few minutes you talk with him. Moses has a typical Virginia accent and speaks faster than anyone else I've ever interviewed—or met, for that matter. He spews out language at 78 rpm; the rest of us are accustomed to

listening at 33½. Once I got the hang of it, though, I found myself confronting a pretty shrewd operator who's very sure of himself. He has reason to be.

"In any case, when we sat down to begin our conversation, the subject of cocaine use among N.B.A. players was very much in the news. Flinching ever so slightly, I began our interview by asking Malone about it."

PLAYBOY: We may as well get to this at the outset: Most basketball insiders believe cocaine use is more widespread among N.B.A. players than among athletes in any other sport. Are they right?

MALONE: I got no idea, 'cause I never actually see guys in the league doing that stuff, but you never know what they do behind closed doors. Players get invited to a lot of parties, and at some of them, you find out that they got a lot of good stuff that can get you messed up—and that's a situation you got to stay away from. You just can't get with the wrong people, especially the ladies: When the ladies see an athlete walking around, they think, Well, he got the cocaine, so let's go get high with him. Tell you this: If a player does that stuff at one party or with one lady, word's gonna get out that you're into cocaine.

"I still love to play ball. I always keep the little boy in me and I think if I ever lose him, I'll be in trouble."

Seems like everybody wants to know if an athlete is on drugs, so you got to stay clear of wild people. I figure a lot of folks are probably looking to find out if Moses Malone is into that stuff, but the closest I come to drugs is drinking a Coca-Cola. I don't want that cocaine; it's not for me.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried it?

MALONE: No, and I'm never gonna try it, because you got to pay a lot for cocaine, and that's not the way I want to spend my money. It's not gonna keep me high for the rest of my life, so why keep paying for it? What am I gonna do with cocaine? Get high and then get another \$2000 out of my pocket and buy some more? Not me. I got a family; I don't want that stuff around. I don't even allow smoking in my house. People come to my house and they see a sign: PLEASE DON'T SMOKE OR MOSES WILL PUT YOU OUT. Light up a cigarette in my car and I'll put you and your cigarette out on the freeway. Wanna smoke? I'm gone. Wanna do cocaine? I'm gone.

PLAYBOY: Does that put a crimp in your social life?

MALONE: Well, I hang by myself a lot, but

when we're on the road and I go to a club, all kinds of people come up to me and sometimes I think somebody's saying, "Work on Moses Malone." Plenty of people have offered me cocaine, but I just tell 'em I don't do that stuff. I don't worry about what they'll think when I tell 'em that, either. I've had guys say, "Look, Moses, if you can't handle it, you can't hang with us." I tell 'em, "Hey, I got Washington, Grant and Abraham Lincoln in my wallet, and they're my friends—they're gonna buy me something. You're gonna take something, so why should I hang with you?"

PLAYBOY: What's the usual reaction?

MALONE: People might get mad for five or ten minutes, but then they respect you more. And the next time they see you, they'll tell their friends, "Don't go up to him with that stuff—he don't mess with cocaine." If they're gonna do that with their lives, it's their problem. I'm not gonna do that with my life. People probably wonder about me 'cause I make so much money, but they don't have to worry about Moses and any of that stuff. Look at me: I'm 6'10"—I'm high enough.

PLAYBOY: Let's clear up something else at the beginning. Ever since you became a pro, you've studiously avoided the press. And this interview is something of a departure for you. How come?

MALONE: I've always just wanted to play ball, that's all. I didn't want to do no interviews, because I didn't want to be bothered with reporters. I'm doing this because . . . well, PLAYBOY's got a good rep, and it gives you good pub. But I still don't talk to reporters, because they're gonna write what they want to write, so let 'em write what they want to write.

PLAYBOY: Are you aware that most sportswriters have interpreted your silence as proof that you have nothing to say?

MALONE: Well, reporters don't know me, because I don't talk to them; I just talk to the players. Every once in a while, I'll talk to a reporter; and over the years, I think they treated me well, and I think they been treated well. I gave 'em what they want and they gave me what I want . . . whenever we talked.

PLAYBOY: All right, let's talk about money. Your six-year contract with the Philadelphia 76ers reportedly pays you \$2,200,000 a year, which would make you the highest-salaried athlete in America. Is that figure accurate?

MALONE: Yeah, it is.

PLAYBOY: You've been a millionaire for many years now. Has that been as much of a kick as you thought it might be?

MALONE: Oh, it's a living.

PLAYBOY: It's a living?

MALONE: That's what it is. People got to realize that the owners who been paying me are a lot richer than I am. It's not like I was born rich; I had to play basketball to make this type of money. The only reason owners pay me is 'cause of what I can do. Owners want to make their team a winner

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so they can get more fans in the stands, and that's why they go after the best ball-players and pay 'em what they're worth. I think we *all* should get paid what we're worth. Larry Bird's getting what he's worth, and if the Lakers didn't give Kareem Abdul-Jabbar what *he's* worth, they wouldn't even make it to the play-offs this year. Can we back up for a second?

PLAYBOY: Do you want to change something you said?

MALONE: No, I want to change something *you* said. For most of the nine seasons I been in the pros, I was only a *part-time* millionaire. I might be full time now, but I was part time then.

PLAYBOY: We stand corrected. Have you found any drawbacks to being a full-time millionaire?

MALONE: I guess some people are jealous of what I make, but that's about it. Listen, I *enjoy* money. You got to know how to enjoy it, though. A lot of people enjoy it the wrong way: They *spend* it all.

PLAYBOY: You don't?

MALONE: Oh, I get what I want to be happy, but I'm conservative with my money. I'm the one who's got a family and I can't be playing basketball forever, so when I retire, I want to live on what I've made. I see a lot of athletes who retire and then they gotta go looking for work—and I don't want that happening to Moses. When I retire, I wanna be able to just lay back. Only way to make it happen is to be

investing my money, not spending it.

PLAYBOY: What do you invest in?

MALONE: Right now, I got between 30 and 35 investments I put money into every year, but I don't want to get into no investment talk with you. I got good advisors in Washington, D.C., who tell me what they think, and then I check it out and decide what to do.

PLAYBOY: No other problems handling all that money?

MALONE: Well, I gotta admit, I have a lot of relatives now—most of 'em I never heard of when I was growing up. [Laughs] No, mainly it's that when you make a lotta money, you got a lotta people shooting at you. Anywhere you go, the tab goes up. People borrow stuff from you, you don't see it again—they figure, Hell, Moses ain't gonna miss it, why do I have to return it?

PLAYBOY: If salary is a measure of a player's worth, do you think being pro basketball's highest-paid player means that you're the best?

MALONE: No, and I never felt that way. People been saying I'm the best 'cause I'm on the team that won last year, that's all. People never said I was the best two, three years ago.

PLAYBOY: Was it true then?

MALONE: I don't think my game's changed none in the last two, three years. But I never thought I was the *best*; I just thought I was *one* of the best. Give that number-

one rating to Larry Bird or Julius Erving or Kareem, because they all can play the game. I can play the game, too. So can the other 275 guys in the league, 'cause to become a pro, you gotta be doing *something* right. Take my word for it: The only reason people are saying I'm the number-one player is because I'm with the number-one team.

PLAYBOY: The 76ers may have won the N.B.A. title last year, but what makes you so certain you'll be champions this season?

MALONE: It's real simple: The 76ers are the best team in the league. I rate our guards as the best in the N.B.A., 'cause they're the best combination: Mo Cheeks, he can run the show, and Andrew Toney can score against anybody. Bobby Jones is the best sixth man in the league, and then you got Dr. J, and who's better than him? We also got a good bench, but check this out: Doc, Toney, Cheeks, Jones—they're all All-Stars. That's why I wanted to come to Philadelphia in the first place. In Houston, I was the only All-Star on the team, and sometimes they'd look for me to win games by myself. When I signed with Philadelphia last year, I knew I didn't have to worry about scoring a lot to help the team win, which was a load off my mind. My main concern with the 76ers was to make them a better rebounding team and be able to run with them.

PLAYBOY: Before you joined the 76ers, a lot

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of people wondered how well you'd fit into a team that, as you just pointed out, already had several stars on its roster. Did you think that might be a problem?

MALONE: I had *no* doubt in my mind about fitting in. I figured the 76ers were a great team before I got there, so I'd just do what Billy Cunningham, the coach, wanted me to do. I knew that once I learned the plays and Billy's system, I'd be ready to go.

PLAYBOY: How long did it take for you and the rest of the 76ers to mesh as a team?

MALONE: Didn't take long at all. We practiced for a month and then played some exhibition games, so we were pretty together when the season started. By then, the other players knew me and what I do best, and I knew them and what they do best. After that, we just ran our stuff the way Billy wanted us to. See, I didn't come in there wanting to change anything and make the 76ers *my* team. I figured Doc's been there, so it's his team. And it *is* his team, 'cause Doc's the leader.

PLAYBOY: In what sense?

MALONE: He keeps everybody together. Doc's a very smart individual who knows the game well and who plays it well. He's also a great guy—one of the best I ever met—and a great contributor to the younger players on our team. Sometimes to the older players, too.

PLAYBOY: Has he helped you out at all?

MALONE: Yeah, he has. When he sees me

not taking my shots right, he'll come over and give me a hint about what I'm doing wrong. Last year, he saw that I was rushing my shots, and he told me about it. He saw that if I took a little more time, I could be better, and he was right.

PLAYBOY: Given all the scoring talent on the 76ers, does it ever seem as if one basketball isn't enough to go around?

MALONE: No, you have problems like that only when you're on a losing team; winning teams don't have too many people trying to be superstars. Guys like Doc and Bobby Jones, they been around and they know it's about winning, not worrying about ego problems or who's gonna get all the publicity. That was my biggest surprise about the 76ers: They're the most unselfish team I've ever been on. Everybody on the 76ers just wants to win, and they don't care who does what to make it happen. That was my main goal—to help the 76ers win a world championship—and I came here with the attitude that we *could* win it. Most everybody picked us to win, but the guys on the team had been through that for so many years without doing it, and I think I saw the reason why: When everybody thinks you should win, then you start feeling like you *got* to win, and that's no good.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MALONE: Because to play your best, you gotta be relaxed—you can't worry what people will think if you lose. You *want* to

win, but you can't get uptight about it, see? Too many people were putting pressure on the 76ers to win every year, and I think some of the players were feeling it.

PLAYBOY: You didn't?

MALONE: No, I never feel any pressure about winning. I just go out and play my game, and I knew we'd win it if the guys just went out and played *their* game. That was the pressure I felt: I hoped the team would be relaxed enough to play the way they can.

PLAYBOY: How important was winning that championship to you?

MALONE: *Very* important. You know, I been a pro for nine years, and every year, you play more than 100 games—and you want to get that ring *one* year. And then, when you get that ring, you wanna keep on getting it. Well, we got it last year, and we'll get it this year.

PLAYBOY: The Los Angeles Lakers might have something to say about that.

MALONE: Don't matter what the Lakers say, we're a better team than they are, and we proved it last year. We can run with them, but they have to be very strong on the boards to beat us, and after Magic Johnson, they don't *have* a strong rebounder. I figured that if we played solid defense, we could beat the Lakers, so that's what I concentrated on. What made it a great series was that everybody wanted to see me and Kareem matched up against each other for the title. What made

PERMANENCE



it an even *better* series was that the Lakers had beaten Philadelphia in the finals two out of the last three years, and now people wanted to see if Los Angeles could beat 'em with Moses on the team. Well, they couldn't. We swept 'em four straight.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that would have been the case if James Worthy, the Lakers' superb rookie forward, hadn't been out with injuries?

MALONE: Hey, before Worthy got hurt, we played the Lakers twice and beat them dead. I'm not saying the Lakers aren't a strong team, 'cause they are. But if they make it to the finals again this year, it'll just be another good show on CBS. It'll be like two big powerhouses meeting each other—and we'll beat 'em again. We can control them, but they can't control us, because we got too many weapons. The Lakers couldn't control Dr. J or Toney, and they couldn't control me with the two 6'8" guys [Kurt Rambis and Mark Landsberger] they had guarding me. When I get the ball near the basket, I don't think there's a 6'8" player in the league who can guard me. I get the ball down low, it's all over; they're too small to stop me from scoring.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you too small to stop Kareem from scoring?

MALONE: Nobody stops Kareem from scoring. Kareem's been the greatest ballplayer of his time—he's been league M.V.P. six times—so you know he's got to be the greatest *scorer* of his time. All you can do is make him work for his points.

PLAYBOY: And how do you do that?

MALONE: I try to take his hook shot away from him. Every center in the league tries to stop Kareem from shooting his sky hook, but it's hard to do, 'cause you can't keep him away from the ball. Kareem's 7'2"; if I play in front of him, his guys will just lob the ball up over me, and now Kareem's gonna stuff it down the hole. My thing is to try to keep him from going to his right, which is when he shoots his sky hook. I try to outwork him and make him go to his left, and maybe take a jump shot or something else he can't shoot as well as his hook shot. I guard [the Milwaukee Bucks'] Bob Lanier the same way, 'cept he's a lefty, so I try to keep him from going to his left and taking his hook shot.

PLAYBOY: Are Abdul-Jabbar and Lanier the most difficult for you to guard?

MALONE: I have to worry about *every* center, because they all can play the game. A guy like Robert Parish . . . well, I mean, Robert Parish is a whole different story. When we play the Boston Celtics, I know I can't stop Parish's jump shot, because he's 7'1". Only way to play him is to keep him from getting to the spots he likes to shoot from. To stop *any* of the league's centers from scoring, I gotta know what they do best; I gotta do my homework. If I didn't study films of the big guys, they'd kill me out there.

PLAYBOY: What kinds of things do you look for on film?

MALONE: I start with a player's offensive game first—his best shots and where he shoots 'em from—and then I check out everything else. I want to know *all* about the man. Is he tough on the boards? What type of runner is he? Does he get down-court quick? Does he foul a lot? Is he a good foul shooter? If he isn't, that gives me an edge. If we're in a close game and time's running out, I won't worry about trying to block his shot and maybe picking up a foul. But if I'm checking somebody who's a good foul shooter, I'll have to think twice about maybe sending him to the line.

PLAYBOY: Are you a good foul shooter?

MALONE: Yeah; I make about 77 percent from the line. Me and Kareem are probably the two best centers in the league when it comes to shooting foul shots.

PLAYBOY: You and Abdul-Jabbar are probably the two best centers in the league by *any* measurement. How do you get along with him?

MALONE: Kareem's a good fella; me and Kareem have never had no problems. I talk to him and he talks to me. I think I learned a lot from Kareem. I'm still trying to pick up on that sky hook of his, but there ain't but one guy in the league who can make it happen.

PLAYBOY: Abdul-Jabbar has said he learns something from you every time he watches you play. What do you think you've taught him?

MALONE: The power game underneath and working on staying power—you want to be as strong at the end of a game as when it starts. You watch enough 76ers' games and you'll see that in the fourth quarter, a lotta guys I play against get too tired to beat me underneath.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that much of your success depends on being in better shape than your opponents?

MALONE: That ain't really it, 'cause you can't play pro ball without being in shape. I might be stronger than some of the other guys, that's all. But they know it, 'cause they watch films of me just like I watch films of them. They see what I can do best and they try to stop me from doing it.

PLAYBOY: Who's the toughest player for you to score against?

MALONE: I really don't know. Several guys play me tough, but, like I said, I don't worry about offense, 'cause the 76ers got a lot of players who can score. I concentrate mainly on defense and on trying to stop the seven-footers from scoring.

PLAYBOY: At 6'10", you're one of the shortest starting centers in the league, yet you're also the N.B.A.'s most dominant player at that position—or any position, for that matter. How do you compensate for your lack of height?

MALONE: I make up for it with speed and power. See, I play a different style of center than other players in the league. My first three years in the pros, I was a forward, and I bet I could be the best big forward in the league—and if Billy Cun-

ningham ever gave me the green light, I might even make it as a guard. Anyway, after my second year at Houston, Kevin Kunnert, our center, was traded away and the coach decided to put me in the middle. Well, back then, I weighed maybe 220 pounds, and all of a sudden, every night I had to battle guys who went from 6'11" to 7'4". I couldn't do that weighing no 220, so I started working out on a Nautilus machine, lifted weights, ate starchy foods, and I bulked up to 255. I'm not one of them muscle-beach guys—they can't move and you need speed in the N.B.A. I just worked on strength and staying power. I *like* that power game; I like to get underneath and make contact with other players and let 'em know I'm there.

PLAYBOY: And we thought basketball was a noncontact sport.

MALONE: It's *never* been a noncontact sport. You don't see basketball players wearing shoulder pads like football players, but it might not be a bad idea, 'cause there's a lot of bruising underneath. I wear a boxer's mouthpiece, and a lot of guys are starting to use 'em, because every time you go up for a rebound, elbows start snapping all over the place. I wind up taking a lot of punishment and sometimes I think I *am* a fighter out there. During the play-offs, there were games when I thought I should've brought boxing gloves, but that's the way the game is played: rough and tough. You want to be a center or a forward in the N.B.A., you gotta be strong and you gotta go to the glass with power.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought that perhaps you play the game *too* rough?

MALONE: How can I be playing too rough? I haven't fouled out of a game in five or six years.

PLAYBOY: Since you're the N.B.A.'s most physical player, how have you managed to pull that off?

MALONE: Well, some people might think I'm too rough out there, but I play the game the way referees think it should be played. I never foul out because I never commit six fouls in a game. I play aggressive defense, but I don't beat people up; I play to make 'em work, that's all.

PLAYBOY: Do you stop playing tight defense after you get called for a few fouls?

MALONE: Nope, I play my same game from beginning to end. Even if I got five fouls, if I see a player driving toward the basket and I know he's gonna jump into me, I might not try to block his shot, but I'm gonna hold my position. You know, when some guys foul out, they jump up and down and argue with the refs, just so they can look good to the fans. It's like they're trying to get the fans to think, *I didn't do it—the ref did*. Well, we ain't got any referees who don't let you play the game. But you got to know *how* to play the game, and you gotta play smart.

PLAYBOY: Does playing smart basketball include psyching out your opponents?

MALONE: Not for me, it don't. The only guy

I psych out is myself.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

MALONE: I watch tapes of our games to see how hard I'm playing. I wanna see *tension* in my eyes, I wanna see me sweating and getting angry out there—and if I don't see that, it gets me mad. If I look at a tape and see myself relaxing, or laughing and smiling during a game, I say, "Heck, I ain't doing my work." Some people won't understand, but the name of the game is winning. The 76ers don't pay me to watch the ball come off the glass; they pay me to get rebounds and put 'em in the hole and help the team win. They *pay* me to win, and that's why I play so hard. Can't *win* if I don't play hard.

PLAYBOY: Aside from salary considerations, is winning that vital?

MALONE: Yeah, I *love* to win. You win, you're the champ, and when you're the champ, ain't nothing anybody can say. All they can do is come back and try to take your crown away from you. I don't care where I play, even if it's the championship game in a schoolyard, I want to win.

PLAYBOY: Do you play in schoolyards?

MALONE: During the off season, I do. When I'm home in Houston or visiting my momma in Petersburg [Virginia], I'm out playing pickup games three or four times a week.

PLAYBOY: How do schoolyard players feel about going up against Moses Malone?

MALONE: A lot of 'em don't know I'm

Moses Malone, 'cause I don't tell 'em. Up until I got with the 76ers, I wasn't on the tube that much, so when I'd go out to a schoolyard, I'd say my name was Mike Wynn, and people would think I was just some old guy they could take care of. When I run across a player who don't know I'm Moses Malone, and if I end up getting 85 points on him, I'll say, "You know who you're playing against?" He'll say, "Yeah, Mike Wynn." Well, I tell him who I am, and now he's all excited. He'd have been mad if I didn't tell him, but now that he knows he's been up against Moses, he ain't mad anymore. He can turn around and say, "Sure he got 85 points off me. He's a pro." See, if I told him who I was to start out, it would be a different game—he'd hammer me all night.

PLAYBOY: Are schoolyard players that tough?

MALONE: I run across plenty of 'em that are. And if they watch me play on TV, they see how I get beat up and they'll think, Well, if he can get beat up on TV, he can take the beating I'll give him.

PLAYBOY: Then why play in schoolyards?

MALONE: It's exciting, you know? I can go out there and see young players who show me different moves, and I might learn something new. It keeps me *sharp*.

PLAYBOY: Counting play-off games, the N.B.A. schedule now drags on for nearly nine months. Don't you get enough basketball during the season?

MALONE: Sure I do, but I also gotta *prepare* myself for the season.

PLAYBOY: Are there stretches during the season when you almost have to manufacture enthusiasm for the game?

MALONE: Nope, I try to stay consistent the whole year round. It is a long season, but it's not tough like having to get up and work from eight to five at a job you *got* to do. I know I can't be playing ball all my life, so while I'm still in the league, I want to get the most I can out of it—and the only way to do that is to give 110 percent every game. I can relax when the season's over, and I figure that people pay a big dollar to see us play, so I don't take no breaks out on the court. I like for the team to look good and for me to look good.

PLAYBOY: Have you always worked so hard at the sport?

MALONE: Always, yeah. I didn't pick up a basketball till I was 13 and a half, but I worked hard even then. Every day after school, I'd go over to this playground on Virginia Avenue and play ball till about two in the morning. They put up lights there after I left, but back then, there was just a streetlight that flashed a little bit on the basketball court. Me and a guy named Gut Johnson would be out there every night playing one on one, full court—we played *hard* against each other.

PLAYBOY: Gut Johnson?

MALONE: Yeah, as in gut. [*Pats his stomach*] Tried to eat everything. He'd have

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PLAYBOY: Didn't your mother find your night games a bit unusual?

MALONE: No, she knew I wouldn't get into no trouble playing ball. The only trouble I had was I kept wearing out my shoes. Back then, I didn't get no high-priced shoe; I had to get them old P.F. Flyers. I'd wear them for about five days and then it was time for a new pair.

PLAYBOY: How long was it before all that hard work started to pay off?

MALONE: Only about a year—one of my years was worth five of anybody else's. When I was 14, I was going up against much older guys and putting it to 'em.

PLAYBOY: At what point did the college coaches start coming around?

MALONE: After my freshman year at Petersburg High. They *really* started coming around after I went to a basketball camp in Pennsylvania that Pro Hayes, my assistant high school coach, told me about. It was called the Five-Star Basketball Camp, and 250 of the best high school players in the country went up there every year. I didn't want to go, 'cause I didn't think I'd learn anything there, but the coach arranged for me to go, so I decided to check it out.

PLAYBOY: To see how you stacked up against the best players in the nation?

MALONE: That's right. The camp was run by a New York guy named Howie Gar-

finkel, and he rated players from one star to five stars.

PLAYBOY: How many did he give you?

MALONE: Garfinkel gave me seven—he said I was the best player to ever come to his camp. The camp was split up into teams, and when I got there, he put me on a team with two other good players, but the rest of 'em couldn't really play. Well, we went and defeated the whole camp—we were the champs. After that, wherever I went, people would tell me that Garfinkel always said Moses was the baddest thing that ever came through there.

PLAYBOY: How far along was your game at that point?

MALONE: Oh, I had some *stuff*. I could handle the ball, I could dribble and shoot the jump shot, block shots, rebound—I don't think I had a weak point. Remember I said I don't think I'm the number-one player in the pros? Well, I *can* tell you I was the number-one high school player in the country.

PLAYBOY: A lot of college coaches evidently reached the same conclusion, especially after you led Petersburg High to 50 straight victories and two consecutive state championships. How many colleges offered you basketball scholarships?

MALONE: Between 300 and 400. Seemed like every college, including a lot I never heard of before, sent somebody around.

PLAYBOY: Did all that attention turn your head?

MALONE: No, everybody except me thought

I was great. I was all right as a ballplayer, but I didn't kid myself about nothing else. People were telling me, "Moses, you're one of the greatest ballplayers in high school history." Right. Well, I could have tore up a knee the next day, and I still would have been one of the greatest ballplayers in high school history—but if that happened, I wouldn't be talking to you now and the colleges would have stopped talking to *me*.

PLAYBOY: Were you under a lot of pressure during that period?

MALONE: You mean when I was being recruited by colleges? No, I enjoyed the whole thing. Press and TV people would come around all the time and ask, "What are you going to do, Mo?" That was the part I really liked, because I was never in that situation before. I'm from the ghetto, and I'd heard of rich people getting that type of publicity, so I wanted to see what it felt like. Pressure? Pressure *where*? It was *fun*! I traveled every time I got a break. I visited at least 26 schools. Every time you looked around, I was flying somewhere and seeing new things. I grew up thinking that Petersburg, Virginia, was the best part of the world; but when I started visiting all those colleges, I realized Petersburg was the only part of the world I'd *seen*. It didn't change my feeling none about Petersburg, but things were a lot different on the West Coast, in the Southwest, in Hawaii, all over.

PLAYBOY: And each time you returned from



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one of those trips, dozens of college coaches were practically camped out on your doorstep. How did you handle that part of it?

MALONE: I didn't; I let my mother do it.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Oral Roberts offered to cure your mother's bleeding ulcer by faith healing if you enrolled at Oral Roberts University?

MALONE: Well, I know he came down and talked to my mother, but while a lot of those things were going on, Moses was out the door. I really don't know how she got that ulcer, but I know I didn't let any of the recruiters worry *me* to death. What with all the coaches and reporters hanging around the house, people thought I was under a lot of pressure, but I didn't feel hassled about it at all. I thought it was *nice*. They all wanted to know what *I* knew, and I wouldn't tell 'em. I only told 'em what I *wanted* to tell 'em.

PLAYBOY: Which was?

MALONE: That I hadn't made up my mind.

PLAYBOY: Did some of the coaches who pursued you offer under-the-table cash as an incentive to enroll at their schools?

MALONE: Oh, I had some good offers. I'm not going to name any names, but when people want the number-one high school player in the nation, there's a lot they want to give you. Yeah, I had college coaches take care of me. They kept my pocket full.

PLAYBOY: Was Maryland's Lefty Driesell

among the contributors?

MALONE: No, I picked the University of Maryland because my mother wanted me to go there and it was close to home. Lefty Driesell was really a down-to-earth guy. It wasn't all basketball with him; he was concerned about me getting an education and having something to fall back on if I didn't make it in the pros. I liked Driesell and the school, so I enrolled at Maryland. I was in classes for a day and a half when I heard I'd been drafted by the Utah Stars of the American Basketball Association.

PLAYBOY: What was your reaction?

MALONE: I thought it was a *joke*. When somebody around school told me I'd been drafted by the Stars, I said, "Don't give me that. They're not gonna take no player out of *high school*." Later on that day, I saw it on the TV news, so I thought, Well, it must be true, so I better check it out. But it was still a surprise, a *big* surprise.

PLAYBOY: It must have been quite a surprise to Driesell as well.

MALONE: Sure it was, but when I told him I was interested in playing pro ball, he was just so . . . *kind* to me. Lefty said, "I know some great lawyers in Washington, D.C., and I'd like you to sit down and talk to them before you make a decision." And he did get me two great lawyers—Lee Fentress and Donald Dell—and they talked for me and got me a five-year contract.

PLAYBOY: The Utah Stars of the now-defunct A.B.A. supposedly signed you to a

\$3,000,000 five-year contract. Are those figures correct?

MALONE: Yeah. That's what we agreed on, and the contract was guaranteed—they couldn't cut me from the team and they'd have to pay me even if I got hurt. It was a *great* contract; I was just coming out of high school and I figured that kind of money could make me happy for the rest of my life. So I signed with the Stars, and me and Driesell stayed friends and we're still friends. Lefty knows that if I was going to play college ball, it would've been at the University of Maryland. We still joke about the whole thing. I told Lefty that I still got four years of college eligibility left, so when I'm finished in the N.B.A., maybe I'll come back and play for Maryland. Might have to go to court to get *that* done.

PLAYBOY: You were the first basketball player ever to go directly from high school to the pros. Do you have any regrets about not going to college?

MALONE: No, I think I made the right decision. Even back when it happened, in '74, I felt that if I was making a mistake, well, it's my life, nobody else's, so I'd have to deal with it. The thing is, I thought college ball was too easy. In college ball, you just touch a player and they call a foul. I like to play a really tough, aggressive game, and I like to play against the best ballplayers, because I think it's better for me. I figured that if I could skip college and play pro

ball, I'd be at the best stage for me.

PLAYBOY: But what about the fact that you denied yourself an education?

MALONE: [Pause] I'm smart enough. I know what's going on. I got common sense. I know enough to survive.

PLAYBOY: What do you tell kids—especially all the young black kids who look up to you?

MALONE: I tell 'em not to try to do it my way, to do their lessons first, *then* play pro ball. I tell 'em that if they think they're great in high school, it don't matter, it'll be different in the pros.

PLAYBOY: While in high school, did you ever compete against professionals?

MALONE: No, I never played against any pros till I got to be one. But I played a lot of sand-lot ball in Petersburg against older guys who were more aggressive than me, and there was some great talent around back then. I was pretty sure I'd do OK in the pros.

PLAYBOY: You were barely 19 when you went to Salt Lake City to play for the Utah Stars. Was living out there difficult for you?

MALONE: My first year was tough. Basically, I was homesick. I don't have nothing bad to say about Salt Lake City, but I didn't have too much to do there. The whole city's surrounded by mountains and lots of people go skiing, but I never got into that. It was physically tough, too. In high school, I was playing 18 to 25 games a year, and in the pros, there were six or eight pre-season games, then about 80 regular season games, and then play-offs. That was the biggest change for me.

PLAYBOY: What about the fact that you were going to a state with so few blacks in it—did that make you uncomfortable?

MALONE: No; just about all my teammates were black. Utah was OK.

PLAYBOY: Bucky Buckwalter, who coached the Utah Stars, says that when you arrived, your teammates did their best to physically intimidate you on the court. Did they resent all the money and publicity you'd gotten?

MALONE: No, they were good guys, but they *did* try to intimidate me. I never paid no attention to that, and after a couple of weeks, they started saying, "Well, this kid from high school, we're not intimidating him—when is he gonna start intimidating us?" I never backed down, so I really didn't have a problem with the guys. Most of the players on the Stars—especially the older ones like Ron Boone and Gerald Govan—treated me like I was their kid and they were my daddy. They'd tell me, "Moses, you can't do this and don't do that," and I listened to them. They always told me the right thing to do; they never told me the *wrong* thing.

PLAYBOY: In your rookie season, you were the Utah Stars' leading rebounder and second leading scorer. Did that surprise you?

MALONE: Like I said, I knew I was ready for the pros. I felt even stronger coming

into my second year, but I only played half a season—I fractured my right foot. Wasn't nothing serious, though.

PLAYBOY: Before you recuperated, the Utah Stars went bankrupt, and then the A.B.A. itself folded. At the start of the '76 season, you spent a total of three weeks with N.B.A. teams in Portland and Buffalo before being shipped down to Houston. Why didn't those clubs want you?

MALONE: Oh, Portland had Bill Walton at center and Maurice Lucas at one forward and didn't think they needed me. Before the season started, they traded me to Buffalo, and I didn't spend but a week there—Tates Locke, Buffalo's coach, didn't want me on the team.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

MALONE: Well, we had a little recruiting problem when Tates Locke was the coach at Clemson and wanted me to come be his center. Some people from Clemson gave my uncle \$2000 to get me to go to school there, and when my mother found out about it, she made him give the money back. [Malone's uncle denied it.] Clemson got into trouble later on, and I don't think Locke ever forgot it. He acted like he wasn't still angry about it, but I think he was. When I got to Buffalo, he just wouldn't play me. I figured, Well, this is a shame, but I didn't like the weather in Buffalo, anyhow. I wanted out there, so I think they did me a favor by trading me to Houston. The Rockets wanted me for scoring and rebounding, and I did my part.

PLAYBOY: You were voted the league's Most Valuable Player after the '78-'79 season, by which time you'd emerged as the N.B.A.'s leading rebounder and one of its top scorers. What does it take to be a great rebounder?

MALONE: It takes a lot. It is tough under the boards, and a lot of players don't want that pain. You also got to use your body well and your weight well, and you can't let up under there. You got to keep it in your mind that every shot is gonna miss. That way, every chance you get to go to the boards, you'll be there.

PLAYBOY: Most basketball experts claim you're the finest offensive rebounder in the sport's history. Is there any particular reason you excel in that department?

MALONE: Well, I know how our guys shoot and where the ball will probably go if they miss. Some guys shoot hard, some soft, some put a big arch on their shot. I'm out playing with the Sixers every night and practicing with 'em on off days, so when they miss, I'm gonna know where to be better than the centers I'm playing against.

PLAYBOY: Some N.B.A. coaches still don't understand how you get so many rebounds and claim that compared with most pro jumping jacks, you can barely get off your feet. Is that true?

MALONE: 'Course not. I've heard it, though: "Moses isn't a great leaper, so how come he got all the rebounds?" Well, I *can* leap,

I *can* jump. I just think people need things to talk about, and every year there's something different they say I can't do. Now they're saying Moses ain't a great leaper, but Moses been leading the league in rebounds every year, so what's he doing to *get* those rebounds? Hey, I'm going up above the rim to get those rebounds. It's just like when I first came into the league and people tried to say I couldn't score. But I've always been able to put the ball in the hole, I was never just a rebounder. People have said my hands are too small, but I ain't got no problem holding the ball. Next year you might hear that my *feet* are too small. I think it's all bullshit. It's like when I was with Houston and people said I couldn't *run*. They just couldn't see what was happening in front of them.

PLAYBOY: What did they miss?

MALONE: They didn't understand the kind of offense Houston used. This is why you gotta get with the right coach, one who'll let you show all the talent you have. At Houston, the Rockets played a slow game, a ball-control game, so people said I couldn't run. But when I got with the 76ers and coach Billy Cunningham, all of a sudden, I could run and get down on fast breaks. Hey, I could always run, just like I could always jump and could always score. You understand? I could *always* do the stuff people said I couldn't do. Once I got to Philadelphia, it all changed, but in Houston, I never got recognition for what I could do.

PLAYBOY: If that's true, why do you think it happened?

MALONE: You play in the Southwest and not too many people around the country are gonna find out what you can do. The Rockets were never on the TV that much, but as soon as I got with Philadelphia, well, everybody knows about the 76ers and sees us play on the TV. You also got the best press on the East Coast, especially in Philadelphia, where they really know their basketball. And Philadelphia newspapers have a way of traveling around the country; Houston papers travel from Houston to Houston. Whatever they write about you stays there—it ain't going nowhere.

PLAYBOY: If Philadelphia sportswriters really know their basketball, are you implying that Houston sportswriters don't know *theirs*?

MALONE: Houston sportswriters don't know a good ballplayer from a bad one. Same thing's true about other cities. Philadelphia people really know their basketball. Houston don't know basketball.

PLAYBOY: Since you played in Houston for six years, how much did that bother you?

MALONE: Hard to say, hard to say. I live in Houston. I have more peace in Houston, because people don't follow basketball too much there. Houston was always low-profile, and that was OK—I didn't want a big profile where everybody would recognize me. In Philadelphia, if I go into a restaurant and sit down, everybody's in



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my face, saying, "Moses, would you sign an autograph?" I really don't want that; I just want to be a down-to-earth person sitting there eating and having a good time with the fellas. I don't want to have a thing where everywhere I go somebody's gonna say, "Oh, there's Moses Malone."

PLAYBOY: But doesn't that come with the territory?

MALONE: Hey, I got nothing to complain about. If you're doing good, if you're a star, you can go anyplace you want to go; but when you retire, then you got to leave, and it's all over. Right now, it's like if we hadn't won the world championship, people wouldn't be calling Moses to do this or do that. When the Lakers won the championship the year before we did, nobody called me *then*. So I look at it both ways: If I wasn't in this position, people wouldn't be asking me to do commercials and to sign autographs; but at the same time, I ain't gonna stop being Moses. I'm not out to show people I'm on an ego trip; I'm showing people myself, and I'm gonna *be* myself. If I don't want to talk to nobody, I don't. I'm a private man; I like to have privacy.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that seem impossible to maintain right now?

MALONE: No, all that happens is that people get mad when I don't do what they want me to do. But you gotta be your own man; you gotta tell people how you feel and what you want to do, and you be insane if you don't do that, because then you're doing what everybody *else* wants you to do. You gotta get your *own* peace of mind; you can't worry what people are going to think of you. You know, up until last year, that wasn't even a problem, but now everybody wants to see Moses and Doc and the 76ers 'cause we're the champs—and that's even happening in Houston. The people there just started recognizing me this year. In the off season, a whole lotta people in Houston came up to me and said, "Moses, we really miss you. We shoulda kept you here."

PLAYBOY: How close *did* the Rockets come to keeping you?

MALONE: They didn't come close enough! The people who tell me how much they miss me should have had a picket line in front of the Summit [the Rockets' basketball arena] with signs saying, KEEP MOSES. KEEP MOSES. They didn't miss me until I went to Philadelphia and helped the 76ers win a world championship. Now they found out what I can do, so now they miss me. I won M.V.P. twice while I was in Houston, but the people didn't understand what it meant. It was a big joke to them.

PLAYBOY: It couldn't have been a big joke to the Rockets' owners. When your three-year, \$3,000,000 contract with them expired after the 1981-1982 season, did you become a free agent because you wanted out of Houston?

MALONE: I *didn't* want to leave Houston, I just wanted to get paid what I was worth.

I became a free agent because I didn't think the Rockets really tried to sign me and that made me feel low-down; but my spirits went up when Harold Katz, the owner of the 76ers, wanted me.

PLAYBOY: Why were only the 76ers interested in you?

MALONE: I didn't have other offers because the price was too high. If I asked for half a million, all 23 teams would have tried to get me. My situation was different: When I became a free agent, everybody knew that since I won M.V.P., I'd ask for a big price, but the money didn't really make no difference. I just wanted to have somewhere to play and be paid what owners thought I was worth. When Philadelphia gave me an offer sheet for \$13,200,000, I signed it and gave it to the Rockets' owner, Charlie Thomas, who'd been telling everybody he'd match whatever offer I got from another team. Turned out to be a lot of bullshit, so I thought, If Houston don't want me, I want to be in Philadelphia.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you're still upset about that. Are you?

MALONE: Yeah, I am. I didn't like how the Rockets bluffed the fans down there for two years, telling 'em they'd match whatever offer I got from another team. Soon as I got an offer from Philadelphia, they went and traded me to the 76ers. They figured I wasn't worth all the money Katz was gonna give me, and then Thomas said I told him I didn't want to be in Houston, and I *never* said that! He said other things, too, like how I didn't win a world championship for Houston. Well, the year before I went to Philadelphia, the Rockets won 46 games; last year, without me, they won 14 games. All I know is that when I signed that offer sheet, I crossed an ocean.

PLAYBOY: Because the Rockets finished last in the N.B.A.'s Western Conference last year, they flipped a coin with the Eastern Conference's weak sister, Indiana, for the right to pick first in the league's college draft. They won and, as expected, selected Virginia's Ralph Sampson—and a lot of people now feel that Thomas is something of a genius. Do you?

MALONE: I just think he got lucky. But, see, now he has to pay Ralph Sampson \$1,000,000 a year, and Ralph's a guy who was a great ballplayer in college but never proved himself in the N.B.A.

PLAYBOY: What's your opinion of him?

MALONE: He's a great offensive ballplayer. He's got a lot of good stuff around the hole, and he's gonna do it in this league. But Ralph's not gonna make Houston a winner in his first year, because he's young and he's got a lot of things to learn. So people shouldn't put pressure on him and he shouldn't worry about pressure.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think that all the publicity Sampson's received—together with that \$1,000,000 salary—makes it almost inevitable that he *will* feel pressure?

MALONE: Ralph should be like me and forget it. He shouldn't worry about all that stuff; he should just go out there and

do what he can do best. Ralph was the number-one college player for three years, and now that he's making big money as a pro, it don't mean he got to prove a point to anybody. The only point he's got to prove is to himself—that he can play the game. He can't try to prove to people that he can make the Rockets the champs.

PLAYBOY: Does playing against Sampson present a special challenge to you?

MALONE: I gotta play hard against him, 'cause Ralph's 7'4", but otherwise, no, it's no challenge, 'cause Houston will never beat us. If we play the Rockets 25 times, we'll beat 'em 25 times. Houston's ours.

PLAYBOY: You're obviously a confident man; but considering your reticence about the press, would you say you were also a shy man?

MALONE: I'm not shy; I just don't put myself in a category a lot of people do: "There goes Moses Malone, superstar of the Philadelphia 76ers." I keep myself out of that position. I'm just Moses Malone; I was Moses Malone when I was born and when I grew up, and I ain't no different now. I don't let people put me on a high cloud, because when the time comes, they'll bring me back down to a low cloud. When your band wagon's going good, everybody jumps on it—and right now my wagon's going *real* good—but when that wagon starts going bad, ain't *nobody* gonna jump on it. When I retire from pro ball, you ain't gonna hear too many people asking after Moses Malone.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought about how much longer you plan to play?

MALONE: Oh, I'll play at least four more years—that's what I got left on my contract. After that, maybe I'll be too old. And I *am* getting old. I don't feel any wear yet, but I keep ice on my knees after our games just to be ready to do all the work I got to do on the court.

PLAYBOY: According to our calculations, you'll have to play at least another ten seasons to break Wilt Chamberlain's N.B.A. career record of nearly 24,000 rebounds. Is that one of your goals?

MALONE: No, I don't set no goals, except to win. I just go out there and play for the pleasure of playing.

PLAYBOY: Has nine years of pro ball taken any of the edge off that pleasure?

MALONE: No, I still *love* to play ball. I always keep the little boy in me, and I think if I ever lose that little boy, I'll be in trouble, because then I'll lose the fun of playing. When that happens to players—and it happens to a lot of 'em—they stop working to make themselves better. But I don't see that happening to me.

PLAYBOY: What if it does?

MALONE: Then I'll stop playing, but I'm sure that ain't gonna be a problem.

PLAYBOY: Why are you so sure of that?

MALONE: Because all I do is play basketball. It's like a doctor's a doctor and a lawyer's a lawyer. I'm a basketball player; that's my profession.



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*here's to those rites and talents that are
undeniably, inherently male*

THE MANLY ARTS

LISTEN," my mother has said to me, "you know why men are useful? It's that little inside pocket in their jackets. They can carry a passport. Maybe a pack of Chesterfields for you. It's very convenient."

"Is that all?"

"Mmmm. A man has a razor you could borrow for your legs. You can wipe your glasses on his tie. Also, a man is good for screwing——"

"Uh, Mother, my therapist told me I shouldn't talk with you about that kind of——"

"And unscrewing. Especially light bulbs way up on the ceiling. And faucet handles so they won't drip. And wringing wet laundry out. And jars. I married three times just so I could get jars open. A happy male-female relationship should contain lots of tightening and opening. Otherwise, you need a man as much as you need a spastic colon."

This sort of talk has never jeopardized my self-esteem. See, I know that Mother doesn't consider me a man, she considers me a son—which is something different, possibly genderless. But don't get the wrong slant on her: Mother isn't spermicidal. She appreciates male companionship and will treat all men with the same unfailing, patient grace that she would accord to any slow hotel porter.

Me, I'm not so pessimistic. I think the Manly Arts still exist—each a mysterious and intrinsic act that men alone can bring off, either because women can't, or won't stoop so far, or are afraid their nail polish might flake off while they're doing it. From these our culture, ever since Cro-Magnon man first took mastodon garbage out or bought his mate some cheap wrist corsage, has knit a receiving blanket of obligation and trust that won't change much even though Ms. Ride reached escape velocity last year. After all, there should be something that will distinguish male and female—aside from yeast infections or a handle-bar lip fern.

Here, then, is the Manly Art (M.A.) accordion file—rites and talents

article

By D. KEITH MANO

that, in my opinion, would seem so innate as to be gene determined. I don't claim proficiency for myself. I'm a son, remember. I have, however, seen other men perform well. Upon these M.A.s, I suggest, the enduring bond and the native civility that persist between man and woman are grounded. (By all this acoustical cologne I mean: Thank God she still needs you to fit that damn thready, flimsy little hook and eye together at the back of her dress.)

LIFE IN THE EXACT-CHANGE LANE

Women can't manipulate anything more complex than a Pez dispenser. They get along with mechanical equipment about as well as roaches get along with boric acid. You'll think I made this up, but it is down-pure true. See, I'm at a self-serve pump and Ms. Goodwrench has just bought one quart of motor oil. "Know where to put it?" I ask. Complete snub and heavy, basic indignation. Then *mem-sahib*, she yoicks her hood up and, my God—gloppo!—she is now shaking oil *all over her entire engine block*, the way you'd sprinkle vinegar on escarole. Women drive off jacks they can't pump down and throw away your birthday-present butane lighter when it has run out of gas. Also, a camera will completely f-stop them, which is why, I guess, so many appear nude in magazines: *Someone* has to snap the shutter. Men and machinery, by contrast, have a fine understanding, like that between young children and dirt. Motors and drive shafts and clock escapements have to be dealt with firmly: You catch rattlesnakes so, hard, behind the head. Trouble is, women think of metal as male; they try to seduce it. But even if she's so sexy she'd make your *nose* hard, a flooded carburetor won't respond.

CARVE ME ONE WING AND THREE LEGS, PLEASE

My father, now, he could slice a full bladder. He could cut the Pope's nose from T-bone steak. Man, he was George Washington Carver. Keep your knife sharp as cheap schnapps, he'd tell me, cut along the grain and don't get emotionally involved with dinner. That was my problem: I could anthropomorphize a chicken. I'd feel sorry and end up with all dark meat. Women won't carve, possibly because they don't like to reveal their aggressive nature. And they won't eat, either: Women are forever dieting or scared to unsimonize their lip gloss. Perhaps the least understood and most important M.A. is plain old *eating*. Men have to smack their chops and ask for a third helping and get gas so that our whole social fabric won't unravel. Heartiness is male. There's no such thing as a hearty woman, is there? You wonder we men throw up fat-thrombosed clots and infarct all over by the time we're 39?

YOU'VE NEVER MET A FEMALE SHOE FETISHIST, HUH, HAVE YOU?

No. Because few women get real beef satisfaction from good leather. To them, shoes are just dumb ornament—a kind of coiffure for walking in. Men, even hobos, understand that broken footwear is absolute social death. Women let their toe gear derez almost at once; it'll look like the Elephant Man's palm by next week. Avoid this foot fault. Work good oil around, ply and squeeze. Insert one finger, then massage gently, with an *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* beat. Educe natural juices. Don't forget the tongue: Get in deep with it and stroke to your own peculiar coxswain's call. Shoe care of this kind may be the quintessential Manly Art.

C'MON, BABY, LIGHT MAH CHARCOAL GRILL

Ever see women trying to start a wood fire? They'll bend down and look for the pilot light every time. That subtle step up from kindling point (tight newspaper) to higher kindling point (twig and bark) to highest kindling point (major wood with good draw beneath) is less comprehensible than a unified field theory. Their brain waves go flat when they consider fire. Women, moreover, are more impressed by sheer flame than by smooth, even burning, because they're always cold. I've never known a warm woman. That's why women prefer the missionary position: You're not their lover, you're their flesh bedspread, Irvin. Also why they have to put solid-kapok underwear on right after sex. ("But I'm cold, dear, and you've seen it once already.")

GENEROUS, FULL-BODIED AND WET

It is an M.A., utterly thankless, to select that special wine. Women, I think, have just 12 scanning lines on the tongue, somewhat fewer than your cheesiest computer screen. Robust, earthy Bordeaux will taste like raw potted plant to them. Better it should smell like a premature dessert. And be white, endlessly, blindingly white. At Lutèce, she'll say, "A glass of white wine, please," as I'd say, "A glass of liquor, please," at my neighborhood bar. California still means cheap donk to women, so buy French anything—*mis en bouteille sous la Place Pigalle*—since French is now cheaper than Californian. Hopeless: She'll never admit to enjoying it. If she did, you'd pour more and then she'd vomit out your no draft on the trip home or, worse, make love spontaneously.

SCREW THAT CORK

My method may be tacky as painting on cork velvet, but it's efficient. Work your corkscrew in, then—while you hold it at center with chin or nose—turn the *bottle*. Aha! A Polish sommelier. Easier, though, to twist that big, solid bottle

straight than to turn that jiggery cork screw straight. And there is no more testosterone-inhibitive second—I'm impotent for one full week after—than when you catch dry cork and make the gourmet equivalent of foot-sole parings on her kitchen counter. As for champagne, of course, the trick is not to pop it and waste carbonation. Women, of course, love loud sound. Champagne is a big thrill for them—like, oh, taking NyQuil in the afternoon. Practice *tock!* noise against your palate. And let gas out slowly, the way you would a dark fart at 10 Downing Street.

JUST SO I CAN'T TELL THERE'S ANY LIQUOR IN IT

Women don't tend bar well; their martinis taste worse than ear grease on some old pay-phone receiver. Women want the ideal cocktail to (A) look pretty (ever try swallowing your lava lamp?) and (B) taste like a Barricini holiday assortment. My wife has been seen ordering Kahlúa mixed with Baileys Original Irish Cream—known among New York bar people as The Final Yoo-Hoo. It is masculine and artful to pour Galliano (over your knife edge) atop a Harvey Wallbanger—so it'll remind her of Creamsicles. Even then, she'll nurse it longer than the Fabulous Invalid. Here we may as well discuss a yet more essential M.A.—pure *drinking*. How else—tell me—are you gonna stay in that nice piano bar? She's got her one half-rotted Wallbanger and Mr. Officious Waiter is wiping the table with your hand still on it. Me, I have to order bourbon after bourbon until I belong in a Frozen Embryo Repository. Then, later at home, with my prowess on backward, she'll say, "You sure overdid it tonight, didn't you?"

THE FACT THAT YOU'RE HIGH ON GRASS DOESN'T QUALIFY YOU FOR HANDICAPPED PARKING

Women don't know one loose gram about scoring drugs. So *you*, Percivale, will have to meet Bacciagalupe, with his face like a gangland-style execution, in some dark playground sandbox. One hundred years for possession, life for dealing—you're just fortunate they run consecutively. Even if your French Connection is Aunt Mimi in De Gaulle, New Jersey, try to suggest great personal risk. Come back talking black jive, such as "That half-steppin' ho-daddy splib, cat try and walk on it with Polly-dent, off him, off him, he not wrapped too tight, ditty bop an' thuh Motown soun'." This ethnic badinage will thrill her—more than the junk, which is probably half fly ash and half old pocketbook dirt. Either way, no sweat, no threat, because even when women get good stuff, when they're out prone on tiptoe, they say, "I just don't feel

(continued on page 82)



"Play me or trade me!"



Big & Beautiful

*thin may be in, but a full-figured woman
has a little more of everything*



PETER PAUL RUBENS was a great Flemish painter of the 17th Century. He liked plump women. He liked to paint them and he liked to hang out with them, for they were the standard of beauty in his day. What you might call the Peter Paul Mounds—his models' soft, round curves—were in those days thought by all to be indescribably delicious.

Rubens' models were heftier than most of the women you find in our pages, but just as lovely if you widen your perspective a little. In these days of supermodels on whose hipbones you could shave (some of our acquaintances have tried), we thought it would be an invigorating change of pace to present seven modern Rubensian ladies we found both refreshing and, yes, sexy.

We wondered if locating beautiful middleweights might be as difficult as signing a worthy opponent for Marvelous Marvin Hagler, but the matchmaking was simpler than that. Unbeknownst to us, a breadth-taking new industry was springing up even as we considered shooting this pictorial, one devoted to putting full-figured girls in the spotlight. These young women are some of the best that new industry has to offer. We found them through agencies that place "larger models" in commercials, catalogs, newspapers and billboards, but they're not exactly used to nude modeling. That doesn't seem a very weighty matter to them, though. Kelle Kerr, who holds a degree in speech and drama from North Texas State University, echoes the rest in her pride in the work she did with us. "I wanted to work with Palma [photographer Palma Kolansky]," she says, "and I think the idea behind the pictorial is very good. The pictorial itself is tasteful. It's beautiful." And if ever there were a PLAYBOY pictorial that drew its inspiration directly from the work of great artists in great art museums, this is it.

Glancing over the newsstands and into the tube, one could think that modeling is a narrow space women can enter only sideways, that only the skinniest of the skinny ever get in. But the past few years have brought a boomlet in business for models of a larger scale. It has a great deal to do with identification—many women consumers have trouble connecting with the ultralean models they see so often in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. They're more comfortable patterning their buying on women closer to their own size, as long as those women are pretty enough.

"Bigger models work a lot," says Mary Duffy of New York's Big Beauties agency, which represents Maureen Roberts and Debbie Laster. "You'll see them in the large sizes of clothing in catalogs, in print ads and in live fashion shows for department stores. This is only a seven-year-old industry, and for a while, people said it might not last, but it's here to stay."

If so, we had better get used to seeing a more Rubensian look in our media. Duffy thinks that's a good thing, especially for the photographers. She believes most of today's high-fashion models pay too high a price to be thin.

"Twelve hundred calories a day just aren't enough," she explains, making excellent sense. "If you go through life and never have an ice-cream cone, your disposition is not going to be very good." Many of New York's top fashion photographers have told her how difficult it can be to work with thin and edgy models. "They tell me they *love* working with the bigger girls. Well, of course! *They're* not starving themselves all the time. A lot of people will look at them and say,



'My God, those girls must be eating all kinds of junk food.' No way. The difference is that we'll have salads *with* the dressing. But my girls do not eat junk food. They have to have good nutrition," Duffy says.

Things were not always thus. From the prehistoric artist who made the Venus of Willendorf nearly round to a contemporary skiing acquaintance of ours who measures his vacation conquests in tonnage, there have always been men who like their women to have a little heft from right to left. But the law of supply and demand makes rare things valuable; in earlier times, there were few plump women and many thin ones. Nutrition—good or bad—was the business of only the feds, and there were many more unfeds. Today, so many people can afford to be fat that it's "in" to be thin; but in the days before Twinkies, when Rubens was working, the fashionable shoe was on the other foot. All the best models were plump. Thinness signified hunger, not fashion, and the best measure of beauty was probably the tape. But there's no compelling reason all models have to come from the same mold, as though the idea were to save wax. It's exciting to see full figures squeezing into the picture again.

Now that the youth and feminist movements, the Black and Gray Panthers and the Silent and/or Moral Majorities have all had their day in the spotlight, even popular politics is turning to weightier things. A relatively new group called the National Association to Aid Fat Americans has taken on what it considers our cultural bias toward thin and has received heavy media coverage for its efforts. Founded in 1969 and burgeoning every day, the N.A.A.F.A. dedicates itself to fighting "fat oppression."

"Fat can be beautiful" and "Fat can be fit" are two of the N.A.A.F.A.'s slogans. "Plump can be pleasing" would be a more fitting motto for this PLAYBOY feature, but the N.A.A.F.A. isn't interested in drawing arbitrary lines when it comes to eroding what it sees as an arbitrary standard of beauty. It's interested in blowing that standard to smithereens, in making us believe even extreme fat can be not only beautiful but *sexy*. A 300-pound female spokesperson, being stared at by a roomful of "F.A.s"—fat admirers—was quoted as saying, "I kinda *like* being a sex symbol!" Her organization has yet to put out a line of posters, so don't worry about our nation's forests, but many heavy thinkers do believe we're entering an age in which beauty will come in many shapes and sizes. There's already an excellent fashion-and-lifestyle magazine for "the abundant woman" called *BBW: Big Beautiful Woman*. Can extra-wide centerfolds be far behind?

As the people who gave the world its first close look at such lithe sex symbols as Marilyn Monroe, Victoria Principal and Bo Derek, we're not sure we're ready to join the N.A.A.F.A. in the realm of superheavyweight sex symbolism. We *are* ready, however, to open the door to some of the loveliest, roundest models.

Duffy doesn't hesitate to speak up for her currently hard-charging charges: "They're really the same as any other models. They go through the same trials. They have to worry about their grooming, their make-up, their skin. These women are all gorgeous, as your readers are going to see."

So feast your eyes, and remember that even Venus, the goddess of love, was portrayed—at Milo, at least—as a little on the chunky side. But she was no less disarming for that.

In our opening spread, you saw Valerie Rehling, Rubensian pride and joy of Sonto Barborra City College. Just 19, Valerie is partial to "shiny sports cars, the beaches at sunset" and—get this, storing models—"mint-chip ice cream." On the facing page is Sonta Monica's Conni Peoch, who, when asked what kind of men she likes, says she likes them mole. Above: Inger Lønmo, who recently subtructed from her perfect 39-27-39 by losing 30 pounds.





Maureen Roberts (left and below left) and Debbie Laster (below) come from BB—the Big Beauties agency—and they definitely qualify on both fronts. Maureen has a full-scale 40-inch bust and a waist of only 29. She's been described as a Rubens painting come to life, only prettier. Debbie, at 5'6", is among the shortest of our well-rounded ladies, but she's got perfect 40-30-40 measurements. Yesterday's painters and today's photographers would probably call her pretty as a picture.



Jody Myles (right) of Plus Models Management, Ltd., makes a fine addition to any modeling session. She attended Manhattan's Fashion Institute of Technology, which may explain how she managed to engineer the perfect pose in what even we will admit is the least likely outfit of the month. There's plenty of advertising work for larger models these days, particularly in catalogs; this one might be from the "Shawls R Us" catalog. At 26, Jody's ready to move on now to even bigger and better things.





This page belongs to Plus Models' Kelle Kerr, whose now-wholesome, now-sultry face has personified the Macy Woman for that most celebrated of department stores. A member of the Screen Actors Guild, Kelle's both a model and an up-and-coming actress. You may have noticed that we haven't said how much o single one of these ladies *weighs*, but we'll offer a barometer now—to set the betting line. Kelle makes no bones about it—she weighs 150 pounds, ond every one mokes a good impression.



"We are their mouthpieces. Men don't become involved with women; they're retained by them."

it at all, do you? It has no effect on me." Sure, Mildred, but you just ate a dime and now you're dialing my left nostril. But we do need women. Only they can roll a decent tight joint. Mine come out as fat as monarch-butterfly cocoons and burn faster than the Coconut Grove fire.

BAKSHEESH, OR, FACE IT, GUY,
WOMEN ARE CHEAP

Hell, they wear perfume and flash inner thigh and retain water in attractive places; why should they tip, too? If your wife is buying, leave an extra fin behind. Otherwise, the waiter will sprinkle amoebiasis in your doggy bag. Women actually think they should tip for *good* service—a concept that threatens Western civilization as we know it. Doing a smooth palm lube is supermanly. Fold your bill tight, denomination up, and try to look Middle Eastern when the disco bouncer passes by. Also, recognize your mark. I once slipped a bus boy \$20 for preferential seating. (Now, wait—he was better dressed than I; it's sometimes hard to tell.) We were put conveniently near a live dumb-waiter, but he did run one of those little crumb carpet sweepers over my suit all night. Massaging the human silk gland may be your most critical M.A. If men didn't take women out, cabbies, waiters and mechanics would have little not to report on their collective 1040. Think of it. The underground economy would get starch blocked and almost nothing would trickle up.

IF IT'S BIGGER THAN AN ANT AND
DOESN'T ANSWER TO FIDO, SCREAM

Women who are cool with the surprise Pampers and unflung formula become shrieking Roquefort when any after-dinner-mint-size creature moves. A palmetto bug'll make your wife pop her cervical cap. And then she becomes instant Caligula, right? "Kill it, kill it!" she'll yell as you take a Luna moth back outside. Manliness requires you to bait her hook with the worm, then remove whatever she might have caught. In between, though, she's *fishing*. And remember Rover? He'd lift his leg on your attaché case every A.M. before work and sniff right *there* with that cold nose just when you were coming. Yeah; but now that a transit-mix truck hit him, Rover is *your* pet. I've conducted more dog obsequies than any K9 Corps chaplain. And what about mice? I think women fear mice for the same reason an elephant is supposed to. Only their trunks are shorter.

HER WORK IS NEVER DONE, PROBABLY
BECAUSE SHE LOST IT

Extensive aptitude testing has shown that men are twice as lobed to cope with shape and organization as women. Father could pack our car perfectly (primeval M.A., that) while Mother was still trying to get channel four on her Dial-a-Lash. The female pocketbook is one neighborhood that'll never be gentrified. And as for that predictable kitchen "thing" drawer, it must come with her trousseau—old batteries fizzy from acid, string, blank thumbtack cards, chance books for some 1974 Roman Catholic automobile, one moving part, one Iran Air stand-by reservation, one cuff link, one ankle weight, one *ben-wa* ball—this drawer is on a secret list at the Center for Disease Control. No wonder they don't find women in organized crime. It is an important M.A. to keep separate emergency duffel hidden somewhere: second flashlight, second can opener, second car key, second diaphragm, second tube of Ortho-Gynol, second petroleum-jelly jar, second thought about your relationship.

GIRLS THROW LIKE, AH, GIRLS

Women face every sport chest on, as if they were all—tennis, softball, Frisbee—a pub dart game. They don't comprehend torque, angle or leverage; they could get fouled in the act of taking a foul shot. Moreover, they presume that just one body part is requisite: arm for throwing—yike! forgot to open the hand and, yow! why did my right foot step on my left toe? Watch her bowl. Exotic approach copied from Laverne on TV. Then—eerrrk!—a dead, shoe-burning stop (which negates the approach completely). Release gutter ball. Stand with hands on hips, body English sent under separate cover. Curse a torn cuticle. Then—*jolé!*—follow-through. Female movement is serial: She will dive, swing, serve the way committees take up an agenda. It is manly to keep your woman from being killed by her own *farblonjet* biofeedback. I know, I know, there are great female athletes. I also hear that some Russian has taught an elephant to speak.

THE ELECTRONIC REVOLUTION, OR, DOES
MS. PAC-MAN HAVE BULIMIA?

Anything with one plug and three knobs will give a woman an occluded head. She can't even tune her color TV right—O. J. Simpson is green and Kermit is high yellow. A vague sense of propriety

there, I guess: It isn't nice to adjust someone else's base make-up. Stereo: Well, the left speaker is for treble and the right is for her wandering Jew, which could use sunlight, so turn the whole component toward a window. A woman does not, ba-ba-dah-dum, rock on down to Electric Avenue. She is piss awful at Donkey Kong and Pitfall! and Berzerk, maybe because the Atari joy stick reminds her of a hand job she once knew. But don't explain, do: Software for a woman is a silk chemise. If you point at her tone control, she'll watch your finger tip. Women are extremely observant; they just observe the wrong thing. Women have poor sequential logic. Read the service manual, tune or focus or install and offer her warranties of your continual presence.

DO I HAVE TO DRAW YOU A MAP,
ETHEL? HA, SO YOU WANNA CONFUSE
ME, GEORGE?

It's left over from the Fallopian time—this female inability to read a road map. Women won't concentrate: They figure, from their egg P.O.V., if they wait long enough, asphalt will move underneath and a destination will come to them. Men, by comparison, have sperm instinct and hustle. Hang that left at North Utero or you die, Drip off the Old Block. Thank Saint Stercoraceous for this Manly Art. Without it, civilization would still be calling the A.A.A. from a phone booth on some dark, membranous highway.

IF YOU'RE A MAN, CALL THE MAN

Electrician, plumber, landlord, bureaucrat—they all deal with your woman as though her brain had been redistricted by CREEP. If you're home when Mr. Man calls, however, he probably won't put an expensive damper pedal on her sewing machine or convert your furnace for Texaco Hi-Test Anti-Knock. We do treat women the way corrupt surrogate judges treat minor children. And women think, with too much justification, that a male phone voice or presence will pull down more respect. If she rear-ends the squad car, you and Officer *Macho* can conspire. "Go easy, huh? She's careful driving, but you know how women are—reflexes of a hydrangea." She'll get warned, where male you or I would end up trying to survive freshman week at Attica. We are their mouthpieces, agents, managers. Men don't become involved with women; they're sort of retained by them.

PLUG INTO YOUR OUTLET, THEN PLUG
INTO YOUR OUTLET

Most sex-aid stores are patronized and run by a kind of human venereal wart. "Pick 'em out," Jabba the Hutt will say, "pick 'em out, this ain't no liberry," while braiding his latest mucoid discharge between thumb and forefinger. One look is
(concluded on page 174)



*"The reason I didn't make a pass at you all winter
is because I thought you were a nun."*

three years after his death,
his message of love and peace...

When John died, I thought it was the worst thing that could ever happen. But that was only the beginning.

—YOKO ONO, summer 1983

NOVEMBER 1980

THE MORNING winter light is streaming into the kitchen window of the Lennons' huge apartment, one of six they own in the Dakota, Manhattan's West Side landmark building. John Lennon is sitting at the breakfast table, sleepily reading the morning paper, steam rising from his coffee cup. Fred Seaman, a sandy-haired assistant in his late 20s, wearing an IMAGINE T-shirt, enters the room from the inner-courtyard stair well, piles of mail and magazines stacked in his arms. Without looking up from his paper, Lennon holds out his hand and asks for the latest music papers.

The Lennons' album *Double Fantasy* has just been released. Seaman hands Lennon copies of *Billboard* and *Cashbox* and Yoko Ono rushes into the kitchen to watch over John's shoulder as he flips to the Top 100 charts. David Geffen, whose record company Ono chose to distribute *Double Fantasy*, called earlier to tell them the album entered the charts at number 25, but Lennon wants to see it with his own eyes. He breaks into a big grin and glances up at Yoko. "Not bad, eh, Mother?" He grabs a red pen and circles the entry: Number 25 with a bullet. With the marker's bold line, he draws an arrow from the number-25 slot to number one, putting a line through Barbra Streisand's album *Guilty*. "We're on our way," he laughs, putting the *Billboard* into a drawer in the wooden kitchen table.

The buzzer on the phone is heard and Mioko Onoda, a Japanese maid, rushes to answer it. She turns to Ono, announces that Rich De Palma wants to speak with her. De Palma is office manager of Lenono, John and Yoko's business, which takes up the entire first-floor apartment known as Studio One. Ono answers De Palma's barrage of questions about interview requests (from Barbara Walters, among others) and tells him she will be down to sign the pile of checks he says are waiting. Before hanging up, she

asks him to order a limousine for two P.M., the time they plan to go to the recording studio. They are working on the songs for *Milk and Honey*, the intended sequel to *Double Fantasy*, Lennon's first album in five years. Ono then leans over to kiss Lennon, telling him she is headed down to Studio One. Lennon nods. She handles the family business.

Downstairs, surrounded by huge filing cabinets labeled APPLE and HOLSTEIN COWS, Ono signs checks, makes some calls and an hour later, buzzes Lennon, who is still lounging upstairs. Lennon, revitalized by *Double Fantasy*, is listening to the song they had recorded the night before. Ono asks him if he wants to go out and get a cup of coffee before they head off for the studio. Minutes later, he is downstairs, wearing a black-canvas shirt and black-cord pants, fingering a pair of tortoise-shell glasses that have replaced his familiar round workingmen's specs.

Arm in arm, Ono and Lennon walk out through the archway of the Dakota. Ono's thick black hair is tied tightly back, her wrap-around sunglasses shielding her eyes. Although it is a clear day, the wind is biting, and Lennon complains that he did not wear a coat. Ono has only a light sweater on and feels the cold, too, so they clasp each other more closely. As always, there are a few fans outside, including Jeri Moll and Jude Stein, two women in their late 20s, who have waited outside the Dakota seemingly every night for the past five years. They are old-timers and murmur familiar greetings to the couple as the Lennons say hello.

Lennon and Ono wander down the block toward Columbus Avenue, then over to 71st Street, where they stop at Café La Fortuna, a coffeehouse, for espresso and pastries. They're trying to stay on a macrobiotic diet but fall off the wagon a lot. Conversation is light: They banter about their son Sean's latest antics, as reported by his nanny, Helen Seaman, a large woman who looks after Sean when John is busy. Helen is Fred Seaman's aunt; today, she is out at the Lennons' Long Island estate in Cold Spring Harbor. John says he regrets that work on the album has kept him from the boy so much lately.

"Let's bring him in for the weekend, even if we're working," he

article By DAVID and VICTORIA SHEFF

THE BETRAYAL OF JOHN LENNON





March 1, 1975: John Lennon & wife, Yoko Ono, at the Grammy Awards.

... seems lost in the lying, thieving, backbiting
shuffle to destroy his widow and make a buck off his name

says. Ono nods. John makes the domestic decisions.

They return to the Dakota for messages and stop at their offices. Rich and Greg Martello are there now, doing some routine filing. They are two young brothers who broke into the apartment building of their hero, John Lennon, some months ago as a prank and, since they seemed harmless enough, were put to work. It is that kind of place—a bit zany, what with business decisions sometimes affected by Ono's reading of the tarot cards or the numbers—but by rock-'n'-roll-millionaire standards, a friendly and down-to-earth sort of place.

Outside, the limo has been waiting, so they slip out the archway again, pile into the car's back seat and head off to the recording studio. There, inside a glass booth with a color photo of Sean tacked above it, they sing cuts for the album, then work on mixing them into the other tracks as the evening wears on. They won't get out until late that night, but that's not unusual.

In fact, nothing that has happened today is remarkable for the colorful couple who, after years of upheaval, followed by years of reclusiveness, now seem to be finding contentment along with a fresh burst of creativity. As to the contentment, it's about time: John just turned 40. "Life begins at 40," he told an interviewer. "It's like, Wow, what's going to happen next?"

DECEMBER 9, 1980

It is minutes after midnight, and the horror will not sink in. John Lennon was murdered just over an hour ago, but those who have been part of his everyday life cannot comprehend it, cannot do anything but try to find a way into the first-floor apartment at the Dakota. A few of them have managed to fight their way through the growing crowd of men, women and children who are shivering at the corner of Central Park West and 72nd Street, candles lit, holding hands, many with tears streaming down their faces. The police, on horseback, help clear a way for Lenono staffers, as the horses snort steam into the freezing air.

Yoko Ono, accompanied by Geffen, has been sneaked into the building through the rear entrance and is in the kitchen of her apartment. Speaking numbly, she asks De Palma to make only three calls: to Julian Lennon, John's 17-year-old son from his first marriage; to John's aunt, Mimi Smith, who raised him; and to Paul McCartney. De Palma is unable to contact any of them directly

but does manage to reach Mrs. Lee Eastman, McCartney's mother-in-law, who responds, "You expect me to wake Lee over this?" and hangs up. The second time De Palma calls, she is more adamant: "Don't ever call at this time of night again!"

De Palma reports to Ono, who winces and tells him to keep trying to reach the three; because all the lines are jammed, it proves almost impossible. As soon as one light on the telephone console winks out, another lights up. Ono stands up shakily. She wants to be alone in her bedroom.

From upstairs, the voices in the street can be heard echoing through the old apartment's corridors and booming up the canyonlike inner court. The crowd has grown to 5000, bringing traffic to a standstill on Manhattan's West Side, and people are singing *Imagine* and *Give Peace a Chance* in slow, echoing cadences. There is even a chorus of *Dear Yoko*.

De Palma stays downstairs in a Lenono office, fielding calls, trying to give each person a few words in reply before pushing another button on the console. There is one call he is especially glad to get: Elliot Mintz, one of the Lennons' closest friends, is flying in from Los Angeles.

A couple of hours later, Mintz arrives, is rushed through the crowd, past the outer offices rapidly filling with wreaths and flowers and packages, and into the elevator to the living quarters above. Pausing outside the huge mahogany door to the Lennons' apartment, he draws a breath and knocks. Mioko, puffy-eyed but silent, lets him in. "Yoko-san in her bedroom," she says. Mintz walks toward the bedroom but cannot bring himself to go in. Instead, he goes back downstairs to Studio One to pitch in with the others.

In Studio One, the Lenono group has swelled to a small group of assistants, attorneys and businessmen, including David Warmflash, a lawyer who worked for the Lennons for some time, and Geffen. It was Geffen who got to the hospital after the shooting and then emerged supporting Ono as they faced a horde of reporters and photographers. Mintz assists in organizing the group to screen calls for the remainder of the night with De Palma, ferrying up the most important questions for Ono to answer in her apartment above.

Ono makes one decision immediately: Lennon's body is to be cremated at a mortuary (continued on page 175)

THE GREAT POPCORN EXPLOSION

*for a real blowout, take it
from the kernel and try such
nouvelle flavors as taco,
barbecue and kahlúa*

food

By EMANUEL GREENBERG

ALTHOUGH JULIA CHILD, Paul Bocuse and other epicures might raise an eyebrow at the notion, "gourmet" popcorn has burst upon us. In popcorn land, this refers to vividly colored kernels in such unlikely flavors as watermelon, bubble gum, root beer, shrimp cocktail, bacon and egg, New York rye bread and dozens more. It's *nouvelle* popcorn, all right—and even amateurs are giving it a go. You might have problems reprising the likes of shrimp cocktail or bubble gum, even if you wanted to, but you can achieve *taco*, barbecue, chocolate and Kahlúa popcorn with no strain—as you'll see farther on. Flavored popcorn is not entirely new. Cheese and caramel have been around for ages, and a Chicago venture called Krazy Korn had a brief whirl with multiflavored popcorn 30 years ago. The concept languished until 1978, when Charlie Bird, an entrepreneurial Dallas gent, opened his Corn Popper shop. Somehow, he divined the time was ripe for new popcorn flavors; his first offering was chocolate. At a customer's suggestion, he added *jalapeño*-pepper-flavored corn. It took off like Secretariat—and so did old Charlie. Corn Poppers are now franchised in about 40 states, and there are 60 flavors, marketed selectively. Clam chowder and maple, for example, are designated for Boston, while jambalaya and praline go to New Orleans. Like Willy Loman, Charlie knows his territory.

The success of The Corn Popper inspired others. Dave Evans, who makes commercial popcorn equipment, notes that "since 1980, more people have gone (continued on page 194)





Sam Shepard, American Original

he's a hot actor, a
pulitzer playwright,
a poet, a musician,
a cowboy—and
he'd rather you not
know any of it

*I figure it's more like a game
a' pool. You know, the way some-
times you got the feel. You got
the touch. All the practice and
technique in the world can't beat
ya, cause you got magic.*

—SAM SHEPARD, "Geography
of a Horse Dreamer"

DRIVE Sunset Boulevard from the Pacific Ocean as it winds through the palisades, Brentwood, Beverly Hills, and eventually you're in Hollywood. But before that, where the meridian divider shrinks to a white line at the beginning of the Strip, you pass Hamburger Hamlet. The Hamlet isn't actually in Hollywood, but it's Hollywood all the same. For a burger joint, the women's hair is a shade too blonde, the men's shirts open a button too low. All around, people are pushing projects, promoting themselves: The air is heavy with hype.

A tall, lean, leathery type slouches back in his booth. Sam Shepard wears a dark-leather jacket over a T-shirt, with faded jeans and cowboy boots. No one recognizes him, and he prefers it that way. He looks over his shoulder and signals the waitress. Hamburger Hamlet is famous for the elegant burger, the posh burger. Shepard orders catfish.

Rugged individualism—it's what America was built on. If the flacks in this restaurant were asked to sell Shepard, they'd say the story writes itself; you don't even need to breathe hard. They'd call him one of those rare animals, a natural. What a story! A poor kid from a broken family in a two-bit Southern California town who went on to be a playwright—a world-famous playwright. A playwright who was ten times honored with Obie awards for his off-Broadway plays and who won the 1979 Pulitzer Prize. A playwright who, at 40, without even a college degree, would come to be considered by many America's greatest living dramatist.

But that's only the beginning. Then there's Shepard the actor, the guy who stole the movie *The Right Stuff* with his low-key portrayal of test pilot Chuck Yeager. The flacks would rave about his look: the rawhide frame, the jutting chin, the high,

hard cheekbones. (Two actresses who know him nod as they pass Shepard's table. "He's got great bones," one says to the other. "Great bones?" whispers the second. "He's got great everything.") It's a knife of a face, but boyish. Believe me, it can open into an all-American teenage grin. The teeth are irregular and the features a little uneven, but any way you cast it, it's handsome.

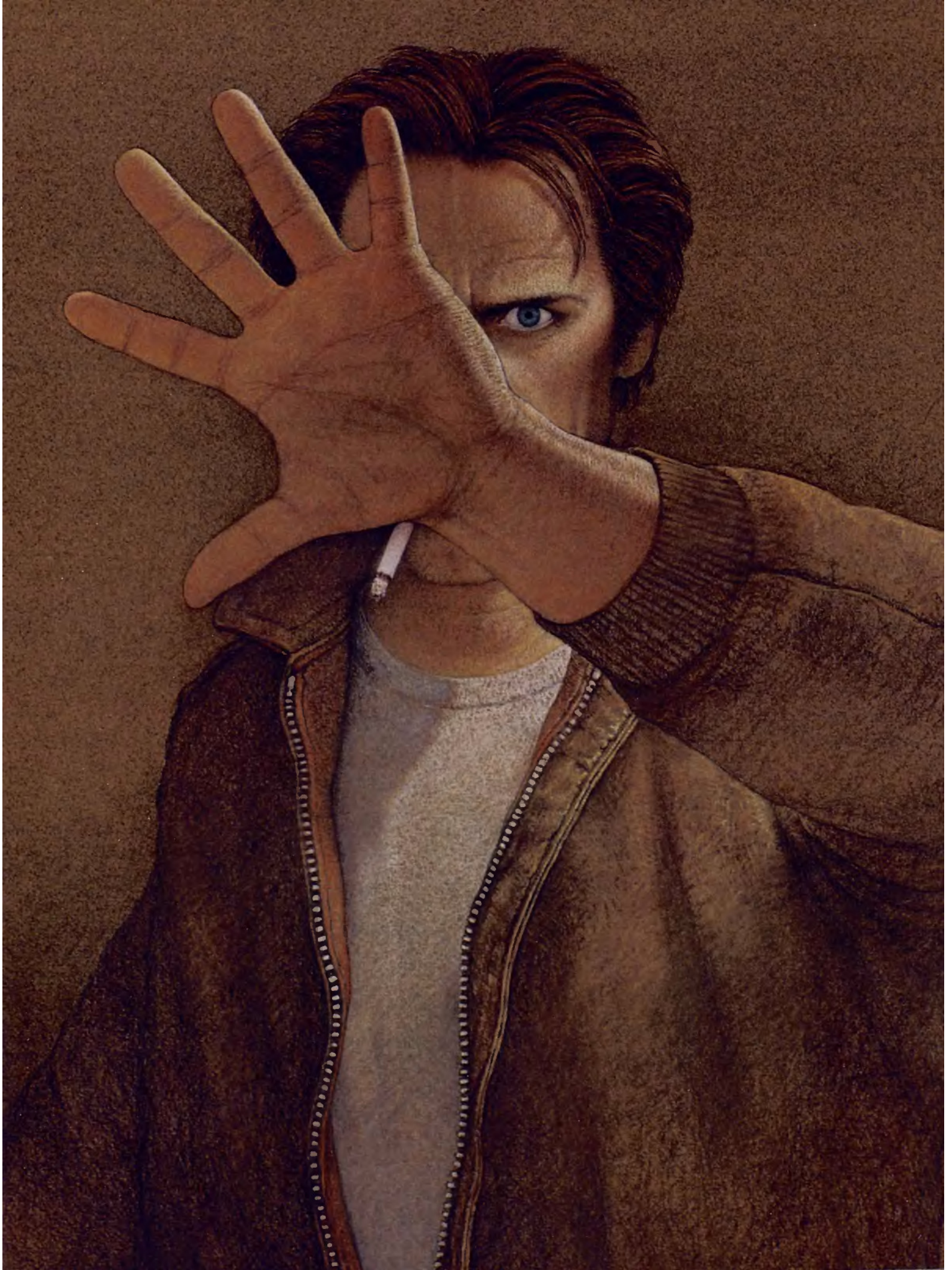
But wait, the flacks would say, there's more. He lives with actress Jessica Lange, whom he met while making the movie *Frances*. Clearly, Sam Shepard is a very hot story.

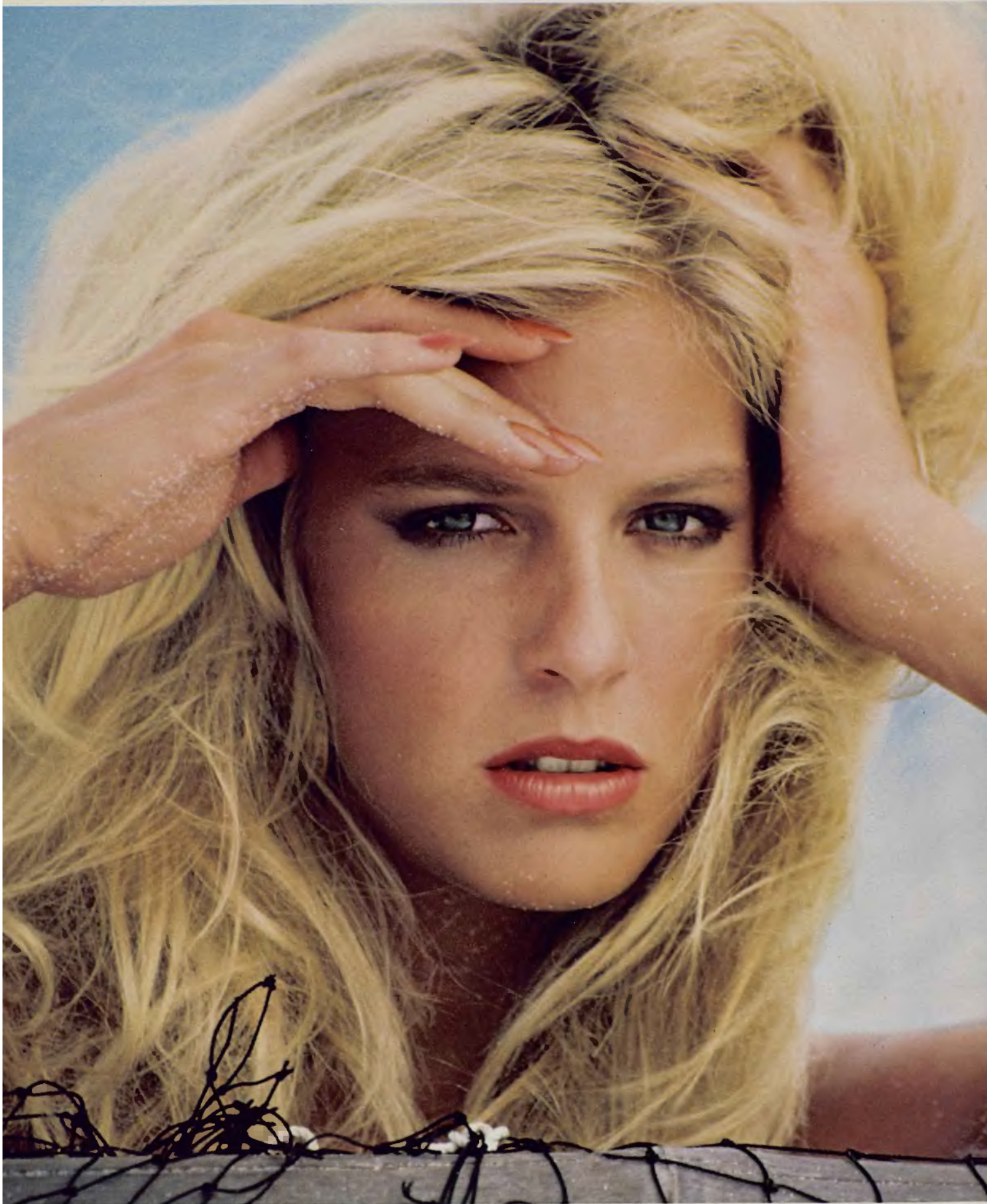
As recently as 1976, however, he had never even acted in a movie, and they made him a star. He played a Texas ranch owner in *Days of Heaven*, and he wore the role like his cowboy boots. The critics loved him, and the offers poured in for strong, silent, handsome leading-man roles. So he took the parts in *Resurrection*, *Raggedy Man*, *Frances* and *The Right Stuff*. When that last film opened, *Newsweek* said of him: "If he wants it, he stands on the brink of an extraordinary new career in the movies."

And he has music, too. Shepard is a drummer, and he played with a bunch of rock groups in the Sixties. Now, those groups—they called themselves Lothar and the Hand People, and the Holy Modal Rounders—weren't big, but they opened for the big names, such as Ike and Tina Turner and Lou Reed. Shepard sat in for Charlie Watts and jammed with The Rolling Stones. He lived for a year with rock poet Patti Smith. He has written music for his plays. And Bob Dylan invited him on the Rolling Thunder Revue to document the extravaganza.


But there's just one problem. In spite of the fact that his success in *The Right Stuff* has forced him to deal with the media, Shepard doesn't even like to have his picture taken. And interviews? Forget it. If you try to get him to talk about his personal life, his parents, his family, his relationships, 99 times out of 100, the door slams. Boom. No one home. Do not disturb. And if he finally begins talking, (continued on page 112)

personality By Robert Goldberg





PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



CANCUN IS REALLY just an island, about nine miles long and only a quarter of a mile wide. Not much room to hide in if you're a bank robber on the lam. But if you're a hard-working model and all you want to duck are the F.T.D. man and the incessant ring of the telephone, Cancun is a haven where an attractive woman can forget the rat-race. Indeed, by the time she left Las Vegas after a recent modeling/public-relations assignment, Dona Speir had just about had it with the predatory urge of some uncouth men. She has just turned 21, but several years ago, puberty had been generous to her, giving her a woman's body from which to view Saturday-morning cartoons. She had a 12-speed, supercharged, armor-plated juggernaut of a body when she wasn't even old enough to get a driver's license. In the warm half of California where she grew up, however, there is a driving instructor on every corner. In the twinkling of a hormone, Dona became quarry.

Determined to make some good out of her fortune, Dona enlisted in the Hollywood modeling corps, an elite group often dispatched to, ah, underdeveloped areas for special missions. That was why, when Dona returned from Las Vegas recently, she

*when the wolves gather at her door,
our miss march heads for the warming
therapy of a perfect mexican beach*

Girl on the Run



When modeling gets you down, a breezy hammock in Cancun cools you out. "How long will I model? Well, I believe I'll go crazy before I get too old for this business. If anything drives me out, it'll be insanity, not stretch marks."

Cancun, off the shore of Yucatán on the Caribbean side of Mexico, has been a tourist resort for only ten years. Fonatur, the national tourism development agency, has turned it into an entrancing blend of the old and the new. In the market (below), Dona finds hand-carved marionettes almost as charming as she is. Just outside Cancun (right) are jungle huts where kids love a tickle, as they do at home.



The Aeromexico flight from L.A. was short enough to leave Dona the energy to make it to the Bar Bikini (above) of the magnificent new Hotel Fiesta Americana. Dona's accommodations in the Presidential Suite knocked her out. "Getting up in the morning, all you could see were white-sand beaches and beautiful water. It was incredible." At right, Dona splashes in the beach shower.





didn't want to think about the opposite sex. "I was at this convention there for three days. I signed more than 2000 posters. Two thousand men went in and out of my life in three days. God only knows what they do with those posters. They put them in their garages, keep them in the rubber band for a year, I don't know. What they're looking for is the girl in the picture. So I portray that all day long and I joke around with them. It's fun, because I can express a part of me that most people don't see."

Because she has been at it for a while, Dona knows how to handle men. There aren't many lines she hasn't heard and not many she doesn't have an answer for. You don't choose Dona, she chooses you. "I think that's how I manage to get a lot of work. I mean, sometimes

Digging your toes into the white powdery sand along the Cancun coast line (above) makes all your problems disappear. In the evening (below), Dona gets a lesson in folk dancing from the Folklore Dancing Ballet, a student group that performs regularly at the Cancun Convention Center.





you just gotta trip 'em. On interviews, especially, you've got to stand out in the crowd. How are they gonna remember your picture from 44 others? I walk in and first thing I ask them as they're looking through my book is, 'What are you looking for?' And they'll say, 'Well, I'm looking for this, that and the other.' And usually, you know, they're looking for a blonde! And I'll say, 'I can do that. I've done such and such.' I just have to tell them up front to hire me!"

The youngest of six children, Dona has had some practice in calling attention to herself. "All of them were wonderful students in school and they all went to college and they all work in the dental profession, except for my brother who's in the Service. God, I knew I did not want to become a hygienist. All my sisters do it and my older brother was a lab man once and my brothers-in-law are in the business."

Dona decided to buck the trend by being a terrible student, hanging out with a shifty crowd and engaging in acts of senseless rebellion. There were rumors she had something to do with the dismantling of two telephone booths.

What is verifiable is that she learned from the experience. Modeling helped. It brought some discipline to her more or less shotgun approach to life. A turn as a volunteer in a drug-and-alcohol rehab program helped, too.


"That will get you grateful, yeah. And all of a (text concluded on page 136)



"People who don't know me sometimes underestimate me. I think I have a lot on the ball for a person of my age. When I put my brain to something, if I really want it, I will do it, no matter what."







"The men I seem to stick with aren't particularly good-looking. They're wholesome, though: the kind who meditate and are vegetarians. I think it's probably because that's just the opposite of the way I am."



"Modeling? It's fantasy. It's not reality whatsoever. You know, after I've finished an assignment, the clothes stay in the studio, I go home, I take a shower and the make-up goes down the drain and the hairdo goes limp. The money, of course, goes in the bank. What's left? But I'll admit that when a magazine I've posed for comes out, I'm immediately at the rack to see it—and that's gratifying."



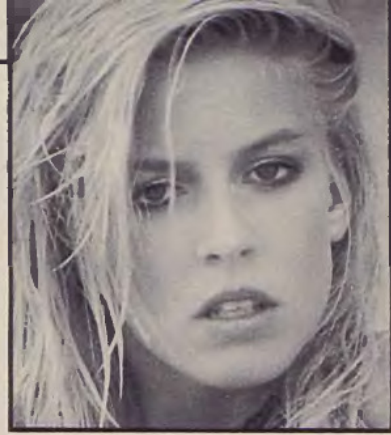


MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

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PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Dona S. Speir

BUST: 37 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 2-7-64 BIRTHPLACE: Newark, Calif.

AMBITIONS: To become happy & successful in most areas of life.

TURN-ONS: Balconies, Sunday brunch, fields of wild flowers, & Waterfalls

TURN-OFFS: Manipulators, abusers of any kind & dishonest people.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Illusions, The Little Prince, See You at the Top.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Fourplay, Prince, Alan Alda, Dustin Hoffman

FAVORITE SPORTS: Water skiing, roller skating.

IDEAL MAN: One who owns his own business & can take any day off to spend with me!

SECRET FANTASY: To spend one week with my favorite man away from reality!



2 years old



First modeling picture!



8th grade graduation

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Pregnant as the result of having been caught up in an orgy at a Texas Aggies fraternity house, the girl gave birth to the child in due course, then took legal steps to have all the chapter brothers present on the occasion joined in a paternity suit. For his part, the presiding judge ordered the defendants to submit to blood tests. "How do you think you made out?" one of the Aggies asked another as they left the testing laboratory.

"Man, I'm in the clear!" he chuckled. "The lab jerk went and took blood out of the wrong finger!"

Reports have been reaching us about an upcoming late-night adult-cable-TV sitcom called *Put It to Beaver*.



He said I had the makings of a star," the well-built novice actress told a good friend, "but I've discussed my future with that producer several times now, and I wonder how many more makings it's going to take."

My Far Eastern mistress," sighed Chase, "Who's left me, is tough to replace.
She was super in bed,
Giving fabulous head,
So what's shameful is my loss of face."

What did your wife give you for your birthday this year?" a salesman who was on the road a lot was asked.

"The same thing she gives me each and every year," he replied. "The only thing is that this year, I noticed it was a full size larger."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *brunette bush* as the dark side of the moon.

In a recent survey on why some men are homosexual, 82 percent of the gay chaps responding said that either genetics or home environment was the principal factor. The remaining 18 percent revealed that they had been sucked into it.

My newest boyfriend told me the other night," remarked the girl, "that he only had eyes for me—"

"What a romantic way to put things!" her listener gushed.

"But then my charming Mr. Romance went on to say that he consequently expected I'd only have ass for him."

His publishers are trying to convince an egotistical born-again golfer that the title he has chosen for his autobiography is not in the best possible taste. He wants to call it *God Was My Caddie*.

Ayouth on a nude beach for the first time was unable to stem an erection. Two unobserved Valley girls were watching him. "Why, that's Gordon!" exclaimed one.

"And look at the size of his hard-on!" added the other. "That's Gordy to the max!"

And then there was the mean son of a bitch who found his wife copulating with a sailor and beat the tar out of her.

For a house-to-house salesman named Moore, Getting housewives' attention's no chore:

He's endowed with a dong
That is 12 inches long,
So he wedges his foot in the door.

How could you sleep with another man?" exclaimed the outraged physician after his wife had confessed to having been unfaithful.

"It goes with the territory," she responded. "You keep telling me how lousy I am in bed—so I just wanted to get a second opinion."



Salvy Merman

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *temperamental gay* as a rima donna.

So all right," the rich bitch finally agreed in the apartment. "I'll try oral sex on you if you can prove it's not unnatural."

The fellow thereupon leafed through an encyclopedia and showed his luxury-loving date that in the case of a certain species of fish, the female lays her eggs and then takes them into her mouth, after which the male ejaculates on them. "Let's do it, then," he grinned as he unzipped.

"Just a minute," countered the girl. "First, where's my mouthful of caviar?"

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



"We just got this cassette from Miss Malone in answer to the contract we offered her."



RAINWEAR STEELES THE SHOW

*tv's sexy supersleuth
solves the case of
the rumpled trench coat*

attire **By HOLLIS WAYNE**

EVERYBODY KNOWS that trench coats and private eyes go together like Nick and Nora Charles and Bogey and Bacall. Columbo practically slept in a battered Burberry (or whatever brand it was) and we don't even want to think about what Mike Hammer might have done in his. Pierce Brosnan, the man of the TV detective series *Remington Steele*, brings a more tailored image to the tattered trench. Can you imagine him squiring his gorgeous gumshoe boss, Laura Holt, played by Stephanie Zimbalist, around town in something that resembles a belted dog blanket? Brosnan's classy good looks and sexy, unaffected style are the perfect complements to the downpour of water-repellent togs that have flooded the men's

Left: The face that sets millions of female hearts to fluttering each week on the TV detective series *Remington Steele* is that of Pierce Brosnan, and the obligatory trench he's wearing is anything but the sad, soggy style commonly associated with private eyes. This one is a water-repellent cotton coat that reverses to black ribbed rubber, by Andrew Fezza, \$380. (His fringed cotton scarf is by Ron Splude, \$90.) Right: Our man of *Steele* has on an Italian interpretation of the classic trench coat; it's made of water-repellent cotton and has raglan sleeves, which are comfortable over a suit, by Ermenegildo Zegna, \$410. (Brosnan's duck-handled cotton poplin broly is by Just Richard for American Umbrella Co., about \$35. His rubber-tread portfolio is by Mandarina Duck, \$100.)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI





WOMEN'S FASHIONS BY JEAN CHARLES, CHICAGO

fashion market. Rubberized trenches, for example, in a variety of cuts and colors, have whetted everyone's interest; styles range from a reversible treated-cotton and black-ribbed-rubber model to a white military-style coat of water-repellent cotton. White, incidentally, is great to wear while walking in the wet, as it bounces light up into your face, improving your complexion and making you more visible on rainy nights. Other foul-weather tips to the wise: Wear dark to medium-dark trousers on a wet day, as they tend to show raindrops less. Keep your raincoat shade conservative, but jazz up your image with a bright umbrella, sweater or tie. And swap your leather attaché for a water-repellent rubber or treated-metal one. Rubber is the new fashion status material that has just slid into the stores. Let's hear it for Akron!

Left: The great white hope for a rainy day (no, we're not referring to Brosnan's ladyfriend)—a white-cotton double-breasted trench coat with zip storm-flap pockets, by Marcel Lassance, \$300. (His black-vinyl umbrella is by Mespo, about \$25.) Right: Olive drab never had it so good; a waxed-cotton oilcloth raincoat with a stand-up convertible collar that you can wear buttoned up or open to show a brightly colored sweater, by Stanley Blacker Rainwear, about \$200. (Khaki cotton water-repellent umbrella, by Mespo, about \$20.)



Right: Brosnan wears another intriguing trench that would be right at home on the boulevards of Paris or the back streets of Bonn. It's a Zepel-treated water-repellent polyester/cotton chintz style with classic appointments—wide lapels, angled pockets, wrist tabs, a box back pleat and a throat tab, by Pierre Cardin, \$225. A padded shoulder flange also gives the wearer a dashing broad-shoulder look that thinner men will find appealing.



Sam Shepard (continued from page 90)

"I'm not interested in speaking to a big mass audience. I don't see the point."

he never says anything good about himself. He just keeps cutting himself down. Some star. Some personality. The conversation goes like this:

Q.: How many plays have you written?

A.: Too damn many.

Q.: Which play are you proudest of?

A.: I'm not proud of any of them, but the one I feel least embarrassed by is *True West*.

Q.: How do you feel about your acting?

A.: I always feel precarious. I don't really have my chops as an actor.

When it comes to self-promotion, Shepard is hopeless. He pauses, he holds back. It seems as if he has nothing to say. But when he gets going on almost any other subject, he's a real surprise—fluid and articulate. Between bites of fried catfish, right now, he's talking about cars. He's talking about a '58 Impala that was chopped and channeled and rode low, a perfect cruising machine when he and his buddies from Duarte High checked out the chicks down at Bob's Big Boy. He's talking about his Ford pickup, with this great four-wheel drive, that he uses to haul horses and ropes and feed around.

If Shepard reminds you of the old West, it finally has less to do with owning horses and riding them and roping cattle—all of which he does—than with constantly pushing on, looking for new challenges, new ground to explore. "The key to the whole thing," he says in his soft, slow voice, "is to keep moving, to always move in a new direction. In order to remain creative, you have to open to new territory. You can't stay in the same little four acres. You gotta move."

And move he does. His latest play, *Fool for Love*, opened in New York last spring. *True West* is also enjoying a run there at presstime. There are movie roles (the soon-to-be-released *Country*, with Lange as co-star); a book of short stories and poems, *Motel Chronicles*, published last year; a new feature film, *Paris, Texas*, directed by Wim Wenders; a new screenplay, *Synthetic Tears*, which Shepard hopes to direct, as well; a collaboration with longtime friend Joseph Chaikin—an important force in off-Broadway theater and the leader of the Open Theater—an experimental-theater piece.

Shepard seems destined for the limelight. Ironically, he works very hard to avoid it. Just looking at him tonight,

slumped back in the booth, it's clear that he is an unlikely star. Although he can now command six-figure salaries for his appearances, he rejects most acting proposals. He declined parts in *Shoot the Moon*, *Urban Cowboy* and *Reds* (the role of Eugene O'Neill, filled by Jack Nicholson), among others. "I'm not interested in becoming an 'actor,'" he says. "I'm interested in working with film makers. Everything depends on the projects."

He turns around, pushes away his plate, lights up an Old Gold and plants his elbows on the table. "You know, I never set out to act in film. It was more or less accidental. It caught me by surprise. I always feel it's kind of dangerous—like walking a tightrope. For the most part, I feel like I'm getting away with it." He laughs. "But it's exciting to discover a new area where you can plunge in."

If Shepard is an unlikely star, he is an even more unlikely playwright, a maverick in the world of theater. "I don't think I've ever written a play that looks like a play," he says. "They look more like apparitions." He ignores most of his colleagues: "I don't read plays. I don't enjoy going to the theater. I find theater disappointing for the most part." He shuns conventional formats: "Who needs well-made plays? I don't want to write drawing-room comedies." John Lion, founder and general director of the Magic Theater, recalls that "Sam once told me he's not looking for actors, he's looking for chance takers." Shepard is a master of the unpredictable. His works—the early ones most markedly—are charged with intense, staccato monologs (which have come to be known as arias) and a fearless theatricality. The stage overflows with images: mounds of corn in *Buried Child*, scores of purloined toasters in *True West*. At the end of *La Turista*, the protagonist exits by running full speed at the backstage wall and smashing right through it.

Shepard has never had a work on Broadway—he has never wanted to: "I don't know who to address on Broadway. I always felt I was writing for people who would understand me. I never had any aspiration to talk to people I don't know. It's a question of strangers versus friends. I'm not interested in speaking to a big mass audience. I don't see the point."

Preferring the small, personal touch, he refuses to inflate his plays or their significance: "I'm not making monuments. My plays aren't for all time, they're just for this time. Eric Dolphy once said that the thing he loved about music was that it

went out into the air and it disappeared. That's what I like about theater."

As for winning the Pulitzer Prize—well, "I'm honored and all that," he says, leaning back and blowing out a cloud of smoke. "But that's not the reason I'm writing, to win prizes." For Shepard, the most important thing was to avoid the publicity the award brought with it: "It's mostly getting over it. You know, there's this great line in one of my favorite films, *The Hustler*. Paul Newman is hustling these guys at eight ball and they start making jokes about his missing shots. And he looks up and says, 'I don't rattle.' I like that stance—you can't pussyfoot around. I'm not going to write anything different because I won a prize."

That's where I was raised, anyway. A small town. A town like any other town. A town like Momma used to make, with lace doilies and apple pie and incest and graft. No. It's not true. I am an American, though. Despite what they say. In spite of the scandal. I am truly an American. I was made in America. Born, bred and raised. I have American scars on my brain. Red, white and blue. I bleed American blood. . . . I came to infect the continent. To spread my disease.

—*"Operation Sidewinder"*

There's no doubt that Shepard sees himself as a man of action, not an intellectual. He may mention Christopher Marlowe, Bertolt Brecht and Grand Guignol in passing, but he'd rather talk about farming or playing drums or driving. He talks about "putting aside all the big ideas" and writing about sensory experience, "what it's like to have life reach out and touch you in the shin." He calls himself "a physical writer more than an intellectual one. Like Cesar Vallejo, who called his writing 'the poetry of the purple cheekbone'—of the body, of the visceral. I'd love to write like a European writer; they're so elegant. Take Peter Handke, with that impeccable syntax. But I can't get this American thing out of my bones. It's like those American painters, Franz Kline and all those guys. They have that physical splash that's just unmistakable. They're all over the canvas."

Shepard himself is just as unmistakably American. He has driven Route One and Interstate 685 and collected the pieces. His characters are movie tycoons and cheerleaders, cowboys and rock stars, gangsters and Midwestern families. His plays are attics cluttered with the paraphernalia of American life: Bibles and baseball caps and bottles of booze, drive-in movies and shopping malls, jazz riffs and jukeboxes, back-seat sex and smog and weirdness and paranoid violence.

For him, the United States is a country that has lost its roots, been "cut off from

(continued on page 192)



"I should have done this thirty years ago!"

"TWENTY-FIVE? *Twenty-five?*" the great-bellied merchant Fadab fluted like a eunuch. "Surely, that must be your price for this entire lot of cloth. In which case I might be interested—slightly."

"The ghosts of my ancestors would be laughed out of paradise," replied Suulemaion. "It is only because you are an old friend that I offer this fine Dwazian silk at only twenty-five for each bolt."

"*Silk?* The trickster who sold you this claimed it was *silk?*"

Oblivious of the heavy-handed sun, Suulemaion and Fadab had already sweated their way through hours of unmanly haggling over the prices of blankets, cooking utensils, medicinal herbs—with jewelry, spices and several precious kegs of Baaj wine still to come. I sweated with them. Suulemaion had sworn he could not afford my wages until he'd made a sale. I'd sworn I'd not leave his side till I'd been paid. Since in town I was to be his bodyguard, that did not distress him.

I had met the intrepid but stingy caravaner in the Kug, that vast, arid emptiness men call the Wilderness at the Heart of the World. That mighty desert occupies the center of the world's largest continent, separating its great civilizations and, thus, keeping them from destroying one another. I had entered from the North, pursued by a troop of angry cavalry, even though the duel in which their captain died had been an honorable one. Soon after losing the cavalry, I lost my horse. Three extremely honorable days later, I crawled into an oasis. There were a few scrawny date palms whose treasures I gobbled, after which I laid waste to the population of lizards and spiders.

A few evenings later, I bade farewell to

the
16th SUMMER
of
daq jaddarra

*o delectable witana, with your
exquisite face, your voluptuous body
and, alas, your powerful husband*

fiction by
Lenny Kleinfeld





my depleted haven, heading south. I'd been walking several hours when I met Suulemaion's scouts, two grizzled men of the same temperament and aroma as their camels. I greeted them without unseemly enthusiasm: a young warrior out stretching his legs. The scouts, after all, were the ones who were lost; making an east-west crossing, they'd passed south of the oasis.

I led them back to it. They refreshed themselves, then their mounts; offered their thanks; struck me with a rock and grabbed hold of me with intentions of using me as a boy.

In the morning, I rode east. When I found the caravan, I presented their heads to Suulemaion, along with an honest account of their failings, and offered myself as their replacement. The hawk-nosed caravaneer scratched his thin beard, squinted up at me and said, "So young, so large, so serious . . . can you find the city of Jemot?" I said I could, which was not exactly an untruth; my grandfather had been there once.

This was in my 16th summer, when I knew I could do anything.

For seven weeks we trekked westward. It was my duty to find oases before we ran dry and bandits before they found us. I have a nose for water—since childhood, I'd come down to the Kug when I needed to be alone. And my grandfather had taught me that when desert scum are awakened by the sound of a Jaddarran war cry and the sight of a howling Jaddarran whirling a reddened blade over their recently retired leaders, they will hurry off to ply their trade elsewhere.

Nothing about the Kug—save the absence of women—was as torturous as the bargaining in Jemot. The spot where the caravaneer and the merchant were happily arguing and roasting was not 100 paces from the gate of Fadab's walled garden, a tract only slightly larger than the village I'd been born in. Set high on the slopes of a verdant valley, looking down on the city proper, the densely planted paradise surrounding Fadab's enormous villa was cooled by brooks and spring-fed ponds and scented by 100 varieties of flowers. But no trader was invited to sample its delights until prices had been sweated out.

As hawk nose and great belly engaged in improbable speculations about the genealogy of the silk, I attempted to shut out their jabber by dreaming of how far my wages would take me. Suulemaion wanted me to continue escorting his caravan through the western towns as far as Chogo, the wealthiest port on the Western Sea. But I'd left home to enjoy the world, not to nursemaid camels. I had yet to taste the notorious pleasures of the South, yet to see the awesome citadels of the East with their fabled— My reverie was broken as the garden gate swung open.

A curtained litter emerged, carried by a

pair of squat, copper-colored M'ddrrrgs and guarded by two more. All were naked except for their weapons, with shaved heads, ritually scarred faces and ritually mutilated genitals. They came to a halt at a respectable distance, the thickly muscled bearers holding the litter as steadily as though it were set into a pair of miniature stone monsters.

Fadab excused himself with a weak grin and waddled to the litter. After a whispered conference with its occupant, he clapped. One of the stone monsters came to life and fetched the more ornate silks.

The curtains parted the width of a snake's tongue. Each bolt was perused. One, sea green shot through with silver threads, was satisfactory.

Fadab burred approving noises, then began laboriously conveying himself back toward us. Behind him, the litter's curtains suddenly billowed open—*enormous green-gray eyes, rich-lipped wide mouth, honey-dark ringlets cascading over golden skin*— The curtains closed on my breeze-blown gift.

Except there had been no breeze.

My *n'gurga* hardened fiercely.

"For that bolt, twenty-five," lamented Fadab. "I can refuse my precious wife nothing."

Suulemaion held up a solicitous hand. "Please. That bolt is my gift." He smiled sincerely. "It is these others that are twenty-five apiece."

"A man reaches an age when a young bride can make him exceedingly"—Suulemaion glanced at the merely pretty slave girls attending and spying on us—"generous."

"Does not his generosity incite the rest of his harem?" I asked, accepting a pear from a girl who brushed my arm with her merely ostentatious *d'talls*.

"There is no harem. Fadab has never—" Suulemaion stopped short and dismissed the slaves. They disappeared along one of the cunningly contrived paths that twisted through Fadab's private jungle. Except for a tiny, caged golden bird that trilled soothing melodies, we were now alone in the small, lavishly pillowed pavilion where, to celebrate the consummation of our commerce and to render us fit to have into the main house for supper, we'd been bathed, oiled and pampered. When I'd declined as much pampering as the slave girls offered, Suulemaion had steered the conversation to our host's bride.

"Fadab has never felt the need for more than one wife," he continued. "His true passion is bargaining; his true delight, wealth. There were only two previous wives. Both barren. Both summoned to paradise at an early age."

I was seized by a vision of *her* suffocating beneath—

Suulemaion coughed tactfully. I followed his gaze down to my hand. Crushed pear oozed between my fingers.

"Overripe," I muttered.

"It's the climate," he offered.

It is, I suddenly knew, that she needs me. *She needs me*. The golden bird sang its rapturous agreement.

The bird fell silent as a M'ddrrgg materialized in front of the pavilion. He was carrying a small bronze casket. He grunted respectfully, set the casket down before Suulemaion, folded his arms and turned back into stone.

Suulemaion instructed him to leave us. The M'ddrrgg uttered what I took to be a protest—no language finds a comfortable home on a M'ddrrgg's ritually mutilated tongue. (All that ever comes out is *m'ddrrgg*.) Suulemaion assured the stony little man that we could find our way in to supper. The M'ddrrgg made what was doubtless a polite reply and vanished.

The casket held the payment for the day's sale: a small pile of silver coins and some thin slabs of gold. I said it didn't look like much.

"If you'd paid attention," Suulemaion pointed out with infinite charity, "you'd remember I'm to select part of my payment from the goods in Fadab's storerooms. In fact, if you were to take your wages in goods instead of—"

I snorted and held out my hand. Suulemaion shrugged and counted coins into my palm as reluctantly as if they were his children.

While Suulemaion busied himself secreting the remainder of the precious metals in pouches and belts beneath his robes, I reached up and opened the golden bird's cage.

As we approached Fadab's three-story villa, I only dimly noted its desperate splendor, the late-afternoon sun glinting along its gilded tiers of sloping roofs fancifully dotted with terraces and turrets.

Inside, nothing about the fabulously appointed feasting hall merited a second glance, not even the immense Dwazian carpet with its intricately woven map of the world. Suulemaion swore that traversing that carpet required a camel and two days' water. I floated across, levitated by the pleasurable ache that sang through me: I was concentrating so hard on controlling my *n'gurga* that my desire seemed to seek expression at every extremity from teeth to toes.

On the other side of the world carpet, set into the far wall, was an immense curved niche proportioned like an altar of a major deity. Three broad steps led up to it. Enconced on an upholstered throne as wide as a dock was the regally robed and bejeweled behemoth who'd spent his day arguing the price of pots and pans.

(continued on page 120)

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue leotard, purple wristbands, and purple socks, is performing a pull-up on a black Soloflex machine. She is holding a horizontal bar with both hands, and her legs are bent at the knees, resting on a wooden seat. The background is a dark, solid color.

GYM DANDY TO THE RESCUE

modern living

*home exercise
equipment has
come out of
the closet for keeps*

A few years ago, anyone who owned a home gym consigned it to the back closet. Today, compact body-building machines have muscled their way into living rooms, bedrooms and dens to stand, like pieces of high-tech sculpture, next to a classic Knoll chair or the latest glass-topped coffee table. Ladies such as our July 1983 Playmate, Ruth Guerri (pictured in this feature), also are intrigued by this new breed of exercise equipment. (They prefer toning their bodies to looking at etchings.) Here, Miss Guerri checks out Soloflex' latest machine, on which 24 traditional weight-lifting exercises can be performed, \$625.

SOLOFLEX

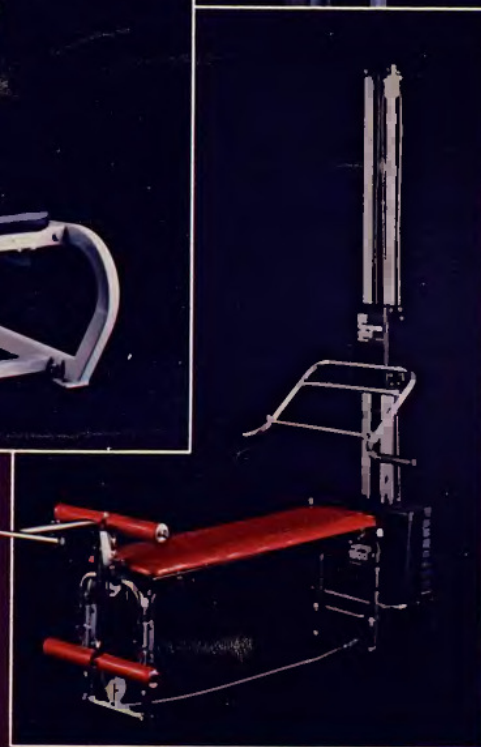
Below: In our next life, we'd like to come back as Ruth Guerri's leg warmers; but in the meantime, we'll settle for a workout with her aboard Master Gym 1350, a modular unit that allows you to add exercise stations. This chrome Master Gym includes a Mach One press station with a 220-pound stack of weights, a latissimus pull station with a 180-pound stack, a quad pulley station with two 50-pound stacks and a leg station with a 120-pound stack, by Marcy Fitness Products, \$3450.



Right: The wall-mounted Lifestyler 1000 stands 79" high and measures 5 1/4" wide, yet you can perform up to 30 exercises with it, including some designed to improve your racquetball or tennis game, by AMF American, \$99. Below: Arthur Jones's offspring, the home Nautilus Aerobic Machine, gives the user all the aerobic benefits of jogging, biking, etc., without any of the traffic hazards; plus, it builds muscles, something Jones claims other aerobic exercises don't do, \$2395.



Right: Sixty-one exercises can be performed on the DP Gympac 1500, a compact unit (adjustable for height and desired resistance) that comes with a 110-pound weight stack, bench/slant board, handle bar with hand grips, leg lift/leg curl, double-handle pulley system, pulley bar and ankle straps, by Diversified Products, \$399.



"Witana inclined her head and murmured a greeting, her voice a trickle of warm nectar."

Standing alongside was the woman who needed me.

She was just five feet in height, though next to Fadab she appeared no larger than one of those household fetishes devout lowlanders carry about. Her face was half veiled. The rest of her was swathed in just enough layers of sheer silk to obscure the delights they closely outlined. What little of her flesh showed was flawless, lustrous, in tone the same muted gold as the famed war horses of Ibdossa. But what fed my fever were those green eyes flecked with icy gray—alive, intent, amused as Suulemaion began spouting preposterous salutations.

I have since heard emperors petitioned with greater dispatch. Not to be outdone, Fadab testified in a sensitive whine to the divine benevolence that led us to grace his humble tent, surely the honor of this and any other of his lifetimes. His speech began to put me in mind of the three days in the Kug after my horse died; I ceased being able to make out the meaning of any of his words—until I saw a huge, doughy hand descend upon *her* shoulder. . . .

"The succor of an unworthy husband's declining years, a daughter of the isle of Kytra and of the Kytrarch Witamor, that greathearted lord of the sea whose ships are more numerous than a virgin's fears, *k-huk k-huk*"—he made the damp, clotted sound that was his laugh—"and dear as a daughter to me, my only wife, Witana."

Witana.

Witana inclined her head and murmured an islander's cautious greeting, her voice a trickle of warm nectar: "May the solace the weary traveler finds in our harbor equal the joy he brings. Welcome, Suulemaion of Kesseria. Welcome, Daq Jaddarra."

It was as though I'd never heard my name before.

Slaves carried in gleaming porphyry tables. The largest was set before Fadab. Others, at which we were seated, were set one step down and to his left. Witana sat on the right arm of Fadab's throne.

There were courses more numerous than a husband's self-deceptions. Wines rarer than a discreet lover. I kept my distance from the grape. Like many young men, I was embarrassed by not being able to down as much wine in an evening as a lifelong drunkard could. Given the opportunity, I would usually attempt to drown my embarrassment and end up multiplying it. This night, I often placed a hand over my flagon when slaves offered to refill it.

There was also an opulent flow of entertainments. Dancers, jugglers, a fire-eater, a pair of married dwarfs who quarreled and merrily beat each other with staves. Each was rewarded according to how well the master had been pleased. Out of the corners of their eyes, slave girls sized up performers, calculating the chances of separating each from his coins. I had a dishonorable thought about the dwarf and the slave girl with the ostentatious *d'lalls*.

"Look how contemplative the battles of our tiny friends have made young Daq," Fadab roared, besotted *k-huk k-huk k-huks* bubbling up from his vast innards. "Perhaps he realizes for the first time the terrors a husband faces."

My cheeks burned at this insult to Witana.

Suulemaion thumped me. "From what I've seen, Daq fears nothing of this world," he proclaimed. With tipsy enthusiasm, he related the grisly circumstances of our first meeting, then poetically detailed the slight carnage resulting from my midnight raids on bandit camps. Witana cast down her eyes. But her breathing deepened.

So did Fadab's. "Chogo!" he burped. "That is why the goddess summoned you from the Wilderness at the Heart of the World, in this of all years!"

Suulemaion paled. "The boy is not meant for Chogo. I did not know this was the tenth year, on my oath."

Curious. Suulemaion had urged me to ride with him as far as Chogo. Now he was against it—and referring to me as a boy. In my deepest voice, I said, "Neither Chogo nor its goddess is any concern of mine."

Fadab smirked. "Have you never heard of the Selecting? Can this be?"

"It can."

Fadab smiled benignly. "My dear Daq, Chogo is ruled by a high priestess. She cannot have a husband but must have a daughter to inherit her domain. So once every ten years comes the divine Selecting of an appropriate sire."

"In the arena," muttered Suulemaion. "In the gladiators' pit, where Chogoans wager on slaves and animals."

"No, no; in this *highest* of holy festivals, only highborn and free men may fight. The winner, dear Daq, is rewarded with his *weight* in gems and gold. And after his wounds heal, he is anointed consort for three years. I think—no, the devil with thought; I feel, I vow by my sacred gift for predicting the main chance—you are to be

selected! Think, dear Daq, of the wealth—think of the glory—think, *k-huk k-huk*, of the favors of a high priestess."

"I am thinking, noble host, that you would very much like to be a friend of the consort and, thus, of the woman who rules Chogo."

"*Suulemaion*," Fadab brayed, "you did not tell me he was as keen as he is valiant! Yes, Daq, like yourself, I wish to go as far in this world as I can—and by your insight, you've convinced me more than ever that you are destined to be selected! I would be honored beyond reason if you'd permit me to equip you with the finest of arms, engage a gladiatorial slave to teach you all the tricks, provide—"

"Many thanks, Fadab of Jemot. I cannot accept."

"What a shame to deny the will of the goddess," Fadab pouted. "Not to mention her gold."

"When my grandfather taught me what he knew of the blade, he made me swear to use it honorably. Not to kill where there is no quarrel. Not for the amusement of the mob."

Fadab studied me for a moment, then nodded gravely. "He was wise, most wise. . . . *Now*," he announced with abrupt good cheer, "you *must* taste some of the exquisite Baaj that Suulemaion has carried so far at so great a cost, *k-huk k-huk*."

Golden chalices were set before us. A steward solemnly filled them from a golden amphora. I did not taste any reason for the wine's ruinous price. (Today, if I could lay hands on a single keg of that vintage. . . .)

While Suulemaion and Fadab discussed the Baaj in terms sorcerers reserve for their most arcane potions, slaves began rolling back the world carpet. Witana whispered excitedly to one of her handmaidens. Fadab noticed and patted her head.

"Yes," he crooned, "the spotted one."

There are no man-eating cats on her home island, which explained—perhaps—Witana's gleeful anticipation of being indoors with a leopard. After a majestic fanfare, the beast was led into the hall by a tall, gaunt, hollow-eyed Nork. He controlled the cat with only a lead chain and a short whip, the sound of which seemed to frighten the long-toothed killer. Should whiplashes prove insufficient, the Nork's apprentice, an oiled dandy, stood ready with a stout spear.

Before long, I decided the spear was to impress the audience rather than the leopard, which willingly performed such tricks as children teach their dogs. But the Nork was a canny showman; each succeeding trick was at once more whimsical and more dangerous than the last. By the time he put the leopard's paws on his shoulders and led it in a clumsy dance, Witana was

(continued on page 140)

Quarterly Reports

a timely accounting of timeless principles of personal finance

article

By ANDREW TOBIAS

GOING FOR BROKERS

before putting stock in your broker's advice, think of him as his employers do—as a salesman

THE WAY TO BE very, very wealthy, someone wrote, is to be very, very, very rich. Short of that—far short—there are investment books and the business press and annual reports and investment letters and the Financial News Network. And there is Olumba Olumba Obu. But the first place the novice might turn to get rich is to a pro. A broker. For us, getting rich is merely a desire. For him, it is a calling.

Browsing through the collection of 19th Century advertising posters at the New York Historical Society, with its ads for the bicycle (“an ever-saddled horse that eats nothing”) and for Dr. John Wesley Kelley’s Diamond Pectoral (“a sure, pleasant and safe remedy for all diseases of the throat and chest” pictured in a sweet family scene titled *Mother Is Saved!*), one comes to a poster celebrating the nation’s centennial. Dominating the poster is a prosperous farmer with his plow and horses. Beneath him, the banner **I FEED YOU ALL!** Framing the farmer are his countrymen, with banners of their own. There are the soldier (**I FIGHT FOR ALL**), the merchant (**I BUY AND SELL FOR ALL**), the clergyman (**I PREACH FOR ALL**), the doctor (**I PHYSIC YOU ALL**), the lawyer (**I PLEAD FOR ALL**) and the stockbroker—**I FLEECE YOU ALL**.

The artist just couldn’t resist.

A lot of barbs have been aimed at stockbrokers since then, but you’ll find none of them here. Oh, sure, they smell funny and would sell their moms for a dollar, but I’m not going to get into all that, because almost none of it is true. (The smell comes from handling county sewage bonds.)

The fact is that brokers, particularly since the prolonged shakeout of the Seventies, are for the most part a well-trained, well-intentioned, hard-working and professional crew. The fact also is that on average, there is very little they can do to enrich you that you could not do as well or better yourself (but that’s not *their* fault). And there’s always the chance you will find the outstanding, exceptional, far-above-average broker who can.

It is a thin chance, but I’ll get to that.

In 1981, there were 56,000 active brokers in the U.S.;

by the end of 1982, 64,000—and the great bull market had barely begun. By now, the ranks have surely swelled beyond 70,000, which means that with perhaps 20,000 new brokers all told in the past couple of years, the phone has been ringing off the hook. Twenty thousand brokers starting fresh and looking to sign up 200 or 300 clients (graduates of E. F. Hutton’s impressive four-month training program are expected to sign up 20 new accounts a month) may at first make 30 cold calls a day. Some make far more. So you’re talking maybe 150,000,000 cold calls a year. Which wouldn’t be so bad, except that far from being spread over the entire adult population, one call apiece, most of the calls are made to a relative handful of attractive prospects.

The first thing you want, when you pass the six-hour “Series 7” exam that qualifies you to be a broker, is lists. People to call. Some leads may be provided by your firm, but the freshly matriculated broker will be encouraged to obtain or compile his own lists as well. Hence the classified ads in *Registered Representative* (the trade magazine that is to brokers approximately what *Life Insurance Selling* is to life-insurance salesmen) pitching lists of “42,000 casino ‘credit-rated’ gamblers. All have phone numbers. . . .”

Other available lists include aircraft owners, aircraft pilots, dentists, dentists who are heavy investors, Arabs who gamble and invest, cattle breeders, female investors, gold buyers and seminar attendees, investors who are known art lovers, investment-book buyers, investors concerned about inflation, Jewish investors, people with large deposits in savings accounts, high-value-home owners, Mexican-gold buyers, millionaires, investors in limited partnerships, psychiatrists, teachers who buy loaded mutual funds (i.e., dumb teachers), wealthy ranchers and farmers who invest and ultrawealthy Americans. Given that the average psychiatrist is an ultrawealthy American millionaire concerned about inflation, with a high-value home, large savings deposits and a love of art—not to mention Jewish—one can imagine the volume of cold calls he must fend off in the course of a day.

We like to think of (continued on page 130)

PLAYING DOCTOR

bridgette monet is the hot new princess of porn, but on campus, she's a premed student with a different view of anatomy



"I don't consider myself a feminist," says Dana, "but I'm a very independent person. Plus, I have sexual freedom. It takes a woman who is open and secure enough in herself to do this kind of work."

DANA CANNON sits on her couch in her Huntington Beach, California, apartment, looking like any other extremely pretty young college student. She talks about the typical college woes: the pain of computer registration at California State University at Long Beach, her problems with chemistry—a crucial class, since she's a premed student—and the discipline necessary to tackle the enormous amount of homework assigned.

She fantasizes about the future, too, speaking lovingly of her live-in boyfriend, Dave Smith, and the family they plan to raise together someday—and dreaming of the day she'll be a doctor, preferably a pediatrician (she loves children) or, perhaps, a pediatric weight-control specialist (she lost 30 pounds five years ago and has kept it off). She's bright, articulate and charming.

Then, Dana begins to talk—with the same intelligence and honesty—about her part-time job, the work she does on the side that allows her to continue her studies and maintain the well-furnished apartment she and Dave share only three blocks from a gorgeous stretch of California shore line.

The job? For a few days each month, Dana puts away the textbooks and becomes the sultry Bridgette Monet, one of the hottest actresses in the steamy world of hard-core pornography. Dana/Bridgette has played the lead or a major part in *I Like to Watch*, *Talk Dirty to Me Part II*, *Sorority Sweethearts*, *Let's Talk Sex* and the upcoming *Bodacious Ta Ta's*,





among others, and she was named Most Promising New Actress of 1983 by the East Coast Producers Association at the Critics Adult Film Association Awards in New York last year.

Just as Dana is obviously no ordinary premed student, Bridgette is hardly your run-of-the-mill porn star. Sexually explicit films have often had a problem luring the most attractive actresses, but Dana is a wondrous exception. And while the public has taken note of her beauty, those inside the adult-cinema industry have come to realize that they're dealing with an outspoken and sometimes cynical leading lady.

"I don't really have a lot of good things to say about the people in this business," Dana explains, as her cat, Checkers, romps next to her on the sofa. "A lot of the guys, for instance, think that they're

Let's Talk Sex (below) is Dono's latest porn effort. "I really don't feel that women are downgraded in adult movies," she insists. "After all, in so many of these films women have control. They're sexually aggressive."







"It's fun to watch ourselves," says Dana. "We use our tapes as a kind of foreplay." She and boyfriend/co-star Dave Smith (left and below) enjoy being the audience as much as they did being the film's stars.



God's gift to women and I just don't get along very well with that kind of person. I get a lot of talk behind my back about being a princess, thinking I'm too good for other people, but I'm not in this business for my ego, and that's where 99.9 percent of the men are coming from."

There's one notable exception in the remaining one tenth of one percent. Dave Smith, Dana's longtime boyfriend, joined her in adult films as an actor. He also borrowed her name, working professionally as David Cannon, and often stars as Bridgette Monet's love interest.

"Actually," says Dana, "I feel sorry for the men. It's a lot harder for them; they get all excited thinking that this is their big fantasy, and then they realize that it's work—and nothing happens. A sex scene can take up to three hours to do, and there's a lot of starting and stopping and cutting to different angles. It's difficult. Even guys who have been in it for a long time have problems occasionally."

These days, Dana manages to put one important proviso on her film career: There are no sex scenes with any men other than David. "I'll keep working in the business as long as I can have things on my own terms. But if I can't, I'd just as soon not do it. I have other things I could be doing."

Most porn films, of course, stick to a basic formula, and that formula calls for





"My family doesn't know anything about what I do," admits Dana. "If they're going to see one of my movies, then it's something they're seeking. That gives them less room to criticize."

the leading lady to have sex with more than one partner. Even the most easygoing producers insist on Dana's doing one or two lesbian scenes.

"I don't have any problems being with other girls," says Dana. "I guess other people would consider me bisexual, but I don't really see myself that way. I just do what I have to do for the film. It's pleasurable, like being with a man is pleasurable, but it's not something I seek."

Still, her decision not to work with other men has made some producers reluctant to use her. "I've actually restricted my own earning power quite a bit by working only with David," she explains. "I could probably be earning twice as much."

Despite her loyalty to David, actually getting married has never seemed necessary. "Our relationship is going great and there's no real reason to change anything right now," explains Dana, who's 24. "We probably won't get married until we want to have children, and I don't know when that will be. I still have to finish school and there're a lot of things I want to accomplish in my life."

Since she has been increasingly picky about roles and co-stars, Dana has been augmenting her income with an erotic phone service, so that her fans can have aural sex with their favorite hard-core star, and she's considering an advice column—called "Dear Bridgette"—for an adult-movie magazine. *(concluded on page 136)*





“Asset allocation, not selling! You asset allocate. Some real estate, some oil and gas, some utilities. . . .”

brokers as great stock pickers, and a handful are. Most spend very little time picking stocks. They are primarily engaged in selling new accounts and, as their book of business builds, servicing old ones. Listen to Ken Catanella, of E. F. Hutton's Philadelphia office, in a video-taped address viewed by thousands of brokers (not just Hutton's) across the country: “You must firmly believe and you must take the oath,” he says, “that none of you are truly financial analysts. I know that I am not an analyst. *I am a salesman.* I look like a salesman, I dress like a salesman, I talk like a salesman. I am a salesman for the firm.”

Catanella signed up an astounding 650 new accounts his first year with Hutton (previously, he had been with Paine Webber, and then with Shearson, in Indiana). In his second year, 1981, he generated \$1,100,000 in commissions for the firm, or about six times the average.

Very much a salesman, he exhorts his fellow brokers to “throw away all the negative vibes you had when you walked into this room. And you know exactly what I mean. No more problems with the margin clerk, no more arguing with the office manager—you name it, it has to stay outside. The stock that research gave you at 40 that's now 20—leave it out there. I can't help you with that, and neither can anybody else. Open up now, and let me come in.”

The three things that make someone a big producer, Catanella advises, “are, one, he must be hungry—hungry as hell.

“Two, he must be professional. We are not used-car salesmen in this business.

“Three, he absolutely must be dedicated. Dedicated means reading, studying, coming to conferences like these.”

Not all brokers think of themselves as salesmen, and even the ones who do would just as soon you didn't think of them that way. As Catanella sees it, the smart salesman today needs a subtler pitch. “Asset allocation, not selling! You sell nothing! You asset allocate. Some real estate, some oil and gas, some utilities under dividend reinvestment, some growth stocks—you asset allocate, and for the first time in your client's life, somebody has shown him a plan.”

Contrast that with the old-fashioned approach, still standard, that Catanella calls the influence sale.

“It's the carrot sale—the probing, teasing sale, where the investor really might not understand the product, but you cajoled

him and you eased him into saying yes to it—that is not a comfortable sale as far as I'm concerned. I consider the client my equal. I like to educate the client. I feel very comfortable with that not only when I'm right but when I'm wrong.”

Catanella thinks most investors consider their portfolios hobbies. “Once you convince them that you do the business not as a hobby but as a *war*, that it's your *life-blood*, that your family *depends* on it, your firm has *pride* in it, I feel that they will feel that they do need the assistance of a professional.” Even if he is just a salesman and does have 649 other accounts to worry about at the same time.

Space precludes touching upon all of Catanella's sales theories: Radio is more effective for brokers than newspaper advertising; cold calls are a waste of time; hire a high school girl to take down names from building directories; do all your mailings on parchment; seminars are great. But what the thousands of brokers who heard his talk didn't know, and what may be the tiniest bit embarrassing, is that—if the current set of plaintiffs in Federal court are to be believed—“defendant Catanella took on more customers than he could possibly handle on a responsible basis; directed that unauthorized transactions be made for [their accounts] . . . repeatedly churned accounts so as to generate commissions to himself and Hutton; engaged in margin and options trading without disclosing the risks or costs”; and just was not what you'd call a square-shootin' guy. Hungry as hell, to be sure, but not a dedicated professional.

Of course, it's all well and good for a bunch of disgruntled customers to make accusations. Catanella denies them. But what keeps a layman from accepting his denial *entirely* at face value (and what makes Hutton's decision to hire and promote him telling) is Judge Cale J. Holder's opinion in a *previous* set of lawsuits (not the current ones, at this writing still pending) back in Indiana. There was more than one plaintiff in the case, and more than one charge, but a few snippets from the opinion are worth quoting:

“The defendants knew that a commodities account was not in Mr. Brown's best interest. . . .

“Mr. Brown in April of 1973 notified Mr. Catanella to sell all securities in his commodities account at [Shearson] and further notified [him to stop trading]. Mr. Catanella and Shearson disregarded Mr.

Brown's notification and continued to make unauthorized and excessive purchases of commodities [for another four months] . . . for the purpose of generating unauthorized and excessive commissions.”

Now here's the one I love:

“Mr. Catanella's and Paine Webber's bad judgment visited upon the Browns rose to a crescendo when Paine Webber sent its ‘tax-shelter expert’ and Mr. Catanella to interest Mr. Brown in investing in ‘tax shelters,’ even though they knew before they visited Mr. Brown that Mr. Brown was not in a 50 percent tax bracket and his losses in the stock market and in his farm operations gave him no tax to shelter.”

But let's return the floor to Catanella and his 1982 video-taped address to brokers: “Credibility. How do you get it? You're gonna have to work extra to gain credibility. I don't care how you get it; I will tell you the areas that I think you should be involved in to get it. I think you should write a local article, I think you should try and do a talk show, I think you should try and do a market report. . . .”

Credibility. I don't care how you get it. It reminds me of George Burns's wonderful line about honesty. “The main thing about acting,” he said, “is honesty.” Long pause. “If you can fake that, you've got it made.”

All brokers are not from one mold—far from it. The other man on the video tape was Leo Shear, a complete contrast to Catanella, not nearly so dapper or self-assured. In 1962, Shear went to Wall Street from Dun & Bradstreet, where he had been a credit and financial reporter. His first full year as a broker, he grossed \$12,000 in commissions. “I am not a salesman myself,” he says, “or at least I do not consider myself as such.” And yet he has become the largest producer on Long Island. (If you are wondering what it is exactly that brokers “produce,” you are not seeing things from the firm's perspective. Brokers produce commissions.)

Shear would find one stock he really believed in and push it to anyone who would listen. Some went down; most, especially in the Sixties, went up. And when they did go up, he wouldn't sell them. That might have generated commissions, but it would also have generated taxes for his clients. And as long as a winner was in the account, he looked good. Many of his clients were willing to refer new prospects, whom Shear diligently pursued. “From one lead in Rutland, Vermont,” he says, “I now have between 30 and 40 accounts up there. I've lost track of the number. I probably do more business than the local stockbroker.”

He was handed a dormant account



"I'm sorry. I didn't realize sex on a first date turned you off."

from a broker who'd quit, an account in Amherst, Massachusetts, that contained—are you ready?—eight shares of stock. He called the client “and got into a little discussion.” That account subsequently referred 15 others.

Shear is slow but steady. He says, and you believe him, “You should never recommend a stock because there's a large commission or the firm is pushing it. You should recommend it because you sincerely believe you are doing right for the client. The fact that there's a larger commission credit to a particular item is one that I find obnoxious. You sell a municipal bond not because there's a \$30 credit instead of a ten-dollar credit; you sell the bond because you believe that product is right. And I stress that point because when you get through with all of this, you've got to live with yourself.”

Most brokers would echo that sentiment wholeheartedly. But it's one thing to echo a sentiment and another always to

resist temptation. And the temptation is always there.

There's simply a lot more hucksterism in stockbroking than the big wire houses would have you know. (Even venerable Lehman Bros., whose clientele is largely institutional, has a cadre of high-powered retail telephone salesmen. “Our gorillas,” a friend there affectionately calls them.)

Chances are, when your broker calls from Prudential-Bache's Phoenix office to suggest that you invest in the Prudential-Bache Research Fund, he won't tell you that there's a contest on in the office and that he and his fellows stand to win weekends for two at wherever. That is not to say the fund isn't terrific—who knows? It's brand-new and at this writing down only six percent (plus a redemption charge)—or that brokers foisted it upon even a single client to whom it was unsuited. It is merely to note the temptation. Prudential's Phoenix office sold \$5,600,000 of the fund in a month.

In 1982, according to a broad survey conducted by the Securities Industry Association, the average broker grossed \$164,000 in commissions and got to keep just over 40 percent of it: \$67,000. Well, it's a living. Weed out from the survey brokers in training and it's an even slightly better living. In 1983, it was a better living still. Paine Webber's 3800 averaged around \$95,000 apiece. For its 5500 brokers, Hutton projects average pay of around \$125,000 for 1985.

In addition to pay, there are perks (which tend to be skimpy), sales support and incentives. According to *Registered Representative*, Hutton spends about \$15,000,000 a year on trips and contests.

Robert Hughes, manager of Mosely Hallgarten's New York office, prefers to emphasize new-account generation over sales when he runs a contest. “If you stress gross production,” he told *Registered Rep*, “then you may induce someone to do something he shouldn't.”

But most contests are won by selling.

And there's more than ever to sell. As banks and brokerage houses and life insurers encroach increasingly upon one another's turfs, “the traditional mandate to sell stocks,” in the words of *The Wall Street Journal*, “has been supplanted by a new rallying cry: Capture assets.”

Mrs. P. (not her real name) is a 68-year-old widow who had \$47,000 in a Merrill Lynch money-market fund. Her broker earned nothing from all those captured assets. (Merrill has since begun paying its brokers a sliver of those balances.) Being an enterprising fellow, and one of the more senior in the office, he called Mrs. P. periodically to suggest that she switch her cash into one of Merrill Lynch's Ginnie Mae funds. Ginnie Maes (short for G.N.M.A., Government National Mortgage Association) are pools of Government-insured mortgages. To understand fully the dynamics of the G.N.M.A. market takes a patient and agile mind, so it is easier to say, simply (if you're trying to sell the fund), that the fund is completely safe—the U.S. Government stands squarely behind these mortgages—and that the yield is about 12 percent instead of the nine percent Mrs. P. was earning. What's more, you can even write checks against the fund, just like a money-market fund! The two things Mrs. P.'s account executive did not tell her in the several calls he had to make before he finally persuaded her to switch were, first, that 3.9 percent of her \$47,000 would immediately be syphoned into Merrill Lynch's pocket (the broker would get about \$525 of that) and, second, that her remaining \$45,167 would fluctuate in value in response to market forces. Over the short term (which is something to consider when you're 68), it could go down.

And did.

A Merrill Lynch broker who refused to



“You're charged with loitering, soliciting for prostitution and false and misleading advertising.”

BENSON & HEDGES

Lights



© Philip Morris Inc. 1983

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar'83.

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

The Deluxe 100.
Regular and Menthol.

sell the G.N.M.A. product says, "These things were made to look just like money-market funds. Very clever from a marketing point of view. You can get paid monthly or, if you really want to complicate your life, reinvest the income from the fund. Then the monthly statements you get become *completely* incomprehensible. The check-writing feature they threw in to make it look even more like a money-market fund is crazy, because you are, in essence, taking a 3.9 percent bath every time you write a check."

The product is so complicated, the statements so unfathomable and the ranks of unhappy customers so large, this Merrill Lynch vice-president claims, Merrill had to put out a 30-page memo to help brokers understand it. (The memo—marked FOR INTERNAL USE ONLY; DO NOT DISTRIBUTE—actually runs 11 pages. It does seem longer.)

In short, there is a big difference between being a successful broker, like Mrs. P.'s, and being a successful client. One broker who earned \$500,000 in 1983 buying and selling stocks for his clients has *never* bought stocks for himself. "I'm no fool," he laughs, only half kidding.

There is a strong case to be made—not here—that the overwhelming majority of brokers will do no better investing your money than you would do throwing darts at the stock pages. ("If brokers were as smart as they'd like you to think they are," says a blunt young fellow who trades bil-

ions of dollars in Government securities for his brokerage firm's own account, "they wouldn't be brokers.") Therefore, if you trade with any frequency or in any volume, you should avail yourself of the services of a discount broker and save yourself a pile of money on commissions. Or buy shares in a prudently selected no-load mutual fund or two and get professional management of your money without nearly the paperwork and worry of buying and selling stocks yourself.

But if you think discount brokers lack cachet and mutual funds are too tame (they're not! You can lose a bundle in mutual funds, too!), or if it is the buying and selling and paperwork that you *like*—if, that is, you are looking for a coach and confidant or for someone to blame or complain to, where do you look?

One sensible suggestion (already you know it's not for you) is Yale Hirsch's *Directory of Exceptional Stockbrokers*. ("How much do you have to produce to get in there?" a fledgling stockbroker asked eagerly before I explained that inclusion was not based on production.) Although somewhat out of date for its \$39.95 price tag, it is a manful effort, based on three years' research, to identify 125 solid brokers and to sketch the approaches that have won the approval of their clients and colleagues. The Hirsch Organization (6 Deer Trail, Old Tappan, New Jersey 07675) believes these folks are OK.

But then, so are many mutual funds. The problem with entrusting your funds to either type of stranger is that it robs you of the chance to throw some business your old college roommate's way or to your brother-in-law—not because you really want to do him a favor or because you think he can really make you some money but because it makes you feel good to be able to throw the big bills around like that. (You say I'm projecting? I don't have a brother-in-law and my college roommate went into politics, so how can I be projecting?)

General rule: Brokers are better off not doing business with friends (it can cost them friends) and friends are better off not doing business with brokers (it can cost them money).

The man I want for *my* broker is Olumba Olumba Obu.

"Never in the history of mankind—since the creation of the world, and after the birth and death of our Lord Jesus Christ—has anybody anywhere in the world possessed the tremendous spiritual and supernatural power, universal influence and the over-all authority to determine the fate and the future of people anywhere in the world and at any time, as the Sole Spiritual Head of the Brotherhood of the Cross and Star, *Leader Olumba Olumba Obu*.

"He has the universal power to determine or change the course of events as they affect individuals or institutions. He has the supreme and unquestionable authority to solve all kinds of problems anywhere in the world—whether such problems are of physical, spiritual or material nature."

And he has the wherewithal to take out a full-page ad in *The New York Times* saying all that and a great deal more. "Physically based in Calabar, Nigeria," he was able, for example, to conduct a spiritual X ray of a Mrs. Grace Cosmos Tom, who at the time of her difficulty was two and a half years pregnant. By following Olumba Olumba Obu's instructions, the doctors were finally able to deliver Mrs. Tom's baby daughter without incident. (The ad gives no clue as to the weight of the child.)

More to the point—I hope you're paying attention—"the most amazing thing about Leader Olumba Olumba Obu is that the mere mention of His initials, O.O.O., is enough to take anyone out of a grave spiritual, physical or material problem."

You laugh, but there I was short Metromedia, at \$212 a share, and there was Metromedia at \$560 a share, posing for me a grave material problem. "Oh, oh, oh!" I cried as I looked at Metromedia's price in the paper. "Oh, oh, oh!" I wailed. The stock collapsed in short order, saving the day.



"My wife doesn't understand me;
she thinks I'm a golf nut."

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CREAM & RUM. YUM!

THE RICHNESS OF CREAM
LACED WITH MYERS'S RUM.
There's never been a cream like this
before—pure fresh dairy cream laced
with the world's finest rum. Luscious.
MYERS'S ORIGINAL RUM CREAM.



Girl on the Run

(continued from page 97)

sudden, you don't have any problems. It was part of my therapy. My worst days are when the whole world revolves around Dona. When I can't get out of myself enough to say, 'Whoa, there're other things going on!' When I get in the 'I want, I want, I want' syndrome, boy, I'm just miserable. And I'm real unhappy and I'm real unpleasant to be around. Being grateful helps me. Being grateful for what I've got."

Part of Dona's design for better living is, as we mentioned earlier, a self-imposed social hiatus. It was too much, the flowers, the dinners, the endless pursuits by endless suitors. It ceased to be fun. So she went to Cancun to thaw out.

"It's not that I've had it with men," she said when she returned home. "I'm just very content to be without one right now, that's all, very content. You know what it is now? I just don't give men the control I

used to. If a guy called for lunch before, it would be, 'Oh, I can't pass this up,' but now I say, 'I can't. I'm staying in all day, watching television, and that's the way it is.' I've found that if I'm out looking for a man to get involved with, I'll never find him. It's when I quit looking that I trip over him."

And what can she offer the lucky guy who trips her up?

"I remember one of my last boyfriends. When we started dating, I went over to his house one day. We didn't really know each other that well. I walked in with a blindfold in my hand. I put it on him and spun him around a few times, then walked him out to my car and put him in. We drove for about an hour before I took him up into a canyon where I used to live. I walked him out into a field, and then I took the blindfold off. I had brought a kite and we flew the kite all afternoon. I like things like that, out of the ordinary. Not bizarre, just out of the ordinary. You know, a little bit of fantasy." Yes, we know.



PLAYING DOCTOR

(continued from page 128)

Both are jobs she can do at home, which makes studying easier. School, despite the thousands of dollars she makes from her various porn projects, is still extremely important to her, a remnant, perhaps, from childhood.

"I was very strait-laced," she says. "I grew up in a white, upper-middle-class neighborhood in San Diego. I was a straight-A student and I was in advanced-placement classes. Plus, I was in student government, on the track team and in a lot of other activities. My parents were kind of restrictive—they discouraged me from sexual contact, because that's what parents do. It probably lasted later in my life than it does for most girls."

After high school graduation, Dana got a job at an insurance company, where she fell in with a more sophisticated crowd. "I had a lot of good friends there and they were older, and that's when I learned how to drink, had my first experience with smoking pot or whatever. Everyone was pretty free sexually, too." Through her new friends she met David.

"I guess I'm just a one-man woman," she sighs. "We're pretty much married."

Of course, not many married couples have sex professionally with each other—or with strangers—for the camera. "You learn to separate working and your real sex life," explains Dana.

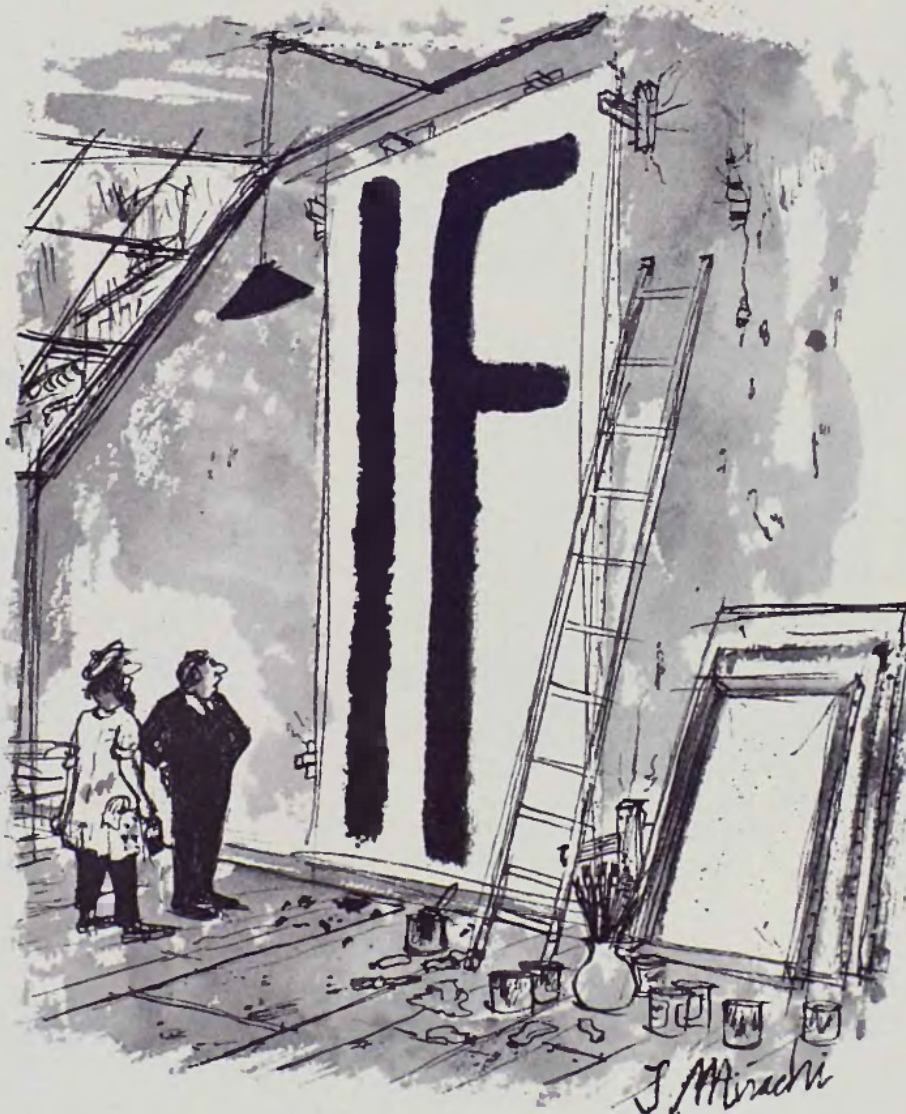
Sometimes, even cynical professionals can combine business with pleasure. For Dana and Dave, it's occasionally watching their handiwork on their home video recorder. "It can be exciting sometimes. There're a couple of things we've done—three-way kind of things with another girl—that can be fun to watch, in moderation. We use it as a kind of foreplay."

But how would potential patients respond to seeing their doctor in a three-way, even if one third of it was the doctor's boyfriend? Dana foresees no problems. "Anybody who's going to bring it up to you is going to have positive things to say about it. They think it's good or they wish they could do it. The other people aren't going to see these movies," she explains.

"I do want to do something that I feel is respectable and something that would help people. That's why I want to be a doctor. And I've always done very well at science," she says.

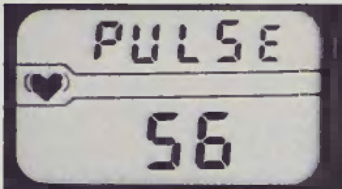
"When I'm a doctor, I'll be a doctor on my own merit," she insists. "It's not going to have anything to do with what I've done. Besides, my name is different—Bridgette Monet is a stage name."

One thing she's not going to do, though she seems eminently well qualified, is become a sex therapist. "I really don't care about people's sex problems," she says. "I just want to entertain them. Or treat them. But not at the same time."



"You know, Carl, that's a mighty big 'if.'"

\$49⁵⁰ BREAKTHROUGH!



When you are at rest, so is your heart. A low resting heart rate usually means you're in good condition. Have you checked yours?



When you exercise, you should reach your heart's target zone. But, have I reached my exercise target zone, or just had too much coffee?



It's a high fashion dress watch and a sharp looking sports watch depending on which band you use. You get two luxurious bands with this watch.



Wrist EKG

Now you can exercise, rest, swim or go out to dinner wearing the latest in computer pulse takers on your wrist. Plus, it's a talented sports watch and a formal dress watch too.

By Drew Kaplan

It's a fact. You can tell a lot about yourself from your heart rate. You can evaluate the condition you are in, how much stress you are under, and how hard you should be exercising.

Think about it. How fast does your heart beat when you climb a flight of stairs? And how long does it take for your heart rate to return to normal?

Well, if you're at all like me, you may be a little out of shape. While I'm only 36, several friends my own age have recently had heart attacks. And frankly, I'm getting just a bit worried.

You see, I am getting past the point where I can simply say, "I'll get back into shape next year."

So, whether you're a long distance runner (this is the ultimate jogging companion), or just a few pounds overweight like I am, your heart rate will give you a definitive picture of your heart and body.

Now you can take your heart rate anytime, anywhere with the newest in sophisticated electronic pulse takers.

And best of all, this heart computer is contained in a beautiful 24 hour alarm, 24 hour chronograph, LCD watch, that you will be as proud to wear with a coat and tie as you are when you're running.

YOUR HEART'S TARGET ZONE

Your heart, just like any other muscle in your body requires exercise. Unfortunately, unlike your arms, you can't see your heart's condition just by looking.

The type of exercise called aerobic exercise is specifically designed to exercise your heart. The purpose of aerobics is to reach your heart's target zone.

So what is your target zone? Your target exercise zone is between 60 and 80% of your maximum heart rate. And here's an easy way to figure it out.

Simply subtract your age from 220 beats per minute. So, for me at 36, my maximum heart rate is (220-36) or 184.

So when I exercise I should get my heart rate up to at least (184 X 60%) or 110 beats per minute, and no higher than (184 X 80%) or 147 beats per minute.

With the Wrist EKG to help me, I can be sure that my workouts are valuable for

my heart and neither dangerous escapades nor total wastes of time. Of course, before beginning any exercise program you should consult your own doctor.

BUT ISN'T EVERYONE DIFFERENT?

Here's the really exciting part. The worse shape you're in, the faster you'll reach the target zone and the less work you'll have to do to stay in the zone.

You see, as you get in shape, your heart doesn't have to beat as hard to do the same amount of exercise. Just as when you work out with weights, your arms become stronger, your heart becomes stronger with aerobic exercise.

So the Wrist EKG is safe for the beginner or the athlete. And, you'll really see your improvement as you exercise.

But you don't have to exercise. Just wearing the Wrist EKG and using it at the office when you're under stress, after you've walked up some stairs or around the block will make and keep you aware of your body's physical condition.

And look at this. Sit down at your desk and take your pulse. Then drink a couple of cups of coffee and take your pulse again. You'll see just what your morning 'pickup' actually picks up, and if God forbid you smoke, take your pulse before and after a cigarette. Wow!

JUST LIKE A HOSPITAL EKG

With Innovative's new Pulsemeter watch, you'll have supreme accuracy. It's like a direct electronic line to your heart.

You see, unlike other pulsemeters that use a light shining through your finger, this instrument works just like a hospital EKG. It measures the electrical impulses that cause your heart to beat.

The back of the watch is one receptor, and the metal touch sensor on the front of the watch acts as the other EKG sensor. Just touch the sensor, and you'll see your pulse on the large LCD Display.

IS IT A DRESS OR SPORTS WATCH?

Innovative time thinks that everyone interested in their pulse must be a professional athlete. So, they've built this watch with all the athletic extras.

It's not only waterproof, it's guaranteed down to 60 feet (although you can't actually take your pulse underwater). It

has a stopwatch, a lap timer, and dual finish mode. Its band is made of very tough polymers. So, it's a sports watch.

But wait, I don't like black watches for dress. So, I've gotten Innovative to add a deluxe matching stainless bracelet to the watch. It's rendered in stainless and black and is a perfect high fashion choice. So, it's a dress watch.

Plus, there's a 24 hour alarm and an hourly chirp. The stainless band is great for sports or dress. So, you'll get the watch with the black band on it and the high fashion band packed with it, compliments of Innovative Time's superb engineering and DAK's good taste.

The Wrist EKG is backed by Innovative Time's 1 year limited warranty and comes with a 1 year battery in place.

TRY THE WRIST EKG RISK FREE

Now you can look at your heart as easily as the time. You'll see how you react to stress, foods and exercise. Don't let DAK's low price confuse you. Take this pulse watch to your own doctor and have him compare it with his EKG.

Why not take a copy of this ad too. Chances are that he'll also want one.

Try the Wrist EKG risk free. Try exercising and then check your cardiac recovery rate. If you don't like what you see, you'd better keep the watch. But if you just don't like the pulse watch, simply return it within 30 days in its original box for a refund.

To order your Wrist EKG, Pulse Sports/Fashion Watch, complete with two bands risk free with your credit card, call toll free or send your check for just \$49.50 plus \$3 for postage and handling to DAK. Order No. 9638. CA res add 6% tax.

On the track, in the gym or at the office, you'll have a direct connection to the condition of your heart.

DAK 10124
INDUSTRIES INCORPORATED

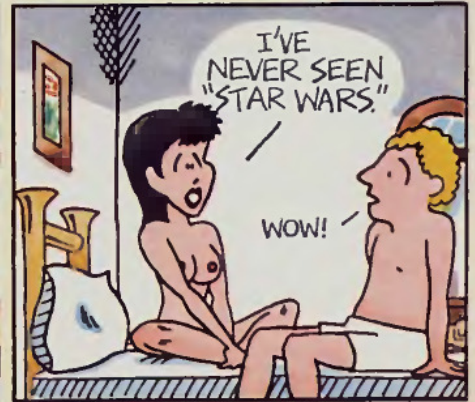
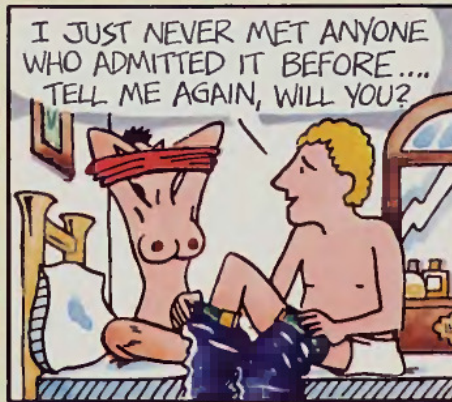
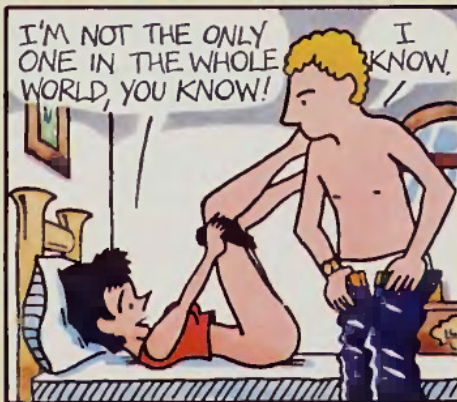
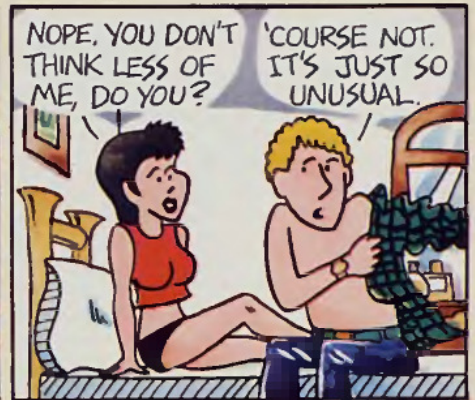
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Playboy FUNNIES

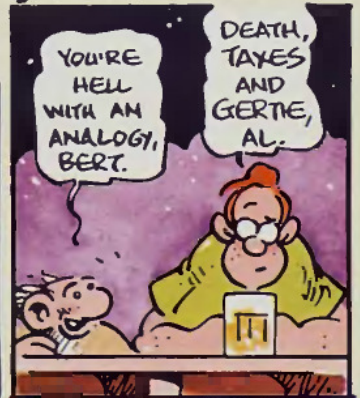
Saturday Nite Jive

BY BILL JOHNSON



annie & albert

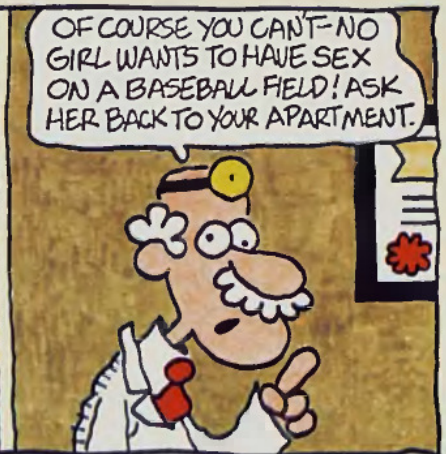
by J. Michael Leonard





ASK DR. DUMB
BY BUD JONES

Share the wisdom of this kindly country doctor as he answers questions asked by folks just like you.

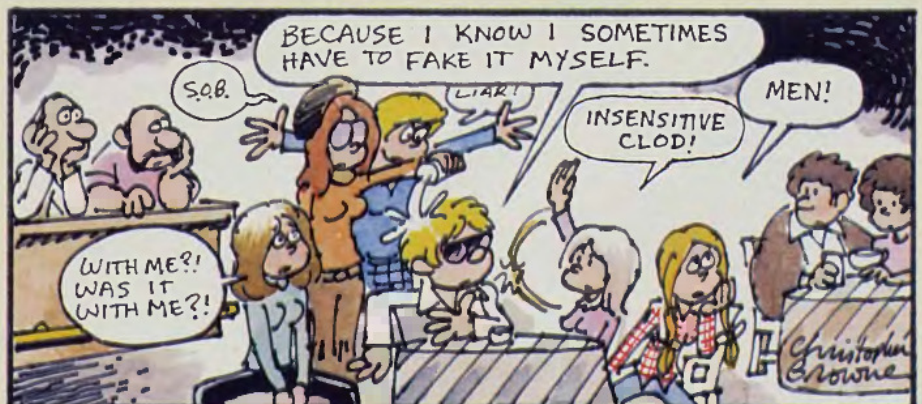
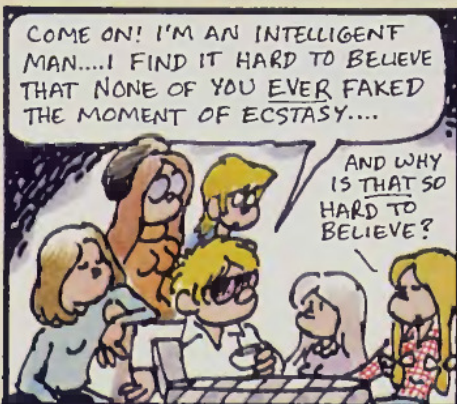
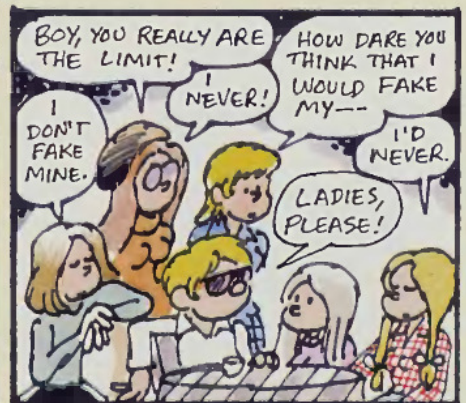
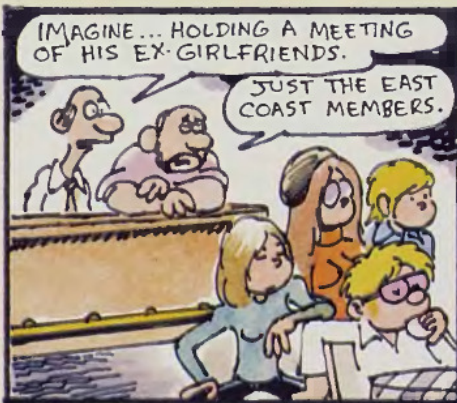


CRUISER

Boy, CRUISER SURE HAS GOT GUTS....

CHUTZPAH.

Christopher Browne



"I caught a whiff of perfume and felt an incredibly soft hand slip a sticky short-sword into my grasp."

laughing so heartily moisture sparkled around her eyes; they would never believe this on Kytra. Having provoked such laughter, the Nork brought us to rapt silence by ending his performance with his head between the beast's jaws.

Witana led the applause. The Nork casually acknowledged his due. Witana murmured in Fadab's ear. He shook his head. Witana drew one of her perfect hands along his jaw and caressed his chins. Fadab emitted a ponderous wet sigh.

"You there, valiant Nork. My little treasure wishes to touch the spotted one."

The Nork nodded, looked frankly into the eyes of the woman who needed me and beckoned to her.

Witana took a deep breath. As she moved slowly toward the cat, her silks whispered lush promises. When she reached the leopard, the Nork motioned for her to hold out a hand. The leopard sniffed suspiciously, then with interest, then licked. A light shudder passed through Witana. The cat luxuriously rubbed its head against her palm. Her fingers curled in the fur behind its ear. Blood danced in my chest in rhythm with flickering torchlight.

A soft trill came from the rafters. The leopard's attention snapped upward. Witana stumbled back, quickly regained herself. The cat made a noise deep in its throat.

A tiny golden bird fluttered noisily from the rafters, circled the hall and came to rest on Witana's shoulder. She stroked it reassuringly.

The leopard went for the bird. The Nork bellowed, yanking the chain. The leopard snarled and twisted backward, taking an annoyed swipe. The Nork fell, opened from chest to thigh. He died looking at his dinner and his *h'benkas* on the floor before him.

There were screams, people scrambling, falling. Witana stood frozen. The Nork's apprentice jabbed timidly. The leopard snapped at the spearhead. The apprentice threw. The spear passed well over the cat and pierced a M'drrrgg.

I edged toward Witana, as did another M'drrrgg, his short-sword drawn, from the other side. The only other armed men in the room were the two M'drrrggs behind whom Fadab crouched, a hand clamped on each.

The leopard faked a charge at the fleeing apprentice, then wheeled. Its eyes locked on the bird, piping hysterically and

flitting in tight circles around Witana. The leopard bunched its muscles.

We leaped. In mid-air, I hit its flank, knocking it sideways. I heard a tearing sound as fire shot across my shoulder.

The leopard came down on the M'drrrgg. The short-sword rattled across the floor as crushing jaws found the man's throat. Blood fountained from the sides of the cat's mouth. It shook the M'drrrgg to make sure he was dead, then proudly shook him some more. I slammed a porphyry table down on its skull.

The stone table cracked. The leopard staggered back, howling, but kept its feet. Its right eye was crushed. It snarled, showing shattered fangs. Its left front leg spasmed uncontrollably as it circled to find me with its good eye.

I turned with it, keeping between it and Witana. I saw Fadab backing toward a doorway, clutching his human shields. Suulemaion had gotten hold of the Nork's whip; his other arm was protectively clutching the amphora of irreplaceable Baaj.

I caught a whiff of perfume and felt an incredibly soft hand slip a sticky short-sword into my grasp.

The leopard charged. It skidded in one of the red ponds many of us were creating. As it tried to stop, its quivering front leg gave way. I plunged the short-sword in behind the shoulder and tore back with both hands. I heard three ribs snap before the blade did.

The leopard churned, stiffened, made a low sad noise, then was no more.

Perfume. I turned and looked into enormous, brimming eyes. As I passed out, I heard Fadab squeal, "*Chogo*—we must get him to *Chogo*!"

Crust on my eyes.

I blinked. Through a blur, I saw a creature who had a thin beard and gigantic *d'talls*.

"He's awake."

I tried to rub my eyes. My shoulder screamed at me.

Someone dabbed my eyes with a damp cloth. Beard and *d'talls* separated onto different bodies.

"You are fortunate," sighed Suulemaion, "that the cat was a tame one."

"Wine," I rasped.


They poured a goblet of water into me. I sat up. There were stars alongside my bed; we were on one of the terraces. A hideous, guttural parody of human speech issued from behind Suulemaion. He stepped aside to reveal two powerful trolls with runes carved on their faces, accompanied by yet another slave girl. She announced that the M'drrrggs wished to present me with the spirit knife of the tribesman I'd avenged.

"But . . . it was I who threw the cat into him," I protested, proving modesty and tact are not always the same.

The older, more awful M'drrrgg made



"And I think I've got the winning hand, but in case Ed Crawford beats it, would you be willing to go and stay with him for a weekend?"



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**WILD
in
MILD
SMOKES**

**ALL
NATURAL
TOBACCO**

**HOW CAN ANYTHING
THAT LOOKS SO WILD
TASTE SO MILD?**

a grave declaration with what was left of his tongue. The girl translated with miraculous ease: The M'ddrrgg had died suitably, as he was the master's wife's bodyguard. The leopard slew him. I slew the leopard. Therefore, his fantastically engraved spirit knife was mine. If I desired, they would employ it to bless my visage with certain protective symbols.

I accepted the knife but declined the blessings. The M'ddrrggs betrayed only a little disappointment. The older one presented the spirit knife. I clasped his arm. It felt as much like granite as it looked.

The M'ddrrggs gave a formal grunt and trotted off. The translator explained that the other slain M'ddrrgg had died unsuitably, due to the Nork's apprentice, who was so careless with spears. The apprentice would be found and introduced to the oldest, slowest of M'ddrrgg spirit-knife rituals.

I solemnly thanked the slave girl for her translations, inwardly promising never to behave unsuitably near a M'ddrrgg.

Suulemaion shook his head. "So young, so large, so serious," he complained. He placed a hand on my brow. "At least you are free from fever. But not, I suspect, from a certain ripeness—it's the climate," he added, winking, and was gone.

The slave girls sloughed off their garments and eased into bed. Grinning sorrowfully, I touched my bandage and motioned for them to leave. They protested softly. They attempted to prove how gentle they could be.

I sent them away.

Standing up was not impossible. I drank more water. Pretended to search for portents in the stars. Glanced away from the constellations, down to the roof of the villa. There was one gilded turret far larger than the others. A soft light glowed in its lone window.

Crossing the sloping roofs was not nearly as hard as standing up had been. As I crept to the base of the turret, I heard urgent, sinuous piping from above. I climbed.

My shoulder said some unkind things

but remained attached. I pulled myself up onto the window ledge. I peered down through a wide-woven ivory lattice.

Against the far wall of the rounded chamber, seated cross-legged on an enormous cushion, was a pipe player wrinkled enough to pass for the Immortal's older brother. He had a blind man's clouded white eyes.

In the center of the chamber, on his back, lay the husband of the woman who needed me. Not precisely on his back: His puffy legs were spread and held aloft by padded chains, with a wedge of sweat-soaked pillows supporting his hindquarters, around which no description will stretch.

Witana stood naked between the mammoth suspended thighs. Her astonishing face looked even younger than I remembered. There was nothing of the child about the rest of her. With one hand she anointed her body with oil, while with the other she encouraged Fadab's reluctant *n'gurga*. She spoke to it, cooed at it, scolded it, then guided it on a slippery exploration of her golden terrain. It began to show life, curving upward.

Fadab groaned, muttering obscenities. Witana began whipping him with a velvet snake, its diamond fangs leaving tiny red marks. She crawled up onto his oceanic belly. The velvet snake bit again and again. The piper's tempo raced, his tone grew harsh. Witana reached beneath her and clasped the curved *n'gurga* to her *shwussu-shwussu* but did not insert it. She held it and held it . . . until she could inundate it with her *shwussu-shwussu's* more mundane function—

Impossibly beautiful green-gray eyes looked up and found themselves looking into mine—

Fadab wailed and twisted in his chains—

An anguished moan broke from Witana's full-fleshed Kyrtrite lips—

My shoulder said nothing as I climbed down the turret, down past the terrace where I should have been healing my wounds, down into the garden, where I wandered serpentine paths for hours. This was in the depths of my 16th summer, when I assumed I would spend my life feeling as I did at that moment.

How could she? I supposed wifely obedience explained a good deal, but. . .

I was searching for explanations among the stars, this time in earnest, when I caught the scent of perfume. There was a remembered sensation of a small hand placing a short-sword in mine. . .

A small figure in a hooded black robe stood on the path.

"You must leave at first light," she said.

I had no answer.

"I am afraid."

Words failed me still.

"The world is full of women," she



"Rest assured, someone's going to hear from me regarding these ridiculous traffic laws."



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Seagram's

insisted, her trickling-nectar voice giving the lie to her words. Then, pleading: "I fear you will harm him." She held out a bulging leather pouch. "Gold enough for years. Now, please, go."

I slapped it away and drew her near. Slowly pulled back the hood. Looked. Kissed. Tasted. Gently set her down on the damp mossy earth, spreading her cloak. She sobbed and clung with an endless hunger.

When dawn threatened, Witana hurried back to the villa, remembering to pick up the leather pouch as she went.

Summers are lengthy in Jemot. Months must have passed. I had no reason to number the days. The nights were all the same night, one long, delirious torrent that brought us to that exquisite pitch only the young and unjaded can reach—so easily they take it for granted.

So easily; Fadab slept as heavily as he ate and drank. It was Witana's custom to leave his chamber after satisfying him. Custom now included continuing past her own chamber, down to the garden.

Every few afternoons, I'd corner a different slave girl and claim my hero's portion—at Witana's insistence. She was wise in the ways of society for one only in her 14th summer. But then, she was raised in the courts of Kytra.

Fadab was delighted to hear of my bullying my way through his retainers. His gratitude for my saving his little treasure seemed genuine. He made much of me at the feasts he gave for the debased nobles who nominally ruled the valley. Theirs was the name of Jemot; his, the power. Each side held the other in contempt, and all were terribly courteous.

I missed Suulemaion. He'd delayed his departure until he was certain I was not seriously hurt. When I saw him off, he admonished me, "Be sensible—refresh yourself and ride on. The world is full of women."

I looked at him as though I had no idea what he meant.

Suulemaion sadly shook his head. "Daq Jaddarra, there is always a beautiful reason when a man attacks a leopard with a dinner table." He began to mount his camel, stopped, turned, sighed, extracted a gold coin from his belt, regarded it wistfully, shuddered, pressed it into my hand and whispered, "A magic coin—it is worth more the farther you get from Jemot."

The M'ddrrrgs returned the day Suulemaion left. They'd caught the Nork's apprentice in a matter of hours and had since been religiously administering their vengeance. No one pressed the translator for specifics.

As my wounds knit, the M'ddrrrgs and I practiced weapons together. They were good, fearless men. I was pleased that they

accepted me despite my repugnantly smooth face.

But they were not quite real. No one and nothing was, except Witana.

Summer's waning brought complete recovery and maddening pain. I had no excuse to stay and I could not go. Not alone.

Witana loved to remain entwined after we'd exhausted ourselves, with me still filling her. At such times, she often spoke dreamily of her homeland.

"We could go there," I suggested.

"You and I cannot go anywhere," she murmured, lazily tracing the claw marks on my shoulder. "Besides, we have no reason to." She gave me a nip.

"Ow. Despite your attentions, I've healed. If I remain, Fadab will wonder why."

"Fadab is indebted to you. He likes you." She shifted. I slipped out of her. "He would find you a place here."

"It is already too—Witana, I have never had to feign friendship for a man I . . . dislike."

"The practice will do you good."

"I'm not some two-faced lord or fawning merchant."

Her golden features sank into a golden despair. "That is not kind," she teased, "to say to a daughter of a Kytrarch and a wife of a merchant."

"I can save you from that," I protested. "It's not in me to go on pretending, Witana, to be unable to touch you all day, to know what you and he do at n—"

She stiffened. "Promise you will never take hand or weapon to him."

"I do not wish him harm," I lied. "All I want is you."

"Swear." Huge green-gray eyes widened, threatening to engulf me. I swore in the names of enough gods, demons and ancestors to risk damning untold generations of Jaddarrans.

"Now," I begged, "will you come away with me before we're caught? This morning is not too soon. This moment would be better."

Witana said something, but her lips were too occupied with other matters for me to understand or care what it was.

The M'ddrrrgg said something that might have been "The master awaits." He took my horse's reins and pointed up the garden path I was to follow. I'd just returned from a gallop along the Kug. The Wilderness at the Heart of the World had looked provocatively simple and inviting. But my fever brought me back to the garden of Fadab as surely as my footsteps now brought me to the pavilion where his enormity was spread across the inevitable squadrons of suffering pillows.

"Fried baby parakeets?" he offered. I shook my head. "Your appetite *cannot* have deserted you," he sang, popping a birdling into the curiously tiny mouth that

sustained that magnificent corpulence.

I managed a grin. "After riding all morning, I've an appetite for some of that ale you're drinking."

Fadab gestured for me to help myself. "Someday soon," he mourned, "you will ride off and not return. I fear your spirit has been sore chafed, sharing this dull tradesman's existence."

"There has been no chafing," I assured him. "I have never known such splendor."

"*Splendor?* Dear Daq, you have not known splendor until you've known Chogo," he decreed, patting my hand with greasy fingers. "Please indulge an unworthy host by permitting him to bore you with a tale of wealth and power."

I drained my ale, poured for us both and nodded. All summer, I'd been waiting for Chogo to come up again.

"Here is Jemot," said Fadab, holding up a fistful of crisp baby birds. "Gateway to the Kug and, thence, the world. *There* is the Western Sea"—a tankard of ale—"which knows no mightier trading force than the combined fleet of the seven Kytrarchs. I dominate inland; my father-in-law, the sea. But between us, on the coast, Chogo—the richest, most conniving city of the West."

"So you seek an alliance."

"Excellent! Dear Daq, such an alliance would control the commerce of the West and then, perhaps, *k-huk* . . ." He made an equivocal gesture. "But the high priestess is jealous of her independence and will not listen."

I put down my tankard. "You desire the ear of the high priestess, which her consort will have."

"That is more important to me than you will ever know," he whispered. "And will make you richer than you can conceive."

"And all I must do to gain it is cut my way through the arena."

"That path can be smoothed; oh, yes. Opponents have been known to accept a small fortune rather than risk all for a large one. Others have suffered terrible misfortunes with their equipment or food."

Rage rose in me at the suggestion that I would have to cheat to survive a contest I had no intention of entering. "My grandfather warned me," I growled, "that unearned wealth costs more than it is worth."

Fadab favored me with an unctuous smile. "Do not judge me harshly, dear Daq. Surely, you know that if the passion is grand enough, the man it grips will do whatever he must. Even that which a grandfather might find dishonorable."

He knew. He knew about Witana and he—No. I was panicking.

"All I ask," he continued, "is that you think deeply on what a man loses by fleeing his destiny." Fadab gazed fondly at

BERNARD and HUEY

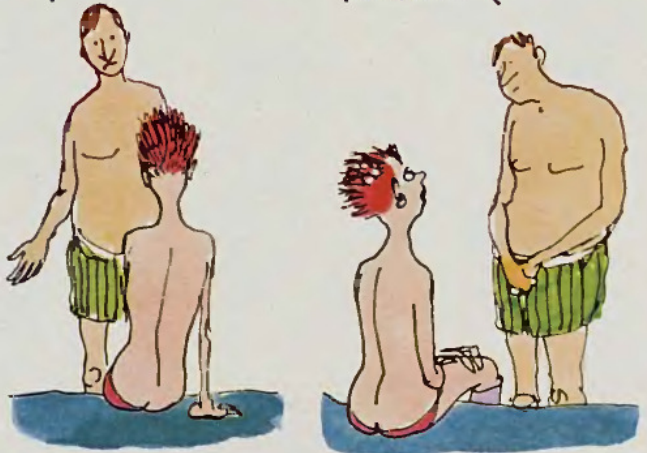
MANDY, BEFORE YOU GO TO BED WITH ME, THERE ARE A FEW THINGS I WANT YOU TO KNOW.

I DON'T USE A VIBRATOR.



I DON'T BELIEVE IN ORAL SEX.

I DO IT ONLY IN THE MISSIONARY POSITION.



IM 45 YEARS OLD AND IN NO SHAPE TO SUSTAIN MYSELF FOR MORE THAN 3 MINUTES.

AND I NEED AN IMMEDIATE NAP AFTERWARD.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY?



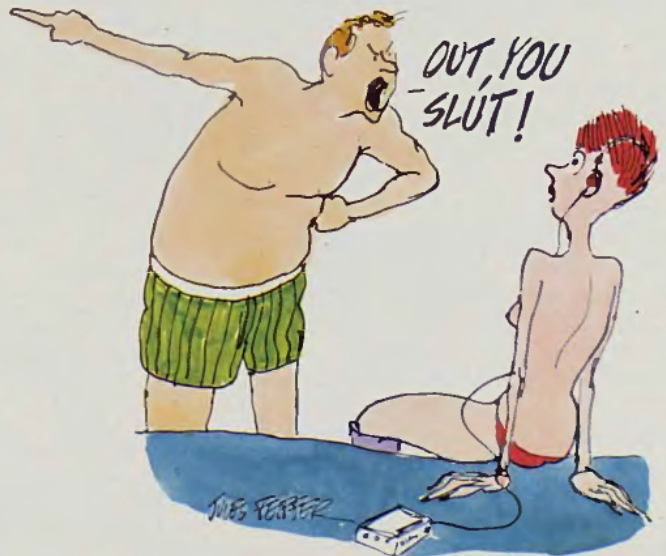
CAN I LISTEN TO MY WALKMAN?



YOU WANT TO LISTEN TO YOUR WALKMAN WHILE IM IN THE ACT OF MAKING LOVE?



OUT, YOU SLUT!



the final morsel. "I don't know how you deny yourself. They are at their tenderest when young."

I squandered the afternoon debating whether or not he knew. I lost the debate. All I could be certain of was that Witana and I had to leave. If I took her against her will, I'd lose her. But how to convince her? She was so much better with words than I.

Very well. I would demonstrate with my absence what I could not persuade her of with words.

That night, I did not wait in the garden. I strapped on my M'ddrrgg blade and went down the slope to Jemot. To a tavern in the low quarter.

I drank much and traded jests with unclean wenches. A lout spilled wine on me. I thrashed him. And his comrades. And the tavernkeeper. Then I bought them all a drink and they toasted my valor. I went outside for some air and vomited. As I did so, a thief attacked me. I grabbed his throat and held him away as I finished my spew. My hand must have clenched along with my guts—when I was done, I found myself holding a blue-faced corpse. I sat him against a wall, threw his purse to a goggle-eyed old beggar who was staring as though he'd never seen an accident before and marched back up the slope under a dazzling moon, hoping Witana had learned her lesson.

The walk cleared my head but made me thirsty. Perhaps that is why I went to the pond where I was to have met the woman who needed me. I filled my hands with cold water. I could not get enough. So I jumped in. It felt even better than it tasted.

A twig snapped.

A small figure in a hooded black robe stood beneath a broad-leafed yggthia tree. She stood deathly still. She's angry, I thought. Good.

I waded out. As I reached the overhang of the tree, my wet sandal slipped on a mossy rock. I went down but caught myself on one knee. I looked up with a sheepish grin and saw within the hood a scarred copper face.

I drew my spirit knife and the second M'ddrrgg dropped out of the tree just in front of me—which would have been just behind me had I not slipped. I slashed the inside of his knife arm as he came down. His dagger dropped as his arm went slack, but my knife also went as his falling weight wrenched it from my grasp.

The hooded M'ddrrgg charged. I went under his thrust, grabbed the robe and flung him behind me into the pond. The wounded M'ddrrgg butted the side of my face. I sprawled sideways. As he reached for my knife with his left hand, I kicked him in the throat. I heard the other one sloshing out of the pond. I reached across

the bleeding, gagging M'ddrrgg to get at my blade.

A mistake. He threw his good arm around me and closed rock-hard muscles across my windpipe. As I wrenched at him, I saw the other M'ddrrgg shrug off the water-heavy robe. I found the handle of my knife, and the M'ddrrgg on my back sank his teeth into my shoulder. I heaved upward and turned as the other M'ddrrgg lunged. His blade went deep into his tribesman's side. I dove out from under the dead man as the enraged M'ddrrgg yanked his blade free. He slashed down, but I was just out of reach. His cut twisted him far enough around for me to bring my blade across and open the back of his neck. He grabbed his wound and I sliced the front of his neck. He took a last feeble slash at me as he collapsed.

I stood. I felt none of the elation that lifts a man after surviving an attack. There was only a cold sickness, and it wasn't from cheap wine. The M'ddrrggs and I had no quarrel. This was between me and Fadab—Witana.

Perhaps I flew; suddenly, I was peering through the turret window. Witana's wrists were bound to a chain link high on the wall. Torn clothes hung from her hips. Fadab was using a flat strap—a whip would have cut into the merchandise. His face was as red as the outrages on her back. He was cursing like a deranged squirrel and kneading himself through a stained loincloth.

The blind musician's head came up sharply as my sandal scraped on the window ledge. I burst through the ivory lattice. Fadab dropped the strap and shrieked for his M'ddrrggs.

I dropped their spirit knives at his feet and drew the one they'd given me, the one freshly decorated with their blood. Fadab cringed against the wall.

"I didn't tell them to—I feared you'd run, after . . . after our talk," he babbled. "Couldn't sleep . . . sent a M'ddrrgg to your terrace, found Witana there, crying . . . you must . . . I didn't . . . only told those two savages to bring you . . . I'd never—"

I pressed the cutting edge low against his gut. "Two lives we must answer for. They doubtless thought you meant to watch them carve me. A quick death was their parting gift. Savages wouldn't suspect it wasn't revenge you had in mind but a trade—I give you my services; you give me your wife's."

Cadaverously white lips drew back. "You learn swiftly."

"Pray, bottomless belly of Jemot," I hissed. "Set a price with your greediest god."

Behind me, Witana moaned, "You swore . . ."

I looked at her welts, then at Fadab. He whimpered. I cut Witana loose, supporting her carefully. I turned her toward Fadab and offered her my spirit knife.

"No!" She stumbled to Fadab, huddled against his bulk.

A phantom earthquake: I felt the floor tilt and buck, though neither it nor I moved. "Witana . . . ?"

She lowered her head.

"Look at me," I said as quietly and angrily as I have said anything in my life.

Witana raised her eyes. Those eyes. "I am the daughter of the Kyrarch Witanor. I cannot break his pledge . . . and I will not live as a vagabond."

Some unknowable time crawled by. It was Fadab who finally spoke, with calm satisfaction. "Now, dear Daq, you have three choices. A fool would take the satisfaction of killing me. He—and the miserable tribe that spawned him—would be hunted down and destroyed. An ordinary man would simply run, hoping he was not worth the expense of finding. A fighter would accompany us to Chogo, where he would enjoy my protection and, as you so charmingly put it, Witana's services. As a sign of my forgiveness, *k-huk*, she would be yours alone."

I looked into enormous green-gray eyes gone empty. "I have been a man to you. And yet you cling to that."

"The world," she uttered with finality, "is full of men."

I don't know what I meant to say. An animal howl came out. Witana matched it as I plunged the spirit knife at the center of Fadab's face.

I angled the blade past him and buried it in the wall alongside his ear. Fadab broke wind and fainted, pinning Witana beneath him.

"Help," she gasped, tugging with her free arm at the soft load spread across her.

I retrieved my spirit knife. "When your husband comes to," I told Witana, "tell him I have a fourth choice."

Frightened, imploring green-gray eyes—I quickly turned away. I went back out the window. The sun was peering over the edge of the valley as I walked away from the villa. I heard a melancholy piping and looked back. The blind man stood at the broken window, playing a tune for Daq Jaddarra.

At Jemot, I purchased a horse, provisions, weapons. I rode to the western end of the valley, where trails branch off in three directions. I took the one to Chogo, where once every ten years a man might be selected for enough wealth and power to shatter another man's dreams. Enough to hold even the most desirable of women. Where, selected or not, a man could purge his errors.

Thus ended my 16th summer, when I discovered the things I did could become expensive.



PLAYBOY GUIDE

WHEELS

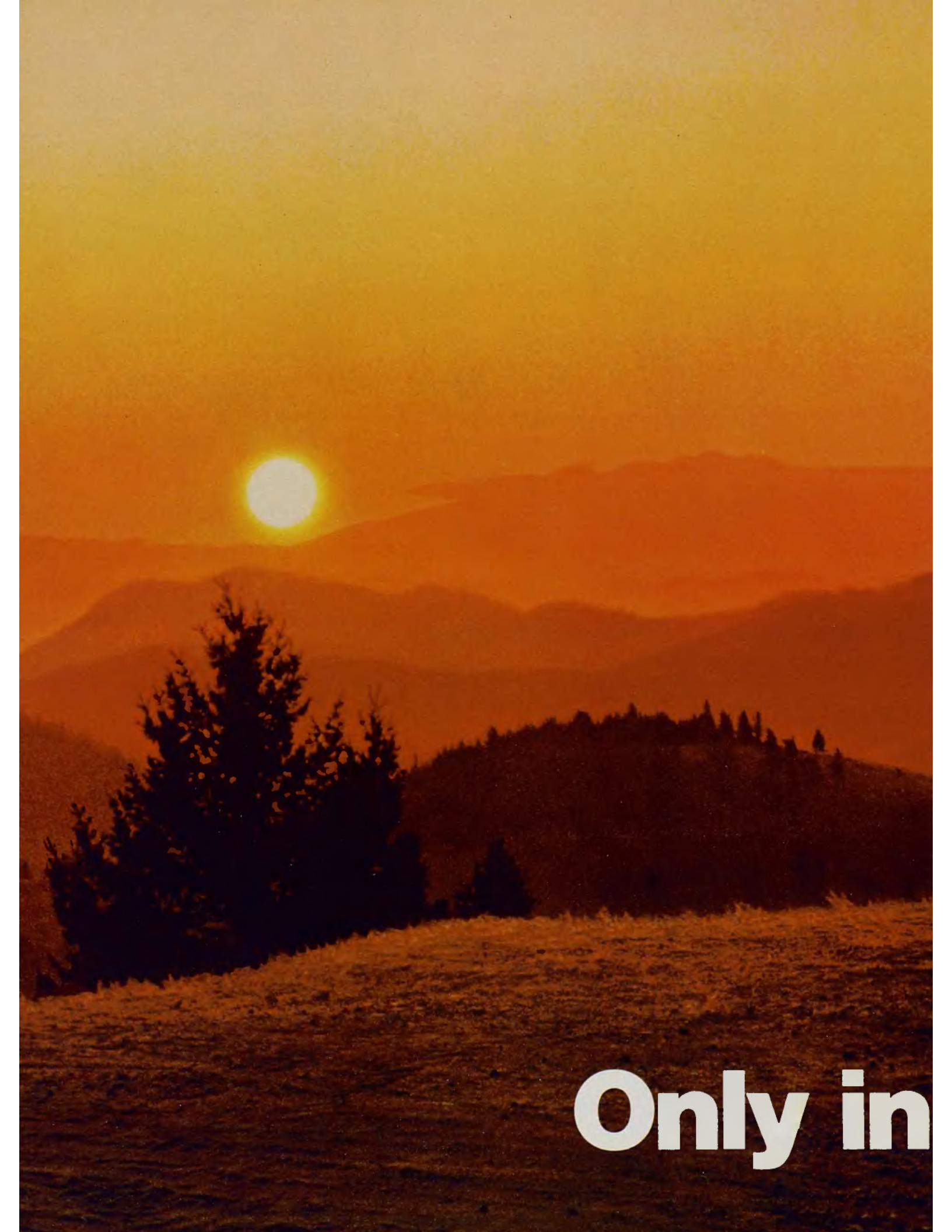
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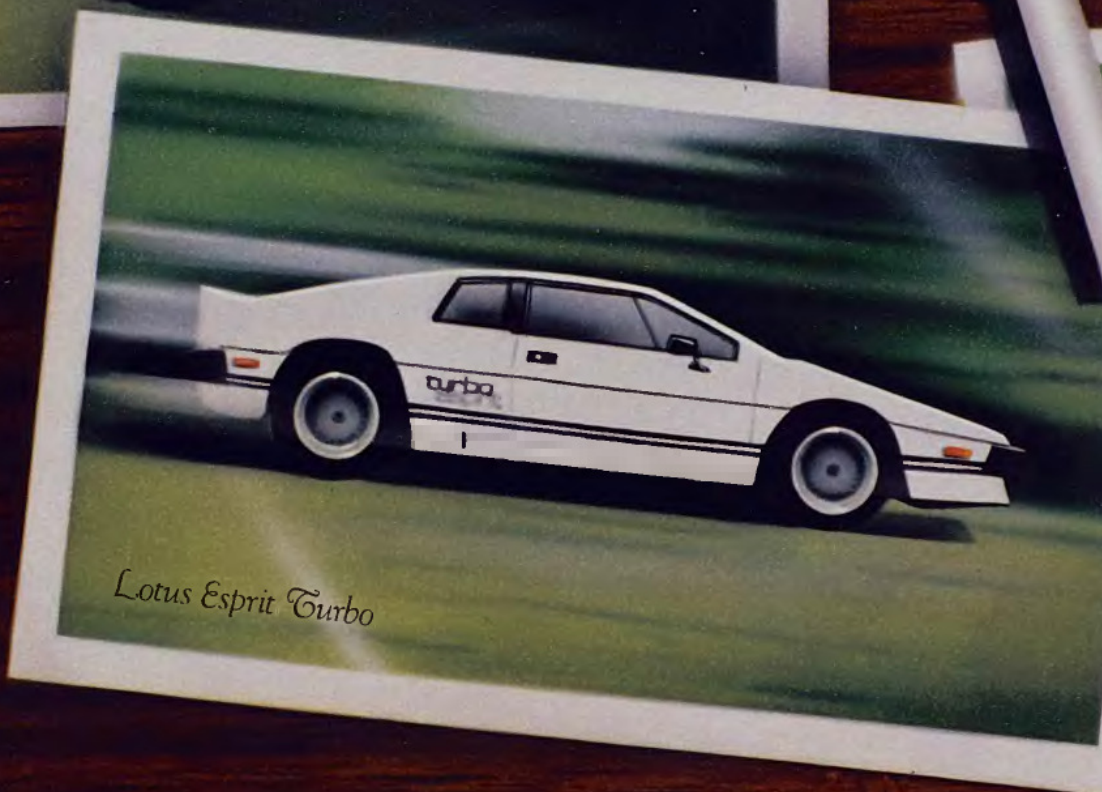
By GARY WITZENBURG

RETURN WITH US now to those thrilling days of yesteryear, when cars were cars and men were men and boxes were something you put your groceries in. For a good while there, it was starting to look as if the days of our youth were gone forever—the happy days when cars offered good performance and great styling, the days when your car would impress your friends and maybe even lure the ladies. The days of the sexy car seemed lost to more practical concerns such as fuel efficiency and kids with long legs.

The auto industry started building cars that “made sense.” That meant they didn’t look too great on the open road, but they sure fit into the parking spaces at the supermarket. Sexy styling was put into the deepfreeze. Reality, the auto makers said. Boring, we thought. Then came high technology. While outside the song remained the same, things really started



Nissan 300ZX Turbo



Lotus Esprit Turbo

Pontiac Fiero 2M4



Mercedes-Benz 190E 2.3

Chrysler Laser Turbo



PLAYBOY GUIDE

humming under the hood. Turbochargers, lightweight materials, aerodynamic styling, electronic fuel injection, electronic idle control, electronic everything. Under the skin of those high-tech machines, computers would monitor everything from exhaust content to how far your foot pushed the throttle. They would adjust the suspension, control the cockpit climate and optimize the signal strength of your favorite stereo station. The new technology would bring cars as close to mechanical perfection as (continued on page 168)

BMW 318i



*Continental
Mark VII LSC*



Honda Civic CRX





*Toyota
Corolla FF 5-door*



Peugeot 505 Wagon



The 1984 Isuzu Impulse is built with the highest standards in the automobile industry, today. Each Impulse comes with power windows, standard. Power mirrors, standard. Power steering, 4-wheel disc brakes and cruise control; all standard at no extra cost. As well as a tilt steering wheel with memory, all glass tinted, AM/FM stereo radio and alloy wheels. (Not to mention the I-TEC computer controlled fuel injection.) For comfort, there's our air conditioning, standard. Deep pile carpeting, standard. The reclining bucket seats in front



ISUZU IMPULSE

and reclining bucket shaped seats in back, are all standard. For convenience, there are power door locks, standard. Plus a rear window washer/wiper/defogger, standard. And a standard remote controlled hatch release and fuel filler lid. Also, for those who don't choose to avail themselves of our optional automatic transmission, we can even offer a sporty 5-speed manual shift, standard as well. In all, there are more than 55 standard features, featured on any Impulse you buy. Which leaves you with the option of choosing the color.



FOLLOW YOUR IMPULSE

BEST BIKES

we choose this year's top cycles

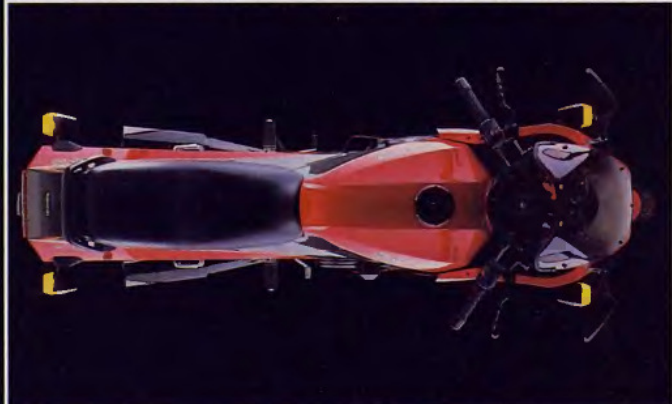
We know one guy who has a houseful of Ducatis. Obviously, he owns his house. Another person we know has been smuggling old Nortons, piece by piece, past the doorman of his high-rise to put in his living room. People who love bikes never let them go, and people who love bikes and have a lot of money tend to end up with garages full of motorcycles. The right tool for the right job, they say. If we had the money, these would be the bikes we would buy this year to keep for the rest of our lives. Gentlemen, start your wallets.

Did you ever notice that *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* was written about a Bavarian bike, the old BMW boxer twin? Now BMW has a new religious experience, and it was worth the wait. The K-100 RS (shown below—no, below the blonde) is a water-cooled, in-line four, longitudinally and horizontally mounted 1000-c.c. shaft-drive marvel. It won't be available in the U.S. until September. Our recommendation: Fly to Europe and buy one for approximately \$5726 (American models will be more expensive). Then take off and tour the Alps.

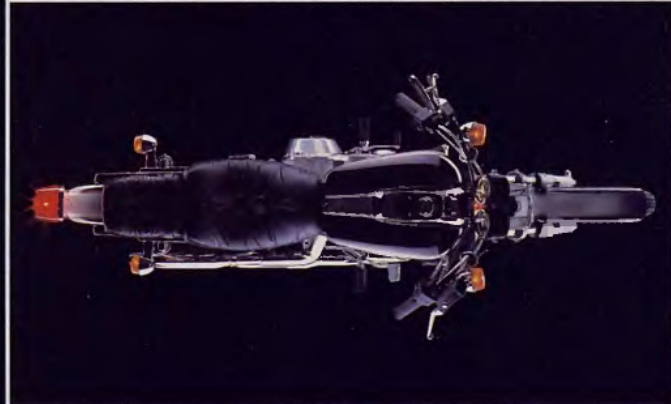


PLAYBOY GUIDE

In every stable of bikes there should be a high-performance sport bike, something so awesome you scare yourself silly just sitting on it. View it as sculptured adrenaline. The Kawasaki GPz 900 is a liquid-cooled, four-cylinder dual overhead-cam engine surrounded by a diamond-type frame and a full fairing. A 16-inch front wheel gives it road-racer handling. This may be the fastest-looking bike money can buy. Estimated price: \$4600.

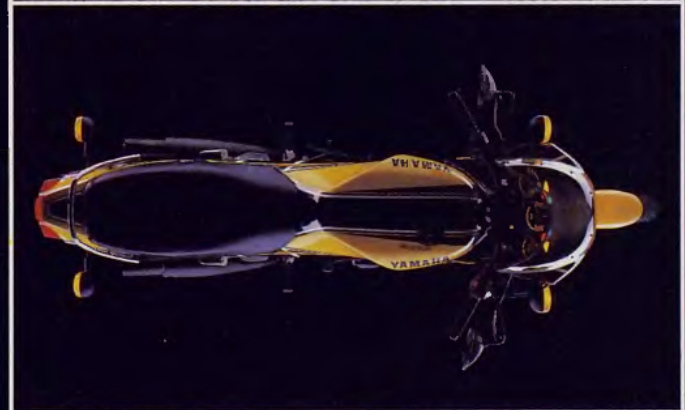
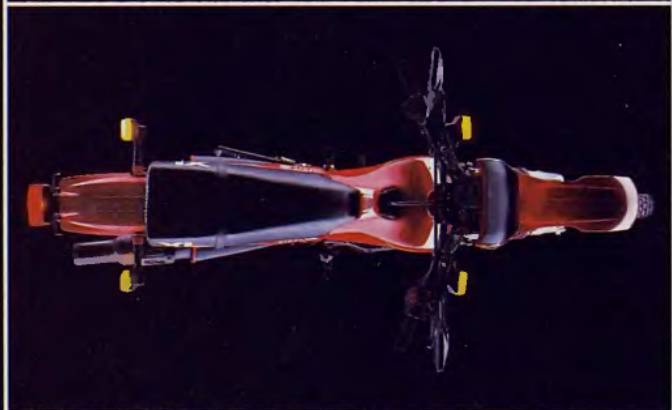


There is only one name for heavy metal, and that name is Harley-Davidson. The FXRS Low Glide (named for its 26.8-inch seat height) is a custom bike that has the look the rest of the world tries to copy. The latest from America's only motorcycle company sports a V² Evolution engine with a 1340-c.c. displacement, five-speed transmission, disc brakes and an appetite for concrete you won't believe. It feeds on interstates. Price: \$7560.



The Honda XL600R is the bike we would most like to have at the end of the world after the bomb. It is a dual-purpose bike, meaning that it is a kick to ride in the dirt and an absolute nimble joy to ride on the street. What is amazing is how well it does both. With a dry weight of 295.5 pounds, a ground clearance of 10.6 inches, lots of torque and power and a five-speed transmission, it is high-stepping and a hell of a lot of fun for \$2348.

It's been a while since we've seen a two-stroke road bike. Emission-control standards endangered the species. The Kenny Roberts Replica RZ350LC marks the return of the yellow peril, the pocket rockets of yesteryear. It is a two-stroke twin with a single-shock rear suspension, an estimated 55 bhp and a mere 320-pound road weight. It will be the terror of canyon racing, able to eat whole 550s. For Yamaha, less is more: \$2399.



ST/O/PDigital
Processor
Circuitry

RADAR REPORTER

If you're the sort who notices legends in the making, you've seen what car magazines have been saying about ESCORT. "All things considered, the ESCORT is the best piece of electronic protection on the market," concluded *Car and Driver*.

Subtle Meaning

"Protection" is the word to remember. It means *more* than just long distance warning. Our superheterodyne circuitry finds radar—wherever it may be hiding. But the key to ESCORT's industry-leading protection is the way in which it warns you.

Red Alert

Most detectors simply sound an alarm. You have to go on full alert, because you don't have enough information. How close is the radar? Just over the hill, or a mile away? Is it ahead or behind? X band or the insidious K band? And how is it being used? "Instant-On" from a stationary trap? A moving radar unit approaching rapidly from ahead? You have no way of knowing.

Advantage ESCORT

ESCORT gives you the full report on radar. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp responds and the analog meter shows radar signal strength. At the same time, you will hear an audio warning—pulsing slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, then constant as you approach close range.

ESCORT even uses a separate warning tone for each radar band. "Beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act. And always, there is the meter for quick visual verification.

ESCORT tells you everything you need to know about radar encounters, while other detectors leave radar an unsolved mystery.



Whom Can You Trust?

Another problem with most detectors is false alarms. They sound off so often you're never sure if it's radar or something else. And recently the problem got even worse.

Some short-sighted marketers began importing cheap detectors from overseas. But these units had a slight problem. They *transmitted* radar signals on both radar bands, setting off all detectors for up to a mile away.

We quickly responded with ST/O/P™ (Statistical Operations Processor), special digital circuitry to recognize and reject these spurious signals. With ST/O/P, ESCORT does

not report on fellow travelers.

Only on radar.



**THE RADAR
DEFENSE
KIT**

User Friendly

And when the warning does come, it's in a friendly voice. The audible warning is the same frequency used for Morse code (1024 Hz). And a fully adjustable volume control lets you set the level—ESCORT can cut through a Ferrari's interior noise, or leave a resting passenger undisturbed. Even the alert lamp is carefully thought out. It's bright enough to be seen in direct sunlight, but is automatically dimmed during nighttime radar encounters.

A quick glance at the red LED assures you that ESCORT is on, and a City/Highway switch optimizes performance to either condition. All of this packaged in a low-profile aluminum case only 1½ inches high and 5¼ inches wide so you can have it, but not flaunt it.

The Bottom Line

It's easy to try the ESCORT system at no risk. Just dial our toll-free number; we're only a parcel delivery away. Take the first 30 days as a test. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your purchase and pay for the postage to return it. We also back ESCORT with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labor.

ESCORT will take the mystery out of radar. So order today.

It's Easy

By Phone: Call us toll free. A member of our sales staff will be glad to answer any questions and take your order. (Please have your Visa or MasterCard at hand when you call).

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IN OHIO CALL 800-582-2696

By Mail: We'll need to know your name and street address, daytime phone number, and how many ESCORTs you want. Please enclose a check, money order, or the card number and expiration date from your Visa or MasterCard.



ESCORT \$245.00
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Speedy Delivery

If you order with a bank check, money order, credit card, or wire transfer, your order is processed for shipment immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

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Cincinnati Microwave
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One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45242-9502

SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS

they don't build sports cars like they used to. thank god

By P. J. O'ROURKE

LIKE EVERY normal American male, I wanted a sports car—not a “sporty car” or a “personal-sized luxury car” but a real sports car, a blood-red, wire-wheeled, Devil-take-the-left-lane open roadster.

I am talking about the kind they don't make anymore. You see, however slick or sophisticated, no Pontiac Fiero, Mazda RX-7 or even Porsche Turbo can match the visceral appeal of the MGA I had in college. It was lean, lithe and made a noise more glorious than a Bach concerto. It was beautiful form produced by pure function—just engine, suspension, me, my date and enough sheet metal to keep the beach blanket dry. Such automobiles, alas, are gone forever.

I was shopping for a car recently and lamenting this state of affairs when the old bug began to get the better of me. Forget those nimble newcomers, I thought. I'll buy a *real* sports car and restore it. I'll get another MGA. I'm reasonably prosperous now. I can afford to have it fixed up. And with new cars costing what they do, a few thousand dollars for an old MGA is a real bargain. Of course, I'd have to buy a new top, interior, grille, a couple of fenders, a rebuilt engine and probably another whole MGA for parts. But it would still be a bargain. Let's see, a new top would go for \$150; a new grille would run me \$100; and then a rebuilt engine would cost about \$1500. Hmm. . . .

All right, so it *wouldn't* be a bargain. But sports cars aren't supposed to be cheap. That's not the point. The point is style. Real sports cars defined the style of an era. It was an era of optimism, an era of *joie de vivre*, an era of much shorter hair. Not a lot of windshield on those cars. A drive in an open roadster with my current haircut would mean being beaten in the eyeballs by thousands of layer-cut forelock ends. And when I came to a stop, I'd look like Wendy O. Williams.

That could be a problem. To tell the truth, the real point of a sports car is the way it attracts women. Most women, I have found, don't go for men who look like Wendy O. Williams.

And women have this thing about wind in their own hair. “It's so cute” is the first thing a woman says about a sports car. But the second thing she says is “Can we put the top up?” There goes style. An MGA is beautiful form produced by pure function, yes. But not with the top up.

The tonneau cover was great, though, for drive-in movies. It could be unzipped so that it covered only the passenger seat. That way, I could get my date into the drive-in for free. But once inside, the car was too low for us to see the screen and too small and open for us to do anything else. The size and the open-air exposure of real sports cars were responsible for a remarkable persistence of virginity in many young people of the early Sixties, especially me.

But I honestly admire the simplicity of a real sports car. It lets you have a hands-



With the top up, it looks like a hamster in a White Sox cap.

Sports-car tops don't protect you from the wind, anyway. And in the rain, they're about as useful as edible underpants. The sole function of a sports-car top is to make the car look stupid.

That is presuming you could get the top unfolded and fitted into place to begin with. I couldn't. The top on a real sports car is a study in design simplicity. It simply doesn't work.

Because the top didn't work, the MG came conveniently supplied with a tonneau cover that could be snapped on over the passenger compartment. This provided shelter from the wind and rain, but it was very hard to see out from underneath it.

on relationship with the machine. Under the hood of a modern automobile, there's nothing to be seen but a maze of electronic do-funnies. A new car can be repaired only by people who wear clip-on neckties and spend all night at home-computer consoles playing canasta with the NO-RAD system. Not so with a sports car. All the elements of the drive train are recognizable and familiar. I understand at a glance what everything is and how it works. Which is more than I can say for sports-car manufacturers.

English sports-car builders, the chaps who gave us the MG, had no difficulty understanding electricity. Their Lucas electrical systems didn't use any of it. As far as I was ever able to figure out, the Lucas people had replaced points, plugs,

PLAYBOY GUIDE

distributors and headlights with an elaborate system of tallow candles.

Oil was what they didn't understand at MG. They forgot that oil is a liquid. And it dribbled out of all the holes with which the MG crankcase, transmission housing and differential were supplied for reasons of weight reduction. MG engineers even invented refillable shock absorbers so that oil could leak out of those, too.

I think they did it on purpose. All that leaking oil kept weeds from growing in the long gravel drives in front of the huge homes owned by the kind of people MG preferred to have buy its cars. It was hell

vor to the ignition on that car. The Alfa wouldn't start if I ate anything before taking Communion or during Lent or any other time without special dispensation from the Pope.

Maybe, I thought, I should get something more reliable, such as an old Porsche. George Rickley, my best friend at school, used to have one of those.

Unlike the English and the Italians, German sports-car manufacturers understood all the mechanical aspects of sports-car building. It was people they didn't understand. Dr. Ferdinand Porsche surely assumed that what people like to do is

there's the matter of proximity. The greater the proximity of a moving object to a stationary one, the greater the perception of speed. That is why sports cars were built close to the road.

Rickley's Porsche carried that principle quite far before my mishap by having an exhaust system that actually dragged on the ground. It's amazing how fast even 20 miles an hour seems when you have three feet of twisted manifold pipe and rusted muffler dragging behind you. My MG increased proximity with doors that flew open whenever I went around a corner. (Have I mentioned yet that there was no other way to open the doors?) And the Alfa gave an illusion of speed by having no brakes. Therefore, my proximity to any stationary object tended to be absolute.

It's this subjective sense of speed that delivers the sports-car thrill. Real speed doesn't matter—at least not until you get dusted off at a stop light by a secretary in a rubber-duck-colored Datsun B210 with a Snoopy air freshener hanging from the rearview mirror.

OK, forget speed. *Cornering*—now, that's the true soul of the sports-car experience, second only to falling out of the MG doors. You can really slide a sports car around. In fact, with those old-fashioned skinny tires, you can't keep a sports car from sliding around except by rolling it over. Maybe that's how the windshields all ended up so low.

And there were other endearing features. Sports-car seats were designed by the men who did interrogations for the World War Two secret services. The only way to adjust the driving position in my Alfa was to have a head-on collision and move the steering wheel into the middle of my chest. Sports cars had no luggage space, so I was always going someplace with a set of golf clubs in my lap. And no sports-car heater ever worked, except the one in my MG, which worked only in the summer and had to be kept going full blast to prevent the engine from overheating. In the winter, I kept warm by cuddling up to the transmission hump, which was boiling hot because all the transmission oil had leaked out.

Ah, those were the days. They just don't make sports cars like that anymore. And come to think of it, who can blame them? Not me. I went out and bought a Volkswagen Rabbit.

And whenever I feel overcome by that old sports-car desire, what I do is put *Sounds of Sebring* on the VW's cassette deck. Then I drive around without any air pressure in the tires while my girlfriend splashes me in the face with cold water. And I stop every half hour and throw five-dollar bills down a storm sewer.



on my mother's garage floor, though.

Maybe, then, I shouldn't get another MGA. But surely I wasn't going to get another Alfa.

After my MGA died (real sports cars don't depreciate or degenerate—they just die), I bought an Alfa Romeo GTV. A friend called me up. "I hear you bought an old Alfa," he said. "Well, it just so happens that I have an Alfa repair kit."

"You do?" I said.

"Yeah," he said, "a truck full of money to follow you everywhere you go."

What the Alfa's builders couldn't understand was electricity. Italian electrical engineers must go to college someplace where they teach the periodic table with earth, air, fire, and water as the only elements. There was a medieval Catholic fla-

drive backward off curves at high speeds and hit trees. He designed his early Porsches so they did that better than any other automobile on earth.

Rickley has probably forgiven me by now for what happened to his 356 Cabriolet, and anyhow, high speed, even in reverse, is what sports cars are all about. Cost, style, sex appeal, reliability—in the final analysis, all these take a back bench to pure, unfettered speed.

Yet it's an odd thing. Objectively considered, sports cars aren't very fast. Even a 356 Porsche is no faster from 0 to 60 than a modern Japanese economy sedan. But speed is relative. Einstein said it first: In a small, light, rather tenuously fastened sports car with skinny tires and no safety equipment, anything is a high speed. Also,



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This incredible new machine sports the most sophisticated V-6 of any production line. Fuel-injected. Turbocharged. Two hundred horses powerful.

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**MAJOR MOTION
FROM NISSAN**

CONCORD. THE DIFFERENCE IS WORTH THE DIFFERENCE.

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

And what makes it so different?

4-GANG FM TUNER

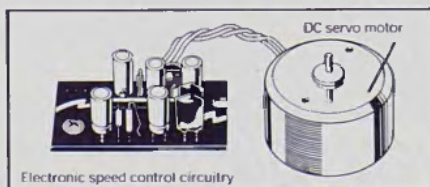
For extraordinarily clear FM reception, the Concord HPL-532 has an exclusive 4-gang digital tuner that provides exceptional station sensitivity & selectivity.

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

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

DC SERVO DRIVE MOTOR

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

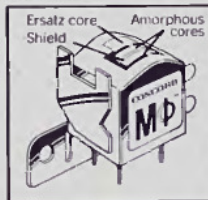


The result? Superior speed accuracy, lower wow and flutter, and over double the motor life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Even imagers or equalizers.

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

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

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

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

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

The difference is worth the difference.

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

ROLLING THUNDER

how to boost your car stereo to new levels

THERE IS good news and there is bad news. The bad news is that getting decent sound in a moving car is no easy matter. The good news is that auto-sound makers seem to have solved many of the existing problems. Even getting good, clear FM stereo reception in a car—the difficulty of which caused many of us to switch to cassettes as our primary mobile music source—is now possible thanks to some innovative engineering.

If you've ever reached for the mono switch on your home receiver to clean up a weak stereo signal, you know that on marginal broadcasts, mono reception always sounds better than stereo. Consequently, at home you've probably made a mental list of which FM stations come in nice and clear and which are listenable only in mono. In a moving car, however, reception conditions change from second to second as your position in relation to the transmitter changes. Drive into the shadow of a hill or a tall building and an FM stereo broadcast can go from great to ghastly in a flash.

But now there's hope. No more scramble switching, no more channel changing. Car-stereo makers are building their automotive receivers with smart circuits capable of analyzing the quality of the signal being received and making quick mid-course corrections to improve reception. These circuits (contained in Pioneer, Panasonic, JVC, Jensen and Blaupunkt receivers, to name a few) provide a progressive blending of the separate stereo channels as signal strength decreases. With the new units, you may eventually end up with stereo separation of just six decibels or so (compared with about 30 dB with a strong incoming signal), but the change is usually so gradual that you'll never miss the decreased stereo effect for the extra quiet that comes with it.

Another hobgoblin of FM reception on the road is multipath distortion. When a similar multiple-image-signal problem appears on your TV screen, it's called ghosting. The problem comes as the result of the primary broadcast signal's being mixed with reflections from hills and

buildings before being grabbed by your antenna. At home, you can minimize such distortion—on TV and FM—by orienting the rooftop antenna so that it is aimed in the direction of the transmitting tower, thereby decreasing its sensitivity to late-arriving reflections. In a moving car, however, the antenna is constantly exposed to an ever-changing mix of direct and reflected signals, and reception can be fuzzy and marred by static even in a strong signal area.

Clarion and Sony have come up with what seems to be a clever solution to the problem, borrowing a technique used in radar installations to guarantee the best possible reception. It's called diversity reception or diversity tuning, and it involves the use of more than one antenna. In both the Clarion and the Sony implementations, an additional antenna is positioned a couple of feet from the primary one, and special circuitry in the receiver samples the strength and quality of the outputs from each antenna at an extremely rapid rate. If the signal from the main antenna

Clockwise: Pioneer TS-1690K rear-deck speakers, \$150; Sparkomatic GE-70 equalizer, \$140; Clarion Audio TRX-100 AM/FM stereo cassette receiver, \$460; Magnum 2002 FM antenna amplifier, \$200.



PLAYBOY GUIDE

is weak or distorted, the circuit automatically shunts the output from the second antenna to the tuner. Not only should this technique improve the multipath situation but by giving the tuner more of a chance to operate with a consistently strong signal, it should significantly lessen the chances for "picket fencing"—maddeningly sporadic reception that sounds more like a cat spitting than like music.

If you can't see your way clear to invest in a new car receiver and still want to clean up poor reception, sometimes an antenna booster will make a dramatic improvement. Most boosters are wired directly into the antenna cable and amplify all signals along with any noise or distortion in the broadcast. Should a broadcast be strong to begin with, the additional amplification may end up overloading the tuner, causing additional distortion. A better alternative is an antenna amplifier that you can turn off when signal strength is high enough to give you good reception without it. The Magnum antenna amplifier, for instance, can be turned off when the signal is strong enough, and it lets you zero in on a weak signal or cut back on strong adjacent signals with a tuning control and then boost it with a variable gain control.

There is one problem, though, that you simply cannot control at the source; namely, the clatter of tires on an uneven road surface. You can, however, mask this by applying a bit of psychoacoustics to the problem. The tire noise is primarily composed of low-frequency sounds. As a counteraction, you have to selectively boost the low frequencies of the broadcast, which will enable the ear-brain system to mask the interfering road noise. A simple five- or seven-band equalizer, such as the GE-70 from Sparkomatic, is perfect for the job.

In fact, of all the add-ons available for car-stereo systems, an equalizer will probably make the biggest difference in sound quality. For cars in which speakers are hidden, for instance, below the dash or low on the door panels, thereby directing most of the treble into the upholstery or the carpeting rather than to your ears, an equalizer can boost the highs to restore a semblance of tonal balance.

If you want to upgrade your speakers while you're at it, you'll find lots of fresh thinking here, too. Manufacturers have finally realized that speakers should be designed to compensate for the difficult placements dictated by today's car interiors. With door panels getting thinner and

thinner, high-performance speakers were, until recently, simply too deep to fit. Jensen is addressing that problem with a series of extremely thin units; no speaker in its new line needs more than two inches of mounting depth, including a six-and-a-half-inch-diameter model with separate woofer, midrange and tweeter mounted in a Triaxial format.

For rear-deck placement in cars with broadly sloping glass above the deck, both Pioneer and Sansui have engineered multidriver systems with tweeters angled to direct their output forward, into the passenger area. If your current speakers are mounted and you don't want to redo the whole system, you should get a bit more out of the music by investing in a pair of add-on tweeters from Jensen or Philips that can be mounted in small cutouts on the dash.

Finally, no matter what sort of system you settle on, don't try to install it yourself unless you're equipped with the right tools, manuals and electrical and mechanical know-how. Here's one time when it really pays to use the services of a professional. If you spend all that money on components and insist on putting them in yourself, you're bound to have a screw loose somewhere.

Clockwise: Bloupunkt Tucson AM/FM stereo cassette receiver, \$500; Pioneer KE-7200 Supertuner III AM/FM stereo cassette receiver, \$380; Jensen J3023 Triax speaker, \$140 o pair.



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Presenting High Bias II and the Ultimate Tape Guarantee.

Memorex presents High Bias II, a tape so extraordinary, we're going to guarantee it forever.

We'll guarantee life-like sound. Because Permāpass™, our unique oxide bonding process, locks each oxide particle — each musical detail — onto the tape. So music stays live. Not just the 1st play. Or the 1000th. But forever.

We'll guarantee the cassette.

Every facet is engineered to protect the tape. Our waved-wafer improves tape-wind. Silicone-treated rollers insure smooth, precise tape alignment. The housing is made strong by a design unique to Memorex.

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If you are ever dissatisfied with Memorex High Bias II, mail us the tape and we'll replace it free.

YOU'LL FOREVER WONDER,

**IS IT LIVE,
OR IS IT
MEMOREX**



You're Entering Whistler Country. We challenged Escort and won.

Motor Trend, Aug. '83 "The Whistler Spectrum resides at the top of the list. A world class radar detector."

Autoweek, Nov. '82 "The Spectrum is the most sensitive radar detector Autoweek has ever seen."

BMW Roundel, July '83 "For the first time Escort has a true rival. It is impossible to pick a winner."

Last year we challenged the editors of the major car magazines to prove that the Whistler[®] Spectrum wasn't the best radar detector on the road.

The results are in. Spectrum placed a triumphant first with *Motor Trend*, *Autoweek*, and *BMW Roundel*. And a very close second with *Car and Driver* (still scoring #1 in the 3 most critical out of 5 categories*).

We're not surprised. After all 3 out of 4 truckers have been choosing Whistler since the first Whistler was built.

And now the Whistler Spectrum beats everyone with our new "Pollution Solution"[™]. A unique circuit that not only "stomps out" interference from other units, but it *enhances* sensitivity and eliminates falsing as it does so.

Go with the name America's truckers trust. And America's leading car magazine editors named #1. Start driving in Whistler Country.

P.S. If you already own a Whistler Spectrum and want to get the Pollution Solution, you can, by writing Controlonics Corp., 5 Liberty Way, Westford, MA 01886.

*X band only



Whistler[®] Spectrum Radar Detector
Portable or Remote

HOW YOUR CAR WORKS

read this and you, too, can be mr. goodwrench

REMEMBER WHEN any bonehead could understand a car? You turned the key to start the engine, which was located up front, like its predecessor, the horse. You put the car in gear, stepped on the gas and it moved. You stepped on it harder, it moved faster.

No one really understood how a carburetor worked, but it was simple to find, remove and disassemble. You just cleaned all the little pieces and put it back together. If there were no little pieces left over, it was probably fixed.

Alas, an increasing number of engines these days have fuel injection instead of carburetors and computerized electronic ignition instead of easily replaceable little parts. Increasingly, turbochargers restore performance but raise the complication factor. Trans-axles (driving the front wheels) are replacing transmissions; MacPherson struts are replacing traditional springs and shocks; and you and I are not likely to be replacing much of anything ourselves anymore—except, maybe, the sparkplugs, which don't need replacing

very often, anyway.

Still, knowing the new language of cars will get you over half the hump. And Autospeak is not that tough to master. For example:

UNDER THE HOOD

All engines have *cylinders* in a *cylinder block*, in which can-shaped *pistons* travel up and down. A mixture of fuel and air is ignited by an electrical *spark-plug* in each cylinder's *combustion chamber*, above the piston. The resulting controlled explosion drives the piston downward, producing power. The pistons turn a rotating *crankshaft*, which transmits the power out through the engine block. *In-line* engines have their cylinders in a straight row, while *V6s* and *V8s* have half on each side in a V-shaped arrangement.

Atop each row (or bank) of cylinders sits a *cylinder head* containing passages (ports) through which the air/fuel mixture (charge) flows in and exhaust gases flow out after combustion. Each port has a long-stemmed, mushroom-shaped

valve to control its flow. These valves are held tightly closed by heavy *valve springs* until pushed open at the proper time by an egg-shaped *lobe* on a rotating *camshaft*.

A *carburetor* adds fuel to the intake air on its way to the *intake manifold*, which distributes it to the head's intake ports. Exhaust gases are collected from the exhaust ports by an *exhaust manifold* and are then piped through the exhaust system, which includes a *muffler* and (in most cases) a *catalytic converter* full of chemical catalysts that convert pollutants into harmless substances. *Turbocharging* reclaims energy from the hot exhaust by using it to drive a turbine attached to a pump that forces additional air/fuel mixture into the cylinders under pressure. *Fuel injection*, usually electronically controlled, mixes fuel into the intake charge more precisely than carburetors can by squirting it directly into each intake port (port, or multipoint, injection) or into a single central point in the intake manifold. Are you getting this?

UNDER THE BODY

Independent suspension means that the wheels on both sides of a vehicle are free to move up and down independently instead of being tied together by a single axle assembly. All modern cars (and most light trucks) have independent front suspension, and some are independent in the rear as well. Front-suspension springs are usually large coils (some cars have twisting *torsion bars* instead). Coils or long, beamlike *leaf springs* are used in the rear. Springs support the body and let the wheels move up and down over bumps, while *shock absorbers* (closed tubes with fluid and a piston inside) resist that motion to keep the vehicle from bouncing like a buckboard. *MacPherson struts* are essentially long shock absorbers with coil springs wrapped around them to save space.

In rear-drive vehicles, power from the engine travels through a *transmission* and a long *drive shaft* into a *differential*, which splits it outward through axles to the rear-wheel hubs and reduces rotational speed for more torque, or pulling power. A front-drive car combines the transmission and differential functions in a *transaxle* to power the front wheels. Manual transmissions use a foot-operated *clutch* to mechanically disconnect the engine from the transmission during shifting. If you drive an automatic, you don't need to know this. You just step on the gas and the car moves. You step on it harder, it moves faster.

—GARY WITZENBURG



PHOTO AND PLAYBOY GUIDE COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

What's a Rusty Nail?



a) the rock group from New Guinea that's breaking records in America.



b) the latest decorator color that's sweeping Beverly Hills.



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

THE SEXY CAR

(continued from page 152)

possible. And that meant the auto makers could finally turn their attention back to making cars exciting again.

It would start out slowly, with softer, more rounded lines all around. Then some small fireworks. New sports cars and convertibles. And then some bigger bombshells. Ford's new T-bird and Cougar. A brand-new Corvette. A new Nissan ZX. Chrysler's entry into the sports-car field. A Pontiac mid-engine two-seater priced for the masses. But enough of the headlines. It's time for you to lean back in your bucket seat, and read all about it.

AMERICAN CARS

Surprise, surprise! General Motors has finally gotten its act in gear and has driven right off the middle of the road and into the fast lane. Perhaps spurred by the initial success of the new Corvette, G.M. has put a lot of punch and promotion behind Pontiac's new Fiero, a sexy, more affordable two-seater that promises to quicken the pulse of those who don't want to blow the ranch on the 'Vette.

At less than half the price of the Corvette, the plastic-bodied Fiero is America's first (and to date only) mid-engine car. Its 2.5-liter four-cylinder is mounted, race-car style, behind the seats, which allows room for an ultralow aerodynamic nose, which helps make for some uncommonly well-balanced handling. The car's snug-fitting plastic "skin," an easily removable set of corrosion-proof plastic panels, helps ward off the dings and dents. With a four-speed manual or optional three-speed automatic, the current Fiero offers moderate muscle, but there's more to come. Next year, Pontiac is planning to add an optional V6 version, which should turn this sporty little fuel saver into much more of a fire breather. Pontiac also has a hot new 150-hp turbocharged version of its 1.8-liter four-cylinder engine available in most models of its 2000 Sunbird series.

Not to be left in the dust in the high-tech sweepstakes, Chevrolet boasts a new-look front-wheel-drive (fwd) intermediate Celebrity, with a neat show-and-go Eurosport package on its coupe, sedan and new-for-'84 wagon. An optional 130-hp H.O. (high output) V6 gives the new Celebrity plenty of punch. Chevy's other superstrutter, the luxury Camaro Berlinetta, gets ultratech electronic instrumentation that makes the starship Enterprise look like an old Corvair.

Oldsmobile has also turned to some snazzy cosmetic surgery with Euro-look ES packages for its three-car fwd series (Cutlass Ciera, Omega and Firenza). And the top-line Toronado's changes speak for themselves through G.M.'s first talking dashboard.

Buick borrows a page (and a 1.8-liter turbo four) from Pontiac's book for its sporty fwd Skyhawk T Type. But that

doesn't mean that Buick is without original thought. It has come up with two all-new V6 power plants. One, an option in the mid-size fwd Century T Type, uses multipoint fuel injection to develop 125 horsepower. The second, standard in both Riviera and Regal T Types, is turbocharged and sequentially fuel-injected for an even more impressive 190 horses.

And if the return of the ragtop Cadillac (the first since '76) isn't enough, keep your eyes on the showrooms. Caddy will soon introduce an all-new fwd DeVille, complete with a 135-hp aluminum V8. Also on the way from G.M. are new fwd Buick Electras and Olds 98s, both offering high-lux motoring with improved space and fuel efficiency.

Ford has finally given up on its barn-shaped Lincoln Continental Mark VI in favor of a sleeker Mark VII, which should shock the usually complacent large-luxury-car world. The radical new Mark is softly rounded and aerodynamically shaped. While there are still toned-down hints of the traditional Lincoln grille and Continental kit, the big styling news is the first domestic use of Euro-style flush head lamps. Under the prettier facings is a unique computer-controlled air-spring suspension that quickly compensates for changes in passenger and cargo load. The four air-bag springs make the new Mark (and its city cousin, the four-door Continental) ride and handle like no other big, plush luxury car. There's even a driver-oriented LSC (luxury sports coupe) version with stiffer suspension and high-performance black-wall tires on alloy wheels. Imagine that—a serious sporty Lincoln!

Ford offers a stable of newly turbocharged performance cars this year. They run from the handsome, quick and marvelously civilized 2.3-liter Thunderbird Turbo Coupe to the 1.6-liter versions of the little fwd Escort sedan and the EXP two-seater coupe. In between, sizewise, are a 145-hp turbo Mustang and a special new Mustang model called SVO. The latter, with a nearly grilleless aerodynamic nose, a two-tiered aero wing, a 175-hp turbo four and deeply contoured performance bucket seats, has the full treatment of Ford's Special Vehicle Operations racing department.

From Mercury (you remember Mercury), there's a new performance-model Cougar XR-7 with the T-bird Turbo's 145-hp motor and a choice of five-speed manual or three-speed automatic transmission. Then there's a turbocharged Capri RS and, yes, a 120-hp Lynx RS turbo.

Say, have you noticed that Lee Iacocca has been getting more TV time than Bo Duke? Well, he does have a lot to brag about. His turnaround of the Chrysler Corporation is one of America's greatest cliff-hanger success stories. But there's more to Chrysler these days than just a black bottom line. Its long-suffering

engineers have managed to design and develop the industry's best new engine, a tough-spirited 2.2-liter overhead-cam four, as well as some very nice fwd family sedans to put it in. In the past couple of years, the Chrysler line has expanded to include a couple of nifty convertibles and some low-buck pocket-rocket performance cars, including the Shelby Charger.

But all of that was just a warm-up for 1984, when Chrysler fires a double-barreled salvo at the competition. First comes a pair of sleek, sexy, fast and fine-handling sports cars called Chrysler Laser and Dodge Daytona. The former is a showcase for Chrysler electronics, with optional everything from digital/graphic instruments to systems monitoring, computer navigation and a more sophisticated version of Chrysler's famous talking dashboard. The Daytona Turbo Z is more all-out performance oriented, with functional racer-look aerodynamic spoilers and the best suspension yet on a front-wheel-drive car. Both the Daytona and the Laser offer an optional 142-hp turbocharged engine, the same 2.2-liter turbo that's now an option in the fwd Chrysler E Class luxury sedan and the sporty Dodge 600 ES.

Barrel number two banged big early this year with the introduction of America's first minisized vans, the Dodge Caravan and the Plymouth Voyager. These hold seven people and a fair amount of cargo and fit easily in any garage. The ruggedly handsome Caravan and Voyager drive more like cars than like trucks and can be fitted with almost any equipment available on your average modern auto.

Franco-American partners A.M.C. and Renault introduce a sportier hunchbacked hatchback version (called, appropriately, Encore) of their highly successful fwd Alliance, plus an all-new downsized and modernized four-wheel drive (4wd) Jeep Cherokee/Wagoneer series. Volkswagen of America has its Pennsylvania plant geared up for production of the quick, agile and affordable Rabbit GTI, as well as an inexpensive new diesel Rabbit called Sparmeister. Watch for all-new Rabbits to hop into the showrooms later this year. Honda of America cranks up assembly of its U.S.-built Accord sedan while preparing to add the hatchback model to its Marysville, Ohio, production line. And little Avanti of South Bend, Indiana, celebrating its first full year under new ownership and management, face-lifts and upgrades its custom-built Avanti sports car with nicely integrated new bumpers, a redesigned interior, a new 190-hp Chevrolet V8 engine and substantial ride and handling refinements.

JAPANESE CARS

The Japanese are not as enamored with fuel injection and turbocharging as are our domestic car makers, at least for their U.S. models. That's probably because they tend to design new engines regularly instead of

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adding new technology to old ones. But the Japanese manufacturers are big on electronics and keep trying to one-up one another in gimmickry and gadgetry.

This year, Toyota, the General Motors of Japan, splits its popular Corolla series into two entirely different lines. The first is a sporty redesign of the existing rear-drive Corolla, available in both coupe and liftback styles and dubbed (what else?) Corolla Sport. The second is an all-new

and considerably roomier fwd series (four-door sedan and five-door liftback) with styling lifted from the larger fwd Camry and some chassis pieces derived from the smaller fwd Tercel. Toyota's other all-new model for '84 is a spacy-looking Van Wagon powered by a midship-mounted 2.0-liter fuel-injected push-rod four. Its most interesting features are a highly aerodynamic (for a van) body and the world's first factory auto drink cooler and

ice maker. Why didn't Detroit think of that?

Nissan (it's going to be hard to stop saying Datsun, isn't it?) unveils a redesigned Z-car. The new 300-ZX looks much like its predecessor (the popular 280-ZX) except for a new, flat nose with partially covered head lamps. Its best feature by far is an all-new 3.0-liter fuel-injected overhead-cam V6 engine developing 160 lusty horsepower. With optional

PLAYBOY CARS '84—VITAL STATISTICS

SPORTY, SEXY, HIGH-TECH AUTOMOBILES, BOTH FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

MAKE & MODEL	OVER-ALL WHEEL-BASE LENGTH (inches)	DRIVE* SYSTEM	STANDARD** ENGINE	MAX. HP @ rpm	STD.*** TRANS.	0-60 MPH (sec.)	EST. EPA ECONOMY (city/hwy mpg)	APPROX. BASE PRICE	DESCRIPTION & FEATURES
Avanti	194.4	F-R	5.0-V8 H.O.	190@4800	4A	8.5	18/29	\$31,000	New version of custom-built, high-performance classic
Buick Riviera T Type	206.6	F-F	3.8-V6 EFI/T	190@4000	4A	10.5	16/27	17,000	Personal luxury coupe with more turbo power
Buick Electra T Type	196.2	F-F	3.8-V6 EFI	125@4400	4A	12.5	20/33	16,500	Sporty version of soon-to-come all-new fwd luxury sedan
Buick Century T Type	189.1	F-F	3.8-V6 EFI	125@4400	4A	11.5	20/33	10,700	Mid-size sporty sedan with new fuel-injected engine
Buick Skyhawk T Type Turbo	171.3	F-F	1.8-4 EFI/T	150@5600	4M	8.5	24/36	8,200	Turbocharged sporty subcompact
Cadillac Eldorado Convertible	204.5	F-F	4.1-V8 EFI	135@4400	4A	14.5	18/28	31,300	Revival of the open-air Eldorado
Cadillac Cimarron	173.1	F-F	2.0-4 EFI	88@4800	5M	14.0	27/43	12,600	Cadillac's little luxury sedan
Chevrolet Celebrity Eurosport	188.3	F-F	2.8-V6 H.O.	130@5400	3A	12.0	21/33	8,600	New sporty version of mid-size fwd with H.O. V6 power
Chevrolet Camaro Z-28 5.0 H.O.	187.8	F-R	5.0-V8 H.O.	190@4800	5M	7.5	16/28	11,200	The ultimate high-performance Camaro
Chevrolet Corvette	176.5	F-R	5.7-V8 EFI	205@4200	4M	6.8	16/28	23,400	Major redesign of the classic fiberglass sportsster
Chevrolet Cavalier Type 10 Coupe	172.4	F-F	2.0-4 EFI	88@4800	5M	14.0	27/43	6,500	New sporty version of small fwd hatchback coupe
Chrysler E Class Turbo	187.2	F-F	2.2-4 EFI/T	142@5600	3A	9.9	22/30	10,200	New turbo power for fwd luxury sedan
Chrysler Laser Turbo	175.0	F-F	2.2-4 EFI/T	142@5600	5M	8.1	22/35	9,600	All-new turbocharged fwd sports car, heavy on electronics
Continental Mark VII LSC	202.8	F-R	5.0-V8 EFI	140@3200	4A	11.5	17/27	24,200	Sexy, aerodynamic performance-look Lincoln
Dodge Caravan	175.9	F-F	2.2-4	101@5600	5M	14.5	24/39	8,700	America's first fwd minivan
Dodge 600 ES Turbo	187.4	F-F	2.2-4 EFI/T	142@5600	5M	9.2	22/35	10,100	Euro Sport sedan gets turbo power for '84
Dodge Daytona Turbo Z	175.0	F-F	2.2-4 EFI/T	142@5600	5M	8.1	22/35	11,500	Ultimate version of all-new turbocharged fwd sports car
Ford Thunderbird Turbo Coupe	197.6	F-R	2.3-4 EFI/T	145@4600	5M	9.0	21/33	12,300	Classy turbo transportation in sleek aero body
Ford Mustang SVT	181.0	F-R	2.3-4 EFI/T	175@4400	5M	7.6	21/33	15,500	The ultimate street Mustang from Ford's racing engineers
Ford Escort GT Turbo	163.9	F-F	1.6-4 EFI/T	120@5200	5M	9.0	26/42	8,700	Turbo power packed in a small fwd hatchback
Ford EXP Turbo	170.3	F-F	1.6-4 EFI/T	120@5200	5M	9.0	26/42	9,900	Escort-based two-seat sportsster with new turbo power
Mercury Cougar XR-7	197.6	F-R	2.3-4 EFI/T	145@4600	3A	10.5	20/28	13,500	Mercury's answer to T-bird Turbo
Mercury Capri Turbo RS	179.1	F-R	2.3-4 EFI/T	145@4600	5M	9.0	21/33	10,200	Mustang-based sports coupe with new turbo power
Mercury Lynx Turbo RS	163.9	F-F	1.6-4 EFI/T	120@5200	5M	9.5	26/42	9,000	Mercury version of Ford's small fwd hatchback gets turbo, too
Oldsmobile Cutlass Circa ES	188.4	F-F	3.8-V6 EFI	125@4000	4A	11.5	20/36	10,600	Sporty fuel-injected fwd mid-size sedan
Oldsmobile Firenza ES	176.2	F-F	1.8-4 EFI	82@5200	5M	14.6	29/46	7,000	Small, sporty fwd sedan
Plymouth Voyager	175.9	F-F	2.2-4	101@5600	5M	14.5	24/39	8,700	Plymouth version of America's first fwd minivan
Pontiac 6000 STE	188.1	F-F	2.8-V6 H.O.	130@5400	3A	12.0	21/33	14,400	High-performance fwd Euro sedan
Pontiac Firebird Trans Am 5.0 H.O.	189.9	F-R	5.0-V8 H.O.	190@4800	5M	7.2	16/28	10,700	The ultimate Firebird, with new H.O. V8
Pontiac 2000 Sunbird Turbo	173.7	F-F	1.8-4 EFI/T	150@5600	4M	8.5	24/36	8,600	Small fwd sporty coupe with standard turbo power
Pontiac Fiero 2M4 SE	160.7	M-R	2.5-4 EFI	92@4400	4M	12.5	26/40	9,600	America's first mid-engine plastic sports car
Renault Encore	160.6	F-F	1.4-4 EFI	55@5200	4M	14.5	38/52	5,700	AMC/Renault's hatchback version of fwd Alliance
Volkswagen Rabbit GTI	157.3	F-F	1.8-4 MFI	90@5500	5M	9.7	26/36	8,400	High-performance bunny is back for second year
JAPAN									
Dodge/Plymouth Colt Vista	174.6	F-F	2.0-4	88@5000	4+2M	12.1	28/36	8,100	New, high, stubby fwd wagon from Mitsubishi
Dodge/Plymouth Conquest	173.2	F-R	2.6-4 EFI/T	145@5000	5M	8.7	21/31	12,200	Chrysler's version of Mitsubishi Starion turbo sports car
Dodge/Plymouth Colt GTS Turbo	156.9	F-F	1.6-4 EFI/T	102@5500	4+2M	8.2	30/39	7,400	Inexpensive pocket rocket for U.S. audience*
Honda Prelude	169.1	F-F	1.8-4	100@5500	5M	9.7	26/38****	10,000	New fwd sporty coupe, introduced late '83 model year
Honda Civic S	150.0	F-F	1.5-4	76@6000	5M	10.5	35/45	6,800	All-new economy Civic series
Honda Civic CRX 1.5	144.6	F-F	1.5-4	76@6000	5M	9.7	36/49	6,600	Quickness and supereconomy with 1.3-liter engine
Isuzu Impulse	172.6	F-R	1.9-4	90@5000	5M	12.0	24/36	10,500	Exotic Italian body over rear-drive econocar chassis

turbocharging, make that a lusty 200 horses and an equally lusty \$18,200 price tag. Five-speed manual transmission is standard, with computer-controlled four-speed automatic optional. A stretched 2+2 body style remains available for those with small kids and/or dogs. Inside is an excellent eight-way adjustable driver's bucket (power-operated in the top-line GS model), three-way electronically adjustable suspension (available only with

the turbo engine) and (with optional leather interior) the industry's best-yet digital/graphic instrumentation. Coming later this year from Nissan is an all-new, optionally turbocharged 200-SX.

Competent and calculating as ever, Honda follows its terrific new Prelude sporty coupe (introduced last spring) with a revolutionary all-new Civic series that's likely to send competing commuter-car makers back to their drawing boards.

Four body styles are available: a squared-off two-door hatchback (which looks like a tiny wagon); a fairly conventional four-door; a *bizarro*-back four-door wagon; and a neat little two-seat, two-door sports coupe called CRX. The base hatchback and a supereconomy version of the CRX (would you believe 51 mpg city and 67 highway EPA ratings? Neither do we) are powered by a 60-hp 1.3-liter engine, the rest by a much livelier but fuel-efficient

Model	177.8	98.8	F-F	2.0-4	84@4800	5M	11.3	29/41	8,300	Mid-size fwd coupe, sedan and 5-door hatch available
Mazda 626 Coupe	170.1	95.3	F-R	1.3-R EFI	135@6000	5M	8.0	18/29	15,100	Mazda's sports car with larger, more powerful rotary engine
Mazda RX-7 GSL-SE	173.2	95.9	F-R	2.6-4 EFI/T	145@5000	5M	8.6	21/31	14,600	High-tech turbo sports car
Mitsubishi Starion ES	173.0	96.3	F-F	1.8-4 T	116@5500	5M	9.3	25/38	9,400	Coupe and Tredia sedan get optional turbo power
Mitsubishi Cordia Turbo	170.7	91.3	F-R	3.0-V6 EFI/T	200@5200	5M	6.3	20/30	18,200	Third-generation Z-car with new Turbo-V6 power
Nissan 300-ZX Turbo	174.4	95.5	F-R	1.8-4 EFI/T	120@5200	5M	10.0	25/35	11,000	All-new sporty coupe, optional turbo power
Nissan 200-SX Turbo	167.9	96.7	F-4wd	1.8-4 EFI/T	95@4800	3A	12.6	24/30	11,100	Optional turbo power for unique 4wd small car
Subaru Turbo-Traction Hardtop	175.4	88.0	F-R	2.0-4 EFI	90@4400	5M	15.0	25/31	9,000	Toyota's aerodynamic answer to '84 Chrysler minivans
Toyota Van Wagon	183.5	102.9	F-R	2.8-6 EFI	160@5600	5M	8.8	21/29	15,700	High-performance hatchback coupe with twin-cam six
Toyota Supra	176.8	98.4	F-R	2.4-4 EFI	105@4800	5M	11.8	26/37	10,600	The poor man's Supra, face lifted and improved for '84
Toyota Celica GT-S	166.3	95.7	F-F	1.6-4	70@4800	5M	14.0	34/47	6,700	All-new fwd; also available as 4-door sedan
Toyota Corolla 5-Door										
GERMANY										
Audi 5000S Turbo	192.7	105.8	F-F	2.1-5 MFI/T	140@5500	3A	10.6	19/28	22,300	Turbo power for aerodynamic new sedan
Audi Quattro Turbo	178.2	99.5	F-4wd	2.1-5 MFI/T	160@5500	5M	7.5	17/28	35,000	High-performance 4wd turbo sports coupe
Audi 4000 Quattro	176.6	99.4	F-4wd	2.2-5 MFI	115@5500	5M	9.5	21/28	16,500	New 4wd sporty version of mid-size fwd sedan
BMW 633CSi	193.8	103.5	F-R	3.2-6 EFI	181@6000	5M	8.0	19/29	40,700	Classic luxury sports coupe
BMW 531i	189.0	103.3	F-R	3.2-6 EFI	181@6000	5M	7.7	19/29	30,300	Midrange 6-cylinder sedan with "Who needs turbo?" performance
BMW 318i	176.8	101.2	F-R	1.8-4 EFI	101@5800	5M	10.3	27/38	16,400	New last year, 6-cylinder and 4-door coming this year
Mercedes-Benz 500SEC	199.2	112.0	F-R	5.0-V8 MFI	184@4500	4A	9.0	15/20	56,800	New 5.0-liter engine for status coupe
Mercedes-Benz 190E 2.3	175.0	104.9	F-R	2.3-4 EFI	113@5000	5M	11.0	23/37	22,800	All-new small sedan, gas or available diesel power
Porsche 928S	175.7	98.4	F-R	4.6-V8 EFI	234@5250	5M	6.8	17/27	44,000	Porsche's flagship V8 sports car
Porsche 911 Carrera	168.9	89.5	R-R	3.2-6 EFI	200@5900	5M	6.3	20/32	32,000	More power and classic Carrera name for rear-engine Porsche
Porsche 944	168.9	94.5	F-R	2.5-4 EFI	143@5500	5M	8.2	22/35	21,400	Higher-priced '84 but still a great sports car
Volkswagen Jetta GLI	167.8	94.5	F-F	1.8-4 MFI	90@5500	5M	10.0	27/36	8,700	Rabbit-based sedan gets high-performance Rabbit GTI engine
Volkswagen Scirocco	165.7	94.5	F-F	1.8-4 MFI	90@5500	5M	10.0	27/36	10,900	Sports coupe, now with Rabbit GTI's performance engine
ITALY										
Alfa Romeo GTV 6 2.5	171.2	94.5	F-R	2.5-V6 EFI	154@5500	5M	8.1	21/34	19,000	Much-improved high-performance V6 GTI coupe
Alfa Romeo 2000 Spider Veloce	168.8	88.6	F-R	2.0-4 EFI	115@5500	5M	9.8	23/35	16,000	Classic Italian roadster, improved performance and economy
Bertone X/CEL	156.3	86.7	M-R	1.5-4 EFI	75@5500	5M	11.0	26/37	16,000	New name, same loads-of-fun mid-engine Italian sports car
Ferrari Mondial Cabriolet	182.7	104.3	M-R	3.0-V8 EFI	230@6800	5M	7.7	11/19	65,000	New convertible version of 4-seat mid-engine Ferrari
Ferrari 308GTSi	174.2	92.1	M-R	3.0-V8 EFI	230@6800	5M	7.1	11/18	60,000****	Quattrovalvole engine, added power for this sensuous exotic
Maserati Biturbo	165.8	98.9	F-R	2.5-V6 TT	192@5500	5M	6.9	15/25	26,000	The fabulous twin-turbo Maserati is here at last
Pininfarina Spider 2000	163.0	89.7	F-R	2.0-4 EFI	102@5500	5M	10.5	25/36	16,000	New name for slick (former Fiat) convertible sports car
GREAT BRITAIN										
Aston Martin Lagonda	208.0	115.0	F-R	5.3-V8	300@5600	3A	8.2	10/15	150,000	Hyperexotic hand-built 4-door sedan
Jaguar XJ-S	191.7	102.0	F-R	5.3-V12 EFI	262@5000	3A	7.8	14/22	34,700	V12-powered luxury coupe, we're still awaiting the convertible
Jaguar XJ6	199.6	113.0	F-R	4.2-6 EFI	176@4750	3A	10.6	17/24	31,100	Smooth-as-silk luxury sedan
Lotus Esprit Turbo	169.0	96.0	M-R	2.2-4 T	205@6000	5M	6.1	14/25	49,000	Turbo power for wedge-shaped mid-engine exotic
FRANCE										
Peugeot 505 Wagon	198.9	114.2	F-R	2.0-4 EFI	97@5000	5M	13.5	22/31	12,000	Tough and plush new wagon version of highly refined 505
Renault Fuego Turbo	176.8	96.1	F-F	1.6-4 EFI/T	107@5500	5M	10.2	26/40	11,000	One of the original imported turbo coupes
SWEDEN										
Saab 900 Turbo	186.6	99.1	F-F	2.0-4 MFI/T	135@4800	5M	9.6	21/34	16,900	The original turbo hatchback, room like a wagon
Volvo 760 GLE Turbo	188.4	109.1	F-R	2.3-4 EFI/T	157@5300	5M	8.0	23/30	23,000	Volvo's flagship luxury sedan gets new turbo power
Volvo Turbo	188.8	104.3	F-R	2.1-4 EFI/T	162@5100	4M + 00	7.9	20/29	16,500	New standard intercooler gives increased turbo power

NOTE: The above chart is a representative sampling of the world's most desirable makes and models. It does not list all models nor attempt to be comprehensive. Domestic car prices are 1984 factory-suggested retail; foreign prices are port of entry. They do not include state or local taxes, transportation or dealer-preparation charges. Prices and some other figures for cars not yet introduced are estimates; price is for model and power train listed, and all cars are 2-door models unless otherwise noted. Some horsepower figures are estimated.

*Engine placement/drive wheels (F = front, R = rear, M = mid). **Standard or recommended (T = turbocharged, TT = twin-turbo, D = diesel, R = rotary, H.O. = high output, EFI = electronic fuel injection, MFI = mechanical fuel injection).

4M = 4-speed manual, 3A = 3-speed automatic, 00 = override, etc. *1983 model.

76-hp 1.5-liter unit. Best of all are the new Civics' prices: from less than \$5300 for the base hatchback to about \$7400 for the sedan with automatic transaxle.

Mazda has a hot new version of its unique, rotary-powered RX-7 sports car called GSL-SE. The heart of this high-performance rocket is a new 135-hp "13B" rotary engine that generates 0-60 acceleration in the very impressive 8.0-second range. All RX-7s for '84 get a new four-speed automatic transmission, variable-ratio power steering (both optional) and upgraded instrumentation. Subaru, the pioneer of affordable 4wd cars in this country, adds a new dimension of performance with a turbocharged version of its unique flat-four engine. Isuzu stands pat with its gorgeous Impulse sports coupe and practical I-Mark sedans.

Mitsubishi adds optional turbo power for its fwd Cordia coupe and Tredia sedan and neatens up the styling on its turbocharged Starion sports car. Long a supplier to Chrysler, Mitsubishi also provides excitement at Dodge and Chrysler-Plymouth dealers by turbo boosting its sprightly little fwd Colt coupe. A version of the Starion called Conquest also goes to Chrysler, as does an all-new tall-profile seven-passenger wagon (almost a minivan) called Vista. The Starion/Conquest is fast, fine-handling, feature-loaded and highly civilized. The fwd five-door Vista beats Chrysler's own larger, more vanlike Caravan and Voyager to the showrooms by several months and provides a snappy-looking, nice-riding alternative to conventional wagons for import-oriented buyers.

GERMAN CARS

Volkswagen adds the very peppy 90-hp Rabbit GTI engine (now standard in the Scirocco sports car as well) to two more of its German-built products, the funky, fashionable Rabbit convertible and the GLI, a new performance version of the Jetta sedan. VW also lowers base prices almost across the board to become more competitive with low-buck econocars from the U.S. and Japan. The Porsche Audi division, on the other hand, adds equipment, boosts prices on its best-selling sports cars and replaces the legendary Porsche rear-engine 911SC with a new 200-hp 911 Carrera version. There are also three fine new Audi products: a 140-hp turbocharged version of the aerodynamic 5000S sedan, a stylish new 5000 wagon and a Quattro version of the smaller 4000 sedan, with 115 hp and 4wd.

Mercedes-Benz adds a larger (5.0 liter vs. 3.8), more powerful (184 hp vs. 155) V8 engine for its big sedan and luxury-coupe models and introduces two all-new "Baby Mercedes" small sedans, called 190E and 190D. Considerably smaller in length and price than current U.S. models, both have four-cylinder engines. The D is a diesel. Both versions offer a choice of

five-speed manual or four-speed automatic transmission and Mercedes' new 48-month or 50,000-mile warranty. You'd be hard pressed to tell these smaller sedans, with typically solid Mercedes comfort, ride and handling, from their larger brethren if you rode in one blindfolded—unless you rode in the much smaller rear seat.

With the late-'83 introduction of its new small 318i model, BMW continues on the same conservative styling path it took with the redesigned economy-minded midrange 528e. Last year's good news was the later addition of an expensive but much faster 3.3-liter 533i version of the 5-series car. This year's bright note will be the midyear addition of a six-cylinder hot-rod 3-series called 325e. A new four-door 318i is also on the way for a late-'84 debut. Rest assured, however, that while more contemporary shapes don't seem to be in the cards at the moment, each new BMW boasts substantial engineering improvement over the car it replaces.

ITALIAN CARS

When the U.S. branch of Italy's automaking giant Fiat decided to quit importing sports cars last year, the void was filled by a new company called International Automobile Importers, headed by none other than former Subaru importer and Bricklin-sports-car maker Malcolm Bricklin. I.A.I. began shipping in improved versions of what used to be the Bertone X1/9 and Spider 2000 convertible just last August. The former, a still-stylish little wedge of a mid-engine two-seater, is now called Bertone X/CEL. It gets 75 horses out of its injected 1.5-liter four and sells for a cool \$16,000. The latter, a dated but still curvaceous convertible roadster by Pininfarina, is powered by a fuel-injected 2.0-liter four generating 102 hp and also goes for 16 grand. Both feature standard five-speed manual transmissions.

Ferrari began offering its new 230-hp *Quattrovalvole* (four valves per cylinder) 3.0-liter V8 engine in its U.S.-market cars several months ago. Now there's an exciting new model to go with it. Joining the sensuous 308 GTSi Targa-top sports car and the four-seat Mondial is the Mondial Cabriolet, Ferrari's first full convertible since the 1969 Daytona Spider. Both mid-engine exotics were extensively refined a year ago, and Fiat North America (curiously) continues to import them.

Alfa Romeo offers a substantial list of improvements to its snappy GTV 6/2.5-liter sports coupe and the aging but still enjoyable 2000 Spider Veloce convertible. Addition of digital electronic ignition and shorter gearing to both cars increases performance and economy. The GTV 6 gets a new leather interior with very nice Recarolike seats, a standard sun roof, and transaxle synchronizer and shift-linkage improvements. Exoticar maker Maserati, meanwhile, finally begins importation of its 192-hp twin-turbo Biturbo sedan (a move forecast on these pages last year).

BRITISH CARS

A new company called Lotus Performance Cars has taken over importation of exotic English-built Lotus products, including the superfast 205-hp Esprit Turbo. This little wedge-shaped bullet, the latest version of the car that once sprouted fins and carried James Bond to a miraculous undersea escape, is turbocharged and capable of nearly 150 mph flat out. It's also much improved inside and accommodates tall, fat-footed American drivers better than earlier Esprits, thanks to increased headroom and rearrangement of the pedals and the foot-box area. Jaguar plans a March introduction for its hotly anticipated XJ-S Cabriolet convertible (which features a new six-cylinder engine and five-speed manual transmission) while enjoying record sales of its ultrarefined XJ6 sedan and V12-powered XJ-S coupe, the latter with a new standard trip computer for '84. Aston Martin continues importation of tiny quantities of its hyperexpensive hand-built cars, including the Volante convertible and the ultraexotic, wedge-shaped \$150,000 Lagonda sedan, while Rolls-Royce has little new to offer this year save slightly lower prices due to the favorable dollar-to-pound currency relationship.

FRENCH CARS

Renault keeps its nice Sportwagon (formerly the 18i) and aerodynamic Fuego and Fuego Turbo sports coupes around for '84, but the only new car news from France this year is Peugeot's long-awaited 505 station wagon. Powered by a choice of 2.0-liter gas or 2.3-liter turbodiesel engine, this refined and roomy mid-size beauty holds 79 cubic feet or 1125 pounds of cargo, whichever comes first. Both volume and weight capacities are the highest of any imported wagon on the market. The excellent ride and handling qualities of the 505 sedan are retained in the wagon. And the interior is about as plush and comfortable as a European import gets.

SWEDISH CARS

All-new cars from Sweden come around about as often as tax cuts, but Saab boasts some 30 minor changes and improvements to its 900 and 900 Turbo lines, while rival Volvo adds an intercooler to its available turbocharged engine, as well as automatic transmission for its turbodiesel 760 model. The intercooler (also available as an after-market kit) boosts the horsepower of Volvo's 2.1-liter turbomotor from 131 to a tire-frying 162. And just over the horizon is a 157-hp 2.3-liter turbocharged four, also intercooled, for Volvo's luxury flagship, the 760 GLE.

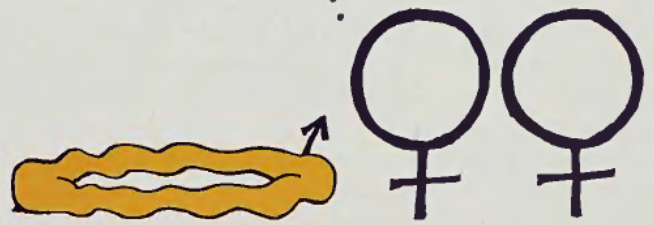
And there you have it. This year's car crop promises to bring back excitement we haven't seen in years. The sexy, high-tech cars are finally here. We think you'll find them well worth the wait.



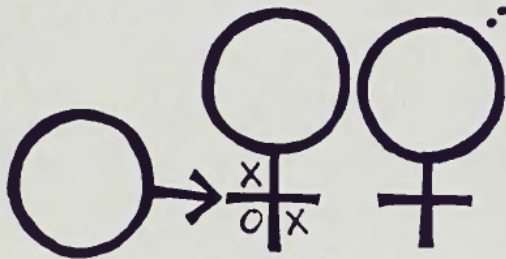
SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times
humor By DON ADDIS

You BLOW IT UP!



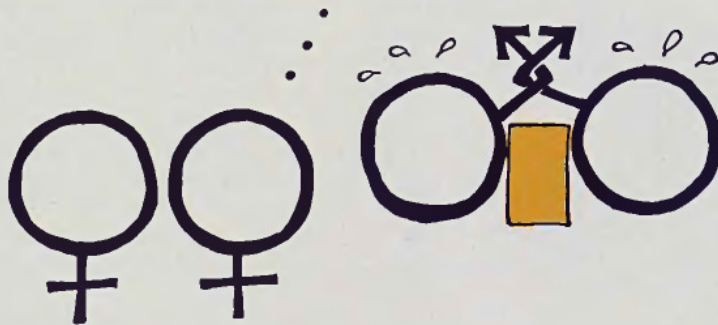
I TOLD YOU HE WOULDN'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT!



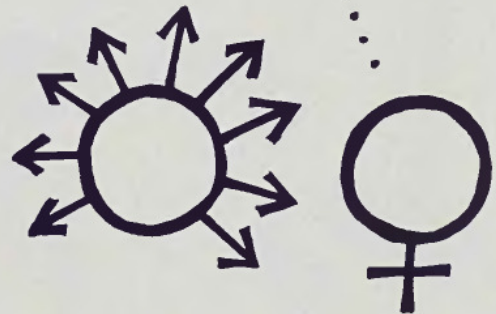
WE'LL HAVE TO
TRY IT AGAIN...
SOMEBODY MOVED!



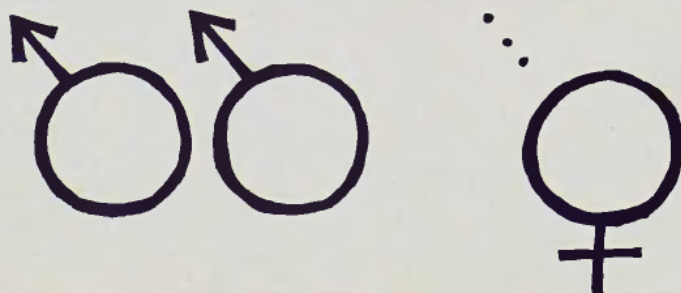
I GUESS IT'S A NATURAL EXTENSION
OF ARM WRESTLING!



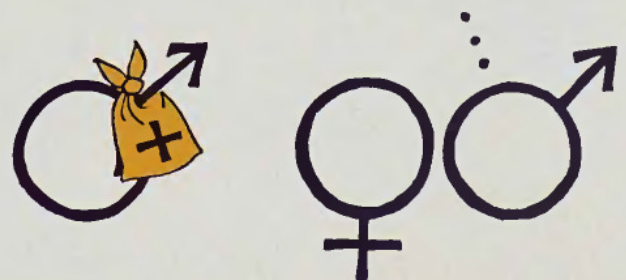
DR. FINSTER, YOU HAVE
REFINED THE SCIENCE OF
CLONING TO A HIGH ART!



THAT'S IT?
PLOP-PLOP, FIZZ-FIZZ?



PERSONALLY, I DON'T KNOW
WHAT ALL THE GIRLS SEE IN HIM!



"On any sexual drive-through jungle tour, moreover, man must be guide and handyman and head fantast."

enough to send a respectable woman into instant *Mittelschmerz*. No way she can price real simulated Spanish fly or hot Ream Cream. It is manful, then, to get her ring size and fetch plastic gratification home: cheese-grater condoms and Dancing Dingers and purple crank dongs so large you could start a Model T with one. Mechanical adroitness will again be prerequisite—D battery, adjustable screw clamp, rubber gasket—men who are all thumbs can never please their women. On any sexual drive-through jungle tour, moreover, man must be guide and handy man and head fantast. After all, most women approach sex as if they were auditing an elective course: no roll taken, no class participation. A man should mix some warm, some cold, some French, some Greek, some B and D, some Water Pik

and some winsome narrative about Goldilocks and the three *chicanos*. It can be your best M.A., but practice, intuition and gentle guile are needed. You don't learn this secret by playing a few cuts of the *White Album* backward.

THAT FOURTH ARM

There you are, after a night of love that really rotated your tires. You snuggle close for sleep, spoon tight against her fertile crescent and—and find that *God made men and women with one arm too many*. Yours. Yours is the fourth arm. No matter where you hang it—over a headboard, in your crotch, beneath her back—at least one major vein will squinch off and become necrotic. But the night was splendid, so who cares if you look like Kaiser Wilhelm II next morning: You're a man.

IN AN EMERGENCY, CROON

Men—well, certain men at least—have sufficient presence to firebreak panic and pour foam on psychological runways before the crash. Sure, women can kiss and make better, which might be OK local anesthesia—but not so effective when the Titanic is heading for very uneminent domain. Strong men crowd-control because, by implication, they are themselves at risk. I remember the time my father cut in on two knife-out drunken men at a bar. Their women were screaming. My father simply said, "That'll be enough." And it was—after he had presented his chest as an interloper between. There is sleight of voice and body here (why d' you think there are so few female magicians?). Men, of course, have this power partly because they can talk real low. A Cronkite sound has about the effect that straight Romilar and airplane glue would have: Human diaphragms are fork tuned to it. Hysteria is a high, thin locust sound, Menudo-fan noise. You couldn't imagine Henry Kissinger shrieking, could you? A man can say, "Women and children first" and make it stick—except with the Supreme Court, where that would be ruled either discriminatory or male-chauvinist pork.

THEN, AS I END THE REFRAIN, THRUST HOME

My father was a powerful man: He could swim across the Hudson River and back or arm wrestle two firemen down at once. In his time, I suppose, he must've buried three dozen cats with high small honor. He could fix just about anything; what he couldn't fix he built again. He constructed sumptuous fires, got reception where a sound wave had only been under slight surveillance before. Nothing daunted him, neither man nor rattlesnake nor, at last, the carcinoma. He was, I think, somewhat in awe of women and rather glad about that. He and my mother were well wed for more than three decades. And in his so-convenient inside jacket pocket, he carried a heart as big as general delivery.

Manliness, after all, transcends instruction or art. It has to do with a genial, unnuanced availability. Great males can anticipate, as great athletes can, the hair-spring grab of human need. Around them there will be space without condition—and safety that doesn't impede. They defray a general expense of spirit. Womanhood, to them, is neither dangerous antithesis nor client estate: It is an extension and a rounding off. As the branch spread of a tree above soil must equal the root spread below, they are well grounded—grace comes most often from being easy in oneself. And, yes, they screw open a jar now and then. There is becoming chivalry enough in that.



"Why do they call it self-abuse? I happen to love it."



"Now the fringe is being heard from. One man claims to have just arrived from a distant planet. . . ."

in suburban Hartsdale. She gives the instructions quietly, asking that Warmflash see to it. Although Ono seems to be holding together, someone in the group says that the two of them were so close, and she is so grief-stricken, might she try to harm herself? De Palma is dispatched to see that she does nothing rash.

De Palma nervously walks into her bedroom, says nothing to Ono, who is still on the bed, and walks into her bathroom. He checks for razors and any sharp objects, and Ono pads over to the entrance to the bathroom. She asks what he is doing and he tells her, somewhat sheepishly. Although she is startled, she says, "I understand—but don't worry." In fact, she continues, she wants De Palma not to go easy on her; she wants to know and hear everything that happens. They are not to keep anything from her—not a newspaper headline, not a rumor. As if to convince De Palma that she is serious, she has him switch on the television set in her bedroom and turn up the volume. She sits and begins to watch TV coverage of the murder. It seems surreal, unconnected to the events of the past few hours: There are clips of the Beatles and film of her and Lennon marrying in Gibraltar, romping at the bed-ins in Amsterdam, walking together in Central Park just a month ago.

By the early-morning hours, Mintz and De Palma are exhausted, still manning the phones in the dimly lit offices, which are now filled with hundreds of floral arrangements. There is a call from the receptionist at the Dakota's front desk: Someone has called from Los Angeles to swear that he is leaving for New York to "finish the job Chapman started." After a little detective work of his own to make sure it isn't another crank call, Mintz phones the Los Angeles police. A short while later comes word that he was right to take the threat seriously: A man is arrested at the Los Angeles airport when he punches out a police officer and vows to "get" Yoko Ono. He has a history of psychiatric disorders. The problem is disposed of quickly, but it is the first indication that there may be worse to come.

DECEMBER 10, 1980

Early this morning, Ono is told that Sean is awake. They have not been close in the way that the boy and his father were, but now she shakily goes in to see him. She takes the five-year-old's hand, leads him downstairs in the service elevator, through the labyrinth of passageways in the basement and up the steps to the building's entryway. There are mourning

people ten yards away, beyond the iron gates. Ono points to a spot by the doorway and tells Sean that that was where his father was shot. Sean wants to know why someone shot his father. There is little she can say.

They return upstairs and Ono sits at a typewriter to compose a message calling for a silent vigil in Central Park and elsewhere. She then goes to comfort Sean, who is nearby, with his nanny, crying hysterically and calling out for his father.

There is another disturbing call received downstairs: A man claims he placed a bomb in a package delivered to the Dakota. By now, the Lennon offices are cluttered from wall to wall with flowers, gifts, cards, letters and boxes. A bomb squad in body armor is sneaked into the building, where they find the package identified by the caller, cut through it and find nothing. The caller was a crank. But the two threats and the half dozen other ugly telephone calls result in another decision: Ono announces that if Lennon's fans wish to remember him, they should refrain from sending flowers (which were stacking up to the ceiling) or gifts and should, instead, send donations to the Spirit Foundation, the organization the Lennons founded in 1978 to distribute funds to various charities.

This is the day a bulletin brings news of the suicide of a distraught fan—the first of three—and Ono can no longer hold on. She breaks down uncontrollably before finally placing a call to a New York newspaper asking that the suicides cease.

On the first floor, the phone calls continue, and now the outer fringe is being heard from. One man claims to have just arrived from a distant planet with a message from John to Yoko. Mediums call with messages from John they claim are matters of life and death. A boy calls to say that John's spirit has taken over his body. A man calls from England to say, with a trembling voice, that he has absolute proof that Lennon's murder was a conspiracy. All the callers urgently demand to talk with Ono.

Early in the afternoon, Ono's returning calm is shattered when Mintz and Warmflash turn over to her a small carton containing John's ashes. She manages to ask Warmflash what John looked like before the cremation. "He looked like he was sleeping," he says. Ono, who is on her bed, clasps her arms around her knees and stares straight ahead for several hours.

Downstairs in Studio One, the group continues to screen the incoming mail and calls. Besides De Palma and Mintz, other

assistants have come to help—and to talk. The radio speakers blare with songs by Lennon, interrupted by news reports about further developments in the case. Geffen, whose photograph with Ono is on the front page of most newspapers today, is on the telephone repeatedly to his second in command at Geffen Records, talking about the sales of the *Double Fantasy* album. He talks almost exclusively about the effect of the shooting on his business and is heard to say that he hopes war in Poland can be averted, for a war would knock the Lennon tragedy off the news-weekly covers.

De Palma is opening telegrams, most of them messages of condolence, and he stops after reading one. He walks over to Mintz and hands him the telegram. Mintz reads it and says, "I just can't tell her about this one now." The sender is a woman who claims to "know" someone who was present at Lennon's cremation—and that the cremation was both filmed and photographed. "You may want to contact me for more information," the message concludes. Mintz turns the telegram over to a security man. Although no further public evidence that these films exist has surfaced, the case is considered open.

Another macabre call is directed to Doug MacDougall, at the time the Lennons' only full-time security guard, who informs Mintz that an attendant at the morgue has sold a photo syndicate some shots of Lennon's body "with the sheet off." That sets off a frantic flurry of phone calls to head off the sale, but it is too late. One of the morgue photographs will shortly appear on the front page of the *New York Post* and later, in color, of *The National Enquirer*. A Dakota investigation later discloses that the attendant was paid \$10,000 for the photographs. He becomes, Mintz observes, "the first one to make a buck off John's death."

MID-DECEMBER 1980

The first to think somewhat more ambitiously about capitalizing on Lennon's death is a member of the inner group, Fred Seaman. The slim, German-born assistant, a journalism graduate of City College of New York, obtained his position through his uncle and aunt. Norman Seaman was a longtime friend of the Lennons; his wife, Helen, became Sean's nanny, and so it was natural that Fred should come to work in the family business—running errands for Lennon, serving as gofer during the recording sessions of *Double Fantasy*, taking John and Yoko trays of *sushi* for dinner.

One of Seaman's assignments was to accompany Lennon to Bermuda earlier in the year, working as his boy Friday. It was there that Lennon wrote and made a rough cassette of the flood of new songs that would become his half of *Double Fantasy* and *Milk and Honey*. Because he

Can you tell which watch costs \$250?



One of these watches costs \$250.

The other is far less expensive. But we've given it a Speidel watchband to show you how any of our 200 watchbands can make a watch look rich and expensive. By the way, the watch on the left is the far less costly one.

So, if you're having difficulty telling which watch is which, you certainly shouldn't have any trouble deciding which watchband to buy.

Speidel

Isn't it about time you changed your watchband?

spent those weeks with Lennon, Seaman came to feel that he was the closest person in Lennon's life by the time he was killed—closer than friends such as Mintz, closer even than Yoko and Sean.

Two days after the murder, Seaman, who claimed to have been devastated by Lennon's murder, showed up at the door of an old college friend to say, excitedly, "I'm set for life." In the days that follow, however, he repeatedly tells the people at the Dakota that he cannot function, that Lennon's death is too much for him to cope with. Ono hears about it and agrees that he should take some time off from his \$36,000-a-year job.

He uses the time well. Within a couple of weeks, he has drawn up and notarized a contract with his college friend, an aspiring writer named Bob Rosen. The contract specifies that they will become equal partners on a book about Lennon, and on all "projects relating to this book," including merchandising rights and "John and Yoko dolls."

Rosen, a slight, short man with a receding hairline and a stutter, lives in a tiny apartment in a tenement on 169th Street. That becomes headquarters for "Project Walrus," as they call their scheme. As soon as Seaman returns to work full time at the Dakota, he says he will report daily to Rosen about goings on there, and Rosen will keep notes. (They will also both keep daily diaries of their own.) Seaman hints that there may be some primary source material available. To pay Rosen's salary, Seaman will take money out of the Lennon petty-cash fund.

Seaman returns to work at the Dakota as a Lennon assistant. Within a week, he has begun a routine that will hardly vary over the next 12 months: On Friday afternoons, Seaman walks out of the Dakota with a shopping bag full of documents taken from the office files and from the Lennons' apartments. He passes beneath the archway, walks a couple of blocks west, then rides up to Rosen's apartment. There, on a nearly full-time basis, Rosen reads, digests, copies and distills the personal papers Seaman has stolen.

For Ono, the weeks after the murder pass either in isolation, hardly leaving her bedroom, or in taking care of business—all the memorials for John, the letters that need answering. She insists, despite the mood in the apartment, that Sean celebrate Christmas. A tree is put up, lights are hung, tinsel is placed on the branches. A female Akita puppy that Lennon bought for his son's Christmas present nearly starved in the days after Lennon's death—nobody knew who was supposed to feed it. Now Ono puts the puppy under the tree for Sean with a ribbon saying, FROM DADDY. Sean names the dog Merry.

JANUARY 1981

After New Year's, Ono allows Sean and the puppy to go down to the Lennons' estate in Palm Beach, Florida, where the

boy can escape New York's winter and the funereal mood around the Dakota. She does that partly because, as she is frank enough to admit later, she finds it painful to be around Sean. Although still in shock, she can find solace in work and returns to the recording studio to complete a song she and Lennon were working on, *Walking on Thin Ice*, which Geffen will release a month later. Although work on the record proceeds well, she spends the vast majority of her time in bed at home, eating chocolate cake delivered by a local gourmet shop and sipping tea in the dimly lit room.

From time to time, she emerges from the bedroom and makes brief forays downstairs. Sean returns from Florida and she almost cannot bring herself to see him: The memories are too disturbing. But she knows she must and begins to spend more time with him, begins to get to know him as she did not before Lennon's death.

APRIL 1981

There have been no more death threats, the crowds around the Dakota have thinned and for Ono, there is the possibility that, as gloomy as things are around the apartment, at least the worst of it may be behind them. She feels strong enough to tackle a large project: a solo album in which she will work through some of her feelings. It will be called *Season of Glass* and one cut will contain gunshots. For the cover photo, Ono chooses a window in the Dakota that Lennon used to sit at and stare out of, daydreaming, and places his bloodstained glasses on a table in front of it. She knows it will be controversial, but this is how she feels she must express her grief. She insists on clicking the camera's shutter herself.

Uptown, Project Walrus is proceeding on schedule. Rosen is sifting through the bags full of papers Seaman has brought him. It is a treasure-trove and Rosen records his reactions to the material in his journals, which will surface later. He is beginning to feel like Lennon's alter ego, the only one who really knows him—and that includes Yoko, who is brooding in the Dakota, and even his partner, Seaman, who is so busy plotting and sneaking things out. . . . Only he, Rosen, alone in his apartment with John Lennon's paper legacy, knows what he was like.

One afternoon, in a shopping bag that Seaman brings in, Rosen discovers the mother lode: In hardbound *New Yorker* diaries dating from 1975 to 1980, John kept his own private journals. In them, Rosen and Seaman have possession of his most personal thoughts and admissions during the period he was least in public view. This is history! More, this is big bucks. As Rosen puts it in his own journal, "Dead Lennons = BIG \$\$\$\$\$\$."

MAY 1981

Seaman, still a trusted aide at the Dakota, is sent by Ono to Wales to visit

Julian. She wants Julian, Lennon's son by his marriage to Cynthia Powell, to have some gifts from his father.

Arriving in Wales, Seaman begins courting Julian. He drops hints of his growing feelings of disillusionment with Yoko. He gives him the gifts—and, as a personal token, a copy of the cassette of John's final songs recorded in Bermuda. Seaman's journals suggest that his aim is to draw Julian into the plan, to persuade him to claim he knew of his father's diaries and that Lennon intended his eldest son, not Ono, to be the guardian of the diaries. Julian knows nothing of this but is thrilled at the "gifts."

In New York, an assistant relays a message from the New York coroner's office informing Ono that she should claim her husband's clothes—the ones he was wearing when he was shot. Chapman has changed his plea to guilty, so the clothes will not be needed as evidence. She takes a car to the coroner's and comes back with a shopping bag labeled PATIENT'S BELONGINGS. Inside, folded neatly, are Lennon's bloodstained clothes. She returns to the Dakota and to the refuge of her bedroom.

JULY 1981

By midsummer, Ono is making definite attempts to reclaim a normal life. Although she and Sean are constantly attended by several guards, and although by most standards the life of a woman managing an estimated \$150,000,000 fortune can hardly be called normal, there is at least a renewed interest in the mundane. Take the redecorating of the apartments, a project begun before Lennon's death: It's time to get on with it, she decrees.

So Samuel Havadtoy, a Hungarian immigrant with a successful career in interior decorating, returns to work he began in the summer of 1980. He soon gains Ono's trust with an easy, bantering manner. Havadtoy enjoys playing with Sean, tumbling with him on the grass out at the Cold Spring Harbor estate, getting beat at video games. Ono realizes she enjoys Havadtoy's company and agrees to accompany him on her first visits to restaurants and occasional social gatherings since Lennon's death. They are becoming close. Life begins to look hopeful. Not good, not happy, just hopeful.

AUGUST 1981

Project Walrus proceeds apace. There is a new member of the team, Rick Dufay, a guitarist with the band Aerosmith, who is as excited as Seaman and Rosen about helping to shape the true picture of John's legacy for the world. They spend many evenings, plotting and fantasizing about what their work will mean to the world.

Rosen's diary entry for August 14, writing of himself in the second person:

You say you're going to incite a cultural revolution and by the time Brother Walrus returns from his

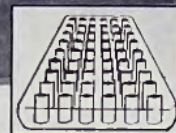
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mission of great social and political importance, people will be rioting in the streets 'cause of what you've done. You say you're going to pull something off. In short, you're going to be in the vanguard of a massive cultural breakthrough, the biggest one since Beatlemania, but you can't go around saying stuff like that publicly; you barely dare say it privately, 'cause when people hear weird shit like that, fuck it, they'll think you're crazy. So we won't say it, we'll just do it.

SEPTEMBER 1981

Lennon was in turn intrigued and skeptical about Ono's use of psychics, whom she would pay as much as she would other consultants, such as lawyers and accountants. One of them was a man of uncommon shrewdness, a tarot-card reader named John Green who seemed to know how to read the cards in a way Ono found intriguing. Green became Ono's chief card reader during the years the Lennons lived out of public view. Since Lennon's death, he has been living free of charge in a loft building Ono owns, even though she has

stopped using his services. The only condition she has made is that he must not take visitors there, because the loft is used to store irreplaceable artifacts, such as original acetates of Beatles records, and pieces of Lennon's artwork.

She hears that Green has been charging admission for public events in the loft and that he has been bragging about his access to the Beatles acetates, so she has a lawyer tell Green to move out. Green is given notice to leave by a specified time. On that date, the locks are changed, but Green has not yet moved out, so he immediately sues. Rather than appear in court, and fearing for the materials in the loft, Ono settles for a payment of \$30,000 to Green. Havadtoy and Warmflash go downtown to inspect the loft and realize Green has not yet moved all of his belongings out. On a desk, Havadtoy sees a pile of typewritten papers: It is a chapter of a book Green is writing about the Lennons, which will be published as *Dakota Days*. Havadtoy scans the manuscript and finds that, while living free of charge in Ono's apartment, Green has been writing a book that charges that she is, among other things, a neurotic, a practitioner of black

arts and the destroyer of Lennon's talent.

In Central Park one afternoon, Sean is accompanied by his bodyguard, MacDougall. His responsibility is to stay close to Sean at all times. With Ono looking on, the boy wanders out of MacDougall's sight. Ono gets angry at MacDougall, who stiffens. "If you don't like the way I do my job," he states, "I quit." Sean has become used to MacDougall, but Ono feels he has become lax and is trying to bully her. She accepts his resignation. She will hire a new chief of security, New York police detective sergeant Dan Mahoney. Things are now getting nasty and she is being tested. A couple of old friends have turned on her and new people are around. The level of tension around the Dakota rises perceptibly.

OCTOBER 1981

Rosen's journal entry for October 18:

Fred [Seaman]'s fantasy: I drop dead after writing the last word of Project Yoko. Rick [Dufay] drops dead after playing the last note of his album. . . . Yoko and Sean drop dead. Helen [Seaman] drops dead. . . . Julian, Cynthia and May Pang [Lennon's lover during his separation from Ono in the early Seventies] drop dead. Paul, George and Ringo drop dead. Everybody who was ever associated with the Beatles in any way, shape or form drops dead. Fred is the only one who remains alive. He corners the gossip market. . . .

We [Seaman, Dufay, Rosen] are all that close. We know how contemptible the other one is. Interesting contest, who is the most contemptible among us. . . . Surely, I could not win such a contest. Or could I?

Undated Rosen journal entry:

The only argument me and Dufay had was over who was going to fuck Yoko.

NOVEMBER 1981

In a London newspaper, Ono reads that Julian Lennon has entered a recording studio intending to record some of his father's last unreleased songs—the ones intended for the *Double Fantasy* sequel. Ono is dumfounded. "How could he have gotten John's songs?" she asks aloud.

Seaman is sitting nearby in the Lenono offices. He shakes his head sympathetically. "Didn't I tell you Julian was a bad seed?" he says.

Ono calls Julian in England and asks him about the songs. He explains that Seaman gave him a cassette. Ono is confused but tells him that his father intended the songs for his own album. Julian apologizes.

There is a call a day or two later from MacDougall. Mintz takes the call.

"I'm owed back pay," he tells Mintz. (continued overleaf)



Handel

"That's the law for you; you never know what the outcome of a trial is going to be. In this case, it's tails, and you're guilty."

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"Yoko will take care of it," Mintz replies.

"Well, I'm holding some stuff until I get my money."

MacDougall says that when he quit, he took with him for safekeeping some expensive electronic equipment, a dozen cassette tapes, two Swiss army knives, a pair of Lennon's glasses and a love letter from Lennon to Ono including the original version of his song *Dear Yoko*. He'll be glad to return the items when he gets the pay he feels he is owed. Mintz takes MacDougall a check and retrieves the items.

Ono grows more puzzled by Seaman's behavior. Like MacDougall, Seaman is showing signs of arrogance, of sloppiness in his work, almost as if he is tempting someone to reprimand him or even fire him. Ono wants to leave well enough alone; she is too close to Seaman's aunt Helen and uncle Norman to make trouble for Fred.

In truth, Seaman has become more and more engrossed in Project Walrus and is beginning to see the end of his double-agent role at the Dakota. He decides, in fact, it is time to act more boldly, and so, according to his diaries, he and Dufay sneak into Ono's apartment while she is out and steal a large haul of audio equipment, including a costly amplifier Lennon used to keep by his bed. Seaman has previously taken rehearsal tapes of Lennon songs to Rosen's apartment, and Dufay is a professional musician, so there is plenty of use for the equipment.

The next day, someone notices that a couple of stereo components are gone. Seaman says it was probably the air-conditioning repairmen, who were here. Ono

nods. She mentions it to Mintz, who is coincidentally taking an inventory. Mintz, who is now on Ono's staff, discovers that, in fact, much more than the stereo amplifiers has been taken, and informs the new security team. Methodically, the guards interrogate people and report to Ono that it can only be an inside job.

She begins to agonize. It is not the money but the growing feeling that the tide is beginning to turn against her, that people in her employ and in her trust are betraying her. There are roughly a dozen people on the staff and another half dozen who come and go in the offices on a daily basis. Mahoney wants Ono to order lie-detector tests for everyone. She refuses, reasoning that it would crush morale. Mahoney suggests calling in the police, but Ono refuses that, too, for the same reason. No suspicion whatever is cast on Seaman, who writes in his diary: "Yesterday's theft doesn't seem to have any consequences, thank God."

It is now nearly a year since Lennon's death. There have been the confrontations with employees, the burglary, and now there are stories that books are being planned by people other than Green. It is rumored that Lennon's ex-lover, May Pang, is writing her memoirs. And there is also word that Albert Goldman, biographer of Elvis Presley and exposé of drug orgies and panty fetishes, is negotiating for a seven-figure advance toward a book on Lennon. Even Rosen is moved to write in his journal, after hearing the news about Goldman, "God help John Lennon."

Ono blocks much of it out and determines to push on. But then a letter arrives

that even De Palma is loath to show her. The orders still stand: She wants to know everything, no matter how bad. She reads the letter, glancing at the envelope, which bears a return address of Attica state prison; a portion follows:

Dear Yoko:

... My new attorney, Marshall Beil, may have contacted you concerning a possible agreement that would consist of seeking to use any funds—earned by the release of certain materials—toward charitable (child relief organizations) purposes. . . .

Yoko, if you feel that what I might enter into (even though all funds would be given to charity) is against your wishes, I would honor this completely. . . .

Sincerely,
Mark David Chapman

Chapman, who began his letter reminding Ono that he had earlier written to her to "apologize" for murdering her husband, ends the letter by saying that if she does not want him to proceed with the release of his story, she can be assured of his "cooperation in this delicate matter."

The implication is immediately clear to Ono: Her husband's assassin is proposing that she assent to his participation in a book. He assures her that all funds would go to charity (a meaningless gesture, she knows, since the well-publicized Son of Sam law, named after the mass murderer who inhabited the same institution as Chapman, makes it virtually impossible for a criminal to profit from his crime).

Sick, Ono heads for her bedroom.

It is several days later that two men are stopped inside the Dakota. They say they have business with Yoko. Pressed, they begin to run. One gets away, but the other is tackled by a bodyguard. Before he is taken away by police, the obviously deranged man shouts that he has come to "get" Yoko and Sean.

Security is further tightened. Ono has spent more than \$1,000,000 on personal protection in the year since Lennon's death.

DECEMBER 1981

As the New York weather turns colder, Seaman throws caution to the winds. Although his use of the Lenono petty-cash fund to pay off Rosen has not yet been discovered, there is plenty of comment about his use of limousines to take him to restaurants and clubs—which he promptly charges to Lenono. Other expense-account discrepancies crop up. At an office Christmas party Ono throws at Windows on the World, the spectacular restaurant atop the World Trade Center, Seaman shows up wearing one of Lennon's scarves. Ono spots it and confronts him.

"Isn't that John's scarf?"

"No, Yoko," he says, "it's mine."

The lie is so brazen Ono is shaken. Later



"If you've seen one dragonfly, you've seen 'em all."



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on at the party, Seaman approaches Ono and admits the scarf may be John's after all. Ono does not know what is going on with Seaman, but it soon becomes clear: While using the Lenono Mercedes-Benz for personal business, something employees are forbidden to do, Seaman gets into an accident. The repair bill is \$12,000. Finally, some time later, Ono goes into her private bathroom and finds Seaman taking a bath during working hours. He will be fired and given \$10,000 severance. Seaman writes defiantly in his diary, "My immediate regret is that I won't have any opportunity to go through the files and avail myself of 'research' material." The thefts—entire file folders, manuscripts, journals, even a *novella* by Lennon titled *Skywriting by Word of Mouth*, which Rosen in his journal pronounces worthy of James Joyce—have not been discovered. In the six apartments owned by the Lenons, no one is quite sure where things are kept.

JANUARY 1982

Living with Lennon's diaries, typing all day and night, deciphering Lennon's abbreviations and codes, is beginning to get to Rosen. It is claustrophobic working in his tiny apartment and, he writes, "I'm worried about Seaman. It is imperative I have leverage to force him to give me credit and pay me my full share. Possession of the journals are [*sic*] my best leverage."

But he does not want to keep the original journals indefinitely. "It's going to be like having the Lost Ark. Don't want my apartment raided by Indiana Jones."

Rosen's worries about Seaman are well founded. Seaman has been under the care of Dr. Francis DeBilio, a psychotherapist whose practice is in Brooklyn and who apparently has not had the sort of contact with glamor and fame and intrigue that Seaman talks about. The doctor introduces Seaman to another patient, Norman Schonfeld. A retired diamond merchant, Schonfeld becomes as excited as DeBilio about the potential in Project Walrus and agrees to finance the enterprise. It is just what Seaman needs, since now his salary and perks are gone.

Seaman tells Rosen they have an angel and the three of them get together over drinks to discuss terms. For half an interest, Schonfeld will pay salaries and all expenses. The plan devised by "N\$," as Seaman refers to Schonfeld in his journal, is to set Seaman up as the real inheritor of Lennon's artistic and social legacy and to spread as much misinformation about Ono as possible. The "black widow" is to be discredited by whatever means possible, so the world can receive what John Lennon left behind through his anointed messenger, Fred Seaman. And, incidentally, the world will make the messenger and his helpers rich.

The only problem is, there are too

many helpers. Dufay is not an active participant, but DeBilio and Schonfeld persuade Seaman that Rosen should be cut out. It doesn't take much persuading. Rosen, who shows signs of being worn out, is sent on a "vacation" paid for out of the project's funds. With Rosen safely in the Caribbean, Seaman records in his diary what happens next:

Norman [Schonfeld] and I decided to take all the stuff out. Hung out in Bob [Rosen]'s apartment, smoked a joint and then absconded with his copy of the journals, the Bermuda tape [of Lennon singing] and anything else we could carry out. A few days later we returned with a rental car and proceeded systematically to remove everything that I had given him.

Upon his return, Rosen finds his apartment emptied, reports it as a burglary to the New York Police Department but then gets a call from Seaman admitting that it was he who had done it. What is Rosen going to do about it? What *can* Rosen do about it?

DeBilio continues to counsel Seaman on their grand strategy. Seaman writes:

The more I tell [DeBilio] about Julian, the more convinced he grows that we can't rely on him. . . . He explains Julian might consider himself the protector of his father's reputation (on which he's riding) and he doesn't want to explode the myth. So now we have to think about a way we can legitimize my "ownership" of the diaries so we have a fighting chance in court, or, alternatively find some way to prevent y.o. from making a stink.

Oblivious, Ono makes plans to record a new album. Proposed title: *It's Alright*.

AUGUST 1982

Rosen, broke and depressed after being cut out of the scheme, tries to sell his story to publishers and magazines, including *PLAYBOY*. He has salvaged his own journals and some other materials, including tapes, from Seaman's raid, and represents himself to publishers as having a photographic memory. When he discovers that no one will touch the story without documentation, he has a friend call Mintz and suggest that "certain materials" will be returned for a price. Mintz threatens to call the police, and so at last, Rosen decides to come in from the cold.

By now, Havadtoy is running interference for Ono, and it is he who negotiates with Rosen. What Rosen has said about Seaman and some missing diaries is enough to convince Havadtoy that Ono herself should meet with Rosen. A meeting is held at the Lenono offices, and there Rosen spills it all—the thefts, the conspiracy, everything.

Rosen, dubbed the John Dean of the



"So you think it might do some good if I brought my wife next time."

affair by Mintz, is grilled over the next several days by Mintz, Havadtoy, lawyers representing Ono and, in the end, the New York District Attorney's office. Since he has come forward voluntarily, Rosen is not charged with anything at this time (and maintains he was basically a dupe of Seaman's). Because Rosen claims to fear for his life and to be flat broke, Ono pays for him to stay at a hotel, at which point he hands over copies of his own diaries, which incriminate him and the others.

The extent of the plotting and the length of time it has been going on stun Ono, making her feel both foolish and hurt. The mass of material that has been stolen is staggering: entire filing cabinets full of papers, manuscripts, love letters, private photographs, Lennon's clothing and, worst of all, his diaries.

Havadtoy attempts to smoke out Seaman privately. Of paramount concern is that Seaman not destroy the materials. Calling on Seaman's uncle and aunt, Norman and Helen, Havadtoy attempts to get a message through, asking that Fred return the documents and turn himself in. Norman relays a message back from Fred: "Let Yoko sue me; it will mean a million dollars in free publicity."

The following day, Seaman himself calls Ono at the Dakota. He says it is true that he has the diaries and that he took them to make certain Julian read them first. Nervously, he says, "If you don't do anything rash, the journals might find their way back." The conversation, recorded by Mahoney, ends with a flat statement by Seaman: "I wouldn't want anything to happen to you and Sean."

Later that night, Ono sinks back into a chair and says to Havadtoy, "What did we do to him to deserve this?" She decides that this time she will not be driven back into her bedroom and determines to continue working on her album. But because of what she heard in Seaman's voice, she orders even more security for herself and Sean.

Havadtoy continues to use Norman Seaman in attempting to negotiate with Fred. Norman is one of Ono's oldest personal friends, going back to her days as a conceptual artist in Greenwich Village. Several days after the call from Fred, Havadtoy is saddened to discover that Norman is covering for him.

"Fred *did* do it for Julian's sake," Norman says to Havadtoy. "I saw John give Julian his diaries back in 1979. I was there when he did it."

"Norman," Havadtoy points out, "we know the diaries were kept up through 1980. How could he have given Julian the diaries in 1979?"

A call to Julian in England confirms the point. Havadtoy is in the apartment discussing Norman's lie with Ono, when there is a buzz from the receptionist downstairs: A man identifying himself as Willie Wilson has arrived at the Dakota carrying a box full of papers, talking about John

Lennon and some diaries.

Havadtoy rushes downstairs to meet Wilson, a shabbily dressed black man who promptly opens the box and allows him a peek at the contents. Immediately apparent is a photocopy of one diary in Lennon's handwriting, dated 1980, and three hardbound volumes that appear to be original diaries.

"Where did you get these?" Havadtoy asks.

"A junkie in Harlem," Wilson shrugs.

"How did you know to bring them here?"

"Didn't take too much brains to know where the stuff came from," says Wilson.

Havadtoy suspects that Wilson is fabricating the story about the junkie and threatens to call the police and charge him with extortion. Wilson quickly offers to retrieve more stolen material from the same source in Harlem if Havadtoy will keep the police out of it. Wilson says it will cost him \$5000 to get the rest of the diaries. Havadtoy naïvely agrees to pay Wilson. The man takes the cash, walks out of the Dakota and is never seen again. To Havadtoy's chagrin, it turns out that, aside from the 1980 photocopy of the Lennon diary, the other journals are not by Lennon but by Fred Seaman.

Once the embarrassment of having paid for the wrong journals has passed, Havadtoy realizes that having Seaman's diaries provides an unexpected bonus. Upon examination, the scope of the conspiracy becomes evident when clues from Seaman's diary are put together with references from Rosen's diary. From their reading of the diaries, they decide it is

likely that Schonfeld, as the financier of the caper, has possession of the journals. He has, after all, advanced \$33,000 to Seaman, if the conspirators' diaries are to be believed. Havadtoy calls Schonfeld.

The wealthy diamond merchant agrees that he may know how to retrieve the Lennon diaries—for "compensation." Ono and Havadtoy confer and agree to pay the man off. "We had no choice," Havadtoy says later. "If we had simply called the police, the diaries would undoubtedly have been destroyed." And so, for "expenses" of \$60,000, Schonfeld agrees to procure the safe return of all of John Lennon's original diaries.

At the appointed time, Schonfeld arrives with a bag full of documents. There are file folders of material from the Lennon offices, photographs, letters, the *novella*—and four hardbound *New Yorker* diaries filled in with John Lennon's handwriting. Schonfeld smiles as he hands Havadtoy an envelope he says is a "present for Mrs. Lennon." It is a drawing by Lennon.

There is no 1980 diary, however. Since Havadtoy has seen Willie Wilson's photocopy of it, he knows it is potentially the most valuable to history; it was filled in through the day of Lennon's death.

"Where is 1980?" he asks Schonfeld.

"I don't know anything about a 1980 diary," he says.

After more discussion, Schonfeld insists he has met his part of the bargain, has no knowledge of the missing diary, and departs with his check.

There the matter rests. The original 1980 diary never surfaces, and there is



"What I love about us is that we earn our money the old-fashioned way—we steal it!"

even evidence that the earlier diaries were tampered with. Mintz says after examining them that there appear to be entries in a different hand, and there is a chilling entry in Fred's journal that is discovered later: "We [DeBilio and Seaman] have intense talk about doctoring diary to show Lennon's setting me up to write book . . . to build up to great intimacy." Lennon's diaries were in the possession of the Project Walrus gang for more than a year.

SEPTEMBER 1982

Last spring, Sean asked to have a friend from school, seven-year-old Caitlin Hair, spend the weekend with him at Cold Spring Harbor. His nanny Helen Seaman's granddaughter, Tanya, also joined them. While they were playing, Caitlin apparently fell. Now comes the news that Caitlin's mother claims Caitlin was injured and is suing Ono for \$1,050,000.

Like the bodyguard before her, the nanny had received specific instructions from Ono on caring for Sean. Among them was the order that, on that particular weekend, no visitors be taken out to the Cold Spring Harbor estate. When Ono, upset over the lawsuit, asks Helen why her orders were rescinded, Helen explains that Caitlin and her granddaughter showed up at the Long Island estate unexpectedly. She couldn't very well turn them away, could she?

In fact, as Ono finds out later, Helen chartered a limousine for the children, billed it to Lenono and had them picked up in New York and delivered to Cold Spring Harbor. That tears it for Ono; she's had enough of the Seamans. For disobeying instructions and then lying about it, Helen is fired and given a \$10,000-a-year pension.

"It's been very difficult for Sean," Ono says tightly to a visitor. "First Sean loses his daddy. Then his bodyguard [MacDougall], whom he'd grown close to. And now Caitlin and Helen. Sean seems very well adjusted, but I'm worried that it may be difficult for him to trust people."

OCTOBER 1982

If she feels that people in her personal life are letting her down, Ono has at least one friend in the business world who has stood by her. Eddie Germano, owner of the Hit Factory studios, where she and Lennon recorded *Double Fantasy*, has given her solace and advice through the months. In fact, when she finally parts ways with Geffen, it is Germano who suggests that she talk with a close friend of his at PolyGram Records, who is extremely interested in her work. Since she cannot trust the fact that other people's recommendations will be disinterested, she meets with PolyGram executives, who offer her an excellent contract.

Germano calls to tell her that the executives at PolyGram are highly enthusiastic about her proposed album *It's Alright* and that, in gratitude, they want to pay him a finder's fee of roughly \$50,000.

Even though he told her he was getting no money for this, does she mind if they pay him something? Fine, she says, pleased that a friend can profit from an honest intermediary role.

DECEMBER 1982

Ono releases *It's Alright*, a solo album that gets high praise from previously skeptical reviewers. This has been an issue about which she is profoundly sensitive—the charges that she is without musical talent, carried along only on her dead husband's coattails. This is some sort of vindication, and the mood in the Dakota brightens appreciably for the first time in months.

FEBRUARY 1983

Ono is informed that her close friend Germano has received \$600,000 from PolyGram as an advance against Ono and Lennon albums, plus a royalty on every record of their music to be sold by PolyGram. Ono feels he has not only taken unconscionable advantage of her but has lied to her. It is a final betrayal for Ono. "Eddie was one of the closest people ever to me," she says. "I truly thought he was a friend."

She sits in her white "Egyptian" room (complete with a genuine sarcophagus in the corner), sipping tea and shuffling her tarot cards. "Why is this happening?" she asks a visitor. Whether it is the money or something else about her life, there does not seem to be any letup now on thrusts from the outside. The mail keeps pouring into the Dakota—in 1981, there were more than 250,000 letters—and most of it is admiring of her and Lennon. But now the psychos seem to be picking up the pace. Ono opens one letter in front of the visitor and reads it. It says, in part: "To fulfill the prophecy, I am going to kill you. You were not supposed to have survived." Cigarette shaking slightly, she dials Mahoney. Another investigation.

Just a few days later, another threatening letter arrives, and this one is not handled so routinely. For a number of months, someone in Florida has been sending letters announcing the existence of a Mark Chapman Fan Club, ending with the salutation "Death to Ono." In this letter, however, which is accompanied by a record album riddled with bullet holes, the writer announces that he has come to New York with his brother to kill her.

Mahoney, who has worked in New York's elite career criminal division, intensifies security around the apartments. He tells Ono that he cannot guarantee her security at the Dakota and for a day she moves into a midtown hotel. She realizes she cannot do that forever and tells Mahoney she is moving back into her own home, fearful or not. Mahoney and the other guards, all of them off-duty police officers, beef up their patrols in the hallways of the Dakota.

The Mark Chapman Fan Club brothers have been spotted, tailed and lost. To anybody visiting Ono during this period, the scene is incongruous: Ono, Sean and Havadtoy huddled in the kitchen, as their cook slices vegetables for *sukiyaki*; just beyond the kitchen, in the hallways hung with photographs of John and Yoko at peace rallies, and with the celebrated WAR IS OVER poster, heavily armed guards walk warily up and down.

One afternoon, while Ono is at the recording studio, there is a call from downstairs, saying that a man fitting the description of one of the Florida brothers has been spotted lurking near the Dakota. Mintz puts on a bulletproof vest and approaches the man and asks him for the time. When the man looks at his watch, his jacket is pulled up and Mintz notices the butt of a gun sticking up from his belt. He immediately walks away, calls the police and watches as they arrive and arrest the man. Although the other brother remains at large, the man will admit they intended to "get" Ono, and he is apprehended—and later released.

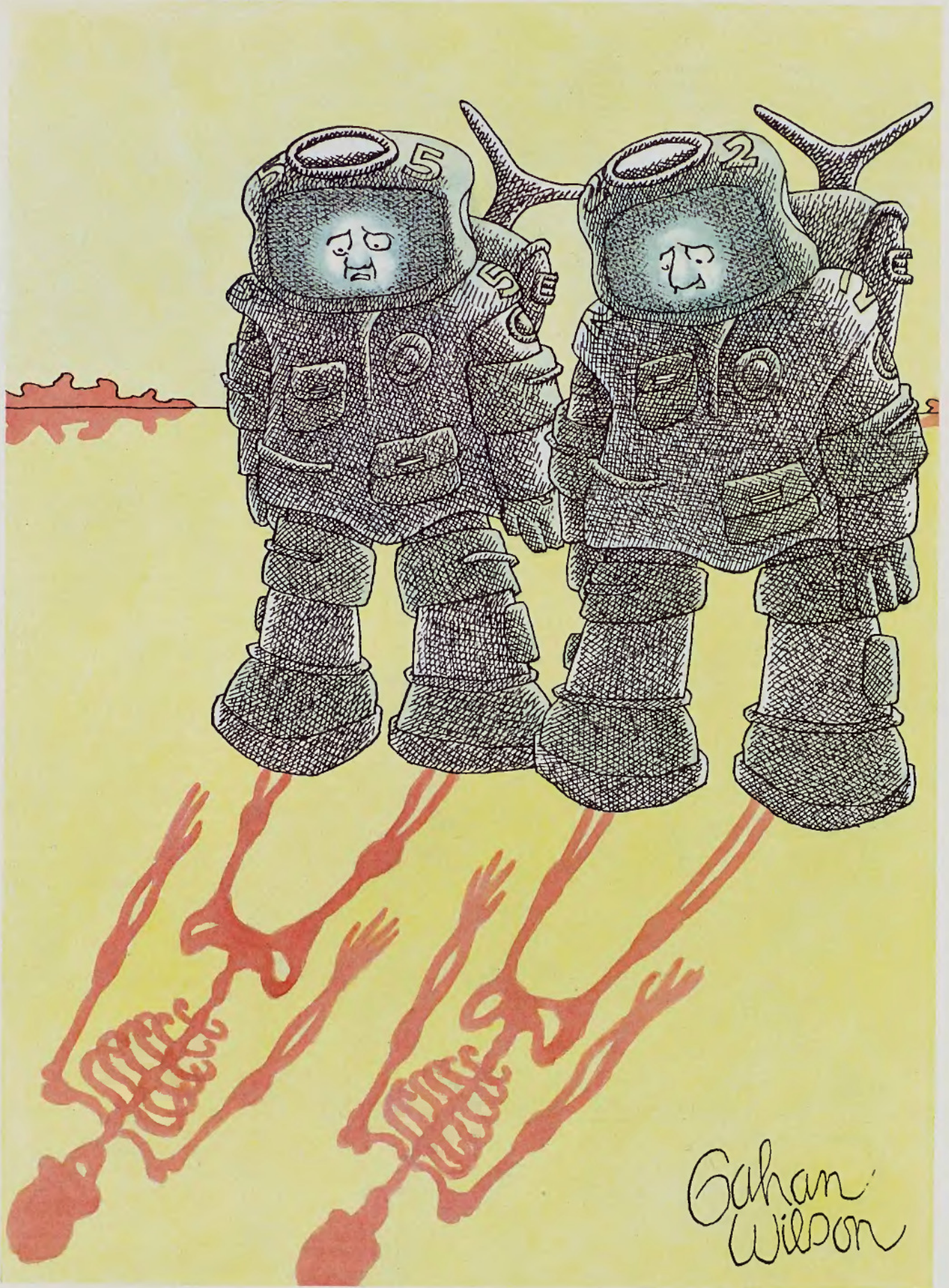
MARCH 1983

There are precious few people left to trust, and Ono is depending mostly on her bodyguards for any sense of security. So when an anonymous call is received saying one of her security men is working against her, the paranoia around the Lenono offices is almost palpable. No matter that Mahoney assures her of his complete trust in his staff, the idea that someone in her own home may kill her has been planted. She begins sleeping badly again. In discussions with Havadtoy and Ono, Mintz wonders if the threats and calls can be part of a conspiracy. Not only is there Seaman, who is running around spreading poison about the "black widow," but there are all those disaffected aides and retainers. . . .

What also fuels the dread is the fact that she is involved in monumental business battles that include unresolved Apple and Beatles affairs, and there are tens of millions of dollars at stake. Could any of the parties in that war be so desperate?

The rumors and the threats continue. One night, Ono leaves her bedroom to find her gentle assistant, De Palma, sitting on a chair by the bedroom door, with a handgun tucked into his belt. Astonished, Ono asks what he is doing. De Palma tells her he is at his "post." "You don't know how big this thing is!" he cries. "The people who are doing this are too big to fight!" Some time later, De Palma will resign with Ono's gratitude for his loyalty.

Fear is running rampant in the Dakota, and the odd sequence of events in the next few days does nothing to dispel it: There are two mysterious break-ins at the apartment; a set of keys is left inside a bedroom door that was left securely locked; when the family and staff attend De Palma's farewell party, they return to find the



"I think it means we'd better find some shade!"

doors locked and bolted from the inside; and Mahoney's home is burglarized—and only the files pertaining to the Florida gunmen are taken.

Even more upsetting is the discovery soon thereafter of listening devices planted in the Lenono offices and in Ono's apartment. Mahoney cannot determine the source of the bugs, but he knows how to find them and remove them. Several days later, he sweeps the offices again as a precaution—and finds that some of the bugs have been replaced. Mintz, who has been trying to pull all of this together, comes to the conclusion that the threats and break-ins and wire taps are part of a plot to discredit both Ono and Lennon's memory. He has his suspicions but will not divulge them other than to say he believes Ono's enemies to be "extremely powerful."

As for Ono, she says to the rare visitor she trusts, "I cannot comprehend the meanness of it all."

APRIL 1983

Ono hears the news that Fred Seaman has landed a book contract with Simon & Schuster, reportedly for a \$90,000 advance (with a third going to a ghostwriter). In their naïveté, Ono and Havadtoy thought that catching Seaman with all the diaries, possessing copies of his own incriminating journals, having paid more than \$65,000 to assorted partners and accomplices, having done all of this entitled them to believe that Seaman, at least, would be out of their lives. It now appears that he is going to publish a book

defaming Lennon's memory and Ono's character, or so the rumors have it. There is also word that former security man MacDougall is cooperating with Seaman, and other disaffected employees may be involved, too. But the strongest rumor is that the book will be based largely on the private diaries of John Lennon.

It is time to stop the in-house detective work and call in the real thing. At Ono's request, Havadtoy calls the police and Seaman is at last arrested on charges of grand larceny. After the arrest, police search Seaman's home and a storage room he has leased and find some of the stolen electronic equipment. Seaman then turns over photocopies of the Lennon diaries, as well as tapes and slides. Although there is a photocopy of the 1980 Lennon diary identical to the one Willie Wilson delivered, there is no trace of the original.

Later, when he is released on his own recognizance, Seaman will invite a visitor to his apartment in Brooklyn Heights and provide an insight into his obsession: The place is a virtual shrine to the memory of John Lennon. There are photographs and posters of Lennon hanging everywhere, gold records from *Double Fantasy*, a library of books on Lennon, huge piles of records and tapes of Lennon songs. Seaman will put a cassette on the player and show slides on a bare wall: John, Yoko, Sean, Helen and others at play in Cold Spring Harbor, in Bermuda, in Palm Beach. When the slide show is over, he sits and stares out his window, rubbing his hands, muttering, "The black widow is

going to be destroyed."

Near the front door of Seaman's apartment is another memento: a piece of Yoko's artwork titled *A Box of Smile*. The visitor opens the box and finds a mirror on the inside of the lid.

MAY 1983

It looks as if it will be the summer of the trashing of John and Yoko. The first of a slew of books, long rumored, is out: *The Love You Make*, by former Apple insider Peter Brown and collaborator Steven Gaines. "Don't worry about it," Havadtoy tells Ono. "No one takes this trash seriously." But by midsummer, the book is a best seller and is being excerpted in newspapers everywhere beneath banner headlines proclaiming "HOW YOKO STOLE JOHN AWAY FROM HIS WIFE."

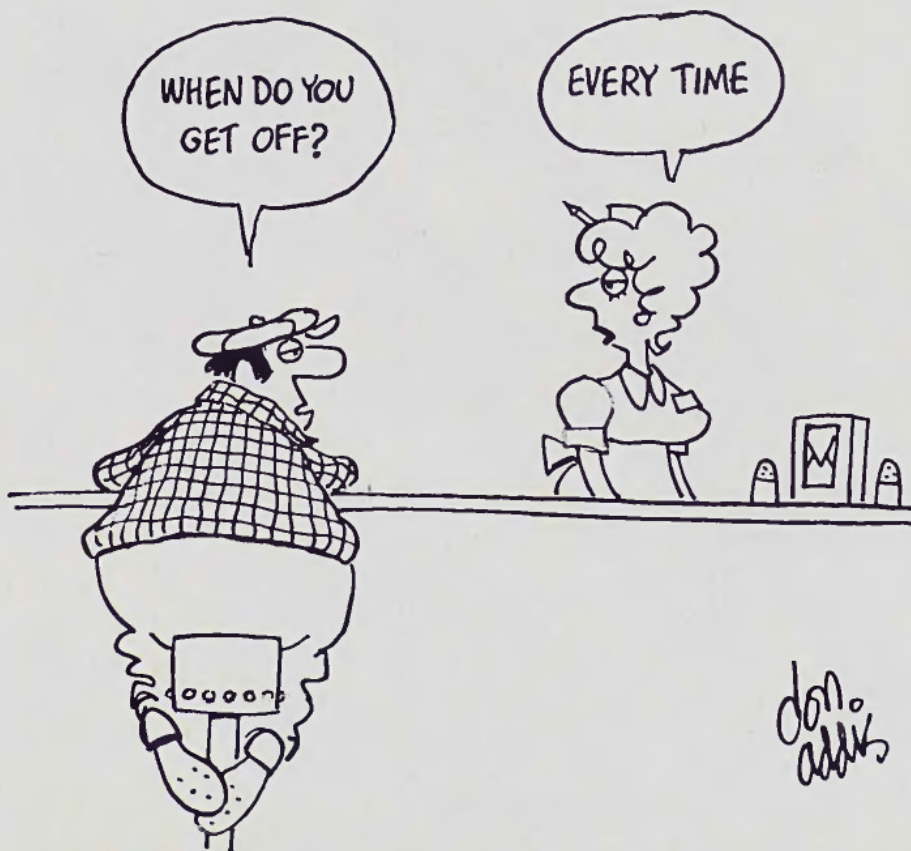
Ono and Havadtoy are having lunch at the Russian Tea Room the same week that Brown is publicizing the book in New York. By coincidence, Brown is there, too, and during the meal is called to the phone to hear some welcome publishing news: The paperback rights to the book have been bought for \$750,000. Ono has not read the book. As Brown leaves the restaurant, he stops by the table and greets the couple. Havadtoy glowers at him and refuses to shake hands, but Ono nods calmly at him when he says, "We should have lunch together." The next day, Brown is asked if any of the Beatles are still "speaking to him." He says he has just met Ono and "She is very happy [with the book]."

John Green's book, *Dakota Days*, follows shortly, with excerpts in *Penthouse*. Green, crediting his "fine memory," reconstructs several hundred pages of conversations between himself and John and Yoko, depicting Ono as an irrational dragon lady jealous of Lennon's talent. He represents himself as the mastermind behind Ono's business success and claims to have given Lennon the idea of using his househusband status as a cover-up for "losing his muse." He will promote the book by reading tarot cards for *Penthouse Pets* at a comedy club.

And on the heels of Green's book comes May Pang's book, recounting her affair with Lennon during his separation from Ono. In *Loving John*, which will be used as the cover story for *Us* magazine, Pang describes Lennon as a vicious alcoholic tricked into returning to Ono by being lured to a smoking cure, during which she hypnotized him. It, too, will receive considerable media attention.

Throughout the summer, Ono keeps her reactions to herself, but as some of the stories filter in through the press, she finally responds quietly to a visitor: "The Green book is particularly unfair to John. He hardly ever saw him."

Mintz, sitting nearby, adds, "It's filled with imaginary conversations. And as far as making up the househusband story—John was as proud of staying home with



Sean as anything he ever did.”

As to the Pang book, Ono concedes that Lennon could be a terrible drinker, but regarding Pang's most sensational claim—that he was hypnotized by Ono while being cured of his smoking habit—she wryly points out that Lennon could not even be hypnotized to stop smoking. He was a smoker until the day he died.

Havadtoy, who has more than once admitted that it is hard having a relationship with a woman whose idolized husband stares down from every wall, is put in the position of defending the sincerity of John and Yoko's love: “For whatever reasons, all these people are trying to prove the relationship was bad, but it just wasn't true. Their music proves it, if nothing else. Their love was the single most important thing in their lives.”

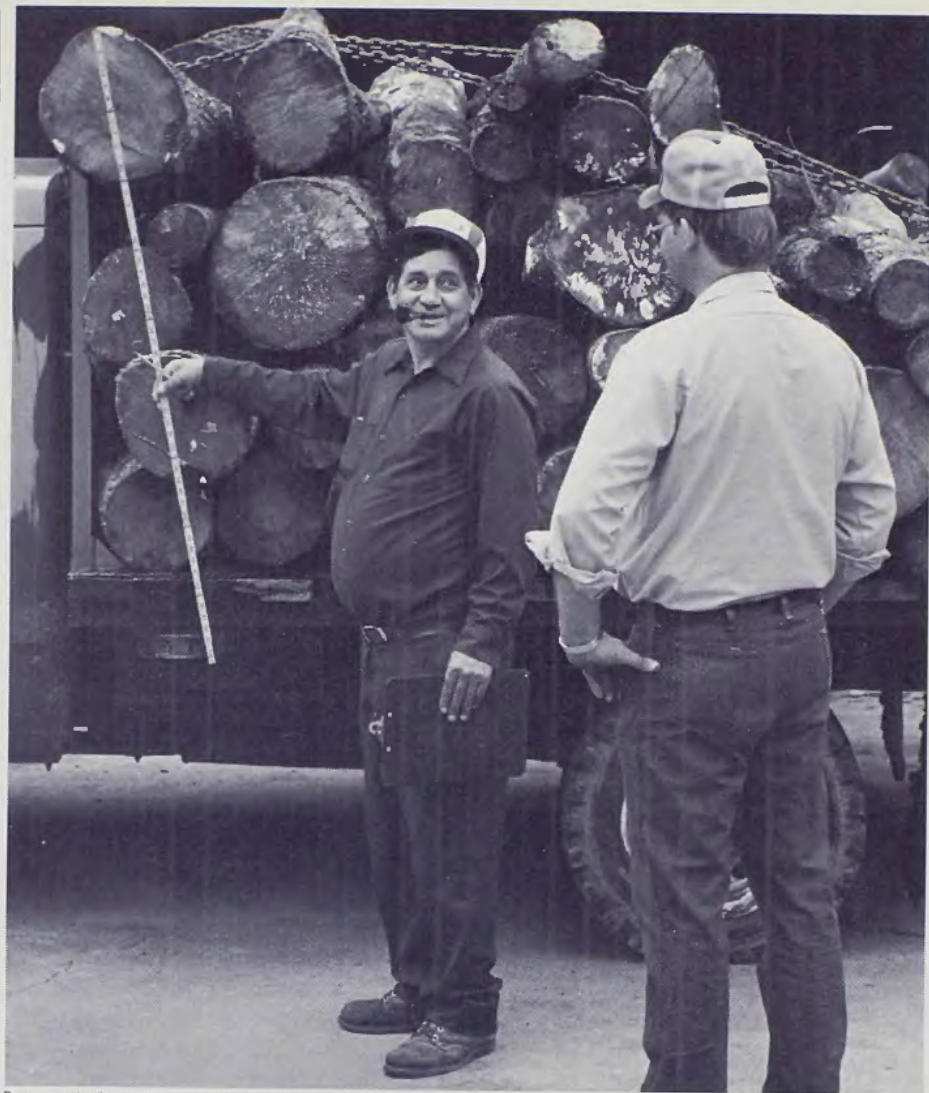
Ono and Lennon were not shy about sharing that love with the public, occasionally even in photographs. But that, too, turns out to have a sordid side. One evening, the telephone rings upstairs and Havadtoy takes the call. The *New York Post* wants a comment from Ono on a report that some nude photographs of her and Lennon are the cause of a bizarre murder plot in New Orleans. It seems that a man who claimed he found a carousel of photographs in a garbage can (they had actually been under the care of Fred Seaman when he worked at the *Dakota*) was angered over a girlfriend's intention to return them rather than sell them to a magazine, as he wanted to do. In a rage, he plotted to kill her and was caught by the police. The photographs, which are not explicit, will be nonetheless published by *Swank* in August.

On May 27, Seaman pleads guilty to second-degree grand larceny and is sentenced to five years' probation. His plea is contingent on his agreement not to reveal what is in the Lennon diaries. In return for not going to prison, he is reported to have agreed to cooperate in the investigation of others involved.

Contacted to tell their sides of the story, DeBilio and Dufay are not available; Schonfeld spits into the phone that he knows nothing about John Lennon, Fred Seaman or any diaries; and Rosen says, “I probably knew deep down that the journals were stolen, but I never admitted it to myself—I didn't want to know.”

JUNE 1983

People magazine is preparing a story on the rash of kiss-and-tell books it refers to as the “SELLING (OUT) OF JOHN LENNON.” Since Seaman still has a contract to write a book, though presumably without reference to the Lennon diaries, *People* decides to include Seaman in its roundup. On their way to lunch one afternoon, Ono and Havadtoy are walking through Central Park and happen onto a photo session for the magazine: There is Seaman, silhouetted against the *Dakota*, posing for a *People* photographer. Ono's eyes meet



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Seaman's, but no words are exchanged.

Nonetheless, Seaman's obsession has clearly become manic. He calls a reporter at odd hours, saying only, "How does it feel to be useless?" then calls the Dakota with the same enigmatic message. He spreads stories about Ono's wickedness—that she is a drug addict, that she was having affairs before Lennon died, that she had McCartney arrested in Japan for possessing marijuana. Seaman will admit to friends that the smears are meant to "discredit Ono at all costs." Havadtoy's former roommate, hairdresser Luciano Sparacino, adds more harassment by trying to inveigle money from him so he will not be forced to sell unfavorable stories to the media. Sparacino will then sell the tabloid press an account of how Lennon had planned to divorce Ono before he died, and how Ono and Havadtoy had secretly married in Hungary. (Demonstrably false, Ono says.)

The stories, circulating wildly around New York, take their toll. So do the continuing "unexplainable events" around the Dakota: Passports are found to be missing and then turn up days later on the kitchen table; lyrics to new songs disappear and then just as mysteriously reappear; collages by Lennon that were being admired disappear and then reappear in unexpected places. It is beginning to sound like the movie *Gaslight*, in which a woman is made to feel she is going crazy.

One event in particular pulls these various strands together. On a hot summer afternoon, Mahoney is relating to a visitor some of the occurrences within the Dakota over the past several years and points to a fat folder labeled DERANGED. It contains all the letters received by Ono from clearly disturbed writers. He pulls out an envelope as an example of something extraordinarily odd—a letter addressed to a man in Italy with the Dakota as the home address. It was returned to sender when

the addressee couldn't be found. The name of the sender: Mark David Chapman.

What is oddest is the postmark—August 1980. Four months before Chapman killed Lennon. Evidence, at the very least, of premeditation, if it was, indeed, Chapman who wrote the letter, using the Dakota as his home address. The letter inside is chatty and innocuous, except for mention of the writer's "mission" in New York City.

Mahoney mentions that Ono has not seen this particular letter, since it was only recently received after sitting in a dead-letter post-office box somewhere for a long time. He intends to send it upstairs.

One evening some time later, conversation in the Dakota kitchen is intense; eerie calls have been received from Seaman; speculation is rife about who could be behind the disappearances and mysterious reappearances; could any of it be overheated imagination? Clearly, the participants in the conversation—Mintz, Ono and Havadtoy—are feeling the heat. During a lull in the conversation, an envelope that has been lying on the table is casually picked up—and it looks like the deranged Chapman letter Mahoney received. But it is not. The postmark, clearly showing 1980 that afternoon, is now 1981. The letter inside, though similar in appearance and tone, is also different: There is no mention of the writer's mission in New York. If some kind of switch was made, it could only have been to make it seem as if some crank had written a letter to Italy in 1981 and, with Lennon long dead, had used Chapman's name and the Dakota address as some sort of macabre joke.

The implications are discussed and everyone gets extremely agitated. Sitting around the kitchen table, they ask who could have switched the letter and the envelope. Doesn't it have to have been someone in the inner circle? "Who is it?" Ono asks. "I want to know!" The three of

them look fearfully at one another. More *Gaslight*.

The moment passes, but the "Chapman" letter remains unexplained.

JULY 1983

The hot summer of 1983 passes slowly. Ono is back in the recording studio, mixing *Milk and Honey*. She spends hours in the studio listening to playbacks of Lennon's final songs—*Living on Borrowed Time*, *Grow Old with Me*—over and over again. It is almost masochistic, and Havadtoy consoles her as she calls for the engineer to rewind the tape for what seems like the 100th time. Often Sean is with her, enjoying his father's voice as it pours out of the speakers, and just as often he is eager to get back to his room, where he can outsmart the attacking pickles on a BurgerTime video game.

AUGUST 1983

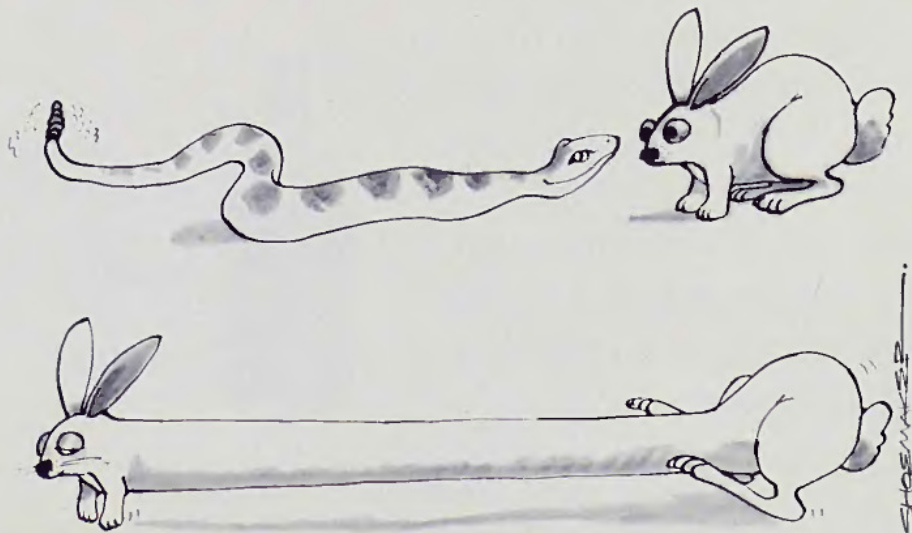
There is good news at last. Simon & Schuster have dropped their plans to publish Seaman's book. The editors apparently found too many of his claims unsubstantiated, and the rights to the material are returned to him.

As quickly as the relief is felt, it is shattered. There is talk that Seaman has agreed to cooperate with Albert Goldman, rather than try to publish his own book. Goldman is known to be a talented writer but shrewd in his assessment of reading tastes: Scandal sells, and the dirtier the better, as he found out with *Elvis*. This time, with a \$900,000 advance, and with sources reluctant to speak with him because Ono has made her feelings known, he is on the spot—he must produce. So there are reports that he has hired a couple of women to approach anyone who has dirt on Lennon and propose to sign them up exclusively for payment. At least one person, Tony Manero, a musician who knew Lennon briefly during the Sixties, says Goldman has offered to pay for his exclusive story of a homosexual liaison with Lennon. The only problem, says Manero, is that the liaison never took place. And hairdresser Sparacino admits he negotiated with Goldman to sell his story. He claims to be the only one who knows the "true" story of Lennon's last year. "Only John, Yoko and I know the truth," he says. "John can't tell it, Yoko won't and I will." He is willing to tell his story to PLAYBOY as well—"for a price."

At least this one causes Ono to laugh. "John never even spoke to him," she says.

Whether or not Goldman is behind the new frenzy in publishing circles, someone is playing hardball. A possible source on Lennon's private life who has refused to sign an exclusive agreement to tell his story in a forthcoming book found that his house was burglarized shortly afterward—and only material pertaining to Lennon was stolen.

Goldman maintains that his book on



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Lennon will be different from the sensationalistic biography of Elvis because he has "intense respect" for Lennon, and he denies offering to pay anyone for his stories. "I never do that," he says. He did, however, collaborate with a major source on the Elvis book, Lamar Fike, with whom he shares a copyright credit and royalties.

When questioned, Goldman denies that he will be using material from Seaman but acknowledges that he sees certain things from Seaman's viewpoint—charging that Ono manipulated the New York District Attorney's office ("She went after Fred with the avid cooperation of the D.A.'s office") and that Simon & Schuster caved in to pressure from Ono ("Yoko's lawyers put so much heat on the publisher, they decided to squirm out").

"On their own, the books are irrelevant," Mintz sums up. "Who reads yesterday's papers? These books come and go. Yoko can deal with them after everything she's been through these past three years. But in ten years, Sean will be 18 and he may want to read some of this stuff to see what his father was like. What impact will it have on him? That's really the \$900,000 obscenity. At what price do you rob a child of his dreams and his heritage?"

It is the end of a trying summer. Ono is curiously detached from the renewed plotting, calmer than she was during the first wave. She is sitting in the white room smoking a cigarette, the white piano on which Lennon composed *Imagine* behind her. She laughs at a visitor's suggestion that her life would make a terrific soap opera.

"No," she says, "that's too complicated for me. I prefer simple stories, fairy tales—perhaps something by Walt Disney, like *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*."

"With you as Snow White, no doubt."

"Yeah," she half laughs. "Only there would be seven little books coming out."

SEPTEMBER 1983

The mixing on the *Milk and Honey* album is nearly done and Havadtoy has finished the major part of his work on a project Lennon conceived and he is executing—an album of Ono's songs sung by different artists, such as Roberta Flack, Harry Nilsson and John Lennon. It can all be finished in San Francisco, they decide impulsively. Enough New York paranoia and craziness: A breath of brisk, tolerant San Francisco air will do them a lot of good.

After a week in San Francisco, their mood is so good they decide to postpone further travel plans for Japan and spend some time in the Bay Area. They take drives into the wine country, they go climbing in the hills and Sean has his first taste in years of playing without a security guard a few feet away. Ono and Havadtoy

make some discreet inquiries: What about the schools in the area? Might there be a suitable house they could buy? Word leaks out and the local media explode—"YOKO MOVING WEST!"

This time, the media attention seems benign: There aren't any reporters digging for dirt, there are no known plots to cash in on their presence. It is all Muir Woods and Calistoga mud baths and the fog rolling in through the Golden Gate Bridge. . . .

A phone rings in their hotel room. San Francisco police. A man has been arrested in an apartment about a mile away, firing "practice" rifle rounds out his window. He has three guns and 700 rounds of ammunition and a number of books about Lennon and Ono. He has told police he is "after" Yoko Ono.

A West Coast security team is hired and guards are stationed outside their hotel room. A bodyguard is rushed to the school Sean is temporarily attending.

A day later, their former New York life seeming to stalk them, they hear of a new publishing note: *People* editor Jim Gaines has gotten in to interview Mark Chapman for more than 40 hours. A book is planned. The Son of Sam law has been finessed because Chapman, who once wrote to Yoko about his promise on a "delicate matter," will not be profiting from his cooperation.

Ono breaks down in her hotel room, sobbing, "Chapman is going to do it! He's going to write his book!" Havadtoy tries to convince her that he is not really writing the book, only telling his sordid story, but it is no use. There is no escaping it. They make plans to return to New York.

OCTOBER 1983

Sean and John Lennon were born on the same date, so it is just as well the family is back in New York to celebrate. Ono and Havadtoy go out shopping for Sean, stop in Little Italy for lunch, then return to the Dakota. As their limousine pulls up, there is a group of fans gathered who become excited. They are the loyalists, the ones who know when Sean's birthday is, who follow Yoko's travels. An Englishman holds a copy of *Double Fantasy* in front of her and asks her to sign. In a scene reminiscent of other days, fans swarm around them.

Walking under the archway, Ono notices two women with their children. They are Jeri and Jude, among the most loyal of John and Yoko fans, the ones who regularly greeted the former Beatle and his wife almost every day since the mid-Seventies and continued to stand outside the Dakota after Lennon's death. Ono goes over and says hello, putting her arm around one of the women's shoulders.

"We have a present for Sean," Jeri says.

"Then why don't you come up?" Ono says suddenly. The women are stunned. They have never been closer to the Len-

nons' home than the archway. They totter after Ono and Havadtoy, following them with their children in tow, as the deskman at the Dakota looks on suspiciously.

Struck silent, they can only look around as they ascend in the elevator and enter the apartment. Ono keeps up a light chatter about Sean. "He's grown, you know. You'll be surprised."

Sean is called out, the women give him their present and Ono invites them to the dining room for tea. And there, as if they have been waiting three years to tell someone, they begin to tell the story of the last time they waited to see John Lennon. It comes out haltingly at first, then in a rush, as Ono sits, mute and pale.

It was December eighth, and although Jeri had to stay at home, Jude was at her post outside the Dakota, as always. She noticed the young man from Hawaii who had been there once before, among the regulars. He recognized her and came up to show her the brand-new copy of *Double Fantasy* he was going to try to get Lennon to sign. Since it didn't seem that Lennon or Ono would appear any time soon, he asked Jude to have lunch with him and she accepted.

They ate across the street at a coffee shop. He spoke pleasantly to her about his home in Hawaii. Jude said, "I'd love to see Hawaii, but I'll probably never get to see it."

The man admonished her, "Don't think that way. You can accomplish anything you truly believe in!"

Around four P.M., Jude had to leave. She tried to convince the man that he should give up waiting for Lennon and come back another time. It was so cold! But the man stayed.

At 11 P.M., Jeri heard that John Lennon had been shot. Some time later, when his death was announced and the name of the man who'd murdered him was flashed on the television screen, Jude realized he was the man with whom she'd had lunch.

Ono says nothing but thanks them for coming. At least she feels good about having invited them up. It may well have been the most important day of their lives, sharing these moments with Sean in John Lennon's home. Once upon a time, the Dakota was that kind of place: A couple of teenaged fans could break into the offices and find themselves hired. A touch of old times.

The next day, on Sean and John's birthday, as friends and children have come for the party, fans have gathered outside the Dakota again, some holding up posters and photographs. They begin to sing John Lennon songs. Ono is upstairs and hears the voices. She is interrupted by an intercom buzzing. She answers it. It is the doorman downstairs. A man, asking about Yoko Ono, has slipped into the building.





"Any sign of him yet?"

“I was on different drugs—crystal Methedrine; when you walked down the streets, your heels made sparks.”

the land and the sky.” He feels that “one of the biggest tragedies about this country was moving from an agricultural society to an urban, industrial society. We’ve been wiped out.” His America is “screwed up.” Throughout his plays, things are damaged, skewed, twisted and torn down. From the dilapidated house of *Curse of the Starving Class* to the electric chair of *Killer’s Head*, from the shouting matches of *Buried Child* to the repeated clubbings of *Melodrama Play*, from the illness of *Red Cross*, *La Turista* and *Angel City* to the apocalypse of *Operation Sidewinder*, Shepard’s vision of America is grim.

Some of the pessimism must surely spring from the scars of his adolescent and young-adult life. Born on November 5, 1943, in Fort Sheridan, Illinois, Shepard logged more weary miles in his first six

years than some people do in a lifetime. His father was in the Army Air Corps, and young Sam and his mother dragged after him to Florida and South Dakota, Idaho and the South Pacific. “They would snatch a few hours together,” he recalls, “and he would take off again.” The family finally settled in Duarte, a small, working-class Southern California town not too far from Pasadena.

Shepard’s home life was rarely peaceful. He and his father had a rocky relationship: “My father had a real short fuse. He had a really rough life—had to support his mother and brothers at a very young age when his dad’s farm collapsed. You could see his suffering, his terrible suffering, living a life that was disappointing and looking for another one. It was past frustration; it was anger. My father

was full of terrifying anger.”

Shepard recalls his high school years none too fondly. He was one of many rebels without causes who hated school and spent their time cruising, drinking cheap liquor and taking speed. Then there were the fights: “In that area, fighting was a kind of badge. I never enjoyed it, but I never backed down. There would be these incredible slug-outs in the park. I remember some guys fought like wild men. There would even be these parties where they’d beat up people’s fathers—the father of the girl who was giving the party would get wiped out on the street, with the mother screaming, calling the police.”

The high points of that time in his life were the escapes—working on a horse ranch, exploring the foothills and absorbing his father’s passion for literature, Spanish culture and jazz. After high school and three semesters at Mount San Antonio agricultural college, Shepard decided to escape for good. He hit the road in 1962, taking up with the Bishop’s Company Repertory Players, an amateur acting troupe. “It was a great time. I really learned what it is to make theater. We’d go into churches, mostly in New England, set up lights, do make-up, do the play, tear it all down and leave to go down the road the next day. It really gave you a sense of the makeshift quality of theater and the possibilities of doing it anywhere. That’s what turned me on most of all. I realized suddenly that anybody can make theater. You don’t need to be affiliated with anybody. You just make it with a bunch of people. That’s still what I like about it.”

He wound up in New York and briefly tried to make it as an actor: “It didn’t take me long to crap out of that. It’s terrible running around with a picture and a résumé. It’s not acting; it’s personal promotion—like being a hooker.” He took to supporting himself by odd jobs.

But it was 1964, and in the cafés and the churches of New York’s Lower East Side, the off-off-Broadway movement was catching fire. From Caffè Cino to the Café La Mama, the avant-garde of American drama was pushing at the limits of the theater. Shepard was swept up in the energy of the movement, and he began writing plays: His first, *Cowboys* and *Rock Garden*, were produced in October of that year at the fledgling Theater Genesis in St. Mark’s-in-the-Bowery. “Writing was a kind of salvation for me,” he remembers. “If I hadn’t had that, I don’t know what would have happened to me. I probably would have wound up a used-car salesman. I didn’t know what to do.”

It was a hard time for him. Living in a condemned apartment, dodging knives on the streets, wired on drugs, he ran wild with his buddy Charles Mingus, Jr., son of the jazz musician. “Sam found New York really harsh,” recalls the Open Theater’s Chaikin. “He was like a refugee.”

Drugs were a big part of Shepard’s life, but he was certainly no flower child: “I



“And over here you’ve got your view of the park and your air conditioner and your color TV and. . .”

couldn't figure out what they were smiling about. I wasn't celebrating back then, I was surviving. Plus, I was on different drugs—crystal Methedrine, which has much more of an edge; when you walked down the streets, your heels made sparks." Those years on the streets went by fast, and the plays came out faster. They poured out of him like water out of a busted fire hydrant. When the days began to smash into one another, he bailed out: "I just came to this point where it was very bad news. I wanted to get back into life."

He left for London in 1971, patching up a shaky marriage, discarding drugs and settling down to concentrate on theater. Three years later, he returned to the United States, to Marin County, with his actress wife, O-Lan Johnson, their son, Jesse Mojo, and his in-laws. There was a relative period of calm, during which he experienced family life for the first time. But that marriage failed and Shepard now lives on a ranch in New Mexico with Lange and her daughter from her liaison with Mikhail Baryshnikov.

Shepard's experience with shattered families comes through in his plays. *Curse of the Starving Class* (1976) shows the disintegration of a household: Weston comes home dead drunk and rips down the front door, Wesley urinates on Emma's Four-H Club project, Ella and Emma scream at each other and Ella runs off with a real-estate swindler. *Buried Child* (1978) is the next step, where family members don't even recognize one another. Vince, the prodigal son, returns home only to be met by total indifference. Tilden, his father, is too dazed to remember his son. Dodge, the crotchety grandfather, couldn't care less: "You think just because people propagate they have to love their offspring? You never seen a bitch eat her puppies?" Finally, in *True West* (1980), two brothers, one a writer and the other a thief, are locked in a power play as each tries to take over the other's profession. In the final scene, they try to kill each other.

After *True West*, Shepard sat down and wrote eight plays and threw them all away. The play he finally wrote, his latest, is *Fool for Love*. It marks several new directions for him. First, written for two men and one woman, it probes male-female relationships for the first time, instead of male power struggles. In Shepard's words, it's about "what it's like to fall victim to love." Second, he aimed the one-and-a-half-hour one-acter to have a new level of "raw, straightforward testimony. There's been nothing in the theater that can match the relentless honesty of a Merle Haggard song."

Full of faith. Hope. Faith and hope. You're all alike, you hoppers. If it's not God, then it's a man. If it's not a man, then it's a woman. If it's not a woman, then it's the land or the future of some kind. Some kind of future.

—*"Buried Child"*

Shepard smiles. Running a hand through his sandy blond hair, he talks about his role as Chuck Yeager in *The Right Stuff*.

He chose it because he felt close to Yeager, the daring pilot and space pioneer: "The more I talked with him, the more interested I got. He was the ace of aces. He made all the astronauts shake in their boots. He broke the speed of sound, he flipped planes, he crashed them and he walked away."

There must have been something in Yeager, the "natural-born stick-'n'-rudder man," that spoke to Shepard, for as Tom Wolfe describes him, "he was the boondocker, the boy from the back country, with only a high school education, no credentials, no cachet or polish of any sort, who took off the feed-store overalls . . . and lit up the skies over Europe."

Ironically for someone who portrays Yeager, Shepard never flies, but he rarely minds driving or talking about long, dusty miles through Southwestern deserts. He tells the story of how his screenplay, *Synthetic Tears*, was conceived on the road as he was driving from the *Frances* set back to his Northern California home. The tale of a character who tries to rehabilitate his long-lost father and bring him back into his family, "it encompasses a whole period of my life that I had never been able to synthesize, that I had always struggled with. This one trip north, while I was driving, this whole screenplay unraveled in my head—I just let it unravel and watched it, and the entire film rolled out. It was an incredible feeling, because until then, I'd been very frustrated in trying to put this thing into different forms—into a play, a short story, a poem—and all of a sudden, it exploded in this screenplay form."

Shepard's plan is to retain the rights and direct it. Although he has directed his plays in London and at the Magic Theater, he has never directed a movie. *Synthetic Tears* would be another first: "I couldn't get into a situation where this screenplay was out of my hands. It would be too depressing. Besides, I know I can do it. It's just a question of getting the chance."

As he gets up from the table, he stubs out the butt of one cigarette and, walking out the door, lights up the next. His Ford pickup is at the curb. He settles in behind the wheel with a quiet smile, looking completely comfortable for the first time all night. A turn of the key, the engine roars to life and Shepard pulls into traffic. "You see," he says as he accelerates, "it's not interesting to be a specialist. You get to a certain point and you want to *move*. I'd like to do a lot of things. I'd like to do some sculpture. I'd like to do some painting. Just to keep experimenting. Why not? Why not try it all?"

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GREAT POPCORN (continued from page 88)

"Our love affair with the big-bang kernel did not begin with the advent of popcorn in movie theaters."

into a multiflavored-popcorn business than in the previous 15 or 20 years." Among them, incidentally, is actor Jack Klugman, a principal in Jack's Corn Crib, which opened in New York in 1982 and is now branching out to other states, with an eye to export markets.

Popcorn shops tend to be intensely secretive about their flavor recipes. But most rely on prepared mixes purchased from popcorn suppliers—who are constantly looking for new tastes. Evans once played with a flavor similar to Galiano: "We thought we'd call it Harvey Wallpopper." Some popcorn outlets, however, have resisted the gourmet fad, remaining faithful to the classics—plain, buttered, cheese and caramel—made according to their own recipes. Garrett's in Chicago, which has been quietly popping along for a quarter of a century, and Kernel Poppins, a recent New York development, are exponents of the traditional school.

Contrary to popular assumption, our love affair with the big-bang kernel did

not begin with the advent of popcorn in movie theaters. It started some 350 years ago, when the Pilgrims were introduced to popping corn by Indian guests who contributed a deerskinful to the first Thanksgiving feast. Going farther back, a 16th Century conquistador described a type of Mexican corn kernel called "momochilt . . . which bursts when parched and discloses its contents and makes itself look like a white flower." Not a bad account of the popping process.

It takes a very special breed of corn to pop. The starch in the kernels must be hard—not soft, as in sweet corn—and the outside skin tough and enamellike. With sufficient heat, the droplet of moisture buried in the heart of each grain converts to steam, building pressure that explodes the kernel, and—pow!—popcorn. Popability is serious business. Considerable research at a number of Midwestern universities—much of it supported by the Popcorn Institute—has gone into developing better strains of corn. These new hybrid kernels are said to be ultrapoppa-

ble, erupting into big, tender, tasty puffs. In fact, the Popcorn Institute alleges that "popcorn brands today guarantee that 99 percent of the kernels will pop."

That is good news for amateur poppers; despite the high visibility of store-bought popcorn, perhaps 70 percent of the 9.7 billion quarts we munch annually is still made at home. As a matter of fact, if you crave real butter on your popcorn, you're going to have to melt your own, since the commercial variety is invariably doused with butter substitutes. For your own gourmet popcorn, follow these recipes.

HOMEMADE POPCORN

Follow directions on popping-corn package or your popper as to proportions of popcorn to oil. *Never* use butter for popping, as it will burn. If you don't own a popcorn maker, use a wide-bottomed, heavy pan or skillet—with at least 3-quart capacity—and a domed cover. Pour oil into pan and set over medium heat. Add 1 or 2 kernels to pan and cover. When they pop, the oil is hot enough. Add corn to pan—never more than a single layer of kernels. If the cover of the popping pan has no steam vents, set it on the pan very slightly askew. This will permit steam to escape and keep popcorn from becoming soggy. Shake the pan gently and continuously until the popping noises stop.

BUTTERED POPCORN: THREE WAYS

Standard buttered popcorn: Use 2 tablespoons melted butter for every quart of warm, freshly popped corn. Toss and add salt to taste.

Moviehouse "buttered" popcorn: When popping corn, use butter-flavor coconut oil such as Jolly Time Popping Oil. Sprinkle popcorn with butter-flavor salt.

Low-cal "buttered" popcorn: Pop corn in electric hot-air popper such as the Wear-Ever Popcorn Pumper, which does the job without oil. Sprinkle popcorn with butter-flavor salt only.

VERY BUTTERY BUTTERED POPCORN

Clarify butter: Melt ½ cup butter in small pan over low heat. Carefully pour off clear yellow liquid, leaving foam and sediment behind. Toss 3 quarts warm, freshly popped corn with clarified butter; salt to taste.

Note: Clarifying concentrates butterfat and butter flavor.

SAVORY POPCORN

2 quarts warm, freshly popped corn
¼ cup melted butter
1 tablespoon seasoning salt

Toss popcorn with melted butter, then pour into large heavy-plastic bag. Add seasoning salt, close bag tightly and shake until all popcorn has been coated. (If bag is not large enough, divide seasoning and do in batches.)

Note: Seasoning salt can be found on the spice shelves of supermarkets. You can

HOW CORNY CAN YOU GET?

So what are the "gourmet" popcorns really like? Read on for tasty bits of information regarding these outrageous popcorn flavors. Tasting samples were obtained from The Corn Popper, Jack's Corn Crib and Popcorn Parlor of Greenwich Village.

Amaretto: Macaroonish. Wonder if they've heard of this in Saronno, where the liqueur originated.

B-B-Que: Mildly spicy, with a hint of tomato. Good munch with drinks.

Bacon and egg: This will never replace America's favorite breakfast combination, but it's pleasantly smoky and salty, with a hint of scrambled eggs in the finish.

Bubble gum: If you have an eighth-grade palate, you'll love this.

Butter rum: Doesn't taste of either and, frankly, doesn't taste like much.

Cantaloupe: Melony-orange flavor—or is it the color?

Caramel: This classic is superb in the hands of a Kernel Poppins or a Garrett's. Otherwise, just think Cracker Jacks.

Chocolate fudge: Bittersweet-chocolate flavor. Chewy. Uninspired.

Coffee bean: Coffee-candy taste—but less intense flavor.

Jalapeño: Hot! A sinus clearer that could put Dristan out of business.

Nacho: A slightly spicier version of cheese popcorn.

Piña colada: Ranges from pseudotropical taste to acceptable pineapple-coconut flavor, depending on the outlet.

Pistachio: An evil green hue but tasty. Vaguely reminiscent of pistachio ice cream.

Root beer: Did root beer really used to taste like this?

Raspberry: Flat, barely discernible flavor.

Sour cream and onion: Lightly tangy, with an accent of mild onion.

Strawberry: Synthetic quality but appealing—like red lollipops.

Taco: Tex-Mex seasoning. Addictive.

Tasty buttermilk: Slightly lactic taste that grows on you. Improves with a sprinkling of pepper.

Watermelon: Fruity, melony—and no seeds to spit out.

substitute garlic salt, onion salt, spice blends such as lemon-pepper seasoning, herb blends—as for pizza, onion flakes, *taco* or other dry seasoning mixes, etc. Most contain salt, so taste before adding more. For a hotter flavor, add chili powder to taste.

SMOKY BARBECUE POPCORN

- ¼ cup melted butter
- ¼ teaspoon liquid smoke
- 2 quarts warm, freshly popped corn
- 1 tablespoon dry barbecue seasoning

Combine melted butter and liquid smoke. Add to popcorn, quickly toss and mix well. Pour buttered popcorn into large heavy-plastic bag; add barbecue seasoning. Close bag tightly and shake until popcorn and seasoning are combined.

CRUNCHY KAHLÚA POPCORN

- 2 quarts warm, freshly popped corn
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup Kahlúa
- ½ cup light corn syrup
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup butter (1 stick)
- 2 tablespoons toasted sesame seeds or finely chopped nuts

Spread popcorn in lightly buttered, large, shallow baking pan; toast in 300° Fahrenheit oven while preparing syrup. Combine sugar, Kahlúa, corn syrup and salt in 2-quart heavy saucepan. Heat to

boiling, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Cover, turn heat low and cook 3 or 4 minutes to allow steam to dissolve any sugar crystals on sides of pan. Uncover, add butter; cook over moderate heat until mixture reaches 300° Fahrenheit—a little syrup dropped into cold water will separate into hard, brittle threads. Remove popcorn from oven, sprinkle with sesame seeds or nuts and slowly pour on syrup, turning with large spoon to coat evenly. Return to oven for 5 minutes. Transfer to large, lightly buttered platter and, when slightly cooled, break into chunks. Cool completely, then store in tightly covered container.

CHOCOLATE-FUDGE POPCORN

- 2–2½ quarts warm, freshly popped corn
- 6-oz. bag semisweet-chocolate pieces
- ¾ cup light corn syrup

Spread popcorn in lightly buttered, large, shallow baking pan; toast in a 300° Fahrenheit oven for 10 minutes. Lightly butter large bowl and set aside. Melt chocolate over hot (not boiling) water. Stir in corn syrup. Transfer popcorn to buttered bowl; pour melted-chocolate mixture over corn and gently toss with 2 forks to coat pieces evenly. Spread popcorn in baking pan and separate into individual pieces or small clusters. Turn pieces occasionally until dry on all sides. Chocolatey and chewy.

FRUITY-RED POPCORN

- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup boiling water
- ¼ cup cherry or strawberry gelatin-dessert powder (such as Jell-O)

2 quarts warm, freshly popped corn
Melt butter in small saucepan. Add boiling water and then gradually add gelatin powder, stirring until dissolved. Place popcorn in large, warmed bowl. Add flavor mixture and toss until pieces are well coated. Transfer to lightly buttered, large, shallow pan. Bake 10 minutes in 250° Fahrenheit oven, stir and bake 5 minutes longer. Let cool until crisp.

POPCORN PARMIGIANO

- ¼ cup melted butter
- 1 teaspoon oregano, crumbled
- 2 quarts warm, freshly popped corn
- ½ cup grated parmesan cheese
- Salt and freshly ground pepper, to taste

Combine melted butter and oregano; pour over popcorn and toss to mix well. Pour popcorn into large heavy-plastic bag. Add cheese, salt and pepper. Close bag tightly and shake until all the popcorn is coated with cheese.

Having attained the exalted status of M.P.—master of popcorn—you're ready for better things. So get out your popper, invite an appreciative momma—and pop!



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Opens March 2nd at theatres everywhere.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

OFF-THE-WALL CLOCKS

It's not really fair to call them clocks. These time machines are to ordinary clocks what the space shuttle is to a Frisbee. They tell the time, true, but with such elegant tech that your old gold watch is turning green with envy. One tubular timepiece uses the vernacular "a quarter past eleven," etc., to let you know in the king's

English what digital readouts have been beaming at us since the invention of the microchip. Another uses rotating optics to segment a beam of light to indicate hour, minute and second. What next? Nuclear-powered sundials? And while time is money, most of these clocks are surprisingly reasonable in price. A word to the clockwise is sufficient.

Clockwise from nine: This Lucite-and-brass clock shows the time utilizing a segmented beam of light, by Jerome Simon of BeamO, about \$1250. Above it: A three-foot-long Word Clock with rotating cylinders, by Muller & Van Dongen Design, \$137.50. Time Square, an acrylic-and-matte-black-aluminum desk clock, from Kirsch/Hamilton Associates, Boston, \$140. The Galaxy Clock, of black metal, brushed aluminum and brass, from The Sharper Image, San Francisco, \$79. Orb, a Cyclops-style clock, designed by Steve Diskin for Kovacs Design Group, New York, \$70. In the center: Orbichron displays the time via LEDs, resembling an analog timepiece, by Orbichronic, \$270.



OFFICE

THE EXECUTIVE JAMES BOND

The man in the Armani suit glides into your visitor's chair and gleams a white smile as he assures you that your words will not go beyond the confines of your office. Even through the cloud of Eau Sauvage, you smell a rat. "Speak freely," says the man. "Confidentiality is my middle name." You pause and cordially offer,

"Won't you have a cigar first? I'm having one." He declines and insists, "Trust me." As you reach for your favorite smoke, you chuckle—now you know you've caught not only a rodent but a bug as well: Your desktop humidor has beamed its discreet red light, informing you that an electronic eavesdropping device is close by. The rat is bugging

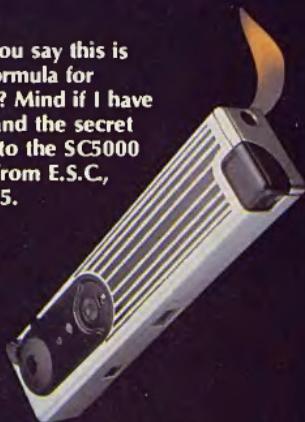
Below: Talk about executive stress! Anyone who needs to tote a brolly covered with bullet-resistant Kevlar must be catching some heavy corporate flak. But if you need it, The Ultimate Umbrella is available from ASP, Unltd., Atlanta, Georgia, for \$900.



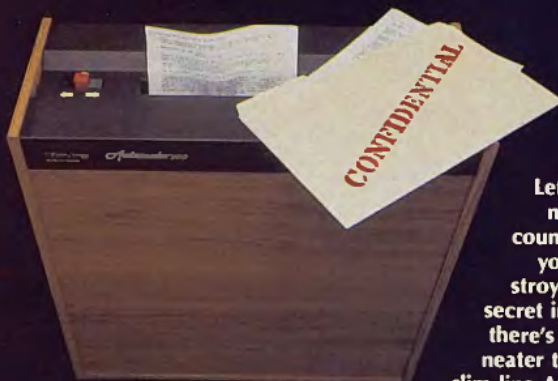
you. Without further ado, you boot him out of your office and enjoy your stogie in privacy—your humidor bug detector has seen to that. Sound like a spy novel? While the setting is fictional, the rest is true. This is 1984, and we are on the crest of a tidal wave of exotic high-tech security and espionage gadgetry. At last count, the market place for spy gear eclipsed \$600,000,000 annually—and that doesn't include the Government's spending. Why is this equipment selling? With a James Bondian arsenal of defensive gear in your home or office, you—and your secrets—are

bound to be that much safer. Better yet, the stuff is fun! Anyone weaned on *Dr. No* and *Thunderball* isn't about to light up his Morland specials from a packet of matches with DRAW ME! on the cover when he can flick a lighter/camera that will take as many as 36 photos in about the time it takes to say Ernst Stavro Blofeld. What's pictured here is just the tip of the industrial security/espionage iceberg. For a more complete look, there's the softcover guide *The Complete Spy*, which contains enough sneaky stuff to intrigue even M. —ROBERT MCGARVEY and ELISE CAITLIN

Right: Ah, J.B., you say this is the top-secret formula for synthetic Scotch? Mind if I have a smoke? Click and the secret is yours, thanks to the SC5000 lighter/camera, from E.S.C., New York, \$99.95.



Right: Only you and your stogies will know if somebody in your office is a walking bug, as this harmless-looking wooden cigar humidor actually houses a detector that alerts you to the presence of a covert transmitter or tape recorder, from Law Enforcement Associates, Belleville, New Jersey, \$1195.



Left: Neatness also counts when you're destroying top-secret info, and there's nothing neater than this slim-line Ambassador A 500 desk-side

shredder that comes equipped with an attached wastebasket, by Wilson Jones Company, \$945. Right: No longer will "The check is in the mail" work after you've hooked your phone up to an ESM4000 bar-graph stress monitor that also can be used face to face or connected to a recorder, by Research Electronics, \$2495.



Left: If you think President Reagan and his black box have all the muscle, take a peek inside the Executive Communications Security System briefcase; its built-in features include a phone scrambler, a bug detector and a cassette tape recorder, plus more, from LEA, \$4995. More power to you.

ALL FUCKED UP

FUCK DIETING, FUCK DEATH, FUCK THE TOOTH FAIRY. The Tooth Fairy! Well, Fuck That! Anyway, Nancy Batsell's Fuck Poster expresses our sentiments exactly on everything from Growing Old and Parking Regulations to Virginitly. And its price isn't going to fuck you over; an unframed 24" x 20" print costs just \$15, postpaid (one framed under Plexiglas is \$45), sent to Why Not Posters Ltd., P.O. Box 1316, New York 10028. How do you say Fuck Thee? Let us count the ways. We got to 45 before getting all fucked up.



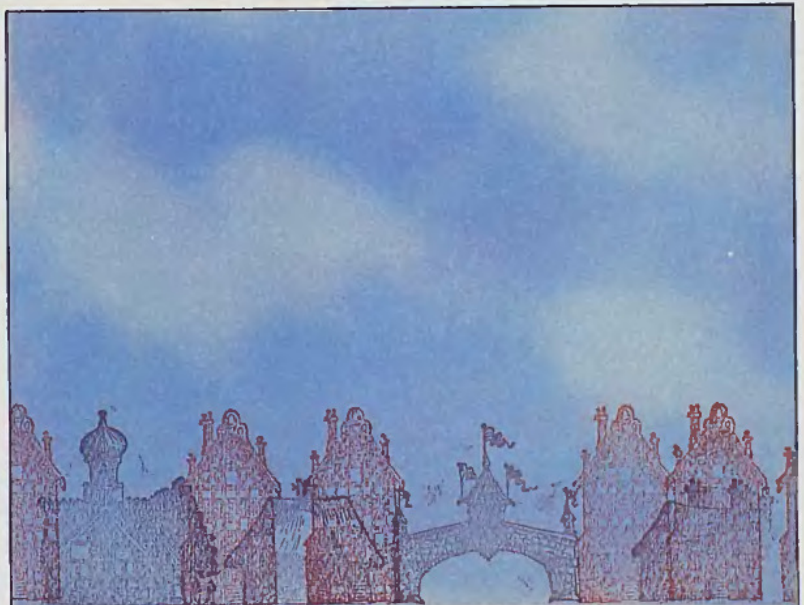
ROLLS KIT AND CABOODLE

Back in 1934, Rolls-Royce manufactured the Torpedo Cabriolet Phantom II for the Maharaja of Rajkot. Now, in 1984, Pocher of Turin has crafted something almost as remarkable—a two-foot-long, one-eighth scale replica of the original Rolls with an operating crankshaft, steering column, brake system, windows, doors, headlights and a retractable convertible top. The car comes in a kit containing 2905 parts from Executive Hobbies, P.O. Box 34, Livingston, New Jersey 07039, for \$449. A lifetime investment.



WATER MUSIC

"O Danny boy/the pipes, the pipes are calling/from goooooork to gluuuuuuush and down the mountain gggggooooop." Well, what did you think would happen when you got carried away while singing in the shower? Steam Press and Kampmann Publishing, who created *The Shower Songbook*, never claimed it would turn you into Robert Goulet. But what they do offer is a waterproof songbook containing 15 old favorites from *Amazing Grace* to *Release Me* at a price that's also a song—only \$6.50, postpaid, sent to Kampmann, 9 East 40th Street, New York 10016. (Bookstores carry it for \$4.95.) "Ol' man river/dat ol' man river/he must know sum-pin'/but don't say nothin'/he jus' keeps rollin'/he keeps on rollin' along." Patoooooooy!



STAMPING OUT NEW CITIES

Who else but the czars would have had the wisdom to create a city skyline perfect for putting on rubber stamps? The Belgians, of course. And anyone who has always wanted to reproduce onion-domed edifices, turreted bridges and other funky European architecture can purchase *Latex Luxembourg* (pictured above) or *Rubber Russia* from Elbow Grease, P.O. Box 25056, Richmond, Virginia 23260. *Latex Lux* (\$44, postpaid) contains 11 structures; *Rubber Russia* (\$40) has ten. Buy both and go to war!

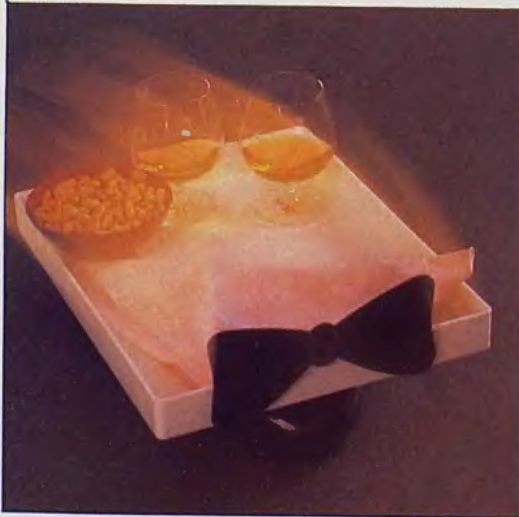
DOLLARS AND SCENTS

Charles of the Ritz has just introduced "the next frontier in home entertainment," the Aromance Aroma Disc System. For \$20, you get a fragrance diffuser that "plays" dozens of pint-sized fragrance records, including Country Moods, Tailgate Lunch, Seduction and University Club. (The last smells like a leather armchair. Talk about stinking rich!) Where do you find an Aroma System? Just drop by your nearest department store and follow your nose.



THE ROBOTLER DID IT

The two things a RoButler won't do are raid your liquor cabinet and borrow the keys to your car. So for \$50, you've got a little remote-controlled silent servant that will serve hors d'oeuvres, deliver the cordless phone or pass around after-dinner brandy and cigars. Designsense, P.O. Box 13011, Atlanta, Georgia 30324, is the manufacturer. We'd like to see a version that does windows and dusts books.



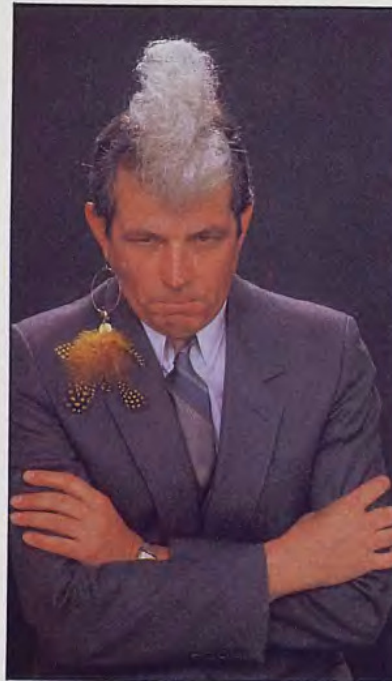
CONFECTIONARY CAMEOS

If you've always wanted to be immortalized under aspic or carved in marzipan but couldn't come up with a food sculptor to do the culinary deed, here's the next best thing. Chocolate Photos, 200 West 57th Street, Suite 1106, New York 10019, will transfer a snapshot onto a piece of delicious dark or milk chocolate, creating a toothsome portrait that—to paraphrase the punch line of an old joke—looka so good you can eat it yourself. The Grande Box of 24 bite-sized pieces is a mouth-watering \$38, postpaid. Is there anything that Chocolate Photos won't dare "print"? We're not about to tell.



LAST OF THE MOHAWKINS

This past Halloween, every other kid on the block was made up like Mr. T. Now two West Coast hair stylists, David Windsor and Carlo Bulgari, of Fabulous Faces, 233 Grant Avenue, San Francisco 94108, have really wiggled out and created a Mr. Teeeeee hairpiece. Although its price is a bit on the hairy side (\$60), you also get a feathered earring—and they'll dye your Mohawk any color from banker gray to titty pink. They even have one that's a study in brown that you can wear to a meeting of the James Fenimore Cooper Society.



JACK—IN THE BOX

"Dangerously delicious caramel glazed nut clusters and popcorn with a treasure of a gem in every single box and a riddle whose solution will yield a \$10,000 diamond!!!" reads the copy on the cover of a box of Diamond Jacks. And if you can stop munching long enough to dig for the gem or try to solve the puzzle, you just may enrich your wallet as well as your palate. A 16-oz. box of Diamond Jacks will set you back \$14.95 sent to Hot Rocks, P.O. Box 10122, Chicago 60610. They also claim that there's a \$1000 diamond in one out of every 2000 boxes. Great munchies and diamonds! How can you go wrong?



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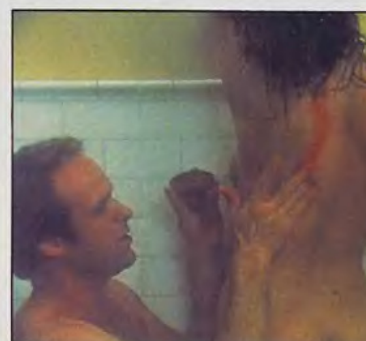
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A Blast from the Past

There is a certain class of cult films that deserves recognition. Fans of Jackie Bisset revere the lovemaking scene in *Secrets*. Jane Fonda's admirers debate the politics of *Barbarella* but remember its opening, as well as the scene with the orgasmatron. Devotees of Brooke Shields slobber over video cassettes of *Pretty Baby*. The latest entry in this genre is *Night School*, a gem of a horror film that first hit the theaters in 1981. It marked the screen debut of Rachel Ward, certainly one of the world-class women of our time. If the Japanese had any sense, they would give computers her voice. *Night School* had originally been cast with D.D. Winters. When she left the set, the producers held an open casting call in New York. Ward, who hitherto had been a model (perhaps you recall her Brut ad with Joe Namath),



showed up, and the rest is history. Burt Reynolds saw the film and signed her for *Sharky's Machine*. Steve Martin asked her to star in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*, in which she sucks bullets and has her breasts adjusted. Those parts led to a major role in TV's *The Thorn Birds*. The producers of *Night School* have chosen to rerelease it this spring. Film buffs will recognize the tribute to Alfred Hitchcock in the scene shown here. Rachel plays a student in love with a professor of anthropology. He surprises her in the shower and dabs make-up blood over her body as a prelude to passion. It must work. Rachel's character is so in love with the professor that she is insanely jealous of any woman he looks at. You can also catch Rachel soon in a new film, *Against All Odds*, with Jeff Bridges and James Woods. As you can see, the lady is hot.





© 1983 ROSS HARRIS

Gold Metalists

Didn't someone once say, "Never underestimate the taste of the American public"? We don't. On the left, CARLOS CAVAZO and KEVIN DUBROW of Quiet Riot; on the right, ROBIN ZANDER of Cheap Trick. Zander is decked out for Trick's *I Can't Take It* video. Quiet Riot reached the top of the charts last winter, proving to us that you don't need a plane to break the sound barrier. Eat your heart out, Chuck Yeager.

Acting Out

What do a couple of attractive actresses do for laughs on a slow night? Hang out. BEVERLY D'ANGELO and LAUREN HUTTON are doing just that in the parking lot of an upscale L.A. restaurant. So sorry, no glitz this time, folks.



© 1983 GARRETT DOWNE

Diving for Dollars

That's photographer/film maker DAVID HAMILTON in the background, checking out the form of his latest discovery, MONIKA BROEKE. She asked him for an autograph last year in St-Tropez, and the rest is history. Their movie, *First Desire*, should be in a theater near you by now.



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This Blonde's for You

Starlet ERIKA DOCKRAY can soon be seen in a creature feature called *Hell Hole*. She does not play the creature! We've always thought pearls go well with basic black, don't you? Erika is our celebrity-in-the-making breast of the month.



© 1983 ANDY PAULMAN

The Heather Report

Thank God for *Battle of the Network Stars*! It's one of our favorite TV shows. The totally gorgeous HEATHER THOMAS, *The Fall Guy's* girl, takes a break in the competition with JILL WHELAN of *The Love Boat*. And we get to watch.



© 1983 JOE BANGAY / PHOTOFEST

Making Up Is Hard to Do

We don't know about you, but we're endlessly fascinated by ANNIE LENNOX. Her look and her looks, her voice, her outfits, her videos—the whole bit. From what we've read, she's thought it out carefully. Sweet dreams, baby.

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